

# The New Zealand Graphic

## And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXII.—No. XIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

[Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



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**NOTICE TO AUTHORS.**

1. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be addressed to the editor, and all such words be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed to the editor, and all such envelopes must have the motto and words 'Story Competition' on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MS. packet, but MUST BE POSTED SEPARATELY. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.

2. Every MS. must be prepaid, and if left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed 'Editor NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, AND OUTSIDE THE WRAPPER, ABOVE THE ADDRESS, MUST BE CLEARLY INSCRIBED THE MOTTO MENTIONED IN RULE 1.

3. Any competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a desire is not expressed, the MS. will become the property of the GRAPHIC.

4. All contributions must reach the office before May 16, 1899.

5. Choice of subjects rests with the writer, BUT THE SCENE MUST BE LAID IN NEW ZEALAND AND BE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO NEW ZEALANDERS. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gumfields, gold mines, or country, search for treasure, fighting, or peace; in fact, anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.

6. Write clearly on one side of the paper only.

7. Writers who fail to comply with the above simple rules and conditions will be rigorously disqualified.

**TOPICS OF THE WEEK**

**WHICH IS WHICH?**

CERTAIN persons, not the friends of the present administration, are endeavouring to make capital out of the Governor's trip North at the expense of the Premier. It is declared that throughout the North the people are in a complete state of mystification yet as to whose tour it was—the Governor's or Mr Seddon's. The great question which is represented as agitating the district now is not the roadless condition of the province, nor the Austrian trouble, but the question whether Mr Seddon came in Lord Ranfurly's train, or Lord Ranfurly came in the Premier's. We, of course, who know the circumstances of the visit can settle the point at once; but the people in the far North, not being so fully advised as ourselves, may be pardoned for entertaining doubts on the matter. You see they were largely



With the Governor up North.  
Puzzle picture - Find the Governor.

at the mercy of superficial appearances, and the Premier having the advantage over His Excellency in the magnitude of his displacement, he was apt to catch the public eye first and receive its first homage. In a crowd the big man has always the best chance of attracting notice, and Mr Seddon was no exception to the rule. Then, in addition to being a big man, a certain big manner he has about him tends to convey the impression that he owns a mortgage over half the colony at least. I can easily imagine that there were occasions on that tour when the spectators forgot which of the two—the Governor or the Premier—they had come to honour, and in these instances their kowtows must have often been paid to the wrong party. But I will not believe, as an unkind rumour has declared, that Mr Seddon encouraged the mistake and endeavoured to run the whole show, as if he were the lion and His Excellency merely his agent.

**ABOUT TESTIMONIALS, PETITIONS AND REFERENCES.**

MR SOLOMON of the Dunedin City Council reveals his relationship to the weary King Ecclesiast by his wisdom as well as by his name. That remark of his on the value of petitions is as pregnant with truth as any of his great ancestor's proverbs. 'I have no doubt,' said Mr Solomon, addressing his fellow councillors, 'that you would get plenty of people to make Mr Wilson, our acting town clerk, Emperor of Russia, provided the persons signing the petition had nothing to pay.' It is one of the most remarkable of everyday anomalies that petitions which cost so little to construct, should seem to be, and be too, such potent instruments. Yet we each of us are parties to the contradiction. A man comes to you with a petition to have, say, the street lamp removed from opposite his neighbour's door and placed so as to light the approach to his domicile. The matter is one in which you neither have nor feel the least concern, but for peace's or politeness' sake you put your signature to the document. A few hundred others

do the same, who have as little interest in or knowledge of the lamp question as you. Then the petition assumes a new importance in your eyes when you see it, grimy with the touch of a thousand dirty fingers it may be, but rich in its endorsement of names. Then you, who passed it by as of no value, suddenly realise its potency, and come under the spell of it. The lamp question becomes a national question, and your whole sense of justice rises in defence of the poor man who prays that it may be removed opposite his door. Testimonials and references generally belong to much the same category as these petitions. For the most part they are manufactured under the shoddiest of conditions, and we all know it. The man with 'the highest testimonials' and the maid with the 'first-class references' never prove the immaculate creatures they are represented to be on paper. And if you think a little how these same references and testimonials are obtained, you are not so surprised. I take it that most of us who have reached years of discretion have been inveigled by our own good nature or stupidity, or the cunning of those who asked our good word, into the indiscretion of signing testimonials and giving references to those who we were well aware did not deserve them. One would naturally suppose that after bearing written testimony to the competency of the clerk whom we knew to be thoroughly incompetent, and implying that the servant who smashed our best set of china, stole the cold roast, and smelt of peppermint whiskey of an evening, was a perfect treasure—one would certainly have supposed that after that we would look askance at these documents. But Providence apparently punishes us for our dishonesty by making us blind, and we become the dupes of a system we have helped to establish.

**OUR TRIP TO PARIS.**

IN all probability no New Zealander who can command a hundred pounds and a six months' holiday need deny himself the pleasure of seeing the great Paris Exhibition. There is talk of a syndicate here chartering a large steamer, capable of accommodating 2,000 passengers, and taking them all to the gay capital. The cost of the trip will be about £75, and the time occupied half a year. Paris, of course, will be the goal, but it is proposed that the details of the voyage and the places to be called at will be determined largely by the wishes of the majority of the happy two thousand. Such a trip presents a most delightful prospect at a first glance, and the feeling of most people who have the spare time and cash is to send in their appli-

tongue confide your impressions with some certainty that they will be understood and sympathised with, is a sort of thing one does not often get a chance of. How comforting it will be as you tread the bright boulevards, or sip your wine under the cafe awning to feel that there are in Paris at least nineteen hundred and ninety-nine persons to whom you can turn and remark, 'I say, old man, isn't this just like Palmerston North?' or 'Doesn't this remind you of Auckland at Exhibition time?' or 'We had better whisky at Dunedin.' It is really surprising how much the possibility of exchanging such simple little confidences adds to the enjoyment of travel. It seems a small matter, no doubt; but unless you have actually experienced it you can't imagine the awful sense of loneliness that comes over the voyager in a strange city with not a soul to whom he can turn and say, 'Isn't this nice?' or 'Isn't that beautiful?' If you are one of the New Zealand contingent you can't possibly be lonely even in Paris, that's certain. You are sure to be stumbling across one of the two thousand wherever you go, and of having the satisfaction of hearing a genuine Australasian covey and your name called aloud above the miserable polyglot murmur that surrounds you. There is another side to the picture which I have not touched on. The scheme has its unpleasant possibilities. We have assumed that the members of the company are all to be on the best terms with one another from the beginning to the end of the voyage; but the experience of sea voyages generally does not altogether warrant that beautiful prospect of brotherly amity. Instead of every passenger making nineteen hundred and ninety-nine friends, it is conceivable that he or she contrives to make the same number of enemies, and then see what a nice kettle of fish that ship would present. As the proposal now stands, the door is left wide open for disputes by that arrangement which leaves it to the passengers to decide among themselves what ports they shall call at. Now, can we expect unanimity on the question of route? Of course, some people will wish to see the pyramids, but others with Biblical tastes will prefer Jerusalem, and still others with other objects will wish the pyramids and Jerusalem parties at Jericho. As the steamer cannot be divided into parts so that everyone can pursue the route that pleases his fancy, there are bound to be disappointments and jealousies, and quarrels, and it would not surprise me if when the party reached Paris no one was on speaking terms with his neighbour, but passed him with contemptuous sniff and upturned nose even in the Place de la Concorde.

**OUR BRAHMAN CASTE.**

THE Railway Department has issued a new regulation prohibiting guards on trains from demanding tickets from those travelling in Ministerial compartments. According to one rumour this instruction has had its origin in the disrespectful treatment accorded to one of the Cabinet by a conscientious guard who failed to recognise the august gentleman. None of the members of the Ministry, other than Mr Seddon and Mr McKenzie, possesses such a striking personality that he would be known wherever he goes; and a railway guard who has much more important matters to think of than politics and politicians, and does not carry a mental photograph of each Minister with him, may be pardoned for not at once discerning in some common-place individual the Minister for this or the Minister for that. Especially if the gentleman is travelling in some district remote from his constituency it is easily seen how he might pass unrecognised. It is the most natural thing in the world, and the guards are surely not to blame. But, on the other hand, it will readily be conceded that to a Minister keenly alive to his own importance it must be not a little galling to be taken for a mere common citizen, and asked to show his ticket or vacate the carriage by a beastly official. If, as the story goes, something of this kind happened to the Minister of Justice, and when he was travelling with a number of ladies, too, I don't wonder his indignant soul revolted at the indignity he was subjected to, and that he moved the Department to issue the new edict. Quite apart from any exaggerated view he may naturally take of the matter, I cannot but think the precaution now adopted is justifiable.



Doesn't this remind you of Auckland at Exhibition time?

cation for a berth at once. To wander the wide world over with nineteen hundred and ninety-nine compatriots, with similar associations to one's own, to whom you can in your mother's

We cannot afford to have the dignity of the Cabinet trifled with; there's hardly enough of it for that. Some arrangement was necessary in order to prevent these painful mistakes arising. But the Department must be careful not to go too far in the other direction. If the Ministerial carriage in a train is to be regarded as a sort of Holy of Holies, into which no guard will dare to intrude, the observance of such excessive privacy must give rise, in this democratic country, to suspicion and distrust. We will naturally ask why this careful hedging about with secrecy of those who, after all, are only men like ourselves? And these privileged individuals themselves will not be mortal if they do not wax in pride and arrogance under such favoured conditions, until they come at length

its companion is knowingly closed. And when the little finger pulls the trigger, if you care to remain where you are, you will see that the little open eye never winks, and the firm little shoulder takes the kick of the gun like a rock. When a woman can fire a gun like that—and scores of them can do it—it is rather out of date to speak pityingly of weak nervous women. It's about time rather to speak of women soldiers, or at least women volunteers. Why, if we have lady shootists at the Rifle Association's Meeting, can't we have a corps of lady volunteers?

MR McKENZIE'S RETURN.

IN these days of rampant Imperialism every colonial 'statesman' looks forward to his visit to the Old Country just as a successful Roman general looked forward to his triumphant entry into the Eternal City: Until he has enjoyed it, it glitters in his mind's eye as the goal of his ambition. He thinks of it by day and dreams of it by night, and ever and anon pictures himself the observed of all observers, and the hero of the hour in London social and political circles. The realisation of the dream is of course pretty sure to be something of a disappointment. No colonial statesman was ever made so much of when he got Home, as doubtless he implicitly believed he would be. Even Mr Seddon did not take up so much room in the world's metropolis as he probably expected to do, but the colonial 'statesman' who has not been Home is not in the least likely to be discouraged or bereft of confidence because of these facts. Whatever may have been the experience of others, he cannot conceive that his great gifts and services to the Empire will not meet with the recognition he believes they deserve. Our Minister of Lands, who is about to take a trip to the Old Country, is a modest sort of man after a fashion, but I warrant you if you could see into his mind and behold the marvellous pictures he has drawn and painted of his return to his native

coach-and-six, in all the glory of a frock coat and silk hat. Or will he regard these habiliments as inappropriate to the occasion, and doffing them behind some convenient dyke or furze bush reappear before the eyes of his admiring crowd in kilt and plaidie. However he presents himself, that will be the crowning triumph of his career and no mistake. Before that superlative moment all other crises in his life will seem small and trivial. You don't know human nature if you think it could be otherwise. Throughout all the toil and turmoil of these forty years he has been here he has had that hour in view. On it has been focussed all his sincerest thoughts and most cherished ambitions; and it may be doubted whether he would rather have the Crown of England, were it offered to him, if in return he had to forego that blessed consummation of his waking and sleeping visions.

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.

'Junior.'—I cannot find anywhere an authoritative account of the exact meaning and privileges attaching to the 'Presentation of the Freedom of the City.' It is of course an honour, the highest honour which a municipality can bestow. I remember reading in a magazine some years ago that the Freedom of the City of London entitled the holder to enter the Tower of London, the Mansion House, and the Guild Hall at any hour of the day or night. Whatever privileges the 'Freedom of the City' may have bestowed in the middle ages, it is safe to say they are now obsolete, and the honour is an honour pure and simple. The 'Freedom' is conferred by means of a very ornate document on vellum, and is always enclosed in a very costly casket of gold and silver of exquisite design. You will perhaps have seen pictures of these in the 'London Illustrated' after a 'presentation.' It is a curious fact that there is no information on the point in the Encyclopedia Britannica. I have told you all I know myself. Perhaps some erudite reader can enlighten us both.

'Statnette.'—I am used to requests for odd things, but never before have I been asked about skin coloured tights. I doubt your getting them locally, but you might write to F. Dix, Auckland Amateur Opera Club. They may have some in their wardrobe. If not you might apply by letter to the costumier at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, who will, I am sure, put you on the right track. You will have to send measurements in any case I presume.

'Gaiety Girl.'—1. Yes; moles are subject to other treatment in skilled hands. 2. Fairy Bell belts are not procurable here, but abdominal belts to fit the figure may be had at leading chemists, such as Aickin's, Queen-street. 3. Hair Wash: the most recent is Jaborandi Wash; Sir Erasmus Wilson's, if made with Cantharides, is admirable.

'Wanting Situations' (Dinkey).—You and your sister ought to get excellent posts, one as parlourmaid, the other as cook-housekeeper, in high-class families. The best thing for you to do is to advertise that two ladies, thoroughly sensible, and so forth, want such situations. You will find the work quite light and agreeable, and if you could get a friend to go as housemaid and divide the work between you three you might do very well indeed. Try an advertisement in the daily papers.

'Giver.'—Most people enclose a card with a present, writing on it, above the name, 'With best wishes,' or some such expression. It is not my province to recommend shops. Personally I like what is pretty and artistic more than what is costly or simply fashionable. If I can I will write you a private letter.

'Shunrock.'—Yours is rather a difficult position. I should advise you to have your name printed below your mother's on her visiting card in the usual way, for everyday life. Then, get some blank cards and write your

name and address on them, to use when calling on those friends whom your mother does not know. For a girl to have her own visiting card entirely separate from her mother's gives the impression of a staid, middle-aged woman. One should reap the advantage of being 'sweet and twenty.'

'Gretchen.'—A hundred pounds is rather too small a sum to allow for the four rooms; perhaps if you add another fifty your ideas of the furnishing might be carried out. A very good plan is to calculate what you can afford for each room; as, for instance, say fifty pounds for the drawing-room (or more of a sitting I should think you would have it), then forty pounds for the dining-room, twenty for each of the two bedrooms, leaving a margin of twenty pounds for oddments, which always run away with a round sum.

'K. O'H. M.'—If the easter verses are, as I understand from you, original, and the work of a little Auckland not eleven years of age, then I can conscientiously say you have great reason to be very proud of your little friend. Not only is the versification good, but the poetic sentiment is admirable and admirably expressed. If you had sent me your address I should have replied at greater length in a note.

JUST A MINUTE PLEASE.

Tired men, whether suffering from physical or mental fatigue, delicate women, growing girls and little children find Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocca a unique beverage of inestimable benefit. The nauseous drugs and disagreeable medicines associated with ill-health are, in Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocca, replaced by something which is pleasant and nice, with a distinctive flavouring of its own which will appeal to the fastidious and over-nice palate of the invalid, and its soothing effect renders it an ideal 'Pick-me-up.'

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"It must be not a little galling to be taken for a mere private citizen."

to regard themselves as a sort of high-class Brahmins in our colony. The fact that the edict apparently applies to all travelling in Ministerial compartments will only increase the suspicion attaching to these carriages. It will at once be inferred that the Minister is smuggling any number of his friends and supporters through from station to station, free, gratis and for nothing; and if the guard is not allowed to interfere that is precisely what he will be able to do. One can fancy, under these circumstances, what a strange appearance these special vehicles may present towards election times. I think I see 'the bird-cage' filled like a sort of human menagerie with all sorts and conditions of voters, peering through the lattice-work, and highly delighted with their free ride.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN I SING.

THERE are many clear signs that manliness among women, quite other than the undesirable kind that likes to see itself in male attire, or hear itself in aggressive and assertive speech is increasing. What might be called a striking proof of this is the number of women who have voluntarily taken up rifle shooting of late. At the recent meeting of the New Zealand Rifle Association at Wanganui, and later on Saturday last at the Auckland Rifle Association's Meeting, there was a fair gathering of female shootists, and they manipulated their weapons with a business-like coolness and precision that many men might envy. We have all been brought up in the belief that there is no greater antithesis than a woman and a gun. Has not her alleged repugnance to fire arms in any shape or form, formed the foundation for a large part of the world's humour ever since guns and gunpowder were known in Europe. The almost universal belief has been that she did not know how to load the weapon, how to hold it, or how to fire it—but especially how to fire it; and the idea was until recently pretty correct. But that remarkable fact of modern times, the evolution of feminine nerve, is quite altering the position. See with what calmness the woman of to-day takes up the deadly tube from which her grandmother would have shrunk as from a viper. Mark the deft way in which she slips the cartridge into its place, shuts the breech and brings the arm up to her shoulder. Look along the glistening barrel now from the other end if you have the nerve, and see the clear, steady little eye that meets you while



The McKenzie's return to his native land.

land you would be fairly astonished at his wealth of fancy and artistic powers. I think I see that marvellous diorama of the McKenzie's royal progress unrolling itself through his brain to appropriate music. There, ladies and gentlemen, you see the familiar figure following in the footsteps of the great Seddonian triumph. London and the provinces rise with one accord to welcome the great man and the discriminating multitude declare that 'a greater than Seddon is here.' It is when Mr McKenzie approaches his native place, however, that the pictures wax in magnificence, and the calcium light is turned on full. Forty years ago there left that little Ross-shire village the shepherd lad, no doubt affectionately styled 'our Jack,' who now returns Minister of Lands of New Zealand. Up to that point I think I can pretty correctly give you an idea of Mr McKenzie's mental diorama. But there my imagination falters. In what guise the hero means to re-enter the home of his fathers, and what will be the reception he looks to receive, are matters on which my want of local knowledge and my ignorance of the inner workings of that great mind make it impossible for me to speak. Perhaps he will elect to roll down the familiar high-street in a

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## — / Easter Tidings, / —

All dewy-sweet a rose tree stood,  
 With roses sprinkled over ;  
 And in the meadow, by a wood,  
 Were daffodils and clover

And yonder by the ferny fells  
 A happy lark was singing,  
 And far across the dewy dells  
 The Easter Bells were ringing.

And while alone I went my way,  
 By variant down and dingle,  
 I heard the bells on Easter Day,  
 Harmonious measures mingle.

Blest Easter Bells ! ring sweet and clear,  
 Our melancholy stealing ;  
 Bring tidings best of love and cheer  
 And gladness in your pealing.

Bring joy serene to bless her way,  
 Afar your music flinging ;  
 Bring peace to her this Easter Day  
 Melodiously ringing.

# An Easter Proposal;

Or, RATHER, TWO OF THEM.

She wasn't worth having, anyway! Not worth having, anyway!

That was the way I mused that afternoon as I walked down the street after seeing her, and that is still my way of thinking.

Gad, but it's a pretty good joke all round.

About two days before that day I happened to drop in on poor Bifkins. Poor, because he is possessed of such a name as Bifkins, because he hasn't even the average stock of everyday brains, and, furthermore, because he is a good natured, cheerful sort of an idiot all round. Easy to impose upon, and gullible as the day is long.

When I found Bifkins he was in an awful state, and as he welcomed me there was almost tears of joy in his eyes.

'Of all the men I know,' was his unusually enthusiastic greeting, 'there's not one I'm gladder to see.'

And with that he rolled his easiest chair around for me, and, after making me as comfortable as possible, unfolded, with excitement ill suppressed, the reason for his ungully joy at seeing me.

'Say!' said he, coming right to the point, as all born idiots do, 'I want to propose to the loveliest girl—Oh, well, I don't suppose you want to hear all about her, but I want to propose to her just the same, and I don't dare go and ask her outright, so I want to do it by mail; and, by Jove, I don't know what to say. Say, isn't writing a proposal blazes, eh? I've torn up about two reams of paper already,

cheerfully; in fact, on second thought, I considered that I'd rather not know, for it might be some nice girl I knew, and that would deter me from helping Bifkins write the kind of letter I had in mind.

'Thanks,' was all he could say. 'You don't know how good you are.'

'Oh, don't I, though?' I replied; and then thought to myself I might prove too good.

'All right then,' said he, 'let's get right at it.'

I walked about with my hands in my pockets for a few moments while he watched me, when I said:

'You'd better write as I dictate.'

'Just the thing,' he replied, and sat down all ready to go ahead.

'You love her an awful lot, do you?'

I asked before going ahead.

'Oh, heaps!' he replied.

'And she—er—cares for you?'

'I think so. Er—I'm quite sure of it!' he replied.

'All right, thought I to myself, this will be the test of it. Then I began thinking. My darling, thought I; no that would be too tame. My Dearest Darling; yes that would be more like it I thought, so I quietly chuckled to myself, and began.

'My Dearest Darling!'

'Oh, say, isn't that putting it a trifle strong for a proposal?' inquired Bifkins turning round.

'Oh, no,' said I, carelessly. 'The usual thing.'

'Well, you ought to know, you've proposed and been refused so often,'

'Believe me I would even live in Howick if you so desired it.—(Oh yes, I here assured Bifkins, 'that's all right!')—So you will see, darling, that my devotion knows no measure, but is boundless as the rippling, heaving summer sea where first I met you—(You say you didn't first meet her at the seashore? No? Oh, well, that doesn't matter. It sounds nice, and they never know!)—where first I met you.

'The Lord saith in Genesis, darling. 'It is not good for man to be alone,' and He ought to know.

put it in an envelope and send it out to be posted.

Gad, but it was a great lark. I thought as I strolled home afterward, and what a joke it would be to tell the other fellows when I next saw them; for, to tell the truth, it was too funny to keep.

I have to laugh as I think of it, even now.

Somehow or other, however, I didn't happen to fall in with any of the fellows for the next couple of days, and when Easter Sunday came I spruced myself up to wait upon the sweet and



AN EASTER BELLE. "WHICH SHALL I TAKE?"



I'VE TORN UP ABOUT TWO REAMS OF PAPER ALREADY.

and I was just about to give her up, when—you came in. You'll help me, won't you?

'By gad!' I chuckled softly to myself. Here was a chance for a lark. Poor Bifkins was so confiding he'd do almost anything a fellow suggested, and I knew he would.

I'd written a letter of proposal that afternoon myself to Miss Helen Goldrox, and I knew the task was no easy one; but then imagine poor Bifkins wanting to do the same thing to some other fair maid.

'Who is she, Bifkins?' I asked, cynically.

'Well,' said Bifkins, after thinking a minute, 'I'd rather not tell her name, in case she won't have me. But say, old chap, that's no reason for you not to help me with the letter, is it?' and he looked at me pleadingly.

'Oh, not at all, not at all,' I replied,

he remarked, laughing loud at his own conceit.

I said nothing, but if I had any compunctions before, they were now all removed, so I went on, and Bifkins wrote:

'My Dearest Darling:—

'Ever since I first beheld your sweet, angelic face, your—(blue eyes, Bifkins? I thought so)—your laughing, sky blue eyes, and tresses golden—(Of course she has red hair Bifkins? You say golden will do? Aha!)—your tresses, golden as the sunlight on a stunning summer's day, I have thought of nothing else, of nothing, nothing else, but you.

'Dearest darling, I feel for you the tender, loving, sacrificing passion that Romeo felt for his own Juliet, and there is nothing I would not do to have you let me call you my own ownest darling.

'Darling, you don't know how it makes my heart beat when I think of your lovely azure orbs, resembling the sunny skies of Italy whereof the poets love to rhapsodise, but which I have never seen; and of those silky, waving, rippling tresses that form your crowning glory; for never was there woman wore such a crown of thine.

'Let me call you mine, dearest darling; let me call you mine.

For know you, as Dante had his Beatrice so have I you; you whom I wish to call my very own.

'Write soon; and believe me, dearest darling,

'Yours forever and ever,  
'GOLDMONDY BIFKINS'

When I had completed dictating this ludicrous, gushing epistle, I could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, and naturally thought how different it was to the nice, sensible one I had despatched to Miss Helen Goldrox that afternoon wherein I had politely added that I would call for my answer in a couple of days: on the following Sunday in fact, Easter Sunday.

Bifkins looked the whole thing over, and then looking up at me dubiously, asked:

'Say, old fellow, do you think this is all right? Isn't it just—er—just a trifle—er—strong?'

It was all I could do to keep from laughing at him, poor chap, but I restrained myself, and said in an injured tone.

'That's the usual thanks a fellow generally gets for helping a friend out.'

'Oh, say, old chap, I didn't mean that,' he said apologetically profusely. 'Of course, it's all right, if you say so'—this even more dubiously.

'Of course it is,' I answered gayly; and then I stayed until I saw him

wealthy Helen, to whom I thought, after I had been accepted, I might tell the faree, and, as she always exceedingly enjoyed a joke, after she had playfully chided me for being so cruel, I was quite sure to have her join me in a hearty laugh at poor Bifkins' expense.

I made my way to the Goldrox mansion, and being admitted, waited in the parlour several minutes for Helen to come down. Having to wait was unquestionably a good sign, thought I; girls always like to put a few unishing touches on their toilette before they come down to meet their future husbands, and I was rather glad she made me wait.

When she did come down she didn't net just as I'd hoped she would; that is, she didn't come nestling into my arms or anything of that sort. But then, thought I, Helen always was a sensible sort of girl, and wasn't very apt to do that sort of thing. So we just shook hands, and I sat down on the sofa, but instead of joining me Helen took a seat in one of the chairs that stood quite near to the sofa, but yet not near enough to be comfortable.

I confess I was slightly embarrassed for a moment, but, recovering my self-command, I softly whispered:—

'Helen, I've come in person to urge what I asked in my letter of proposal, and honestly, sincerely trust that you are sufficiently for me to trust your future happiness in my hands.'

I know this reads cold, but I said it sincerely, fervently.

Helen didn't speak for nearly a minute, when, sinking her voice she said:—'Believe me, Mr Bifkins, I am equally sincerely sorry, and I should have written you, only I didn't know how to put it, but the very next day after your proposal, I received another, so passionate, so flattering, so—'

oh, so beautiful!—and god but her eyes lit up—that, though I have always had a most friendly regard for you, I could not resist—the gentleman who wrote the other proposal's passionate, beautiful pleading, and I wrote him a letter accepting him by the return mail. I—I hope I haven't hurt you, and I'm awfully, awfully sorry, but, then, there are any number of other really nice girls, and—and—then no doubt fearing she might put her foot in it, Helen said no more.

I sat half dazed for a moment, and then I summoned up enough courage to murmur, 'May I ask the gentleman's name?'

'Yes,' she answered, timidly, 'it's Mr Bifkins.'

I was almost tempted to burst out laughing; I thought it must be a joke. But instead I merely murmured, 'And do you care so much for him?'

'Well, candidly,' she replied, 'I hadn't thought much about him before before I received his proposal, but when I read that, so fiery, so kind, so full of burning admiration, my eyes seemed to open and read my heart aright, and in the—the—enthusiasm and fervour of the moment I sent him my reply.'

After that I didn't stay to hear much more, and as I went down the front stairs I didn't know whether I ought to laugh or feel sorry.

But as I went up the street, and the recollection of that ludicrous letter filled with the imbecile gush, and false comedy heroics that I had dictated for Bifkins came back to me, and I came to consider that Helen Gibson had taken the Laura Jean Libbyian sentiments as serious, and in good part, I could not help but muse that she wasn't worth having anyway. Nope! Not worth having, anyway.

I managed to avoid Bifkins for a time, but at last he found me out, and insisted on wringing my hand and calling me his benefactor, his best friend, and a lot of other names, enjoying me, as I hoped for a place in heaven, never to mention the circumstance of my dictating the letter to any one.

Needless to say I never have until now.

I derive no end of comfort from looking over the comic papers at the parallel pictures of the woes of the

man who won the girl, and the joys of him who had rejected, and remained a bachelor.

At all events it is still my firm conviction, that she wasn't worth having, anyway!

THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

Husband: 'Why are you so angry at the doctor?'

Wife: 'When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue.'

THE MOHAMMEDAN EASTER.

Bairam is the name of the Mohammedan Easter. It follows Ramadan, which corresponds to Lent, and lasts three days. During this time visits are exchanged and presents made in much the same spirit as that which characterises our Christmas. At Constantinople the streets are thronged

and bands of music parade day and night. The decorations of the boats in the Bosphorus are striking and beautiful. The Sultan celebrates the day by worshipping in the mosque, after which he gives an informal reception to his friends in the palace of Dolma-baktche. During this reception the Sultan occupies a throne of great splendour placed in the midst of the vast and beautifully decorated audience hall.



THE KORRO ON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE LAWN. THE GOVERNOR'S PARTY.



THE GROUP AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

MEETING OF KING MAHUTA AND THE GOVERNOR IN AUCKLAND.



THE KORERO ON THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE LAWN. THE KING'S PARTY.

**OBSERVANCE OF EASTER.**

**THE DISCREPANCY IN COMPUTING THE DATE.**

"The observance of Easter dates back to about the year 68, at which time there was much contention among the Eastern and Western churches as to what day the festival should be observed. It was finally ordained at the Council of Nice in the year 325 that it must be observed throughout the Christian world on the same day. This decision, says the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' settled that Easter should be kept upon the Sunday first after the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, but no general conclusion was arrived at as to the cycle by which the festival was to be regulated, and some churches adopted one rule and some another. This diversity of usage was put an end to, and the Roman rule making Easter the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon was established in England in 689. After nine centuries a discrepancy in the keeping of Easter was caused by the authorities of the English church declining to adopt the reformation of the Gregorian calendar in 1582. The difference was settled in 1752 by the adoption of the rule which makes Easter day always the first Sunday after the full moon

which appears on or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after."

**AN EASTER SUPERSTITION.**

It is curious, in view of the modern view of Easter, to find the superstition still extant in East Yorkshire, England, that it is very unlucky not to wear new garments on that day. In that district rooks will ruin your other clothing if you fail to wear some new thing.

**EASTER'S VARIABLE DATE.**

Easter may come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25. In 1818 it fell on March 22, and in 1886 on April 2. It will not come again this century or in the twentieth on March 22, but in 1943 it will fall on April 25.

**EASTER IN THE GREEK CHURCH.**

Easter time in the Greek Church is the season for blessing the holy oils. This ceremony is performed once in three years at Moscow or Kiev. The Metropolitan is the consecrator, and on Monday he enters the sacristy of patriarchs, where he kindles a fire, over which he hangs a vessel containing a gallon of myrror or chrism. The gospel for the day is read while this is going on. For three days and three nights the contents of the vessel is stirred by relays of

priests, clad in full robes. To the chrism olive oil and a fine Lisbon white wine are added, with certain rare perfumes. When all is completed the oil is placed in two caldrons set upon a stove of fine porcelain, and then it is stirred by six deacons robed in silver and black vestments. After this is done the mixture is poured into a gorgeous receptacle, presented to the church by the Empress Catherine II. It is then blessed, and the people by thousands march past and dip bits of cotton into the consecrated fluid. On Thursday the holy oil is carried with great pomp to the cathedral, where mass is said by the Metropolitan in the presence of a multitude. In the Catholic Church the oil is blessed once a year, on Maundy Thursday.

**EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY.**

Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday are both celebrated as holidays in England. On Easter Tuesday the scholars in Christ's Hospital, London, march in a body to the Mansion House, where they are received by the Lord Mayor, who distributes to them 'tips' called 'Easter bobs.' These 'bobs' are selected from bright new coins placed in piles on a table before the Mayor, and they range as high as a sovereign in value. The lads also receive as a sort of luncheon two Easter buns and a glass of lemonade.

**SPAIN'S EASTER KING.**

In Spain the advent of Easter brings out a masquer who calls himself 'Easter King.' He is garbed in a grotesque robe and wears a tin crown. All wayfarers obey him, and the story runs that, ignorant of the personage he was addressing, an Easter King once bade Emperor Charles V. to do him homage by uncovering his



TAOTORU NATIVE BAND.

head. The Emperor complied with a sigh, and addressing the pascchal dignitary said, 'My good friend, I wish you joy of your crown. You will find the duties of a monarch sadly troublesome, I fear.'

**VIRTUE IN AN EASTER WIND.**

If the wind is from the east on Easter Sunday an old wives' superstition bids one draw water and wash well in it. If this is done all attacks of cold and rheumatism for the ensuing year will be avoided.

**PASCAL CANDLE'S SYMBOLISM.**

The pascchal candle is the name given to the light which appears on the gospel side of the altar during mass and vespers from Easter to Whitsunday. It symbolizes the rising from the grave of Christ, the 'Light of the World.' In the year 1157 it was recorded that the candle used at Canterbury was of 300 pounds weight. There is also mentioned as a matter of history that on one occasion the Paschal candle in the church at Norwich, England, was so tall that it had to be lighted through an opening in the roof over the choir.

**EARLY CHRISTIANS' EASTER.**

Easter, as at first observed by the early Christians was a thanksgiving lasting eight days. This was at first reduced to three days, afterwards to two, and finally to the single day, Easter Sunday.



NGKANGEA BRASS BAND. THE "KING'S OWN."



TU ATA AND TE AHURILI.

**MEETING OF KING MAHUTA AND THE GOVERNOR IN AUCKLAND.**



Walroni, photo.

WINKS AND HALL'S EXHIBIT AT THE LATE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION.

**WINKS AND HALL'S EXHIBITION EXHIBIT.**

At the late Exhibition the firm of Messrs Winks and Hall, cabinet-makers, Shortland-street, made a splendid display of articles made from New Zealand forest woods. The workmanship was artistic and good, and the various articles had a substantial well-made look about them. The exhibit was one of much interest.

**'YE ANCIENT GAME OF BOWLS.'**

**A HISTORY OF THE SPORT.**

Under the title of 'Ye Ancient Game of Bowls,' Mr John Young, the president of the New South Wales Bowling Association, and of the Annandale Club, has published a souvenir of the New South Wales Bowling Association's tour in Victoria, on the occasion of the 22nd intercolonial contest against that colony in November of last year. Interesting comments on the game by the various captains are included,

as also a brief history of the games, and a record of intercolonial matches played to date. The first intercolonial bowling match between Victoria and New South Wales, it is mentioned, was initiated and arranged by Mr Young going to Melbourne, calling some of the bowlers together and inviting them to bring a team to Sydney. Mr Mark Moss, Mr Eiden, and others entered into the matter with enthusiasm, and the first match was played on the Annandale green on April 20, 1880, resulting in a win for Melbourne. At that time, Mr Young states, the New South Wales players were comparatively new to the games, with the exception of Mr N. Payten and his brother, Mr A.

Payten, Mr Johnson, Mr C. J. Byrnes, and Mr Cairnes, who were experienced players. The record of intercolonial matches played to date gives Victoria 14 wins and New South Wales 10.

In his notes on the history of the game Mr Young says:—

'The antiquity of the old English sport of bowling is beyond dispute. I find on good authority that its history in England can be traced to the 12th century, for it is stated that young men took exercise in bowling stones. There are some enthusiasts, however, who aver that King Solomon was a bowler, from the passage in Ecclesiastes, where the "golden bowl" is referred to; but while Solomon may have been the first Master Mason, the bowling fraternity can hardly claim him as the originator of the game, however much they would like to do so, as the bowl referred to is not the blessed bowl used in the game of bowls. No doubt, however, most bowlers will be content with a period of 700 years to show the antiquity of their favourite pastime. For from that time to the present it has been one of the most favourite games played in the United Kingdom. I find that as early as A. D. 1366 the game was very popular, but the king considered it useless and unprofitable, and advised his subjects to abandon bowling and practice archery, and in A. D. 1388 an Act was passed forbidding servants, mechanics, or labourers playing bowls, as the practice of archery was becoming lax. In A. D. 1409 Fitzstephens states that the citizens went outside the city wall into the suburbs to play the game of bowls; but an Act was again passed forbidding the game, which, however, does not appear to have been enforced. In a thirteenth century MS. in the Royal Library is a picture of a game being played with a small cone at each end of the green, showing the principle to be the same then as played at present, viz., to see who could roll his bowl nearest to the mark or jack at the ends. In Henry VIII's time, A. D. 1512, the game of bowls was deemed an illegal pursuit, but persons were allowed to play the game in their own gardens or on the commons. The Act tried to restrict the practice of the game, for all who had a bowling green must be worth £100 per annum. Charles I. during his confinement at Holmby, Northamptonshire, frequently went over to Lord Vaux, at Harrowden, and Earl Spencer, at Althorpe, both of which places possessed unrivalled bowling greens, he being fond of the game. Charles I. laid out the bowling greens at Hampton Court, and pictures are extant representing him playing there with his courtiers and ladies. Charles II. also played upon the same bowling greens. The memorable reply of Sir Francis Drake, 300 years ago, when he was informed that the Spanish Armada was in sight, while he was playing at bowls upon Plymouth Harb, that 'There is time to finish the game of bowls, and beat the Spaniards afterwards' is well known to all bowlers, for he was as good as his word. Shakespeare was evidently a bowler, and understood the game. The first regular bowling club, of which there exists any trace in the Willow Bank Club, founded in Glasgow at the beginning of the century.

The 'souvenir,' which is nicely printed and contains a number of illustrations, is published by Batson and Co., Limited, of York-street.



Feehey, photo.

OFFICIALS OF THE PORT NICHOLSON CYCLING CLUB'S SPORTS.

BACK ROW.—D. Burnett, W. Homer, A. E. G. Homer (Secretary), F. Sinclair, T. Wilford (President), T. Inglis (Vice-President), A. Sutherland, G. Lauricsson, J. Tucker.  
MIDDLE ROW.—W. C. Smith, F. M. Lisle, F. B. Wilkins (Referee), E. J. Searle, T. McIntyre, B. J. Atkinson.  
FRONT ROW.—H. Burnett, W. A. Thomson, C. E. Thompson, G. Harrison, I. L. McNab, C. Futtler, G. Watson (Starter).





CHAPTER XXIII.

Though the hour was late when they met, and the autumn twilight came creeping on apace, Nancy made no haste to bring their walk to a close. All barriers were set aside; they spoke openly, and each looked into the heart of the other for the first and the last time.

He had told her in his simple, frank way how things had happened with him. His words gave her solace, for though she had never doubted his love for her, his marriage with Bettine had come about so strangely and so quickly she might have been forgiven if she had doubted a little.

Of the two she was the calmest, the most resigned. Kingsberry was moody, bitter, self-reproachful; he did not spare himself in condemnation.

'Grannie called me a fool, and so I am; the biggest, the—'

'Are you content then to call yourself a fool all your life, Nigel?' Nancy asked him softly.

He gave a broken laugh. 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin?' he quoted. 'A fool I was born, and a fool I shall die.'

'You shall not say these things to me,' Nancy cried out hotly, almost as though he had struck her. 'You shall not dare to tell me you are willing—yes, willing to live on the wild, unthinking life you now lead. Nigel, you owe me something more than that.'

'I would give you my life itself if you asked me for it,' he answered her passionately; 'but you must not make mistakes. You doubted me once, you know, not so long ago, Nancy; you had no better opinion of me than of any of the rest. I could have been better, dear, and you know it, but you did not give me the chance.'

'But oh! that is so weak, so wicked. Can you not see good for yourself? Must my hands alone be the ones to lead you out of this miserable, degrading path, you are now treading?' Nigel, dear Nigel, I love you, you are lost to me, but I love you none the less, and by this love I implore you to be generous.'

He stopped in the twilight and faced her. 'What is it you want of me?' he asked her hoarsely. 'You have just said I am lost to you; do you know the significance of those words? They sum up things pretty clearly to me.'

Nancy turned from him and went and sat down on the rough bank on the road-side. 'Oh, if I only knew how to set you right,' she said, with a heavy sigh. 'I don't want to preach to you to-night, Nigel, dear, and yet all these things pressing on my heart sound like platitudes, empty formulas, when I say them. You must see—yes, you must see and know your duty plainer and better than I can put it to you.'

Kingsberry followed and stood with one foot planted on the bank while he leaned on his knee.

'Why is the world constituted as it is?' he said. 'Why should two human beings be kept overlustfully apart just because of a poor silly mistake? Nancy, you belong to me; you know I belong to you. Now, can you argue the right of either of us in our separated lives?'

Nancy looked up. 'I could not argue, dear. I only know what is right. Do you suppose we are the only two creatures in the world who have to lock away love and happiness and face an empty life?'

'I don't care a fig for other people,' Kingsberry said bluntly; 'they don't concern me.'

'Then let us leave other people alone,' Nancy hurried to say with a

faint laugh. 'Nigel, will you give me a promise?'

'I have told you I will give you my life if you ask for it,' was his dogged reply.

'Then I do ask for it. I want you to realise that your life is not quite your own to do as you like with it. Nigel, you—you will not be angry with me for speaking so plainly—I want you—I want you,' Nancy said with slow distinction, 'to drink nothing but water for the future.'

'Ah!' said Kingsberry, moving his position and walking to and fro a few paces, 'you forget if I cease drinking I shall probably live a few years longer, and this is hardly a condition that will please my wife.'

Nancy caught her breath sharply. 'We are not here to discuss Bettine,' she said, her tone almost cold; 'we are here speaking on the great, the vital question of our separate lives. Perhaps I have not the right to speak so plainly, but neither have you the right to impute such odious thoughts to any living person.'

Kingsberry turned towards her with a laugh. 'I don't want to say harsh things of Bettine or of any one, but in this instance I am only stating facts. Just as she will rejoice to know that her father is safely out of her way, so would she rejoice if she could feel herself free of me for the remainder of her life.'

'Bettine is a strange character—a hard, a selfish nature—but such words as these make her terrible, a creature scarcely human,' said Nancy, still in that cold tone.

'Oh, she is human enough,' Kingsberry answered, shortly. 'You see, Nancy, I have had the chance of seeing life; whilst you can only imagine it, or read about it. Humanity, my dear, is pretty bad, take it all the way round, and my wife is essentially human.'

He walked on in his sentinel fashion, pacing to and fro in front of Nancy, and the girl sat very still and marvelled why she should be so still, and why the pain in her heart did not force the tears from her eyes and make her cry aloud in anguish.

Kingsberry was silent a long time, and then he spoke. 'I have been wondering, Nancy,' he said, 'whether I could manage to keep my word to you on this if I gave it, and I feel sure all round, dear, that I could not. You could not understand—God bless your pure, sweet nature!—what the drink means to me. It gives me life, hope, courage; if you take it from me, I'd rather not tell you what my end will be.'

'And if you keep to it,' said Nancy, as steadily as she could, 'shall I tell you what your end will be? Nigel, you hurt me, you—you—' and then the tears came, and she wept unstrainedly, whilst the man stood looking down on her, feeling that each tear she shed broke from her heart.

'Dear Nancy, don't fret over me. Look here; I can't promise to do all you want, but I'll do my best. Will that comfort you, dear?'

But it was long before Nancy could answer him. She had never wept such bitter tears before—never felt such keen sorrow, such hopeless pain—and as she sat with her face buried in her hands, and the man she loved and mourned over stood looking down at her, there came wheeling rapidly towards them a large open barouche containing one man and three women, and the sound of their voices mingled in happy tones together proclaimed to Nancy their

identity. Crouching back in the shade of the night, she stood unseen, as the carriage bearing Edward Loftus and his mother and sisters went rapidly past; and when the stillness was restored again, Nancy came forward, her face tear-stained, but her grief conquered.

'I am afraid I must leave you now, Nigel; I can get home this way, and mother will wonder where I am.'

'I will walk with you,' Kingsberry said, and Nancy bent her head in assent.

'But you want to reach the station, Nigel, and it is getting late.'

'I shall stay in Northchester tonight. There are some things I want to do for that poor fellow; things I hope your father will let me do, Nancy.'

'I am sure he will be glad to share with you in all there is to do.'

They walked on more briskly now, and were silent for a long while, their thoughts so many and of such importance that speech was not easy.

'What a brute I am!' Kingsberry said, all at once; 'I have made you cry, Nancy. I wonder you can care even a little for me.'

'Tears are a merciful privilege we women can always claim,' Nancy answered, 'and my tears have done me good; I feel as if they had washed my brain and my heart.' Nigel, tell me all that is passing with you. I want to know everything. Grannie seemed a little doubtful as to whether you would continue living at Kingsberry Court.'

'Everything about us is doubtful. How we have gone as far as we have gone is something of a miracle. You see, I am such a pauper, and what money I had to spend this year was all borrowed from Callard.'

Nancy gave a little exclamation. 'Mr Callard is your friend, is he not, Nigel?'

Kingsberry shrugged his shoulders. 'He calls himself friend, but he charges high interest for his money, and I am sure he does not trust me further than he can help. He is a clever man,' Kingsberry added thoughtfully; 'and somehow I never feel he is single-minded in anything he does, except perhaps in his admiration for you; he admires you, Nancy, immensely.'

Nancy made no reply to this. 'Would it not be possible for you and Bettine to live in Ireland,' she queried, 'instead?'

'Dear little girl,' the man answered her, 'all things that are wise and good are possible, but not for me, not for us. We have got our lives into a tangle, and we must go on winding round and round till suddenly by some lucky chance we find ourselves free. I am so tired of it all, Nancy, so tired. I want a long rest; I should like to go to sleep for a year.'

'Nigel, why should you not take this rest? Why not do as you hoped to have done with poor Uncle James? Go abroad and let fresh scenes clear your brain. Duty in its strictest, narrowest meaning ties you to be with Bettine, but you have another duty, the duty to yourself. I see all your difficulties here, and I know you must be tired. Take this rest. You will come back all the fresher to face things, and perhaps—'

'Don't go on,' Kingsberry said, agitatedly. 'I know all you want to say, and I believe you are right. Anyway, I'll try it, Nancy. Your words give me a kind of new hope. I'll start next week and see a little of the world outside the life I have led these many years. It must do me good; it shall do me good. You'll think of me, I know, and you'll remember me in your prayers, and—now, we'll say good-bye, Nancy, goodbye,' he said, hoarsely, clinging the more closely to the hands he held. 'Good-bye, Nancy. Ah, God! It is too hard to say!'

'Good-bye, dear Nigel, my love—my dear one. Good-bye, and God be with you. I will think of you and pray for you, and you will write to me when you have time? It is growing late, Nigel,' she said, hoarsely, tremblingly, as she wrung her hands from his. 'You will go back to Northchester, and I will go home. Life, you see, must go on, just as it always goes, though our hearts are broken.'

'Nancy! Nancy, my darling!' Kingsberry cried, but Nancy had gone. She had run fleetly from him, and the mist of the night had closed over her and shut her from his sight. On and on she ran till her foot stumbled, and she reeled and fell into some rough turf. There she lay and wept out the passion of her grief. Hence-

forward she would be the sweet, simple, gentle Nancy of the past; but this one wild hour saw what a marvel of force such things would be brought to pass, saw what mighty repression of self and youth, and youth's demands, such a life would mean. For had Anne Baillie yielded to the almost unconquerable impulse of her heart this night, she would have run back along that rough country road, and linking her hand with his, have turned and faced life with the man she loved. But she did not yield; she lay and fought aside her longing till exhausted nature demanded a cessation of the struggle, and rising at last to her feet, she wended her way slowly—very, very slowly, through the dark starless night to her father's house, there to take up the duties of her simple life, and learn how best she could the meaning of a perpetual farewell.

Callard had no opportunity of seeing Lord Kingsberry again before he left England. He knew of the young man's departure only the day before Kingsberry sailed. The information was given him by Kingsberry himself in a letter. 'I am off for a few months. If I stay here I shall only drink myself into my grave a little quicker than I need go. I have squared my bank as you suggested, and things will be all right for my wife till I return. I shall tell her then that the Court is too much for me, and take steps to shut it up, but she can do as she likes till I get back. I don't think I shall do anything with the Irish property, either, for the moment. You see, I must consider my mother—' Callard frowned as he read this letter.

It happened at this moment to be staying at a smart house party, which included Lady Kingsberry among its attractions. Bettine, he was sure, knew nothing of her husband's movements. There were theatricals going on, and she was in the thick of the arrangements, surrounded, of course, by a crowd of men—young and old. The last week or so she had taken it into her head to treat Callard with her old rudeness; she snubbed him on every occasion, and he chafed considerably under such treatment. On more than one occasion he had tried to annoy, to sting her; only the day before this letter from Kingsberry reached him, there had been a little "spar" between them in which Bettine had come off best.

It being universally conceded that Lady Kingsberry showed great talent, both as an actress and as an organiser, Callard seized this opportunity of upsetting her. 'Your acquaintance with stage craft is not so marvellous, all things considered, is it, Lady Kingsberry?' he had queried before a whole room of people.

Bettine had measured him with her eyes. 'No, I suppose it is hereditary, in a sense, though I believe my poor father was, as a matter of fact, a very indifferent actor,' she had replied, calmly. 'His early training was not of sufficient value, and most certainly, though he toured everywhere as a "star" with his own company, he failed signally to make the fortune some actors do. Perhaps if he had utilised his friendship with you sufficiently, Mr Callard, he would have developed a keener commercial instinct.'

Peter had laughed with the rest, but he knew he was beaten.

She said it to him a little later herself, 'you ought to know me better, Mr Callard,' was her remark, 'and, moreover, you ought to know the world better. Do you suppose if I had tried to hush up my connection with my father, it would have made any difference with my success? I can hold my own, and I can obtain—as I told you a long time ago—all I want to obtain. You have made a mistake, but mistakes are pardonable in a parvenu.' Bettine finished, contemptuously. 'Please let us understand the situation. You are prepared to do all you can to upset me if you can, and I am quite as prepared that you will, and you do your worst.'

'You are foolish to quarrel with me,' Callard said, with pale lips.

'Am I? Why? I suppose you mean because you have been lending money to Nigel. Of course, I guessed this; your mission is to lend money, is it not? and those unfortunate people who cannot repay you immediately, have to support your presence in their houses perpetually. It is your pleasure just now to try and spoil my success. Take care I don't spoil yours; I am getting more powerful each day.'

Callard adopted her tone, and swallowed his feelings.

"I don't think I am much afraid of you, Lady Kingsberry," he said, coldly; "parva mi, as you call me, I, too, have my power. No matter by what means I have reached my present position, be sure I shall guard it pretty surely now that I have reached it."

Bettine shrugged her shoulders, but as he was moving away she caught a glimpse of his face, and something—her natural shrewdness, perhaps, warned her sharply that she was more than passing foolish in insulting and quarrelling with this man. She called him back in a languid way.

"Well, since we thoroughly understand we are enemies, suppose we fly the flag of truce for awhile? As a matter of fact, I want you to do something for me. You are going to town, I heard you say. Will you interview Nigel, and—"

Callard had come back at her command, and was looking at her in a way that would be difficult to describe, but which Bettine secretly resented.

"Is it possible that you do not know that Kingsberry is gone?" he said.

Bettine's languor disappeared. "Gone!" she echoed, sharply. "Gone where?"

Callard shrugged his shoulders. "I expect he hardly knows where himself. He is just drifting away because he is tired out with things as they are here. It was a brilliantly clever idea of yours to marry Kingsberry, but you should have invented some device to hold him, Bettine. You don't want him personally, I know that very well, but he has his uses nevertheless, if only to take on his shoulders all the blame when you happen to meet with some small accident and bruise your fair skin."

Bettine ignored his sneer. "Will you please tell me what you mean when you say Nigel has gone abroad?"

"There is nothing to explain. Kingsberry is tired of you and your tricks; he has gone for a little holiday; he may come back soon, or he may never come back. He is an odd sort of chap is Kingsberry—not the fool you think him, by any means. At least he is giving evidence of his wisdom now."

Bettine bit her lip, and her colour came vividly for an instant, then she looked into Callard's eyes, and smiled a pretty, wistful sort of smile.

"Don't be so disagreeable," she said. "It what you tell me is true, I am most annoyed. Nigel has behaved abominably. I wrote to him yesterday and have been expecting a letter all to-day. I want some money," she finished, frankly; and Peter smiled at her.

"You will not want long. Kingsberry has, I happen to know, arranged everything for your comfort during the next few months."

Bettine looked at him doubtfully. "You seem to know a great deal about Nigel's affairs," she said, slowly.

"Well, I ought to do so," Callard answered quite frankly, "seeing that every penny he has been spending of late has been provided by me."

Bettine caught her breath. He had always intended to hurt her—and he hurt her heart when the time—as ripe, but he little knew how hard the hurt was.

"I think you have done a very bad stroke of business, Mr Callard. Why, we are just a pair of wet-nosed people with nothing of any value that you can seize!"

Peter hesitated. Should he strike the final blow, or wait still a little longer? Bettine's next words decided him.

"But all this business talk is annoying. I have other things to think of, and your news about Nigel has upset me dreadfully. Mr Callard, do you know where I can send a telegram to him? He can go now if he likes, but he must be at Kingsberry Court in December. I have just heard from Lady Beesborough that she has almost arranged that the Prince and Princess will consent to stay with us at Kingsberry Court when they go to Yorkshire to open their new hospital. Nigel must be with me, he must, absolutely he must! Won't you fix this up for me, Mr Callard?"

"I should be delighted to do anything for you, Lady Kingsberry, anything that was feasible, but here you set me a task beyond me. Nigel is gone, and, as I said just now, will return who knows when? You will have to look forward to a royal visit another year."

Bettine remained silent a long while. It was her first really bitter moment since social success had come to her, and she hardly knew how to deal with it. Callard stood watching her quietly for a moment. It was a satisfaction to see her so moody, so overcast, and

the temptation came to strike further. He brought up the subject of her father's death, and of his meetings with Nancy. "It is in this that has driven him away," he said; "you took him from her, but you could not change his heart. He loves her now far—far better than he ever did." Callard paused here, and then he spoke again: "And I envy him because he has her love in return," was what he said after that pause, and with that he passed away and left Bettine to her reflections, which were unpleasant enough to satisfy even his desire.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Immediately following on Kingsberry's departure Nancy received a peremptory command from her grandmother to go to London.

"I am desolate and really ill, and I have need of you," the old lady wrote; and for once Lady Alicia seemed touched by her mother's letter.

"You must, of course, go," she told Nancy, "and if you can persuade your grandmother to come here for the winter, I hope you will do so. She is getting old now, and I think she ought to be looked after by some of us."

"And if granmie prefers to have me stay with her in town, mother?"

Lady Alicia paused imperceptibly. "Oh! you will do as your grandmother wishes," she said, a trifle impatiently, a tone which Nancy translated to denote a preference that she should, if possible, be home again before long.

Nancy did not seek to know why her mother should have this preference, but the outcry her friends at Clinton Gate made when they heard she was going away gave Nancy some new food for thought and hastened her own desire to be with her grandmother; for there was nothing subtle or indefinite in the minds of Mrs Loftus and her two daughters. They had "darling Eddie" home again, and that was a tremendous thing; but they wanted more than this they wanted Edward to form some tie to keep him from wandering afar again, and they eagerly desired to see him happy; and Nancy, they said, confidently among themselves, was the one creature in the world who could give him this happiness.

"They would have been married long ago if that horrid girl had never come into their lives," Mrs Loftus said to herself and to her daughters at least once a day, and she firmly believed it was the truth she was repeating, for everything tended to support her in the thought, Nancy's changed look and sobered manner during the past year having been attributed by the Loftus family entirely to the fact of Edward's engagement in the first instance and his absence in the second; and, therefore, when Edward was once more established in his home, it seemed to them a most regrettable and strange circumstance that Nancy should elect to go away on a visit for an indefinite period. Had she entertained any objection to obeying her grandmother's will, this suddenly-revealed attitude on the part of her friends would have speedily changed these objections, but, as may easily be guessed, the girl turned to the thought of passing some time with the quaint old woman whom both she and Nigel loved so truly, as one might turn to the thought of a cheery fireside after a chill and depressing winter journey. The mere idea that Edward should find his consolation in her affronted Nancy.

"And they will blunder so," she said to herself, in dismay. "They are such dear, good souls, but they don't understand things as clearly as most people. It must be at their suggestion that Edward has been here already three times, for surely he cannot care to meet mother so intimately just yet awhile. I am indeed glad to go, very, very glad."

She did not dare confess to herself that one of the strongest desires urging her to be with old Lady Kingsberry was connected with the hope that from time to time she might snatch some news of that absent one whom she prayed she might never see again, yet she was fully aware that it was the bond of their deep love for Nigel that made the old lady crave so eagerly for her presence.

She duly repeated her mother's suggestion to her grandmother about spending the winter at Summer Lodge, but old Lady Kingsberry dismissed it with a laugh.

"I am much obliged to my daughter, but all the same I do not intend to kill myself with "ennui" draughts even to further her scheme of arranging your future."

"What do you mean, grannie?" Nancy asked, quietly. She had always been soft-spoken, with a gentleness that was pretty and demure, but now she spoke and moved and lived in one dull, quiet tone, which robbed her of half her former charms, at least to most people. To others, to her grandmother, for instance, she was doubly sweet, from the fact of that pathetic tranquillity which covered her like a veil.

Lady Kingsberry, seated in a huge padded armchair by her bedroom fire-side, and clad in a most fantastic dressing-gown, with a quaint lace cap tied about her head, looked at her grandchild sharply.

"Do you mean to say you don't follow your mother in her latest moves? My dear, it is all as simple as A B C. Your mother, having made a tremendous blunder with Bettine, intends to recover herself through you; in other words, she intends you to be Edward Loftus' wife."

Nancy was silent, she was engaged in combing and brushing the wet hair of Billy, the Irish terrier, who, together with the two fox terriers, ruled her grandmother's household. Nancy's hand was more gentle than any maid's would be; therefore Billy was given over to her care to have his toilet attended to after his bath.

Old Lady Kingsberry pointed her satin slipper out from beneath the hem of her gow, and poked the girl sharply.

"Why don't you speak?" she queried.

Nancy looked upwards. "Is there anything to say?" she queried in return; her voice, light as it was, had a touch of hauteur, and of some deeper feeling also.

"Now, Anne," cried the old lady, forcibly, "don't play any mysteries with me. We have always cultivated the habit of plain speaking, you and I, and I want you to tell me simply and frankly what attitude you intend to take in these new manoeuvres."

Nancy looked round and smiled faintly, but she did not speak; nevertheless the old woman was answered by the quivering lip, the tea-stained eyes. She sat very quietly watching the girl's hands fulfil their allotted task, and her sharpness went from her at once.

"It's a big sacrifice," she said, after a long pause. "and, in a sense, a monstrous one. God knows I love him; had I not loved him and seen the good in him, should I have hoped the hopes that died last year? But you are only a child, Nancy, the whole of a long, healthy life stretches before you. It is not right—no, not right." Her voice sank off into a whisper.

"Grannie, dear, do you mind if we do not talk of these things—at least, not just yet? They are very hurtful, and they cannot be set right by mere words."

"I want to see you happy," was the old woman's answer.

Nancy smiled again. "And I am happy, Grannie, dear. One does not require one's life to be laid out on the approved conventional lines to know what happiness means. I think if you could see into my heart you would be content."

"Come and kiss me," said old Lady Kingsberry. And Nancy knelt beside her and buried her face for an instant in the fragrant-scented folds of the wonderful dressing gown, and then she went back to Billy and finished him off, and the conversation became general, conducted in that sparkling fashion peculiar to old Lady Kingsberry.

"But if I am silent others will speak," the old lady said to herself many times afterwards, "and her heart will be probed each time. It is all very crooked and very sad, and I really don't think I can be blamed for thinking some bitter thoughts against that young baggage. Not that my hard thoughts or anyone else's seem to affect her ladyship. After all, Bettine's is the proper constitution for this world, for if she knows no real beauty, no real happiness, she certainly escapes the sorrow and the difficulty that upset most of us."

There was very little direct communication between the young and the old Lady Kingsberry in the weeks that followed. Bettine had heard of Nancy's visit to her grandmother through Hubert Baillie, and this kept her from approaching the old lady, for she had no intention or desire of meeting Nancy if it could be avoided. Para-

doxical as it may seem, considering to what a point she had carried her will, Bettine never could rid her mind of the feeling that her cousin Anne was her conqueror, and this was a feeling that had been greatly intensified after that conversation with Callard, when he announced to her her husband's departure, and put before her the reason for that departure in such frank, uncompromising words. It was not the conduct of the man she had married, or his love for Nancy, that hurt Bettine most; it was this curious sort of quiet sovereignty that the other girl had over all those who knew her well. Bettine had chafed at this in the days of the Loftus engagement, and more so still in her life with Kingsberry, and that one sentence of evvy Callard had spoken vexed her almost more than all the rest, for in Callard there were elements lacking in the other two men, and though she professed to and did despise him, Bettine's mind would always hark back to that old time when he had deliberately tried to ruin her life. And this

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was just where the pinch was, for she felt into the trick of putting Nancy into the position she had held in those days, and, look at it which way she might, she could not but know that Callard would never have wronged Nancy in the way he had tried to wrong her, which fact argued further that the opinion he held of her was very little higher than the opinion she held of him. Bettine did not care to realise this. Therefore she avoided all chance of meeting Nancy, and much as she would have enjoyed going to see old Lady Kingsberry and girding at her over Kingsberry's shortcomings, Bettine did not venture near the house. Life with her was not so exceedingly pleasant as it had been during these first weeks of her husband's absence. Callard's prophecy had been fulfilled in a degree. Nigel sent her neither news of his welfare nor of his return, and, in consequence, the project of entertaining the illustrious guests, as she so ardently desired to do, fell through. This was a bitter blow to Bettine.

She had gone up in the social world at so swift a rate; she had grown accustomed to the position, being full of confidence in her powers to hold this place as long as she liked. With Kingsberry's departure there came a faint, a very faint atmosphere of change in and about her life. Bettine could hardly have told where and how this began, but she was acutely sensible of it, and duly irritated by it. Had the royal visit been brought to an issue, things would have been altogether different, and it may be well imagined that Bettine had no soft thoughts for her absent husband. She found, as Callard had told her, that Kingsberry had made certain arrangements, all in her favour, during the time he should be away; but Bettine was practical, and she was not long before she saw that things would not be at all pleasant for her should Nigel extend his tour and stay away indefinitely. She would not of course, count on evil days till they came in sight, but she was not comfortable. Her chief confidences were made at this time to Hubert Baillie.

Nancy's brother was, as a matter of fact, very much obliged to Bettine. Just when things were again beginning to look black on the horizon of his future Bettine stepped in and arranged a marriage between him and a wealthy Californian, a woman many years his senior, who took a fancy to the young man and was glad to become a member of an aristocratic family. Hubert, therefore, swore stronger allegiance than ever to his beautiful cousin, and his well-emphasised dislike and disapproval of Kingsberry made him an acceptable companion for the moment. From Hubert it was that Bettine learnt all there was to learn about those things that interested her. She heard of Callard's unspoken intention of marrying Nancy, and of Nancy's quiet, but thorough, rejection of the idea, and she heard of Lady Alicia's return to her first matrimonial scheme for her daughter.

"The matter seems determined to patch up things with Loftus. She always wanted him for Nancy, you know, and I expect you upset her considerably when you broke in on that plan. Now Loftus is home again, and, of course, he must marry somebody, I daresay he will fix himself up with Nancy."

"Why must he marry somebody?" queried Bettine, a little impatiently. Of late she had been thinking a good deal about Edward Loftus. After all, she had obtained very little by her marriage with Kingsberry. There had been the sensation, but that had worn away a long time ago, and there was always the knowledge that she had robbed Nancy of her happiness, but the satisfaction in this had waned considerably since it had been made so potent to her than Nancy could hold her own kingdom even under adverse circumstances. Now, had she married Edward Loftus, she would certainly not have started with a title, but her position would have been infinitely surer; moreover, in her hands, things might have been moulded so well. With their wealth and her beauty and wit, anything might have happened; a title would certainly have followed in the course of time, matters being properly manipulated. It angered Bettine to hear that Edward would, in all probability, marry Nancy. Had he really loved her? she would ask herself petulantly, or had his infatuation been a sham?

Looking backwards, it did not seem to her that the devotion Loftus had lavished on her could ever pass into forgetfulness; at any rate, she felt it would be amusing to come in contact with this man again, and see for herself how matters were. She surely would be able, at all events, to count on him as a friend, one to whom she might turn, and not turn in vain, should an awkward crisis occur, as it threatened to do. She kept all this well hidden in her mind, and Hubert Baillie never imagined that he was being ransacked by his cousin for all sorts of information, when he introduced the subject of Edward Loftus. The more Bettine heard of the eagerness with which the Loftus family desired the marriage with Nancy, the more the determination came upon her to step in at once again and stand in Nancy's path. Not that she for an instant imagined that Nancy was willing to take the place she would have filled, for Bettine did not deceive herself about Nancy's character, but she saw that circumstances might be used to force the marriage on the girl, unless other circumstances occurred to intervene, and little by little Bettine found herself framing plans to embody such counter circumstances in her own lovely self. Gradually it grew upon her that she would have need of such a man as Edward Loftus, a sentimentalist endowed with an exceedingly enviable fortune, and as she thought took firmer hold of her she set herself the task of finding the best way of drawing Loftus into her life again, and while she sought the way, fate, either by trick or purpose, brought this thing suddenly to pass.

It was in the early days of the new year that Kingsberry wrote home his first letter to his grandmother. It was written in his old affectionate style; but it had something callous in it nevertheless, since it stated clearly and decisively the writer's intention of staying abroad for a very much longer period.

"As the song says, 'It may be for years and it may be for ever,' (Grand dear," was how he stated it himself, and such news sent to an old and not very strong woman who loved him was not without cruelty.

Lady Kingsberry took it brightly enough, but Nancy was not deceived by this cheery spirit. There was more in this letter of a hurtful nature, only a few words at the end written in a scrawly hand.

"Tell Nancy I have broken my promise. I tried to keep it, but nature is too strong for me. I am very sorry; but, after all, since there must come an end to all of us, it is as well this way as any other."

"I suppose," the old lady said in her most cynical way, "I suppose you tried to extract some quixotic pledge out of the boy before he went, didn't you?"

"I tried, I hoped," Nancy said, in the curious numb way she met most things nowadays. "I wanted, Grandmother, to make him a good friend to himself." Old Lady Kingsberry granted, "Oh, you good woman, what a vast amount of harm you do. You have power put right into your hands, and then you turn away from it; and then, when it is too late, and you see the mess you have made, you try to get things back again by preaching platitudes and sighing for a revolution to be worked instantly as if we were still in the age of miracles."

Nancy said nothing, she only smiled. No one had seen the futility of her experiment so well as herself, and yet this letter was a sorrowful disappointment. They ceased to talk of Nigel after this, and Lady Kingsberry fell into the trick of calling herself an invalid, and talking instead of all her ailments. She aged wonderfully in these days, and Nancy's life with her was no sinecure. In fact, the girl many times sighed under the bondage of the old woman's irritability, and would have yielded to her father's wish that she should go home, had she not been really attached to her grandmother and very very sorry for her. Besides her home offered but little prospect of peace, for not even the business of Hubert's approaching marriage could set aside the Loftus question with Lady Alicia.

The matter had been openly

broached between mother and daughter in a letter from Lady Alicia to Nancy. It was not a very tactful letter, and it was answered very coldly by Nancy, and after this it seemed impossible for the girl to think of going home. She preferred the atmosphere of stinging words and sadness that characterised her grandmother's house to the difficulties and annoyances that awaited her at Summer Lodge; and she had also the consolation of knowing that, irritable as the old lady was, she would be most unhappy were Nancy to leave her alone. It was no wonder the girl grew pale and drawn-looking, a very ghost of her once merry self.

Bettine caught sight of her one day when she was in London, and she found much satisfaction in Nancy's changed looks. She herself was not so brilliant as she had been, for Kingsberry had sent her a similar message to the one his grandmother had received, and the position was one that taxed the resourceful spirit of Bettine to the utmost. The crisis she had feared had come with a vengeance, and she literally did not know which way to turn for money. Kingsberry had told her quite curtly the position as far as Callard was concerned.

"He can foreclose the mortgage, though he can't sell the Court, as it isn't saleable; but, of course, he can make himself deuced disagreeable if he chooses, and drain the Irish estates of every penny they produce till he is paid in full. I advise you to see him yourself—you are so clever, it is possible you may see a way of escape out of all this. In any case you will always be able to make a home with my mother, if nothing pleasanter opens out to you. As for myself, you may regard me as dead to all intents and purposes, for I could not trouble you less if I were really a corpse."

Bettine had bitten her lip sharply as she read this through several times. She knew Kingsberry was in earnest when he told her he should never return; and what a position this was in which she was placed. Would that he were indeed the corpse he spoke of, her white, angry lips murmured to themselves; then she put aside anger and turned to action. She took Kingsberry's advice and wrote to Callard.

"I know just how we stand, and I wish to speak with you on the position in general," was what she wrote to him. "I shall be in London to-morrow, at the Bristol, please fix an appointment with me."

She wrote another letter at the same time. "I am in sore trouble," was what this epistle contained, and I am friendless. I need your help, your counsel; do you hate me too much to give me this? I cannot blame you if you do; still I know your good, generous heart, and I believe, even if you do not forgive me, you will not fail me. If you answer me, write to me in London. I shall be there to-morrow; and she added the address as she had given to Callard. She was on her way to the city to keep her appointment with Peter, when she had caught sight of Nancy walking with her grandmother's dogs, and Bettine had smiled a little smile of content. In her pocket there lay a telegram with a prepaid answer, and this telegram had been sent from Northchester that morning.

"Will you permit me to call on you to-day at five?" was what Edward Loftus had written in the telegram, and the smile Bettine had sent after Nancy was one that had its rise in this pleasant evidence of her restored power to work good for herself at the expense of others.

(To be Continued.)

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

THE GOSPEL WRIT IN STEEL.

Here we have a book written in a forcible, homely style, full of excellencies of various kinds and suggestively inculcating a wholesome philosophy throughout its length and in the character of John Burtleson, stimulating lessons of noble unselfishness. Mr Paterson writes interestingly—very interestingly—and never fails to imbue the homeliest of his characters with a personality defined and well-coloured. He can draw pictures of war, which, while strongly breathing sentiments of courage and patriotism, show us those sides of both victory and defeat which novel-writers, as a rule, are inclined to gloss over. There are plenty of stirring incidents to be met with in "The Gospel Writ in Steel," and they are handled with a skill and knowledge of the subject that impresses them on the reader's mind. Mr Paterson clearly has a strong belief in the better side of human nature, and he makes the various types of character he deals with happily and naturally justify his belief.

BISMILLAH.

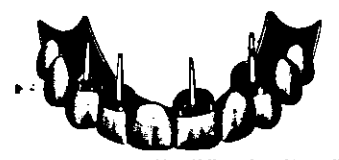
The scenes and people we are introduced to in "Bismillah" present a striking contrast to those we met with in the preceding novel. The scenes are laid in Morocco, 'the country of blood, sunshine, and apocalyptically endured tyranny,' and the scenes and the ways of thinking and living of the folks who people the scenes have, for the most part, the charm of novelty for the general reader. The story would certainly have been improved by some judicious cutting down, as it is rather overgrown in length and moves slowly and a trifle heavily at times, but, on the whole, it is well and interestingly written by one who knows intimately, not only the Morocco of Tangier, but districts of the country which come little within the ken of the ordinary English traveller.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANCOIS.

A very readable book this. That it should not lack plenty of stirring interest may be readily guessed by an enumeration of the roles the hero filled during the terrible, exciting times of the great French Revolution—for Francois, the foundling, saw life then as thief, juggler, and fencing master. But though, through some queer twist in his mind, Francois could never understand the sacredness of a man's right to his own personal property the poor thief's kind heart, large-mindedness, nimble wit, and never-failing mirth, make what would render another man abhorrent to honest folks, a merely adventitious blot on his otherwise lovable character. The tale of Francois' adventures is told graphically and crisply, and clearly outlined; vividly-painted little pictures of life, as it went on in Paris and France, during the nation's attack of frenzied convulsions, are thrown in, as it were, by the way, here and there throughout the book with capital effect. For instance, a few casual words suffice to bring before us the picture of Marie Antoinette sitting in the cart on her way to the guillotine as Francois saw her, but the picture leaves an indelible impression on one's mind.

TWO MEN O' MENDIP.

A simple rustic folk, speaking the Somersetshire dialect and leading a simple rustic life, chequered with the homeliest of joys and sorrows—it is among these that this story leads the reader, and the latter would scarcely expect to find, running through a story in such a setting, a strain of blood and passion that ends in a tragedy of the deepest pathos. Mr Raymond has the power of making his characters interesting. We admire and like proud, sturdy, simple John Winterhead, and regretfully see his lapse from his own standard of right-doing with the consequences that follow to himself and others. The love story of ill-fated little Betty Winterhead and her unhappy lover, Giles Sanderwick, is told from beginning to end with a delicacy and skill that enlists our closest sympathy with both the unfortunate young people, even though we know the dark secret that Giles holds in his breast. The culminating tragedy is related swiftly and quietly. The author lays a restraining hand on his pen and intensifies the elements of tragic pathos which envelop the close of the story by not



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dwelling upon them. It is wise sometimes to put confidence in the reader's powers of imagination and sympathy.

IN HIS STEPS.

This is a work that deserves a thoughtful reading. It is called a sermon story, and begins by telling how the chief men and women of a certain church, headed by their clergyman, bind themselves for a year to do, in all their private and business relations, what they think Jesus Christ would do were he in their places. It then goes on to show how this touchstone of conduct acts with each of them—how vividly it reveals to them their sins of omission and commission, shows them duties undreamed of before, brings them face to face with difficulties hard to overcome. The reader follows with strong interest the recital of their difficulties, discouragements, consolations, encouragements, and successes. The book is written ably and earnestly, and, if carefully read, is not likely to let itself be laid aside without inducing much profitable reflection on the part of the careful reader as to how far it might be possible, even in this complex modern world of ours, to make the rules and the example which Christ gave us the real and not the merely nominal guide of conduct among the Christian peoples.

To the 'Pall Mall Magazine' of February Sir Charles Dilke contributes a paper on Newfoundland, which should help to clarify the British public's views on the question of the difficulties which have arisen between France and Great Britain in Newfoundland. Sir Hugh Froude gives us some more of his stirring reminiscences, and an illustrated article on European military ballooning is likely to prove interesting to a large number of readers. Messrs Marriott-Watson, Clark Russell, and S. R. Crockett continue their respective serial contributions; and there are two or three short stories, the best of which is 'The Wooling of Aminta.' The illustrations are up to the 'Pall Mall's' usual high mark of excellence in this department.

I have received from Macmillan and Co., Part 30 of F. Ratzel's carefully written and bountifully illustrated 'History of Mankind.' The two large coloured plates contained in this number are beautifully executed.

I have received from G. Ricordi and Co., 265, Regent-street, London, a new song by Napoleone Zardo with charming words by Percy Pinkerton. The song, which is entitled 'The Star of Hope,' has a delicate melody, and presents few difficulties of execution to either singer or accompanist. It is published in three keys—in A flat, in F, and in E flat.

I am glad to see that a song, published by J. H. Kingsley, of New Plymouth, which was favourably reviewed in the 'Graphic' some time ago, now appears in its second edition. It is called 'At Last,' and is a pretty little thing that deserves the success it has attained. The music is by Geo. Garry, and the words by Edith Grace Levy. It is published, with viola obligato, in the key of D.

Mr Kingsley also sends me a copy of Mr Garry's arrangement for the piano-forte of the well-known and popular American schottische 'I want yer, ma honey.' It is the only one published in the colony.

'The Gospel Writ in Steel,' by Arthur Paterson; Macmillan and Co.—Champlin and Cooper.  
'Himmliah,' by A. J. Dawson; Macmillan and Co.—Champlin and Cooper.  
'The Adventures of Francine,' by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.; Macmillan and Co.—Champlin and Cooper.  
'Two men o' Mendih,' by Walter Baymond; Longmans, Green and Co.  
'In His Steps,' by Chas. M. Sheldon; Ward, Lock and Co.—R. Spreckley.

EASTER EGGS IN RUSSIA.

The Easter egg is used in the Russian Church as a symbol of kindly feeling between the clergyman and his flock. At the conclusion of the services the members of the congregation 'click eggs' with the priest much as glasses are clinked when healths are drunk at banquets.

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tively and cheaply than by the present process, it will be found of great value in electro-gilding, or copper-depositing upon iron, as the solutions in the plating vat can be used cold, thus to a great extent avoiding the fumes of cyanogen. Further, gold and silver can be deposited from chloro-cyanide solutions containing very small quantities of these metals. In this way minimising the first cost of making up solutions.

IT LAUGHS AT MUD!!

The Columbia Chainless— The Bicycle of the Future.

Exhaustively tested and widely accepted as the 'Standard of the World.' For Hill-climbing and Head Winds it has no equal.

PRICE: Columbia Chainless, £25. Columbia Chain, £20.

The YEREX AND JONES Co., ALL OVER.

'CYCLING.

If the claims made for the latest aid to plating metals are borne out by trial, both the makers and the riders of cycles will have cause to rejoice in its advent. The substance in question is the new chloro-cyanide salt, stated to be the cheapest and best for electrical depositing purposes.

By the use of this salt greater facilities will be given to the trade to decorate and vary the styles, besides imparting a better finish and more attractive appearance to the machines. Iron, steel, and other metals can be plated with gold, silver, copper, zinc, etc., very expeditiously and cheaply by the aid of chloro-cyanide. Gold plating can be used on many of the parts of cycles with good effect. Hubs, for instance, plated with gold cost very little to produce, and are easily kept clean, as the gold does not tarnish. All that is necessary is to lightly dust the parts, or, in the event of their being muddy, to wash them. A very thin coating of gold wears a long time, for no polishing is required, as in the case of nickel.

In addition to its property of enabling plating to be done more effec-

tively and cheaply than by the present process, it will be found of great value in electro-gilding, or copper-depositing upon iron, as the solutions in the plating vat can be used cold, thus to a great extent avoiding the fumes of cyanogen. Further, gold and silver can be deposited from chloro-cyanide solutions containing very small quantities of these metals. In this way minimising the first cost of making up solutions.

For the information of makers, it may be stated that the chloro-cyanide will shortly be put on the market by the Chloro-cyanide Manufacturing and Gold Extraction Syndicate at prices which will compare favourably with the potassium cyanide at present in use, and the advantage of being able to deposit from cold alkaline solutions without liberating the fumes of cyanogen will be evident to those engaged in the plating trade. The chloro-cyanide salt will be sold at a shilling a pound.

A new tyre has been invented which is almost entirely built up of cork with a thin rubber casing, and its inventor claims that it is just as light and just as fast as an air tyre, though this remains to be proved. We are told, also, that the ideal road of the future will be of cork. The bricks out of which such a road would be constructed are composed chiefly of bitumen and cork, which, mixed with certain other materials and subjected to great pressure, make an elastic and non-slippery road material.

Paris is the home of the rational cycling garb, but lately reports have been circulated that the divided costume had been discarded by most Parisian wheelwomen. A cycling writer who has just returned from the French capital says he did not notice that it had been discarded to any extent, but it is evident that it has lost caste, and is losing its becomingness also, for the costumes now worn in Paris are altogether unsightly and graceless. He says, too, that the female road-racing costumes this year have been outrageous, even to Parisian eyes.

According to the 'Electrical Review,' M. Felix Dubois will shortly start for the Soudan, the object of his trip being to ascertain to what extent the country is adapted to the use of electric motor cars.

A recent French paper tells of a bicycle funeral which was got up in the United States. The dead man had been an enthusiastic wheelman, and his friends saw to it that his funeral should not suffer for want of the sacred ceremonies of the wheelman's life. The paper goes on to say that at present nine funerals out of ten are held on wheels in the United States, because nine out of every ten inhabitants ride bicycles; that there is an especially constructed 'wheel hearse,' the coffin being so mounted that the undertaker can sit on the coffin and work the pedals on the front wheel.

Since the advent of the cycle the work in the Patent Office must have increased tenfold. Every day we are hearing of more or less insane and useless patents being invented to be used in connection with the bicycle. A full description of the latest of these fads appeared recently in the 'Times.' It is an instrument, so we are told, by which it is easy to record automatically not only the distance travelled by a bicycle or other vehicle, but also the various directions followed during the journey and the hills ascended or descended. The record of directions is obtained by means of a compass. The needle is suspended at the top of the pathometer, as the instrument has been named, directly above the tape on which the records are taken.

One has not the slightest spark of love for the cycle sneak thief, and would gladly welcome some device which would effectually put a stop to his nefarious practices. But, in the interests of humanity it is hoped the latest proposal in this direction will not be largely adopted. It is the invention of a Frenchman, and consists of the attachment of a movable spike to the saddle pillar which can be so manipulated that on the machine being left it sticks up through the aperture of the saddle. Fancy taking a running jump on to a cycle so fitted!

BOWLING.

AUCKLAND CLUB.

At the Grafton Green on Saturday last the following games were played:— No. 1 Rink: Hosking, Pirie, Mahoney, McCallum (skip) 12 v. Coleman, Mortensen, Shackelford, Hegman (skip) 18. No. 2 Rink: Scott, Kayll, Prime, Ledingham (skip) 24 v. Speckley, Jones, Crawford, Haslett (skip) 6. No. 3 Rink: Ross, Plummer, Crawford, James (skip) 8 v. J. I. Phillips, Spreckley, Mahoney, Cullin (skip) 24. A team of first year's players also played a similar team belonging to the Devonport Bowling Club, the visitors winning by a substantial majority, the result being:— No. 4 Rink: Devonport v. Auckland (Grafton)—Larner, Phipps, Mitchell, H. Niccol (skip) 31 v. Schischka, Inglit L. Myers, Rankin (skip) 17.

PONSONBY CLUB.

Seven rinks from the Remuera Club visited the Ponsonby Club's green to play a friendly return match. On the seventh head the scores stood: Ponsonby 6, Remuera 51. The 14th head showed that Ponsonby had pulled up a little, the scores standing Ponsonby 38, Remuera 108. On the last seven heads Ponsonby made a determined effort to make a win, which was done by the bare majority of one point, the scores standing Ponsonby 147, Remuera 146. The following are the scores:—

- PONSONBY V. REMUERA. No. 2 Rink: D. Stewart, J. C. Robinson, A. Sutherland, A. Stewart (skip) 21 v. P. Z. Valle, Colon Dowell, W. Wright, D. Dingwell (skip) 21. No. 3 Rink: A. J. Hurdall, C. Wessupfall, A. Coutts, J. Newell (skip) 20 v. R. A. Lodge, E. B. Valle, P. W. Court, M. Geddis (skip) 21. No. 4 Rink: J. Edmiston, H. Hudson, C. Blomfield, T. Peacock (skip) 25 v. G. B. Hutton, E. O. Halko, R. Hall, A. Holden (skip) 11. No. 5 Rink: E. T. Hart, R. Galloway, W. J. Rees, A. S. Russell (skip) 13 v. J. M. Lennox, H. King, G. Bruce, W. S. Ludford (skip) 25. No. 6 Rink: J. Hutchinson, M. McLean, T. Watson, J. Stichbury (skip) 25 v. Rev. G. E. Munro, F. Hull, J. Brown, D. E. Clark (skip) 21. No. 7 Rink: J. Warren, S. H. Matthews, J. Buchanan, A. Littler (skip) 12 v. W. S. Sibbald, C. Hanson, H. Maxwell, G. Court (skip) 23. No. 8 Rink: D. J. Wright, R. Tudorhope, W. McCutcheon, J. Kirker (skip) 23 v. Moore-Jones, W. Gamble, G. Heron, J. M. Laxon (skip) 20. Grand totals: Ponsonby 147; Remuera 146.

Other games:— No. 5 Rink: M. Todd, S. D. Hanna, J. Beerof (skip) 21 v. J. Paterson, A. Bartlett, T. Usher (skip) 20.

MOUNT ALBERT CLUB.

The following game was played and resulted in a draw:— No. 1 Rink: Hodgson, Wilkins, Houskill Ashton (skip) 20 v. Barber, Harrison, Tichon, James (skip) 20.

MOUNT EDEN CLUB.

There was a good attendance of novices. Mrs. A. M. Newman presided at afternoon tea. The following games were played:— No. 1 Rink: C. W. Spooner, D. Ferguson, H. Phay (skip) 15 v. J. Darrach, W. Eady, H. O. Brown, S. G. Burns (skip) 22. No. 2 Rink: A. M. Newman, J. Pouley, J. S. Kilgour, G. B. Thwaites (skip) 20 v. J. James, D. B. Miller, H. N. Garland, A. Holmes (skip) 17. No. 3 Rink: J. Murdoch, J. Cahill, L. Andrews, A. P. Hooper (skip) 17 v. S. Gray, P. Frost, J. Tili, R. Ross (skip) 25. No. 4 Rink: L. G. Owen, J. M. Morran (skip) 16 v. T. Jones, A. Robins (skip) 24.

DEVONPORT CLUB.

The following games were played:— No. 1 Rink: Best, Taylor, Harvey, Cameron (skip) 21 v. Brookes, Jones, Stewart, M. Niccol (skip) 18. No. 2 Rink: Glenister 21 v. Warren 25.

AUCKLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION.

The first draw of the Champion of Champions' Match was played off on the Newmarket Green on Saturday afternoon last. The green was rather heavy, caused by the rain. No. 1 rink was occupied by Mr Ballantyne (champion of the Ponsonby Club) and the Rev. Scott West (champion of the Auckland Club. On the 10th head Ballantyne was 15, the Rev. Scott West 12; on the 20th head Ballantyne was 16, the Rev. Scott West 19; and on the 31st head Ballantyne 26, the Rev. Scott West 26. The Auckland record for this winning by two points. On No. 2 rink the Rev. Beatty (Remuera's champion) and C. G. Brookes (the Mount Eden Club's champion) were battling. The 10th head showed the Rev. Beatty to be 3, while Brookes was 16; on the 20th head the Remuera champion was 9, while the Mount Eden man had increased to 27. The game eventually ended by Brookes getting home by 18 points. No 3 rink was occupied by H. C. Haselden (Parnell's champion) and J. Harrison (Devonport's). On the 10th head Haselden was 4, Harrison 9; on the 20th head Haselden 11, Harrison 19; and on the 31st head Haselden 19, Harrison 30. The following are the scores:— No. 1 Rink: R. Ballantyne 26 v. Rev. Scott West 26. No. 2 Rink: Rev. Beatty 18 v. C. G. Brookes 27. No. 3 Rink: H. C. Haselden 19 v. J. Harrison 30.

H. W. Brookes (Newmarket) a bye. The second draw took place immediately afterwards, on the Auckland and Remuera Greens. Messrs H. W. Brookes (Newmarket's champion) and C. G. Brookes (Mount Eden's) battled on the Auckland Green, while the Rev. Scott West and J. Harrison met on the Remu-

**MINING NEWS.**

**SHAREMARKET.**

Although latterly business has been somewhat quiet on the Stock Exchange there are signs already of an improvement. The renewal of pumping operations by the Thames-Hauraki Company has made things more hopeful in that district, and transactions took place in May; Queens up to 3/2, with further buyers at the same price. A syndicate has also been formed to develop what appears to be a permanent cinnabar mine about two miles from the Thames, and some fine samples of ore have been on view in town during the week. Enquiry was made this week for Maruoto shares owing to a message being sent by the manager of that mine to the effect that he had struck gold in the Payrock reef. Talisman shares advanced during the week, sales being made at 14/4 and 14/6, with buyers left at the former figure. Ohinemuri Syndicate shares had steady demand at from 2/3 to 2/4, but no sales resulted. At Te Aroha what appears to be an important discovery has been made in the Loyalty Extended claim, stone from a two-foot reef having assayed at the rate of over £15 per ton. At the Premier mine, which adjoins the new battery is just about to commence operations. Considerable attention has been paid this week to the Bunker's Hill mine at Coromandel. A return of £417 6/ was obtained from 123lb of specimens, and since the crushing another 34lb were obtained, which should be worth about £100. Although the leader now being worked is small, it is evidently very rich, and as the ground is next the famous Hauraki mine it is quite reasonable to expect that an important discovery may yet be made. A meeting of shareholders was held this week for the purpose of increasing the capital of the company. It was decided to authorise the issue of 20,000 shares at 3/ each, provided that nothing was done for a month, so as to see if the money could be got out of the ground instead of shareholders. In the meanwhile shares advanced from 2/3 to 3/ in one day, and have still an upward tendency. Four-in-hand shares also had steady buyers during the week at 2/8. On the average, there was less enquiry for the higher-priced shares in Ohinemuri companies.

**MARATOTO.**

The manager telegraphed late yesterday afternoon: 'Good gold at No. 1 level in the Payrock reef, which is four feet wide.'

**TOKATEA CONSOLS RETURN.**

A parcel of ten tons of ore treated by the Tokatea Consols Company at Coromandel returned 27oz of melted gold, which should be worth about £78.

**PROGRESS CASTLE ROCK.**

At No. 4 level the reef averages about 4ft in thickness and is a well-defined body of highly mineralised quartz. The hangingwall part looks the best, and, by testing the stone shows colours of gold. This is very encouraging, as it proves that the gold is going down in the hard country.

**THAMES HAURAKI COMPANY.**

Mr Dunlop, manager of the Thames Hauraki, received instructions this week to immediately start pumping operations on the Company's behalf, which was accordingly done.

**HAURAKI ASSOCIATED.**

Good ore continues to be won from the stopes over No. 2 level, and there does not appear to have been any work done at No. 1 level, over where the richest ore is now being won. A rise is therefore being put up to prove the extent of solid ground overhead.

**PREMIER MINE.**

The development of the Premier mine at Waiorongomai is steadily proceeding, under the supervision of Mr E. H. Hardy. At the battery site ten feet of stampers are now in position, and a stone-breaker and concentrator have been added to the plant.

**JOKER.**

The Ashville Syndicate is carrying

on operations in the Joker Special Claim, Puriri, with encouraging results. Three reefs have been discovered, which are stated to be of a payable nature. A water-right, flume and race complete, has been secured, providing more than sufficient power to drive the battery of eight heads, which is already on the ground and ready for work, so that crushing should shortly commence.

**BARRIER REEFS.**

The manager reports that the east drive is now in 315 feet from the main adit, and the west one 284 feet. There are 12 inches of quartz in the east face, and three feet in the west, some of which ore shows ruby silver. The wagon road is nearly completed. A contract has been let for the connection of one and a-half miles of water race.

**LOYALTY EXTENDED.**

An important discovery has been made by Mr Thomas Gavin on the Loyalty Extended property at Te Aroha, which adjoins the Premier mine. A reef two feet thick has been discovered, and assay tests show its value to be £15 6/7 per ton.

**CINNABAR FIND.**

At Mr R. R. Hunt's office, Shortland-street, may be seen a number of samples of cinnabar ore taken from a 1-foot lode on the Hauraki Cinnabar Mineral Lease at the Thames. This is really the discovery made some months ago by those well-known prospectors, Messrs Lowrie Brothers. The ground consists of 34 acres, situated about two miles from Shortland as the crow flies. Enough work has now been done to show that a lode from 3 to 4 feet in thickness exists on the property; in fact, those are the dimensions reported by the Government Geologist, Mr McKay. At Mr Hunt's office are blocks of cinnabar ore, some weighing up to half a cwt. Some of the samples are very rich, but assay tests have ranged from 0.3 to 27.5 per cent. of mercury, although some of the samples on view would certainly yield from 50 to 60 per cent. Mr Hunt has also a small bottle of mercury in its marketable form as separated from the ore at the Thames School of Mines. At present in Auckland mercury is worth a little over 2/6 per lb wholesale, and it is known that 1 per cent. in the ore will pay, so that this should prove a payable property. Unlike the deposit at Ohaewai, this place has been cool for ages. Some of the stone contains dark cinnabar, which is considered an evidence of a permanent deposit.

**BUNKER'S HILL RETURN.**

The picked stone and specimens won from the Bunker's Hill mine, Coromandel, have been treated, and the result is highly satisfactory. Altogether 123lbs of stone were crushed for the return of 139oz 2dwt of bullion, worth £417 6s.

The manager telegraphed early in the week, '8th of picked stone from No. 2 stop. Good gold showing.' Later, on another 25th of specimens were obtained.

The manager reported that work on the four inch leader had been confined to the No. 2 stop, and rising above the same where leaders junction or separate. From there the specimens were obtained during the week with good gold left showing in the back of the rise. It has been decided to continue rising on the junction with one shift, so long as the chute of gold lasts, which it has every appearance of doing.

**MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.**

An extraordinary meeting of shareholders in the above company was held this week in the Chamber of Mines, which was very largely attended. Mr Arthur Heather, Chairman of Directors, presided. The manager reported that during the past five months picked stone and specimens had been obtained which yielded bullion worth £783 1/2. The prospects for the future were, he considered, highly satisfactory, as there were 350 feet of backs available, with 250 feet yet to drive on the line of reef. The manager recommended that energetic operations be carried out on the four-inch leader.

The chairman said the shareholders had been called together to approve the proposal to increase the capital of the company. The proposal would give £1000 cash to go on with and leave £2000 to be called up for future development.

He moved that the capital of the company be increased to £18,000 by the creation of 20,000 shares at 3/ each.

Dr. Wilkins seconded the resolution, which was ultimately adopted, with the addition of the proviso that the new shares be not issued for one month.

**N.Z. TALISMAN COMPANY.**

**AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**

A good deal has been said lately about the increasing of the capital of the N.Z. Talisman Company and sale of the Talisman Extended Company's property. The following authoritative statement as to the true position of affairs will no doubt be read with interest by local shareholders in both companies:

In reference to a paragraph in the 'N.Z. Herald' as to this Company, we beg to inform you that no negotiation for the acquisition by this Company of the Talisman Extended Claims, machine site, and water rights has yet been concluded. Recent cabled information is to the effect that the London and New Zealand Exploration Company has made an offer to this Company of the property in question, together with £25,000 cash for an allotment of 50,000 shares to be created for this purpose.—Yours faithfully (Signed) Bewick, Moving and Co.'

**IRISH NOBLEMAN'S SUPERSTITION**

Like all true sons of Erin, the young Marquis of Waterford, head of the great Irish house of Beresford, is disposed to be superstitious. He gave a rather amusing illustration of this peculiarity the other day on the occasion of the birth of his son and heir, says 'Mainly About People'. He owns a fine house in Cavendish Square, which, unfortunately, bears the number of 'thirteen,' and so alarmed was he lest this unlucky number should cast a blighting influence on the so-called happy event, that he actually leased for a couple of months another furnished house in the same square where the birth took place. Young Lord Waterford, who is a nephew of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, married a year ago the pretty daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, now Secretary of State for War.

Curraghmore, county Waterford, his country seat, is a most picturesque place, and is haunted by a famous and most authentic banshee. The latter is said to have made its last appearance on the eve of the suicide of the late Marquis, who was prompted by the intense suffering resulting from an accident in the hunting field to take his own life.

With her usual outspoken frankness and certainty of verdict, 'Madame' Sarah Grand advises 'The Young Woman' as to the choice of a husband. The poor girl of to-day, it appears, has far less chance of getting a good husband than of securing a good amount in the park, for 'external appearance is some guide' in horses, says our omniscient prophetess. Her chief caution to the ingenue is to watch a man's manners towards the aged, and to beware of the gay deceiver who descends on the attractions of mere beauty. 'That kind of man is a mere animal, who will disgust you in a month and fire of you in a year—if you can stand him so long.' Nor does this courageous lady leave 'The Young Man' without the benefit of her counsel. 'The man,' she asserts, 'is too self-confident; he says there is no understanding a woman, yet he believes he "knows a thing or two," and the women keep their countenances and let him believe.' This is valuable evidence from what may be called the Opposition. But this is not all; for 'Like attracts like,' we read, and the man who is worthy has an infallible guide in his own grace of nature to determine his choice.' After all of which we leave off pretty much as we were before.

The Queen of Holland, when visiting Switzerland lately, received by parcel post a herring from one of her loyal subjects. A note explained that it was the first herring of the season's catch and was the gift of some Dutch fisherman. Her Majesty promptly had it cooked and ate it.

era Green. In the match between the Newmarket champion and the Mount Eden, on the 10th head Newmarket was 5, Mount Eden 6; the 20th head showed Newmarket 20, Mount Eden 10; and the 31st head showed the Devonport 22, Mount Eden 22. Scores:—H. W. Brookes 28 v. C. G. Brookes 22.

In the match between the Rev. Scott-West and J. Harrison, on the Remuera Green, on the 10th head Newmarket was 7, and Devonport 11; on the 20th head Auckland 17 and Devonport 18; while the 31st head proved the Devonport man to be too good for the 10th. Scores:—Rev. Scott-West 24 v. J. Harrison 32.

The final between Messrs H. W. Brookes and J. Harrison, will be played off later on.

**LAWN TENNIS.**

**TENNIS.**

On Friday, March 15th, a match was played at Napier at the Hawke's Bay Tennis Club's Courts, Napier, between members chosen from that Club and from the Waipawa Tennis Club. Those who came from Waipawa were:—Misses Baker and Godfrey, and Messrs Graham, Beddard, Loughnan, Witherow, Parry, and Dr. Reed. The Napier Club was represented by the Misses Spencer, Messrs Anderson, Macfarlane, Dinwiddie, Burke, Parker and Hartley. The following is the score, by which it will be seen that Napier was the most successful:—

Ladies Singles.—Miss Spencer beat Miss Godfrey, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3. Miss E. Spencer beat Miss Baker, 6-3, 6-1. Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Spencer beat Misses Baker and Godfrey, 6-5, 6-4.

Combined Doubles.—Miss Spencer and Anderson beat Miss Godfrey and Reed, 6-2, 6-4. Miss E. Spencer and Macfarlane beat Miss Baker and Graham, 6-4, 6-3.

Men's Singles.—Anderson beat Graham, 6-4, 6-2. Dinwiddie beat Beddard, 4-6, 6-2, 6-5. Hartley beat Witherow, 6-4, 6-5. Macfarlane beat Reed, 6-0, 6-4. Burke beat Loughnan, 6-4, 6-3. Parker beat Parry, 6-4, 6-2.

Men's Doubles.—Hartley and Parker beat Parry and Witherow, 6-5, 6-1. Anderson and Macfarlane beat Reed and Graham, 5-6, 6-1, 6-5. Dinwiddie and Burke beat Loughnan and Beddard, 6-3, 6-5.

Is it generally known, the 'Outlook' asks, that the charge of the 21st Lancers before Omdurman was quite a private entertainment? No order was given to charge; it was, in fact, a thoroughly bad piece of tactics; yet every private felt at the moment as by an instantaneous impulse that it had to be, and so it was. The Sirdar himself must have been astounded, at the moment keenly annoyed. Yet when all was over, and success had crowned the disregard of authority, it was he who publicly commended the Lancers upon their conspicuous gallantry, with never a word of blame.

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# Through the Auckland Province With the Governor.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

## THE NATIVE MEETING AT WAITANGI.

At the outset I will ask permission to digress somewhat from the subject defined in the heading to this article to tell a story. It is in connection with the Maoris, and indirectly with the native meeting at Waitangi, and is illustrative of the manner in which ancient superstitions still possess the older members of the race under certain circumstances. On board the Tutanekei on her trip round the North was an old and influential chief bound for the gathering. Whether it was that his limited knowledge of English made his position a somewhat isolated one, and thus induced low spirits, or whether some other cause was primarily responsible, I do not know, but the fact remains that after a day or two he appeared but little at meals, and seemed to be very deep down in the dumps indeed. His condition eventually gave rise to uneasiness on board, and the climax was reached when he claimed to hear the voices of his ancestors calling him in the splash of the waves and the noise of the machinery. He developed a passion

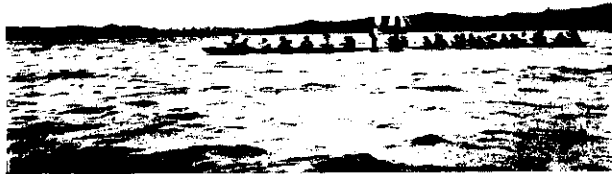
the sea, and was discovered just too late to prevent his coat, of which he had divested himself, following the things that had gone before. This latter article was, however, rescued by the timely discovery of its fate, and its owner seemed rather pleased than otherwise to get it back. The supposition that it was this old native's unavoidable isolation that brought about his superstitious fancies in the light of later facts seems probable, for once at Waitangi he regained almost his normal cheerfulness, and his ancestors ceased their clamouring that he should cross the Reinga.

This story, true in substance and details, is a striking commentary on the fact that inbred superstition is not easily eradicated, and yet the younger generation are in some respects ultra-progressive. A great amount of evidence of this latter fact was available for even the most casual observer at Waitangi. The meeting was run on the most strictly business principles, the details of the arrangements being in the hands of a committee and secretary. This committee sold all sorts of privileges. For per-

showed a business acumen in one sense highly creditable to the natives. In another direction the talents of the younger generation not only show a tendency against which the older chiefs are strenuously fighting, but which the European who has the true interest of the native race at heart must equally condemn. At Waitangi the assertion was made that the younger men are all in favour of selling the land. They wish to handle ready money, and with no regard to those who are to follow them, or even for their later life, would appear to advocate the conversion of their lands

ley, of His Excellency's suite, and Colonel Pole-Penton attending. His Excellency in their uniforms were to them a source of no inconsiderable pleasure. Yet another evidence of the changed character of the Maoris was to be seen in their simply extending to the Governor a welcome as had been arranged, and not worrying him with their many grievances, real and otherwise. Certainly such was the programme announced, but it nevertheless bespeaks no inconsiderable change, or else a marvellous control over the natives by the head of affairs, Hone Heke, that such old chiefs as Penetani, Itawierawarerau, Taneharatu, Rituhaua, Hori Karakatawiti, Mititakau, Taoho, and Kuno, who were among those present, should not have entered on an account of their troubles.

Outside the announcement by Lord Ranfurly of his exercise of his prerogative of mercy in the liberation of the Waimea offenders, five in number, from gaol, the most important feature of His Excellency's remarks was the advice he tendered to the natives to make their meetings (which he



THE PREMIER RETURNING FROM WAITANGI TO RUSSELL.

for remaining on deck, and while lying at Whangaroa his ill-health became really serious. His ancestors, through the medium of the creaking of the boat against the wharf, and an explosive like snore wafted through a port-hole below, were very persistent in their calls that he should join them across the Reinga. In spite of not feeling well, our friend was evidently not anxious to respond to the calls, and, with a view to satisfying their demands, he decided on making them an offering. A nice white shirt, the property of a person not altogether unconnected with the ministry, was the article that came most readily to hand, and so overboard it went, much

mission to run a refreshment stall the fee was, I believe, £1; rights to set up various games were conceded for 10/-; photographers were muled to the tune of half a guinea; and the privilege of cleaning boots cost the natives who obtained it a pound. An amusing provision of this latter concession was that the stipulation was inserted that the poor unfortunate must clean the boots of the members of the committee once each day free. Half a dozen of such portmanteaux as some of the natives wear would take the gilt off the bootblack's gingerbread, I fear; and in this instance the committee without question obtained from their point of view a most satisfactory

into an interchangeable currency. On the other hand, the older chiefs profess to desire the conservation of their lands to themselves and their children after them. Such is a main, and it will be admitted, deplorable difference between the Europeanised natives and those older men, who, in many respects, are very like what the natives were in the earliest days of colonisation.

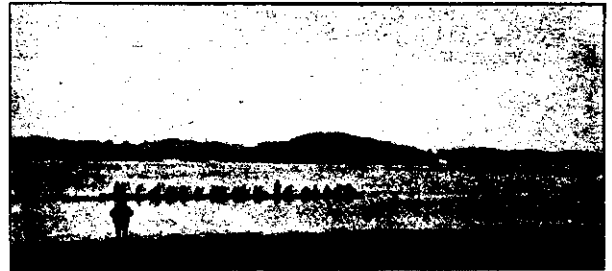
The Waitangi meeting provided, among other things, unmistakable evidence that the day of the big korero is over. An attendance of over two thousand was confidently anticipated; under five hundred assembled. The pride of oratory, and the interest in speech making is also dwindling; and the circle to consider business matters was restricted. The younger men present at Waitangi made but little show of attending the discussions, finding amusement in other parts of the camp more to their tastes, while the attention of a fair percentage of those who either professed or felt an interest was too unstable to stand lengthened concentration. The prevalence of a jaw dislocating yawn, and the attention which any small distracting element received were alike evidence of the trend of inclination.

The Governor's reception on the Tuesday was both cordial and loyal, but the natives of the North would appear to be either ashamed of their ancient dances, or to neglect the practice which alone insures efficiency, for the hakas were neither well done nor lengthy. The Maoris are still lovers of a soldier's dress, and Captains Alexander and Welles-

considered it highly desirable should be regularly held) a place for the discussion of matters directly affecting the people, instead of going over and over old grievances which could not be rectified.

On the second day of the meeting, when the Premier went across to Waitangi, as Native Minister, to listen to and reply to grievances, an amusing disinclination was shown by the natives to give any very full information as to their troubles. This was prompted either by a desire to get the Premier to show his hand, without their committing themselves, or was due to their not having arrived at any very decided opinion among themselves. There were not wanting those at Waitangi not unacquainted with the cleverness of the Maoris as tacticians, who confidently put the former construction on the attitude taken up. It is quite possible that the Premier was personally of this way of thinking, for with some labour he wormed out of them a pretty complete resume of their opinions on the various subjects about which they perennially grumble, before committing himself to a speech. Both the meeting of His Excellency, accompanied by his suite, Colonel Pole-Penton, the Premier, and the Hon. Jas. Carroll, and the Premier's subsequent business confab, may be regarded as very satisfactory. Waitangi should mark another, though minor, epoch in the relationship of the two races, as a result of the meeting.

The sights about the camp were much what one can see at any native



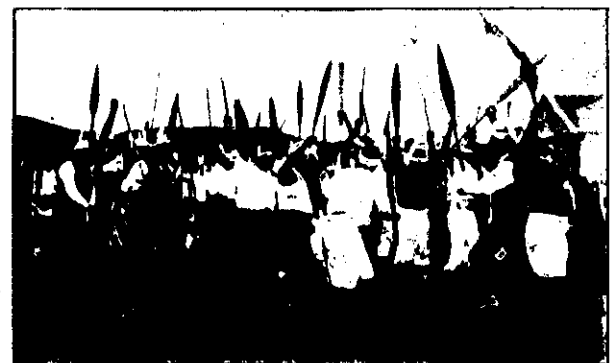
THE VICE REGAL PARTY ON THE WAY TO WAITANGI.



THE GOVERNOR AND PARTY ARRIVING AT THE MEETING PLACE, WAITANGI.

to the subsequent sorrow of its owner when he became acquainted with its sad fate. One shirt, however, was evidently no adequate offering for the spirits and their persistent demands for the presence of their descendant continued unabated. The chief hurriedly made another concession, emptying the contents of his pockets into

arrangement. The committee themselves set up a billiard table as a spec—the Maoris are great adepts with the cue—and the result of inviting tenders for flour and sugar was that the requirements of the meeting were supplied at prices that left little margin of profit to the tradesman. Such arrangements as this committee made



A HEARTY WELCOME

meeting. There are only a few natives residing at Waitangi, and for that reason there was not much of an air of permanency about the settlement. A number of brush huts were erected to supplement the few already on the ground, and for the rest the natives found shelter in tents. The time of a large section of the

get much 'forrader.' Fairly early the lights dwindled down, the discussion, laughter and games gradually disappeared, and the Maoris retired, to get up early next morning and go through the routine again. So on for a week or so, when every one disperses, little the wiser, financially the poorer. A somewhat novel ele-

parted, leaving behind it no adequate substitute to lift the place from commercial stagnation. Of late years it has been the centre of the Auckland oyster supply, but the beds are now depleted, have been closed for a season, and will remain so for some little time longer. Quickly drawn conclusions are often at fault, but the conclusion I arrived at (hastily enough, I must admit), that the people are well contented with the present state of affairs, is, I believe, well

commodities which the people not directly, but in fact, barter amongst themselves. To go to Russell with money making as a main object would be the height of folly, but to settle there with a view to leading a hum-drum, but pleasant enough existence, might without difficulty be defended as a wise move.

The people of the Bay of Islands are at the present time greatly exercised on the question of the closing of the Kawakawa-Opua railway. This



A SNAP-SHOT OF HIS EXCELLENCY.



A WELCOME TO HIS EXCELLENCY AT POROTI, WHANGAREI.

women was almost exclusively devoted to that important element of a Maori meeting, the cuisine. Piles of potatoes, a quantity of dried shark, tethered quadrupeds bearing some resemblance to the European pig, smoking fires, and immense coppers of boiling water, bore evidence to material for the chattering cooks. When on the second day a true Maori meal was given the Premier, we had an

ment was brought into this Waitangi gathering, of which a number of snapshots appear this week, by the arrival and formal welcome of the liberated Hone Toia and his followers; but beyond this, the historic spot on which it was held, and the presence of the Governor, it was much like other native meetings, only—as a present day American humorist would put it—perhaps a trifle more so.

founded. The situation is pleasant, a living with a moderate share of the good things of country life not very difficult of attainment, and life generally more or less ideal, according to the temperament of the individual. But little ready money is necessary, most of the inhabitants be-

lieve would appear to have never been justified by the nature of the country or the settlement, and not only has it failed to pay interest on the initial cost of £90,000, but has shown for some years a debit balance on the working account of little less than £1,000. The Government pro-



NATIVES SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT WAITANGI.



THE PREMIER VISITING WAITANGI ON THE SECOND DAY.

opportunity of testing the pleasantly smoke flavoured results of the Maoris' cooking. At night the camp presented great activity. Various games of chance, run by the licensed showmen, attracted little knots of eager natives, while passing to and fro were youths and girls exchanging somewhat broad banter, the whole forming an altogether very noisy but perfectly sober throng. In the quieter precincts of the hall some of the graver members devoted their time to discussion, which never seemed to

RUSSELL, WHANGAREI, GISBORNE, HICKS' BAY, AND WHITE ISLAND.

Russell, or Kororaraka as the rolling Maori name has it, is a sleepy little township. It gives the casual visitor the impression that its dimly remembered historic past still overshadows it; that its recovery from the blow of the transient passing of the honour of being the capital of this colony has never been complete. The whaling industry of the pre and early colonisation days has also de-

ing tradespeople, and although money passes as the convenient form of exchange, what A supplies is very generally counterbalanced by what B sells A; while the few country settlers and gun diggers, whose market Russell is, provide the necessary money which goes to purchase the

pose to hand the railway over to the County Council, but that body would appear to have no aspiration in the direction of controlling a railroad. Neither does a proposal that the line should pass into private hands meet with the favour of the residents, and as the Government decline to go on



GROUP IN FRONT OF THE MONUMENT AT WAITANGI.



THE GOVERNOR REPLYING TO SPEECHES OF NATIVES AT TE ARAI, GISBORNE.

running the line at a considerable loss the deadlock arrived at is complete. Opua, a small settlement some three miles from Russell, at the head of the arm of the bay on which the latter is situated, depends very largely on the railway for its existence; while Kawakawa's prosperity in no small degree is also wrapt up in the railway question. Kawakawa is almost the direct antithesis of Russell. It has the advantage of being the concentrating point of most of the main roads of the far North, and it gives every indication of being an important place in the future. Just at present it is suffering from the substantial disadvantage of having a good share of its principal buildings burnt down, and His Excellency the Governor hardly saw it under its most favourable aspects on the 16th. The country round the Bay of Islands is for the most part poor land, but there is no reason to doubt its being eventually put to good use, for gorse has now had a long and eminently satisfactory trial as a fodder plant in the district, and between Kaeo and

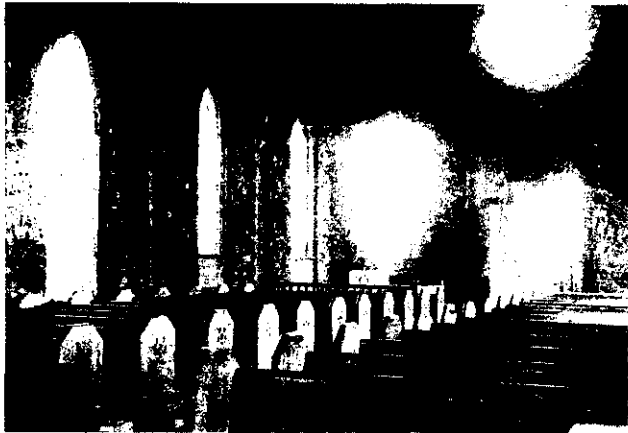
Waipapa, at the northern end of the bay, also, in other parts, there are extensive areas of a grass which appears to be commonly called Mexican grass. The proper name, I believe, is *Arnostis Brownii*, but however that may be, the fact remains that it is producing a large quantity of not in nutritious fodder on land which failed formerly to give the slightest return with English or native grasses. As a summer resort, it is somewhat strange that Russell is not in vogue with Aucklanders. The beaches are excellent, the fishing good, and all the essentials for a quiet holiday for matrifamilias and the children during school vacation are already there. One of the pleasantest excursions of the tour was that which the Vice-regal party made on the Ida, after paying a visit to Kawakawa on the second day. The islands from which the bay takes its decidedly appropriate name are not to be seen from Russell, but they are there all the same, and the beauty of that part of the bay, where they are dotted as thickly as currants in a plum pud-



THE WOMEN'S DANCE OF WELCOME.



A REAL HAKA.



IN THE NATIVE CHURCH, TE ARAI.



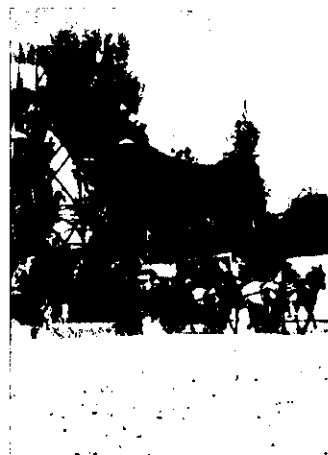
MAORIS DANCING THE HAKA.



THE CROWD PRESSING FORWARD TO SHAKE HANDS WITH THE GOVERNOR.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT GISBORNE TO WELCOME THE GOVERNOR.



THE GOVERNOR'S CARRIAGE PASSING THROUGH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

ding, is in its way unique; at least, so I believe, the party on the Ida thought.

The Premier, who from Mangonui to Russell travelled overland, obtained a very good notion of what the roads are like in the North. I believe that he set out from Kaeo to meet a boat at Waipapa, which was to convey him up to Russell, with the assurance of the residents that the road was excellent, and very likely so it was—for the North. A celebrated whip in Mr Penney was handling the ribbons, and the way in which he took that four-in-hand over the sixteen miles, in about two hours, while it provoked the enthusiasm of Messrs. Seddon, Houston and Crowe—after the event—left them at the time but little leisure to spare from their strenuous efforts to maintain their places in the vehicle as it swung along and cut perilously round the curves of that natural road.

Should this account appear somewhat disjointed, explanation may be found in that it is written while the leathery lungs of a gentleman close to the window are driving his voice at high pressure in a cheerful dis-



course to a gathering of Salvation Army persuasion on how, at some time in the remote past, he used to actually—oh! the horror of it—drink whisky, and even beer. The band, which breaks in at intervals with 'Old Folks at Home' and 'On the Ball,' must also be classed as a distracting element.

Travelling at sea by night has its advantages, the chief of which is perhaps that once asleep the worst victim of seasickness is rarely awakened possessed of a mad desire to take off his boots by bringing them up his throat, but the sea was so calm on the night of the 16th that it was somewhat a matter for regret that the Tutanekei passed along the coast from Russell to Whangarei between the hours of 10 p.m. and dawn on the 17th. St. Patrick's Day is observed by the good people of Whangarei as a close holiday, so that when His Excellency and party, the Premier and the Colonial Secretary arrived at Whangarei station by the train from Opuu, alongside the wharf adjacent to which the tide permitted of the Tutanekei berthing at nine o'clock, there was a large crowd assembled. The school children were marshalled on the platform, and with their piping little voices sang heartily 'God Save the Queen' on His Excellency alighting from the railway carriage. The usual address of welcome, in this case most handsomely lettered and ornamented by the County Chairman, who has an artistic bent, was presented, and afterwards the party drove to the orange orchards of Mr Dobbie. A drive to Poroti—the accent is on the ti—was the programme for the day. The drive is probably sixteen miles, but the aggregate distance of all the holes which the traps had to tumble in and out of possibly added another mile at least. It was darkly hinted that the excursion was partly planned with a view to showing the Premier something of the road—even the people of other parts of Whangarei admit that it is the worst in the county—but the Night Hon. Seddon at the last minute decided that a trip to Hikurangi would suit him better; so, if there was any such intention it proved abortive. In the vicinity of Whangarei the roads are excellent—but dusty. Local residents who were of the party mentioned this before a start was made, but the wildest endeavours of undirected imagination must have failed to have guessed quite how dusty. A little way out of Whangarei the carriages were engulfed in clouds of dust from which they at intervals emerged. It was something like one imagined a duststorm must be like in the heart of the Sahara desert. Sometimes the dust was of a grey tinge, anon, as its source was a different class of soil, it would be brown or again of a reddish hue. Practically there was no wind, and in this the greatest source of the trouble, for had there been a breeze to clear away the clouds the horses and vehicles created matters would not have been so bad. For the first part the road lies through good fertile land, but some miles out the poorest of gum hills are passed over. Men are still digging here in considerable numbers, and adjacent to the road are several camps with their small canvas or sack tents and great chimneys of sods of earth. It was the first that the vice-regal party had seen at close quarters of the primary stages of the great gum digging industry, and for that reason His Excellency, who would appear to be an enthusiast in seeing everything for himself connected with the country's prosperity, undoubtedly was better pleased than had they taken him some less arduous excursion where a sight of gum digging was not to be had. The best of good things has an end, and the road to Poroti was no exception that Friday morning, but the end came none too soon. There are a fair number of natives in the vicinity of Poroti, and they have evidently not forgotten their ancient dances as anyone who visited Waitangi would be almost inclined to think that the natives had done. A score of them gave a haka in real good style, and adorned as they were simply in loin cloths their distortions and hideous grimaces were fearsome enough in all conscience, one hairy bodied old man in particular excelling the others in the manner in which he rolled his eyes and protruded his

tongue. His grimaces and antics in fact were such as to convey the impression that he was more or less connected with that humourously playful animal the chimpanzee. Coming along the road the remark was made that the drive would prove as efficacious for anyone suffering from that complaint known as 'having a liver' as consulting a doctor. However that may have been it was undoubtedly a fact that most of the members of the party were extremely hungry, and I have little doubt but that many silent benedictions were given Mr and Mrs Rawnsley, who gave a first-rate lunch in the school house as veal and ham pie, chickens, turkeys, trifles, and fruit were assisted on their way to appease a strong sense of hunger with English bottled beer and Australian and Continental wines. The original intention included a visit to Wairua falls, but His Excellency decided that three miles more of such road as had been traversed would not only be a trial on the horses but those in the vehicles, and the project was abandoned. In this we have an example of the irony of fate, for the three miles of road between Poroti and the falls had had a certain amount of work put upon it in anticipation of the Governor's visit, while the road that was driven over was left untouched. Once back in Whangarei short visits were paid the residence of the Mayor (Mr Killen), the orchard of the local member (Mr R. Thompson), and Colonel Goring, after which a special train conveyed Lord Ranfurly and his suite down to the Tutanekei at Opuu.

It is one of the standing grievances of the Whangareite this unfortunate three miles between Whangarei township and the wharf. At Opuu the train service is irregular; but what is much worse, there is no road connection, and he who makes use of the roughly-ballasted line as a footpath with a view to avoid a tiresome wait at a dreary station renders himself liable to substantial fines. Beyond this Whangarei is a place with comparatively few grievances to ventilate—a circumstance attested by the fact that only one deputation waited on the Premier in Whangarei itself, and that in reference to a reasonable request for assistance towards the establishment of a very necessary hospital. The township gives the impression of enjoying more than average prosperity. Several really fine residences have recently gone up, brick buildings in the town are in course of erection, and a gas-works is nearly completed. Prices point to there being very little short of a land boom at present. As much as £20 a foot has been refused for the shallow building allotments where the recent fire was, and £25 a foot has been paid for a small frontage on Bank-street. A little way out of the town, at the rate of £500 an acre has been recently given for building allotments. Such prices would point to something very nearly approaching a land boom in Whangarei. Of course this undoubted prosperity has not its origin so much in the town itself as in the improving state of things to be found in most parts of the country. The extension of the railway north, the enlarging of the coal output, and the extensive operations in kauri at Whakapara all contribute to the steady taking up of land. There is a large area of very good land in the county, much of which has not as yet been broken in or is still in the hands of the natives. An important item in the promotion of this settlement will be the opening of the Whatitiri Block of 20,000 acres recently purchased by the Government from the natives. The land is, for the most part, comparatively flat; all but a small area is bush-clad, and it is estimated that fully 14,000 acres are good land. A road is being pushed through the block, and is being pleasing to learn when driving to Poroti that this new road will effect the substitution of 3 miles of flat for 5 miles of extremely stiff-graded hills. One of the smaller recent factors in the cheerful state of affairs at Whangarei is the recently opened creamery, which, situated almost in the town, gives every indication of ensuring that support which should guarantee its success. Before leaving the subject of Whangarei some reference should undoubtedly be made to the oranges and lemons which have done a considerable

amount in gaining the district a name. In oranges the local residents are coming to the conclusion that they cannot compete with the fruit from the Islands; but good returns are obtained, and the growers believe will continue to be obtained from the lemon plantations, which are pretty universal in the district. The lemon, naturally a good bearer, gives prolific crops in most parts of the county, and there are now a good number of orchards giving good returns.

From Whangarei to Gisborne is a far cry without a break, and the run is also unusual, so much so, in fact, that I question whether a steamer has ever made it. However that may be in the original programme mapped out for His Excellency's tour, it was proposed that the steamer should proceed from Whangarei to Gisborne direct. Eventually this arrangement was modified, partly with a view to the reception of Mahuta, the Maori King, and a number of Waikato chiefs on the Saturday morning at Government House, Auckland, and partly to allow of the Governor dealing with official correspondence for the outgoing 'Frisco' mail on March 20, leaving Auckland at 4 p.m. on the 18th, a really remarkably calm passage was experienced to Gisborne, where the steamer arrived on the Sunday afternoon, having made a twenty-four hours' run. H.M.S. Mildura, which had arrived on the Saturday from the South, was anchored in the roadstead, and the marines lined up on the forecastle head saluted the Tutanekei as she passed to take up a position somewhat nearer the breakwater. It being a Sunday, there was, of course, no official reception, but the Mayor (Mr J. Townley) and the Chairman of the County Council (Mr J. Macfarlane), as well as a number of other gentlemen, came off in the tender Waihi, which was flying a large amount of bunting. Assembled on the wharf was a fair proportion of the inhabitants of the borough. The opinion of Gisborne seemed to be divided as to whether the crowd was, or was not, larger than on the occasion of the landing of the survivors of the ill-fated Tasmanian, close on two years before. The City Band, attired in new uniforms, supplied by an Auckland outfitter, were prominent on the wharf, as were the firemen, who maintained a clear space for His Excellency to walk to the carriages. Lord Ranfurly, Capt. Alexander, and the Hon. C. Hill Trevor were the guests of the Mayor for two days' stay, while the remainder of the party put up at the Masonic, which is a first-rate hotel. A great meed of praise is due the people of Gisborne for the admirable arrangements they had made, and, although His Excellency had little spare time, he saw as much of the district and its people as was possible. Monday morning was taken up with a run round the town, during the course of which the hospital and the diminutive cottage close by, which glories in the name of an old men's home, were visited. Later the vice-regal party, accompanied by Capt. Leah and the officers of the Mildura, drove out to Te Arai. It took three landaus and one trap to accommodate everybody, and each vehicle being horsed with teams of four, the whole made a brave show. And those ponies could go, too, so that the drives, both on the first and second days, would have been pleasant simply as drives, for let it not be forgotten, Gisborne has in its vicinity the best stretches of road to be found in this province. In any one direction the roads do not extend more than twenty miles, but twenty miles of perfectly flat road, kept in a manner that reflects the greatest credit on the County Council are not to be elsewhere met with, in Auckland Province, anyway. It is a country in which the grumbling cyclist should meet with no encouragement, and I should advise the oft-times misguided individuals, who, in parts that shall be nameless, have the management of roads in their hands to serve an apprenticeship in the Poverty Bay district. The drive on the first day was along to Te Arai, some twelve miles out. The road lies through Makaraka and Matawhero, and crosses a largish river in the Waipoua. At Te Arai is a native church, which, though its outside presents an almost ultra-modern appearance, has an interior panelled with some of the finest Maori carvings extant. The work is that of the old masters, elaborately intricate, now extinct, and conflued

even in the olden times to the natives of a restricted portion of the East Coast. The key to the figures has also been lost, and the interpretation of the allegorical scenes which seem to be represented in this carving is lost for all time. The natives at Te Arai gave very good evidence that they have not given up the practice of their ancient dances. It is said, and it may be presumed with truth, that the two hakas they danced in welcoming His Excellency, were specially prepared. One was supposed to depict the decadence of the native race, the passing of their lands from them, and the squabble over the proceeds; the other was a skit on the Government, the translation of which was that the Governor and Ministers, law-makers for the Maori people, made for them nothing. The native house at Te Arai is, despite its objectionable modern points—it has, if I remember rightly, an unsightly galvanised iron roof—an exceptionally fine one. The Maori people also are a really fine lot, and the cold lunch they gave the vice-regal party would not have disgraced any hotel. Later in the afternoon His Excellency had an opportunity of judging what it is to be a big run-holder in Poverty Bay, having accepted an invitation to a garden party given in his honour by Mr and Mrs Percival Barker. Mr Barker is what a local resident described as one of the plutocrats of the district; he is, say, worth £100,000—possibly a great deal more. That he spends the money he makes one may be justified in concluding from his fine residence, which is an imposing edifice, with a tower in the centre, from the neat manner in which the grounds and spacious lawns are kept, and more than all these, from the fact his family exceeds in numbers a baker's dozen. Assembled on the lawns were the elite of Gisborne and its neighbourhood. A visitor would be inclined to conclude that in the matter of fashions in dress, Poverty Bay folk would be tailing some distance in the rear, but such a gathering as this garden party would serve to very effectively dispel any such conclusion; in fact, a good percentage of the ladies were dressed as fashionably as those who pride themselves on their up-to-datedness in a place like Christchurch.

I mentioned before that Gisborne permitted the Governor very little time for contemplative rest, and on returning from Mr Barker's there was only an interval of a couple of hours before it was necessary to dress for the principal function of the Gisborne reception—the banquet. It is beyond my province to attempt a relation of what was said, and happily it is so, for, after all, after dinner speeches viewed in cold blooded print are frequently not very effective. A few things, however, struck me about the banquet. The tables, which accommodated about 150, were very nicely laid, the menu was commonplace, but the wines unexceptionable, and a spirit of patriotism which I have rarely seen so pronounced in the colony pervaded the gathering. Lord Ranfurly is one of the few Governors we have had who thoroughly recognises the importance of inculcating in and out of season every phase of patriotism and loyalty we should entertain as a unit of the Empire which the sons of Great Britain have laboriously built. This never ceasing endeavour of His Excellency to keep prominently in the foreground the bond of sympathy and interest which unites us to the country from which we have sprung bore fruit on the occasion of this banquet. A number of the officers of the Mildura, here and there conspicuous at the various tables by reason of their epauletts of gold fringe, accentuated the feelings which moved those present; and when Captain Leah sat down after responding to the toast of the Army and Navy, on behalf of the former, although he had said nothing calculated to arouse enthusiasm beyond a few honest words to the effect that the navy would always do its duty, there was an almost spontaneous striking up of 'Rule Britannia' by the company.

Nine o'clock is almost an unseasonably late hour to start out after a banquet the previous night, but such was the time fixed for setting out on the morning of Tuesday, the 21st, for Karaka. As on the previous day, the spanking four-in-hands were brought into requisition. A party was present from the Mildura, and the day proving fine after the sky had been unpleasantly overcast in the morning, an en-

Joyable outing resulted. Those excellent Gisborne roads again came in for their share of praise, and although the drive was all told about 40 miles, it did not prove over fatiguing. Karaka had erected a triumphal arch that in neatness quite put that across Gladstone road, Gisborne, in the shade, the Maoris extended the loyal welcome which has throughout the province proved characteristic of them, and everything went enjoyably and smoothly. School sports were visited both on the road back and on arrival at Gisborne. The latter were those of the Gisborne District High School, and a feature was the manner in which the girls of the various classes and the boys of the school had been instructed in physical exercises. The precision with which the various groups went through these exercises earned for them deserved and unstinted applause. In the evening His Excellency and suite were present at a concert given by the Gisborne Orchestral Society, which in its way was excellent and also had the recommendation of brevity. By 11 p.m. the Tutanekei was under weigh and steaming north. The visit to Poverty Bay was of sufficient duration to show that a large area of excellent land there is in the vicinity of the town, so excellent indeed that the assurance of residents that the best sheep stations are for the most part over the encircling belt of hills, principally towards the north, is hard of belief. The two large freezing works are substantial proof of the extensive nature of sheep farming in Poverty Bay. A creamery has also been recently opened in the vicinity of Gisborne, and is doing well, while it is pleasing to learn that after several bad years there has this season been a good grass seed crop. In Gisborne itself it is said that trade in almost all lines is too much cut to be over profitable. What is really wanted to send the place ahead is the opening of considerable tracks of at present unutilised back country, while light railway connection with either Auckland or Napier for which the people are persistently—and they trust successfully—agitating would be no small factor in improving a state of affairs which even at present leaves little grounds for grumbling.

Hick's Bay, off which the Tutanekei anchored early on the morning of Wednesday, is an open roadstead with a smallish settlement, in which the native element largely preponderates. Kawakawa, as the place is called, has in fact but a few white settlers. It is one of the centres of the Ngatiporua tribe, and is inhabited by a really fine class of native. His Excellency remarked on the large number of native children, and they certainly formed a big percentage of those present, some of whom had come from outlying settlements, whereas the children were those of Kawakawa only. Houkumu, who is virtually successor to Major Kopata, over whose death the last of the lamentations have not, it would appear, yet been heard on the East Coast, is a really fine type—a courtly old Maori with a face which, if blackened, would make him in feature an ideal 'Uncle Tom.' There is a handsome curved Maori house at Hick's Bay, but unfortunately somewhat disfigured by a tin roof and some attempts at Maori painting in ornamentation, which are, to say the least, very modern and exceedingly crude. The country surrounding the Bay is precipitous and bush-clad, but up the valley, it appears that there is some excellent land soil, and the district produces a large amount of maize, from which the natives, as well as whites, derive a comfortable living. The Maoris here proffered a request that the Governor should get an immense flag presented the tribe by the Queen repaired, and this flag was brought on by the Tutanekei. His Excellency impressed on the people their duty in preserving the flag because of its historical interest, and promised to obtain for them another for common use. In returning to the steamer the party had quite an exciting adventure. A landing through the surf had been effected with no further discomfort than that of being carried on shore, and for re-embarking the boat had been got into a little river running out on the beach. Everyone was easily stowed on board, and the boat dragged over the shallows, at the mouth with some trouble by the crew. Once everyone was aboard and the boat properly in the surf, however, three rollers, immense considering the comparative calmness of the day, struck the boat in quick suc-

cession. As she had no headway, matters looked grave, but Captain 'Ost, at the steer-oar, managed to keep the head dead to the sea, and instead of being rolled out on the beach, as would have been the fate of everybody had the boat brouched to in the slightest, the party escaped with nothing worse than a slight wetting from the water which came on board. Towards dusk a landing was effected at White Island. A fair sea was running and a fresh wind blowing, but beyond considerable difficulty in passing to and from the bobbing boat and the steamer, no trouble was experienced, the landing being in comparatively sheltered water. At present, what with torn up rails and the deserted huts of the sulphur diggers, the island presents a desolate appearance, enhanced at the time of His Excellency's visit by a lowering sky and approaching darkness. The crater was exceedingly quiet, and the bluish water tinged with yellow by which it is filled gave no indication of being near boiling point. The place, with its precipitous and roughly marked red cliffs, is picturesque from the sea; and when encircled by these towering cliffs the visitor finds a tinge of weirdness is imported to the scene by the sulphury smell and rising steam from the far end of the crater. Half an hour's stay on the island appeased the appetite, I fancy, of without exception every member of the party, and a return to the ship was welcomed. Viewed from the deck of the Tutanekei, extensive white patches, due to the presence of thousands of garnets, were a feature to attract attention. On the Tuesday night the steamer lay under Whole Island, and Wednesday morning saw her off Opotiki bar.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Our picture of the steamer Southern Cross, which conveyed Mr E. C. Borchgrevink and his party to the South Polar regions, shows the vessel when lying in dock at Port Chalmers. She arrived at the latter place on the 16th inst. from South Victoria Land, where the members of the exploring party—ten in number—were landed at Cape Adair. Captain Jensen, who is in command of the vessel, has been very reticent as to the movements of the exploring party or their experiences, and it is understood his attitude is the result of the arrangement entered into with Sir George Newnes, who finances the expedition, and who has exclusive right to the narrative of the explorers.

#### THE KING AND THE GOVERNOR.

The recent meeting between Mahuta, Maori King of the Waikato, and his Excellency Lord Ranfurly at Government House, Auckland, was an interesting occasion, reminding one of the time when such gatherings were more frequent and had a great deal more importance associated with them. As our pictures show, the meeting took place in the open air on the lawn of Government House. The king was attended by a number of rangatiras, including his brother, Te Wherohero, the chiefs Mita Karaka, Te Aka Whararuka, Tihirahi, Te Arai, Ngeangea, Parukau, Te Ruihana, Ngatete Karaka, Hori Kukutahi, Tamupo, Tohi Kuri and others. Lord Ranfurly having welcomed the king the latter replied in a loyal speech. Speeches by the Premier, His Excellency and others followed, after which the leading chiefs were entertained with biscuits and champagne by the Governor in the residence. During the afternoon a conference took place between the Premier and Mahuta on questions affecting the Maoris.

In order to prevent the spread of disease by means of library books, a sterilizing apparatus has been brought out in New York. It consists of a double-walled box of iron, in which are shelves for the reception of the books.

English capitalists are already preparing to buy the railroad which Sir Herbert Kitchener has built in the wake of his army practically as far as Omdurman. The gauge is the same as that of the line from Cape Town to Bulawayo, which before long will be extended to Lake Tanganyika.



District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, March 8, 1899.

IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT the undermentioned TOWN AND SUBURBAN LANDS will be submitted for Sale by Public Auction at this Office on FRIDAY, the 5th day of May, 1899, at 11 a.m.:

TOWN OF OPUA—Block X., Lot 1, 1 road; upset price £5. Block XVI., Lot 2, 1 road, upset price £5. Block XI., Lot 5, 1 road 3 perches, upset price £5 7/8. Lots 12, 13, 14, 15, each 1 road; upset price £5 per lot.

SUBURBS OF MOLESWORTH, Otago, Matai County—Lot 44 containing 2 1/2 acres, total upset price £62. Fronts the Mangawhai Harbour.

TERMS OF SALE—One fifth cash on fall of the hammer, and the balance, with £1 Crown Grant Fee, within 30 days thereafter.

GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

## Notes & Notions.

Let me commend to the attention of the railway authorities, some admirable 'small reforms' suggested in the Taranaki 'Herald' last week. The suggestions made by the editor of that journal must have often occurred to us all, but I've not seen them neatly grouped, and shortly stated before. It is another case of Taranaki to the fore. In speaking of the reforms the editor observes: 'Some of them perhaps are small matters, but in this world it is often the small troubles that worry most. One of the most frequent and noticeable, and at the same time most easily remedied nuisances is that of luggage in the carriages. There is a notice in every car to the effect that luggage which cannot be pinned under the seats or in the racks must not be taken into the carriage, but must be placed in the van provided for the purpose. Yet one can hardly go a journey, however short, without seeing this regulation broken, and the seats occupied with portmanteaux, bonnet boxes, or other bulky luggage, frequently to the discomfort of passengers, who have difficulty to find room to sit down. The insistence on the part of those in charge of trains on the strict observance of the regulation would do away with this nuisance; luggage would be just as safe in the van, and much less trouble to the owner. Another source of annoyance, and of danger too, is found in persons under the influence of liquor being permitted to travel on the trains. Not only are such people a nuisance to those who have to occupy the same compartment, but they are a constant menace to their own safety, and an anxiety to their fellow travellers. To avoid this, stationmasters and guards should have the power, if they do not already possess it, to refuse to permit any person who is incapable of taking proper care of himself to board a train. Another great annoyance which might, we should think, with a little management be reduced to a minimum is that of carrying sheep by passenger trains. The unpleasant odour from these animals permeates the passenger cars, frequently making the closing of all windows and a consequent stuffy atmosphere the lesser of two evils. Another cause for discomfort is found in defective couplings, and this, we are sure, can be remedied, for in some carriages it is not noticeable, while in others the excessive jarring every time the train starts is most annoying as well as distressing to invalids. The frequent and sometimes seemingly unnecessary long waits at stations constitute a discomfort which may not perhaps come under the same heading. Yet we are convinced that these waits might be reduced and the time tables revised so as to effect a great saving of time.'

Everyone in New Zealand will remember Tennyson Smith, the long-haired temperance advocate, who, some years ago, toured and lectured the colony about its drinking propensities. Always energetic, Tennyson has broken a record, for according to a Home paper, he recently went into the parlours of twenty-six public houses in 1 1/2 in seventeen minutes, to vindicate a statement he had previ-

ously made to the effect that he had in Southampton visited fifty public houses in fifty minutes. Needless to say, Mr Smith did not 'refresh,' but even as it is the picture presented is more humorous than anything I have read of for some time. Imagine the well known advocate's appearance tearing violently from one 'pub' to another, his locks streaming in the wind, and the indignant landlords staring down the street after him.

In these days, when to be fashionable you must have some complaint or a grievance which the poor Government ought to have set right, some attention should, I think, be paid to the other side of the matter, and a compliment or two bestowed. Very little credit has been given to the really useful efforts of the poultry expert to provide all and sundry with good fowls. Yet the subject is of wide-spread interest, and the benefits conferred are considerable. Good fowls, as it has often been asserted, cost no more to feed than bad ones, but if you have to buy them from dealers the capital value is so outrageous that the average person who keeps half a dozen fowls or so 'to eat the scraps' declines to go in for pure-bred birds, and asserts that barn-door fowls are the best for laying. Of course they are not, and he is perfectly aware of the fact, but (and small blame to him) he is not going to pay fancy prices for birds. If setting eggs procured from the poultry expert (Department of Agriculture) it is possible to have pure-bred fowls at the cost of the commonest of common mongrels. The Houdans—I speak from experience—seem to do remarkably well in the colony. If more people knew they could get the eggs from the expert at so moderate a cost, I believe New Zealand would soon be stocked with the finest poultry out of France.

According to the 'Prohibitionist,' the recent excursion to Ashburton which terminated so distressfully at Rakaia was somewhat lively in character. That paper says: 'The excursion was responsible for inflicting on Ashburton scenes of drunken disorder which would have disgraced a mining camp, and which are a disgrace to the Railway Department, the police force, and the colony. It had been advertised that assorted drinks to suit all would be provided. When the train reached Ashburton, many were already drunk. Women had been imbibing apparently neat spirits from bottles. At half-past eleven a.m. fighting was being indulged in in the Ashburton Arcade, which was crowded with picnickers. One youth of 15 or 16 was stretched out on cornsacks in a store to sleep off his drunkenness. A crowd of people thronged the platform as the train moved off. A party of women in one compartment were disturbed by drunken men suddenly bursting through a partition and fighting in their midst. A fight occurred on the Rakaia platform after the accident, and in the presence of death. Worst of all, this is not the first scene of the kind. The Ashburton 'Guardian' of the 13th writes: 'Several excursion trains to Ashburton have had persons on them the worse for liquor; and makes the proposal seriously, "that a horse-box be attached to each excursion train, into which every person found drunk on a train should be promptly thrust, and so relieve the guard, and also protect the tipsy individual from accident.'

In Nelson, according to the 'Mail,' there is joy in the hearts of all those whose duty calls them out o' nights, for there will soon be no more vagaries of the lady moon on strike. On those occasions when neither moon nor gas lamp relieved the darkness of Nelson streets, there was much more mischief in the hidden moon than Lyron gave her credit for. The new arrangement, by which the street lamps are to be kept lit from sunset to midnight regardless of the phases of Luna, will deprive the newspaper man of a great deal of 'copy,' but otherwise it will give very general satisfaction. What may happen after midnight is another matter—but then, no one who is out in the wee short hour ayont the twal' is ever able to give a perfectly incontrovertible account and vindication of his reasons, so he is likely to grope his way home no best he can, and say nothing about it.

'There is somebody smoking a bad cigar in the building. Turn him out,' peremptorily exclaimed Mr. Coroner Beetham whilst the railway inquest was proceeding in the S.M. Court, Christchurch. That someone was smoking a cigar was evident to all in the courthouse. That it was also a common or garden variety of so-called cigar was also most palpable. But where was it? After the Odour had floated round the room for a few seconds a lynx-eyed policeman exclaimed, 'The witness has been smoking it. It is burning in the box, your Worship.' Whereupon the stump of a particularly evil-smelling cigar, which the witness, unwilling to relinquish, had brought into the room, was cast forth ignominiously into the passage. For some little time afterwards His Worship and the counsel who were in the vicinity of the witness box sniffed ominously.

I give the above 'as was told to me.' By way of comment, however, what would Mr. Beetham have said if the cigar had been a choice Havana? It was evidently the bad cigar that offended him.

Speaking of smoking in forbidden places reminds me that a correspondent sends me a complaint of smoking at doors of theatres in the colony. The habit is certainly very dangerous and is very prevalent. Moreover, in Auckland, smoking goes on interruptedly in the pit during the intervals! There have been several complaints in the press, but nothing is done. However, as regards the part from my correspondent. It commences with regard to the matinee hat (good old matinee hat; what would editors do without it). That old bone of contention—the matinee hat—has again been unearthed, and is causing discontent among playgoers. Almost everything has been said on the subject that it is possible to say. Managers have persuaded, men have jeered, and inventors have tried to meet the difficulty by devising a special headgear, but it is all in vain, and men feel themselves very much aggrieved. But, while he inveighs against the nodding plumes and mammoth bows that shut out his view of the stage, he wholly overlooks the fact that he constitutes himself not only a nuisance but a positive source of danger to women when he lights his cigarette in the crowded foyer of a theatre. Two blacks do not make a white, one is well aware, and the retention of a monster hat in a place of entertainment is wholly indefensible. At the same time, when accusations of selfishness are flying about it is as well they should not all be affixed in one place. And surely the conduct of men within and without theatres can only be described as grossly selfish. That some alarming accident will result from the reprehensible habit of lighting cigarettes in a crowd of ladies in evening dress is inevitable. The only wonder is that some terrible calamity has not already occurred. The practice is even more dangerous now that feathers and tulle are being used for ladies' coiffures, for the end of a glowing cigarette might so easily come in contact with these flimsy articles and a horrible catastrophe would result in a minute. The chief danger of the habit, however, lies in the careless flinging down of matches in such assemblies. The smoker blows out the match he uses, it is true, but wax matches and vestas retain heat which a gust of wind may fan again into flame, and cigarette ends are even more liable to be re-lighted in this fashion. A lady passing to her carriage may catch one of these matches or cigarettes in her lace flounces, or it may fall in the folds of her cloak. At best the practice of smoking in or near the entrance to a theatre is dangerous, and ought to be severely discouraged.

So Christchurch is to have a Roman Catholic Cathedral at a cost which may be £20,000 or £40,000, 'according' to his Bishop Grimes says, 'to the financial outlook.' But what is the financial outlook in matters connected with the church? The deeper a church is in debt the better they like it, it seems to me. And really, perhaps not without reason. The incentive of having something to pay off, and get up bazaars and entertainments for keeps congregations to-

gether wonderfully. No, all things considered, parsons—Anglican, Catholic, and Dissenters—show wisdom in the old policy of keeping comfortably in debt.

The Bishop Suter art gallery at Nelson has been presented with a beautiful model of Lord Nelson's flagship in the Baltic, the St. George. This wonderful model was made by some French sailors, prisoners of war on board the St. George during the Bonapartist wars out of the bones which they got in their rations of meat. It is one of numerous others similarly made, and shows a skill little short of marvellous. The model is complete from truck to keelson, from bowsprit to stern, with ribs to which the planking of bone is riveted with brass joints, with three tiers of miniature guns grimly peering from each side, with masts brass-bound, her stern carved with a minuteness rivalling that of the Chinese, and said to surpass the latter's work in finish, her cordage of silken lines running freely through minutely carved blocks of bone, her decks bone-planked. Her figure-head—shades of Nelson!—is apparently a Frenchman with a Revolutionist cap, and the whole is a beautiful intricate mass of work which must have taken the patience of a Job to complete, to say nothing of the skill and time also required. The presentation is made by Mr. Strong, of Hoop. Mr. Strong's father served on the St. George for a time, having run away from his home to do so. A little before the battle of Trafalgar he was discovered and brought back by his relatives.

In Wellington a determined effort is being made to put down the Sunday evening secular concerts. At the time of writing I am not in possession of sufficient information as to the character of these concerts to give an opinion on them. Speaking generally, music—good music—can do nothing but elevate, and personally a first rate ballad concert by capable singers would seem as allowable on a Sunday as any other evening of the week. The danger is of course of allowing the concerts to develop into the 'variety entertainment' which is given openly in Melbourne on Sundays. It is called a 'Sunday Concert,' but except for dancing the fare provided seemed to me exactly the same as usual on a week day. If things are tending towards this state in Wellington one sympathises entirely with those wishing to crush it in its inception.

The cry is still they come; rabbits, that is. According to the 'Southland Times' poisoning is a complete failure. But on the other hand 'bunny' as a source of profit is going ahead marvellously. At the Woodlands Meat Preserving Works alone—as stated in a recent issue—the daily receipts of rabbits have risen to the enormous number of 12,000, of which about half go to the 'freezer' and the other to the Company's 'cannery.' So busy, we are told, have the hands been kept in the latter branch that it has been found necessary to suspend the preserving of beef and mutton. Nor does there appear to be any danger of a diminished demand for them as an article of food at home. Despite the fact that careless handling and unsentimental packing last season led to considerable losses and lowered the retail value of the carcasses that were still fit for consumption, there is, judging by the activity of collecting agencies, no falling off in the demand. With the experience gained, it may be taken as certain that the exports of the current season from this quarter will arrive in such condition as to secure a higher price in market quotations than ever before.

How many fires in this colony are caused by the common habit of decorating halls and drawing rooms with toi toi. It is very beautiful and graceful, but so frightfully inflammable that insurance officers should forbid it. The above remarks are called forth by a narrow escape from a fire caused in a curious fashion which occurred in Christchurch last week. A resident struck a wax match in the hall of his domicile in order to light his bedroom candle, and the match-head flew off, alighting on a bunch of dry toi-toi grass fastened to

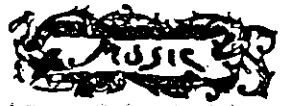
the wall some six feet distant. In an instant the grass was in a blaze, but the flames were soon smothered by the prompt application of the door-mat.

It is to be hoped that no difficulty will be met with by the Wellington South Girls' Institute in raising the money they require for furnishing their new building. Subscriptions are being invited to that end, and the Institute is so well meaning an endeavour and does some such really valuable work that it deserves to be generously supported. It was started about twelve months ago, or thereabouts, for the purpose of providing healthy recreation, amusement and instruction for young women engaged in factories and workrooms during the day. It is a pity that there are not more such institutes in our larger cities, and I sincerely trust I shall not be misunderstood when I say that it is also a pity, a very great pity, that such as do exist are started and managed by religious and temperance bodies. It is not that we of the world outside do not admire bodies like the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who conduct the Girls' Institute in Wellington, for doing what we are too selfish to do ourselves; it is not that we fail to admit they do their work admirably up to a certain point, but that, as I contend, the work would be thrice as valuable and thrice as far reaching if undertaken and carried out on purely secular lines. And, though these 'institutions' must necessarily be conducted on teetotal principles, there the matter of 'temperance' should end. There should be no effort at lecturing or preaching prohibition, and, above all, no attempt at reform and no patronage. It would be well to call such places clubs. In the case of both sexes there are hundreds who would gladly patronise a club who fight very shy of an 'institute' and still more so of a 'home.' It is just one of those cases where there is everything in a name. Furnish two buildings with exactly the same attractions, conduct them on precisely the same lines, call one the 'Evening Club' and the other the 'Christian Institute' and you will have tens of hundreds for the Club for units for the Institute. There is a deep distrust—and often all too well founded—that if one becomes a member of one of these institutions one may have to put up with a certain amount of aggravating patronage and somewhat impertinent preaching. Sailors' homes are often neglected for this reason, and in many cases justifiably. It is quite impossible to over-rate the value to the community of such institutes or clubs, if only patrons feel quite secure from preaching or patronage, or, worse still, from that prying curiosity which is so distinguishing a feature of too many of those who 'visit' such places at present. The foregoing remarks are, I would strongly emphasize, purely general and in no way reflect on the Wellington South Girls' Institute, which, as I intimated, is particularly well managed and does a very useful work.

THE MERRY EASTER SUN.

The sun was believed to dance on Easter. In 1708 this bit of doggerel appeared in the British Apollo:—  
Question:—Old wives, Rhoebus, say  
That on Easter Day  
To the music of the spheres you do caper.  
If the fact, sir, be true.  
Pray let's the cause show  
When you've any room in your paper.  
Answer:—The old wives get merry  
With spiced ale and sherry  
On Easter, which makes them romance;  
And whilst in a rout  
Their brains whirl about  
They fancy I caper and dance.

It has long been known that for advertising purposes the pulpit is even superior to the press, even in England. In Montrose a few weeks ago three ministers out of fifteen protested against the public desecration of the Lord's day by a musical band playing on the links, though the programmes always included several hymn tunes. The result of the protest was that instead of fifty listeners the band had an audience of 3000 at its next concert.



The 'Sign of the Cross' Company, which concluded their Auckland season on Saturday last, played 'The Lady of Lyons' on Friday, and on Saturday gave 'Pygmalion and Galatea' and 'A White Stocking.' The house was well filled on both nights, and the company have to record a very successful season.

In the course of her summer season in London, Mme. Bernhardt proposes to play Hamlet. Many actresses have been seen in Hamlet, Romeo, and even, strange as it may seem, in Falstaff.

Harunston's circus, which performed in Auckland on Friday and Saturday evenings last week, has left for Brisbane.

Mr. Hodges, the baritone of the McAdoo Original Jubilee Singers, has left the company and returned to Sydney, where it is possible he may settle. Mrs. Hodges (Miss Robinson), the operatic soprano of the combination, remains with the singers for some months.

The Auckland City Hall, which for the past year has been used by the Direct Supply Company, pending the erection of their new premises—to such uses may we return, Horatio—will be re-opened as a place of amusement on Saturday evening next, when the attraction will be a variety company, the leading lights of which are Lucifer, an athlete and heavy weight-lifter; Louise Lucifer, artiste and dancer; Daisy Chard, a serio-comic; and Prince Godfrey, a comedian.

The Broughs leave Melbourne on the 10th inst., and are due at the Royal, Sydney, for Easter. Mr. Brough appears to have made his best bit in the Victorian capital with 'The Briarton Burglary,' the most amusing farce they say that has been played since 'Dr. Bill.'

Mr. Hall Caine holds that it is the dramatist who should be starred. 'I think,' says the author of 'The Christian,' 'I see a time not far in the future, when the dramatist will be the master of the theatre, just as he was in the best days of the drama, both in England and in France. The dramatist will be the rallying point of public interest, as actors and actresses now are. When he has once established his right to be heard, he will be engaged by business men for terms of years to write plays for a particular theatre, and the theatre itself will be called by his name.'

This is how the 'Pall Mall Gazette' refers to the new play, 'Grierson's Way,' and the part Mr. George S. Titheradge played in it:—'However remote on the whole—from the sobriety of nature, 'Grierson's Way' gives opportunities to the actor, which yesterday afternoon were seized to the full. The chief honours, in our judgment, were undoubtedly won by Mr. George S. Titheradge, who, as James Grierson, gave a portrait of singular sweetness, delicacy, and truth. Mr. Titheradge is, we believe, an actor new to the London stage, to which he may be warmly welcomed; his James Grierson showed many of the elements of great acting. The part is not an easy one; it is almost that of the unhappy complainant, yet for the unhappy husband's disabilities Mr. Titheradge managed to find charm, to strike a note, among much that was discordant and absurd, of the deepest, truest pathos.'

The takings of the year 1898 at twenty-eight places of entertainment in Paris were £874,500 10s, as against £1,203,478 in 1897. Seventeen theatres fell considerably below the previous year's receipts, whilst eleven were in advance, amongst these latter being the Porte St. Martin, with an increase of £50,823 over Cyrano de Bergerac, the Chatelet with £16,000 more, and the Folies Dramatiques with an increase of £10,725. The Renaissance, on the other hand, and owing to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's many failures, fell off to the tune of £20,820. The Opera took about £8,000 less, the Comedie Francaise £5,714, and the Opera Comique £9,522.

## OBITUARY.

### MRS GODFREY.

Most people who were in the way of visiting 'Okukuri' and receiving hospitality at Mrs Godfrey's house, will regret to hear of her demise at the age of 79. Mrs Godfrey has been an invalid for some time past, but always bright and cheerful. Several Picton friends, including her daughter-in-law, Mrs Hubert Godfrey, and the Rev. A. H. Sedgwick, went down the Sound to see her on Thursday. They were only just in time, as she died on Thursday night. The remains were interred at 'Okukuri' on Sunday.

## PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, and the Hon. Chas. Hill-Trevor, also General Booth of the Salvation Army, with his staff, will be passengers from Auckland to Sydney by the Westralia, leaving Auckland Easter Monday, the 3rd April.

News has been received from Mr J. H. Riddell, who went home for a trip a short time back, that he is on his way back to New Zealand. Friends at 'Tyntesfield' and Picton—especially the cricketers—will be glad to see him once more.

Miss Turner, 'Ravenscliffe,' Queen Charlotte Sound, is in Picton, staying with Mrs Scott.

The Rev. John Dart, Reefton, West Coast, is in Picton, called thither by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs Dart, of Waikawa road.

Miss Elsie Hall and her mother spent several days in Nelson last week and left for South on Friday. Whilst in Nelson they made many friends, and were so delighted with the beautiful scenery and climate that they have promised to return at no very distant date, when Miss Hall will give a series of recitals. All hope the return will be speedy.

Miss M. Day, of England, arrived by the Papanui last week on a visit to New Zealand friends. At present she is the guest of Mrs Leggatt, Nelson.

Mrs and Miss Richmond returned to Nelson last week after a pleasant trip to Dunedin.

Mr Lindo Levien, who has been studying dentistry in England for several months, returned to Nelson last Monday, accompanied by his mother, Mrs Levien, who went as far as Sydney to meet him. Mr Levien will practise his profession in Nelson.

Before Mr and Mrs C. N. Raine left Nelson for Manain they were presented, by friends and well-wishers, with an address and presents, consisting of silver-mounted bread platter and knife, silver claret jug, and gold chain.

Mrs Sommerville, of Sydney, and her little boy are at present in Nelson, where they are the guests of Miss Huddleston, 'Maitai House.'

Miss Trimmell left Nelson for Wellington last week to prepare for her marriage to Mr Lewis, which takes place shortly.

Mrs W. Atkinson, of Fiji, is at present in Nelson staying with her mother-in-law, Mrs William Atkinson.

Mr J. Duthie, M.H.R., was in Nelson last week and delivered an address on political questions on Thursday evening, when the Theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

Mr F. Pogson, a distinguished pupil of the Nelson College, has joined the Auckland University, where his many Nelson friends hope he will be equally successful.

A Literary and Debating Society has been formed in Nelson, with Mr F. G. Gibbs as President.

Miss Duff has returned to Nelson from England, where she has been studying music for the last two years under Herr Ernst and Mr Barclay Jones (Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, London). Miss Duff, who holds the diploma of Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, has been appointed to succeed Miss Fell as a pianoforte teacher at the Nelson School of Music.

On Saturday last Archbishop Redwood celebrated the 25th year of his ordination, and was the recipient of a very large number of presents and congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts of New Zealand.

The championship of the Ponsonby Tennis Lawn was won by Miss Edith Whitelaw after some well contested games last Saturday afternoon. This young lady therefore wins the lovely gold brooch presented by Mr J. Kirker, the President of the Club.

Mr Charles Wilson, H.H.R. for the Wellington suburbs, is to address his constituents at the Oddfellows' Hall, Petone, this week, and a very lively meeting is anticipated.

Mrs Parker of Napier has returned home from a visit to her son in Gisborne.

Miss M. Locking of Napier has returned from Australia.

Mrs Charles Izard, Wellington, accompanied by her little son, leaves Wellington on a visit to England this month, travelling via Vancouver.

Miss Maud Kennedy of Napier has returned home from Gisborne.

Dr. Cleghorn of Blenheim is staying in Hawke's Bay.

Miss Bell, Nelson, who has been staying with Mrs Travers at the Hutt, Wellington, returned to Nelson on Tuesday.

Mrs and the Misses Gard, who have left Picton and intend to live in Blenheim, near Mrs J. Mowat and Mrs J. Conolly, have made the move, but are waiting until the house, which has just been vacated by the tenant, is put ready for their reception.

Mrs Moore, Hawera, is the guest of Mrs Blackett, in Wellington.

Miss Bourne, England, is staying with Mrs A. P. Green, in Blenheim.

Mr James Mills, Dunedin, manager of the Union Steam Shipping Co., and Mrs Mills passed through Wellington last week, en route for Dunedin, on their return from attending the launching of the Mapourika at Grey-mouth.

Mrs T. C. Williams and her daughter, Mrs Arthur Russell, and family, returned to Wellington on Sunday last from their trip to Canterbury.

Captain and Miss Anderson, of Christchurch, father and sister of Dr. Anderson, are visiting him in Blenheim.

Mr Keith Bethune returned to Naseby on Friday last from a three weeks' visit to his relatives in Wellington, and will probably remain another winter there for the benefit of his health.

Mrs Jenkins has returned to Blenheim from a few months' visit to Nelson.

Mrs Cranston, who has been staying in Blenheim with her mother, Mrs Mullen, for several months, took her departure for Auckland last week.

Miss Elsie Hall, the Australian pianiste, returned to Wellington from her concert trip to Nelson last week, and leaves Wellington on Monday next for Christchurch, where she is to give a concert on the 27th.

Mr and Mrs Edwards, Patea, arrived in Blenheim last week, where they intend to make their home, and have taken a house in Grove Road. It is understood that both will be great acquisition to the musical society here.

Mr and Mrs Pinkney, family and Mrs Bacon left Auckland last Monday for Wellington, en route for England, where they intend to reside.

Lady Ranfurly, before her departure from Wellington, purchased two of the paintings of water colours by Mr Albert Hanson, which are being exhibited at Mr McGregor Wright and Co.'s there, and which are attracting great attention among all lovers of art.

Mr Escourt Parsons and Miss Parsons, of Kaikoura, were in Blenheim last week, on their way to Wellington, whence they intend to start on a bicycle tour up the North Island.

Miss Mathieson, of Ponsonby, Auckland, left on Monday for England, via Sydney. Her sister accompanied her to the latter place.

At Count's Island Schoolhouse the other evening, a large gathering assembled to 'farewell' the Rev. W. and Mrs Grigg. During a pleasant evening, the rev. gentleman and his wife were the pleased recipients of a handsome presentation subscribed for by residents in the district. The popular pastor received a massive marble clock, and his amiable spouse a very pretty cheese dish.

Mr J. G. Smith, M.H.R. for Christchurch, is paying a short visit to Wellington on private business.

Mr and Mrs Cacia Birch, of 'Ereorow,' Hawke's Bay, are paying a visit to Wellington to see Mr and Mrs W. Birch, who recently returned to New Zealand from England, and are staying at Miss Malcolm's lodgings on the Terrace.

Prior to his departure from Christchurch Mr Malcolmson, who is to take up a position at the Fairfield Freezing Works, was presented with a travelling bag, a silver flask, and a pair of silver salt cellars. A purse and card-case combined was presented to Mrs Malcolmson.

At Mangaweka the Rev. Mr Devenish preached last week an eloquent farewell sermon.

Miss Hyde, 'The Grove,' Queen Charlotte's Sound, has been spending a week in Blenheim, where she was staying at the Criterion Hotel.

At Obingaiti the Rev. Mr Devenish was presented with a handsome walnut and cut glass ink stand. Mr Devenish, in accepting the present, said he did so feeling that it was given with the highest and best motive, that he appreciated this expression all the more knowing how the people in the district had to struggle not only to keep the church together but in some cases to keep body and soul together. He would always look back to many happy and pleasant times spent with his flock at Obingaiti, and whenever he cast eyes on the beautiful present before him his memory would revert to those he was about to leave.

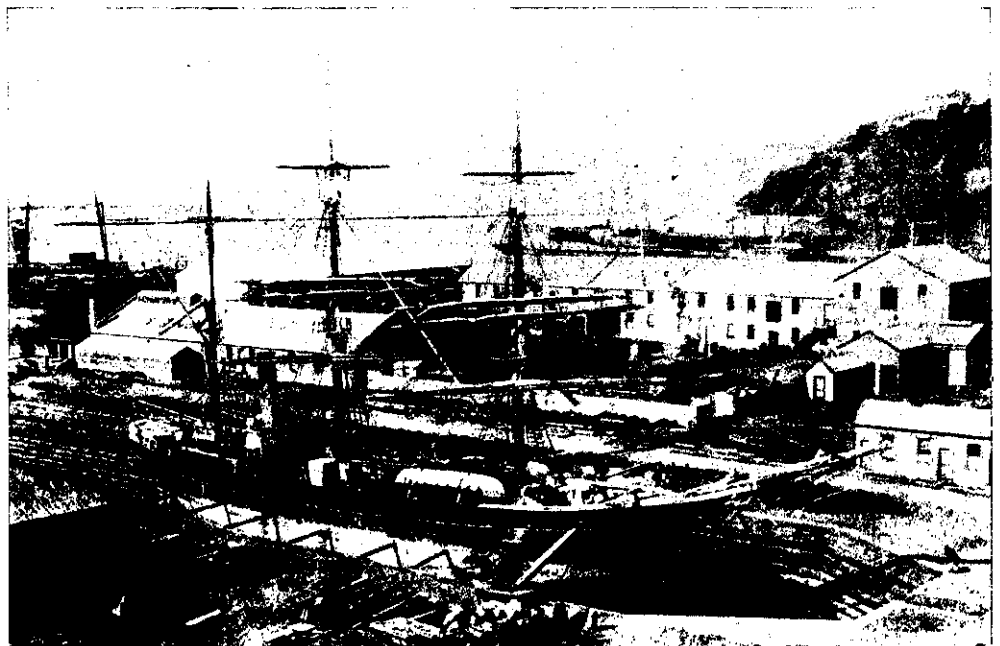
Mrs C. W. and Miss Adams left Blenheim last Monday afternoon, with the intention of going to Wellington, to spend a fortnight there.

Mr Robert Govett leaves Wellington for England about the middle of March, in order to take up his permanent residence abroad for the benefit of his health, and will probably spend next winter in Algiers.

Miss Toothill arrived in Blenheim last week from Havelock, and is now staying with her uncle, the Rev. Ernest Ensor, at Spring Creek.

Editor N. Andrew has retired from the 'chair' of the Rangitikei Advocate. Mr W. H. Smith, a journalist of ability, takes the reins.

Mrs W. Clifford, who has been visiting Wellington, was in Blenheim on Thursday, on her way to 'Flaxbourne,' and was accompanied by Mrs Jaggard, the wife of Captain Jaggard, of the Ruahine.



DeNaus, photo.

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION. 'SOUTHERN CROSS' IN DOCK, PORT CHALMERS.

[See 'Illustrations.'

Mrs Lewis Jackson, having paid a brief visit to Mrs Croker in Blenheim, returned to her home in the North Island last week.

The Rev. Dr. Waters, Rector of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, left Wellington on Saturday last for Australia, en route to America.

Mr and Mrs Black returned to Blenheim on Thursday from an enjoyable trip to Greymouth.

Mr R. Lowdon, of the Hillside Railway Workshops, was the recipient of a handsome gold Maltese cross last week. The presentation was made by Mr T. Leyland, Chairman of the Committee, on behalf of his fellow-employees.

Mrs Collins, Blenheim, has been staying with Mrs E. Ensor, at Spring Creek, but is now the guest of Mrs Chaytor, at 'Marshlands.'

The many friends of Mr J. H. McAlister, of the Premier's staff, will be glad to learn that he has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to take open-air exercise, and that the operation which he underwent in the Hospital at Wellington has proved completely successful.

At Woolston last week the Druids met in force and presented a P.D.P. collar to P.D.P. Bro. F. Newton. The presentation was made by Bro. D.G. President Bro. T. Smith.

The world-famed picture of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon, the engraving of which was done by Mr Louis Steele, undoubtedly the finest artist resident in these colonies, has been copied into the sumptuous 'edition de Luxe' of the new life of Napoleon now being issued. Shabbily enough, no mention is made of the engraver, though it is an unquestioned fact that in this picture—as in many others—the engraving is finer than the original. Mr Steele's reputation as an engraver will live while Orchardson's and Biton Riviere's pictures live, but all the same the honour should have been done him on this occasion.

Miss Seymour and Miss Fell, of Picton, bicycled to Blenheim on Saturday, with the intention of spending a few days.

Mr Tegetmeier, general manager of the Bank of New Zealand, who has been inspecting the North Island branches and agencies of the bank, returned to Wellington last week.

Miss Maud Russell, Christchurch, is staying with Mrs Ashcroft, in Wellington.

The Misses Nairn, of Napier, intend leaving for England next month by the Kaikoura.

Miss Jones, of Nelson, has been staying in Napier.

Amongst the visitors to Cambridge at the time of the polo tournament and sports, I noticed Mrs B. Hewitt and the Misses MacMillan.

Mrs Ranson, of Remuera, gives a large At Home at her pretty residence in Remuera on Wednesday, 5th April.

Miss Curtis, of Wellington, is on a visit to her sister, Mrs Oswin, of New Plymouth.

Mrs Robinson, of Nelson, is staying in Napier, having come here to see her brother, Mr Mathias, who is dangerously ill of typhoid fever in the Napier Hospital.

Mrs Seddon, who has been staying at Dannevirke for several days, has now gone to New Plymouth.

Dr. Leahy, of the Napier Hospital, left on Monday for Wellington, en route for England.

Mrs H. Thompson, of 'Okareta,' Symonds-street, has left Auckland for England, and expects to be away for eighteen months. Mrs H. Thompson is accompanied by her four daughters. The talented Miss Kathleen Thompson will make music her study in England.

Mr and Mrs Russell, of Auckland, have been staying in Napier.

Miss Grace Paul has returned to her home in New Plymouth, after her most enjoyable visit to Auckland, where most of her time was spent either at Archbishop Dudley's or Rev. Canon MacMurray's.

Mrs A. McIntosh and child, after a pleasant trip to her home in Christchurch, have returned to New Plymouth.

Mr Murdoch, of Hastings, narrowly escaped a serious accident last week. He was driving in the township, when his horse took fright and he was thrown out and considerably shaken.

Mr and Mrs Cheeseman, of 'Marunui,' Remuera, are going for two months' trip to Raratonga.

The Premier visited Cambridge on Tuesday, the 21st inst. He was the guest of Mr W. Rout, and gave a most interesting address in the Public Hall, to a crowded house, in the evening.

The Misses Bayley, New Plymouth, are at present staying with their aunt, Mrs Sare, Hamilton.

At a social held in St. Andrew's Hall on March 21, Mrs C. White was presented with an illuminated address, framed in oak, and Miss White, who was shortly to be married, with a marble clock, bearing the following inscription: 'Presented to Miss White by the session committee, choir, and Sunday School teachers of St. Andrew's Church, New Plymouth. 21/3/99.' The Rev. S. S. Osborne made the presentation.

Miss Rattray, who has been staying with Mrs Izard in Wellington, has returned to her home in Dunedin.

Miss E. Heywood, who has been to Christchurch for a visit, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Metcalf and Miss I. Sheath, Ponsonby, are on a visit to Mrs Cussen, Hamilton.

Mrs Coombes, Auckland, is spending a time with her daughter, Mrs W. A. Graham, Waikato.

Miss H. McKenzie has returned from Auckland to New Plymouth, after having had an enjoyable time at her aunt's, Mrs Holland.

Mrs Von Sturmer, Hamilton, is staying at the North Shore at present with her daughter, Mrs Malcolm Niccol.

Miss Boor, who is staying with her sister, Mrs Burnett, of Woodville, has been paying a short visit to Mrs Turnbull, of Napier.

Mrs T. C. Williams, who has been visiting friends in Christchurch, has returned to Wellington. Miss Una Williams is staying with relations in Hawke's Bay.

Mrs A. D. Gray, of New Plymouth, has gone to visit her mother, Mrs Faulder, of Auckland.

Miss Maud Buckland is staying at 'Gwynnolands,' Cambridge, with Mrs Joseph Banks.

The Hon. the Premier and Mrs Seddon will be the guests of Mr and Mrs Cook during their stay in New Plymouth.

Mr Commissioner Tunbridge, of the N.Z. police force, visited New Plymouth on March 22.

Miss Heywood leaves Wellington this week for a trip to England.

Mrs and Miss Fitzherbert, of the Hutt, propose leaving shortly for a trip to the Old Country.

Miss Tobias, of Auckland, is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs Harry Goldwater, of New Plymouth.

Mrs Archie Clark, of Remuera, Auckland, gave a large At Home on Friday afternoon to the lady members of the Golf Club.

Professor Wall, who has taken up his duties at Canterbury College, is much liked by the students—so we shall hope to see Canterbury students head the list in English literature.

Mrs Charles Cook gave a farewell party to the Misses Winter, who shortly leave Christchurch to join their father in Adelaide.

Mr and Mrs Henry Cotterill have returned to Christchurch after a pleasant holiday to South Malvern.

Dr. Irving, of Christchurch, has gone to Napier to take charge of the Hospital, while Dr. Leachy takes a trip to England.

Mr and Mrs Otterson, Christchurch, left for England by the Papanui.

Canon Harper, of Christchurch, and his daughters also left for England on Saturday. Mr Northcote will carry on Canon Harper's duties at the Cathedral during his absence.

Miss Ada Julius has returned home after an enjoyable visit to Government House.

Miss Susie Henderson is visiting Mrs Hanks, in Palmerston North.

Yet another of our prominent musicians is leaving Christchurch shortly, for I hear Mrs Westmacott soon leaves us, and will be a great loss, both musically and socially.

General Fulton, Christchurch, is on a visit to Dunedin.

Miss Sams, Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs Peacock.

Miss Brett is staying with Miss Kinsey, of Christchurch.

Sir Walter Buller is on a visit to Nelson.

The Rev. Paul George Davys, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, has accepted the assistant curacy of St. Peter's Church, Wellington, and will come into residence about the end of May. From 1891 until 1896 Mr Davys was assistant curate at St. Mary's, York, and since he came to New Zealand has had charge of the Ongo-Apiti district, in the parish of Feilding, where he was exceedingly popular among the parishioners.

The priests of the Archdiocese celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Archbishop Redwood's episcopal elevation by giving him a banquet at St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott-street, Wellington. Among the thirty-three priests present were Bishop Grimes, of Christchurch, and the Very Rev. Father Carew, of Greymouth. The Very Rev. Father Devoy, V.G., presided, and opened the proceedings by a very happy speech, after which Father Lewis read an illuminated address from the priests of the Archdiocese, and the chairman, on behalf of the priests, also presented Archbishop Redwood with a purse containing 300 sovereigns. Congratulatory telegrams to the Archbishop were sent from all parts of Australasia, one of them being from Cardinal Moran. During the evening speeches were made by Bishop Grimes and many others, and feelingly responded to by the Archbishop, who announced his intention of exercising the privileges conferred upon him by bestowing well merited titles of honour upon some of the priests under his charge.

Dr. and Mrs Cleghorn, Blenheim, who have been paying a short visit to Wellington, returned home by the Rotorna on Tuesday.

Miss Pitt, Nelson, is the guest of Mrs Pearson in Wellington.

Dr. and Mrs Ewart, of the Wellington Hospital, are paying a holiday visit to Nelson.

During his stay in Wellington next week General Booth will be the guest of Sir Robert and Lady Stout.

Dr. Temple Perkins is in charge of the Wellington Hospital during the absence of Dr. Ewart on a well earned holiday visit to Nelson.

A farewell concert to Mrs Westmacott is to be given shortly. Some of the very best musical talent in Christchurch has been secured for the programme, and we all sincerely hope a bumper house will be the result.



In Hawke's Bay the engagement of Miss Annie St. Hill, second daughter of Canon St. Hill, Havelock, to Dr. Martin, England, is announced.

The wedding of Miss Queenie Campbell and Mr Arthur Harper takes place in Christchurch on the 5th April, at Papanui.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

HEWITT-HOOPER.

An exceedingly pretty wedding took place on March 15, at 2.30 p.m., at St. Paul's, when Mr Arthur Wollaston Pym Hewitt, son of Vincent B. Hewitt, Esq., of Blenheim, was united in the holy bonds to Catherine Mary (Katie), daughter of Dr. J. H. Hooper.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Nelson, M.A.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by four bridesmaids, Misses Cooper, Morrow, Millar, and Mair, two in pale green lustre trimmed with white ribbons and lace, black velvet hats trimmed to match dresses, and carried white and gold bouquets; the two little maids in cream lustre trimmed with lace, large Leghorn hats with chiffon and lace, carried baskets of pink and white roses. Each wore a gold brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bride's mother wore mauve and black silk, bonnet to match, and carried a bouquet of roses. Mrs Hitchcock, sister of the bride, wore white worked muslin over gold slip, and large velvet picture hat with ostrich feathers, and carried a white and red bouquet.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr H. Jourdain as best man, J. R. Hooper, Athole Hitchcock, and Alfred Morrow.

Mr Towsey officiated with his usual skill at the organ, playing the 'Bridal March' as the bride entered, and on leaving Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'

The bride was attired in a beautiful gown of ivory white surah, trimmed with chiffon lace and orange blossoms. She wore a most becoming Gainsborough hat, handsomely trimmed with chiffon and ostrich feathers, and carried a lovely shower bouquet presented by the bridegroom, who also gave her a handsome gold necklace set with amethysts and pearls.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, where the happy pair received the congratulations of the numerous guests.

The presents to the bride were numerous and handsome. Late in the afternoon Mr and Mrs Hewitt left for Orewa, the bride's going-away dress being royal blue coat and skirt, handsomely braided in black silk, vest of white silk, black velvet hat with navy feathers, trimmed with navy and pale blue.

Amongst the guests I noticed Mr and Mrs A. F. Hooper (dentist), Mr Miller, Canon and Mrs Nelson, and others.

The largest library in the world is that of Paris. It contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. The British Museum contains about 1,500,000 volumes and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg about the same number. These are the largest libraries in the world.

# NEW STORY.

Opening Chapters in Next Week's Issue.

## A WOMAN'S HEART.

There will be commenced in next week's 'Graphic' a new serial story by that popular writer Mrs. A. D. Rowlands. The scene of the tale is the Old Country, and the narrative is throughout of absorbing interest. An excellent plot with strong situations, good character study and a bright powerful literary style are among the features of the tale. The story is one of feminine steadfastness and heroism, which eventually carry their possessor safe through many trials and tribulations to happiness and success. Our readers we are certain will derive great pleasure from the tale.

## A WOMAN'S HEART

SEE NEXT ISSUE.

## MAGGIE MOORE-ROBERTS COMPANY.

The Maggie Moore-cum-Roberts Company opened the Auckland season auspiciously with the ever-green 'Struck Oil.' A large house greeted the old favourite, and the well-known songs and telling situations were greeted, as old friends should be, with vigorous applause. It would perhaps be indiscreet to recall how long it is since we first saw Miss Moore in her 'pet' part of Lizzie Stofel, but it may safely be asserted that her performance is as brilliant and as sparkling as ever. As of yore she did what she willed with her audience, making them laugh or drawing tears as she desired and the play demanded. Just as Miss Genevieve had no equal in 'Forget-me-not,' and just as no one could play 'Jo' like Jenny Lee, so there is no actress who can approach Miss Moore as Lizzie Stofel. It is an incomparable bit of character acting, and is mainly responsible for the popularity of 'Struck Oil' in these colonies. Mr Roberts' John Stofel was distinguished by more delicate acting than one usually associates with the part. Some of his points were exceedingly fine, as, for instance, his silent acting when listening to Lizzie's farewell song. More pathos could scarcely have been expressed. It was full of thoughtful, tender touches and delicate details, and deserves the highest praise.

The piece is well staged, but the support accorded the principals is rather weak.

A policeman in Vienna must be able to swim, row a boat and understand telegraphy.



For the future all correspondents are requested to address Society News, etc., to the editor.

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, March 28.

Mrs Hardie gave a very large garden party last Wednesday afternoon at her beautiful residence in Remuera. The weather, though threatening and windy, kept fine. On account of the wind the band was stationed in the house at a bow window overlooking the garden. The afternoon refreshments, which were set in the dining-room, were exceptionally dainty and tasty, and the table was decorated with red cactus dahlias and fine maiden hair fern. Mrs Hardie received her guests in the garden in her usual warm manner, and was wearing a very handsome black broche with white muslin, V shape let in at the neck, violet toque; Miss Hardie, white muslin, violet straw hat; and her sister, Mrs Clayton (Sydney), pretty white muslin with cream insertions; and our hostess's niece, Mrs Campbell (nee Miss Johnson), looked very pretty in pink trimmed with coral lace; Mrs Brett, a stylish black foulard spotted with white, white silk vest and revers veiled in black Spanish lace, black sequin bonnet with wreath of pink unmounted roses; Mrs W. Rainger, black crepon skirt, silver grey brocaded bodice with pink vest and lappels veiled in white net and bands of lace, black hat; Mrs Williams, black; Mrs Jonsdale Pritt, black crepon gown, black bonnet with touches of violet; Mrs Reed, Grafton Road, navy tailor made gown, white vest; Mrs John Reed, Remuera, black costume, with V shape let in front of neck of white silk, black hat; Mrs Coleman, black; Miss Coleman, purple silk veiled in black net; and her sister wore a striped batiste; Mrs Bodle, purple and white striped gown; Mrs Nelson Gamble, black crepon skirt, buttercup silk blouse finished with bands of black velvet; Mrs James Reade, Kohimarama, black costume; Mrs Kildar Alexander, black silk; Miss Stella Alexander, beige; Mrs Kingswell, black skirt, black and white striped blouse; Mrs John Chambers, black; Mrs J. M. Chambers, pale oyster grey mirror silk; Mrs Richmond, black skirt, grey striped silk bodice with pusementerie, black hat with plumes; Mrs A. Carriek, dark skirt, black and white striped blouse; Mrs Murray,

Sydney, black; Miss Murray, royal blue skirt, darker shaded jacket with white revers and vest; Miss Mildred Purchas, maize silk veiled in white muslin; Miss Pierre, canary costume veiled in white muslin; Miss Parsons, white muslin with pink floral design; Miss Paton, absinthe green costume; Miss Towsey, blue French muslin flecked with brown, silver belt, white hat with spotted black tulle, white wings, and pale pink roses under the brim; Mrs Kempthorne, black grenadine striped with violet, yellow ribbons and orange bonnet trimmings; Miss Kempthorne, white China silk with ecru lace, black hat with sea-green shot silk and blue quills; Miss (Thomas) Morrin, black riding habit; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, black mourning costume; Mrs R. Dargaville, black silk skirt, grey muslin blouse, black toque; Mrs (Dr.) Lindsay, black silk with revers and vest of white satin; Mrs (Dr.) Parkes, grey alpaca with rucked ribbon trimming, white feather boa, white hat; Miss Wright, white muslin, cream hat with buttercup coloured roses; Mrs Johnson, black mourning costume; Mrs Heary Johnson, dark green coat and skirt; Miss Hesketh, black mourning costume; Miss Bush, Thames, white; Mrs J. B. Whyte; Mrs Jones, cherry coloured silk veiled in black lace; Miss Lizzie Gorrie, white serge coat and skirt; Mrs Gorrie, black; Mrs Upton, black silk; Mrs A. P. Wilson, white skirt, black satin jacket, blue vest; Mrs Lukey, white skirt, black satin blouse with fawn lace; Miss Goldsbrough, pink; Miss Richmond, saimou pink fancy silk trimmed with white rucked bebe ribbon, white sailor hat; and her sister wore white; Miss MacKellar Kissling, silver grey alpaca; Mrs Ware, bright navy coat and skirt, pink vest; Miss Ware; Mrs Jackson, Burbank plum coloured muslin with brown trimmings, cream hat en suite; Mrs Roberts, emerald green veiled in black net; Miss Shuttleworth, French muslin; Miss Minnie Clegg, pink muslin; Miss Seegner, purple and black costume; Mrs Tewsey, black and white striped silk; Mrs and Miss Bleazard Archer; Mrs Wigmore, green silk; Mrs Archer, a combination of black and white; Mrs Bamford, green coat and skirt; Mrs Beatty, blue flecked cloth; Mrs R. C. Carr, grey coat and skirt; Miss Carr, fawn; Miss McMillan, brown; Mrs Cheeseman, grey and white striped costume; Mrs Duncan Clerk, white skirt, blue silk blouse; Miss Dargaville, blue veiled in white embroidery muslin; Mrs A. B. Donald, green figured silk; Mrs Goldie, stylish black and white striped costume trimmed with white lace and pink chiffon, toque to correspond; Mrs Heywood, black; Miss Heywood, white skirt, green blouse veiled in white embroidered and tucked blouse; Miss Frodsham, dark coat and skirt; Mrs Alfred Buckland; Miss Phoebe Buckland; Mrs Seecombe; Mrs Lennox, black silk; Miss Lennox, pink French muslin; Miss Kitty Lennox, white; Mrs Spencer Lawry, black with white satin trimmings; Mrs (Dr.) King, black silk skirt, green silk blouse

trimmed with iridescent beads; Mrs E. P. Edmonston, black and white figured gown, black hat; Mrs (Dr.) McArthur, black skirt, electric blue figured silk blouse; Miss Cooper (England), cream serge; Mrs Thorpe, black; Miss Thorpe, buttercup striped muslin; Mrs (Professor) Segar, white skirt, pink striped silk blouse, white fluted chiffon hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs McDonald, black; Mrs S. Kissling, black silk, black bonnet with white ribbons and red berries; Miss Kissling, white skirt, grey and white striped muslin blouse; and her sister wore pink; Mrs John Smith, black silk; Miss Smith, pink muslin; Miss Hume, dark skirt, pink French muslin blouse; Mrs Hume; Mrs R. A. Carr, navy delaine; Mrs (Professor) Thomas, white skirt, flowered French muslin blouse, white picture hat; Mrs Peel, fawn coat and skirt; Mrs S. Morrin, black costume finished with mignonette green; Mrs Sidney Nathan, pink silk gown finished with black; Mrs E. W. Payton, mauve French muslin; Mrs Tilly, dark blue; Miss Tilly, dark green coat and skirt, pink vest; Mrs Worsp, sage green plaid silk; Miss Daisy Worsp, white skirt, green blouse; Mrs H. Noakes, fawn skirt and reefer jacket; Mrs Jackson (Wanganui), white muslin with pink floral design, white picture hat; Mrs Whitney, green, finished with pink; Mrs John Roach, green costume; Mrs Petrie, black silk; Mrs Baume, golden brown silk with raised design of black cheville; Mrs Bassett; Mrs Herrold, black; Miss Herrold, lavender cambric; and her sister a grey and white striped gown; Miss Gorrie, dark skirt, canary silk blouse with black lace; Mrs Whitson, fawn; Miss Whitson, white skirt, blue plaid blouse; Mrs Hamlin, black; Miss Little; Mrs Alfred White; Misses Myers, biscuit coloured fancy silks trimmed with pink, hats trimmed with pink en suite; Mrs Devore, electric grey veiled in black embroidered net, toque with magenta roses; Mrs Heather, pink heliotrope silk covered with silk barred grenadine, black tulle bonnet surrounded with sunset roses peeping from under black lace; Mrs Kerr-Taylor; Miss Kerr-Taylor; Miss Allie Buddle, black broche skirt, blue silk blouse; Mrs J. M. Shea, canary muslin with floral design; Miss McLachlan, black mourning costume; Mrs Lashley, purple figured silk; Miss Lashley, white; Mrs Bernard, white pique, black velvet hat; Mrs Sylvester Brigham, white muslin flowered in black; Mrs Peacock; Miss Peacock (Ponsonby); Mrs Brown, flowered French muslin; Mrs Cochrane, black silk; Miss Cochrane, white; Mrs Daere, black; Miss Daere, pink plaid costume made with a flounced skirt, finished with black velvet; Miss Pickmere, white pique; Miss Laura Shirley Baker, white skirt, plaid blouse; and her sister wore white skirt with blue blouse; Mrs Harry Tonks, dark skirt, light blouse; Mrs Ireland, black; Miss Ireland, white; Messrs Hutchison, Paton, Rev. Mr Major, etc.

Mrs D. W. Duthie's At Home, at her pretty residence, 'Wharua Ponga,' St. George's Bay Road, Parnell, was a great success. It was undoubtedly

QUEEN-STREET,

# IREDALE, DRAPER.

AUCKLAND.

**INDIVIDUALISM VERSUS CO-OPERATION** seems rather a big order, doesn't it? More fit for a bulky treatise than for a small space in a newspaper; but

### IREDALE PROMISED

his readers last week an object lesson, and this may serve as well as any other as a peg on which to hang a few pertinent remarks

**BEARING ON THE RAG TRADE,** that may sooner or later, let us hope, be of some benefit to

### INDIVIDUALIST RAGMEN IN GENERAL AND IREDALE IN PARTICULAR.

By 'Individualism' one means of course a PRIVATE FIRM, composed of one or more principals, who, by their own energy, perseverance, hard work, and thorough and peculiar knowledge of the trade in which they are engaged, begin and continue to work their business on certain lines (each man's policy generally differs more or less from his partner's or neighbour's), and generally with the smallest margin of profit compatible with their expenses.

**PRACTICALLY ALL THE BIG SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSES TO-DAY IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA, IN EVERY POSSIBLE TRADE, ARE THE RESULT OF**

### INDIVIDUALISM.

and it is a world-accepted axiom that the most successful men are those who have climbed the ladder from its lowest rung. When a man has only himself to consider, and is not hampered by directors and shareholders, and when he is devoting all his energies and special knowledge to the management of his business, it must be clearly apparent that he is able to work his business cheaper, to work for a smaller profit, and consequently to give the public better value for their money than a company that has to pay for management, directors' fees, interest on capital to shareholders, bonuses to purchasers, etc., etc.

### SO MUCH IN SHORT FOR INDIVIDUALISM.

And now for a word or two on **CO-OPERATION:**

or, as we know it in Auckland, a sort of cross between a Limited and a Co-operative Company, with ten shilling shares, guaranteed to appeal to the susceptibilities of even the poorest pocket. The idea of Co-operation first took root, I believe, in the Lancashire mines. Rochdale, among a small band of hard-headed factory hands, who disgusted at the exorbitant profits charged by the retail tradesmen, determined to band themselves together and supply each other with the necessaries of life.

So far, so good. The movement spread with lightning rapidity in the North of England, and, at present, the smallest village has its Co-operative Store, and the Wholesale Co-operative Society, with its huge headquarters in Manchester, its own Bank, Fleet of Steamers, and Mills and Manufactories for the production of every class of commodity, is undoubtedly, I think, one of the largest, if not the absolute largest, concerns in the country. This sounds all very nice, but what about the other side of the picture? The idea, at its inception, was a grand one, but, as usual,

### MEN OVERREACHED THEMSELVES.

They said, at first: 'We will sell cheap to each other, and, even the smallest village has its Co-operative Store, and the Wholesale Co-operative Society, with its huge headquarters in Manchester, its own Bank, Fleet of Steamers, and Mills and Manufactories for the production of every class of commodity, is undoubtedly, I think, one of the largest, if not the absolute largest, concerns in the country. This sounds all very nice, but what about the other side of the picture? The idea, at its inception, was a grand one, but, as usual,

### 'DIVI.'

and that selfsame 'Divi' proved himself a good servant, but a bad master. The desire for big dividends became so strong, the number of

### HIGHLY PAID OFFICIALS

grew as the idea grew, and the now alarmed retail shopkeeper, seeing the ground likely to disappear under his feet, promptly abandoned his big profits, and was able to offer

### CHEAPER GOODS THAN THE CO-OPERATORS.

even after allowing for their beloved dividends; and it is a fact to-day that although a lot of the people still chase the big dividends

### INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE GIVES BETTER VALUE, AND IN EVERY CASE BETTER ATTENTION AND CIVILITY THAN CO-OPERATION.

To conclude this necessarily short comparison of the two systems, the following rough examples may prove useful to a thoughtful mind.

Imagine a huge concern offering 7 1/2 per cent. bonus on all shareholders' purchases. On the Board of Directors there sit five gentlemen, not one of whom knows anything about the business he is directing. Under this board there works a manager, possibly highly paid.

On the other hand, take the establishment of a private person or firm in the same trade, compare the expenses of the place, and allow all the same an equal comparison of the prices charged for goods.

The result will be only too obvious. **IREDALE IS SELLING LADIES' COATS AND SKIRTS AT 25%.** They are made in London, in the very latest styles.

well done. A band was present, and took up its position on the centre landing of the staircase, being unseen; whence they enlivened the proceedings with 'concourse of sweet sounds,' notably selections of the newest and most popular airs. Croquet was indulged in by the many energetic players. Round the lawn were irregular ranks of chairs for those who were interested in the game, or wished to stay in the open air. Mrs W. D. Duthie received her many guests in the hall, from where they strolled ad lib through the two reception rooms, which were gaily decorated with sunflowers, or around the garden walks. Mrs Duthie was looking exceedingly well in a black moire skirt, black bodice with steel passermenterie blue ribbon collarette. The decoration of the afternoon tea table, which was literally weighed down with dainties, was much admired—vases of miniature sunflowers and yellow cactus dahlias, finished with yellow ribbon.

Mrs Ansenne, white French muslin with roses design, white picture hat; Mrs Bachelier, very striking combination of mauve plaid pongee and cream silk, white hat with flowers and mauve tulle; Mrs Richmond, black silk skirt, black and white striped silk blouse trimmed with passermenterie; Mrs A. V. McDonald, black silk with tabs of white satin veiled in ecru lace; Mrs H. Gorrie, black; Mrs Reed, Grafton Road, white; Mrs Arthur Nathan, white silk figured with dark green crescent designs; Mrs S. Morrin, lilac; Mrs Tilly, grey; Mrs R. A. Carr, white costume with gold bebe ribbons, violet floral toque; Mrs H. Brett, a handsome black foulard with white spots, white satin vest and revers, veiled in black Spanish lace, black sequin bonnet with wreath of pink unmounted roses; Mrs W. Rainger, black crepon skirt, silver grey brocaded bodice pink vest veiled in white net with bands of white lace, black picture hat with erect black plumes and pink roses; Mrs John Reed, Remuera, black costume; Mrs Blair, black silk skirt, pink plaid blouse, black hat with plumes; Mrs Fraser, black; Mrs Gill, black; Miss Horne, lilac cambric, purple straw hat with lilac chiffon; Mrs Goodhue, black; Mrs Humphrey Haines, stylish pale pink satin cloth yachting costume; Mrs Charles Haines, rose pink silk veiled in fawn net; Mrs Moss Davis, white satin veiled in black lace, lilac floral toque; Miss Moss Davis, white; Mrs Dillingham (American Consul's wife), wore a dark skirt, mignonette green silk blouse; Mrs McConnell, very stylish cream costume with spring green ribbons and bead passermenterie and fringe; Mrs Reid Bloomfield, black silk; Mrs Harry Bloomfield, very striking violet with gold braid; Mrs Ernest Bloomfield, bright rose pink silk with black llama braid, white feather boa; Mrs W. R. Holmes, white pique; Mrs Tewsey, black and white striped silk; Miss Mulvaney, green striped muslin; Miss Reay, slate grey; Mrs Bankart, black; Mrs J. Chambers, black; Mrs J. M. Chambers, very pretty green silk, veiled in cream canvas and trimmed with lace insertion; Mrs Wittchell, black; Mrs (Major) Nelson George, very handsome grey check silk, trimmed with passermenterie; Miss Sutton (Dunedin), white muslin, with silk sash; Mrs Whitney, sea green silk, trimmed with pink hat with pink decoration; Mrs and Miss Kerr-Taylor; Mrs Hugh Campbell, fawn brocaded silk; Mrs Gordon; Miss Gordon; Miss Hull; Mrs Murkham, white pique skirt and reefer jacket, lilac floral hat; Mrs Whitson, biscuit-coloured costume; Miss Whitson, white pique; Miss Heath, black mourning costume; Mrs Talbot Tubbs; Mrs Hope Lewis, black silk; violet toque; Mrs Ashley Hunter, black skirt, striped blouse; Mrs W. Nichol, canary costume; Mrs Preston Stevenson, lilac French muslin; Miss Maud Wilkins, white muslin, with lettuce green chiffon scarf and sash, black picture hat; Miss Wilkins, white book muslin, with band of cream lace insertion over white satin, white hat, profusely trimmed with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Uphill, white pique costume, black hat, with scarlet roses; Mrs Theo. Kissling, dark green (Lincoln) costume, with white vest, braided in black; Mrs S. Kissling, black silk; Miss Kissling, white skirt, grey striped muslin blouse; Mrs J. Mowbray, grey; Miss Mowbray, beige; Mrs MacMurray, grey silk, with black design; Mrs E. C. Smith, white, veiled in black canvas; Mrs Laidlaw, violet

French delaine; Miss Laidlaw, white; Mrs Thorpe, black silk; Miss Thorpe, canary striped muslin; Miss Rooke, grey silk, finished with chemisette of pink rucked pongee; Miss Gillies, pale pink and white French muslin, profusely trimmed with frills and Valenciennes lace, pink sash, hat composed of pink chiffon and long white ostrich feathers; Mrs Dignan, white costume, with pink ribbon insertion; Mrs Mitchellson, handsome electric blue bengaline, trimmed with golden brown satin, on skirt and bodice, bright blue silk full vest, veiled in brown net, and edged with cream lace, black sequin bonnet, with apricot and pink plumes, white oprey; Mrs Rich, dark skirt, grey blouse; Miss Winnie Rich, black and white striped batiste; Mrs Ludlow Rich, cream summer muslin; Mrs Louis Myers, grey silk; Mrs Leo Myers, a combination of black and white, relieved with maize; Mrs R. O. Young, black costume, white vest; Mrs Street, black; Mrs Gillies, black silk, handsomely trimmed with moonlight passermenterie; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, canary Japanese silk, with black stripe and floral design; Mrs Thorne George, black and white figured silk; Miss Thorne George, white; Mrs R. Dargaville, dark skirt, grey blouse; Mrs J. M. Dargaville, black; Mrs Arthur Bull, black silk, black bonnet, with pink flowers; Miss Beatrice Bull, blue alpaca, white felt hat; Miss Horton, very pretty blue silk, with cream lace; Miss Julia Nathan, slate grey silk; Mrs Cuff, black skirt, black and white striped silk blouse; Miss Cuff, white muslin skirt, green blouse, veiled in white spotted muslin, black hat; Mrs Ruck, grey striped silk, with passermenterie; Miss Alexander, white serge, with ruby velvet trimmings; her sister wore black; Mrs Pitt, black silk, with bonnet en snite; Mrs Ward, fawn plaid tweed coat and skirt; Mrs Dewes, black skirt, black French delaine blouse, showered with white spots.

Mrs Kempthorne, of Remuera, gave two large afternoon teas, one on Monday, the other on Thursday, as farewells to her sister, Mrs J. B. White, who has been staying with her during the last year. Mrs J. B. Whyte leaves Auckland on Monday, en route for England, where she joins her husband and daughter. Mrs J. B. Whyte gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday last as a farewell to her intimate lady friends. Amongst those present on Thursday were Mrs Jones, Mrs Reid Bloomfield, Miss Kaye, Mrs H. Ireland, Miss Etyte Ireland, Mrs Kilgour, Miss Nessie Kilgour, Mrs Bankart, Mrs E. Baume, Mrs Lionel Benjamin, Miss Kohn, Mrs Cheeseman, Mrs Whitney, Mrs A. Myers, Miss Myers, Mrs Louis Myers, Mrs W. Coleman, Mrs Coleman, Miss Coleman, Miss C. Smith, Mrs R. C. Carr, Mrs Motion, Mrs Hutchison, Mrs Clayton (Sydney), Miss Hardie, Mrs Walker, Mrs Wigmore, Mrs J. Roach, Mrs and Miss Holland, Mrs Mitchellson, Miss Claire Smith.

OPERA HOUSE.

Endless and varied as the sources of fashion are, the stage is one of the most potent. Dress there, whether the period be past or present, grave or gay, has become an all important art. 'Under the Red Robe' of the 17th century in France, and 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' which were staged at the Opera House last week, have afforded a wide and luxurious scope.

Miss Ada Ferrar as Renee de Cocheoret in 'Under the Red Robe' is charmingly gowned in a grey shimmering brocade with large quaint collar and cuffs, and looks lovely in the third act in a white brocade with gold velvet vest and insertions in sleeves, forester green cloak lined with apricot, and large green velvet hat with white ostrich feathers.

Miss Linda Raymond's gowns in the role of Madame de Cocheoret are very handsome. Her first gown was of white satin with painted design of flowers, rose velvet front panel on skirt and bodice; and her second was mauve satin with white and pink brocaded petticoat. The dresses worn in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' are indeed lovely creations. Miss Ada Ferrar makes an ideal Princess Flavia, and her coronation gown is a mass of creamy white and silver, the silver lavishly disposed upon the front of skirt and bodice, long court train of brocade; a crown of silver and jewels is worn on the head, and behind were three plumes, from which falls a white veil. Another dress was of dove

grey, very gracefully cut and arranged, with a full soft front of chiffon, with turquoise blue velvet caught in centre with steel buckle, white cloth loose jacket with a scroll design of small sequins, and edged with narrow beaver fur. Miss Raymond's grey gown with white satin bodice trimmed horizontally with steel sequin trimming was much admired. In the prologue Miss Harrie Ireland wore a pink brocaded gown with lace and roses. Miss Marie Veilton wore a black court gown veiled with spangled net and clusters of scarlet flowers. The other court dresses were very handsome and much admired.

The performance on Saturday night was attended by Lady Lanfurly, whose evening dress was covered by a rich sable opera cloak. Amongst the audience during the week I noted:—Mrs Dargaville in black evening gown; Miss Dargaville, blue chiffon theatre blouse, cluster of forget-me-nots on shoulder; Mrs Talbot-Tubbs looked pretty in a pink and cream striped crepe de chine evening gown; Miss J. Runciman, green evening dress; Mrs Thorne George, black satin, white bodice veiled with black chiffon; Miss Ida George, black satin, long black chiffon sleeves; Mrs Colbeck, rose pink silk evening blouse, trimmed with lace, black satin skirt; Miss Ferguson, grey with cream full vest; Mrs Watt, white and black striped silk, white silk V; Miss Alice Ferguson, apple green, low neck finished with pink chiffon ruches; Miss Leanax, yellow silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Hardie, yellow silk; Mrs Clayton (Sydney), pink silk veiled with white chiffon; Miss Winnie Leys, white matre evening dress with tinsel gauze over sleeves, large collar of white lace; Mrs Alfred Nathan, white silk; Mrs Arthur Nathan, emerald green silk; Mrs Donald, yellow silk theatre blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Donald, white satin evening dress; Miss Rita Edmiston, white chiffon bodice, cerise silk skirt; Mrs Geddis, white; Miss Sloan, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Hope Lewis, black, white lace on low corsage; Mrs McArthur, blue silk; Miss Whitelaw (Scotland), pink figured shot silk blouse trimmed with pink accordion plented chiffon strapped with green velvet bebe ribbon, black skirt; Miss M. Sommerville, blue chine silk blouse-bodice, black skirt; Mrs (Dr.) Sharman, black evening gown; Mrs Morrin, black; Mrs Mitchellson, shot grey trimmed with pink silk; Mrs Bloomfield, pretty rose pink silk evening gown; Mrs Hansen, yellow silk; Miss Scherff, grey satin veiled with pink chiffon; Mrs J. J. Craig, white satin; Mrs Napier, black evening gown; Miss Carr, blue chine silk; Miss Sloan, grey blouse, dark skirt; Miss Dudley looked pretty in a cerise silk evening gown; Miss Kennedy, white silk; Mrs J. Ralph, black; Mrs J. M. Geddes, white evening bodice, dark skirt; Miss

Parsons, rose pink gown; Miss E. Whitelaw, tussore silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs W. Douglas, amethyst silk blouse, black skirt.

PHYLIS BHOON

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee,  
A polo match.  
CAMBRIDGE AGAINST WAINGARO, was played in one of Mr J. Taylor's paddocks, 'Bardowie,' Cambridge, on Tuesday last. There was a fair attendance, the Premier (who arrived that afternoon for the purpose of addressing the farmers in the evening) and his party being present part of the time. This being the Cambridge players' first season, the match was very well contested. The teams were four points each, and then the Waingaro team won by a point. Afternoon tea was provided by the ladies under the management of Mrs James Hally. Most of the young ladies present assisted in distributing the dainties provided for the onlookers and players. I noticed from Waingaro, Mrs B. Hewitt, the Misses Maenihan, Miss Scavill, and several others whose names I do not know. Amongst those present also were Mrs James Taylor, Mrs Buckland, Mrs Perceval, Mrs Martyn, Mrs Empson, Mrs Cave, Mrs Chambers, Mrs Brooks, Mrs Bouillon, Mrs Mahoney (Aucklund), Mrs T. Walker, Mrs Ward (Devonport), Mrs Furby, Mrs Dr. Murdoch, Mrs Thornorton, Mrs Carr, Mrs Couper, Mrs Jno. Hally, Mrs McCullough, Mrs Richardson, Mrs Gordon, Misses Gwynneth, Banks (2), Jucklund, Haselein, Cave (2) Empson, Willis (2), Hunt, Wells, Souther, Brooks, McCulloch, and several others.

POLO SPORTS.

On Wednesday, the sports in connection with the Polo Club, were held at 'Bardowie,' in the same paddock. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Martyn in a white pique coat and skirt costume; Mrs Buckland, grey; Mrs Richardson, light brown coat and skirt; Mrs Cooke, black and white; Mrs Wynne Brown, dark green costume; Mrs Thornton, navy riding habit; Mrs Couper, riding habit; Mrs Taylor, stylish green costume; Mrs Ward, pretty green muslin; Mrs Furby; Mrs J. Fisher; Mrs Perceval, white pique costume; Mrs (Dr.) Murdoch, pretty costume of white muslin over yellow, yellow sash; Mrs Douglas, grey tweed; Mrs Hally, green costume; Mrs McCullough, black; Miss Gwynneth, pretty muslin dress; Miss O'Halloran; Miss Hunt; Miss Jolly; Miss Willis, pink; Miss C. Willis, pink and white stripe; Miss M. Brown, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss Wells, pretty green silk dress; Miss Empson, white; Miss Buckland, white blouse; Miss Banks, dark fawn tailor-made costume; Miss B. Banks, light fawn cloth coat and skirt; Miss M. Buckland, black and white; Miss Anderson; Miss Ward, and several others.

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MANUFACTURES ROYALES.

FRENCH P.D. CORSETS

...THESE...

WORLD-RENOWNED CORSETS

Have been awarded

10 GOLD MEDALS

AND

DIPLOMES D'HONOURS

And whenever exhibited have obtained

THE HIGHEST HONOURS.

OBTAINABLE FROM

ALL LEADING DRAPERS

Throughout New Zealand.

IN MANY VARIETIES,

SHAPES, AND STYLES.

From Waingaro Mrs Hewitt, brown cloth, cape to match; Miss Macmillan, blue; Miss — Macmillan, blue; Miss Seavill, blouse and skirt. There were a few other visitors whose names I do not know.

On Thursday a

**SECOND POLO MATCH** was played, resulting this time in a win for Cambridge. The assembly this day was much the same as on the previous days. Mrs Martyn and Mrs Richardson attending to the afternoon tea, assisted by several of the girls present. During the evening a

#### POLO BALL

was held in the Oddfellows' Hall. The supper was kindly managed by Mrs J. Taylor, Mrs Wells, and Mrs J. Hally. It was a delicious supper, and the table was very prettily decorated. Several of the visitors from Terata and Wainmaro were present, but the greater number had left Cambridge by the morning train. I noticed amongst the Cambridge ladies present, Mrs Taylor, in a heliotrope silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Wells, handsome grey satin; Mrs Jno. Hally, black; Mrs Brooks, black; Mrs Martyn, black velvet; Mrs Empson, black silk; Mrs Buckland, grey lustre; Mrs Jns. Hally, black satin; Mrs Souter, black; Mrs (Dr.) Scanlan, figured green satin bodice, dark skirt; Mrs Cooke, black and white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Payne, white silk blouse, dark skirt, Miss Gwynneth, pink blouse, black skirt; Miss M. Selby, very pretty canary silk blouse trimmed with very narrow black velvet; Miss K. Selby, handsome grey satin trimmed with pink; Miss Mabel Selby, pink and white striped cashmere; Miss Buckland, white muslin trimmed with pearls; Miss Maude Buckland, white cashmere; Miss Brooks (debutante), pretty white figured cashmere with silk ruching; Miss Empson, pretty white silk with ruchings of chiffon; Miss Banks, black satin; Miss B. Banks, white muslin; Miss Mandeno, heliotrope cashmere; Miss Kearny, white and blue; Miss Nicol, white cashmere; Miss Wells, pretty bright pink silk with white lace trimmings; Miss Souter, white cashmere; Miss Hewitt, white cashmere; Miss Schrott, yellow satin; Miss Carley pink; Miss Andersen, heliotrope silk blouse; Miss Fisher, white net over pink; Miss Wilson (Terata), white with blue silk sash; Miss Brown, white cashmere; Miss Hunt, white net over dark gold, and several others whom I cannot just now remember. The music was provided by several members of the orchestra.

#### GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, March 25.

The garden party given here this week by Mr and Mrs Percival Barker in honour of His Excellency the Governor was one of the most delightful functions we have had here for some time. The beautiful house and grounds of our host looked at their best, and the gathering was a particularly brilliant one. Among those present were:—Governor and party, Col. Pole-Penton, Hon. Jns. Carroll, Captain Leah, Staff-Engineer Gibbs, Lieutenants Kiddle, Wilson, and Cooper, Engineer Morrishead, Dr. Miller, and Paymaster Johnson of H.M.S. Mildura; Messieurs and Mesdames Townley, Pyke, Willock, Murphy, W. L. Rees, A. Rees, Gray, Crawford, Morgan, Kempthorne, White, Bellerby, H. Kenway, Martin, W. Dodds, Aekroyd, Parker, A. R. Muir, Barton, Macfarlane, De Lautour, Maunsell, Jex-Blake, Bright, Cargill, Simeon, W. Sherratt, Palairat, Finn, Shelton, Mann, Porter, A. Wethered, Parker, Bennett, Graham, Dr. and Mrs Craig, Dr. and Mrs Hughes, Cannon and Mrs Fox, Canon and Mrs Webb, Mesdames Donner, Innes, Hughes, Bourke, Scott, Butt, Maunsell, Dodds, Brooke, Taylor, Parris, McLean (Palmerston), Misses Rees, Booth (2), Tucker (2), Pavitt, Hughes, Campbell, Lysnar, De Lautour, Bennett, Macfarlane (2), Butt, Maunsell, Johnstone, Williamson (2), Webb, Crawford, Broke, Taylor, Smith, Sherratt, Palairat, Nolan, Campbell-Thomson, Adair, Staitie, Reynolds, and Scott (2), Messrs Chambers, Finley (Wellington), Dewing, —well, Austin, Scott, Rees, Watson, Dobbie, Oldfield, Roberts, Matthews, Campbell, Thompson, Stevenson,

Stapford, Hutchinson, Bent, Allan, Neilson, and Bennett; Mrs Barker, black mervilleux, lavender silk and jet trimmings, bonnet to match; Miss Darker, pale green, white trimmings, white felt hat with green wings, white velvet bows; Miss M. Rees, dainty white and blue muslin, white picture hat with white ribbon and blue flowers; Miss Hughes, brown costume, picture hat with scarlet flower; Miss Bennett, pale primrose dress, yellow silk front hat to match; Miss N. Crawford, dark blue costume, pink silk vest, picture hat; Miss Reynolds, blue striped blouse, black skirt; Miss De Lautour, sea-green silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Macfarlane, white pique dress; Miss Johnstone, white dress, heliotrope trimmings; Miss Webb, creek silk blouse, black skirt; Miss B. Barker, blue and white dress, white picture hat; Miss Smith, dark green, pale green silk trimmings; Miss Lysnar, black dress, black picture hat; Miss M. Barker, olive green with baby ribbon and white silk trimmings; Miss Adair, fawn costume dress, picture hat; Misses A. and F. Barker, white dresses, green silk trimmings, picture hats; Miss Campbell, heliotrope blouse, sequin chiffon trimmings, black skirt; Miss E. Williamson, pink muslin, hat to match; Miss M. Williamson, blue muslin, picture hat; Miss L. Barker, cream dress, hat to match; Miss Palairat, white pique dress; Miss J. Scott, blue costume, white silk vest; Miss Pavitt, fawn dress, cream hat, with roses; Miss Tucker, white pique dress; Miss M. and M. Tucker, white pique dresses; Miss Staitie, heliotrope and white dress, picture hat; Miss Sherratt, pink and white muslin, pink silk trimmings; Miss May Barker, white dress, turquoise blue sash, picture hat; Miss Butt, white dress, old gold silk trimmings; Miss Maunsell, pink muslin, silk trimmings; Miss Nolan, heliotrope and white dress, lace trimmings; Mrs Townley, heliotrope stamped silk; Mrs Macfarlane, dark blue costume, fawn waistcoat, black bonnet with scarlet roses; Mrs Butt, grey costume, white silk vest, bonnet to match; Mrs de Lautour, black silk dress, black and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs McLean (Palmerston), fawn costume, black picture hat; Mrs Willcock, grey costume, rose silk vest; Mrs Murphy, black stamped brocade, black and silver trimmings; Mrs Pyke, black and white costume; Mrs Donner, fawn costume, check waistcoat; Mrs Walter Barker, rose silk, trimmed with black lace and narrow velvet ribbon; Mrs Palairat, black silk, black bonnet, pink roses; Mrs Hughes, black mervilleux, with crepe trimmings; Mrs W. Sherratt, white dress, white picture hat with shot blue trimmings; Mrs Rees, black satin, lace bonnet to match; Mrs Kempthorne, black corded silk, black mantle, and bonnet to match; Mrs White, shot silk dress, bonnet to match; Mrs Mann, rose pink dress, white and pink bonnet; Mrs Muir, black silk, white corded silk trimmings; Mrs G. Wethered, yellow muslin, white lace trimmings; Mrs Innes, fawn costume, picture hat; Mrs Crawford, black dress, black bonnet to match; Mrs L. T. Hughes, cream Chinese silk; Mrs A. Rees, black dress, black picture hat, scarlet flowers; Mrs Morgan, white silk blouse, black skirt.

#### NAPIER.

Dear Bee, March 18.

The representatives of the Waipawa Tennis Club came from Waipawa by the early train yesterday morning to play against some of the members of the Hawke's Bay Tennis Club, and a most enjoyable day's play was the result. The visitors were entertained at lunch by the Napier team at the residence of Mrs Margoliouth, kindly lent for the occasion, and afternoon tea at the courts was provided both for players and onlookers by the Misses Sutton. Some interesting games were played in which the home team were very successful. It was a fine, bright day, there were numbers of visitors and some very pretty dresses were to be seen. Some of those present were:—Mrs Margoliouth, in a brown dress trimmed with black lace, and a black and white bonnet; Miss Margoliouth wore cream-spotted muslin and lace, and white chip hat and feathers; Miss Godfrey

wore pale blue zephyr, with a sailor hat; Miss Wilson wore a skirt of black grenadine, with pink silk bodice covered with white muslin, a black hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Antill, with a black gown, wore a large black hat with feathers; Miss Antill was also in black; Mrs R. B. Smith was in a pretty white silk blouse, and a black skirt, a black hat trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs Nantes, pale green silk trimmed with black velvet and coffee-coloured lace, black hat with pale green ribbons; Mrs Bowen wore a black and white blouse and black skirt, and black hat with blue flowers; Miss Wood, entirely in white, with Leghorn hat trimmed with white chiffon and forget-me-nots; Mrs Tylee, in a black coat and skirt, with white vest and black and white hat; Mrs Todd, black silk, the bodice trimmed with white and green; Miss Todd, a pale cream gown with green silk belt, and large straw hat with feathers; Miss Kate Hitchings, prettily figured red and white muslin, and white hat; Miss Una Hitchings, blue and white fancy muslin, blue cloak, and Leghorn hat relieved with black velvet and cream roses; Mrs Bullock looked well in a light green blouse with black skirt, and hat of cream straw trimmed with black ribbon and feathers; Miss Matthews, black silk trimmed with black lace, and large black hat; Mrs Hartley wore a light blouse and dark skirt; the Misses Spencer were also in blouses and skirts; Mrs Arthur Kennedy was in black and white with a sailor hat; Miss Kennedy wore a mauve dress and a white hat trimmed with mauve; Miss Loughnan, brown, and Miss Macfarlane white muslin; Miss Locking, pink muslin blouse and dark skirt; Miss Begg, a neat coat and skirt in grey and black check, white vest; Miss Sutton wore white, and a large black lace hat trimmed with blue; Miss Maccabe, grey, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Lowe was in white muslin, with a sailor hat; Miss Gleson looked well in pale blue muslin blouse, a black skirt and a black hat trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Morecroft, black and white striped costume; Miss Dinwiddie wore white, and Miss Mary Dinwiddie a stylish green blouse and light skirt; Miss Chapman wore a mauve blouse, and Miss Baker was in black and white.

An enjoyable little euchre party was given by the Misses Baker, of the Barrack Hill, last week, for their brother from the country who has been paying them a short visit.

The golf season has now begun, and no doubt this year the game will prove as popular as ever. The members of this club are fortunate in having some of the best links in New Zealand.

Dear Bee, March 24.

The Napier Park Racing Club held their

#### AUTUMN MEETING

on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. They were favoured by fine weather on the first day, but it was rather windy and unpleasant on the second. Among those present were Mrs T. H. Lowry, in light grey poplin, the bodice trimmed with steel passementerie; her large grey felt hat had a plume of grey ostrich feathers at one side; her sister, Miss Florence Watt, was in white pique, with a white hat; Mrs R. B. Smith looked well in a lovely shade of blue, and a large Leghorn hat, trimmed with blue forget-me-nots and ribbon; Mrs Donnelly wore dark blue; her daughter, Miss Maud Donnelly, was in navy blue cloth, made with an Eton jacket, a scarlet vest, and a neat red felt hat; Mrs Thomson was also in a navy blue costume; Mrs Gore, in black and white, with a white hat; Miss Burke wore a pale pink dress; Mrs Lines wore a brown coat and skirt, with waistcoat, revers and collar of petunia white, and a black lace hat, trimmed with chiffon and poppies, the brim being raised at one side; Mrs Russell Duncan wore one of the prettiest dresses—a biscuit-coloured canvas, with collar and vest of pale blue chiffon, and a hat to match, trimmed with pale blue flowers; Mrs Wenley, in pale green, with a white muslin slip; Mrs Vigor Brown, in black and a white hat; Miss Brenda Wilson was in white muslin over green, and wore a large picture hat; Mrs Davidson, cream muslin over heliotrope silk; Miss Hall also wore a deep cream costume, and a

large Leghorn hat, with pink roses. A great many of the ladies wore tailor-made dresses, mostly of light tweed and cloth.

The Pollard Opera Company has been performing here during this week, and has attracted a fairly large audience every night. Some of those present were Mesdames Donnelly, Tanner, Wilson, Duncan, Wood, Smith, Misses Balfour, Daniella, Watt, Donnelly, Burke, etc.

#### BOWLING.

The bowling match was terminated yesterday on the Napier Green, and at the conclusion of the game the silk penant was presented to the Bluff Hill club by Mr P. Dinwiddie. The presentation was made to Mr D. A. Baxter, the secretary of that club, who, in returning thanks, said that the club felt very proud of the distinction, and that they hoped to retain possession of it in forthcoming years.

MARJORIE.

#### NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, March —  
Another pleasant

#### MATCH

was played on the Howling Green on Thursday afternoon, and tea was provided by Mesdames Goldwater, Allen and Marks. Among those present were Mrs W. Newman, black; Mrs G. Newnan, white, trimmed with black ribbon; Mrs Goldwater, black silk; Mrs H. Goldwater, handsome black satin, yellow front, black picture hat, with feathers; Miss Tobias, pretty fawn and pink costume, white hat, with ostrich plumes; Mrs Jackson, black; Miss L. Jackson, white blouse, fawn skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Hall, black skirt, white blouse; Mrs Holford, green coat and skirt, black hat, with pink flowers; Miss S. Cunningham, pale blue costume, white hat, with wings; Mrs Avery, black; Miss A. Avery, pale blue blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Marks, grey; white silk front; Mrs Allen; Mrs Stohr, grey; Mrs Fookes, grey; Mrs W. Fookes, black costume, with black lace cape; Mrs Collins; Miss A. Jackson, grey; Miss G. Goldwater, white; Miss Hart, Holland costume; Mrs Snowball, black; Mrs Collins, brown braided costume; etc.

#### THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL

was held in the Theatre Royal on Friday evening to celebrate St. Patrick's day, and was very successful. The supper-table was tastefully decorated with flowers, etc., and the floor was in good order. Great credit is due to the Committee (Messrs Barnett, Fischer, Ryan and Roche, and Misses Dennehy, O'Brien and Sullivan, and Mesdames Roche, Fischer, Bennett and Ryan) for the way in which everything was ably managed. Between the dances songs were sung by Misses O'Donnell (2), Loveridge, Dickenson and Mr Paterson. Mr Garry and Master Jack Garry supplied the music, and Mr E. Humphries acted as M.C. Among the dancers I noticed Mrs Champion, looking extremely well in heliotrope; Miss Dennehy, a pretty green satin blouse, black skirt; Miss Ryan, cream; Miss O'Brien, dark blue velvet, with chiffon trimmings; Mrs Kilner, pale green; Mrs Grey, cream; Miss Oliver looked striking in pink and green; Misses O'Donnell (2), white, with yellow sashes; Miss Hill, white; Miss Bennett, cream; Miss Hart, cream and yellow; Miss Douglas, cream blouse, black skirt; Miss Stanley looked pretty in yellow; Misses Pearce (2), white; Miss Edgcomb looked charming in cream; Miss Arnold, pink and white blouse, dark skirt; Miss M. Grey, cream, with green sash; Mrs Ryan, black satin; Miss Loveridge, white and red sash; Mrs Roche, black; Mrs Bennett, black and amber; Miss Treeby, yellow silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Sullivan, black and green; Miss H. Grey looked nice in cream; Miss Batten, pretty pale blue satin blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Fischer, black and green; Miss L. Ryan looked well in cream; Miss Jones, pale pink; Miss Moverly, cream; Miss Jury, pink; Miss Carthew, cream and green; Miss Power, green blouse, dark skirt; Miss Treeby, pink blouse, white skirt; Miss Ruby Bennett looked pretty in white; and Messrs McIntyre, Cook (2), T. Duffin, Thomas (2), Smythe, Farrah, Neil, McDuff, Skully, Taylor, Edgcomb, Jones, Fischer, Kilner, Ward (2), Carthew, Bennett (2), Woodhouse, G. Ryan, Champion, Petty, Hawkins, Roche, and others. NANCY LEE.



**BLLENHEIM.**

Dear Bee, March 18.

If the weather had been specially ordered for the occasion it could not have been better than what was allotted to us for St. Patrick's Day. Brilliant sunshine, the gentlest of zephyrs from the east, and a large grassy field, free from dust, in which the annual sports were held, inclined all who were present to amiability and enjoyment; added to which was the excellent management, the programme being completed before six o'clock; and the lively music played by the Hibernian band in its usual tasteful manner. There was a large number of officials, and Mr P. Meehan was judge, and Mr A. McAllister an admirable clerk of the course. The strictness of the latter in enforcing the rule that men should not crowd into the ring added to the enjoyment of the feminine portion of the spectators, as hitherto these chivalrous lords of the creation would stand in front of the ropes and intercept all view of some of the competitions, quite oblivious of requests to move away or sit on the ground. A. B. Melford, of Masterton, won all the heats of St. Patrick's Handicap, and the hurdle race, also the maiden race. A capital luncheon was provided by the Catholic ladies, in a tent on the ground. Very few of the spectators were known to me, but I noticed Mrs J. Wragge, who wore a handsome black dress and becoming heliotrope toque. Many white dresses were worn, though some in delicate shades of blue, pink, and heliotrope were to be seen. The day was finished by a concert, got up by the Hibernian Band, and most of the songs partook of national character. Miss Clare sang "The dear little shamrock," Mrs F. Hale, "Kate O'Shane," and Miss A. Morrison, "Kathleen Mavourneen," very pleasingly indeed; but "Love's Request," sung by Mrs Marks, and "Killarney" in response to an encore, were delightful, especially the latter. Time seems to have little effect on this lady's voice, which is lucrally impaired, in spite of many years' singing. As may be supposed, after a holiday comic songs were more appreciated than those of a sentimental kind, and rapturous applause greeted Mr Gerald Otterson, who was encored twice. Mr S. Conolly, Mr R. Hay, Mr Watson, and Mr Edwards received their meed of approbation in the shape of encores for their songs, and the last named gentleman, who has only recently arrived here, possesses a fine voice, and will no doubt be in great demand for future concerts. An exhibition of club swinging was given by Mr A. Jackson, and was very clever and interesting. The comedietta "Box and Cox" filled the second half of the programme. Mr S. Conolly being Cox, Mr J. Fitzgerald Box, and Mr H. Mears made a capital Mrs Bouncer.

Friday being Mrs Conolly's afternoon for tennis, a number assembled in her pleasant grounds, amongst whom were Mesdames Gard, Greenfield, Black, Stacey, Horton, G. Robinson, P. Doustin, G. W. McIntosh, Currie, Hubbard, J. Mowat, Griffiths, the Misses Conolly (Auckland), Mirams (Nelson), Stace, A. Horton, Mabin, Hubbard (Nelson), Ferguson, Waddy; and Messrs. Stubbs, L. Griffiths, Mirams, Black, Stacey, Stoney, Greenfield, D. Chaytor, Harris, Bunting, Fish, C. Hodson, etc. The visitors were arranged in a group and photographed by Mr G. W. McIntosh, whose photograph of the visitors to the Golf Links, a week ago, was a remarkably good one. Miss Gard is suffering from a slight attack of pleurisy, so neither she nor her sister were present at Mrs Conolly's. They are staying with Mrs J. Mowat for a short time, till they can move into their own house.

FRIDA.

**ROBIN HOOD BAY.**

Dear Bee, March 22.

On Tuesday, 28th February, the annual school sports were held at Robin Hood Bay. The competitors and most of the guests were early on the field, and the latter were delighted to find erected for their convenience a small pavilion, the roof and sides of which were composed of nikau palm leaves, and in which were placed comfortable chairs, and also a supply of delicious pears, which served as a light refreshment for guests and competitors dur-

ing the afternoon. H. J. Stace, sen., acted as judge of the races; E. V. Stace, time-keeper; J. Haughey, starter; H. J. Stace, jun., assistant starter. The races were won as follows:—R.H.B. Handicap: Frank Chaytor, Nelson, 1; David Mackenzie, Balclutha, 2; Cusack Mackenzie, Balclutha, 3. Jump Handicap: Lewis Clouston, Blenheim, 220 yds. Hurdles: Francis Clouston, Blenheim, 100 yds Handicap (Miss Stace's Prize, Scott's 'Ivanhoe'): Lewis Clouston, Blenheim. Spectators' and Officials' Race: T. H. Clouston, Blenheim, 1; J. Haughey, Robin Hood, 2. Blindfold Race: David Mackenzie, Balclutha. Consolation Race: Cusack Mackenzie, Balclutha. About 3.30 p.m. a delicious tea was served in the bush near at hand, and, needless to say, everyone did full justice to the dainties set before them. Great credit and thanks are due to Mrs Stace and the Misses A. and B. Stace for the delicious tea provided, and also for all their kind assistance in helping to further the comfort and enjoyment of everyone present. Mrs Stace wore a pretty pink blouse, dark skirt, and sailor hat; Miss Stace green skirt, pink blouse, large white picture hat trimmed with white chiffon and bows of pretty green and pink shot ribbon; Miss Bertha Stace, white blouse, dark skirt, sailor hat. I noticed from the colours worn that there were from the field old pupils from three of our finest scholastic institutions, viz.: Nelson Girls' College, Wellington Boys' College, Christ's College, Christchurch; and I admired the spirit which prompted these young people to wear upon this gala day the silent yet sure signs of the pride felt for their respective old colleges. Contrasting prettily with these colours were the black and orange of the 'Robin Hood' boys. Before I close I would like to say that Kenneth Mackenzie, who has played so important a part in previous sports held at Robin Hood Bay, has gone Home to England to finish his education there, and is winning laurels for himself at the large school he attends in London. We all join in wishing him every success, and trust he will do as well in 'turning the race of life' as he did in running the races held at the Robin Hood School, and that he will carry off all the best prizes due to the man who lives a good and honest, upright manly life.—Yours, etc.,

MAORI CHIEF.

**WELLINGTON.**

Dear Bee, March 23.

There is great lack of gaiety of all description in Wellington just now, but it is always so at this time of the year. It seems particularly so now, owing I suppose to the absence of Lord and Lady Ranfurly and party from Wellington. However, the season will be coming on soon, and then we will make up for lost time.

There were a lot of people at golf last Saturday, when the Miramar Golf Club opened their season. Among those present were:—Mrs H. D. Bell, Mrs A. Pearce, Mrs Lees, Mrs Todd, Mrs Turnbull, Mrs Adams, the Misses Bell (2), Izard, Calder (Australia), Cooper, Duncan, Dransfield, Williams, Johnston, Hutchison, Rattray (Dunedin), and the Messrs Todd, Tripp, Pearce, Duncan, Lees, Kirkby, Gore, Higginson, Turnbull, Hadfield, Chapman, etc.

The members of the Thorndon Tennis Club seem to be particularly keen this year. A great many club tournaments have been played and are still going on. I hear that a team of four gentlemen from Christchurch are coming up at Easter time, and invitations have been issued from the members of the Thorndon Tennis Club to witness the matches between the visitors and some of the chosen members of this club.

The Wellington Golf Club opened the golf season at the Miramar Links on Saturday last, a very large attendance of golfers being present, including the members of the Hutt Club. Dr. and Mrs Martin entertained all the visitors and players on the links at afternoon tea, and much interest was taken in the foursomes contest for prizes presented by Mrs Arthur Pearce, who eventually won with Mr Todd with the good score of 93, handicap 2, net 91, but waived her right to the prize to Miss Morrah, who was second with Mr Ian Duncan.

The highest scores were:—Mr Todd and Mrs A. Pearce, score 93, handicap 2, net 91; Mr Ian Duncan and Miss Morrah, 110, 18, 92; Mr Jackson and Miss Rattray, 107, 13, 94; Mr K. Duncan and Miss Bell, 105, 11, 94; Mr Lea and Mrs Collins, 97, 1, 96; Mr Pryde and Mrs Turnbull, 98, scratch, 98.

OPHELIA-CLARISSE.

**NELSON.**

Dear Bee, March 20.

**THE MISSIONARY SALE AND GARDEN PARTY.**

which was held on Wednesday afternoon in the grounds of 'Wainui,' the residence of Mr and Mrs Lightband, was in every way a success. The weather was perfect and the attendance was good, so all the stall-holders had a very busy time, and towards the end of the afternoon nearly all their pretty wares were sold. Stalls were held by the following: Curios, Mrs Lightband, Mrs and Miss Filleul; fancy work, the Misses Humphries and Kempthorne; cakes and sweets, the Misses Heaps and Trix Atkinson; produce, Mrs Mirams and Miss E. Mules; missionary literature and carving, Miss Holloway; afternoon tea, Mrs Mirams and a number of assistants.

Amongst those present were the Bishop and Mrs Mules; Miss Mules, white pique, with red ribbons; Miss E. Mules also wore white; Rev. J. P. and Mrs Kempthorne; Rev. F. and Mrs Chatterton, the latter wearing a green coat and skirt, straw hat; Mrs Filleul, handsome black costume; Miss Filleul, Holland dress, sailor hat; Mrs Lightband, black, with jet trimmings; Mrs Humphries; Miss Humphries, pretty heliotrope cambric, with white lace fichu, sailor hat; Miss Kempthorne, cream muslin; the Misses Heaps and Atkinson wore white; Mrs Mirams, white pique, black hat; Mrs Blundell, Mrs Holloway; Miss Holloway, white; Mrs Sealy, black; Miss Sealy, white pique, white chip hat, with pink roses beneath the brim; Mrs Renwick, black costume, smart bonnet, with heliotrope flowers; Mrs Robertson; Miss Marsden (Stoke), black mourning costume; Mrs De Castro, grass lawn, with white vest, small black hat, with red roses; Miss Browning; Mrs Hudson, pretty combination of black and white; Mrs Vining, green flowered muslin, sailor hat; her little daughter was much admired in white; Mrs Gibbs; Mrs and Miss Pogson; the Misses Burnett (2) wore costumes of cream cashmere, hats to match; Miss Leggatt, white muslin and lace, white chip hat, with pink roses above and beneath the brim; Miss V. Leggatt, green and white striped cambric; Miss M. Day, who has just arrived from England, wore a well-cut coat and skirt of grey cloth, becoming black hat, trimmed with violets; Miss Rayner, fawn cambric, black hat, with red roses; Miss Saxton, light muslin; Mrs Fell, green silk blouse, black skirt, bonnet to match; Mrs Bunney, navy costume, with front of cream chiffon; Miss M. Bunney, red and white striped cambric; Mrs Gascoyne, handsome black satin; the Misses Gascoyne (2); Miss Tomlinson, white muslin blouse, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss Poole, white and black muslin, hat en suite; Mrs Lewis; Mrs Rochfort; Miss Pearce; Miss Lightfoot, white, with red belt and band on her hat; Miss Pauka, dark green coat and skirt, red and white striped blouse, sailor hat; Miss Pasley (Gisborne), light blue cambric, white chip hat; and many others.

On Tuesday evening, at the Theatre Royal, Miss Elsie Hall gave a

**PIANO RECITAL.**  
when her exquisite playing charmed all her hearers. Miss Hall wore a simple gown of white silk. Amongst the audience were noticed Mesdames Fell, Cook, Atkinson (2), Houliker, Humphries, Blackett, Melhuish, Moore, the Misses Houliker, Gibbs (3), Gibben, Trix Atkinson, Gibson, Hayter, Webb-Howen, Fell (4), Humphries, Sealy (2), Kempthorne, Culbertson, Lightfoot (2), D. Bett, Ledger (2), Melhuish, Leggatt, Robertson, Stephens, Pearce, Moore (3), Judge Denniston, Messrs Cook, Wing, Denniston, Handke, Fell, Miles, Kempthorne, Wratt, King, Duncan, Mackay, Atkinson, Webb - Bowen, Moore, Dr. Talbot, Dr. Gibbs, and many others.

PHYLLIS.

**PICTON.**

Dear Bee, March 20.

An epidemic of tea fights and cricket matches have been our only dissipations lately, and you will agree with me in thinking that these affairs are very mild. The Kenepuru and Manarou settlers had a pitched battle with bat, ball and wickets at Kenepuru, which resulted in favour of the Manarou men; and on Wednesday the Pictou cricketers went down the Sound to Tory Channel and played a match with the settlers round and about Te Awaite—the whaling station. The match was played on Mr Temple's land, and resulted in a win for the Pictou men, who agree that of all the jolly outings they ever had 'this capped everything.' They did not invite their lady friends to accompany them, so the ladies feel hurt about it, naturally.

On Wednesday the teachers of Holy Trinity (Anglican) Church Sunday School held their

**ANNUAL TREAT**

up Esson's Valley. The weather was perfect, and a goodly crowd assembled to do justice to the good things provided and enjoy an afternoon out in the fresh air, and see their children enjoying themselves.

On St. Patrick's Day a party came into town from the country and hired the s.s. Elsie to go off down the Sound picnicking and fishing, where they spent a jolly day.

Mr Aymer Kenny, owner of the ketch Lizzie, found some wreckage at Tory Channel Heads on Tuesday last, which he supposes was caused by the gale of Saturday and Sunday last. The gale was only equalled by the celebrated gale which blew down the sheds and broke up the skiffs at the Pictou Championship Regatta meeting some few years back, so that it is only to be expected that we shall hear of marine disasters somewhere.

Mosquitoes are very numerous in Pictou this season, almost as numerous as they were in the very old days when mosquito curtains were a necessary part of the furnishing of a house.

JEAN.

**HASTINGS.**

Dear Bee, March 18.

The pretty racecourse at Hastings was the scene of a gay gathering on last Wednesday and Friday, when the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club held their Autumn Meeting. After the recent rains the grounds were at their best. The grass was beautifully green and the willows gave a pleasant shade near the lake. The pretty dresses of the ladies added colour to the scene. Mrs Fenwick wore a dainty dress of soft cream silk, relieved with black velvet, and a big cream hat trimmed with white feathers and chiffon; Mrs Donnelly was in black; Mrs Wenley wore black chiffon over pink silk, and a stylish black and pink hat with feathers; Mrs Coleman was in green silk covered with black tulle, and a black bonnet; Miss Florence Watt was in bright blue, and her vest was white satin, white chip hat trimmed with violets; Her sister (Mrs T. H. Lowry) was in mauve; Miss Beamish wore a tailor gown; Mrs Laurence was in black, with a lace mantle and a becoming black bonnet with cream flowers. Some others present were Mesdames Luckie, Fitzroy, Rathbone, Gordon, Gore, Smith, etc.

We are all sorry to lose Mr and Mrs Philson, of the Bank of New Zealand, who are leaving here on account of the Hastings branch of that bank having been closed. They are very popular and will be much missed in Hastings.

Miss Russell has returned from England by the s.s. Papanui, and Captain Russell has gone to Wellington to meet her. His sons, who have been ill with typhoid fever, are, fortunately, recovering, but Miss Winnie Simcox, daughter of the Rev. S. Simcox, of Waipukurau, is at present suffering from an attack, and is in the Waipukurau Hospital.

DOROTHY.

**CHRISTCHURCH**

Dear Bee, March 18.

The great event we have all longed and looked forward to has taken place and it is almost with regret I write to tell you about it; for one and all wish

Mr John Peacock could come of age twice over. The birthday ball was the greatest success given by Mrs Peacock at 'Hawkesbury,' Papanui Road, on Wednesday evening last. No expense or trouble had been spared, the whole of the beautiful house was thrown open to the guests, the lovely garden, dimly lighted with lamps here and there, ferneries, summer houses, all added greatly to the enjoyment of the dancers, and when I tell you it was 4 a.m. before we broke up, it leaves you to imagine what a great success it was. The drawing-room hall and dining-room made one large ball-room, conservatories leading off the ball-room, most beautifully arranged with choice pot plants and ferns, luxurious lounges, fairy lamps, etc. Supper was served in a large room, and a right merry one it was, toasts responded to with cheers filling the house with merriment. Mrs Peacock received her guests in a handsome black brocade with heliotrope chiffon and white lace; Miss McLean (Gisborne), who opened the ball with Mr John Peacock, looked well in a pretty pale blue bengaline trimmed with bunches of white feathers; Mrs Stead, a lovely gown of black with exquisite diamonds; Mrs Common, palest shade of lavender with spangled net, very handsome; Mrs Howard, a rich yellow silk; Mrs Henry Wood, white satin with gold sequin trimmings; Mrs Walcott Wood, a beautiful rose pink satin, with black velvet trimmings; Mrs McDougall, a handsome green satin; Mrs Dight (Sydney), a rich white satin; Mrs Kinsey, black satin; Mrs G. Fisher, a handsome white brocade; Miss Sams (Sydney), a pretty yellow silk with white lace on the bodice; Miss K. Wood (debutante), white satin; Miss Bullock, black satin, with red trimmings, long red sash, and carried a beautiful bouquet of red flowers; Miss Cook, white silk; Miss M. Tavart, a cinnamon brown dress with bright green chiffon; Miss Mary Tavart, white; Miss Kinsey, a lovely heliotrope brocade; Miss E. Newton, white satin, her sister in yellow satin; Miss Leno, a pale shade of pink silk; Miss Matson, white; Miss Dixon (Sydney), yellow silk; Miss Graham, salmon pink; Miss Way, a pretty green silk; Miss Ella Harley, white satin; Miss McClathie, white; Miss Louisson, white; Messrs Graham, Reid, Henderson, Batchelor, Corbett, Torlesse, Cox, Williams, Adams, Day, Wood (3), Fisher, Orbell, Matson, Sams, Harley, Dr. Jennings, Common, etc., etc.

Invitations had been issued by Mrs Boyle for a dance to be held in the Art Gallery on Saturday evening for children under 14, but unfortunately, her little daughter, Phyllis, awakened in the morning with measles, so it had to be postponed, however all her little friends are glad to hear she is already better.

The tennis tournament was continued at Lancaster Park on Saturday afternoon. It was a perfect afternoon, and a pleasant time was spent. Most of the finals were reached, and the results proved that the Cranmer Square Club have the stronger players. In the ladies' doubles, Miss Gordon and Miss Hurman won the trophy, beating Mrs Barlow and Miss Clarkson (Linwood) in the final 2-6, 6-2, 6-4. Men's doubles, Cox and Collins owe 30, 3-6, beat Barlow and McLeod (Linwood), 6-4, 5-7, 6-3, thus winning the match. In the singles, handicapped, first grade, Laurie beat Franks, 7-5, 6-2; second grade, Quill (Linwood), beat Reid (Cranmer). Mr Wilding presented the prizes, and congratulated the winners. Mrs E. J. Ross and Mrs Laurie provided afternoon tea, assisted by the Misses Cox, Aitken, Meures, and Allen. In the championship singles, Mr C. Cox meets Mr Laurie in the final, and Miss Van Asch meets Miss M. Simpson. These matches will be played on Saturday next, and will end a most successful tournament. The committee are to be congratulated.

Mrs Stead's luncheon party on Tuesday at Strowan was a great success. Among those invited were Mrs Babington, Mrs and Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs and Miss Palmer, Mrs and Miss Reeve, Mrs G. Lee, Mrs George Gould.

Miss Connie Hargreaves gave an afternoon tea last week on an adieu to the Misses Winter, and a very jolly afternoon was spent; music and tea were the chief amusement. I noticed the Misses Winter (3), Graham, Deamer, Cunningham, Thomas, etc.

On dit that five weddings are coming off in Easter week.

**TWO WHISTLES AND A RAP.**

**A RUN FOR LIBERTY AND HONOUR.**

It was about two a.m. when Tom Thomason first heard the noise.

Digby and Brookes, who occupied the same bedroom as himself at Excelsior College, were sleeping audibly. Tom Thomason was on the alert in an instant. A gale was blowing outside. He could hear the continuous cannonading of the waves as they were flung upon the shingle, and the trees of the little orchard which surrounded three sides of the house were rustling violently, but he could also distinctly hear the crunch, crunch of a man's footsteps upon the gravel path.

He walked to the window and opened it with little noise. The cold night breeze swept into the room, and Digby and Brookes disappeared as if by clockwork beneath the clothes.

A man was walking stealthily round the wall of the house.

'What's his little game?' thought Tom. 'Nothing good, I'll be bound. Snakes! Why, he's coming up! Ah, a rope ladder—and tied to the pater's window! What's he doing in there? I'll give the alarm! This is robbery, or worse!'

At that moment the man who had effected so strange an entrance into the adjoining room coughed slightly, and Tom recognised his father's voice. He heard the rope thrown upon the floor and the closing of the window.

Tom was silent. Happily for himself, and for another, he did not awaken his two companions, or alarm the house. Though he did not know it then, such a proceeding could only have been followed by shame and remorse.

He got back into bed, lost in amazement, wondering what mysterious business could have occupied his father (who was mathematical master at Excelsior College) during his nocturnal ramble. And why the rope ladder?

'I give it up,' he muttered, thumping his pillow into shape; 'but I'll ask him in the morning.'

In the morning, therefore, happening to encounter his father alone, Tom thus accosted him:

'Hope you enjoyed your walk last night, Dad.'

'What are you talking about,' replied Mr Thomason, sharply.

'I heard someone walking in the orchard, and I thought I recognised you.'

'Me, Tom? Why, I hope I have not been at my sonnambulistic tricks again. I was under the impression that I was quite cured of that complaint. Are you quite sure it was I?'

'Pretty sure, Dad but the funny part of it was that you seemed to

climb up to your room by a rope ladder.'

At these words Mr Thomason turned deadly pale, and, though naturally a mild-tempered man, his eyes glittered with anger.

'What were you doing up at that time?' he began fiercely. But, checking himself almost instantly, he went on: 'Why, you young donkey, that proves I was not sleep-walking! You must have been dreaming. Whoever heard of a sonnambulist carrying a rope ladder about with him? There, be off, and refrain from eating pastry o' nights.'

After this, Tom dismissed the incident from his mind, and so he never thought of it in connection with that great burglary at Whitty's, the jeweller's, which created a profound sensation in the town. And if he had—what then? Was not Mr Thomason one of the most popular masters in Excelsior College, and loved not only by his son but by the whole school? Yet only too true it was that none who knew him ever dreamed that the fair exterior of a hearty, generous manner concealed the troubled and complex thoughts of the gambler.

**II.**

'Are you game for a midnight escape?' said Digby, addressing Tom in a whisper. 'Brookes is in it. I tell you it's something out of the common, and requires pluck.'

'Then,' said Tom grandiloquently, 'I'm your man.'

'Good. Be off, Simpson, you prying beggar, and don't spy into the intrigues of gentlemen. Come round here, Tom; what I have to say must be kept strictly secret.'

'Go ahead.'

'You heard of the robbery at Whitty's?'

'Rather.'

'And that theres a reward of a hundred pounds offered?'

'Wish I could nobble it.'

'Well, Brookes and I have hit on a clue—a right-down red-hot clue.'

'That's good; and so you want to consult a master mind?'

'Shut up, and listen. Brookes found this in the orchard this morning.'

As he spoke, Digby unfolded a small piece of paper and read aloud:

'T—p—n goes to bed at ten. Monday. Climb gate and be at side door at 12. Two whistles and a rap.—I.'

'There are also a few figures underneath in pencil in another writing. What they mean we haven't yet been able to fathom. This is the conclusion we have come to. T—p—n, we take it, signifies Toddlepen—mark you, another jeweller. As you know, there's a little blind court by the side of his shop, the gate of which is always closed and locked at night. That is evidently the gate in question. The note is signed "I," and we happen to know that one of Toddlepen's men is named Jake—he seems to be in the swim. Of course, we don't yet

know the name of his accomplice; but," said Digby swelled with importance, 'it is evident that at least two men have entered into nefarious partnership with a view to entering Mr Toddlepen's shop on Monday night at twelve o'clock with burglarious intent.'

'Give me the note,' said Tom. 'Perhaps I can recognise the fist of the man who added the figures,' and he glanced at the document.

'By Jingo!' exclaimed Digby. 'I believe you do know it.'

Thomason was staring fixedly at the paper, the blood ebbling from his face, a look of unutterable horror dawning in his eyes. His hand shook as he returned the missive.

'No,' said he. 'I thought at first that I did; but I must be mistaken. What do you propose to do?'

'I say, old chap,' said the other, 'you mustn't lose heart like that, you know. Why, man, you're as white as a ghost. I hope you will show more pluck if it comes to tackling the beggars single-handed. Let me tell you, in the first place, that when we discovered this note we were on the point of handing it over to the Head; but on second thoughts, not caring to lose our chance of the reward, we hit upon a better plan. We suggest that the three of us drop from the window at about half-past eleven to-night, walk to Toddlepen's, which is not far, and there await developments. When we are sure that the rogues are in the house, we will give the alarm and have them neatly trapped. I don't suppose the Head will be best pleased when he hears, as he is bound to do, of our moonlight trip; but, hang it all—a hundred pounds!'

'But how do you know that they are the same men who are wanted for the Whitty robbery?'

'Almost bound to be the same. My detective instinct shrewdly tells me that they are members of an organised gang.'

'Yes,' said Tom, absently. 'I expect they are the same. All right, to-night I will join you.'

With these words they parted. Tom wandered off to give way to the most bitter reflections. He had recognised the handwriting of the figures as his father's. He remembered, too, that the note had been discovered in the orchard, where it had probably fallen from his father's pocket as he climbed the ladder. The horrible suspicion which had seized upon him was not to be shaken off. If it was true and he could not believe that it was—his father would be apprehended that night. He must be warned, yet how could he approach him on such a subject? It was with a feeling of relief that he learned that Mr Thomason had absented himself during the half-holiday and would not return until closing time.

All he could do, therefore, was to accompany his two companions, and



Dawson, photo.

NATIVE MEETING AT WAITANGI.—THE GOVERNOR REPLYING.

DOLLY VALE.

if his surmise should prove to be the truth, then at all costs he must prevent capture, and what was almost as bad—recognition.

III.

'Follow quickly, and don't make a noise, you fellows,' said Digby, as he scrambled to the ground by the aid of the tough, intertwining ivy which overhung the wall.

The others followed immediately. 'My word!' exclaimed Brookes, glancing up at the mathematical master's room. 'Old Tommy likes fresh air. Why, his window is wide open!'

'Come along and don't talk,' said Digby, angrily, and they crept through the grounds and were soon clear of the house.

The fresh moonlit night and the novelty of the situation were incentives to good spirits. Digby and Brookes were sanguine of success. Tom, following in the rear, an unsuspected traitor, determined to frustrate their plans.

Toddlepen occupied a double-fronted shop in the market place of the town. The three boys took up their station under cover on the opposite side of the square.

'The quarry's in sight,' whispered Brookes, after ten minutes of waiting.

A man was stealthily creeping along in the shadow on the right side of the market place. Unfortunately for him the object of his designs lay in the full moonlight. He hesitated for a moment, then ran nimbly out across the angle of the square, carrying what appeared to be a rope under his arm, reached the court by the side of the jeweller's establishment and vaulted over. It was a daring venture and performed with remarkable silence and quickness.

'Jakes opens the side door in three minutes,' whispered Brookes. 'Let us wait till they're fairly at it, then, Brookes, do you scoot through that turning and yell for all you're worth for assistance, while Tom and I waken old Toddlepen and keep the door.'

Tom assented hoarsely. He had seen what the others had not—that the man whom they had observed was in very truth his father.

'Go!' exclaimed Digby, almost directly after the two whistles and a rap were heard, and Brookes ran from the square, yelling frantically, 'Help! Robbery! Help!'

The two others beat upon the jeweller's door.

They began to feel then, as they were assured of afterwards, that the plan of capture which they had devised was not the best. They had acted on a first impulse and with a desire to be the principal factors in the arrest of the two men.

The man Jakes suddenly sprang over the gate, dashed Digby to the ground and sprinted across the square. At the same moment the alarmed jeweller flung open his bedroom window and let fly with a revolver, the balls striking and glancing from the pavement in all directions. Jakes was hit and badly, too, though he fought desperately with the constable who rushed upon the scene, accompanied by Brookes. In the struggle they did not notice a man carrying a rope, who darted from the front door of the shop, turned the corner, and ran like a rabbit down the High-street.

But Tom saw him, and Digby, too, and they were at once in hot pursuit—the one bent on capturing him, and the other equally determined to aid his escape.

Tom succeeded in outpacing his friend, and drew near to the flying man. The latter turned in desperation.

'Father!' 'Tom!' Only two words, but full of a world of reproach and shame. 'Be quick!' gasped the boy. 'I will stop pursuit.'

Digby came running close up, when suddenly Tom appeared to stumble over something and fell heavily against him. The two boys rolled upon the ground.

'Let go, you clown!' screamed Digby.

They scrambled to their feet, but the slight check had sufficed. The mathematical master had disappeared. 'You donkey! You jacknape!' roared Digby. 'What did you do that

for? We should have had him as sure as nails. I believe I've seen him before. He seemed to me to be like—like—'

'Out with it!' 'Oh, hang it! I forget now.' Nor did he ever remember.

Mr Thomason resigned his post at Excelsior College, and left England, accompanied by his son, for one of the colonies. Soon after news of his tragic end reached the school. It was stated he was one of the victims of a native rising, that after his son had been knocked senseless he stood over him and defended him with extraordinary valour until help arrived, when he fell himself, his face to the foe, covered with blood and wounds.

IT DOESN'T HURT THE SURGEON.

WHEN THE KNIFE IS USED IT'S THE PATIENT WHO SUFFERS.

A London surgeon connected with one of the medical schools of that city was one day on the point of lancing a felon for one of the students. The patient paled at sight of the knife. 'It won't hurt,' observed the surgeon with a sympathetic smile. 'I sometimes think,' he added, 'that it is well for a surgeon to feel the point of the knife at least once in his life.'

'I saw my first hospital service in this city with Dr. S.," he went on, "and no bet-

ter surgeon was then to be found in America. He had a large dispensary clinic and rarely a day passed that one or more cases of felon did not appear.

'It won't hurt,' was always his comforting assurance to the patient.

'The old doctor was very irritable if a patient made an outcry or bother over the lancing of a felon. "Put your finger down there," indicating the edge of the table, "and keep still," he commanded, and truth to tell patients as a rule made little fuss.

'Time passed on, and in the mutations of life Dr. S. had a felon on his left forefinger, and it was a bad one. He poulticed it and fussed with it for about a week, and walked the floor with pain at night. At last it became unendurable, and he went to his assistant surgeon and said nervously: "I say, doctor, will you take a look at my finger?"

'The assistant surgeon looked and remarked gravely, "That ought to have been lanced before."

'Possibly—but—" said Dr. S., and then, "Perhaps you'd better lance it now."

'Certainly," said the assistant surgeon. "Put your finger on the table."

'Dr. S. complied, and with a face as white as paper watched the knife. "Be gentle," he cautioned, "that's an awful sore finger."

'It won't hurt," remarked the assistant surgeon, and the sharp steel descended.

'There was a howl of agony from Dr. S., and with his finger in his other hand he danced about the room crying, "Oh, oh, why?"

'Why," remarked the assistant surgeon, "I have heard you tell patients hundreds of times that it didn't hurt to lance a felon."

'No doubt, no doubt you have," groaned Dr. S. "But that depends on which end of the knife a man is at."

THE UNEXPECTED

IT HAPPENED IN THE FOLLOWING RECENT AND MYSTERIOUS CASES.

It transpired at an inquest in London the other day that a man who had shot himself died from natural causes, and this remarkable circumstance recalls some almost incredible incidents of the kind which have happened of late. Only a few weeks ago a man jumped from London Bridge into the river, and though he was picked out of the water quite dead the doctor declared that he was not drowned, but died from heart disease, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

Though the fact went almost unnoticed at the time, Baron Rothschild expired on his birthday, hardly an hour after reading a batch of congratulatory epistles wishing him 'many happy returns,' and the late Mr T. B. Porter, founder of the Cobden Club, died on the very same day of the year and in the same hour as his wife, whom he survived 12 years. When the Passioha crisis was at its height two Congregational ministers, bearing the unusual names France and French, died in the same week.

A curious fact leaked out at a recent inquest in Hermondsey. The victims were two babies, who had been accidentally suffocated, and the evidence showed that all the parents retired to rest in the same hour on the same morning, and that both mothers found their children dead at the same time.

The superstitious will find food for reflection in the fate of a passenger by the unfortunate ship Mohegan, which was recently wrecked on the Cornish coast. The passenger wrote just before the departure of the vessel:—'If there is any ill-luck

ABOUT THE NUMBER 13 I ought to get it, for I have taken No. 13 cabin and paid £13 for it.' His friends found his body the thirteenth in the line of dead.

The Margate surf boat, Friend of All Nations, was wrecked recently on the first anniversary of the terrible disaster which befel her in 1897, when nine of her crew were drowned in a storm, and another sea coincidence was noted at the time of the death of Dr. F. E. Lees, the veteran temperance reformer. A fishing smack had been named after Dr. Lees, and about the same hour that the doctor passed away the little vessel was totally wrecked off the coast of Holland.

Not very long ago a miner named John Holden was killed by a fall of roof in a Lancashire pit, and at almost the same moment his stepson was decapitated in another part of the mine. Almost at the same hour on Boxing Day, a death and birth took place on the Seemering Mountains.

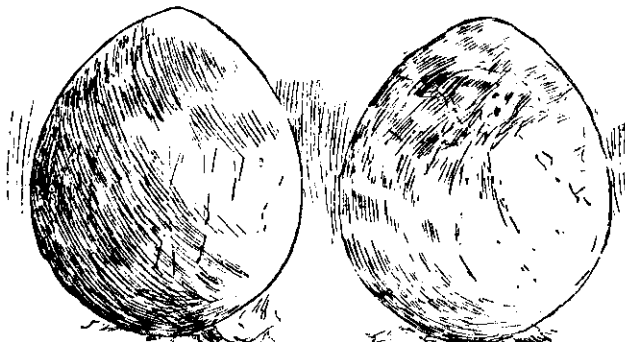
Many readers will have noticed a painful coincidence which occurred nearer home in connection with the murder of a popular actor. An intimate friend was with the actor at the time he met his death, and on the recent anniversary of the tragedy the same friend was at the graveside of his daughter, also an actress, who had committed suicide.

Not so long ago a case occurred of a woman who fell dead as she was leaving a house. A passer-by ran for the doctor, and rang the bell at the surgery door, but before he could deliver his message he fell dead at the doctor's feet. The other day, too, a woman living at Chadwell Heath visited her son in West Ham Hospital, he having been

RUN OVER BY A TRAIN, and after hurrying back to catch her train at Stratford the mother fell down on the platform, dead.

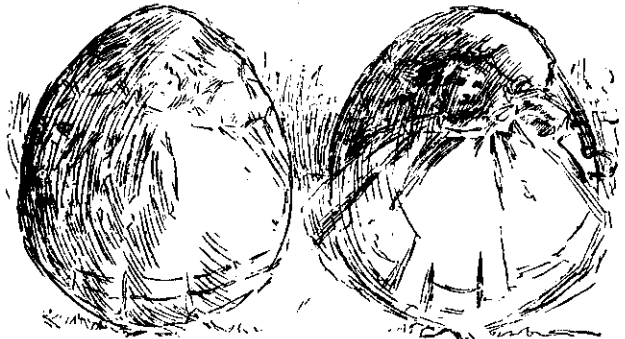
A Liverpool solicitor, travelling in the Manchester express, put his head out of the window as the train approached the station, and came in contact with the guard's van of another train. He was killed, and the accident happened on the first anniversary of the day on which his father had met with a similar accident on the same line.

An incident of quite a different kind, but equally remarkable, occurred in Manchester. A lady in that city lost a gold ring, and was overjoyed a few days afterwards to find it outside a jeweller's shop. Imagining that she had dropped it there, and that it had lain in the street unseen, she went into the shop to inform the jeweller of the circumstance, and it then transpired that a gentleman had found the ring a day or two before, and had gone to the jeweller to value it just before



Once Sun and Wind in Fairyland An egg discovered on the sand.

'Behold,' they said, 'this wondrous sight, 'Tis strangely marked and stands upright.'



About it then the South Wind played, The Sun some curious shadows made.

And then the Wind more gayly blew, The sun increased his antics, too.



Till dimly form and features fair Began at last to blossom there.

And thus did Sun and Wind unfurl Our radiant little Easter girl.

the lady entered. On feeling in his pocket for the ring, however, he declared he had lost it. So that the ring had been twice lost and twice found, and had, by a remarkable coincidence, returned into the possession of its rightful owner.

### AMERICA'S QUEEN.

SHE IS LAVINIA BY NAME, AND HER CROWN COST £6,000.

One of the most pronounced characteristics of the average American is his fondness for titles. Having no aristocracy of their own, Americans have taken to adopting military and naval titles, oftentimes upon the flimsiest of pretext.

Of course none of the American women can adopt the titles; consequently they are now forming themselves into more or less curious organisations, which are supposed to raise them above the multitude. There are in America 'Colonial Dames,' 'Daughters of the Revolution,' 'Descendants of the Signers,' and 'Daughters of Virginia.' But an American woman has now gone one better, and created herself a full-fledged queen. She has a crown and sceptre, knights and powdered pages, official robes, and a costly throne.

The descendants of the old Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam do not lack for wealth, and when Lavinia Dempsey was chosen queen

#### HER CORONATION

in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was one that any properly State-recognised queen might have envied.

Lavinia's crown, it is said, cost £6,000, and her coronation robes were quite in keeping with her head-piece. The other day 'Queen Lavinia' announced through her 'Lord Chamberlain' that she would attend a Sunday Kindergarten Association in one of the poorer districts of New York. She called the function a 'Twelfth Night Party,' and the members of the 'Court' were commanded to attend.

Of course they did so, and the work-a-day people of New York have not yet finished talking about it. The royal procession started from a fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel. Six carriages were required to convey the queen and her attendants to the party. The populace followed in street cars and on bicycles. Four splendid horses drew the so-called royal equipage.

The chief of police detailed Detective Strauss, a special escort, to ride with 'Her Majesty.' 'Queen Lavinia' knighted him at once, and told him his title would hereafter be 'Head of the Military Household.'

### WHITE SLAVES IN HUNGARY.

LOW CONDITION OF PEASANTS.—THEY ARE HARNESSED TO THE PLOUGH LIKE BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Stephen Varkonyi, the leader of the peasants' revolution, which convulsed Hungary during the early months of this year, has just been sentenced to one year's imprisonment for high treason.

The movement which was inaugurated by Varkonyi was a revolt against the remnants of serfdom which still exist in some parts of Hungary. In these districts each peasant is compelled to work fifty days in the year for the land owner without pay.

These fifty days of compulsory labour are not successive, or at fixed intervals, but when the land owner has work to be done he sends a drummer through the village, and every male inhabitant is obliged to respond to the summons.

Thereupon so many men are selected as are required. The land owner almost invariably exacts this labour in the summer, when the peasant's time is most valuable to him.

In midsummer the peasant can earn as much as one shilling in a day; in winter not more than fourpence or sixpence. In winter the peasants are compelled to act as beaters in the magistrates' hunts for a wage of two pence a day. The occupation is a dangerous one, and the time is not counted in the annual fifty days' compulsory labour.

The wives of the peasants are required to sweep and scrub the local manor house once a week without pay. Finally, many land owners use

the peasants as beasts of burden, harnessing four men to the plough instead of two oxen.

Stephen Varkonyi, who instigated the revolt against these degrading conditions of labour, is a sort of Hungarian Wat Tyler. He is the son of poor peasants, was educated in the farm yard, and graduated in the fields.

He is quite a typical horny-handed son of toil, is physically tall, stoutly built, with plenty of character in his shaggy head, and small eyes with their suggestion of the Mongolian slit, and has that rough kind of natural humour that appeals to the simple peasant mind.

Varkonyi, whose power over the agricultural population of his country is unbounded, is one of the most interesting figures in modern Hungarian life.—'London Mail.'

### RINGING THE CHANGES ON 1899.

COMBINATIONS OF THE FIGURES OF THE PRESENT YEAR AND SOME OF THE ODD RESULTS OBTAINED.

If we add together the figures contained in 1899 we find they make 27, and these added give us 9. Subtract the first two figures, 18, from 99, and we have 81, which added make 9, and the letters comprising the words eighty-one are nine. Add the first two figures, 18, to 99, and we have 117; these figures, when added, again give us 9. If we add all the principal numbers thus far mentioned—viz.: 1899, 18, 81, 117, and 27, the sum is 2,142, and these figures added give us 9. If we subtract 27 from 117 we have 90, which divided by 10 again give us 9. By subtracting 117 from 1899 the remainder is 1782; these figures, when added, give us 18, and these two when added give us 9. If we add 90 and 1782, principal numbers, not included in first addition, to 2142, obtained above, we have 4014, and these figures, when added, again produce 9. Now, if we add the figures 1899 to the last sum we have 5913, and these added produce 18, which again being added the result is 9.

The combinations obtained above are remarkable, but carrying them still further, with stranger results, we find that by adding 1899 to the sums thus far obtained, viz., 4014 and 5613, the sum is 11,826, and by adding these figures we have 18, which added produce 9. Further, if we add the first figure of the above sum to the last two, viz., 118 to 26, we have 144, and these figures added give us 9.

We have now tried the results of addition and of subtraction on these mystic figures, and will now see what multiplication will do. If we multiply 18 by 99 the product is 1782; these figures when added give us 18, and carefully adding the numerals used in this multiplication we will find the addition to be 63, and by adding these we have 9. Now, we will multiply the first three figures of the year by the last, viz., 189 by 9, we find 1701, and by adding these figures we have 9, or if we add the numerals used in this calculation we find they amount to 36, and these added again produce 9. We will multiply the two products obtained above, viz., 1782 by 1701, and we have 3,031,182; these figures added produce 18 and these added give us 9.

Innumerable changes could be rung on these mystic figures, but the most remarkable part is that the letters comprising the words eighteen ninety-nine are 18, and these two, when added, produce the inevitable 9.—'Detroit Free Press.'

The longest courtship on record was that of Robert Taylor, Postmaster at Scarva, Ireland. He courted his lady love for 50 years and married her in 1872, when his age was 108. He recently died in his one hundred and thirty-fourth year.

It has been my experience that people—women especially—(says a well-known actor), are very quick to notice a slovenly man, and they are pretty sure to avoid him whenever it is possible. It does not cost any more to be well groomed than it does to appear like a slouch. I have always held that to make yourself as presentable as possible is a duty you owe to society.

### FORTUNE MADE IN A DAY.

AT AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

The first diamond discovered in South Africa was purchased in 1867 by a trader named John O'Reilly. While returning from the interior with his cattle he stayed for a few days, in order to recuperate at a large farm on the banks of the Orange River owned by a Boer named Schalk van Niekerk. A peculiar stone had been picked up some time previously by a Bushman boy. O'Reilly bought it for a trifle out of curiosity, not knowing himself what it was, and took it with him to a town called Colesberg, and handed it to the resident Civil Commissioner, who in turn forwarded to Dr. Atherstone in Graham's Town, Cape Colony. This gentleman, after careful examination, pronounced it a veritable diamond 2½ carats in weight and worth £500. It was subsequently purchased for this price by the Governor of the Colony, Sir P. Wodehouse. When the find became known a search for diamonds was instituted throughout the Hope Town district, but it was not till 1869 that the existence of diamonds in paying quantities was proved beyond a doubt. Then a great rush of diggers from all parts of the globe was made to the Orange River and its vicinity. In the latter part of 1870 a lot of miners who had gained valuable experience in California and Australia discovered a mine about 100 miles due north of Hope Town, nearly 1,000 miles from Cape Town, which they named after the then British Colonial Secretary, the Earl of Kimberley. The yield of diamonds from this big excavation since the opening of the mine in 1871 probably exceeds eight tons weight of precious stones, in value about £45,000,000. The finest diamond ever found in South Africa was the famous Porter Rhodes, discovered near the centre of Kimberley mine, on February 12, 1880. It is a pure white octahedron, weighing 150 carats, and valued at £60,000. A splendid yellow octahedron was found on March 27, 1884, at the east end of the mine. It weighed 302 carats. The largest diamond ever found in this mine was discovered near the west end of the mine on September 29, 1885. It was a large irregular octahedron, slightly spotted, of yellow colour, and weighed 404 carats, or nearly three ounces. In the month of February previous a similar stone of 352 carats was found near the east end of the mine. The former of these stones is probably the largest diamond the world has yet produced, excepting a very imperfect stone of some 500 carats found in Jagersfontein, Orange Free State, in 1881. About twenty miles to the westward of Kimberley the Vaal River is met. Diamond mining is in active progress on its banks. These mines are generally termed the poor man's diggings, because any man with a little capital can go there and stake off an unoccupied claim, pay his monthly license fee of 30/ to the Government mining commissioner and go to work. The only implements necessary for his undertaking are a pick and a shovel, a large gravel sieve and a smaller hand sieve, two tubs, generally obtained by sawing an ale barrel in half, and a provisional table to sort on, as well as a large pail in order to carry the water for washing the sand from the gravel in the tubs. As a rule one of these prospectors, according to his means, hires two or three Kaffir labourers at about £1 a week and keep, the rations being regulated by law. These men perform the more laborious work in the sun, the prospector generally limiting himself to the actual washing and sorting. The digging is purely surface, as at a depth of about two feet a solid rock is met. Men have expended their last copper, endured all kinds of hardships, and never found anything. On the other hand, men, after a few weeks' work, found stones to the value of £4,000. A man went to the river to try his luck. He employed several natives and took out a license for three claims. He worked unceasingly for about two months, without ever finding a single stone. Then he abandoned his claims and returned broke to Kimberley. A week or two after his departure a Scotchman named Cameron staked off one claim in the centre of where the former three had been, hired one Kaffir

and started to work. On the fourth day, when he was washing up, he found a pure white octahedron of 1473 carats, which he sold to a visiting broker on the spot for £7,000. All commodities of life are very expensive, owing to the great difficulty of transportation. For a can of condensed milk, 4/; for a loaf of bread, 2/6; for a pound of sugar, 1/; and for a glass of whisky, 3/. The only food which is cheap is goat's meat, which must be consumed a few hours after slaughter, owing to the hot African sun and the utter absence of ice. This meat can be purchased as live stock from the constantly travelling Kaffir herds for about 1½d a pound. The climate is fairly healthy for Europeans, and especially beneficial for pulmonary weaknesses. Female society is out of the question, as far as white women are concerned. From the discovery of diamonds in South Africa until the present day one great obstacle the diggers have had always to contend with has been the enormous loss annually of rough diamonds stolen by the native Kaffir labourers while at work in the claims or on the depositing floors. These thefts reached such enormous proportions, and the diamonds found much ready market among the unscrupulous element of the white population, that it became necessary to enact special laws to cope with the evil. Upon conviction the maximum sentence for a Kaffir, the thief, was 50 lashes upon the bare back with the cat-of-nine-tails and to undergo imprisonment with hard labour for a term not exceeding ten years. The receiver or illicit diamond buyer upon conviction received as a maximum sentence 15 years' imprisonment at hard labour, the first one-fifth of the term to be spent in isolation and in chains, and he was also liable to a fine not exceeding 3,000 dollars, as well as confiscation of all real and personal property which he held at the time of his arrest within the diamond mining area. The prisoner was herded with about fifty others, consisting of Kaffirs and Bushmen, in a large dormitory cell about 100 feet long by 15 feet wide, was obliged to work twelve hours a day in the hot sun in a stone quarry, and had chains weighing from seven to eighteen pounds riveted on his legs. This law checked to a certain extent illicit diamond buying, but it must be remembered that the inducement to commit the crime was enormous. Many fortunes have been made in this traffic, and the buyers have slipped from the colony in the nick of time on the eve of being trapped.

If you want a wife, don't ask for one—in the advertising columns of the daily papers. The recent application to the High Wycombe Board of Guardians by a working man for a partner to share the joys and sorrows of life has led to a curious development. The clerk made a selection of the voluminous correspondence, and sent some of the letters to the original applicant and some also to the young man whose pathetic description of the loneliness of life in lodgings in the Metropolis was a feature of the correspondence. The Wycombe applicant has, so far as we know, not found his fate. But the lonely young man in lodgings has had a far from agreeable experience. He has written to the clerk of the Guardians to say that never in his most sanguine moments did he anticipate the results which have ensued. About twenty young women, some of them accompanied by their mothers, made personal application to his lodgings. Being repulsed by the landlady, they, or rather some of their mothers, grew insulting in their behaviour, with the result that he has had notice to leave his lodgings. But this is not all. Some of his shopmates have heard of his advertisement for a wife, and his life has been made a misery. However, although he hopes his fate will be a warning, he is corresponding with one of his fair applicants who sent a photo.

There is no doubt of the fact that the athletic school girl has come to stay. And it is so, not so much because we schoolmistresses wish it to be so, but because parents will have it so; one of the first questions a mother asks is: 'Have you a field?' or 'Do your girls play hockey?' or some other game, and your school goes down pretty much in their eyes if you have to say no.

**TOD SLOAN.**

Tod Sloan, the famous American jockey, who is the lion of the day in England, is a miniature man. His height is five feet. He weighs ninety pounds, and is 30 years old. There is no deformity about him. He is just naturally small. His arms and legs appear long in proportion to his body, but he is well rounded out and is graceful. His hands are soft and white and well formed. Moreover, they are well taken care of, and the nails are manicured. That these hands are strong is shown by the grip he gives in a handshake, and he is apparently unconscious of the power he puts into it. Sloan's face is small and round. Perhaps it appears more nearly round because of the manner in which he wears his hair. It is very black, longer than is ordinarily worn by men, parted exactly in the middle, and brushed down over the side of his head until it glistens. The part is wide and reveals an unusually white scalp. Sloan is always closely shaven. His skin is dark and a little rough. His face is more wrinkled than most men's are at his age. There are deep lines around his mouth and eyes. His lips are thin, but not compressed. His eyes are brown and look squarely at the person he is addressing. When the great little jockey is conversing with anybody he plants his feet about twelve inches apart, keeps his hands behind his back, and does not gesticulate. He has a habit of rising to the points of his toes and setting back on his heels.

Speaking to an interviewer recently, Sloan declared that he was perfectly satisfied with his calling and had no ambition to become anything else.

"I expect to ride as long as my health remains good," he said, "and as I am never sick I expect that to be a good many years yet. When I do give up riding it will be because of mental

myself, and eat what I choose and drink anything I want, sleep just like anybody else. I am always in condition, but the better care I take of myself the better condition I am in.

"I can go for weeks without touching a horse, and then I can go out and gallop horses all day long without becoming the least bit sore. But one race exhausts me for the time being. That's because I ride with my head. When I am in a race I think of nothing else but winning, and that wears me out. If a race is particularly close and I lose by a narrow margin the strain is much more than in case I win easily or am badly beaten. It is the uncertainty and thinking how to get more speed out of my mount that tells.

"I think my success is due to the study I give my business. I don't pretend to know all the horses I ride. Some of the best races I ever rode were on horses that I had never seen until I got on them. I study the horse just like a man who deals with people studies human nature. I study the horse as a race and not as an individual as soon as I see him. But after I get on him and we start I don't quit studying him. As long as the race lasts I am studying how to gain some advantage. And that is the only way I ever did study to become a successful rider.

"During the racing season I never take any exercise and I never gallop horses. I do not see the horses I am to ride until I am ready to ride. Then, after I dismount, I am done until the next race. I can ride every day for two or three weeks, or possibly longer. Then I break down. It is not a physical break down, but my mind feels the strain and I must rest. I am exceedingly nervous. Three or four days' rest always fixes me up in tip-top shape.

"Unquestionably my physique is one of the prime factors in my making the success I have. But that is not the

new trick, and I never forgot the old ones.

"I don't pretend to be regular in my habits. I never was. I live well and have just whatever I want to eat or drink and I sleep as much as I need or less when I have not time to take it. I did not get to sleep in our car last night and felt like sleeping to-day. I have slept seven hours since 8 o'clock this morning.

"I am going to ride next season principally for Lord Beresford. The Prince of Wales has only second call on my services."

lection of suitable site, and now the news comes that an admirable site has been granted by the authorities in charge of the Exposition, and that on it a stately building will be erected within a very short time.

The site is near the Eiffel Tower, and close to the entrance of the Champ de Mars. Anyone who knows Paris will see that no better site could have been selected. All the visitors to the Exposition, whether they are interested in bicycling or not, will be sure to pass by this spot, and cannot help being attracted by the artistic edifice that is to be reared in honour of the ubiquitous wheel.

The building has been designed by M. Gustave Givès, and it is described by those who have seen his plans as a marvel of beauty. No pains will certainly be spared so far as ornamentation and other decorations are concerned. Contracts for this and all other necessary work will soon be awarded, and it is expected that the building will be completed at an early date.

**A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.**

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

**BICYCLES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.**

Bicyclists throughout the world will be glad to learn that the wheel will occupy an honoured place at the Paris Exposition. Nowhere in the world are there more enthusiastic wheelmen than the members of the famous Touring Club de France, and they have not been slow to avail themselves of this opportunity to draw the attention of the civilised world to the modern wheel with all its latest improvements.

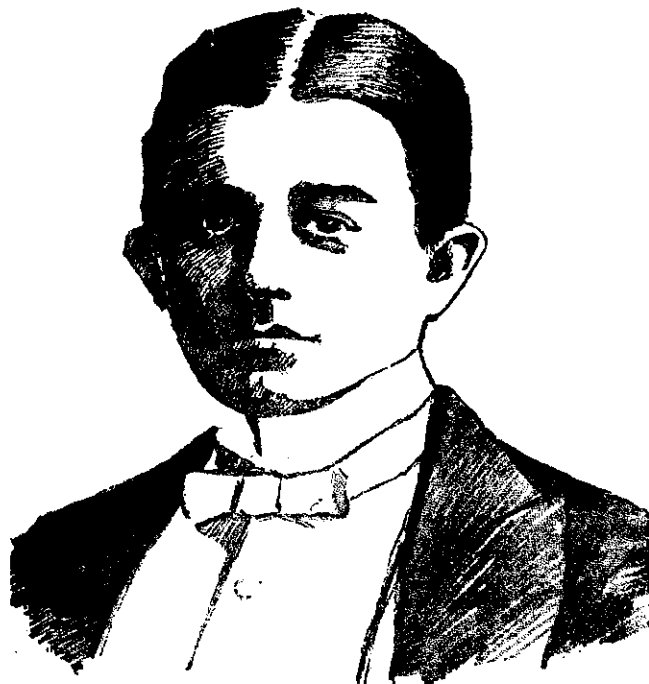
A committee was appointed some time ago to see about the construction of a building in which the wheels could be exhibited, and about the se-

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**CEREBOS TABLE SALT**

L. D. NATHAN & CO, AGENTS, AUCKLAND.

Adds Strength to the Food. Renews Nerve and Energy. Makes Children Thrive.



TOD SLOAN.

exhaustion and not of my body, for physically I am as strong as the best of them. But I am of a nervous temperament, and after a race I am exhausted.

"When I was a boy I began riding because that was the best opening I saw, and there was good money to be made at it. I do not know that I had any particular ambition at first. As I grew older I fell in love with my profession and I determined to excel at it. I can't say that I ever thought I should be reckoned as the most successful rider in the world, but I was determined to rise and I've done it. Naturally I am proud of my success. Who wouldn't be?"

"I do not train for races, and I take no particular exercise. I do not diet

main thing. It is the fact that I have had ten years' experience and have made racing the study of my life. I have never tried to do anything else, and all I have learned I have remembered. I don't think any man alive knows better just how to take advantage of every point of a race and to estimate the powers of his horse than I do.

"I think I am doing better riding now than I ever did. I know more about riding races than I did when I used to ride over in East St. Louis, and I make use of that knowledge and experience.

"I can't say just what lines I studied to perfect myself in the calling. I know that I never rode a race but that I was always looking out for some

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Ladies' Globia Gold Brooches and Bangles, in all the Latest Artists' Designs, set with Globia Jewels; post paid, 4s 6d each. Each Article of Jewellery is in a Very Handsome Plain and Velvet Case. Ladies' Globia Gold Long Metal Chains; per 1 paid, 4s 6d. Men's Heavy Duty Built Plain Globia Gold Curb Bangles, in Velvet Case; post paid, 4s 6d. Globia Gold Alberts, Gent's, Single 3s 6d, double 4s 6d; Ladies', 3s 6d. Money can be sent in P.O., Postal Notes or Stamps of any Colony. ADDRESS—THE MANAGER THE GLOBE WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., Ltd., 106 PITT-ST., SYDNEY

# The Silence of . . . Simeon Sayles.

'I wish to goodness, Simeon Sayles, that you would shut up and keep shut up!' said Myra Sayles, in a weary tone, and speaking as if the words were forced from her against her will.

'You do, hey?' replied her brother Simeon, sharply and irritably.

He had been scolding about some trifling matter for nearly half an hour, and his sister Myra had listened in patient silence. Now she spoke because he had said something peculiarly annoying, and when he had replied so sharply, she said:

'Yes, I mean it, Simeon Sayles. I get so sick and tired of your eternal scolding and blaming that I just wish sometimes you'd shut your mouth and never open it again while you live.'

'You do, hey?'

'Yes, I do.'

There was sullen silence in the room for three or four minutes; the wrinkles on Simeon's brow deepened and his lips were pressed more and more tightly together. Suddenly he opened them with a snap and a defiant toss of his head.

'Very well, Myra Sayles, I will "shut up," and I'll stay "shut up," and you'll see how you like it.'

'I'll have some peace then,' replied Myra, shortly. Yet she looked at her brother curiously.

The Sayleses were noted in the country round about for rigidly adhering to every resolution they made. The thought now came into Myra's mind, 'Will he do it?' She had not meant him to take her remark literally. Simeon was as iron-willed as any of the family, and yet Myra felt that he could not keep such a vow long. It was necessary for him to talk. So she said:

'I guess you'll be gabbling away fast enough before night. There's no

such good luck as your keeping still very long.'

Simeon made no reply, but took his old straw hat from a nail behind the door and went out into the barn-yard, walking very erect, but with little jerks, indicating that the Sayles temper was high in him.

'Now he'll go out to the barn and pitch around there a while, and maybe pitch all evening in the house, and then talk a blue streak all day to-morrow to make up for the time he's lost keeping still. I declare, if the men-folks can't be the tryingest!'

She stitched away steadily on the sheet she was turning until the clock struck six, when she jumped up hastily.

'Mercy,' she exclaimed, 'I'd no idea it was so late! I hope to goodness the fire hasn't gone out. I must get the kettle on and supper ready. I did intend making some of the flannel cakes Simeon likes so much, to put him in a good humour, but I don't believe I shall have time now.'

Nevertheless, there was a plate of steaming hot 'flannel-cakes' and a bowl of maple syrup before Simeon's plate when he came in to supper half an hour later.

He ate the cakes in stubborn silence.

'Are you going over to Seth Badger's after supper,' Myra asked, 'to see him about helping you cut that grass to-morrow?'

'After waiting in vain for an answer, Myra said:

'I want to know if you do go, because I want to send Mrs Badger a waist pattern of hers I borrowed last week.'

No reply from Simeon. His sister gave her head an impatient toss, and they finished the meal in silence. When it was done Simeon went to a little table in a corner of the room,

pulled out the drawer, and took from it a scrap of blank paper and the stub of a lead-pencil.

Myra took the supper dishes into the kitchen; when she came into the room again Simeon handed her the scrap of paper. On it was written:

'I'm a-going over to Badger's now.'

Myra dropped the bit of paper to the floor and stared hard at her brother.

'Well, Simeon Sayles!' she said at last. 'I call this carrying matters pretty far. Before I'd make myself so ridiculous, I'd—What you going to do when you get over to Badger's? You'll look smart writing out what you've got to say over there, now won't you? You'll make yourself the laughing-stock of the country if you go around writing out what you've got to say, when you've got as good a tongue in your head as anybody.'

Simeon made no reply, but picked up the bit of pencil and wrote on another scrap of paper:

'Where is the patern?'

'I think you'd better learn to spell before you go to conversing in writing—spelling "where" with an "a," and "patern" with only one "t"! If you don't get sick and tired of this sort of tom-foolery before two days, I miss my guess, Simeon Sayles!'

Whether he grew tired of it or not, Simeon Sayles said all he had to say in writing from that time forth. His only reply to his sister's ridicule and remonstrances was written in these words:

'You sed you wisht I'd shut up my mouth and keep it shut, and I'm a-going to do it.'

He bought a little blank book, in which he kept a pencil, and all his communications to the world and to individuals were made through the medium of this book and pencil.

The neighbours said that 'the Sayleses always were a queer lot, anyhow'; that some of Simeon's ancestors had been rather eccentric, and that Simeon himself had never seemed quite like other men. No matter how true this may have been, his sister Myra was a thoroughly well-balanced woman, with a large fund of strong common-sense, and her brother's freak caused her great secret

mortification and distress, although she had declared at the beginning of it: 'It will be an actual rest to me to get rid of your eternal scolding!'

But Simeon had not scolded 'eternally,' as Myra felt obliged to confess to herself in her reflective moments. He was, indeed, somewhat infirm of temper, and sometimes gave himself up to prolonged fits of petulance, but there had been days and even weeks at a time when Simeon had been as serene of mind and as companionable as any man.

He and his sister Myra had sat side by side on the little porch over the front door of their old red farmhouse throughout many a peaceful summer evening, quietly talking over the past and the future. The long winter evenings had often been filled with a quiet happiness and peace for them both, as they sat at the same hearth-stone at which their parents had sat, Myra with her knitting and Simeon reading aloud or smoking his pipe in peace. They had nearly always eaten their meals in harmony; and now, as they sat at the table facing each other in hard, cold silence, there were times when, although neither would have confessed it to the other, their food almost choked them.

'This freak of his is harder to put up with at the table than at any other place or time,' his sister confessed to a sympathetic neighbour. 'Sometimes it just seems as if I'd fly. There he sits as mum as a grindstone. Sometimes I try to rattle away just as if nothing was the matter, but I can never keep it up very long. I've tried all sorts of little tricks to catch him un-awares and make him speak once, but he won't be caught. One day, just when he'd come in from the field, I smelt something burning so strong that I said, "I do believe the house is on fire," and he opened his mouth as if to speak, and then clapped it shut again and whipped out that abominable little book and wrote, "Whure?"'

'I was so put out that I flung the book clear out into the gooseberry bushes. I really doubt if he ever does speak again in this world; and the prospect is pleasant for me, isn't it?'

## SALE OF KAIAPOI EXHIBIT

### Auckland Exhibition.

Having purchased the whole of the **KAIAPOI EXHIBIT**, value £3,000 (at a heavy discount), comprising Blankets, Rugs, Flannels, Dress Tweeds, Suitings, Reversible Cape Cloths, Tailor-made Costumes, Mantles, Capes, Ladies' and Gent's Waterproofs, Fingering, Boys' and Men's Suits, Shirts, Ties, Gent's Mercery, etc., etc., we are now offering the same for sale at our Warehouse. This being extra to our ordinary stock, every article will be sold at such reductions from current rates as must speedily effect a complete clearance.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "HERALD"

### TEXTILE FABRICS (Sole Judge, Mr James Lillico).

In his Report on the Woollen Exhibits, Mr Lillico says:—"I have had the opportunity of visiting the Melbourne and all the other Colonial Exhibitions, and consider that this is the finest and most attractive display of Woollen and Worsted Goods ever made at any Colonial Exhibition. I wish to draw attention to the Kaiapoi's really fine display of their goods, which is one of the most attractive in the Exhibition."

### Kaiapoi Woollen Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Kaiapoi.

First Award and Special Mention for General Excellence of Exhibit and Design and Colouring in Rugs and Capes, also a Special Award for Ladies' Evening Wraps, White Serge Gown, and Golf Capes. These goods, the Judge remarks, are exceedingly beautiful.

In addition to above we are now showing our First Shipment of NEW AUTUMN GOODS, ex S.S. "Gothic."

## SMITH & CAUGHEY.

The two lived alone in the old red farmhouse in which they had been born fifty years before. They were without kith or kin in the world, with the exception of a much younger sister named Hope, who had married a prosperous young farmer and had gone out West to live. It had been a time of great sorrow to them when this pretty, young sister had married Henry Norton and gone from the old house. They rejoiced in her happiness, of course, and were quite sure that Hope had 'done well,' but it was none the less hard to give her up.

She was only twenty-one years old at the time, and so much younger than her brother and sister that their affection for her was much like that of a father and mother for an only child. They had lavished the tenderest love of their lives on Hope, and their affection had not lessened by her absence. In the years since they had seen Hope's pretty face and heard her cheery voice, they often talked of her.

Myra had always stood as a strong wall between Hope and harm or trouble of any kind, and this loving thoughtfulness had kept her from writing a word to her sister about their brother's strange silence.

'I wouldn't have Hope know it for anything,' Myra had said; 'it would worry the child so. And there's no danger of Simeon writing it. He'd be ashamed to.'

During all of the fall and through one whole long, wretched winter the iron-willed Simeon kept his resolve not to speak, and a decided shake of his head or a written 'No' was his reply to Myra's often repeated question, 'Don't you ever intend to speak again?'

One day in May a neighbour, coming from the town, brought Myra a letter that gave to her troubled heart the wildest thrill of joy it had known for many a day. Hope was coming home! She had written to say that she would arrive on Wednesday of the following week with her little girl of three years, and that they would spend the entire summer in the old home.

Catching up her sun-bonnet, Myra ran all the way to the distant field in which Simeon was at work, holding the letter out as she ran and calling out before she reached him:

'O Simeon! Simeon! A letter from Hope! She's coming home! She'll be here next week with her little Grace.'

that we've never seen! Only think of it, Hope's coming home!

Simeon was ploughing. He reined up his horses with a jerk, and opened and shut his mouth three or four times; but no sound came from his lips. His face wore a half-wild, half-frightened look, and his hand trembled as he held it out for the letter.

'Simeon! Simeon!' cried Myra, with quivering voice and tearful eyes, 'surely you'll have to speak now?'

He shook his head slowly and sadly as he sat down on the plough to read the letter. He handed it back in silence and turned away his head when he saw the tears streaming down Myra's cheeks, and he bit his lip until it almost bled when he heard her sob as she turned to go back to the house.

When he came to dinner he read the letter again, but he and Myra ate in silence.

Hope came a week from that day. Myra went to the railroad station three miles distant to meet her.

'It'll be better for me to meet her than for you, if you are bound and determined to keep up this nonsense while she's here,' said Myra. 'She doesn't know a thing about it; you may be sure I haven't written a word of it to the poor child, and I dread to tell her of it now. It's a shame, a burning shame, Simeon Sayles, for you to spoil Hope's first visit home, just to carry out a silly vow that it was wicked for you ever to make in the first place. It's a piece of wickedness right straight through!'

A visible pallor had come into Simeon's face at the mention of Hope's little girl. No one knew how much and how tenderly this little girl whom he had never seen had been in his thoughts. He was fond of children, and no child in the world could be as dear to him as this little girl of Hope's. He and Myra had looked forward so eagerly to the time when Hope should bring her to them, and they had read so proudly of all her infantile charms and accomplishments as set forth in Hope's letters!

He stole softly into the seldom-opened parlour when Myra was gone. The door stood open now, and all the shades were up, while the room had been made spotless and dustless, and bright and sweet with Hope's favourite flowers in the old-fashioned vases on the mantel.

Several photographs of Hope's little girl, taken at different stages of her infantile career, were in the album on the parlour table. Simeon took up this album and gazed at these photographs one by one, with unhappy eyes.

He wandered round the house and yard until the time drew near for Myra's return with Hope and little Grace. Then he went down the road to meet them. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when he sat down by the wayside to wait until they should drive around a turn in the road a hundred yards or more distant.

He had waited not more than five minutes when he heard the sound of wheels and voices round the curve in the road. He heard the sudden, sweet laugh of a child, and was on his feet in an instant.

At that same instant a man on a bicycle dashed past him. Bicycles were still an almost unheard of thing in that part of the country. Simeon had never seen but three or four of them, and the appearance of this one whirling along at such a speed startled him.

Its rider sent it flying on down the road, and it whirled around the curve, to the surprise of Miss Myra and to the terror of old Hector, the horse she was driving. The reins were lying loosely in Myra's hands, and before she could gather them up old Hector jumped aside, rearing and plunging, and the next instant he was racing madly down the road with the reins dragging the ground on either side of him, while Hope clung to little Grace, and screamed.

'Whoa! Whoa, Hector!' cried Myra, in a voice so awful with terror that it frightened old Hector the more.

'Whoa, Hector, whoa!'

This time old Hector pricked up his ears, for the voice that spoke was a firm, commanding one, and the next moment a strong hand grasped his bridle while the voice repeated:

'Whoa! Whoa!'

It was a harsh, stern voice, but it sounded like the sweetest music in Myra's ears. It was Simeon's; and Simeon was holding to the bit. He

held it until old Hector came to a halt, and then he turned and said, calmly:

'Don't be scared, Hope, child; you're all right now. Give me the little one.'

He held out his arms, and Hope put the little girl into them, saying as she did so:

'It's your Uncle Simeon, dear! Put your arms round his neck and give him a kiss, and let him hear how well you can say "Uncle Simeon."'

A pair of soft little arms stole around Simeon's sunburned neck; a soft little cheek was laid on his rough, bearded one, and when she had kissed him twice she said:

'Dee Nuncle Thimmy!'

'The blessed little creature!' he said, winking his eyes and hugging her close to his heart.

And when she and her mother were asleep in Hope's old room that night, Simeon came into the kitchen where Myra was setting some bread to rise and softly humming a gospel hymn of praise out of the joy of her heart.

and Simeon said:

'Well, Myra—'

'Well, Simeon?'

'Well—er—well, what did Hope say, anyhow, when you told her?'

'When I told her what? Oh, about your—your—la, Simeon, the minute I clapped eyes on that blessed child I knew there wasn't any use in telling Hope anything about it. I knew you'd just have to speak to that baby! So I never lisped a syllable about it to Hope, and she never shall know a word about it if I can help it. I wish you'd fetch me in a basket of nice, dry chips. The moon shines so bright you can see to pick them up. I want a quick fire in the morning, so I can have hot biscuit for Hope's breakfast. She always was so fond of them.'

And Simeon took the chip-basket and went out into the moonlight, his long-silent lips softly humming the same song of praise Myra had been singing.

J. L. HARBOUR.

THEN IT WENT ON ALL RIGHT.

The writer of the letter which I am going to copy for you in a moment has a complaint to make. Either, perhaps, a complaint to place on record, as the reason for it is passed away for the present and she hopes—and we hope with her—that it may not return. The complaint does not refer to any relative, friend, or foe, but to her own heart. It did not work well. It was weak and for a long time she was unable to find means to make it do better. Which was a serious matter, inasmuch as the vigour of the circulation of the blood always depends upon the force wherewith the heart drives it.

Still, it seems to me we ought to be a bit indulgent towards the heart in view of the labour it has to perform. Remember that it never takes a full minute's rest at one time, night or day, from the instant it begins at your birth until, like a muffled drum, it stops for good and all—life's funeral march to the grave being over. During all this while, ten years or a hundred, the heart has got to keep on pumping blood through your body at the rate of from 130 strokes a minute in childhood to 50 or 60 in old age. If you happen to have a mechanical turn of mind, it may interest you to figure out how much this stands for in units of horse-power for a given case and time. If not, you can take my word for it that, merely as a machine, the heart deserves your respect. So long as it goes ahead steadily, up hill and down dale, hammering away softly but strongly, you haven't a word to say for or against it; but when it begins to get weak, and maybe skipping a stitch now and then, you call in the doctor, who puts the tip of his finger just below the base of your left thumb, looks wise and solemn (as he fits the occasion), and says, 'Ah, yes, yes; I see, I see; but what does he see? He doesn't tell you that; he leaves medicine, and mentions when he will look in again. But as to the letter I spoke of. "For many years," the lady says, "I suffered from indigestion and weak heart. Very little exertion made me feel weary and tired. Cold, clammy sweats broke over me. I had a poor appetite, and after meals an aching pain

at the chest and a miserable slinking feeling at the stomach. I had also much pain at the left side, and my heart would flutter so as to frighten me. At length I became so weak I was barely able to get about, being no longer able to do my housework.

"Going to the trouble at my heart I obtained no proper rest at night, and often walked about my bedroom at night. Many times these attacks were so bad I thought I was dying. During the day a sense of suffocation sometimes came upon me and I was obliged to go to the door for fresh air.

"Year after year I suffered like this; now a little better, now as bad as I could be. In November, 1887, while on a visit to Croydon, my son-in-law persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. He got me a bottle, and after taking it I experienced great relief. The pain at my heart was easier, and I felt better as a whole. I could eat well and the food agreed with me.

"I now felt encouraged to continue using this remedy. Soon I was in better health than for years, the heart trouble having disappeared altogether. Since that time when I feel anything ailing me a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fail to give the desired relief. I have told many persons of the benefit I have derived from it, and hereby consent to your publishing this statement should you wish to do so.—(Signed) (Mrs) William Harrington, near Wickford Hill, Clare, Suffolk, November 12th, 1897.

Now what ailed Mrs Harrington's heart? Why, precisely the same things that ailed her lungs, her nerves and her muscles—weakness. There-in she is right. It was a weak heart, but not a diseased heart. The heart is a muscle, and (seeing the prodigious lot of work it has to do) necessarily a strong active muscle. But it will not work without pay any more than you or I will. With all the rest of the body it has got to be sustained and strengthened by food. Here we have the point, then. The lady was afflicted with chronic indigestion. For this reason her whole body grew weak—the heart, of course, with other parts of the engine. Hence all the symptoms she names. Her immense all-round weakness and falling-down is that same old dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's Syrup made the digestion of plenty of food possible, the heart went on all right, like a newly wound clock.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, LIMITED.

NINTH TRIENNIAL MEETING.

The report submitted by the directors shows the accumulated funds of the Association (after providing for every known liability and eliminating the Investment Fluctuation Reserve) amounted to £2,765,511 3/4 on 30th September last, and at that date the present value of the net liabilities under policies amounted to £2,545,714 4/6. The surplus was therefore £219,833 9/10. Of this amount the directors have decided to divide among the members £169,853 9/10, and to reserve from division a sum of £50,000 as part provision for a possible alteration in the rate of interest upon which future valuations of policies will be made. It is estimated that this amount of £50,000, with an addition from the surplus of the current triennium, will provide for making future valuations on the basis of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum (if it be found prudent to do so) without unduly disturbing the continuity and regularity of the bonus additions to policies.

The amount to be divided, £169,853, will provide retrospective bonuses exceeding £250,000.

The directors are satisfied that full and ample provision has been made for every contingency, and they congratulate the members upon the results of the investigation.

'HUNYADI JANOS.' This favourite Natural Water, in habitual use throughout the world, has established itself as a customary Aperient in all climates. Remarkably and exceptionally uniform in composition; free from defects incidental to others. 'Brit. Med. Journal.' Annual sale, six million bottles.—(Adv't.)

Impure Blood

Suffered for three years

Mr. F. Westall of Mitcham, So. Australia, sends us his portrait which shows a smooth and healthy condition of the skin. But he has had the following experience:



"For the past three years I have been suffering from an eruption of the body. I had medical attendance and had medicine to take and a lotion for outward application, but they did not do me the slightest good. In fact I tried all sorts of medicine and nothing seemed to relieve me. My life was a burden. I had no appetite and I could not sleep. I was strongly advised to try

DR. AYER'S Sarsaparilla

by a friend who had received great benefit from it. I did so, and after taking only two bottles the itching left me and I felt better in every way. I continued taking the Sarsaparilla and altogether took six bottles. I am now free from the eruption and can eat and sleep as well as I ever did in my life. It is now about eight months since I was cured, so I am sure I can say the cure is a permanent one."

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

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S NEW YACHT.**

IT WILL BE THE LARGEST PLEASURE VESSEL AFLOAT.

Queen Victoria may soon enjoy the pleasure of a cruise on her new yacht, the largest ever built. The new royal yacht, the name for which has not yet been definitely chosen, but which probably will be called the Prince Albert, is now so far advanced that it is expected it will be launched next March. The first keel plate was laid on December 23rd, 1897, at the Government dock yard at Pembroke, by Mrs Watson, the wife of Captain Burgess Watson, the superintendent of the dock yard.

The British Government has a remarkably well developed faculty of keeping its business to itself. The gates of the Government dock yards rarely open, even to British citizens, and almost never to foreigners. Consequently, although all Englishmen in general and yachtsmen and naval architects have been curious to know what Queen Victoria's new yacht will be like, ever since Parliament appropriated money to build the boat, nothing is known except the meagre details the Admiralty has seen fit to give out.

English curiosity became so clamorous a short time ago that the Admiralty decided to depart from its declared policy of maintaining secrecy about the royal yacht so far as to give out some of the principal dimensions of the vessel. The new yacht is to be 380 feet long and 50 feet beam. Its draught is to be 18 feet, and its displacement is to be 4,600 tons. This will be by far the biggest yacht ever built.

William K. Vanderbilt's yacht Valiant, which has passed muster for a pretty good sized yacht, is small by comparison with Queen Victoria's new pleasure craft. The Valiant is only 332 feet long, 39 feet beam, and 16 feet draught. Its gross tonnage is 1,823. Howard Gould's Niagara is still smaller, being 272 feet in length, 35 feet beam, and 16 feet draught.

The new royal yacht is as large as the cruiser Baltimore, larger than the New Orleans, and much larger than the German Emperor's yacht Hohenzollern. The Hohenzollern is nothing more than a protected cruiser, armament, protective deck, and all, with quarters fitted up for the Emperor. The British royal yacht, on the other hand, will have none of the qualities of a cruiser, but will be a yacht pure and simple.

The hull is to be of steel, sheathed with wood, and covered with copper. It will be provided with double bottoms. It will have three funnels and two masts. Speed is to be an important consideration. The Admiralty has deigned to inform British taxpayers that the yacht is to have two sets of triple-expansion four-cylinder engines, driving twin screws, and having an indicated horse-power of 11,000. The high-pressure cylinder of each engine is to be 264 inches in diameter, the intermediate cylinder 444 inches in diameter, and the two low-pressure cylinders 53 inches in diameter, all having a stroke of 39 inches. Steam will be supplied by eighteen Belleville boilers, working at a pressure of 300 pounds, which will be reduced at the engines to 250 pounds. The grate area under the boilers will be 840 feet and the heating surface will be 26,000 square feet. This machinery is expected to drive the vessel through the water at a speed of twenty knots an hour, with the engines making 140 revolutions a minute.

Recently progress on the yacht was delayed by strikes, but men are now working overtime to make up for it. Only the best artificers are to be found in the United Kingdom are employed. The vessel will have orlop, lower, main, upper, and fore-castle decks. It is estimated that by the time the royal yacht is in the water it will have cost £237,533.

Although no information concerning the arrangement, fitting, and furnishing of the interior has been given out, it may reasonably be surmised that Her Majesty will be fairly comfortable on board, since it is estimated that the finished yacht will cost £300,000.

**BEAUTY LOST AND REGAINED.**

A FOUR-CHAPTER GIRL'S STORY.

**CHAPTER I.**  
*'Beauty Lost.'*

To-day, girls at an age when they should be very beautiful, have face sores, sallow skins, lustreless eyes, and a general tired-out, 'don't care' sort of expression on their faces.

**CHAPTER II.**  
*'Reason.'*

The various conditions contained in the foregoing are the result of bad blood. Bad blood caused by defective digestion and sluggish liver action. Bad blood that could be made pure by that great specific, Bile Beans for Biliousness.

**CHAPTER III.**  
*'Remedy.'*

This great specific, that has so often and aptly been described and eulogised by the Press of this country, from North to South, and from East to West, as 'the people's popularised preparation,' is compounded in one of the finest and best-equipped laboratories in America. They have everything that is good and possible as regards formula and manufacture to retain their position as the best pharmaceutical remedy in the world. The ingredients are right, as is proved by the fact that for various ailments about 20 MILLION DOSES WERE TAKEN LAST YEAR in Australasia alone, illustrating what the thinking population of an intelligent community think of the three 'B's, and especially so the female portion.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
*'Restoration.'*

After a course of Bile Beans is taken the skin becomes clear, blotches, pimples, and face sores disappear, the eyes become bright, the brain keen and active, and that tired, weary, indolent, insipid expression that mars the appearance of so many women and girls is replaced by a healthy, happy look that denotes good digestion and liver action. You may not take the above to yourself, but if it should apply, you know the key to unlock the door of health. The cost is but 1s 1d per box, and surely the effort is possible. Obtainable from all chemists, or direct from the manufacturer's depot, 39, Pitt-street, Sydney, on receipt of price in stamps.

**AT WHAT AGE SHOULD GIRLS MARRY.**

Madame Sarah Grand, in an article entitled 'At what age should girls marry?' in 'The Young Woman' for February, says: 'The whole tendency of the modern system of education for girls is to prolong their girlhood. The ghastly doctrine that this is necessarily a wicked world in which misery must be our portion no longer finds general acceptance. It is a favourite axiom with us nowadays that every age has its pleasures—or should have, with a fair chance—childhood, girlhood, womanhood; and the consequence is a growing effort to preserve the balance between them, and to get the full value out of each. Our intelligent girls begin to have ideas of their own on the subject of the disposition of their lives—prompted, no doubt, by mothers of a new order. They do not care to be put off with half an education, and hustled into matrimony while they should still be doing their college course. They like to enjoy as they go along. They combine recreation with study, and delight in everything; and it is not until they have had the foundation of a good general education that they begin to be anxious on the subject of matrimony. "Serious" is quite the right word for their attitude. The meaning of life has begun to interest them, and they pause to inquire.'

The modern girl (continues Sarah Grand) 'decidedly objects to marry an extinguisher, who would tell her that her proper place is in nursery and kitchen, with an infection on the words which conveys his opinion that nursery and kitchen are more worthily regulated without mental attainments, and the care of them necessarily precludes any further degree of cultivation. To such a suitor the modern girl replies, "Not for me my good man. I am a versatile being, in whom are infinite possibilities, and I mean to make the most of myself. By so doing I make the most of you too, and of everyone with whom I come in contact. My own experience has proved to me that a girl should marry is that a well educated self-reliant modern maid does well to marry as soon as she finds the right man. A good husband will help even the very young girl to make a success of marriage. But I think that a girl of the old-fashioned type runs a great risk of making a mistake both in the choice of a husband and in the matter of marrying at all if she marries before five and twenty.'

**MARVELS OF THE BODY.**

STRANGE PHYSICAL FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Human beings are of all sizes, but the tall man is less common than the short; only one man in every 208, says the 'London Mail,' exceeds the height of six feet. For every foot of stature a man should weigh from 26 to 28 pounds, a proportion that is not the lot of all in these hurrying, scurrying days.

An average-sized man weighs 140 pounds, a woman 125 pounds. Curiously enough, the mean height and weight of lunatics are below those of sane people. Another unexpected thing in this respect is that a negro's skeleton weighs more than that of an Englishman.

The vitalising power is the blood, a drop of which takes but twenty-two seconds to go the round of the body. There passes through the heart once in every three minutes an amount of this precious fluid equal to all that is contained in the body.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing and undreamed-of truths. It is estimated that, assuming the average speed of the heart to be sixty-nine beats a minute, the blood travels 207 yards in sixty seconds; in other words, seven miles an hour, 168 a day, or 61,320 per year.

If a man of 84 could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life, it would have traversed in that period no less than 5,150,880 miles.

The average weight of the brain of the adult male is three pounds eight ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The woman's brain begins to decline in weight after the age of thirty, and man's not till ten years later. According to high authorities, the nerves, with their branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain, exceed 10,000,000 in number.

The palms of the hand and soles of the feet are composed of cushions of fat, in order that sudden jolts and violent blows may be successfully resisted, and no injury done to the muscles and bones underneath.

The teaching of experience indicates that accidents are far more likely to occur to the right leg and arm than to the left. Further evidence of this fact is supplied by the makers of artificial limbs; they dispose of many more appendages to the right side of the body than to the other. Statistics show that in fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is stronger than the right.

If a man could move his legs proportionally as fast as an ant, he would travel not far short of 800 miles an hour.

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PREPARED BY  
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# The Old Order Changeth.

(By T. H. M. Howe.)

I saw Dick Vandeleur into his hansom at the door of the 'Rag,' and then started afoot for my hotel. I felt misanthropic and despondent.

'Confound 'em, is everybody dead or married?' I ejaculated, for one old friend after another seemed to have met with the same fate.

I had returned to England after twelve years abroad, quite unprepared for the inevitable changes at the hands of the ruthless Timekeeper. As often happens with people, I had stepped ashore with my recollections of the old scenes and old comrades still fresh upon me, and a vague, undefined idea of finding things much as I had left them.

My life had been an active one. In a crack Indian fighting corps I had seen almost continual service both in Burnah and on the ever-restless Indian frontier. The years had sped swiftly, unmarked save by the milestones of promotion, or defections, caused by retirement and death, from the ranks of those around me. A soldier preserves his youth longer than other men, and we don't grow old so quickly over seas as they do in prosaic, business-like Old England.

When, therefore, I began to beat up some of the old haunts, to find only new faces in place of those I sought, and one old association after another vanished and gone, I began to get down-hearted, and to feel something like a modern Rip Van Winkle. Then, one day, in the 'Rag,' I stumbled across Vandeleur, one of the boys, once as careless and devil-may-care a fellow as could have been found in a long day's march.

The first shock I received was from his failure to recognise me until I explained my identity. And then, when we had lunched jovially together, and I was congratulating myself on the recovery of a boon companion at last, he administered a second. For, upon my suggesting plans for the evening, he excused himself under the necessity of leaving town for the country that night. In fact, he blurted out, rather shamefacedly, he was now a married man, and his 'missus,' as he called her, was expecting him without fail. He hurriedly gave me his address, and did good hope of it run down and look them up, had got a nice bit of shooting, and all that.

He must have seen the pity in my eyes, for he hurried away soon after that. 'Poor beggar, poor Van, I thought. It's often the way with these wild bloods. They get broken in by some pretty girl, and become as meek as Moses afterwards. So I found it with one after another, till, in little more than a week, I was in a galloping state of cynicism and despondency, and wondered if it were not time for me to fly back to the dear old corps at Peshawar. It was then that I got a letter from Jimmy Fitzgerald. It was short, and ran as follows:—

'My dear old Jack,—So you are back from "furren" parts at last. Whyever haven't you written? I came across Dick Vandeleur the other day, who said he had met you in town by yourself, looking very disconsolate. Come down to us at once bag and baggage. The governor and water are still going strong, and will take no denial. So glad you are still a rigid celibate, and haven't fallen a victim like poor old Van. He seemed to think you were very disgusted with him. However, you will find the old lot here the same as ever. Name your day by return post.—So long, yours always, J. Fitzgerald.'

My spirits went up once more. Had Jim told me he was married, I think my disgust would have sent me back to India by the next boat. I rejoiced, therefore, to find his letter breathing the same fine independent spirit as of yore.

Hence it was in great contentment of soul, compared with my late despondency, that one afternoon towards the middle of December I took train at Charing Cross for Daring, a lovely spot, as I remembered it, in the heart of the Kentish hop lands.

Daring Park was the Fitzgeralds' place, and had been so for centuries. Jimmy, the eldest son, and I had been

great chums at Harrow, and Oxford afterwards. In fact, we had been more like brothers, and I had frequently made the Park my home before the commencement of my service over seas. Jim and I had corresponded for a year or so perhaps, but as time passed and I never came back, it dropped off in the usual way of such things. My parents were both dead. My regiment thus came to be the only home I knew, and old England, with all it once contained for me, became little more than a pleasant memory. My present return, quite unforeseen, was solely occasioned by business matters connected with the death of my mother's brother, who had made me his heir to a small estate, but good income, in the West of England.

It was four o'clock when my train ran into the little station at Daring, where some half a dozen people were standing about. Jim had promised to meet me, and I was keeping a look out when my carriage was carried close past a tall, brown-faced fellow in check tweeds, who immediately gave a view holloa, and sprung after me. In another moment dear old Jim and I were gripping one another by the hand.

'You my word, Jack,' he rattled on, 'you're as black as my boots, and actually grown good-looking, too. I declare. This soldiering has done any amount for you. Now, where's your traps? They'll go with the carrier. I've the cart outside, and promised to trundle you back in time for tea, so we'll stump along.'

In a few minutes we were outside the station, where Tom's car awaited us with Hall, his man, in attendance. It was the same old Hall of bygone days, if just a trifle rounder, who touched his cap with a smile of recognition, but was delighted to take Mister Jack's hand when it was offered to him. We got into our seats, Tom Hall jumped up behind and off we bowled.

'I don't think you look a day older, Jim,' I said, and Tom behind there is the same as ever, except for a bit round the waistband, perhaps.'

'Ah, I'm sorry to say,' returned Jim, 'that comes from Tom being a deserter from the ranks of celibacy. You remember little Phyllis Grey at the lodge gate. Well, she caught him. I warned him she was setting her cap at him—you know I did. Tom—but, Lord bless you, it wasn't a bit of good. She's been Mrs Hall for five years, and there are three little Halls besides. The worst of it is he doesn't seem a bit ashamed of himself. Are you, Tom?'

'No, sir,' replied the victim of matrimony behind. 'I've seed no cause for that as yet, sir.'

'At any rate, Jim,' I said, 'I'm glad to find you still belong to yourself, old boy. Everyone else seems to have gone the same way.'

'Yes,' cut in Jim, 'it's just like the pestilence walking in the noonday, isn't it? You never know who's going off next. What can induce a free man to tie a log round his leg for life beats me. What's Tom laughing at behind, there?' he added, as a slight and suppressed chuckle reached our ears.

We passed through the little village of Daring, and another ten minutes brought us to the top of the hill where the big iron gates gave entrance to the park. From this point the twisted chimney stacks of the old house were visible above the trees half a mile below, and a wide stretch of familiar landscape, woodland, hill, and vale, over which the winter's sun was sinking.

'How it all comes back, Jim,' I said, looking about me as we sped down the avenue. 'Nothing changes but human nature after all. There's old Billy Trueman's cottage still, and the orchard, where I used to swing little Bals and toss her up for apples. Good heavens, I suppose Bals herself has grown a bit now!'

'Just a little bit,' laughed Jim. 'At any rate, we've thought it best to put her into long frocks and call her Kit. However, there's nothing to prevent you calling her Bals, if you like,

I shan't mind'—and he gave vent to another burst of laughter, while Tom Hall once more betrayed an unseemly tendency to be amused upon the slightest provocation. Five minutes later, when I had disembarked and was being warmly welcomed by two ladies in the hall, I understood things better.

Perhaps one of the most singular of our experiences, after a long absence from familiar scenes, is the hearty affectionate greeting we receive from those whom years have metamorphosed into almost entire strangers. Mrs Fitzgerald, whom I remembered as a dark-haired handsome woman, looked as stately as ever, but her hair was silver white, and her fine high-bred face had now lost its old unwrinkled smoothness. But it was in Miss Fitzgerald that most of the strangeness showed itself. Could the well-developed young beauty at my hostess' side be the little twelve-year-old girl of the old orchard days? Could I ever have called her Babs? I prayed for Jim's discretion.

One is always prone to take up and apply one's lost recollections of old friends, and sometimes they abash one strangely. Mine did now. Whether she thought me changed from her boyish comrade of earlier days I could not guess; but as she scanned me with eyes whose smiling softness acted as a gentle foil to the firmer curves of her mouth and chin, I was conscious of a new sense of pleasure, almost akin to pride, at my right to the friendship of so glorious a young being.

But if Miss Fitzgerald's beauty of face and form had struck me at our first meeting, the effect was considerably increased as I entered the drawing-room that night dressed for dinner. She was there alone, and was reclining in a low ample chair before a bright wood fire. Reinforced by a display of charms denied to the garish light of day, she appeared to my dazzled vision like a young Diana and Venus rolled into one.

Upon the Indian frontier we don't encounter many specimens of the soft superior sex, and it had never fallen to my lot to meet with any like the young goddess who had been evolved out of my little girl chum of earlier days. Old memories, therefore, were hardly potent enough, for the moment, to subdue the little diffidence I felt about using our former familiar mode of address. So, feeling rather weak and helpless, I once more took refuge in her family name, as I had done earlier. But now she broke into a little laugh, as I dropped into a vacant seat hard by, and, with a pretty piece of woman's generalship, settled one and for all the terms of our friendship.

'I am afraid, Mister Willoughby,' she retorted, 'you are finding us all terribly changed, aren't you?'

'Very charmingly so,' I replied, with a vague idea of being gallant, and feeling all the time she would think me a fool for my pains.

'Oh, I do hope you are not going to drop into polite formalities. You didn't, you know, when you used to be here before. You startled me this afternoon, so I determined to have it out with you before it became a confirmed habit. I suppose I have grown a wee bit,' she went on, with a charming little mockery of penitence; 'I am really awfully sorry, but I can't help it, can I? As far as memory goes it all might have been yesterday, and I don't see why a few stupid years should make old friends so horribly stiff with one another. Did you ever in your life call me Miss Fitzgerald before?'

I laughed. 'No; it was something much shorter, wasn't it? And then you didn't call me Mister Willoughby.'

'Well, you began it. Any way, is it a bargain?' she said, leaning forward in her chair and getting the range of me with those beautiful eyes of hers. 'We are going to begin again where

we left off. I believe I was bowling at the time of your going away, so we shall have to leave something out. But the terms are that I'm to call you Jack as before. And you can call me what you like—it will be so much more comfortable. Is that agreed?'

And so we shook hands upon it, which in itself was so pleasant a process that I suppose pure mischief tempted me to add as I did so that there was danger in stirring memory too deeply, or it might remind us that handshaking between us was a formality which had no precedent to go upon. Vaguely as I turned the sentence, Kit's conscience was sufficiently awake to send a little blush to her cheek, but she only said she thought old memories very sweet, which I thought additionally charming of her.

Never before had I passed so pleasant an evening. The old people, full of kindly memories of my former visits, treated me as a long lost son. Jim and Kit both tried to spoil me, while they dragged from me by degrees a history of my doings since we parted, and made me talk of Indian frontier fights, when I would willingly have forgotten them in the midst of so much happiness. It was late, therefore, when the ladies retired to rest, and Jim and I went for a final peg ere we followed their example.

For this we retreated to Jim's own particular den, a comfortable little snuggerly adjoining his bedroom. Here were stored all his pet possessions, pictures from his rooms at Christ Church, trophies of athletic prowess in the shape of numerous silver mugs, portrait groups and photos of many old chums of earlier days, who had been known to us both.

Mingled with these I noticed three or four of the dangerous sex. There were two charming ones of Kit, and which caused me much less satisfaction, as many as three of another very pretty lady, a stranger to me, but of whom I had already remarked other representations about the house. First and foremost was a painting hanging in the dining-room among the other portraits, and I recollected a large photo by Mendleson on an easel in the drawing-room. The discovery had a disquieting effect.

'Now, then, what are you prying after, you rounfounded old ferret?' exclaimed Jim, placing a box of manillas on the table. 'Come and sit down and talk. If you stand glaring at Kit any longer in that savage way, I'll tell her in the morning—see if I don't.'

'Look here, Jim,' I retorted, with some severity, 'it's all very well for you to chaff, but I should like to know what you want with three photographs of the same lady in your quarters. Single portraits may be safe enough, but duplicates are dangerous. What does it mean, sir?—out with it.'

Jim, who was lighting a cigar, burst into a loud laugh. Sinking into a chair close by, he continued to roar. Nevertheless, I didn't like the ring of it.

There was a false note somewhere which jarred upon me. Then, suddenly ceasing his laughter, he cried, with an attempt to appear intensely tickled.

'Why, you silly old juggins, that's my aunt. Whatever are you thinking about?'

'I hope it is,' I observed. 'I was not aware you possessed an aunt of such youth and beauty. She was rather a shock.'

'She'd be sorry to hear that,' he laughed. 'But, of course, you couldn't be expected to know everything.'

I began to feel that I did not.

'Now, to begin the family history with the illustrations,' he continued, throwing across a photograph of a fantastically grouped picnic party. 'Thereby hangs another tale you have not yet been told. See that fellow with his cap on one side of his head, holding Kitty by the hand on the left of the group?'

Neither the look of the man in question nor the familiarity of his attitude struck me very favourably.

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'Looks a harmless lunatic,' I commented disapprovingly.

'Oh, he's not a bad sort in his way, is the Hon. Bertie Wimpole. Perhaps that's why he's so keen about becoming my brother-in-law. We've known him some time now, and his gov, Lord Corbury, has a fine place about six miles from here. By most people he is regarded as a great parti.'

How could I guess that Wimpole was a red herring drawn across another trail? I was only conscious of a rising resentment against one more of these matrimonial conspirators against my happiness. This time of the male sex, to be sure. But then Kit was as dear an old chum as any, and if she went—well, I felt I'd go and be a fakir in the Himalayas, or something equally blaze. However, after pausing to glare somewhat glumly into the fire, all I remarked was,

'And Mistress Kit, how does she regard the matter?' I don't know if Jim imagined he was doing a little thought reading, but as I looked up he was regarding me from the depths of his armchair with a sort of introspective glance about his screwed up eyes, a slight smile radiating to the corners of his mouth from the cigar between his teeth in the centre.

'Oh, I fancy she likes him,' he replied. 'She would have all a girl could want from a worldly point of view, and, of course, we must remember that marriage is much more the natural corollary of a woman's existence than of a man's—like you or me, for instance.'

'Hother it, yes,' I responded recklessly. 'For me, however, it has been a sort of abyss, that has swallowed up nearly every old association I ever had, and I bear it no goodwill.'

'Now, Jack,' returned Jim in more serious tones, 'I'm afraid you've got a bit of a dog in the manger. You'd made all your pals old maids and bachelors if you had your way. They may, no doubt, all love you very much; but just think, it's rather hard on the girls, for instance. You won't marry 'em yourself, and you'd like to stop every other fellow doing so. You know I believe celibacy to be a great and grand thing, but it should help you to contemplate with philosophy the prospect of splendid isolation at last. I fear discontent or repining would look too much like a disbelief in your creed. Kit is a dear old girl, and I'll be awfully sorry when she goes, and go she's bound to some day. But, there, cheer up, old man, when all is lost you'll always have me to fall back on.'

It was all very well.

III.

A fortnight sped delightfully and brought us within two days of Christmas. The frost had stopped the hounds, so Jim and I took to our guns, and Kit, who could stand any amount of exertion, generally came with us. But latterly Jim began to have a terrible lot of business about the estate, and couldn't often turn out. Accordingly, Kit and I made expeditions alone.

I couldn't expect him to neglect his work, of course, but it was entirely his fault if I began to miss him less than I felt I should his sister if she were carried off by that ass Wimpole, or some other interloper. Separated or not, Jim and I had always stuck together in the old days, but he ought to have realised that Kit's companionship had grown since her short petticoat days into a serious rivalry if he still expected the same devotion from me.

Of course this was all part of a delusion and a snare, from which in due time there was to be an awakening, but which, when it came, was to leave me not discontented. Meanwhile, I didn't swing Kit any more, as the ropes had long since come down from the old tree; neither did I throw her up to catch apples in the orchard. But to have this symmetrically young piece of womanhood for my daily companion, to hear my name fall familiarly from such pretty lips, was more than compensation for the lost joys of childhood.

The only note of discord was the growing thought that it would all soon be over. That I could not enjoy such a monopoly for ever; that when my lease ended I must say good-bye. Jim might or not stick to celibacy;

but, as he said, Kit would doubtless marry, and our happy triad would come to an end for evermore. I began to hate the man who was to work all this mischief, and Mr Bertie Wimpole, whose visits were persistent about this time, did not find he made much progress in my good graces. In fact, there is no doubt, I was guilty of a little irritation just now, for the interloper rode over twice and had an innings with Babs, when I particularly wanted her.

One night, I am conscious, I was unusually surly. We had been for a long bike ride, and while Wimpole had paired off with Kit Jim kept me behind with him the whole of the afternoon. In proportion as I grew less companionable the more Jim's spirits seemed to rise, and it looked to me uncommonly like a conspiracy in favour of the Hon. Bertie.

'Of course, you know your own affairs best,' I said, 'but it seems to me a beastly shame to let such a chap as that clear off with a splendid girl like Kitty. Hang me, if it isn't.'

'Well, old man, there's one way to get rid of him for good and all,' laughed Jimmy, as he left me for the night.

'Let's have it then, for goodness sake,' I demanded eagerly, sitting up in bed.

'Cut him out!' with which parting shot he bolted and left me to my own reflections.

IV.

My heart gave a jump into my mouth as I sat up gazing blankly at the door by which my friend had disappeared. Whatever did Jim mean? Was he actually serious in suggesting a measure so much at variance with all our joint professions? For some time I lay awake and watched the play of the firelight on the walls and ceiling, while all the time Jim's parting jest acquired a more sober appearance from the undoubted seriousness of the situation.

The more I reflected the more I began to realise how circumstances might alter cases. Even the wind howling over the bleak country without, and the snow drifting against the window panes, seemed to add strength to the idea through a sense of isolation from the world which they created. It was an isolation I was well contented with, but now the world was threatening to invade our little circle and steal away all of its magic charm.

And then I fell asleep, and dreamed that it was Christmas Day, and that we were all walking across the fields to the little church at Daring. Whereupon things seemed to resolve themselves into a wedding service, in which Wimpole suddenly appeared dragging Kitty towards the altar, while Jim, who marched behind, made a grimace at me, and said, 'There's a chance for you yet, you old juggins. Look sharp, or you'll be too late.'

Then I thought I stepped forward and touched Kit on the shoulder, and in a trice we were out in the park without anyone seeming to notice it. Away we went over a sort of half English, half Indian landscape, our steed, an enormous elephant, seeming to fly every obstacle, while endless laughter sounded from behind. Somehow my late scruples had completely vanished. Joy! Kit was going to marry me instead of that fool Wimpole. And when Jim all at once came past us in a tikka gurry with his beautiful aunt, who I knew was Mrs Jack all the time, I laughed out in his face.

Upon that everything faded away, and I opened my eyes to find a frosty sun was shining through the windows and that someone was knocking at my door.

It was not an ordinary maternal knock, such as might herald the arrival of the man with our hot water, but a continued tapping which never left off, while for a moment I strove to realise the normal condition of things. At my answering about the door at once came open, and, to my great surprise, a little curly-headed fellow in tiny pink pyjamas trotted up to my bedside, and solemnly inspected me. This was not all, for he was immediately followed by a diminutive maiden in similarly coloured night gear, who shouldered a big doll, and seemed a little less confident of her reception.

'Hullo, old man,' I exclaimed with a laugh, 'who are you, and what's

your name?' I had never heard of any children at Daring, and much wondered who these two lovely little atoms could be.

'My name is Jacky, and this is Maudy, and please will 'oo forgive papa?' petitioned the curly-headed mite, looking up at me with his big blue eyes.

'Ess, will 'oo forgive papa?' shyly echoed the little maid, holding on to her brother's waistband behind.


I am very fond of youngsters, and these were specially charming, yet I was mystified.

'But I don't know who your papa is, my darlings,' I replied, 'and has he been very naughty?'

'Vewy naughty I flink,' nodded the little spokesman with serious wide open eyes. 'Cos, cos, when we saw 'oo wiv Aunty Kit 'esterday papa said 'oo would be vewy cross wiv him if 'oo saw me and Maudy. But 'oo won't be cross, will 'oo? Papa says he touldn't help it,' pleaded Jacky, and encouraged by my smiling face, he boldly clambered up on to my bed, and putting his arms round my neck clinched the matter at once with a little kiss upon my nose.

I laughed outright, and little Maud, evidently thinking I was no longer dangerous, at once struggled to reach the same point of vantage as her brother.

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Eradicates Scurf and Dandruff, Prevents Hair Falling, Promotes Growth, and its unique Testimonial prove it to be undoubtedly the Best Preparation for the Hair. Perfectly Harmless, Clean, Cool, & Invigorating. 1/2, 2/6 & 4/6 sizes, of all Chemists, Stores &c. THE KOKO MARICOPAS CO., LTD., 14, Bevis Marks, LONDON, E.C.

**A DISH FOR PRINCES.**  
Custard with the luscious Fruits of New Zealand, and all Imported Fruits.

**BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER**

Produces the Richest Custard, without Eggs.

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 Biscuit-Mixing Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

In a moment I saw it all, and oh, what an arrant traitor Jim had been, I thought, as I looked smilingly down at the two jolly little evidences of his treachery on either side of me, who both regarded the whole thing with the utmost satisfaction.

Strange to say, I felt none of that savage resentment such a discovery would have occasioned a few weeks before. It may have been the lingering influence of my dream, for at times they exert a curious after-effect upon the mind. But in that moment I thought I recognised a new meaning in much of Jim's behaviour for the last fortnight. His constant abandonment of Kit and me to our own devices, on the plea of business, culminating in his laughing suggestion last night, now appeared in the light of an attempt to trip me into acquiescence through my own weakness, and yet, although I thought of all this, with an arm round each of the cosy little bodies on either side of me, I felt strongly inclined to laugh with the plotters. It was curious.

'Where is your papa now, Jacky?' I inquired in a low voice.

'Papa,' he whispered, pointing to the door with a roguish smile of betrayal, 'is out dare.'

'Come in you old renegade,' I shouted. 'A nice apostle of celibacy you are,' I continued, while the two evidences for the prosecution laughed and clapped their hands as their guilty parent burst into the room with a penitential sort of grin on his face.

'Oh, Jim, Jim! I suppose your "aunt" is partly responsible for this, you old villain?'

'Yes, Jack; I confess everything. She came back with the nippers yesterday, while we were all away. It was her idea to get them to plead for us, and she'll be awfully glad to hear you've taken it like a brick, for, to tell you the truth, we were all a bit frightened of you, you old bear.'

'The old order changeth, and giveth place to the new,' I murmured, looking down at the tiny mites by my side.

'But surely, Jack,' broke in Jim, eagerly, 'you won't say the new is so very bad after all, old chap, with these two little bits to play with; and a darling girl, who belongs to you and to nobody else, will you? It is a pleasanter stage, I can promise you, on the road to the end of all things than your splendid isolation, and, as Tom Hall says, I've "seed no reason to be sorry for it."'

How could I gainsay him—even had I felt so inclined—with my two little vanquishers on either side of me? Accordingly I resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and to accept all the credit I could get for extreme amiability under stress of great provocation, which, strange to say, I felt absolutely nothing of. On the contrary, I experienced a sort of elasticity of spirit at this last desertion of my very oldest friend. But no sooner had Jim conveyed his two 'bits,' as he called them, from the room, which they only left after the stoutest resistance, than my mind reverted gaily to the absolute necessity of spoiling Mr Bertie Wimpole's little game without delay.

Of course, it all depended on Babs' view of the matter, a contingency of which the reader may think I have been too little regardful. But the truth is, as I saw more clearly afterwards, that the changing demeanour of my little girl, as the time slipped away, was as active an influence as any in the process of my conversion. During the days we had passed together there had been little betrayals of eye and tongue, which told again would seem too trivial, but which taught me to recognise in her the dawning of a sweet apprehension, and now emboldened me to think well of my chances.

That morning I found a letter from India on the breakfast table, which helped me to hurry matters to a crisis.

V.

'I say, Jack, I believe it's going to snow hard. Do you think such an Indian as you ought to venture?' laughed Kitty.

'A blizzard is not going to stop me this morning, Kit,' I responded very quietly, helping to fasten one of the gloves she held out to me.

I was conscious she flashed a little glance at my face as I busied myself with her hand.

There was a glint of sunshine in spite of the dun clouds as we started for the village church. Kit had to put a few finishing touches to the decorations and attend a choir practice, into which I had also been impressed for the occasion.

Several things combined to make me serious that morning. I knew what Wimpole was up to, that one more step was impending towards the completion of my isolation. Kit, as she walked by my side, was looking as seductive as such a pretty piece of womanhood possibly could, with her fur collar half way up her cheeks, which were slightly flushed by the wintry air. And there in the pocket of my Norfolk jacket was the Indian letter containing an intimation that an important staff billet which I had been seeking could be mine if I returned without delay to the East. A little while back this would have been welcome news, but now it oppressed me like a heavy weight.

From one point of view it would be an excellent city of refuge for the deserted bachelor. From another, it meant an almost immediate abandonment of all the pleasant old associations which had regathered themselves around me, and, although they had taken new form, were, it seemed, endeavouring to draw me after them. I determined to ask Kitty's advice as we walked home.

So we finished the holly and ivy decorations and the choir practice.

Big white flakes were falling from the wintry sky as we started on our homeward way. For some few moments we walked in silence, while I thought how on earth I should lead off. Then I plunged and told her of the Indian letter, which summoned me to return to Peshawur.

Her eyes bore an anxious expression

as she looked quickly into my face. 'You don't mean it, Jack, do you?' she asked with just a little tremble in her tones. 'Must you really go? Are you tired of us already, or can't you, after all, make up your mind to forgive poor Jim for being married? You see, Jack, it can't be as though we were kiddies always,' she added, gazing meditatively ahead.

'Well, Kitty, suppose I say I refuse this appointment, and stay on, I want to know what there is left here for me.' I replied, bending forward to look into her face, which at once began to blush very prettily.

'I—I think that depends on yourself, Jack,' murmured Kit, lowering her head, partly to escape the snow, which was now driving in our faces, and partly perhaps to hide hers from me, for, in the words of her pretty confession afterwards, 'She knew it was coming, and felt bashful.'

'Well, look here, Kitty,' I said, slipping my arm through hers, 'it is like this, dear. It shall rest with you whether I take this billet or no. Jim vowed he'd always stand by me, but he has gone his own way, and of course doesn't deserve any further consideration. You are the only comrade I have left, and I simply can't stand the idea of losing you, old girl, in the same way. You don't know how fond I am of you, Kit, and if I am to stay I shall want you to say you'll be Mrs Jack Willoughby. If I go now it must be for good and all. Which is it to be dear?' I had got it out somehow, and as we reached the gate leading into the park I stopped short. A veil of snow was sweeping down over the desolate landscape, and it might not have been an ideal place for a proposal, but Babs didn't keep me long.

'Don't go away, Jack, don't go away any more,' she said, placing both her little hands in mine. 'If you leave us now I—I don't know what I should do.'

There was a faint smile on her lips, but strange to say, in her eyes tears were glistening.

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# Pears

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

## The Queen,

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

## Prince of Wales.

'What's the matter, Baba darling! I believe you're crying.' I said, as I put my arms around her.

'Oh, I don't know, Jack; I'm very happy, that's all.'

So the old order was altogether done away, and I who had been its latest champion look back at it still with many a kindly memory of all the jolly days of youth and close comradeship. But, alas! they endure too short a while, and if a man is wise he will be careful to exchange them, while there is yet time, for that denser and more abiding fellowship which shall outlast to the end of time the dust and ashes of all slighter joys.

### A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION FOR LADIES.

INTERESTING NOTE FROM DR. BOURCHIER, M.D., F.S.Sc., (LOND.)

Late Government Medical Officer, N.S.W.

Nothing is more interesting than to notice what prescriptions physicians are in the habit of issuing to ladies. In this direction Dr. Bouchier, M.D., F.S.Sc., of London, but now located at 127, Redfern-street, Sydney, makes an indisputably strong recommendation when he writes:—For some time I have been in the habit of recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to my patients with excellent results. As a tonic their effect is most satisfactory and permanent. In anaemia, chlorosis, and allied diseases I have found them very valuable, and in irregularities of the menstrual period they are unequalled. (Signed) J. G. Bouchier, M.D., F.S.Sc. (Lond.), J.P., late Government Medical Officer, N.S.W., 127, Redfern-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

There is no flourish of trumpets in this letter; it is a simple statement, written in dignified but plain language. All weak, tired, unstrung men and women find renewed strength and vigour in a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are compounded from the prescription of one of the most eminent Edinburgh physicians, Dr. Williams. Their effects are always lasting, as thousands upon thousands of cured sufferers testify.

Miss Tabitha Kay, of 8 Napier-st., Fitzroy, Victoria, had been a very healthy lady until about two years ago, when she contracted fever in Western Australia. This degenerated into anaemia, and she became weaker and weaker. Upon her arrival in Victoria she was so ill that she had to be carried from the steamer to the Federal Coffee Palace. Several physicians prescribed for her, but she received no permanent benefit. Her case seemed hopeless. At last she tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and had not finished the first box before she noticed an improvement. She continued them, and is now completely cured, in perfect health, and as strong as ever.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the great modern healer of disease. Thousands upon thousands of hopeless incurables in all parts of the globe have been miraculously cured by them. They will cure you, too. They never fail. They build up the constitution and strengthen the system in such a way as to prevent any ill effects occurring after fevers, measles, influenza, colds, etc. They are also a certain cure for loss of physical strength, neuralgia, anaemia, all female irregularities, insomnia, debility, indigestion, sick headache, paralysis, gravel, chest, lung, and heart troubles, consumption, St. Vitus' dance, jaundice, eczema, locomotor ataxia, etc., etc. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., will forward, on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for three shillings; or half-dozen for sixteen and six.

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.

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

### THE DAILY LIFE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

The English home of the Empress Eugenie is the loadstone that attracts the eager attention of thousands of people all the world over. The chequered career of the fallen sovereign is a source of never-fading interest, and there are few who will grudge her the peace which has fallen on her closing years in the shelter of her quiet English home.

I went down from London to Farnborough last summer (writes a correspondent of 'M.A.P.') to see the place where the exiled Emperor and ill-fated Prince Imperial are sleeping.

Farnborough Station is a small place. There is a lodge at the gate, and a smiling Scottish lassie, in a clean frock, gives me a gentle curtsey as she leads the way up the gravel walk, through rows of majestic yew trees, to the top of the hill, and I come into full view of the church, and also the house where live the white robed and white capped monks who guard the place.

While I am looking and wondering there appears a stout monk, who respectfully bows and bids me follow. He does not ask my business, for he had many visitors. I follow him down a small flight of stone steps to the rear of the church. Ivy and rich wisteria have twined themselves lovingly together, and are gently creeping up the sides of the sacred edifice. All around the church have been planted flowers; but always and everywhere I see shy violets rearing their heads. They are Eugene's favourite flower, and the monks have planted them there for her sake.

The door leading to the mausoleum swings back at a touch from the monk, and we two are soon standing on a tiled floor that is scrupulously clean. There are a few chairs, and a handsome altar, where the monks say mass, and where the only other person ever present on such occasions is the ex-Empress. It is in fact a private chapel. To the right of the altar is the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the Emperor.

As I looked from the church to the house I saw the dark robed figure of the ex-Empress picking her way along, leaning upon her cane. A private path leads from the house to the church, and to make it more convenient a small foot-bridge has been constructed over the railway track. Slowly, and oh! so painfully, she mounted the steps and crossed into the churchyard. She was alone. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground. One of the monks hurried to meet her, and received from her hands a bunch of violets. The ex-Empress greeted him cordially. Following at a respectful distance, he left her at the door of the tomb. I loitered around the ground for quite an hour, and then she appeared.

I had an excellent opportunity to get a good look at her as she slowly moved about. When she straightened her form she seemed to be tall. Her figure is quite full; her waist has lost its graceful curved lines; her hair is silvery grey; her cheeks are wrinkled; and there is no longer beauty in the face that all the world at one time was willing to concede was the freshest, fairest, and loveliest of all faces. Her black cashmere cloak, trimmed with ermine, her widow's bonnet with its long veil hanging over her shoulders, and her black gloves, made her a striking figure as she walked in the sunshine. Her face was ashy pale, and never a smile passed over it.

Leaving her I walked over to her mansion, Farnborough Hall, across the railroad track. It is no flimsy, inconsistent structure, but a substantial and admirable specimen of early English, the lower part of red brick, with dressings and mullioned windows of stone, and the upper also of brick, picturesquely relieved by columns in teak. The whole building has a comfortable, home like look, and the eye rests with content on the beautifully wooded and park like grounds surrounding it.

It is in such a house as this that Eugene lives and mourns. Her days are long and tedious. She is an early riser—a victim to insomnia, and sometimes she never closes her eyes in sleep for three nights. She has two tried women friends who are with her, take care of the house, and do what they can to make cheerful her days. A force of ten servants complete her household.

Breakfast is served early, and after this meal there are letters to be read and answered, newspapers from London and France, and perhaps a visit to be made to someone in the village who is ill. Then, before luncheon, comes the daily visit to the mausoleum, and after this, luncheon and a walk through the beautiful grounds. Dinner is served at seven o'clock and after this more writing, reading and

perhaps some simple game until bedtime.

The wealth to keep up this quasi-royal state must be considerable, but the Empress is credited with having plenty, and something to spare. Sometimes the ex-Empress goes to London for a brief visit. When she does four servants accompany her. She goes to Paris, too, quite often, but few care for her in the gay city, where her most constant followers nowadays are the police agents told off for her protection.

### IN SOCIETY.

Hostess: 'I suppose there is no use in asking you to stay to dinner?'  
Caller: 'Well, no, not in that way.'

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. For 'Is 2/- 3/- each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.



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

### THE BEST CHOCOLATE.

When placing on the market the new product Van Houten's Chocolate (for eating), some months ago, the manufacturers had before them the object of offering buyers a nutritive and digestible Chocolate of irreproachable composition, while at the same time more delicious in flavor than any of the already existing kinds; in other words, a Chocolate which, both from the point of view as to health as well as to flavor, should satisfy the most exacting demands. The universal good opinion concerning Van Houten's Chocolate, seems to prove that this object has been attained; and it is recognised as being superior to other Chocolates, as Van Houten's Cocoa is superior to other cocoas. When travelling, picnicking, or bicycling, it proves of great service.

Sold in Tins of Croquettes and Tins of Drops.  
Also in Square Tablets and Small Bars.

# TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

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 Soft Measurements forms forwarded by return of post.

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

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.P.S. Lodge, Wellington, for terms and particulars.

### BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Without a doubt nice hair adds greatly to the charm of a woman, but unfortunately nature does not always supply it, therefore the ingenuity of art must be applied to. To meet this demand I have imported hair of every shade, so am prepared to supply hair-work of every description, including Fringes, Plaits, Chignons, Partings, Toupees and complete wigs. Combs made up. Write for catalogue. Orders by post promptly attended to.

A. H. HENDY Ladies' Hairdresser, Dunedin.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS  
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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 FUR, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen 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.

KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.  
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.  
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.  
KEATING'S WORM TABLETS.

A PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEAT, both in appearance and taste, furnishing a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for **INTESTINAL or THREAD WORMS**. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins, by all Druggists.

Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

Autumn Costumes.—While there are many fabrics that are quite as appropriate to one season as another, it has been the custom to ignore the division of the year between summer and autumn, and to wear summer costumes until colder weather compels the adoption of warmer garments for winter. It may be questioned whether this is strictly in accord with the highest ideas of fashion. For autumn costumes, trimmed skirts and over-skirts are quite the accepted styles, and the old-time polonaise, or reilingote, is, as one fashionable woman expressed it, 'singing in the wind.' No style was ever more becoming to a fine figure. Now that sales of summer stock are coming to an end, and the 'awful sacrifices' of surplus goods have cleared somewhat the shelves and windows of our dress emporiums, the new winter goods will shortly be making their appearance. Already some days have been cold enough to make light blouses and muslins uncomfortable, and tailoring and dress-making establishments are now busy with tweeds, cloths, and other tailor-made costumes.

We have sketched a Trelawny shape with strings. This is a pearl-grey felt trimmed with grey chiffon drappings and strings and claret-coloured ostrich feathers. A fascinating chapeauette for a clear complexioned brunette.



A TRELAWNY WITH STRINGS.

The turned-back hat is still in vogue, rather painfully so at times; for it is a shape that demands a distinctly refined face and style, or the effect is what Mrs Gamp called 'braggy.' There is nothing to be defined as to coming pros or cons in millinery, and the straw which shows which way the wind blows has not yet appeared.

Into what fascinating garments have pinafores developed of late years for little girls? Even boys have improved in their overalls upon the pillow or bolster-case with a strong round the neck with which their much-tried frocks or suits were wont to be covered in school or play hours, and they now look quite nice in the holland smocks, with collar, cuffs, and scarlet braid bindings. The girls' pinafores now are—excepting, of course, for quite rough wear—so extremely pretty and dainty, that they are frequently more attractive than the frock they are employed to protect.



A PRETTY PINAFORE.

The designs are endless; but, out of many we have been recently admiring, that sketched here was perhaps as novel as any, besides being easy to carry out at home. It was of dull muslin and embroidery, and made smock fashion into a square-cut yoke of insertion. A strap if the same passed down the centre; the whole being edged with a flouncing of the embroidery. Under this edging (over the shoulders) was also an epaulette of the flouncing. The bottom of the pinafore was finished by a flouncing, insertion, and three small tucks; and from the point of the centre strap of insertion fell a bow and long ends of pale blue ribbon.

The sequin and other trimmings of the 'glit, glit, glitter' ilk still hold us firmly under their glamour, and for evening wear especially are in evidence here, there, and everywhere. A bodice that particularly fascinated us at a well-known modiste's the other day was of black chiffon, with an ap-



A PRETTY BODICE IN BLACK CHIFFON AND SEQUIN.

plique of glittering steel sequins in yoke form over the shoulders, pointing down in the centre of bust, and from the distinct yoke fell slender threads of much smaller sequins drooping at intervals to the waist amongst the folds, which, of course, ultimately pouched at the waist. This would make a most effective bodice for an informal dinner or theatre, as we think will be seen from our note of it in this figure, and might be successfully realised by our readers of taste and ready fingers.

In this figure we have the representative evening cape of the moment, from a model just sketched at one of our great modistes'. This is fashioned in 'Fleur de Velours,' the exquisite new evening fabric, and is of a water-lily green, which is much affected just now, and is very delicate and lovely for such purpose as



A DAINY EVENING CAPE.

evening wear. The surrounding flounce is bordered by white feather trimming, continuing round the high collar. The cape is further adorned by an embroidery of tiny gold and silver sparkles, and is lined with white satin. Our ingenious readers will see numerous possibilities in such a design as this for utilizing their own materials and resources.

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, Hulls:—'I am very much pleased with my dress and habit, just received.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miss Turner, Napier:—'I received the habit and it fits perfectly.'

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

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

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

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

Mrs MacIac, 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, 1898.

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

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

Yours faithfully,  
DUDLEY ALEXANDER,  
Private Secretary.

Mr Nodine.

# NODINE & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS,

WELLINGTON, N.Z.

The plaid or tartan skirt is a power in the land of fashion just now, and is especially smart in conjunction with a little "moss" jacket of dark velvet. In this figure we have a very modish and attractive toilette built on these lines. The skirt is of tartan, in subdued greens and blues, very tight and close-fitting half-way from waist downwards, and very full below. The waist is encircled by a folded belt of shot blue and green silk. The jacket is of black velvet, cut in four points above the waist, edged with very narrow dark sable, and fastened on the left side by three small glass buttons. A smarter, or more up-to-moment autumn toilette could scarcely be found.



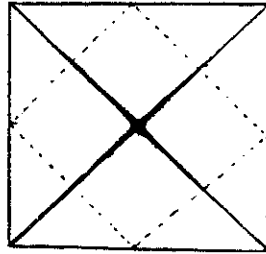
CHARMING AND UP TO DATE.

There is a craze just now for glass buttons. Some call them crystal, but this is a forced politeness, for they really do not rise to the dignity of crystal, but are, in plain fact, glass and nothing but glass. It is difficult to discover the fascination of these buttons; they seem to us so very meretricious on good and handsome materials, but fashion fancies are difficult to account for more than occasionally.

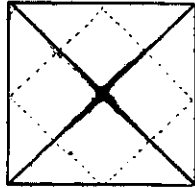
WORK COLUMN.

WATER-LILY SERVIETTE AND DIAGRAM FOR FOLDING.

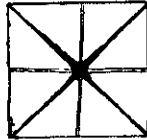
To Fold the Water-Lily.—Take a serviette—one that is square, or as nearly square as possible, is best for this design. Open the serviette, and place it smoothly on the table, turn the four corners over to meet in the centre, as shown in diagram No. 1; press the folds very smoothly; now fold the four corners again to the centre. The dotted lines in No. 1 indicate where the second folds are to be; this forms diagram No. 2. Fold again to the dotted lines in No. 2, and you thus form diagram No. 3. Turn the folded serviette quite over—that is, bring the part that was before lying on the table to the top—fold the corners again to the dotted lines in No. 3, and you form diagram No. 4, which is the last fold. Take a tumbler, and set it with the top downwards into the centre of the square



No. 2.

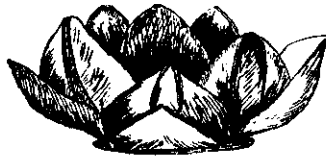


No. 3.



No. 4.

over the four points; take hold of the top of the tumbler with the left hand, press it firmly down, draw up the four corners which lie underneath, one by one, and turn them towards the tumbler, then turn up each of the four corners, one at a time, which you will find lying underneath at the sides; and last, the four points lying just be-



low the four corners you first pulled up. These must be drawn up tightly, as they will tighten the other points, and make the lily firm and of a nice shape. Remove the tumbler, and the water-lily is finished.

HOUSEWIVES' HELPS.

Dish-cloths should be hung in the open air over night.

If shoe-brushes are washed periodically they will last twice as long.

Pour water down the oven flues once a week. It effectually clears the soot away from every part.

Brass stair-rods should be cleaned with oil and whiting and polished with a dry linen rag.

Straw and hay, when used in packing glass or china, should be damped before using, which prevents all slipping.

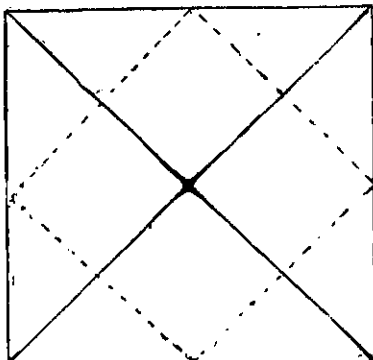
China, when very dirty, can be cleaned with finely-powdered fuller's earth dissolved in warm water, and rinsed well in clean cold water.

Coffee and tea should not be kept near each other, unless closely covered in tin canisters, as they are easily impregnated, and the flavour of each injured.

Pieces of old velvetten should be washed, and used for polishing. They are an excellent substitute for chamouis leather, and may be washed as easily as an ordinary duster.

Stains on marble may be removed by wetting the spots with oil of vitriol, lemon juice, or oxalic acid diluted in spirits of wine. Leave the spot for fifteen minutes, then rub dry with a soft linen cloth.

The very nicest pink lawns and the most delicate blue ones can be done up by soaking in salt and water over night. Let the laundress wash them in the morning in the first water, and hang in the shade until they are dry. A pink lawn can be carried through two summers in this way without once losing a trace of colour.



No. 1.

RECIPES.

SOME MORE WAYS OF USING TOMATOES.

The phenomenal supply of tomatoes still keeps up pretty well all over the colony, and as this fruit is so universally eaten by New Zealanders, I think I cannot do better this week than give some further recipes for cooking them.

SCRAMBLED TOMATOES.

Two cups of ripe tomatoes, one cup of fine bread crumbs, one large tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper and sugar to taste. Put all together in a bowl. Place an iron spider upon the stove and let it get as hot as possible. Turn in the mixture (when the pan is hot) and stir for ten minutes. They can be put in a baking dish with crackers and a thin layer of cheese on top and baked.

TOMATO PIE.

One peck of tomatoes. Pour boiling water over them to remove the skin. One dozen lemons sliced. Boil together one hour, add ten pounds of sugar and then boil together for an hour and a half. After boiling together for an hour and a half put it in quart cans and seal tight for a week or two; then it is ready for use. This makes delicious pies.

SPICED TOMATOES.

Twenty ripe tomatoes, scalded and peeled, two quarts vinegar, eight pounds sugar, four tablespoonfuls each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Boil until thick, stirring often.

PICKLED TOMATOES.

Always use those that are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are the best. Let them lie in brine three or four days, then put down the layers in jars, mixing with small onions and pieces of horseradish. Then pour on vinegar (cold) which has been spiced. Put a spice bag in each pot. Cover carefully and set by in a cool place full month before using.

PUTTING UP TOMATOES.

So many inquiries have come on the subject of tomatoes that, although some of them have been already answered, it seems best to give a few additional points on preserving for winter use this delicious and almost indispensable vegetable. Many families are specially fond of tomato soup and are in the habit of using a quart can of tomatoes as the basis for a most delicious soup, adding to it whatever stock may be at hand and the necessary vegetables and seasonings. To buy this, in the long run, quite expensive, and this fact often restrains them from indulging in such dishes as frequently as they might otherwise desire. Where tomatoes are abundant it has come to be the custom in some households to prepare tomatoes with a view to their use in this way. The tomatoes are dipped in boiling water, peeled in the usual way, cut in half, put into a large preserving kettle and placed on the back of the range, covered with a cheese cloth to exclude the dust, and allowed to cook slowly for many hours. The only rule followed is to cook them until the water is nearly all gone out of them. It is surprising how many may be put into one kettle. One experiment showed that half a bushel of tomatoes were put in six quart jars. It is well, unless the family is very large, to put the fruit up in pint jars. One jar contains the substance of several quarts of tomatoes, and it is estimated that half a pint of this concentrated vegetable will be sufficient for a soup for a large family. There is also this advantage in putting up tomatoes in this way. Very few jars are required, and this is an important item to persons of small means. Sometimes the evaporation is carried on until there remains only a thick pasty mass, which is put into small pots and sealed like other canned fruit. A large spoonful of this preserve will season a stew or a small dish of soup, and is excellent with macaroni and dishes made with rice. It is lacking, however, in the delicate flavour of the fresh fruit.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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



THE CARE OF SPONGES.

To clean old sponges, boil them for three or four hours in water enough to cover them, containing a couple of tablespoonfuls of carbonate of soda, or in water mixed with a couple of handfuls of wood ash, this to remove all the greasy matter the sponges may contain; then rinse them thoroughly, squeezing them well in several lots of clean cold water. After this preliminary operation soak the sponges in chloride acid mixed with four times the quantity of water, suiting the whole amount to the size of the sponge, but keeping the same proportions. After twenty-four hours let the tap run on to the sponge for some time, then rinse with the hands until all smell of the acid has disappeared. Hang the sponges up to dry over a hot stove, and, when this has been satisfactorily accomplished, the sponge will be almost as good as new.

Salt is a most useful substance for the household; for instance, it is the best cleanser of silver and metal spoons, etc., which have been badly stained with eggs.

Carpets strewn with coarse salt before sweeping give out but a minimum of dust.

OILS FOR TOILET USE.

The men and women of ancient Greece and the famous beauties of every clime always understood the use of oil in the toilet, says an authority, which gives the following hint: When animal oil is used it clogs up the pores and renders the skin coarse, but vegetable oils, such as the Greeks used, feed the skin. There are many skins that do not need lubrication after a bath, but there are many others which are benefited by the use of fine vegetable oil, such as almond cream, which furnishes food to the skin and is a powerful aid in the fight against wrinkles.

MONOGRAMMED CUSHIONS.

The fancy for embroidering college seals and other insignia on sofa pillows has led to putting personal monograms or crests on cushions for bonidour use. A lovely pillow received by a bride recently was of white satin, with her maiden monogram embroidered in silver. A spray of orange blossoms at one corner completed the bridal effect. A heavy white silk cord finished the pillow and tassels of white silk and silver were fastened at the corners. Many pillows equally delicate and elaborate are shown in the shops, their beauty being somewhat detracted from by the realization of the difficulty with which they can be kept unsoiled. Occasionally one enters a parlour where the pillows are so extremely costly and dainty that a sort of slip of sheer bolting cloth is made to put over them. The artistic effect is at once lost. A sofa cushion should not be above its use. When a pillow reaches the veiled stage it might better be of denim.

A BANK OF BRIDES.

Simla, the summer capital of the Indian empire, is a pretty pine-treed place well up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A feature of Simla life is the annual fair held by the native hills people, an attractive item of which, says 'Woman's Home Companion,' is a 'Bank of Brides' in an amphitheatre, where sit numbers of young women who thus calmly announce that they are candidates for hymeneal honours. Some of these aspirants to matrimony so patiently awaiting a choosing are quite pretty, and have intelligent faces; but those of Mongol caste must needs linger long for a partner, if personal beauty enters into the equation.

For ironing purposes, deep ruffles for the neck should be made upon little bands. The bands are tacked in the neck of silk waists. When the ruffles are soiled the bands can be ripped out, and the ruffle can be done up. This applies to all the very fine, showy, white embroidered neck pieces, which you see so plentifully in silk waists.



**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 enclosures turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 4d; not exceeding 8oz. 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.' Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

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

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

**WALTER'S FIGHT WITH INDIANS.**

(Continued.)

'Cover!' said Sally. 'We'll be better off in the open if it comes to shooting. They'll crawl up to you through the cover—that is, if it's more than just a bush or two; for, you see, Sally hadn't been born on the plains without learning a good deal about Indian fighting.'

'Well, that's a fact,' Walter cried out. 'But—Hello! What's that?' and Sally stood up and clutched hold of him, and they both stared while the old horses raced onward.

'It's water; it's no mirage,' said Walter.

'Yes, it's real water,' said Sally. 'There's a hollow there and the thunder storm's filled it.'

'Must be pretty shallow,' said Walter, an idea jumping into his head. He didn't ask Sally's opinion this time, but, man fashion, he took his chances.

'Sit down and hold on tight, Sally,' was all he said.

With that he turned out of the road, whipped the horses into their best gallop and drove straight for the water, which was a shallow pond about three hundred yards wide and four or five times as long.

Maybe it was the sight of the water that encouraged the ranch-horses; anyway, they kept the pace so well that the Indians were still more than half a mile behind when the horses splashed into the pond and were brought to a walk. Walter drove them straight forward until water began coming into the waggon-box. Then he turned the waggon broadside to the Indians.

Sally and the boy were now about a third of the way across the pond, and they had entered it about midway between its ends. This suited Walter's plan exactly; he set the brake hard so that his horses couldn't move the waggon against his will, hung his cartridge-belt about his neck, jumped into the water, helped Sally down beside him, pulled her little trunk over so that it concealed and protected her, and then took his rifle and stood ready.

If you will think, you will see that he had a pretty good fortification. The waggon-box was between him and the Indians; the enemy could neither ride fast nor run on foot fast

out to where the boy and girl stood more than waist-deep; they were half under water, and their heads and chests were well defended by the waggon-box and the trunk; there were only five Indians, and these could not get near enough to shoot without offering a far better mark themselves.

The plain afforded no cover for the redskins—nothing but some scattered bunches of grass and a soapweed here and there. Sally understood the situation at a glance.

'Well, you've got an Indian-fighter's head on you, Walter,' she said, approvingly.

'I guess we've got them where we want them,' said Walter, for a boy that could knock over a coyote five times in seven couldn't expect to miss Indians.

'I think so,' says Sally. 'They can't get within shooting distance at either end of this pond; they can't come in where we did without your hitting them; and if they wade across out of range and try to take us at the back, all we've got to do is to cross to the other side of the waggon, and then they're in more danger than they were before.'

'I think it's all right,' said Walter. On came the Indians, almost up to the edge of the pool. Walter was intending to disable the foremost one the moment his pony's hoofs splashed, when the whole five suddenly swerved to their right. Then, as if with one motion, every Indian vanished behind the body of his pony, apparently leaving nothing for Walter to shoot at except the soles of five left feet. But the boy was not unnerved by this manoeuvre. He fired, and down went the foremost pony.

The instant the rider was on his feet, Walter covered him with his Winchester; but Walter was anxious not to shoot any Indians, for he knew that he could defend Sally without doing so, as he now saw something moving on the plain—something of which the Indians were not one bit aware.

'Look toward the west,' said Walter to Sally.

'I see,' said Sally, and her eyes brightened. 'Guess what I was afraid of, Walter. I was afraid the Indians would just wait and watch us till we would have to leave this cold water. Now they'll have no time to wait until we're frozen out.'

Meantime the second Indian had come up, taken the unhorsed man behind him, and galloped out of range with the others. Walter let them go unharmed. For the aspect of affairs had changed—a good deal more, too, than the Indians knew.

The redskins held a brief consultation at a safe distance; then one rode off toward one end of the pool, and another toward the other end, while the remaining three began crawling from bunch to bunch of grass toward the waggon. This did not look so dangerous to the besieged as the Indians probably supposed.

'That's all very fine,' said Walter, when he noted this manoeuvre, 'but they haven't got half enough time to get us surrounded. However, I'll have to attend to the crawling ones. Sally, will you just keep your eye on the two on horseback, and tell me to look when they stop.'

So Sally walked out a few yards, stooping as she waded, so that the water was over her shoulders, until the waggon and horses no longer intercepted her view. There she crouched, with just her head out, and watched the proceedings, and grew exultant and confident as she saw what the Indians didn't even suspect.

While she was keeping her lookout, Walter was making the crawling Indians very uncomfortable by dropping bullets close to them. He wasn't trying to hit them; his hope was to keep them crawling or lying, so that they would not rise and see what was coming. There they lay very flat, and moving with extreme caution until Sally cried out: 'Walter, they've turned back! No, now they're galloping away! They know now!'

'Oh, see them run!' cried Walter, as at that moment the three crawling Indians sprang to their feet, made a dash for their ponies, and rode off helter-skelter.

They had reason. Three angry, well-armed white men were within half-a-mile of them, and riding on like mad. We had arrived in time.

'O father,' said Sally to me, as I lifted her up out of the water and kissed her. 'O father, I'm so glad you come in time! Walter would have had to shoot those Indians, and I don't believe I should ever have felt happy again if he had.'

SIDFORD F. HAMP.

**A BOY'S FIGHT WITH SNAKES.**

**THRILLING ADVENTURE OF JACK FAY IN THE LOUISIANA BACKWOODS.**

Jack Fay was spending his winter vacation in the backwoods of Louisiana. His father had recently purchased a sawmill and a lumber property in that district, and Jack thought it a capital idea that he should accompany Mr Casey, the engineer, who had undertaken to open the business, writes Mr C. F. Fraser in the 'Wide World Magazine.'

Mr Casey divided his men into gangs and sent them out to familiarise themselves with the woods and to report on timber lands. With Jack's assistance he felt equal to the task of getting up steam. Scarcely had the water begun to bubble when one of the men returned to ask Mr Casey to examine some fine timber close at hand and the engineer left the mill. At the moment he would not be gone more than twenty minutes, and he had every confidence in Jack, who had been about machine shops ever since his infancy.

The steam had generated with unexpected rapidity, and the quivering gauge showed a pressure of 110 pounds. He remembered having heard Mr Casey say that the boiler's test was 100 pounds, and he knew that the remnant of the present state of affairs was a probable explosion. He made a frantic dive for the open door, but as he jumped he slipped in his great rubber boots and fell sprawling on the floor. His outstretched hand gave the door a rap, and, to his horror, he heard the sharp click of the spring lock that declared him a prisoner.

His one chance was to open the safety valve. He approached the roaring boiler and looked for the valve. He saw where the trouble lay. The valve was fastened down with rust which the cleaners had overlooked. He felt sure that he could wrench the valve open, but as he was about to grasp the supply pipe to hoist himself to the proper level a fearful spectacle caught his eye.

Coiled about the pipe was an enormous rattlesnake.

With a frightened scream Jack jumped backward to the floor, only to find that he had stepped on a soft, writhing mass. Then it all flashed upon him. The snakes had crawled into the walls of the disused mill in search of winter quarters. The heat had awakened them from the lethargy in which they commonly passed the colder months, and they had come out of their hiding places hungry and vicious.

Lying on the shadowy floor, not a yard from him, a wicked looking black head was lifted threateningly, and a pair of green eyes glittered in the dark. Instinctively he reached out his hand, and to his delight it touched an iron bar leaning against the wall. He shuddered as he grasped it, for the boiler seemed to be making frantic lunges in his direction, so great was the vibration. Yet in a moment he mustered himself. The snakes were his present foes, and their arose within him a wild desire to encompass their destruction. The upriser bar came down with great force on the head of the snake that had attacked him. He felt its body yield and break with the blow, and he burst into a savage laugh. A second stroke brought death to the creature he had tried upon.

Yet all the time he knew that the real fight would come between him and the reptile that had coiled about the supply pipe. The creature was becoming infuriated at the jarring of its place of rest, and was prepared to vent its venom on Jack.

As he approached the creature unrolled a couple of coils and darted its

head out at him threateningly. The wild snake would not allow him to come within arm's length, and he could get no opportunity to aim a blow.

Jack saw that the intense heat was compelling the reptile to leave the supply pipe. It might be possible yet to open the valve and avert the explosion. The gauge was showing 120 pounds.

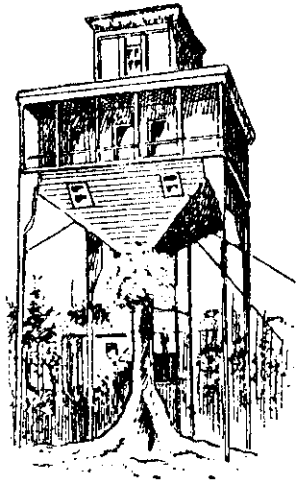
He began to play fast and loose with the snake, tormenting it daringly with his iron bar, and apparently throwing himself in its way. His wiles had the desired effect. The great creature, aggravated past bearing, dropped heavily to the floor, and began to coil for the fatal spring.

The bar came down with a flail-like sound, and the snake lay dead among its kindred, while Jack at last reached the supply pipe, and with one mighty blow knocked off the safety valve, and let the cloud of vapour rise skyward.

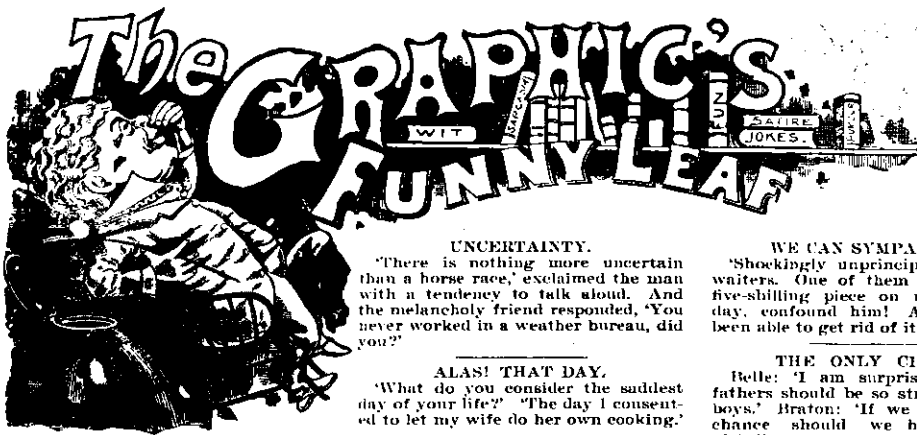
Mr Casey saw the volume of steam as he returned from the timber strip. Fearing that something had gone wrong, he ran to the boiler-room and burst open the door, only to find his young friend lying on the floor along with the bodies of three great rattlesnakes.

**A HOUSE ON A TREE-TOP.**

This singular dwelling, a photograph of which is reproduced here, is built at a height of forty feet above the ground. It is situated among the jungles of Eastern Nicaragua, and is the abode of one Samuel Wilderson, a native of Louisiana. He came to the country several years ago, and built his house with lumber brought from the United States. The structure cost him some £700. He lives in his impregnable home alone, with the exception of his negro cook, and never meets his neighbours. There are many curious stories told about the hermit in the neighbourhood, though little is known of him. The house is three storeys in height. It is built around a giant oak tree, which passes through the middle to the roof. The tree is four feet in diameter, and fur-



nishes a stable foundation. The lumber used in building it is planed and painted white. The lower storey is used as a kitchen and storeroom. Above this are the parlour and bedroom, which have ten windows and two doors. The upper storey is a bath room, with a window on each side. The bath is supplied with water caught from the roof in barrels. The tropical rains are so frequent and heavy that there is always an abundant water supply. The house is reached by means of a lift. A car is attached to a rope which passes through a pulley in the kitchen. When any one enters the cage, his weight being about equal to that of the iron weight, makes it an easy matter to pull the elevator to the top. When the proprietor has overhauled himself up and about the door, he can be sure there will be no unwelcome visitors. The furniture is simple. There are only a few articles—such as a table, a few chairs, and a bed, and no carpets. The tree house is probably the most beautiful abode in the district. Its height, far above the swamps, keeps out wild beasts as well as fever-laden air which rises from the swamps.



UNCERTAINTY.

'There is nothing more uncertain than a horse race,' exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk aloud. And the melancholy friend responded, 'You never worked in a weather bureau, did you?'

ALAS! THAT DAY.

'What do you consider the saddest day of your life?' 'The day I consented to let my wife do her own cooking.'

CURIOS.

'Did you know that the scientists have come to the conclusion that a decapitated head can think, although it cannot speak?' 'That's queer, when it is so much easier to talk than to think.'

ART OF CONVERSATION.

He: 'Yaas—was at a party last night.' She: 'Meet Miss Gwilliams?' He: 'Yaas. Chahming g'yu!' She: 'Going anywhere s'evening?' He: 'Yaas. (Got to give a recita-tion—promised I would, y'know.' She: 'Going to give a recita-tion?' He: 'Aw—yaas.' She: 'How perfectly lovely! To give a recita-tion!' He: 'Yaas.'

MADE TO ORDER.

'I say,' asked the Cheerful Idiot, 'what is Poe, Tennyson, or Longfellow who wrote that ode to the laundry girls?'

'Perhaps you are alluding to Hood's "Song of the Shirt,"' said the Literary Man.

'No,' said the Cheerful Idiot, 'I mean that one about "Wring Out, Wild Belles."'

A CHEAP TRIMMING.

Wife: 'I shall alter this hat. With what shall I trim it?'

Husband: 'Bank-notes. It would be cheaper for me in the long run!'

PUT DOWN.

Smart Youth (to rustic old party on opposite side of the railway carriage): 'You seem to be looking at me pretty closely. Do I remind you of somebody you used to know?'

Rustic Old Party: 'Yes; you remind me of an aunt of mine in Whitechapel, only she's got a little more moustache than you have.'

TRUE CLEVERNESS.

She: 'You are not clever; you only manage to make people think so.' He: 'And don't you call that cleverness?'

THE LAZIEST BOY.

Parent: 'Who is the laziest boy in your class, Bobby?'

Bobby: 'I dunno.'

Parent: 'I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?'

Bobby: 'The teacher!'



Polly Eberplum: The way that fellow follows me about is positively disgusting!

Mary: That's what everybody says. They think he must be out of his mind.

A WRINKLE.

Mrs Holmes: 'What has changed George Gollightly so? He used to neglect his wife scandalously, but now he's devoted to her.'

Mr Holmes: 'Yes. She had her portrait placed on the dial of his watch, and his friends, who think he's single, have been asking to be introduced to her?'

WE CAN SYMPATHISE.

'Shockingly unprincipled lot, those waiters. One of them passed a bad five-shilling piece on me the other day, confound him! And I haven't been able to get rid of it yet.'

THE ONLY CHANCE.

Belle: 'I am surprised that you fathers should be so strict with your boys.' Braton: 'If we weren't what chance should we have with the girls?'

SUGGESTIVE.

Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem about a bear that walks like a man.'

'I wonder if he ever met my husband.'

A PARDONABLE DECEPTION.

'Does your baby give you much trouble at night?' 'No. We've deceived it by having an electric light put up in front of our house.'

VERY SELECT.

English Stranger: 'Is your society here very select?'

Arizona Al: 'See them graves over that? They was all filled by fellers who came to our dances without invitashuns.'

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

The Young Rector (in evident embarrassment): 'My dear Miss Clara, I—trying to leave his chair—I believe I have formed an attachment, and—'

Miss Clara (blushing furiously): 'Oh, Arthur—I mean Mr Greene—this is so unexpected, I must—'

The Young Rector (frantically): 'Beg pardon, Miss Clara; but I was about to say I have formed an attachment for this chair, due to the presence of a bit of cobbler's wax placed here by that unregenerate brother of yours, (Intense delight of the small boy in ambush.)'

NOT AN ORDINARY ONE.

A showman recently wanted a dwarf. He got one—that is, he got what he called a dwarf. As a matter of fact, the new 'freak of Nature' was as big or nearly as big as a giant.

A countryman entered the show and looked at the dwarf.

'Pooh!' he said; 'that ain't no curiosity.'

'It ain't no curiosity, eh?' said the showman. 'Why, that,' he went on proudly, 'that's the biggest dwarf in the world.'

CLOSE SHAVING.

'Speaking of shaving, I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by.'

'Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them.'

MERELY A LEASE.

'It seems we are all mistaken about old Coeus and his pretty young wife. 'How so?' 'Why, every one said he bought her, you know. 'And didn't he?' 'Apparently not. It seems to have been a lease. They're in the divorce court already.'

POOR DOG.

Pedestrian: 'As I was walking by your gate your dog ran out and bit me.' Householder: 'I'm awfully sorry. The fact is, that dog has always had his meat cooked. I hope the sudden change won't hurt him. I think the world of that dog.'

HER EXPERIENCE.

A charming instance of logical topsyturvydom was related by Mr P. A. Barnett in his lecture at the College of Preceptors' winter meeting. A friend of his was once remonstrating with a labourer's wife for attempting to feed an eight months old baby with some form of herring. 'Do you think I don't know how to bring up children?' replied the indignant mother, 'why I've buried ten.'

WIFELY DEVOTION. 'Miranda, dear,' the young husband said, in a shaking voice, 'I must say good-bye now for four long weeks. Keep up a good heart, my own. I shall write to you every day. Remember I am thinking of you, dearest, every second, and the time will not pass so drearily. When you feel lonely sit down and write me a good long letter. I shall not be gone a moment longer than my business detains me, and I will send a telegram the instant I start for home. Be brave, dearest. The separation will be no harder for you than it is for me!'

'Ralph, dear,' said the young wife, holding him by a button of his coat, and looking up into his face with swimming eyes, 'have you paid all your life insurance assessments up to date?'



BEFORE AND AFTER. Singleton: Before she married you your wife was always very pensive? Benedick (sadly): Yes; but she's expensive now.

UP IN THE TREE TOP. Rivers was unconvinced. 'You may talk about evolution all you please, Brooks,' he said, 'but you can't change my opinion. My remotest ancestry, of course, is an unknown quantity, but there's no ape X at the top of my family tree.'

WHY HE BREAKS HIS WORD. Hoax: 'Jigley is thinking of setting his son up in business.' Tom: 'He'll never do; he's for ever breaking his word.'

'So?' 'Yes; he stutters frightfully.'

A HOT SPORT. 'How does Jack like Waiwera?' 'O, says it's hot.' 'Well, I'm not surprised at that; he generally makes things pretty warm wherever he is.'

THE NEW STYLE. Father: 'I told you a year ago that you could not marry my daughter.' Suitor: 'Yes, sir. But I thought in the intervening period prosperity might have brought a change for the better in your affairs.'

ARCADIAN SIMPLICITY. 'Dress official' was the announcement made in placards, that a certain swimming club would shortly hold their annual ball. It caused not a little amusement.



WILLING TO ASSIST. 'May I ask you to contribute to the work for the conversion of the heathen?' 'O, yes! Bring in a heathen or two and I'll do what I can to convert them!'