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PRETTY POLLY-TICS.

—"HE DOESN'T 'THINK' MUCH, BUT HE'S A BEGGAR TO 'TALK!'"

(Hon. R.—S.—) "Confound that bird! I'd like to wring it's neck!"

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A DETECTIVE STORY.

By FERGUS HUME.

Author of 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,' 'The Third Volume,' 'For the Defence,' 'The Lone Inn,' &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE UNEXPECTED OCCURS.

Gebb found it impossible to discover the owner of that third-class railway ticket. He went himself to Norminster to find out, if possible, to whom it had been issued, but all in vain. The station-master had taken another situation in Scotland, the ticket clerk was absent on his annual holidays, and none of the porters could remember any particular person who had gone up to London on that particular day. On the whole, circumstances seemed to be against Gebb in following this clue, and after several vain attempts he gave it up, at all events for the present. This he confessed to Parge, who at once reproved him for faint-heartedness, and preached a lengthy sermon on the folly of being discouraged.

"You don't expect roast ducks to fly into your mouth, do you?" said Parge indignantly. "Of course, it is no easy task to hunt down a criminal. We'd have all the bad 'uns in gaol if such was the case. You've only been a week looking after this ticket business, yet you shy off just because you can't find out about it straight away. You never were a detective, Absalom, and you never will be."

"But just look here," cried the badgered Absalom. "What can I do, I've been—"

"I know where you're been—to Norminster," growled Parge, "and I know what you've done—nothing. You think I'm past work. I saw that the other day. Well, from nat'ral infirmity, or too much fat, so I am; but in nowise else, Absalom, so don't you believe it. If I was in your shoes, which I ain't, I'd write up to that station-master in Scotland, and ask him if he knows of any partic'lar person as left Norminster on that day. It ain't a big place, and if he's a sharp one he might remember."

"I've written to the station-master," cried Gebb, crossly.

"Oh, have you?" returned Parge, rather disappointed. "Then I'll be bound you don't know what you're going to do about that ticket clerk."

"Yes, I do. I'm going to wait till he comes back, and then question him at once. In about a week I'll know all those two know, though I dare say it won't be much. And look you here, Simon," cried Gebb, warming up, "it's all very well your pitching into me over this case, but is it an easy one? 'Cause if you say it is, it ain't. I never in my born days came across such a corker of a case as this one. Who would have thought that Ferris and the girl would be mixed up in it?—yet they were. And who would have thought them guilty? Everybody! And were they guilty? You know they weren't. Can you find Dean? No, you can't, though you tried yourself when his trail was still fresh. Then how the devil do you expect me to find him after all these years? It's very easy to sit in your chair and pick holes, Simon, but when you come to work the case for yourself, you'll be as up a tree as I am at this blessed moment."

"I don't deny that the case is hard, Absalom."

"Hard!" echoed Gebb with scorn; "it's the most unnat'ral case as ever was. The only got one blessed clue after all my hard work, and that's the railway ticket; which, so far as I can see, is about as much good as a clock would be to a baby."

"Why don't you question Mrs Parg?"

"I have questioned her, and the servant too; and beyond the ticket, she don't know a blessed thing."

"Can't Basson help you, or Mr Alder, or Mr Ferris?"

"No! none of the three; they don't know who killed Miss Gilmar, and if it comes to a point, Simon, I don't see why they should know."

"It is queer that the lot of them, including the girl, should have been in Grangebury on the very night of the murder," said Parge, with a musing air.

"It's a coincidence, that's all," retorted Gebb, "and you know very well in our profession there's no end of coincidences, though if you write them in a book people tell you they're impossible. You can't accuse any one of the three of killing the old woman, as they were all in the lecture hall the whole evening. You know all about Ferris, and Miss Wedderburn; well, it couldn't have been them. Mr Basson was lecturing; it couldn't have been him. Mr Alder was looking after the money and the house, so as to get plenty of cash in for his friend, so it couldn't have been him. If not them, who is guilty?"

"Well, Dean must be the criminal," "I don't believe it," replied Gebb, obstinately. "And if he is, he'll not be hanged; for Old Nick himself couldn't hunt him out. By the way, Simon, what kind of a man was he to look at; to the naked eye, so to speak?"

"I don't know what like he'll be now," replied Parge, briskly, "but he was uncommonly good-looking in the dock. I can tell you. Just the man to take a woman's fancy. Tall and dark, and smiling."

"Any particular mark?" asked Gebb, professionally.

"Well, he wasn't scarred or scratched in any way that I know of," replied Parge, reflectively, "but he had a frown."

"Get along! Everyone's got a frown," said Gebb, in a disgusted tone.

"Not of his sort," was Parge's answer. "Since sitting here, Absalom, I've been reading a heap of books I never read before. Amongst others one called 'Redgauntlet,' by a baronet, Sir Walter Scott. Know it?"

"No, I don't. What has it got to do with Dean?"

"There was a fellow in it," said Parge, following his own reflections, "as had a horseshoe mark over his nose when he frowned. Quite queer it was."

"Must have been," said Gebb, derisively, "and has Dean a horseshoe?"

"No. But when he scowls, or frowns, like this," here Parge made a hideous face, "he's got a queer mark, deep as a well and quite straight, between his eyebrows. I'd know him from among a thousand by it. Seems to cut his forehead in two like. If you see a man with a mark like that when he's in a rage, Absalom, just you nab him, for that's Dean."

"Stuff!" said Gebb, impatiently. "Lots of men wrinkle up into lines when they get out of temper. I've seen foreheads like Clapham Junction for lines."

"Not so deep," answered Parge, shaking his head, "and not so straight down between the eyes. Most men frown in lines which run across the forehead, when they raise their eyebrows like; but Dean draws everything up to a deep mark as dips just between the eyebrows and on to the nose. It's the queerest mark I ever saw; and whatever disguise he puts on he can't smooth that furrow off. A baby could tell him by it."

"Hum!" said Gebb, who had been thinking. "Now you come to talk of it, Simon, that young Ferris has a mark like that; but not very deep."

"He's young yet, Absalom; but I daresay he takes after his father. Well, all I say is that there's no other way

in which you'll spot Dean. He may grow old, and white and shaky, or he may disguise himself in all kinds of ways, but he can't rub out that brand of Cain as Nature has set on him. I said it before, and I say it again."

"I'll look round for a man of that sort," said Gebb, rising to take his leave, "but I can't say I've much hope of finding him. Dean's been lost for so long that I daresay he's lost for ever. Well, good-bye, Simon. I won't see you for a day or two. There's heaps for me to do."

"Where are you going?" grunted the fat man.

"I'm off to ask Mr Alder to let me search in Kirkstone Hall for that confession of Miss Gilmar's. Then I'm going down there to look it up."

"That won't do any good towards finding out who killed her," said Parge, shaking his head.

"I don't know so much about that, Simon," replied Gebb, coolly. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find as the person who killed Kirkstone was someone quite different from those we suspect."

"It must be either Miss G. or Miss K.," said Parge, "and knowing the truth about them won't help you to spot the assassin. You look for Dean first, Absalom, and leave the confession alone for a while."

"No," replied Gebb, obstinately. "I'll look for the confession, and fly round afterwards for Dean. You let me negotiate the job in my own way, Simon."

With this determination, of which Parge by no means approved, but was unable to hinder, Gebb went off to make his last venture in solving the mystery. By this time he was in a furious rage at his many failures, and swore under his breath that come what might he would hunt down and punish the unknown assassin of the wretched old woman who had been strangled in Paradise Row. He had three designs in his head, one of which he hoped might serve to attain the much-desired end. Firstly, he intended to search for the confession of Miss Gilmar, in the belief that it might throw some light on the later case. Secondly, he resolved to follow the clue of the railway ticket, and learn who had come up from Norminster on that fatal night to visit Miss Gilmar, since such person—on the evidence of the ticket found in the Yellow Boudoir—was undoubtedly her murderer. Thirdly, he was bent upon making another search round the pawn-shops to see if any of the other jewels taken from the body had been turned into money. The appearance of the necklace was accounted for by Edith, as she had received it from the old woman before the assassin had arrived; but the rings, bracelets, and hair ornaments were still missing. Sooner or later, in order to benefit by his crime, the murderer would seek to turn them into cash when he thought the storm had blown over. Then was the time to trace and capture him.

The French have a proverb which runs in English "that nothing is certain but the unforeseen," and certainly Gebb proved the truth of this when he arrived at Alder's lodgings. As yet the barrister, pending the administration of the estate, had not moved from his rooms in the Temple; but he intended to do so shortly, and already had engaged handsome chambers in Half-moon-street. These, however, he was never destined to occupy, for on the very day Gebb called to see him he met with an accident which seemed likely to result in his death. As one pleasure to be gained from his riches Alder had purchased a horse, shortly after coming into his fortune, and every morning went riding in the Row. He was a good rider, but not

having indulged in the exercise for some years, by reason of his impetuosity, he had lost a portion of his skill, with the result that the horse, a fiery animal with tricks of which Alder was ignorant, bolted unexpectedly, and threw his rider against the rails. Alder fell across them with such force that he had injured his spine, and now was lying in his rooms in a crippled condition.

"Do you think he'll get over it?" asked Gebb when Alder's servant was relating the occurrence.

"No, sir," answered the man, shaking his head. "The doctor says he's bound to die sooner or later. The spine is injured, and my poor master can't feel anything below his waist. It's death in life already, and the end is sure to come."

"Can I see him?" asked the detective, after some thought.

"No, sir, the doctor left word that he was to see no one."

With this Gebb was forced to be content; and as already he had obtained Alder's permission to search the Hall, he went away rather low-spirited. It seemed hard that the man should come to an untimely end, just when he inherited his kingdom. Moreover, he had behaved very well in defending Ferris in the face of all evidence, and releasing him from prison; therefore Gebb thought it just as well to send a line to the artist and Edith, so that they might come forward in their turn to do what they could for the man who had acted so generously towards them both.

"It's hard lines," said Gebb to himself when he had posted his letter. "I do call it hard. Alder gained a fortune, it is true; but he lost the woman he wished to marry, and now he loses his life. It's a queer world, that gives a man a pleasure only to take it away from him again. I don't understand the workings of Providence now."

With this philosophical reflection, Gebb went home to make his plans before going down to Norminster the next day. He had little hope of success, however, and now that Alder was dying he wondered if he did capture this murderer, if the reward would be paid to him.

"Of course it will," he said to himself on reflection, "for if Alder dies, Miss Wedderburn becomes mistress of the Hall."

CHAPTER XX.

A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.

It was a bright and sunny day when Gebb found himself once more at Kirkstone Hall. In the sunshine the building looked grim and desolate. The smokeless chimneys, the closed doors, dusty windows, and grass-grown terraces, gave the place a forlorn and wretched aspect, and the absence of life, the silence broken only by the twittering of the birds, the neglected gardens, created, even to the detective's prosaic mind, an atmosphere of menace and dread. It looked like a place with a history; and Gebb wondered if Miss Wedderburn, on becoming its mistress, would care to inhabit it again.

"When she marries Ferris and begins a new life, I dare say she will seek some more cheerful abode," he thought, as he stood on the terrace, and looked on the silent house. "It would be foolish for a young couple to dwell with the ghosts of the past. I am not imaginative myself, but I should not care to live here; no, not if the house was given to me rent free. If I were Miss Wedderburn I'd pull it

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down and build a new place without a past or a ghost."

While Gebb soliloquised thus, he heard a hoarse voice in the distance, and saw Martin, spade on shoulder, passing across the lawn singing one of his gruesome songs. Evidently he had caught sight of the detective on the terrace, for not until he came towards him did he begin to sing. Then he danced grotesquely over the green turf, croaking his wild ditty, and looking a strange figure in the strong sunshine; yet not unsuited to the lonely place, with its grim associations:—

When moon shines clear my shadow and I
Dance in the silver light;
When moon lies hid in a cloudy sky
My shadow with her takes flight.
And I remain in the falling rain,
Calling up on my shadow in vain:
"Oh shadow dear, I wait you here,
Alone in the lonely night."

When he came close to Gebb he stopped his song and dance suddenly, and looked inquiringly at the detective with his head on one side. "What do you want?" he croaked. "There is nothing here but death and misery."

"I've come to look at the house, Martin. Can you show me over it?"
"No, no," said the gardener, shaking his head. "I don't walk through the valley of dry bones. If you sit in the Yellow Room you hear the dead tell secrets."

"What kind of secrets?" asked Gebb, humouring him.

"How the sister killed the brother, and how she who killed them both laughed and laughed."

But she died at last in deep despair
When Satan caught her in his snare.

Gebb looked fixedly at the man. He had been in the house at the time of the Kirkstone murder, so it might be that his poor wits retained a memory of the tragedy. Was it possible that light could be thrown on its darkness by this madman? The detective asked himself that question once or twice, as he listened to the poor creature rambling on, how Laura had killed her brother at the instigation of Miss Gilmar.

"And is Mr. Dean innocent?" he asked, suddenly.

"God and his saints know that he had no hand in it," cried Martin, with a remarkably sane look on his face. "A woman ripped one, a woman slew the other, and the poor soul lies in chains—in chains." And he fell to weeping, as though his heart would break with sorrow and pain.

"I wonder if this is the truth," thought Gebb. "Perhaps, after all, Laura did murder her brother, and Miss Gilmar to save her denounced Dean. But there is no sense to be got out of this lunatic; his evidence would not stand in a court of law. The only thing is to search for that confession, so the sooner I set to work the better. Martin," he said, aloud, "can you show me over the house?"

"Not I! Not I! Ask old Jane. Come and I'll take you to old Jane;" and shoukling his spade again, Martin walked off round the corner of the terrace, singing—

God is far away, alas!
The Devil is beside us;
And as we wander thro' the world,
He is the one to guide us.

He gives with grin, the wage of sin;
And when the fiend hath paid me,
We stand outside the gate of Hell,
With Christ alone to aid us.

Old Jane proved to be a grim and elderly female in a rusty black dress and a still rustier bonnet. She came out of a side door, and wiping her hands on a coarse apron, curtseyed to Gebb, while Martin, introducing the pair with a regal wave of the hand, danced off round the corner.

"What may you be pleased to want?" asked old Jane, when the scarecrow gardener had disappeared.

"I have received permission from Mr. Alder to look over the house," replied the detective, "and I wish you to show it to me."

"There ain't much to see, sir," croaked the ancient dame, "it's all dust and darkness. I doubt if my old leg would carry me over it."

"Oh, well, I can go by myself, Jane," said Gebb, cheerfully.

"Mrs. Grix, if you please," snapped Jane, indignantly. "I only allows Miss Edith to call me by my first name. Poor, pretty dear, and she's gone away for ever."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that," rejoined Gebb, dryly. "Mr. Alder has met with an accident and may die; in

which case Miss Wedderburn will return here as mistress."

"Mr. Alder's ill, is he?" said Jane in no very regretful tone, "and may die. Ah, well," with a lachrymose whine, "all flesh is grass, that it is; and if Miss Edith does come back I hope she'll shut up the Yellow Room."

"For what reason, Mrs. Grix?"
"Cause it's haunted by spirits," replied Mrs. Grix, with a mysterious look. "I've heard 'em two of 'em quarrelling there."

"Which two? What two?" asked Gebb, who began to think that the old lady had been at the bottle.

"Miss Gilmar and the master; they 'aunts the Yellow Room and fights I knows it; 'cause I sleeps here all alone, save for Martin, as lives in the back part; an' I hears voices, that I do."

"I wonder you are not more afraid of that madman than of ghosts."

Mrs. Grix smiled in a cunning and significant manner. "Oh, I ain't afraid of Martin, sir; no one as knows him fears him."

"And why?" asked Gebb, sharply.
This question Mrs. Grix did not choose to hear; but mumbled and shaking her old head, hobbled along the passages in the direction of the Yellow Room. She ushered Gebb into this with a chuckle, and threw open the shutters to let the sunlight shine on the faded and time-worn decorations of the room.

"I s'pose you'll want to see this first," said Mrs. Grix; "most folks likes to see a room as a murder's been done in. There's a stain of blood over in that corner; master's blood—which Miss Gilmar would never let be wiped out. I desay master comes and look at it, and wishes he had his body again. He was an awful bad one—and mean!" Mrs. Grix lifted up a pair of dirty and trembling hands. "They was both of 'em skindints," said she with a nod.

"Whom are you speaking of, Mrs. Grix?"

"Of Miss Gilmar and Mr. Kirkstone, sir."

"Did you know them?"

"Did I know them?" echoed the hag, with scorn. "Of course I knowed them; and a bad lot the pair of 'em was. They give Miss Laurer a fine time, I can tell you. I wonder she didn't go off with Mr. Dean, I do."

"Were you here when the murder took place?" asked Gebb.

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, I sawr the 'ole of it," croaked Mrs. Grix. "Master was a-lying over there with a knife in his 'eart, and Miss Gilmar, she was 'oller'ing for the police."

"Did Dean kill Kirkstone?"

"Ah, that's telling!" said Mrs. Grix cunningly. "Don't you ask no questions, young man, and you won't be told no lies."

"You must tell me!" cried Gebb, seizing her by the wrist. "I am from Scotland Yard; a detective." And he shook the beldame furiously.

Mrs. Grix raised a feeble wail of horror.

"Lor', you're perlice, are you?" she whimpered. "Jist let me go; I know nothin'."

"Did Laura Kirkstone kill her brother?"

"I dunno; I swear I dunno."

"Was Miss Gilmar the criminal?" Mrs. Grix leered. "She never told me she was, sir, but she didn't carry the Yellow Room about with her for nothin'."

"What do you mean?" said Gebb, releasing her.

Mrs. Grix rubbed her wrist, which had been somewhat bruised by his clasp, and leered again. "Miss Gilmar wrote it all down," she said.

"A confession?" cried the detective.

"I dunno what you call it, sir; but I know she wrote it down, 'cause she said to me, 'It'll be all right when I'm dead.' Well, she are dead," said Mrs. Grix, "and it ain't all right, unless she left the writin' behind her."

"Where is hat confession?"

"I dunno. I wish I did. There's money in it. I've hunted all over the house, and I can't come across it nohow."

"Well, Mrs. Grix, what is your opinion?" Was it Dean, or Miss Gilmar, or Miss Laura who killed the man?

"You look about for the paper, lovey," said Mrs. Grix, coaxingly, "and it'll tell you all."

"You tell me."

"But I don't know for certain."

"Never mind. What is your opinion?"

"Will ye give me money for it?"

"That depends upon your information."

"Then I sha'n't tell ye," cried Mrs. Grix, backing towards the door. "You can look for what she wrote. I sha'n't 'elp you. Keep me fro' the work'ouse, and maybe I'll tell ye summat to make you wink; but not now, not now. Old Jane Grix ain't no fool, lovey. No, no!"

Gebb made a step forward to detain her, but Mrs. Grix hobbled through the door and vanished in the darkness as mysteriously as any of the ghosts she had been talking about. At all events, when the detective slipped out of the Yellow Room and into the twilight of the passage his eyes were somewhat dazzled by the sunlight and glare of colour within, and he saw nothing for the moment. Mrs. Grix was quicker on her old feet than he supposed, and in some way hobbled out of sight into one of the numerous passages, so that when Gebb's eyes became accustomed to the gloom he did not know into which one she had gone. Also, he heard rapidly retreating footsteps—not the heavy hobble of the old woman, but rather the light, dancing step of Martin. And as to confirm this impression, he heard the hoarse voice of the gardener singing one of his wild songs:

Light shall come but not from above,
For shall come but not from love,
The glow of hell, the lust of hate,
Impatiently for these I wait.

"Ha!" said Gebb to himself, as he

hurried down the passage. "Martin has been listening. I wonder why? I don't believe he is mad after all, for neither that old woman nor Miss Wedderburn is afraid of him. He must be feigning madness for some reason. Ha!" cried the detective with a sudden start, "can Martin be the murderer of —"

Before he could finish the sentence he heard a series of piercing shrieks from Mrs. Grix, and a hoarse growling from Martin. These noises sounded far in the distance, and Gebb ran down the passage, through the sitting-room into which he had been shown by Miss Wedderburn on the occasion of his first visit, and on to the terrace. Here he saw Mrs. Grix running from Martin, who was rushing after her with a furious face. Gebb stared, not at the terrified old woman, who was hurrying towards him with wonderful activity for one of her years, but at Martin's face. It wore a savage scowl, and there between the eyes was the deep mark spoken of by Page.

"Dean!" cried Gebb, thunderstruck. "You are Dean!"

"Yes! yes!" screeched Mrs. Grix, getting behind Gebb; "he's Dean sure enough. He was going to kill me 'cause I wanted to tell ye."

Martin—or rather Dean—stopped when he heard his name, then turned, and leaping over the terrace, ran like a hare down the avenue.

(To be continued.)

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

"O'ER LAND AND SEA."

When the marquis looked at his watch he found they had accomplished the task in less time than had been promised.

It was the fastest run that had ever been made between London and Dover, and as they passed the motor he did not forget the grimy, faithful driver who had done his duty so fearlessly and so well.

Again the man from Scotland Yard was put in charge, and bent his energies to discovering what had become of those they sought.

One thing soon became evident—they had arrived in Dover too late for the last Channel boat and must still be in the city unless some special means of traversing the sea had been placed at their disposal.

It was really wonderful how this man took up the trail—the others were reminded of a bird dog following a strong scent.

Step by step he advanced, and hope began to rise again in their breasts as they realised how quickly he rectified mistakes.

The trail led them to the water, and then they knew the crisis was near.

It was a period of most intense anxiety on the part of the two men, for a dreadful fear haunted them that perhaps Juanita had some myriads of little wavelets, and sea would forever clear her path to the heart of the marquis.

In all his life Jack Overton never suffered such wretched pangs of remorse and despair as came upon him while they looked out upon the dark waters where the stars were reflected upon myriads of little wavelets and considered what a trackless waste the sea might be.

Livermore was alternately swearing and muttering threats to himself; if this strain were kept up it would be unsafe to insure his mind.

His very presence was a keen reproach to the marquis, while his agony stabbed Jack as might a two-edged sword.

Still, they were to a degree helpless in the hands of the man upon whose sagacity they depended, and when his report made action possible it might be seen how quickly Overton would spring to the front, determined to win at any cost.

He came at length, and brought positive news.

Those they sought had gone to sea in a small steamer that had evidently been awaiting their arrival.

From one point and another he had reached the conclusion that their goal was a Spanish port, since the men who manned the black little steamer always talked of Santander, and they declared themselves native fishermen of that picturesque spot on Biscay Bay.

That was all they had to work upon, and yet the detective seemed so confident that he put much of hope into the minds of his companions.

There was only one thing to do—follow.

They must shake the dust of old England from their feet and give chase.

Few people anticipate a trip upon the Channel with pleasure, but none of the trio flinched.

"Let us find the boat," was what the marquis said, as cheerily as possible.

And they began the search. It

piqued the man from Scotland Yard to think that all this trouble had been caused by a woman—evidently he was inclined to have a poor opinion of the sex as a whole—but, then, his operations had been confined to a certain class of criminals, usually stupefied by drink, and as his experience took in a wider field he would learn that it was the height of folly to despise the schemes of a bright woman's mind.

Given a feverish anxiety to be afloat, and unlimited capital, in a seaport one need not search very long for the craft.

Even at this uncanny hour of the night business was being transacted along the water-front, while boats arrived and departed—for wind and tide and weather are factors more important to seafaring men than daylight or darkness.

Following a clue he had picked up, the detective soon had them aboard a little craft that was used in the coasting trade, a staunch and speedy boat, such as would answer their purpose admirably.

Alas! the owner was a thrifty Scot, who had a will as firm as the mountains of his native country—even a magnificent price did not appear to stir him; but when the marquis finally offered to purchase the boat at double her cost, he was conquered, overwhelmed.

To his credit be it said that, later on, when he heard the story, he swore that he would have let them charter the boat on their own terms had the known ladies were in danger—nevertheless he did not refuse to accept when the marquis gave a staggering cheque for the craft's value, according to contract.

Out of the harbour and away. Their course was south-east by south.

An exhilaration took possession of them as the lights of Dover twinkled behind, but the Channel chop sea speedily reduced them to a chaotic condition.

Never, so long as they lived, would those gentlemen forget that voyage—added to the miserable qualms of maidenly mer, which even a yachtsman like the marquis was not proof against, they had to contend with all the anxieties natural to such a blind chase, for there was no positive certainty that those they pursued meant to head for Santander, even though the detective had reached that conclusion.

Nor was that all.

About daybreak of the second day the wind blew great guns, and they found themselves in a storm.

It is bad enough to meet with such a gale of wind upon the open sea, but the danger becomes doubly great when there hangs over one the chance of being in collision with some other tempest-driven craft.

The English Channel and Biscay Bay have swallowed up many a devoted vessel as a consequence of such meetings in the storm rack; and dancing, blue waves conceal sad sights and murmur the requiem of many a gallant tar as they lap the shore or glisten in the sunlight.

But such is a sailor's life—here today, and to-morrow Heaven alone may know.

The marquis had gained the mastery over his sickness, and had forced his way to the deck so that he might gaze upon the fury of the blast.

Somehow, the tumbling billows that tossed the little Clyde-built steamer upon their crests as if she were a straw or a cork seemed to be in sympathy with the storm that raged within—he even exulted in the furious

gusts of wind that made the vessel quiver from stem to stern and tore the white caps from the summit of each giant wave, to send it wildly flying to leeward in a cloud of spume.

At the same time the presence of this little tempest in a teapot gave him uneasiness, more on account of the other boat than their own—perhaps the vessel Juanita had engaged for the purpose of abduction might not be so staunch a craft. In common with all Anglo-Saxons, the marquis had a species of contempt for anything that floated the crimson and gold banner of Spain, although the Caledonian captain assured him that four-fifths of such vessels had undoubtedly been built in the dockyards of France, Italy, or Great Britain.

Captain Livermore also appeared, looking peaked and gray.

The poor man suffered intense agony of mind, nor could anyone blame him under such distressing conditions.

He had in a measure gained control over himself, and was very quiet; but the firmly-closed lips and the glitter of his eyes declared how eagerly he awaited an opportunity to strike a blow, even though it cost him his life, for the woman he loved—Fedora.

The storm was at its height about noon, and, as they had been blown far out of their course, no one might say when the port of Santander would be reached, although the captain made some sort of a prophecy that under certain conditions they would bring up there by the second night.

At sundown the storm still raged, and the gallant little steamer struggled desperately to hold her own.

That is the time when honest workmanship counts, when an imperfect casting may bring about sudden and irrevocable disaster; but they make sterling engines at Belfast, and every rod and joint performed its duty in the hour of need.

So these men again sought their staterooms to pray, not so much for themselves, since they had lost all personal fear, but for the one whose absence from home had taken them upon this wild chase across the stormy waters.

During the night, between the cat naps he secured, the marquis was impressed with the belief that the vessel did not pitch and toss so violently and upon making an observation found that the clouds had parted, leaving a clear sky overhead.

This was at least reassuring, and going back to his berth he fell into a refreshing sleep, from which he was not aroused until the sun, peeping through the bull's-eye window, fell upon his eyes.

Upon reaching deck he found everything lovely.

The sea had subsided almost entirely and a fresh morning breeze was commencing to stir its surface into myriads of laughing wavelets.

As soon as the captain could decide upon his course he laid her head almost due east, expecting at noon to take an observation, when he might discover their location to a fraction.

It was a pleasant day's journey.

About noon the captain called their attention by means of the glass to far distant land to the south, which he declared to be the northern coast of Spain, showing that they were now traversing the romantic Bay of Biscay, known to the natives as the Gulf of Gascogne.

Thus there was now a fair chance, the captain promised, that before midnight they would be at anchor in the harbour of Santander.

This gave the two haggard, desperate men some relief—at least, it was a satisfaction to know they would arrive at a point where the worst could be discovered.

Night came on. Far away were lights, and these came from the Spanish seaport whither they were bound.

How like lead dragged the hours as they steamed directly toward the beacon! The marquis walked the deck incessantly, while Livermore leaned over the bow, his anxious gaze glued on those lights which seemed to dance just beyond their reach like jack-o'-lanterns in a marsh.

Put all things must end, and finally they entered the harbour, where other vessels lay at anchor, and the captain soon had their mudhook fastened in Spanish soil.

It was perhaps ten minutes later when the marquis appeared at Livermore's elbow as the latter stood at the rail surveying the lights of the town, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Make no outcry, my friend; control yourself and listen. Our captain is ready to take his oath that the steamer dimly seen on our quarter yonder is the boat that left Dover, and which we have chased over the sea!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SEARCH FOR A WIFE.

The words of the marquis electrified Livermore. All his lassitude seemed to suddenly vanish.

In the presence of actual danger, when face to face with a genuine emergency that called for manly qualities, he was again the cool, heroic explorer who had traversed the African wilderness and won fame and fortune beneath the tropic sky.

"That is cheering news, marquis. If true, it relieves our minds of one dreadful fear—the boat survived the storm, at least. Please Heaven, she is safe on board, and that we may succeed in rescuing her! When shall we go?"

Evidently the captain believed in promptness. He would have shown a similar celerity of action had it been some other man's wife who was in danger; at the same time his eagerness was easily understood.

Nothing suited the marquis better, for he was a man of action himself.

Besides, the strain upon his own mind was very severe, seeing he had fears that innocent trusting Mazette had been lured from her apartments in the same way as Fedora—Mazette, who would have flown anywhere and braved all dangers if under the belief that she could be of assistance to him.

"Let us have a council of war," he said with energy, "and take the opinions of our detective and the captain as to the advisability of making an immediate advance on the enemy's works."

"Good! That is spoken as I would have put it," declared Maurice, eagerly.

So the four of them came together, and the pros and cons were discussed earnestly.

A plan of action was decided upon. Steam should be kept up by the commander, so that an immediate departure from the harbour could be made in case it was deemed necessary.

The three others entered a boat, which was manned by several of the stoutest and most expert sailors on board—men whose muscles were capable of enormous work should there be need of haste.

Unknown dangers lay before them, but such a thing as fear never entered into their calculations; having determined to accomplish the sacred object they had in view, all the perils that might be accumulated together would not daunt them.

Under the magic touch of expert rowers the dusky boat glided toward the quarter where the outlines of the other steamer could be dimly seen.

If an indifferent watch were kept aboard the craft there would be little or no difficulty in accomplishing the first part of their scheme, at least.

This was to temporarily disable the screw of the steamer, so that such a thing as pursuit would be out of the question.

To this end the canny Scot had not only advised them out of his abundant knowledge, but he had at the same time supplied them with the material of war from which they were to accomplish a given purpose.

Other adventures through which these two men had passed dwindled into insignificance when compared with the one upon which they were now fully embarked.

They could only hope and pray for the full measure of success which their daring warranted them in expecting.

Fortunately the night was dark, and it would take the keenest of eyes to have detected the presence of the boat that glided like a spectre barque over the water of Santander harbour.

Sounds came from the shore, such as may be heard from Spanish cities far into the small hours of the night—the strains of music, of laughter and loud voices.

But silence seemed to surround the little steamer that lay at anchor in the quiet waters after buffeting the stormy deep.

Nearer they drew, and those who were so deeply interested held their very breath, for fear lest a sudden hail from on board might bring about discovery and possibly ruin for their plans.

It was already arranged that in case such a contretemps occurred they were to advance to the side of the steamer, addressing the man on guard in Spanish, which the marquis was easily capable of doing, announcing themselves officers of the port, bent upon their duties, who wished to come aboard.

Once alongside, they could speedily clamber over the low waist of the little steamer, whether invited or not.

As to the rest, they were armed, and meant to carry out their object through the heavens fell.

Men in times past have gone forth upon all sorts of crusades—in pursuit of the Holy Grail; to seek the Golden Fleece; to redeem the Holy City from the Saracen usurper, and hosts of other like causes have drawn them into the jaws of danger; but, in all probability, there never was an expedition planned that better deserved success than the venture upon which they were now embarked.

Closer still, and no harm. Every moment the captain knew meant more life to their plans, and in his heart the passage of each segment of time was marked by a fervent expression of thanksgiving. *benenberx oba ef*

It seemed as though all the nervous intensity of feeling, of anxiety, hope and fear were concentrated in this small space of time, and that he lived long years in a brief minute.

Now they were under the overhanging stern of the steamer, and all seemed well thus far.

The sailors were to manage the task of using the chain, which they had carried, so that it would be wound about the propeller with the first few revolutions made.

They had been selected on account of their knowledge of such marine matters and were well coached by the Scotch skipper ere starting forth.

It was well done. Not a single clanking sound betrayed them.

The chain was lowered into the water until from certain indications they knew it lay upon the propeller, and then it was made fast above so that no ordinary jerk would dislocate it.

So far everything was lovely, and if this good luck only continued no one could complain.

Their next task required an abundance of nerve, which, fortunately, was not lacking.

It is a recognised fact that in any part of the world, should men who are not empowered by law attempt to board a vessel at anchor in a harbour, they are looked upon in the light of pirates and dealt with accordingly.

Hence it was taking their lives in their hands when they came to boarding the steamer in this surreptitious manner.

Were the danger ten times as great not one would have wavered.

The marquis had been using his eyes as well as the darkness allowed, and he saw that the steamer was built in a manner that made the task of boarding her more difficult than he had anticipated.

They might be compelled to rely upon some chance rope dangling over the side.

The sailors knew what to expect, and foot by foot the boat was worked along close to the hull of the steamer until the groping hand of the man

who searched came in contact with what they sought, a rope, by means of which any sailor ashore could, upon arrival at the vessel, clamber aboard.

There is something in knowing the tricks of the trade—set a thief to catch a thief—the sailors who served under the Scotch captain were men of great Britain, but they could give a shrewd guess as to what these Jack Spaniards would do upon reaching a home port.

At any rate, that rope was worth a thousand times its weight in gold to them, and the marquis has it occupying to-day the most honoured position upon the wall of his library.

He was the first to take hold of it after the sailor had fastened one end to a thwart.

Fortunately Jack Overton had lost none of his agility, and he passed over the rail of the steamer in a jiffy.

Crouching there he awaited the coming of the others, ready to defend the expedition if necessary to the bitter end.

Then came the man from Scotland Yard, who also made the passage easily enough.

With Livermore it was a serious business, for he had accumulated much avoirdupois since his last equatorial tramp through the African wilderness. However, the same game spirit as of yore resided in his body, and while he puffed considerably, making sounds that Jack feared would draw attention from the watch, the discovery did not come, and he was given the privilege of assisting his friend aboard.

It was lucky, indeed, that such a lack of discipline prevailed on board the Spanish boat. Perhaps this was partly due to the effects of the recent storm, the men being completely exhausted.

At any rate, no matter from what it sprang, our friends were only too glad to accept the favour and be thankful.

They began to move toward the stern of the boat, seeking the cabin, for it was there those they sought would be found if still on board the boat.

This latter point was a question which gave the marquis a cold chill when it came before his mind—he dreaded lest the Spanish woman had ere now carried out her diabolical plot to rid herself of those who stood between the object she sought to attain and herself.

Fortune favoured them in that they were able to reach the cabin without meeting any one. Looking back at the venture and calculating how many chances there were against such success, the marquis was always amazed at their luck. Perhaps they were favoured by Providence because of the sacred nature of their mission.

It was pleasant to think so at least.

Once at the saloon door, they looked its length without discovering a single soul.

Evidently those whom they sought must be in their state-rooms opening off the cabin, and there was nothing left to them but to open these, one at a time, to discover the truth.

This was the crucial time. The marquis, bold enough to take advantage of the slender opportunity fortune had granted them, stepped to the first door and opened it.

Was ever a prayer answered more quickly?

The light from the cabin entering disclosed Fedora seated on a chair, having refused to retire to the berth after the terror of the last two nights.

She was awake, and the astonishment felt at seeing the marquis almost caused her to faint.

He advanced to her side and said in a low but earnest tone:

—Do not cry out or all is lost! We have come across the water to save you. He is close at hand—your husband. Come to him now, and please utter no sound above a whisper.

Then she suffered him to lead her out, not sure that it was a dream or some delusion.

There stood the captain awaiting his own, and with a cry she could not repress she threw herself into his extended arms.

The marquis rightly feared that discovery was now sure to come, and realising that not a second man he had begged Fedora to tell him if she had a companion in her captivity.

Unable to speak, she pointed to a door opposite to the stateroom she had occupied, and as Jack turned to it he saw Mazette standing there, with

pale face and dishevelled hair—but, Mazette, alive, thank Heaven!

Another instant and he had clasped her to his heart—it was one of those moments when words are useless to convey the sentiments of the soul, for Mazette knew he loved her, even as she had for years adored her former comrade and instructor in Bohemia.

No doubt this made a charming picture, and the detective could not but admire what was spread before his eyes; at the same time he realised that while there was a serpent in Eden's Garden, so this Paradise would very likely be disturbed.

Nor was he at all out of the way in his calculations.

Just as the marquis, overwhelmed by his sentiments, threw the mask aside and betrayed his love for Mazette by straining the miniature painter to his heart, another door flew open and there issued forth a figure that in its warlike demeanour might have stood for a modern Joan of Arc—a figure that, at sight of the marquis and Livermore, uttered savage little cries in Spanish, and with blazing eyes and heaving bosom rushed toward the former, waving desperately in her hand a revolver, which he knew full well she had learned how to use under the palms of Gautier, since he himself, as wretched luck would have it, had taught her the first principles of marksmanship.

(To be concluded.)

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The Humanity Club.

It was considerably past the dinner hour and Egbert Thorne was a decidedly hungry man. He had walked impatiently at the side of a talkative neighbour, through narrow streets and wretched byways to the better residence district in the Anglo-Saxon quarter of old Hongkong, begrudging even the short space of time that it took him to pass from his office to his home, until his facetious companion had twitted him and had speculated as to the cause of his great unrest.

When he finally reached his pretty balconied and screened cottage he sprang up the broad flight of steps leading to the main verandah with alacrity, and entered in haste, dropping his hat upon a window seat.

One short year ago—and he remembered having stood in a little flower-strewn chapel with a fair young woman at his side, a robed priest before him, and a staring assemblage behind him, and of having received there the congratulations of foreign officials, island dignitaries, and resident Americans. His bride had been an American girl of unusual strength of character and many accomplishments, and there in that land of sunshine and drooping palms they had joined their fortunes and their futures, while an interested community had looked on and expressed a kind prophecy.

The sound of merry voices greeted Thorne's eager ears, and he pushed on to a screened verandah in the rear of his home, where, amidst trailing vines and spreading plants a tempting dinner had been laid upon immaculate linen. His wife and two of her girl friends who had spent the day at the Thorne home were waiting him. He was struck at once with the fact that the guests were trying to smother an unseemly mirth in their napkins, and the face of his wife was a study as he looked askance from one to another and tried to guess the meaning of it all!

"You see," said Mrs Thorne, as she deftly poured the tea, "we have had a sensation here to-day—we have lost Wung Hi!"

"You don't say so! I thought he was a fixture hereabouts! But what of it? What are you laughing about?"

"Give us time and we will tell you. He was a fixture—at least I thought so, and there is no denying the fact that he was the best cook in the district. But he has gone now—and I have another in his place. Still, that is not the story!"

"Pray let us have the sensation then," said Thorne.

"Well, you remember of my telling you several days ago that his conduct was most peculiar—"

"Yes."

"And that I was even getting a little bit afraid of him—and all that? You know he used to stand around and look at me wistfully, and talk and mutter things that I never understood—until I was sure his reason was leaving him. It left him to-day with a rush!"

"You know he used to give me foolish little trinkets and valueless tokens, and I supposed, of course, that it was a common courtesy shown in this country to the employers of faithful servants; but now I come to find out he thought he was making the overtures of—a lover!"

A burst of laughter from the young women at either side of him—and Egbert Thorne turned red and laid down his knife and fork. He could redden nothing further in the blushing, confused expression upon his wife's face, and he pleaded for a better explanation.

"To-day I rebuked Wung Hi for going so listlessly about his work," she said, and he suddenly told me then, as well as we could understand him, that he was unable to do anything more—for, he declared, I was so very beautiful to him, and so bewitching, that he wanted to carry me off! We were standing in the reception hall when he said this, and the girls ran out from the library, for they heard it. I demanded that he gather up his things and go, but he pleaded, and stormed, and threatened, and said I had been so good to him he knew I must like him! He showed us a big bag of coin that he had and promised to spend it all on me

If I would go with him. I knew he was crazy then, I paid him the wages due him, made him collect his chattels and when I locked the doors behind him! He is as crazy as can be! He stood in front of the house for a long time, making gestures, beating his chest, and chattering away at nothing, and then finally he went away. So that is the story of Wung Hi! That is the sensation!"

Thorne was struck dumb. He moved his chair back a little and folded his arms slowly, while his wife, with her pretty elbows planted upon the table's edge and her head resting in her hands, studied the face of the man she loved and tried to decide whether she was to laugh with her light-hearted girl friends or share the evident concern of her husband. She could not reach a conclusion.

If there was anything on the well-filled board that night which deserved appreciation it was destined to remain there unnoticed, for the dinner was all but forgotten in the discussion which followed. Thorne announced his intention of capturing and punishing the crazy Celestial, but the gentler influence of his wife and her companions smoothed down his ruffled temper in part and wrung from him the promise to do nothing further than to complain to the authorities of Wung Hi and have him watched in the future. He yielded reluctantly, however, and as the evening wore away he was caught many a time in a meditative mood—as he would plunge his hands into the pockets of his duck trousers and saunter off alone to scowl and study the floor. When the guests had departed and the American and his wife had sat down together in the bright moonlight to marvel at the fantastic shadows which lay across the gravel walks about the place, he had promised to blot it all out—forget. Still he was not the chaser, and during his sojourn before retiring and in the fitful sleep that came to him that night, Egbert Thorne thought of greasy, almond-eyed Wung Hi, who audacious and savage, had dared to admire his wife, dared to tell her so, and then to go out of his house with a grudge in his narrow being—a threat upon his lips!

His good wife laughed at him and said that it was jealousy, and shaped the other events in his life so that the spark within him which cried out for retaliation found nothing to feed upon, and was finally snuffed out. Then together they clung to the golden thread which led them through the maze of months so happily—and Time effaced the episode.

Fashionable Hongkong had assembled in the pretty City Hall Theatre, ostensibly to witness a performance which boasted an English star and cast, but actually, it may be said, to behold and to be the envied of all holders. The well illuminated and richly set auditorium was filled with a brilliant audience, which, resplendent in rustling silks and spotless shirt fronts, stared at itself through pearl-trimmed glasses and wagged its knowing head in critical comment. It was an event of the season within that circle which prated of caste, and which stretched out its arms toward the bubble of social supremacy—always just ahead.

In a box to the left of the house sat a party of nine—with Egbert Thorne and his charming wife the centre of all interest. It was a little venture of Mrs Thorne's to settle a few of her most urgent social obligations and to please other of her young friends whom she really cared to favour. Its success was assured—for the Thornes were known as quite the best of all the hosts in the younger circle, as indeed they were. The play, with its complement of features, arrived at a climax in due time and the assemblage dispersed. The Thornes accompanied their merry party of guests to the dinner which had been arranged for in a nearby cafe, and the happy evening was lengthened out until the midnight hour.

Some one had told of the strangeness and startling features of the Chinese coolie quarter, and it took but a suggestion then to invite a discussion, which ended in a resolution to see the poorer district of old Hongkong. There were some in the party

to whom the novelty of life in the Orient was still fresh, and the desire for mild adventure extended even to those of the group who had long since pried into the mysteries and strangeness of life in the coolie quarter. Guides were summoned and the pilgrimage into the narrow, lanterned section that had always been so interesting a sight to foreigners was commenced.

Through byways and alleys, where forbidding houses and shanties and bizarre-looking residents were the objects of interest, and where tumble-down balconies, studded with fantastic signs, hung over the cobbled walks until they seemed to meet, the members of this jesting party picked their way along, maintaining a spirited conversation. They turned now into a narrow thoroughfare, where the discordant notes of a Chinese fife and the scrappy voices of Chinese singers proclaimed the presence of a native theatre. The party stopped there but for a moment. The guides then led the way forward, past dirty vendors' stands, dimly lit stores, crowded barber shops, where smoky windows all but defied the curious gaze of visitors, offensive meatshops and busy restaurants, to a broad alleyway beyond, where a sharp turn to the left was made. Along this street the party was guided, and as Egbert Thorne glanced past his wife's head at a grated window which alone broke the solid cement surface of a low building at his right, he caught a glimpse of a face that startled him. He leaped to the nearest doorway, and before his astonished wife or companions could stop him he had ascended a rickety flight of stairs and was banging at a door within in search of Wung Hi. He had seen the cruel, malicious countenance of the cunning Mongolian who had caused a revulsion of feeling within him long ago, and, forgetful of everything else but his desire to visit some punishment upon the audacious cook, he had dashed after Wung Hi the moment his face had come into view.

A guide and one of the young men in the party followed Thorne. There was a crash at the head of the narrow stairs and a shout which terrified the waiting crowd below. Wung Hi had seen Thorne start up the stair, and divining his purpose, had gained a hallway by another door just in time to see his former master try the door at the head of the steps. Thorne had espied him then and given chase down a dark passage way until the Chinese had darted into a window opening and had gained an improvised balcony within a court disappearing in the darkness at its end. When Thorne had reached the window opening, a huge trap had been slammed in his face and he had wrecked it in his effort to pursue the hated Celestial! Then the guides and his friends had grabbed him, and he was coaxed back into the open—breathless, and visibly excited! He made his explanations as best he could and soothed the fears

of his wife, and, after all, the lively urisunage in the low cement house was accepted as an extremely interesting and jolly incident. But it was a serious matter to Egbert Thorne.

There was much to see after that—and from the broad thoroughfare the guides led the way into another maze of crosscuts and passages, where strings of pretty lanterns threw a dull glow upon uninviting hovels that leaned against each other there as if for support, and where dirt-shadows and streaks of light, drooping begrimed Chinese in loose garments and slovenly footwear, waddled along in the shadows and streaks of light, dropping from sight mysteriously when they had reached a point where some underground tunnel found its way to the earth's surface, and alinking through low doors—which they banged viciously after them! The incident of a few moments ago was all but forgotten with these later surroundings to contemplate. At one point the small party was taken into a homely store, but the air—or really the lack of it, had been so offensive, that its members hurried back into the so-called street, not even pausing long enough to observe the things of interest which the chattering guides vainly strove to describe to them. Just beyond a dingy fruit-stall, where the odour of a smoking lamp dispersed the last vestige of a possible scent from the ware with which the dealer's time-worn trays were stacked, was the entrance to a hall or passageway, hung in decorations of a gorgeous hue and carpeted with a coarse straw matting that had long since had its pattern trodden out of all shape. Here the guides announced a flourishing joss-house would be found, where a never-ending worship of hideous idols and big-eyed monsters could be witnessed. The members of the party followed on—through one passage and another, and at last encountered the temple of the wooden gods, where in savagery and ignorance the superstitious Celestials were wont to grovel at the feet of their own carved and painted erections! It was an interesting sight, and from this the group pressed on, now thoroughly taken up by the unheard-of spectacles which presented themselves in this degraded quarter. Thorne was in the lead and assisted his wife and a young lady guest along the zig-zag passageways into which the guides had plunged. The others followed at his heels. A flight of steps were descended now, and the visitors came into a room where only the sputtering lights of numerous pipes and the faint glow of half-hidden candles enabled them to see at all! It was an opium den. The rank atmosphere made them anxious to go back again, but the guides moved on to an exit at the other end of the room and the adventurers followed.

Another descent, where a flight of steps ended a narrow hallway, and the little party found itself in a strange underground court, where countless dens were ranged along the walls, and

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where the weird, uncanny wailings of restless crouching heathens struck terror and then wonderment to the hearts of many in the crowd. Along the slanting and shaky balconies the visitors ventured now, only to be drawn in different directions where a trap-door in the wall happened to be open and where a peep could be taken of the sight within. There the rank-and-file of the coolie class was sleeping or doddering about—poor wretched wretches, who cared not how they existed in the flesh as long as they could revel in the fancies which their never-idle pipes crowded into diseased and stupefied brains!

A short, piercing shriek, cut short as if the one who set it up had been snatched away—the banging of a door and the startled visitors rushed back to the point of entrance in great alarm. Egbert Thorne had been showing two of his guests the mechanism of the average dope fiend's pipe, which a guide had secured for inspection, and his wife had passed on with others of the party to a bend in the balcony upon which they stood. He walked back hastily and demanded of the guides to know what the cause of the excitement might be.

"Where is Mrs Thorne?" he exclaimed, as he ran his eye madly over the crowd, and then looked about him in desperate haste. "Where is my wife—where is she—come—find her!" He snatched the nearest guide and dragged him down the balcony on the run. The ladies screamed and the men turned pale. A dozen trap-doors flew down and listless faces were stuck out into the court.

"Mrs Thorne! Where can she be! She is gone!" One of the young women faints.

In a perfect fury and insane with apprehension, poor Egbert Thorne raced from point to point in the crazy court, still dragging the protesting guide after him, and shouting like a maniac for the woman he could not find. Along one balcony and down another he raced, calling and cursing, and with each moment his frenzy grew apace. The panic became complete. Every available foot of ground in the place was gone over, and then, like a tiger at bay, the bewildered husband drew himself up at one end of the court and shrieked defiance to the denizens of the chamber. He grabbed the smaller of the three guides and hurled him to the balcony beneath. He struck the other down before him, and threw his weight against a door that fell with a crash and buried a smoking heathen beneath it. Another door, and another, he battered down, and now his friends were helping him, crazed almost as much as he. He cried aloud the name of his wife and tore the flesh of his hands into shreds as he frantically clawed at the doors and partitions about him, and wrestled rotten timbers from their place. He dove into this den and then into that, and swept down whoever stood in his way. He called and called, and hoarsely urged his companions to aid him. He ran from one point to another in blind and desperate helplessness, and pounded at the walls with terrible strength! He begged, threatened, cursed, wept and prayed, and then, with the blood streaming from his face and hands he staggered toward the low door through which he had entered and fell, fainting, as he reached it.

All Hongkong soon knew of the sensational occurrence in the Chinese coolie quarter, and a great public sympathy was shown for Egbert Thorne. A squad of police and detectives had rescued the party that night, and a strong effort had been made to locate Wung Hi and his colleagues, and to frustrate their efforts to abduct the American's wife. But the lion who deals with a snake is at a disadvantage, and thus were the energetic peace officers of Hongkong handicapped in the quarter where treachery was the life's study of every inhabitant—when it came to a matter of contention! Hours lengthened into days, and days into weeks, but Wung Hi was never found, and the men who scoured the city for him could not even carry encouragement to the frenzied husband who searched and waited and aged under the terrible strain!

The Egbert Thorne of former days ceased to be. A bent and frowning fellow with a drawn face that reflected the agony that must have been within his soul passed up the streets of Hongkong now scarcely knowing his best friend. The office in Lower Hongkong passed to other hands, the

pretty cottage in the better quarter, with its quaint angles and dainty settings, went for a low figure, and the environments of old were exchanged for the influences of a solitary, heart-broken existence which had found its beginning in the very heyday of a happy career.

Pitiful friends sought at first to cheer and encourage Egbert Thorne, but their efforts accomplished nothing, and little by little they grew lax and then indifferent—and then drifted away.

The topic was worn threadbare by the gossips, and it took but a short time for the outside world to relegate the whole affair into oblivion. Then almost everybody forgot Egbert Thorne. Prosperity had fed the world's flame of friendship for the man—adversity had put it out!

It was with but momentary interest and mild enthusiasm that the community which ten years ago had been fired and thrown into a state of upheaval over the outrageous abduction of Mrs Egbert Thorne accepted the intelligence one day that a poor wanderer in the country districts, who had reached the home of a missionary, had proved to be the once-loved and lauded leader of Hongkong's most fashionable set. There was one being in the English port, however, who fell upon his knees when he heard of it and thanked God for the restoration—and that was Egbert Thorne, who, aged and embittered, had dragged out a back-street existence—waiting, waiting, waiting! He sped to the point from which the news proceeded—but what cared the world for the meeting and for the story that was at best but the sequel to a strange incident of long ago.

The story, as the press got it, made a most readable item, but where a public fever had once raged but a faint flush now passed, and when the newsmongers had run the thing to earth once more, it was done for—all time to come! Better, perhaps, that things had thus changed, and that but few remembered Egbert Thorne, for the conclusion of that tragic event of years ago which involved two lives could then be worked out, far beyond the range of that lens which public opinion is wont to focus upon incidents of the kind. Perhaps, after all, a divinity, in mercy and forethought had provided for all.

When the deadened eyes of Egbert Thorne gazed upon the saddened face of his wife and his trembling arms held her wasted body close to him once more, the story of years in sorrow and of years in pain had been told—but that was the story of immortal love, and not the commonplace tale which reached the outside world, explaining, as it did, that Wung Hi had shipped his captive out of Hongkong in spite of the vigilance of officials, but had been unable to follow himself, because of a certain opposition to him which arose among the highbinders who looked upon his act with disfavour.

Thorne sat beside a low couch, and his grayed hair all but touched that of his failing, unnerved wife, as he held her withered hand and listened to the details of the awful parting. Wung Hi had seized and bound the helpless woman in an instant, and, aided by others, had carried her through long passageways into the open air. He had sent his companions on then, and had promised to overtake them and pay them well, but had returned to notify his secret society before he himself set out. The captive woman had been conveyed in haste and with due caution to a district far to the north, and there her guards had quarrelled and fought a battle which resulted ultimately in the death of both. Wung Hi had failed to keep his promise, and the conspirators disagreed as to the same, one favouring a plan to liberate the woman, the other declaring that death would be the penalty for the one who failed to wait for powerful Wung Hi. Mrs Thorne had received good treatment from the Chinese, who feared Wung Hi, her "owner," and she had strength enough left to make her way to a village, where a poor Portuguese family had taken her in, and where she had soon afterward fallen ill. A raging fever had been fought by the good-hearted settlers in an ineffectual way, and a terrible sickness had overcome her. When months had gone by, and the faithful nursing of her protectors had baffled the efforts of Death to take her, she had come out of the ordeal—deprived of memory! A lapse of years had followed, of which she remembered nothing, and they had continued to care for her. Then little by little she had regained her better reason, and finally one day she came to realise who and where she was, and she had begged the simple folk about her that they take her back home. They brought her to the missionary then, weak and broken-hearted, and there in turn the good man who greeted her attended to her wants and notified the world of her presence.

The shock—the very joy of meeting after all this—brought on the same dread malady, and this time it preyed not upon a strong and vigorous woman, but upon a weak and failing being who had been torn and seared with misfortune and grief, and left by the plodding years stripped of her womanly strength.

Thorne rallied the remnants of his small means and secured the best medical aid he could get. And when the struggle had finally ended one night, with a blessing from her lips for him, and his great arms holding her up, he had stooped there until those about him had taken him away by force—talking to her and telling her of his love for her, and letting the burning tears that streamed down his wrinkled cheeks fall upon the ruffled gown that hid her pure, white throat, and drop upon her pale and lifeless face.

Of the few who followed the details that led up to Thorne's last and

greatest misfortune, there were some who marvelled much that the crushed and disheartened man should return at once to the scene of his former troubles. But back he did come, and once more the observers saw his bent figure as he hurried up deserted streets and walked by himself in the outskirts of Hongkong. The wise ones said now that he was waiting once more—this time for Wung Hi. But Thorne made a confidant of nobody, and that was mere speculation.

It was early spring, and Thorne had returned one evening from one of his long walks in the country. He found his seat in the cheap restaurant where he had his meals nowadays, and, as he hung his hat upon a peg he noticed a well-dressed man of advanced years, who had taken a place directly opposite him. Thorne ordered his meal and paid no further attention to the stranger, although he inwardly marvelled that a man of such prosperous appearance should have hunted up this remote restaurant. He would, thought Thorne, have much better graced some up-town cafe.

"You will pardon me, sir," remarked the stranger when Thorne had quite dismissed him from his mind, and was busy with his meal. "But you are Mr Egbert Thorne, are you not?"

Thorne eyed the speaker with some suspicion, and replied even cautiously—"Yes."

"Well, it will be difficult perhaps for you to understand just why I address you thus, but I have come a long way to see you, and I hope you will have confidence in my motives. I had a hard time in locating you."

"What do you want?"

"That is not easily explained, Mr Thorne, but I want first to state that I belong to a secret society which has sent me to you, and I would like to have you promise that, in the event of your failing to take an interest in the proposition I am about to make to you, or if you conclude that our attitude is an unwarranted one, you will positively regard this as confidential and say nothing of the interview."

"I fail to see how I could say anything about it when I do not even know who you are—much less the identity of the society you speak of. But why do you come to me?"

"I will set your mind at rest as to who I am. I do not think we ever met, but possibly we have heard of each other." The stranger handed a card to Thorne. "Mr C. J. Manning, Manager, Second Bank of British, Hongkong Branch, China," was engraved upon it in neat lettering.

"Yes, yes. I know who you are, sir. I was once in business here, years ago."

"I recall the fact."

"I am pleased to know you. But how comes it that you are hunting me up in an out-of-the-way restaurant?"

"May I have the promise I asked for?"

"Most assuredly—now that I know who you are."

"Then I can explain in part, at least." The man of business poured

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out a glass of water and drank of it. "Mr Thorne," he said, "I have the honour to be a member of the 'Humanity Club,' of which I daresay you have never heard."

"Not that I remember of."
"Its purpose and its plan are both very obscure, and are explained to but few men on this earth—circumstances qualify the man, by the way, and nothing else can."

"Well, I seek no membership to any club."
"We can talk of that later. I have hunted you up only to ask that you spend one evening at the 'Humanity Club' with me."

"I thank you, but I would not care to go."

"Oh, this is not a matter of pleasure. I am aware that there could be nothing attractive about an evening of entertainment at any club for you. That is not the proposition. It is a matter of business, or at least of stern importance. I would appreciate it, sir, if you would trust to my judgment, understanding the circumstances as I do, and do me this favour."

"And will it be a favour?"
"We will consider it as such, if that will induce you to come."

"I do not by any means understand you; but I will go if it is a matter of business."

"Thank you. You will not regret it. There will be a conveyance at the corner nearest here at 8 o'clock sharp. I will be in it. Enter it when it arrives. I will take care of the rest. Good day, sir." The men shook hands, and the manager of the Second Bank of Britain left the restaurant.

Thorne sat long over his meal that night, trying to figure out what this remarkable occurrence meant. The "Humanity Club"—he had never heard of such a thing, and surely if it was in Hongkong at all it must have come into existence since the day when he was posted in such matters; but that, indeed, was long ago. He sat there amid thrattle of plates and the confusion which fumbling waiters managed to stir up until the pudgy, greedily-looking proprietor looked savagely at him, and seemed on the point of demanding rental for the chair he occupied. Then the hour when he was to meet the strange visitor was almost at hand—and he pulled his worn hat down over his eyes and passed out.

Thorne found the conveyance waiting at the appointed place, and was greeted by the bank manager as he stepped within it. There was but little said as they passed rapidly through numerous thoroughfares and brought up at last at the intersection of two of the busiest business streets during the daytime in the city. There were but few people about now, and they moved as reluctantly in the oppressive heat of the evening hours as they had under the glare of the sun that day.

Thorne was conducted along a narrow alley-way, that had many bends and turns, through the rear of a large building, up three flights of stairs and was brought then to a shabby door, upon which Manning rapped lightly. A small slide flew back and he whispered something through it. Then a series of bolts were released, a heavy chain was dropped and the door swung open.

Thorne was astounded to note as he passed in after Manning that the shabby-looking door was in reality both ponderous and strong, studded with heavy bolts, finished with a pretty veneer and thick enough to withstand the onslaughts of a small army. A liveried butler stood by the door and closed it after them. They passed down a carpeted passageway, where a wainscoting of leather blended prettily with a tinted papering, and they turned once more—this time into a suite of spacious rooms.

How so splendid a retreat could have been tucked away in such a rough and unsightly neighbourhood and have its elegance so well concealed behind tumble-down doors and dirty walls was a thing that Egbert Thorne could by no means understand. He was led through a well-lit billiard-room, fitted up richly, where a number of gentlemen in loose, indoor blouses were playing pool, to a library beyond, where several loungers were talking and reading—and where Manning waved Thorne to a low and comfortable seat. Thorne was astonished for the second time to see three or four members nod to him as he passed them—some of them he could scarcely remember at all.

A broad and artistic sideboard at one side of the room, stocked with every conceivable brand of liquor, was presided over by an English waiter. There were no natives allowed within the "Humanity Club" rooms. Manning summoned the group of gentlemen from the adjoining rooms and introduced Thorne to all of those who did not already claim acquaintanceship. He asked each one then to designate the sort of refreshment he would best like, but Thorne declined with thanks when the invitation to partake reached him, and he was not urged thereafter to drink. Low wicker stools were placed beside each comfortable chair, and upon a tray which rested there was placed each individual concoction. Thorne thought he had never before seen such a picture of solid comfort and luxuriance.

The members of the Humanity Club drew up in a circle and lit their fragrant Manila Stogies. A faint breeze came in from an open transom, where Thorne later learned an automatic fan was in motion, and a pair of dragon standing lamps, that occupied a place at either end of the room, gave out a soft and agreeable light.

"Gentlemen," said Mr Manning, as he nervously nipped the end from his cigar and lighted a match, "we have Mr Thorne with us to-night, and I believe that the first thing we had better do is to afford him the explanation and information he is entitled to—even before we consider anything else. I would suggest that some one briefly outline to him the nature of this organization and why we came to summon him before us."

"You can make it clear, Manning."
"Do the talking yourself, old man," and several of the members thus simultaneously requested the speaker to become the spokesman of the crowd.

"Well, then, Mr Thorne,"—and the bank manager sank into a deep chair—"I can best begin by telling you that this is a secret organisation in every sense of the word; that its existence is known only to those who have some actual connection with it. So sure were we that our purpose and aims would appeal to you, and that our object in getting you here would prove worthy in your eyes that we have taken you into our midst on the strength of nothing more than a promise that, if you failed to agree with our plans, you would say nothing of what you had seen and heard! You remember—you promised that?"

"Yes, sir; I promised that."
"Very well. Now, Mr Thorne, when I told you that the name of this was the 'Humanity Club,' you might have accounted in some small way for its existence if you had given the matter any thought; that is, if you believed there was anything in a name! We are banded together here—an aggregation of heart-broken and crushed men, not especially because the misery of one loves the company of some one else's misery, but because there is much to be fought for and gained in the common cause of a restoration of rights, the adjusting of wrongs, the settlement of scores, and the comforting of our grief-ridden souls! This is a syndicate of sorrows. There is not a man near you to-night but who has had his life blighted and made hollow by some infamous act of another—whether that be by murder, deception, treachery or what not, it does not matter—the fact remains that we each are carrying a mighty cross, and we are gathered, therefore, into one band as unfortunates who wait for the accomplishment of undertakings that you will later understand!

"Pray, do not think that because this apartment looks comfortable, and because each man appears contented and at peace with the world, that there is one atom of happiness or of rest within these walls, for there is not! One part of our life is the task of concealing from others that which we feel—and the sting of adverse fate is borne silently and in patience as we wile away the years here in complete agony—although there are but few of the 'Humanity Club' who are not prosperous in some degree!"

"It scarcely matters where we started—an Englishman in Sydney established the first chapter of this secret order—but we can be found the world around now, though, perhaps, if circumstances had not thrown you into our hands just this way, you would never have known that such a thing as the 'Humanity Club' existed!"

Manning sipped from his glass and then proceeded:

"We know your story—we know it well! We have watched you for ten solid years, and the time has come when we must ask you to join us. The grief that is locked within your heart to-night is no greater than is my own—for I have waited more years than you would guess for the apprehension of a faithless clerk whom I once employed and who fled with the wife whom I still idolize—whom I could forgive at this moment. Your sorrow is no greater than is that of Mr Dudley here, whose children were slain in the interior, at the direction of a native official, who is now on this island; it is probably no greater than that of Mr Crawford here, who was once accused of a crime he did not commit and was compelled to serve for it, while the real culprit still roams the limits of Hongkong an honoured man! You may grasp my idea now—we have a common cause the alleviation of sorrow—the settlement of grudges, if you are so pleased to regard it! We are law-abiding citizens, Mr Thorne, but we are of the belief that there are many things which the law is not broad and sympathetic enough to reach and rectify! We are not murderers, still we murder, if you wish to call it that, when one we mark in this organization comes at length across our path; and, mind you, the offenders are all thus marked! We are not savages—still we visit punishment for punishment, and the heathen who long ago beheaded the helpless children of Mr Dudley here, in following out a brutal, meaningless order, will settle the score one day with the forfeit of the cranium which planned that infamous slaughter! And so it goes. I could tell you of a dozen debts that have been thus squared, of a score of wrongs that have been thus avenged, but it is unnecessary, and it might deter you! We work in unison, with plenty of money and with the aid of salaried detectives. We are proof against discovery, and we drag out an

existence here—waiting, waiting to get even with something or somebody! Does the situation appeal to you as yet?"

"It does!"
"Now, sir, we know what the details of your first great misfortune were; we know all about it. We have long sympathized with you. We know what you have done; what Wung Hi has done! We know where Wung Hi is at this moment!"

Thorne started visibly. He paled, and the muscles of his neck seemed to set and strain as he leaned toward Manning and drank in every word.

"For God's sake, tell me, then, where is he?"

"Mr Thorne, that will be accounted for in due time. First of all, will you consider membership? We are satisfied as to your worth and stability, and if you are satisfied as to our motive we will count you as one of us! There is an initiation in store, of course, I will state to you plainly that after that ceremony we will put you in the way of settling your life's grudge, and then you will be with us here to the end of everything! You will possibly aid us later, as we aid you now. What is your answer?"

Thorne sat for several minutes in silence. He studied the floor while the blood surged through his temples.

"I seem to feel the sense of justification that you feel, gentlemen," he said at last, "and I accept. I am not a man of the old-time principles and theory. I hope I am true, and just, and worthy; but my life is gone, though I still live. I am of the world that is bound up within these rooms! I cannot tell you anything of my sorrow, I take it, for you probably know of it in its details. I thirst but for the atonement that must come, and in the name of justice, if you can hasten its arrival I appeal to you to do it!"

"Mr Thorne, we are sorry for you; we do know all, indeed," said one of the gentlemen, who up to that time had been silent, "and I understand now that we have Wung Hi located and his

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"You don't say so!" "Yes, that is a fact," remarked Manning, "and we can also explain to you that he has changed his name and disguised himself until it would be impossible to identify him in a court! He is a prosperous tea merchant here now, and but a few of his bigbinder associates are aware of his true identity! He never left here, although the police long since announced that he had died in Peking!"

"Wung Hi, or 'Sam Wo Sup,' as he is now known, is a cautious and sly fellow even to this day. He has not forgotten—even if the public and the police have. However, he patronizes a small barber shop in the rear of Weibel alley. We shall buy out the shop to-night—and you shall be its keeper with the rising of the sun!"

Tears streamed from the eyes of more than one strong man in the circle that night as they took the hand of Egbert Thorne and bid him find entire justification in his heart for the step before he went further! The glasses clinked anew—the initiation was done—and a report came in that the shop had been bought for a small sum and that its occupants had left the vicinity. The garments and head-gear of a Chinese barber were laid upon the couch assigned to Egbert Thorne that night, and in the stillness of the later hours he sat alone beside them and prayed and pleaded with his conscience and groaned in the agony of his loneliness. Henceforth Egbert Thorne, the maddened barber of the "Humanity Club," knew but one goal—the one he had dreamed of long ago—Wung Hi!

A dark and greasy creature, in flowing garments and worn shoes, with a string of braided hair hanging from his ill-shapen head, dodged down Weibel alley one evening and stopped before a warped and battered door. He fitted a rusted key within its lock and stepped inside. He lit a taper and a coloured lantern and set a stool with a basin of water upon it, just outside the door. He had been coming there for many days. Customers were scarce, but come they would, and although they protested when he clumsily cut them, and marvelled that he did not utter a word upon any occasion, they would drift back, to avoid and storm and take their punishment at his unskilled hands with a fortitude that ignorance alone could have permitted!

It was the barber of the "Humanity Club," and he toiled and waited in feverish expectation, for as yet the one customer who would alone be welcome in that shop had not stepped across its threshold! To-night, however, he felt that some sort of a climax was at hand, and he watched the shiny heads of the many who shambled by the door of his narrow den, fingering a course mentally upon each—gloating over them in a realization that he was in their midst and so well disguised that even the most critical of their number had not suspected him! Day in, day out, he had brooded, brooded, brooded! The scenes of the past had but kindled the flames of hatred within him, and now he was mad—he was sure of it—dead to everything in life but the burden of grief that he was compelled to carry!

A red tasselled cap bobbed past the hole-like window of his shop, and a stoop-shouldered form darkened the doorway. Years had left their traces upon that cruel face, but the barber of the "Humanity Club" beheld in feigned calmness the hunted, terrible countenance of Wung Hi. To one who had thought as much as he of any being, recognition would have been easy. It was easy for the barber of the "Humanity Club" to trace behind the lines of that changed and distorted face the features that had been before him in waking and sleeping hours for years. He stood at first irresolute, trembling, there beside his low barber's chair. Wung Hi noticed nothing, but hung his cap upon a peg and prepared to seat himself, chattering in a guttural tone. He looked up in astonishment when the barber failed to reply to him, but with that glance came determination to Thorne, and he motioned that he could not bear. The tea merchant looked undecided and irresolute for a moment, and Thorne feared he would leave again, but Wung Hi settled back finally with a sharp outburst—probably of Chinese profanity—and signalled the fact that he wished his face shaved and not his head. The barber of the Humanity

Club felt that he was on fire. Again and again he paused and decided to leap upon the fiend, then something would restrain him, and suddenly his last sign of agitation was thrown off. He moved about, adjusting pans and stropping his razor, allowing himself those few moments in which to realize the fact that at last—at last Wung Hi was in his hands. The scurrying Chinese still filed past the door, which the barber swung to now with an air of carelessness.

He prepared his lotion and water and apparently paid no heed to the occasional muttering of the object sitting upon the crazy barber chair. He threw a towel across the chest of the Chinese at last, and then he turned the terrible face away from him, while he could take time in which to think. His brain was whirling, his heart seemed to have stopped, and he breathed harshly, spasmodically.

He stepped to the side of the unsuspecting wretch finally and his popping eyes bespoke the fact that his last atom of self-restraint had flown. This was the crisis of all the years—it was the end—the end, and his mind reeled and toppled under the strain.

He groped with stiffening fingers along the dank and oily surface of the heathen's ugly throat, and measured with his burning eyes its snake-like bend and contour. He lifted instinctively from his side the sharpened instrument of honest toil that had fallen at last to a perverted use, and he caught the gleam of its keen edge as he turned it against the Celestial's dark blouse and reflected the one ray of light that wormed its way in through the alley window.

He looked upon the saffron face beneath him and saw another beyond it, wan and sad-eyed, even as he had seen it through the ledger in his office in the happy days. He thought he felt the hot breath of one he loved blowing against his cheek; he felt a small weak hand clutching at his own as if for help; he heard a forlorn cry and a lisped prayer, and then he rose anew within himself. He swept the wig from his head with his disengaged hand and dragged the grease in streaks from his bedaubed face. The voice of Cain rang in his ears, a lust for murder was in his heart.

He jerked the head of Wung Hi towards him, and when recognition came stared madly into the blanched face that met his own, certain of the confession of guilt that lay within the rat-like eyes. He held the writhing form of the heathen with horrid strength and pinned him down to the low chair, stifling a cry that escaped from the sinister face that Wung Hi was striving to draw away. For an instant Thorne clung to the shaking wretch and allowed him to contemplate the end, cursing between his rigid teeth this wrecker of his former life. Then, biting in frenzied terror at the arm across his face, and screaming fitfully as he struggled, Wung Hi tugged and fought, bowing out his small reptilian body until it seemed that the child-like muscles would have to snap, but with a greater strength than his, and in maddened determination, the crazed barber of the "Humanity Club" forced back the hands that sought to shield a shrunken, blackened neck, and, clutching tightly the oddly chosen instrument of death he cried aloud as if in glee and threw his weight upon the leaf-like blade.

MY LANDLADY'S STORY.

THE HARD CASE OF MR. BUMPUS.

By Douglas Grant.

"You ain't what I should call a great eater, sir." I nodded assent over my newspaper, while Mrs. Jopples folded the table napkin with her usual deliberation.

"No, you ain't what I should call a great eater. Why, I've 'ad gentlemen a-staying in these rooms as would eat three times what you eat. Reg'lar gorments. You couldn't never satisfy 'em. No more a butcher's shop couldn't. But you ain't that sort, sir. Nor the Little Gentlemen upstairs, he ain't. Truth is truth. The Little Gentlemen ain't a gorment. I knows what he is—he's a school-master. That's what the Little Gentlemen is, though he do talk with a voice that big it crowds you out of the room on to the landin'. No, he ain't a gorment, the Little Gentlemen ain't, but what he do 'ave he do 'ave."

I said that I was glad to hear it was no worse.

"No, it ain't no worse than that, sir. What the Little Gentlemen do 'ave he do 'ave. But he ain't nothin' to Mr. Bumpus what used to 'ave these rooms. A tall gentleman Mr. Bumpus were, with sandy whiskers, in the Post Office, and bald on the top. Truth is truth. He were the reg'larst gentleman I ever 'ad. 'However are you always so reg'lar, Mr. Bumpus?' I used to say. 'However would you get your letters reg'lar if I weren't reg'lar, Mrs. Jopples?' That's what he reg'lar used to answer. And nobody wouldn't believe what that man couldn't eat. Two pork chops and three eggs, not to say sassaages. That were his breakfast reg'lar, unless it were 'am and eggs and mutting chops. He were reg'lar in all his 'abits, were Mr. Bumpus, reg'lar to the last."

At this point Mrs. Jopples had packed all the dinner dishes on the tray, and her voice had suddenly become very solemn.

"Then this Mr. Bumpus died?" I asked, hoping to make an end.

"Not to say died," replied Mrs. Jopples, as she glanced severely at two blots of grease on the tablecloth: "not to go so far as to say died. He were too reg'lar in his habits, were Mr. Bumpus, not to speak of his dinner on Sunday, which were a cut off of the joint and a roly-poly and a happle-tart along of cheese and a bottle of ale. Which he paid me a six-pence hextra, that bein' his 'abit.'" "Then he didn't die."

Mrs. Jopples did not reply for a moment. All her attention was directed to the careful folding of the table cloth. She used her chin in the operation, as well as her two hands.

"No, sir," she replied at length. "I shouldn't go for to say die. To my thinkin' it were worse than that. Truth is truth. What akshally happened (here she whispered mysteriously) were this: Mr. Bumpus were carried off, reg'larly carried off, and married."

Mrs. Jopples glared at me as if I were the author of this unholy deed. "Was he ill?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. He were that ill he forgot to stick the side hairs across his bald top that mornin', which it were his 'abit. 'Here is the keb,' I says, 'and whatever are you lookin' so white for, Mr. Bumpus?' The pore gentleman were a-restlin' with his gloves, which was lavender and tight. 'I feels white, Mrs. Jopples,' he says, very solemn, 'I feels white.' 'And you a-go in' to the halter to meet your bride?' I says, with a old shoe ready to 'eave over his 'ead. 'Yes, I'm goin' to the halter to meet my bride, Mrs. Jopples,' and he smiled that melancholic it gave me a turn, sir."

"Then he didn't want to get married?"

"No, sir. Not no more than the child what was never born. Mr. Bumpus didn't. I see his white face yet, and him a-wavin' of his 'and and when the keb' drew off. Truth is truth, I was all of a tremble, which the shoe in my pocket was the one I was married in myself. And there was Jopples a-grinin' over the banisters when I come in from the door. 'Whatever are you a-laughin' at?' I says, 'An old man like you ought to know better.' 'Ain't I not allowed to laugh?' he says. 'No, you ain't, Joseph Jopples,' I says, 'not at a funeral, you ain't!'"

"So that was the end of Mr. Bumpus?"

"'Lor' bless you, sir, that were only the beginnin'. He never knew he were born until he were married, Mr. Bumpus didn't. 'Cos why? 'Cos he never meant no more than friendship, he bein' a man of reg'lar 'abits. I dessey he had passed his word. Leastways the old woman said if he didn't marry her daughter she would bring him into the court, there bein' letters and a ring. And you know what that means when you're in the Post Office, sir. Mr. Bumpus would have lost his job. It was lose his job or marry the gal, she bein' high-complected, and her ginger hair done up like a teapot."

"Then you have seen the girl?"

"Yes, sir; all I wants to see of her. They live Brixton way, and the first Bank 'Ollday after he was married, Mr. Bumpus came here for his outing, a-bringing of his wife with him. I think I see him a-setting on that chair where you are now, sir, and the gal were on the sofer, which I never asked her to take off her 'at. 'Many a happy hour I have spent in this here chair,' says Mr. Bumpus, 'and the old clock ticks along just as it used to tick, and the stuffed bird under the glass shade. These were the happy days.' 'But I am sure you're happy now, George,' says the gal. 'Leastways, you ought to be, now you're married.' 'That's all right,' he says. 'I ain't makin' no complaint, but you can't cook a chop like Mrs. Jopples done.' Them were his very words—'you can't cook a chop like Mrs. Jopples done.' 'Chops isn't everything,' she says, a-tossing of her head. 'No, they ain't,' Mr. Bumpus says very solemn, 'there's sassaages. I ain't never got sassaages browned like Mrs. Jopples browned 'em since I had 'em of that table.' Them was his very words, he bein' a scholar what could read the outside of letters like a book."

"It doesn't sound as if it were a happy marriage, Mrs. Jopples."

"My idear is, sir, that it were all sound without a ha'porth of sense to it. Mr. Bumpus, you see, were a musician, leastways, he thought he could sing. And that ginger-haired gal could tickle a little toon out of a pianer. 'Mariar is a fine 'company-ist,' he says to me one night. 'Very good, Mr. Bumpus,' I says, 'but don't you go to let her 'company you too far. Gals never knows where to stop.' Truth is truth. I never could a-bear Mr. Bumpus's singing, no more Jopples couldn't. 'He's at it again,' Joseph would say 'a-growling like a menagerie.' Then we would have a little sparrin' match. 'You're jealous, Joseph Jopples,' I would say. 'Cos why? 'Cos you ain't got chest-notes like them.' Then he would up and say: 'If I had notes in my chest like them, Sarah Jopples, I'd lock 'em up and sit on the lid.'"

I laughed. "And do you ever hear from the young people now?"

"Not never a word, sir. 'Cos why? 'Cos Mr. Bumpus have bolted. Yes, sir, reg'larly bolted. No later that last Monday the woman as done his shirts come to me and she says, 'Where is Mr. Bumpus?' she says as sharp as mustard. 'I ain't got 'im under a glass shade,' I says. 'Wish yer had,' she says, 'then I should sell 'im for all he's worth. Which it ain't much. Why, he's sloped, reg'larly sloped.' 'Not Mr. Bumpus!' 'Yes, Mr. Bumpus, and took every stick. Leastways, he's left the door and half of Brixton a-hammerin' at it for their money.' Yes, sir, it were a bad finish. But what could you expect of a ginger-haired gal what couldn't brown sassaages? It were bound to come to a slope. Yes, sir, thank you, sir."

She was gone, and the clock on the mantelpiece, beloved of the errant Mr. Bumpus, ticked audibly.

WOMEN MADE BEAUTIFUL

by VESTER. Develops the bust 6 inches, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figures and matchless loveliness to Vester. Firmness, permanent. Never fails. Every lady should have this unrivalled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women.—Send 5s 6d for sample bottle to Swain Med. Co., Box 438, Auckland.



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DOCTORS TAKE IT.

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As a remedy for Affections of the Stomach, Bowels, and other digestive organs, is endorsed when eminent physicians, surgeons, etc., use it themselves, and give it to their children. Invaluable for indigestion, diarrhoea, influenza, fever, etc. Indispensable as a preventive. Keep it in the house, it will save many an illness. BRAGG'S CHARCOAL POWDER. BISCUITS AND LOZENGES. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

THE MOMENT OF DEATH.

Despite the wise teachings and noble example of Socrates, and despite the positive assertions of the best medical authorities, most people look with fear and trembling toward the moment which separates time and eternity for mankind—the moment of death. Physicians have long since established the fact that death itself is a relief, a beautiful and by no means painful transition, but they have also laid stress upon the fact that this dissolution must not be confounded with the symptoms of disease which precede death.

The question as to what transpires in mankind during the approach of death has been the subject of many studies and researches, and quite recently a number of French scientists, among them V. Egger, Dr. Sollier, and De Varigny, have collected material that could be reached upon this point, and published it in a pamphlet just issued in Paris. Naturally, the material is but scant, but it nevertheless furnishes an interesting contribution to the great issue—the moment of death.

The French publication gives a number of statements by intelligent and observing persons who were rescued from death at the last moment. These statements are confined to accidents and do not refer to exhaustion resulting from old age, but even in the case of the latter the experts claim to be justified in the assertion that where the power of life gradually fades away death is no more painful than in the case of people who in the fullness of vitality confront the great destroyer.

A number of the instances cited in the publication are connected with the experiences of lion hunters in Algiers, who have been actually within the grasp of the claws and the terrible teeth of the king of animals.

Similar experiences are related by persons who were in imminent danger of drowning. One of them, a physician himself, tells how his boat capsized in a rushing stream and how he, after heroic but fruitless efforts to save himself, redoubled by the knowledge that he was rapidly carried toward a roaring cataract, drifted unresistingly in a sort of peaceful, semi-consciousness until rescue came. In all these instances, where accident brought people of well balanced mind face to face with death, there is the one consensus of thought that before the mind's eye of such people all the important events of their life, almost their entire life, so to say, passes in a moment. This is in accordance with life in a dream, where a single instant suffices to comprise an almost endless chain of events.

LIFE CROWDED INTO A MOMENT.

Professor Heine of the Zurich University, an indefatigable mountaineer, had the experience of a fall into a steep abyss. He was rescued by what seemed to be a miracle, and he immediately set to work to gather the experiences of others who had been in the same position. They all agreed.

"What I felt in the few seconds of my fall," says Professor Heine, "would take hours to relate. All thoughts and mind pictures were of a marvellous distinctness and clearness. A long train of means to break the tremor first, and next there passed before my first, and next there passed before my mind all the events of my life, realistic as in a kinetoscope."

Whymper, an English Alpine tourist of renown, fell from a height of over 200 feet. "I was perfectly conscious of what happened to me," he states, "and I counted every jolt I got from protruding cliffs, but, like a chloroformed patient, I felt no pain. Each repeated jolt, of course, was greater than the preceding one, and I remember quite well how I calculated that if the next jolt should be still more severe the end would come. But the most wonderful experience was that in this tremendous rush through space the air pressure, which must have been terrible, was not at all disagreeable."

Admiral Beaufort of the British navy relates what he felt when he once fell overboard. "From the moment my efforts to save myself ceased," he said, "the awful thought of death passed away like magic and gave place to perfect rest. This was apathy, pure and simple, and not resignation, for it never occurred to me that drowning was a misfortune. I did not think of rescue and yet I did not suffer. On the contrary, my sensations were rather pleasant."

Darwin, who as a competent observer has few peers if any, relates that he once fell from a garden wall only 7 or 8 feet high, and he says that a production of the thoughts which passed through his mind in the brief moment of the fall would fill a volume.

NO VISIONS FOR CHILDREN.

If these phenomena of panoramic views of past life are closely examined, the French scientists say, the conclusion is irresistible that the visions are limited to a few scenes which are later on enlarged by the imagination. Children, whose life comprises less numerous and clearer elements, never have these reminiscences. Almost invariably their only thought is that they will not see their parents again. This is illustrated by numerous examples, though there are exceptions cited in the publication, notably that of a French educator, who in his boyhood was unusually bright,



UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

Dear Sir,
Quite recently I was induced by a friend to try a packet of your "Gimme Cold" Cigarettes, since when I have smoked no others.
Yours etc., Tommy Jones.

almost precocious, in fact. He fell into a well when he was a boy of eight years, and this is the way in which he relates his experience, in after life, of course:—

"When the weight of the water jar carried me down I was conscious of a long space of time until I gathered my thoughts sufficiently to think of rescue. I thought I might gain a foothold on one of the protruding stones of the walls of the well and then to climb upward on hands and feet. Immediately the idea came to me that this effort would be futile and that I would die. I remained motionless while the water rushed into my mouth and ears with a tremendous roar. It was in this moment that numerous episodes of my life passed by (defile) my mind with inexplicable rapidity and in kaleidoscopic form. I use the expression 'passed by' advisedly, because it appeared to me that these pictures were not simultaneous. Moreover, I think I can say that I did not see a complete cycle of events, but that there were breaks and that the pictures had a certain rotation, chronologically reversed. Besides, the visions were unusually distinct, clear, and plastic. I saw myself objective, as if I were somebody else. I saw, as far as I can remember, scenes from a trained dog show I had witnessed a few days prior to the accident, little scenes from my school life, quarrels, and a competition for an award, but all this I saw as the experience of somebody else."

Dr Sollier reports the case of a confirmed opium eater, a girl of unusual brightness in her sober moments. He treated her after the method which cuts off the use of the drug at once, and which involves repeated stages of unconsciousness of the outer world. After each return to her senses the patient, who was firmly convinced that she must die, stated that her sensations were not only free from pain but positively beautiful.

Usually the death struggle is painless. The dying complains rarely. Even if consciousness appears to be clear, the dying are in the past rather than in the present, and the perfect rest which is often taken as a product of a strong will power is in reality a sign of absolute insensibility. "If I only had the power to wield a pen," murmured the dying William Hunter, "I would use it to express how easy and restful it is to die!"

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

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

HOW NOT TO BE A CRIMINAL.

If I were asked, says Mr Nisbet in "The Human Machine" what quality would best safeguard one from committing murder, I would unhesitatingly answer—sensitivity of character—i.e., a quick perception of, and a ready sympathy with, the sufferings or wrongs of others. To be able to strangle or drown a little child for the sake of a paltry pecuniary gain implies a callous cruelty of disposition happily rare. In a burglar also, callousness, extreme callousness, is a far more necessary article of equipment than a jemmy or a loaded revolver. If you are going to think how unfair it is to the victim to have his brains battered out for attempting to defend his property, you had better renounce that line of business. The murderer's nerve is shown no less in the dock and on the gallows than in the commission of his misdeed, and it is not unlikely that to the last he feels less than the normal observer gives him credit for. Given a certain moral blindness, an inability to perceive or weigh distant probabilities, a lack of sympathy and a desire for some object lying within reach, and you have the born criminal's character. Je l'ai assez vu, il pent crever is the sentiment with which he regards every human being who does not minister to his convenience. Otherwise it would be incredible with what lightness of motive the most atrocious of crimes may be committed.

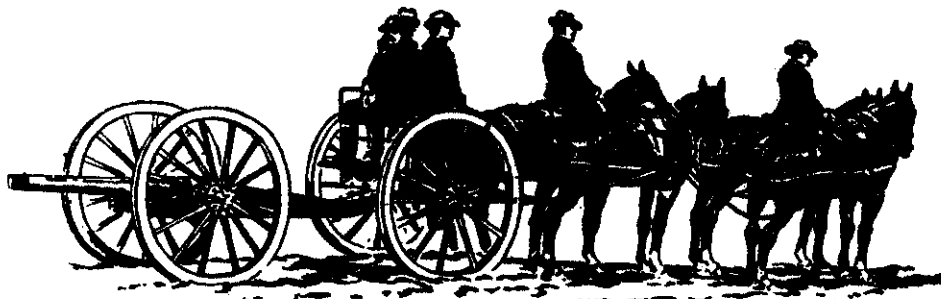
SAVING SYLLABUS.

A good story concerning Sir Henry Hawkins is told in one of our Japanese exchanges just to hand. He was once practising before Lord Campbell, who was somewhat pedantic. In addressing the jury Mr Hawkins, when referring to a brougham, pronounced the word with two syllables—bro-am. "Excuse me," said His Lordship, blandly, "but I think that if instead of saying 'bro-am' you were to say 'broom,' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable." "I am much obliged to Your Lordship," quietly replied Mr Hawkins, and proceeded to bring his address to a close. Presently the Judge, in summing up, made use of the word "omnibus." Instantly up rose Mr Hawkins, and exclaimed, "Pardon me m'lud, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that, instead of saying 'omnibus' Your Lordship would say 'bus,' and you would then be more intelligible to the jury, and, besides, you would save two syllables."



"Hi! Biffle: You're stopping the traffic. The Doctor's broom's coming up the street!"

"The Onchunga Borough Council has confirmed a resolution providing a penalty of £5 for persons who shall 'impede the traffic in any street, road or road, within the Borough of Onchunga.' The idea that anything could possibly impede traffic in Onchunga is decidedly grotesque."



BOER COMPANY FOR A 75-MILLIMETER GUN.

THE STRENGTH OF THE BOERS.

The fear that in the event of war breaking out in the Transvaal the Boers would bombard Johannesburg is founded on the knowledge that the batteries which command the town are armed with a class of guns evidently intended to be used for such a purpose.

The Transvaal Government some time back purchased three of the most powerful guns in existence. These three guns are all made by the French firm of Schneider-Canet, and are two of 9in. in calibre and one of 12in. The latter weighs 66 tons, and fires a shell of half-a-ton through four feet of steel. It is precisely similar to the guns mounted in three of the Japanese ironclads at the Yalu. The two 9in. guns are of shorter and lighter type; they fire a shell weighing three hundred-weight. Where are these guns? What is their use? The obvious explanation would be that they were intended for the famous forts at Johannesburg, and that they have been smuggled up to that place in the guise of mining machinery.

Heavy stamps, steam-engines, and parts of engines are constantly being sent by rail from Delagoa Bay to that place. How simple to disguise the 66 and 20-ton guns, and to forward them as "machinery with care," by the sympathetic Netherlands Railway Company.

But this explanation is not the correct one. After all, in the Johannesburg forts guns of this size would be absurdly misplaced. You do not use a steam-hammer to crack nuts, and to place a 12in. gun in a position where the worst attack it will ever have to face will be that of the 12 or 25-pounder would be absurd. It is just as likely to be put out of action by a chance shot of its little opponent as to put its enemy out of action.

There can be not the slightest doubt that these three guns were ordered for quite another purpose, and bought with quite another object. They were intended to defend Delagoa Bay against the battle-ships and cruisers of Her Majesty's navy. There they would be in place, and would have work suited to their immense size.

What has become of these huge guns no one knows; it is even uncertain whether they have left the makers' works. But it may be suspected that they have been quietly moved up to the forts, and that there they are held in readiness to bombard the town of Johannesburg with their gigantic shells, charged with high explosives.

Terrible though this sounds, these huge guns are not really much to be feared. Each big shell would, no doubt, knock a house to pieces; but then a 12-pounder shell will do the same, though it will not produce quite so much havoc. Guns of this size are not suited for use in land warfare; they are too ponderous, too slowly loaded, too awkward for quick aiming. It is possible that all these guns have not yet reached Johannesburg, but some of them are certainly there.

The Schneider-Canet gun fires a 13-pound shell. In practice against targets composed of six wooden frames, each with an area of 45 square feet, six of these guns fired each six rounds, getting them off on an average in 46

seconds, and making very numerous hits.

An ordinary field gun in the same time would have fired only one, or, at the most, two rounds. Then Mr Kruger's weapons fire three to six times as fast as the ordinary gun, with which most batteries of our British artillery are armed.

This rapidity of fire is obtained by anchoring the gun in the earth. A spade is fitted to the trail of the gun, which is driven into the ground at the first shot, and which holds the gun-

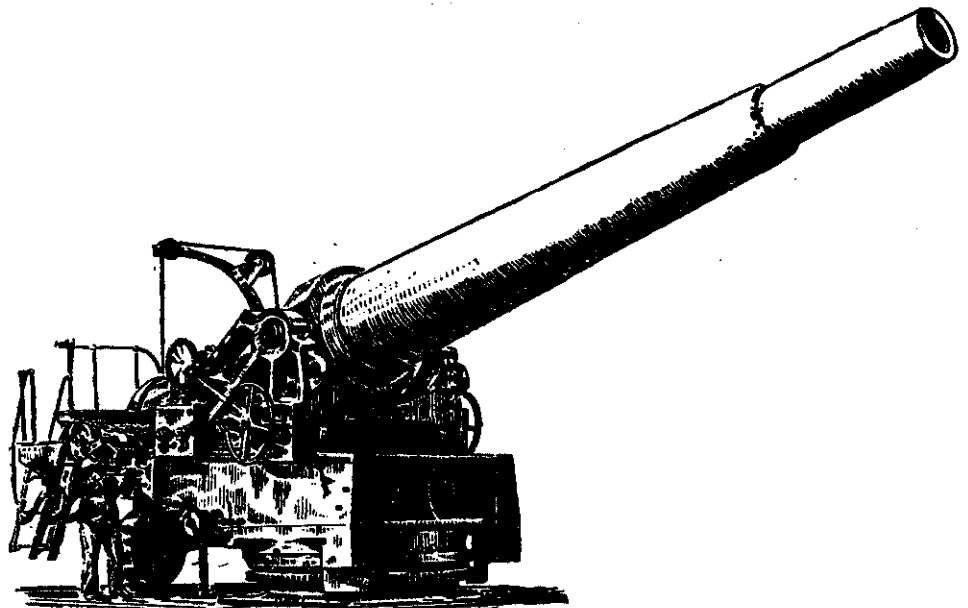
carriage fairly firm where the ground is favourable. On rocky ground or very soft ground the spade would be almost useless, and the gun no better than the ordinary one.

A great advantage which this weapon has is that it does not tire the men. The work of running a gun weighing half a ton or more back after each recoil is most exhausting. With the quick-firer of whatever pattern, this labour is dispensed with. Now, tired men never shoot well; so, beside the advantage of very great

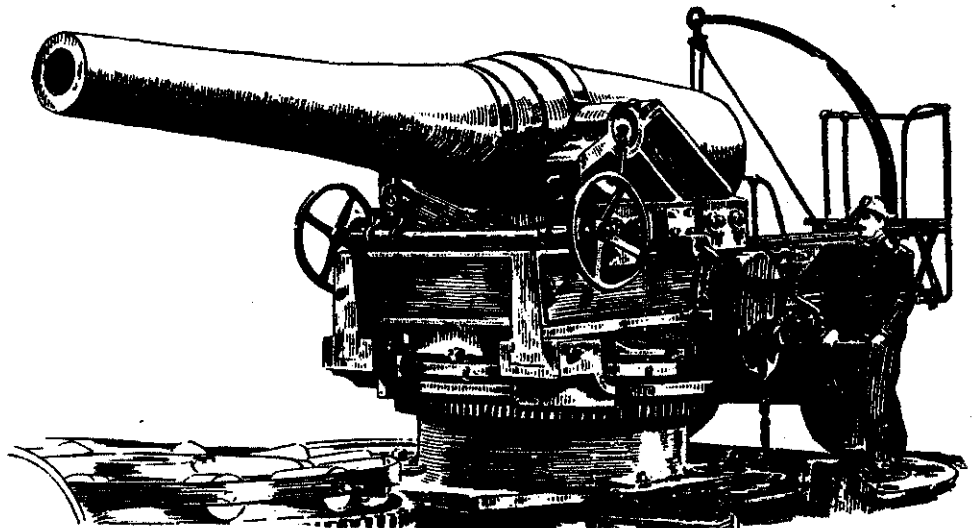
rapidity of action, the quick-firer has in its favour better shooting.

Against this formidable array of Boer artillery England had last month in Natal 3 field batteries, the 13th, 67th, and 69th, and one mountain battery, the 10th. These total between them 22 weapons in the field batteries. Besides these, three more batteries are to be despatched shortly—as "reliefs," we are told. These will certainly be equipped with quick-firers, so that at an early date England will be able to count upon 36 quick-firing guns. They were at a very recent date slow-firers; but there is reason to believe that quick-firing guns either have been recently sent, or are to be sent, to replace the eighteen field pieces and four mountain guns. For the latter the weight of the quick-firing carriage renders its adoption impossible. Mountain guns must be light, else they cannot be used for the work for which they are designed.

The Boers, it is true, have before now stood up to artillery without the support of any guns on their side. At Ingogo they encountered two guns and about 300 British troops, and owing to bad tactics on our part had things very much their own way. Picked marksmen in very scattered order delivered a deadly fire at the men working our guns. The officer in command of the guns was quickly killed; the gunners dropped one after the other; the guns grew white with the lead splashes of the Boer bullets. Riflemen had to be called in to handle the guns. "Some of the artillery teams," says General Butler, "lay dead in their harness, in the order in which they had stood when alive."



A TWELVE-INCH RIFLE BOUGHT BY THE BOERS.



A BOER ARTILLERYMAN WITH A NINE-INCH RIFLE.

—Odds and Ends.—

STEALING A POST-OFFICE.

The citizens of Mountain View, Oklahoma, who some time ago built their town in three days, and later bought out the rival town of Oakdale, have added to their exploits by stealing the post-office from a neighbouring village. The Mountain View post-office has been in a grocery store, and

was talking with one of the foremost contemporary Scotch writers, and I said to him: 'Is there not a great deal of poetry among the commonest and most uneducated people in Scotland?' 'Said he: 'They are saturated with it.' 'One day in the early spring he was walking along the side of a mountain in Skye, when he came to a hut in

"Well, not exactly that," said the old man; "but I tell you what I was doing. Every morning for forty years I have taken off my bonnet here to the beauty of the world!"

"Where untrained farming folk go out and take off their hats to the beauty of the world, it is there that we may expect to find poets."

"Peasants do not use the language of poets unless they have the souls of poets in them."

But whence comes the peasants' sentiment and power of expression? "It is my belief," answers Mr Mabie,

with a keen imagination. So, I believe that it is largely because of this that a little people so far to the north, so out of the reach of balmy skies and tropical influences, are so rich in the greater elements of thought and knowledge, and art, and life."

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THE MOST FAMOUS MAN.

I believe I have said what in naming Mr Kipling, who is at this moment, possibly, the most famous man in the world, and whose work, in some sort of measure, is known



LITTLE MISS MUFFETT, SHE SAT ON A TUFFETT, EATING OF CURDS AND WHEY.



THERE CAME A GREAT SPIDER, WHO SAT DOWN BESIDE HER,

the local paper of a town not far distant, which had a separate post-office building of its own, had been twitting Mountain View that it had no post-office building because of unimportance. On Sunday some of the more impetuous spirits of Mountain View secretly resolved to turn the tables on their tormentors by stealing their post-office. They hitched three teams of strong horses to a low wagon and started for the rival village late at night. Arriving at their destination, they lifted the post-office bodily on to the waggon, the operation being made easy as the post-office was but a small box-like building. Then, without arousing any of the townspeople, they started back for Mountain View. They were met by practically the entire population, who had been informed of the proceedings after the men had set out upon their errand. The post-office was placed in the centre of the town, gaily decorated with flags, while the jubilant victors were overwhelmed with congratulations. The people of the village bereft of its post-office are in a terrible rage over the trick that has been played upon them, and threaten to have everybody in Mountain View arrested for interfering with the mails.

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SCOTCH GENIUS.

In a recent address, Mr Hamilton W. Mabie called attention to the fact that Scotland, a little country far to the north, under dolesome skies, and swept by depressing mists and chilling winds, has been very fertile in men of genius. Every one of its generations during the last five centuries has produced a Scotchman to give literary expression to the emotions and imaginations of English-speaking peoples.

Mr Mabie's explanation of this fertility is that there is something rich and grand in the race, something deep in its heart, which even the Scotch peasant has the insight to see and the power to express.

"Last summer," says Mr Mabie, "I

which lived an old man he had known a great many years. He saw the old man with his head bowed and his bonnet in his hand. My friend came up and said to him after a bit:

"I didn't speak, Sandy, because I thought you might be at prayers."

"that the Scotch people have derived their inspiration from their knowledge of the great poetry of the Old and New Testaments. Nobody can know the Psalms of David or the prophecies of Isaiah, or that sublime Book of Job, without being imbued

almost as widely as his name. All must own this, whatever any may think of his work; and it seems to me that the fact ought to dispose of the doubt whether this is a poetry-reading age. It is a mighty and a lusty note, full of faith and hope; and it is the note which makes Mr Kipling famous wherever an Anglo-Saxon word is spoken or an Anglo-Saxon shot is fired; it stirs the blood of both Briton and American; and it is not the poet's reproach if they forget the deeper meanings of his songs. He says what he came to say; he happened in the time which could hear his voice; he does not so much teach as tell; but no doubt the time will come when the warning in his message will be plain to senses now hidden. It may not be plain to our American senses, till we have trampled into the red mire of tropic morasses the faith in men which made us the hope of men; but that is not the blame of a poet who has read us and said us more keenly than any alien before.—W. D. Howells.

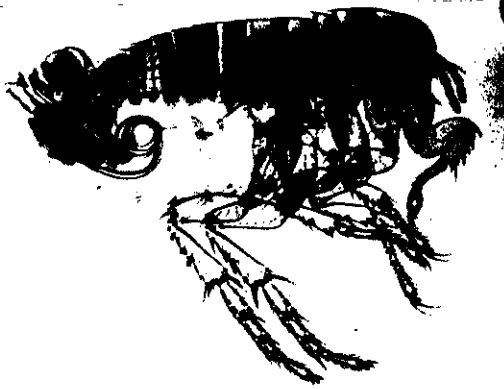
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HOW TO LIVE TO ONE HUNDRED.

Are you anxious to live to be one hundred years of age? If your ambition lie in that direction, here, according to a physician, is the outfit you require:—The right parentage. You must have parents and grand-parents who lived long. A body of medium size, fairly plump. Good chest capacities more important than height. A quick, springy, elastic step. A bright eye and clear colour. A symmetrical head of medium size, set erect upon a firm neck. A regular even circulation of the blood. You shouldn't be troubled by cold hands or feet. Slow, haudible breathing, without nasal obstruction. Sound sleep without frequent dreams. A clear voice neither rough nor hoarse. A keen appetite, which is nevertheless satisfied with a moderate quantity of food. Perfect digestion, shown by freedom from headache, giddiness, heartburn or such troubles.



AND FRIGHTENED MISS MUFFETT AWAY. Photos. by Charles Hemus.



PULEX IRRITANS (MALE), AN OCCASIONAL ENGLISH SLEEPING PARTNER. Magnified 25 diameters.

* The Wonders of Micro-Photography. *

Some time ago we gave a series of microscopic photogravures taken from pictures supplied us by Mr Thomas Hodgson, of Auckland, and prepared by Mr C. Thompson, of Sunderland, England, who sent them to Mr Hodgson. The first picture to attract attention will doubtless be that of the male flea (*Pulex irritans*). Of the various insects that torment humanity, fleas are perhaps the most common and numerous, but how few persons tormented by it know much about its anatomy, its early form of life, or the method by which it obtains its food, and dines upon its host. Though ninety in every hundred persons will say that it "bites" you and sucks your blood, the fact is that the flea is a toothless animal; it has no mouth or teeth that meet to bite with. The microscope has revealed to us the construction of this blood sucking tormentor. It is provided with six spiked legs, with several joints, terminating in two sharp curved claws to each foot. The two hind legs are extra long, and are

them backwards and forwards to make an opening for the flesh, the hollow tongue in the meantime being drawn back. When the lancets are withdrawn the central tongue is inserted into the jagged wound, and pushed deep into the flesh. An acrid

this family have only one pair of wings, each wing consists of a thin, double membrane, strengthened by six hollow ribs or nerves; the larger contain breathing tubes and nerves. The wing of the "Blue Bottle" vibrates 19,000 to 21,000 times per minute. The photo shows what would appear to be a portion of a second wing; and some scientists say the house fly and kindred possessed at one time, ages ago, double wings on each side, the same or similar to the bee, wasp, or dragon fly, and that these extra appendages have, by the law of evolution, disappeared for want of use. This belief can have little favour, for we find the house fly exactly in the same condition as at present embedded—along with nearly every other species of winged insects—in the crystal rock amber of the Baltic, now below other rocks in the sea. It is estimated that it is not less than two millions of years since the amber was on the earth in a liquid form. The impress of numerous wings, house fly, and others, may be seen on coal shale brought from a mine 2418 feet deep.

saws with large teeth and numerous finer teeth between the larger ones. The saws are strengthened by a thick rib on the back, like a cabinetmaker's tenon saw; the other appendage is a hollow shell instrument connected with the ovum, or egg chamber, and is furnished with a piston rod. This is called the ovipositor. Mrs Saw Fly commences operations on the underside of the leaf of the gooseberry bush by sawing a couple of grooves across the mid-rib. Then she pushes the point of the ovipositor into the groove and forward between the skins of the leaf. Down the ovipositor is sent an egg, pushed forward by the piston. Then the ovipositor is withdrawn, leaving the egg, which in due course hatches a maggot. The maggot eats up its nursery blanket and surrounding leaves; then spins itself a fine thread by which it lowers itself down to the ground. The maggot enters into the chrysalis state, and emerges a perfect saw fly in due time.

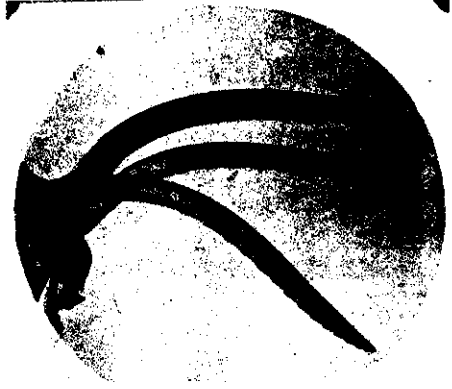
Insects Used for Food.

"Man is what he eats," says an old proverb. Modernised, this ancient adage may be construed to mean that the material needs of a people denote the ratio of its intellectual development. The trapper and hunter who lives in the wilderness has not so many requirements as the average Chicagoan. What the one enjoys is disgusting to the other; what agrees

The fine dust that adheres to the fingers when you touch a moth or butterfly are called scales. They act the same part as feathers do to the winged fowl. The beautiful variegated colours on the various butterflies are due to the arrangement of these different coloured scales, as is the case with the plumage of birds. Both sides of the wings and the body are covered with these feathers, which are fixed with great regularity in the same



SCALES OF BLUE ARGUS BUTTERFLY, SHOWING THE ROWS OF CORRUGATIONS AND COLOURED SPOTS. Magnified 875 diameters. Actual length, only 1/350th of an inch; width, only 1/630th of an inch, and contains 36 ribs in this width.



OVIPOSITOR AND SAWS OF THE SAW-FLY. Magnified 66 diameters.



MR C. THOMPSON.

fluid is injected through the hollow tongue, which liquefies the blood, and the blood and fluid are then sucked back through the openings of the tongue, and on to the stomach of the flea. When the acrid fluid comes in contact with nature's vital fluid (the blood) it produces the sensation of a burning bite, hence the belief of a flea biting. The flea begins life from an egg covered by a clot of blood. The egg hatches a small maggot, which eats the blood, then passes into a chrysalis state similar to the butterfly, and then emerges a fully matured flea.

The house fly comprises a numerous family. Over 800 specimens are British, about 4000 are European, and there are supposed to be about 30,000 species distributed over the world. As

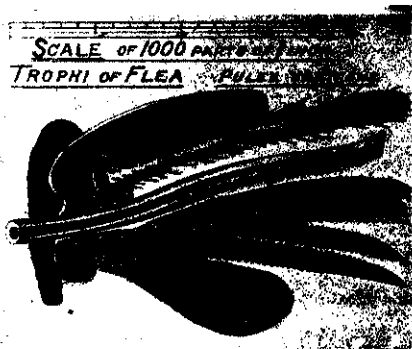
manner as the slates of a house. The nature of these scales is shown in the picture of those taken from the wing of the Blue Argus butterfly (a pretty little butterfly often seen on sunny banks and in quiet lanes in England). The scales are highly magnified, about 875 times. The actual length of the largest is 1/350th of an inch, by 1/630th inch wide, showing 15 rows of corrugations in this space with perfect regularity. The scales have pen ends, like ordinary feathers.

The photo of the ovipositor and saws of the fly is from the species of small fly that makes sad havoc with the gooseberry bushes. Nature has provided it with a compound ingenious instrument at the end of the body in a pair of curved

with the one nauseates the other. Thus, it is not advisable to recommend on general principals insects as diet. But why is it not the custom among the denizens of a metropolis to make a meal of locusts and maggots? Because they are not appetising? Is it not a fact, on the other hand, that Indian birds' nests, frog legs, excrement of snipe and snails, aux truffes, are highly prized delicacies? Just think of the courage (or hunger) of the first man who ate lobster or oysters!

Looked upon from this standpoint, is it not folly to wonder about the Arabs because they eat locusts and to be laughed at by them because we eat crabs, lobster and oysters? In our cultural development insects have not become a form of diet, though with

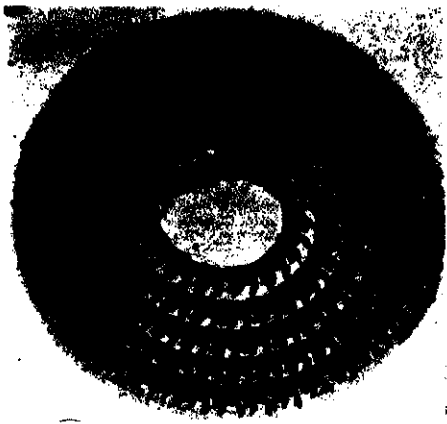
worked by powerful muscles for long jumps. Along each side of the body are a number of apertures or spiracles, through which the air enters to the lungs or breathing apparatus. But the most important part that concerns us is the apparatus by which it procures its food. This is shown in the picture of the Trophi, which represents the front part of the head. The club-like appendage is one of the antennae. The long central portion is a horny hollow tube with openings out between tooth-like spines, and is flat shape at the end; it acts as a tongue, lance, and suctional tube. Below are two scabbards for the two saw-edged lancets when not in use. Now, Mr or Mrs Flea commences operations upon their host by plunging the two saw-edged lancets into the skin, working



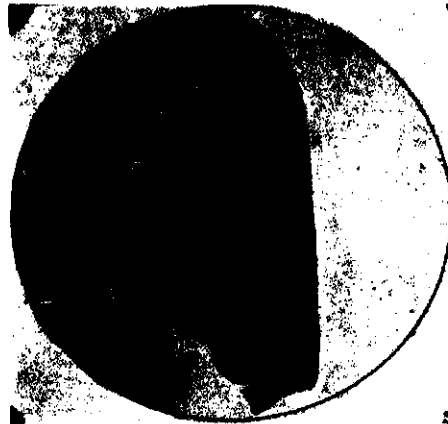
SAW LANCETS AND SUCTORIAL TONGUE OF PULEX IRRITANS (HUMAN FLEA).



SMALL PORTION OF OUTER END OF WING OF HOUSE FLY. Highly magnified, showing fringes round the edge, and surface covered with hairs.



TEETH OF LIMPET.
Magnified 15 diameters.



WING OF HOUSE FLY.
Magnified 15 diameters.

some of the most cultured ancients they were much liked, and in exotic countries they are to-day even a much appreciated article of food.

Among the bugs the first place as delicacy is taken by the palm bug, somewhat of a creature as our Colorado potatoe bug. Its larva lives in the marrow of the palm tree and reaches the size of half an inch. It has been highly prized in the Indies for centuries. Reaumur speaks of an ancient Indian King who served his Greek guests for dessert instead of fruit a worm taken from a plank and roasted, probably the larva of the palm bug. The Greeks who partook of this delicacy are loud in its praise. The "cossus," of which Pliny speaks, and which was fattened with flour by the gourmands of the Roman Empire, was in all probability the horned beetle of to-day.

FOUND IN DECAYING WOOD.

To-day a similar bug, or rather the larva of one, *Prionus cervicornis*, which is found in South America in decaying wood, is not only eaten by the natives of those countries, but also by the acclimated whites. It is disembowelled, washed and roasted in olive oil, and is said to be a veritable delicacy in this shape. Similar to this is the larva of *Lamia kribulus*, a horned beetle found in Africa. All the bugs of this family have large and fat larvae.

But not only larvae of bugs, even the fully developed bug, is an article of food in many countries to-day. There is for instance, the *Blaps* in Egypt (*Blaps sulcata*), which has the reputation of making lean people stout, and which is eaten broiled in butter. The cynic, of course, may say that the butter has as much to do with the fattening process as the bug. The reader may decide this as suits him best. Not so far back Europeans ate cockchafers stewed in sugar, like burned almonds. Much simpler do some of the boys in certain parts of Germany at the present day, who eat the May bugs whole and unadulterated, and who assert that they taste like hazel nuts and can be obtained with far less trouble. May bug soup is eaten in some parts of Germany to-day, and is said to have great

medicinal properties as an anti-rheumatic remedy.

The order of lepidopterae, or butterfly, furnishes few, if any, for food, probably because the small and hairy body is too insignificant, but the larva and caterpillar, of which some are of great size, have found admirers among eaters. Chief among the latter are the natives of Australia, who have caterpillar soup and a sort of stew made from the larva of the butterfly. The frugal Chinese, the originators of silk manufacture from the cocoon of

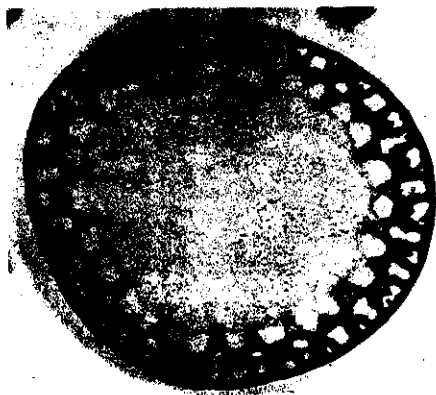
in Ceylon, by acclimated whites as well as by the natives, and they are said to be not only nourishing but quite tasty. More important than the bees, however, are the ants. In some parts of Europe the red forest ant is eaten, or at least chewed, and is said to have a fine, aromatic taste which revives the tired traveller. In Sweden ants are immersed in brandy to give the latter a fine aromatic flavour. But the most diversified methods of preparing ants for food are found in the South American States. Humboldt re-

ports, a Dutch scientist, according to whom the natives of Paraguay eat the hind part of the body of the *Isop ant*, which, being of about the size of a pea, is said to taste like the kernel of a hazelnut if eaten raw, and like burnt almonds if roasted and immersed in sirup. But the Old World had its ant-eaters also. *Nicolas Venetus*, an Italian author, writes of the *Akoves*, an East Indian people, which devoured ants prepared in pepper sauce.

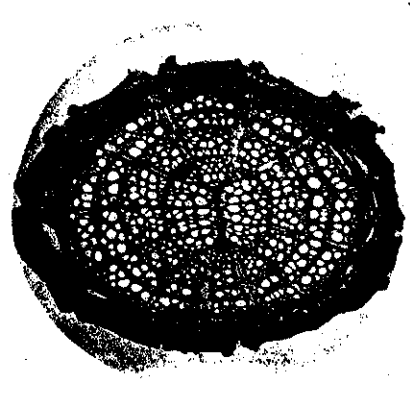
Of the flies little is known as an article of food, unless it be in the regulation boarding-house in summer time, when people all over the world eat more or less flies—unknowingly, however. Some enthusiasts on cheese maintain that cheese mites are really the best part of the cheese. This is, probably, upon the principle that wasps never attack any bad fruit but only the best of its kind. In this connection it may be mentioned that the Mexicans in the vicinity of Lake Tezcoco gather the eggs of a fly which abounds there in myriads, and eat these eggs either raw or baked, when they are preserved for months.

FLIES NOT POPULAR.

Of the order of neuroptera, net-winged insects, the termite or winged ant forms an important article of food for several African tribes. The Hottentots eat termites both raw and broiled, and the Senegalese also look upon this insect as a favourite dish. There the termites are mostly caught when they swarm. At this time millions of them settle upon shallow waters, when they are fished up and slowly broiled in earthen pots until they are done to a turn. Then they are eaten without condiments, and Sweathman, an Eng-



SECTION OF COMMON RUSH.
Magnified 13 diameters.



SECTION OF STEM OF ARISTOLOCHIA SIPHO.
Magnified 14 diameters.

the silkworm, eat the chrysalis after the silk has been removed, and no less an authority than Darwin commends a Chinese Caterpillar soup and a cocoon stew as an excellent dish.

WHERE THEY EAT BEES.

The order of hymenoptera, or insects with membranous wings, also furnishes some members and products which are eaten. No reference is had here to the honey furnished by the busy bees, and which probably would be refused by nobody, but to the bees themselves. They are eaten this day

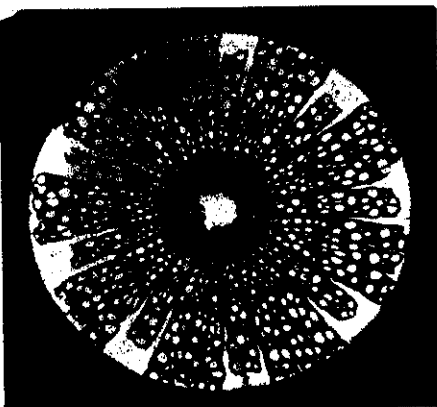
ports that the natives along the Rio Negro eat the *Sauba*, a form of large ant quite common there, as a great delicacy, particularly the female *Sauba* during the period of gestation. The hind part of the body is eaten raw with a bit of salt. If the catch of ants has been so large that the insects cannot be consumed at once the ants are roasted and preserved in salt, or they are mashed and formed into pies, which, also preserved in salt, are a favourite dish for the natives the year around.

A similar report is made by Beng-

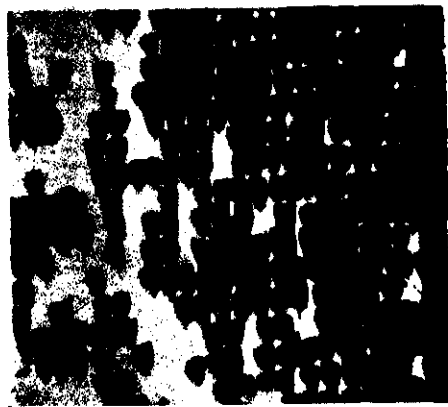
lish scientist, asserts that they taste like almond meringue.

Among the order of orthoptera, or straight-winged insects, the common locust furnishes as an article of food for many tribes some restitution for the enormous damage it does to vegetation. The Bible tells us of the Jews and of John the Baptist that they ate locusts, usually with the seasoning of honey from wild bees. Strabo, the Roman historian, reports that some Ethiopian tribes, on account of their fondness for locusts [*acridia*] were named *Acridophages*. Pliny reports that the Parthians preferred fried locusts to any other dish. From more modern times Frederick Hasselquist, a Russian physician, and traveller, reports on a trip to Palestine, undertaken in 1749, that the Arabs, first during a famine and subsequently because they liked it, dried locusts over slow fires and then pulverised the insects. This locust flour was made with water into a dough and then baked. He asserts that this cake or bread has almost the same taste as oatmeal bread, which cannot be wondered at because of the fact that outfields seem to be the favourite prey of the locusts. At least, they leave other vegetation alone so long as oats may be devoured.

Sparmann, who lived at the Cape of Good Hope during the last years of the eighteenth century, and who travelled extensively in Africa, states that the Hottentots rejoice when their country is visited by a locust plague, though the voracious insects devour every bit of vegetation. The Hottentots eat locusts like the civilised world eats oysters, "in every style." They also prepare a brown soup from the



SECTION OF STEM OF CLEMATIS.
Magnified 10 diameters.



SCALES ON PORTION OF BUTTERFLY'S WING, AND SPACES WHERE THE SCALES OR FEATHERS HAVE COME OUT.
Magnified 70 diameters.

eggs, which in flavour and nourishment is said to vie with the turtle soup of a London alderman.

THE DESPISED LOCUST.

In Morocco at this time entire wagon loads of locusts are brought to the market in Fez, because they form a regular article of food for the Moors who inhabit this part of north Africa. Here, also, the locusts are eaten in every style, pickled, salted, simply dried, smoked, or in any other possible way, except raw. The negroes on the northern coast of Africa prefer locusts to pigeons, and they eat from 200 to 300 at a sitting. They remove head, wings, and legs, boil them for half an hour in water, then add salt and pepper, and fry them in vinegar. In a similar way locusts are prepared at other points in Africa and in Asia. Preserved in salt pickle they form a staple article of commerce. Locusts in Africa are also compressed, when fresh, in barrels, and are then dished out like butter at meal times.

COCK-FIGHTS IN PARIS.

About a month ago, says "Fashion," a great cock-fight meeting was held in Paris shortly after midnight, and nearly all the young "bloods" of the capital were present to witness the more important of the five or six contests. Since then no fewer than three more gatherings of the same sort have been held in fashionable parts of Paris, and one or two in the neighbourhood of what was not long ago the famous Bal Bullier, and now I am informed upon the best authority, that rather a notorious Frenchman, who was in a great measure instrumental in organizing the French cock fights, is preparing a cock pit in a locality situated not fifty miles from Piccadilly, and that he proudly boasts that very soon "the whole of the English aristocracy" will honour his new "cercle" with their presence. Certain it is that the individual in question owns eight of the best fighting cocks of the day, from which statement my readers will gather that this new cock-fighting enthusiast is himself a breeder of game cocks. He declares, indeed, that the popularity of "the sport splendide" declined in England half a century ago solely owing to the dearth of well-trained game cocks in Great Britain at about that period; in other words, he insinuates that it had been a professional breeder of

game fowls when the bill for the suppression of cock fighting became a law, this odious form of pastime would have remained in vogue in spite of all legislative opposition.

As a fact, cock fighting has been indulged in in London during the last eight or ten years to a much greater extent than any person unacquainted with what is commonly termed "the

run of things" would deem possible in these days of vigilance committees and prying associations, a fact which helps to prove of what very little practical use these governing bodies are. The last exhibition of the sort that I witnessed in England took place in a cellar in the city, and perhaps it is superfluous for me to add that nearly all the men interested in it were men

either directly or indirectly connected with the Stock Exchange. The sums of money which changed hands upon that occasion were, I remember, enormous. One young fellow lost during the course of the first hour close upon £700, but he won it all back again before the night was out, and a good deal more besides. I discovered subsequently that this young man was the eldest son of one of the most respected and respectable bill discounters of the day, and since that time this promising scion of a wealthy house has compounded with his creditors—but that is a detail. It is not only in the city, however, that cock fight meetings are held. I could conduct the inquisitive sightseer to a cosy little resort within walking distance of the Haymarket, where certainly once or twice a month cock fights as well as dog fights, and not infrequently man fights, can be watched until the spectator in whose breast the milk of human kindness has not entirely evaporated sickens at the sight. I have witnessed cock fights in various parts of the world, notably in London, in New York, in San Francisco, and in Hongkong, and, far from gradually growing to delight in cock fighting, as all true votaries of the pastime declare that the novice is bound to do, I, personally, have grown to dislike it more and more.

DRUGGED ROSES.

A sensational train story reaches us from Berlin. A gentleman and his two sisters were travelling on a German railway, and were alone in the compartment. At one of the stations where they stopped an elegantly-dressed and thickly-veiled lady entered the carriage, carrying a magnificent bunch of roses. When the train started she asked her companions if they would object to having the windows closed. The gentleman hastened to shut them for her, and as he did so apparently caused her to drop her roses. Of course, he picked them up and handed them back to their owner. She thanked him charmingly, and asked him to keep one, and then graciously offered each of his companions a few of the flowers. They thanked her and accepted the blossoms, and after that they were conscious of nothing till their arrival at Berlin, when the veiled lady has disappeared, and with her their money and other valuables. The roses had been drugged.



THE MONARCH IN HIS PRIDE.



Photos. by Spearpoint.

THE LAST OF THE KAURIS, WAIKURETE.

Topics of the Week.

MR SEDDON'S FAUX PAS.

In these days of an omniscient press and omniverous readers, one must be particularly careful in his public statements. Quite recently Mr Seddon in criticising the fiscal policy of New South Wales, referred to a deficiency of £3,000,000 in a way that seemed to infer that the Reid administration had been responsible for it. Of course our Premier had no wish to injure New South Wales or Mr Reid. He made his statement no doubt for the argumentative purposes of the moment. But it seems it was not quite correct, and although no one here was at all likely to detect the error the Premier of New South Wales did so himself and cabled across a contradiction of it. The incident should be a warning to public men to make perfectly sure of their figures, and to the public not to trust implicitly to their statements. Politicians orators are as a rule none too careful in their utterances, and politicians are singularly at fault in this respect. Two months hence when the election campaign is in full swing it would be interesting to analyse the speeches of the multitude of candidates in order to discuss the inaccuracies and mis-representation which they invariably contain. Speaking of his own country our average politician is constantly tripping, but when he makes references to the history or politics of other lands, he flounders hopelessly. I have heard in the House extraordinary statements regarding matters outside of New Zealand, but as a rule they passed unchallenged, either because no one saw the mistake or none thought it worth contradicting. If the rulers of other countries were so quick to pick upon little mistakes we would never be free from censure. What a bill against us would the Kaiser have for instance. And on the other hand what apologies New Zealand might rightfully exact from those who have heedlessly vilified her.

A TOURIST'S PLAIN.

When Herr Friedenthal, the clever pianist, visited Rotorua, he was surprised to learn that the Government had prohibited the practice of feeding the geysers with soap. In his opinion if travellers get to know that the geysers cannot always be counted to play of their own accord, and that it is held illegal to force them they will not come near the place. From this I am inclined to infer that the musical Herr did not get his money's worth in geysers, and was piqued to know that had it not been for the Government prohibition and the watchful eye of the caretaker, he might have enjoyed as fine a display as he could desire. I have had the pleasure of witnessing the Whakarewarewa hot waterworks at their best on many occasions. I have seen them playing spontaneously before the soap secret was known. I have seen them playing to order also when the use of soap, as an irritating factor, was not forbidden. And I must confess I have seen them playing on a similar provocation since soap was gazetted as a prescribed diet in their case. I have seen so much of them in fact that I do not in the least resent the new regulations the Government have laid down, for the guidance of these lions of Whakarewarewa. But I quite understand the feeling of the average tourist who has perhaps come all the way to New Zealand to make the acquaintance of a live geyser, and has to leave our shores without having seen one, simply because the Government have got some silly fad into their heads about soap not being good for geysers. If you have plenty of time to spend at Whakarewarewa the chances are that you catch a geyser "on the hop" as it were; but tourists as a rule are in a hurry. They probably allot one day to Rotorua in the programme of their travels, and at most half-a-day to the geysers; and they go there expecting that these interesting phenomena are always playing or play at definite hours like the gong at the hotel. When they find that punctuality is not the soul of a geyser, and spend the whole afternoon waiting for him to go off and he fails to do so, they are naturally annoyed. But when in addition they learn that there is a little talisman—a bar of yellow

household to wit—that the geysers rise to like a bird, and that the use of that same little talisman is forbidden by law, words cannot express their indignation. They feel they have been grossly deceived, and cheated, and depart vowing that they will warn others against us. To some extent the tourists are not altogether to blame. We lure them to Maoriland with artful pictures and photographs of geysers and fumaroles all at merry play. We descend in little pamphlets on the wonderful showers of "diamond drift and pearly hail" until the tourist thinks when he steps from the train at Rotorua he will find himself surrounded by a score or so of nature's own boiling fountains playing against a picturesque background of luridly active volcanoes. Now that is not fair. It is getting tourists under false pretences. We ought to explain things just a little more. And if it is inadvisable to make public the unsatisfactory nature of the geysers, and equally inadvisable to permit the use of soap, then it would only be proper that the Government should provide some mechanical geyser to play at stated times so that the tourists might not be disappointed.

MILLIONAIRES IN ANTICIPATION.

Some eighty claimants for the Tyson millions are in the field. Fourteen of them declare that the dead squatter was their uncle, and thirty-three that he was their cousin. Others allege various reasons for putting in a claim, but the most frankly enterprising of all is the gentleman who, though not aware of any relationship between himself and the deceased, advances the fact that his name is also Tyson as sufficient ground for making a shot for the money. The claims are to be adjudicated on the first of December, and one can imagine what great expectations will fire the hearts of those eighty, and what castle-building they will indulge in between this time and then. Few of us can ever hope to know the sensation of being actual heirs to a millionaire, but the very next best thing I should say would be to have claims in that direction. I would give something to enjoy even the remote anticipation of getting such wealth, but my family tree is much too simple a vegetable to admit of any surprises. The reticulation of his branches is only too barrenly clear. Fain would I it were otherwise, and that an obscurity hung over my own birth or the history of my ancestry that might conceal my relation to some possible millionaire. I envy those people who had scapegrace uncles who left for a far land and were never heard of, or grandfathers whose end was mysterious. There are such enormous possibilities in such relatives. It is perfectly idle for me to dream, as they can do, of ships coming home, or of lawyers' letters announcing that they have fallen heirs to great wealth. I have no interest, as many people have, in consulting Lloyd's list of missing friends who are wanted to hear something to their advantage, because I know there cannot possibly be anyone wanting me, except to get something out of me. Hence, I must confess it, in my poverty of grounds for anticipating good fortune I envy the eighty claimants for the Tyson millions the enjoyment they must get even if they never handle a cent of the money. And consider, too, the distinction one must derive for the time being. Each of these claimants is a marked man in his own district. Alike the atmosphere of wealth envelops him, and he is clothed in rags, there will be among his friends many who will prophetically discern the purple and fine linen, and pay him homage accordingly. He will enjoy in a way the sensation of being a millionaire, and relish the anticipation much more probably than he ever would the reality.

WHERE POLITICS ARE INTERESTING.

There is at least one civilised country where politics should be free from the stigma of dullness, and that country is France. Parties as we know them here and in England are after all very harmless organisations. They never think of attacking each

other, except with their tongues, and their objects and aims involve no very revolutionary changes. When the opponents of a Government meditate its overthrow, they proceed on perfectly constitutional lines, and succeed or fail, as the case may be, without any serious disturbance in the country. There is no violent transition from one administration to another, and we all know pretty well the extent of the change the newcomers may seek to make. Within Parliament there is no party sworn to reverse the whole existing order of things, and the assembly is not affected by any such party beyond its walls, simply because no such party exists. In Great Britain, though I believe there are still a few cranks who mourn the Stuarts, there is certainly no immediate danger of another '45; and here in New Zealand I am not aware that any individual, much less a party, entertains disloyal monarchical designs on the country. In France there exist all the elements that should render the profession of politics singularly exciting. The game is one of much larger licence and enormously greater possibilities than with us. The struggle of parties inside and outside of the Assembly is on much more serious lines, and the issues much more momentous. In Great Britain a political crisis may end in a dissolution of Parliament. In France it may almost as easily finish in a national revolution. To be an actor on such a stage may well beget in French public men the theatrical strut and the melodramatic manner which so frequently marks them. Our public men can never hope to attain that pose. Mr Seddon has occasionally essayed it when the salvation of a Bill was at stake, but there the comparative triviality of the motive made his effort somewhat ridiculous. Similarly Mr Monk, ready to sacrifice himself for a railway, does not evoke the applause one would expect.

CRICKET CRITICISM.

The great cricket campaign, England versus Australia, has not ended in a way to give complete satisfaction to anyone in either hemisphere, and cricketers especially are expressing their disappointment at a result which was entirely due to the short time allowed for each match. Drawn battles which were the feature of the war are always unsatisfactory affairs in the field of sport. On the other hand, though the issue of the campaign has not given unalloyed pleasure to either side, it can claim to have given a bigger average satisfaction to all the contestants put together than they would have derived from a decisive victory. The result of the struggle leaves room for limitless speculation on what might have been. Either side can easily persuade itself that had the matches been played out to a finish it would have had the majority of wins to its credit. The Englishmen, or rather the English newspapers, informed the world almost before time was called in the last test match that the Australians owed their dominant position to the three days' system. They did not put it quite in that rough fashion but that is precisely what they meant. Our boys with a real indisputable win to their credit are not likely to be so churlish as to deprive their opponents of whatever consolation such a reflection may afford them, but deep down in their cricket loving souls I fancy they will find it hard to assimilate that theory of the campaign. Whether they are able to do so or not it is perfectly certain that the public of Australasia will never accept it. Let experts in the game argue as they please about probabilities, the great Australian public will never believe but that their boys would have been the victors whatever had happened. Thus will it stand in the traditions of our Southern cricket fields when the older fellows tell to the young colts the story of the 1899 team.

WHO GOVERNS? PRESS OR PARLIAMENT?

Mr Wise, one of the Parliamentary "lords" of New South Wales declared the other day that he would rather be governed by the worst Parliament ever known than by the best newspaper ever known. As a politician Mr Wise is naturally prejudiced in favour of Parliaments, and I as a journalist, am naturally prejudiced in favour of newspapers. Hence it is not to be expected that I would endorse his sweeping judgment of the relative merits of Parliamentary and newspaper Government. As he admits that a good deal of the govern-

ing now-a-days is done by the Press, as I would contend that on the whole it is not done badly. I suspect that Mr Wise and the Australian press are not on the best of terms. You will usually find that when a colonial politician has not received the appreciation he thought he deserved from the newspapers, he is particularly careful to let everyone know the withering contempt he entertains for that form of literature and the absolute indifference he feels towards the opinion of editors generally. But the newspaper man smiles supreme. He remembers that even the first Napoleon, a hundred years ago when the newspaper press was in its infancy, confessed that four hostile journals were more to be dreaded than a thousand bayonets. He remembers, too, how no further back than the last election perhaps, the same member got five thousand slips of a complimentary newspaper paragraph circulated through his constituency, and on more than one occasion grew eloquent on the wonderful wisdom and insight of journalism generally. When it comes to a question of shaping the public opinion of the country—and that every one must admit is an important step towards governing it—there is little doubt which—the Press or Parliament—does most. The speeches of politicians and the proceedings of Parliament, who would know of them were it not for the newspapers, and what a large proportion of the electors do not even trouble to read them in the newspapers, but take their opinions from the comments of the journalist. Nay the politician himself more often than not gets his inspiration and a great deal of his inspiration from the same source.

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Notes and Notions.

I am unaware whether Citizen Sunday, which was inaugurated in Auckland on Sunday last, is observed in other main cities in the colony, but nobody, I think, will venture to deny that in all large towns something of the sort is not merely desirable but necessary. We are all of us far too apt to overlook our responsibilities in regard to the Commonwealth, and even more so with regard to our native city, borough, or, if we live in the country, our county. And it is well, therefore, that we should have Citizen Sunday, when sermons on the duties of citizenship are delivered from every pulpit in the district as a reminder and a stimulant.

But there is one point I would like to raise. Whenever any particular abuse or nuisance grows to such proportions in any of our cities that we are perforce aroused from our usual lethargic and easy-going tolerance of anything and everything, do we not always remark severely to each other: "Ah, well, Auckland (or Wellington, or Napier, or Dunedin, or Christchurch, as the case may be) is the only town in the colony where such a state of affairs would be tolerated? Do we not on such occasions unadvisedly in the strongest possible manner on the apathy of our fellow-citizens and say that their equals in laziness as regards their own interests do not exist in any other locality in the world? I, and so no doubt have you, have heard such remarks in every city in this colony with which I am acquainted. As a matter of fact, the larger and busier the city, the less the interest taken by the public in municipal and corporate affairs. In the smaller provincial cities and country townships the interest and activity of the public with regard to local Boards and Councils is very considerable, and naturally so, there being fewer other competing and conflicting interests.

As a matter of fact, and speaking after considerable experience of the principal cities of England and Europe, I think it may be stated confidently that the interest taken in municipal matters in any of our New Zealand cities is far greater than that manifested in any of the larger towns at the other end of the world. I am speaking now of "the man in the street," or the ratepayer, if you will. There are, it is true, in the larger English cities men of wealth and leisure who devote both their time and substance to the service of the city in a manner to which we in New Zealand are almost wholly unacquainted. We have not yet such men amongst us; but as we get older they will come; we young cities, like our own young people, are all too often apt to expect (very unreasonably) to begin life with all the advantages and luxuries with which our elders leave it, and for which they had to labour and to wait. But, contrary to the general assertion, it is certain that our average citizen in New Zealand takes a greater interest in local government and local politics than his compeers in England. And the better managed and governed the city the less is the interest which the man in the street will take. The earnest thinkers, the enthusiasts, the men of public spirit and tireless activity, are the leaven, and their working quickens our otherwise utterly quiescent and inert mass. And the more powerful and better this leaven of active men is the greater will be the increase of the inert mass. Once people find that they are wisely and well governed, and that there are certain restless and clever folk willing to take all trouble off their hands, why, they very soon let these busy folk have it all their own way. Municipal elections in such cities as Liverpool and Manchester, in the Old Country, arouse, it is true, a vast amount of interest, but that interest has nothing whatever to do with local government; it is essentially a political party question, and the victories are as purely Liberal or Conservative as those for the Imperial Parliament. Proportionately speaking, the voting is usually small, and the interest in the fight on the part of the public is aroused, worked up, stimulated and sustained almost entirely by the newspapers of the

opposite parties which enter on the fray with a vim and often a bitterness seldom reached in Parliamentary elections.

But there is something far more interesting and important in the matter than what has been mentioned. If we look carefully into the question of the apparent apathy with which most of us regard matters of municipal, and to a less extent colonial, government we soon get to the fundamental seat of the trouble. The whole trend of our civilisation is towards specialism; we are every year creating more and more specialists in every conceivable walk of life; every year we ourselves become more purely specialists. We do this because experience teaches us it is both better and more economical to do so. The work is better done than we ourselves could ever do it, and we have more time to do that particular work which we can do better than anything else. This idea, which originally terminated in the creation of different professions and employments, we of our day have carried very much further. We have no time to go round learning the day's news by word of mouth at coffee-houses, etc., etc.; we have it collected for us. We have no leisure to read all the books printed; we pay a man to tell us what to read and what music to go and hear, and what is good and what is bad; and we call that man a critic. We pay leader-writers to tell us what we should think, and to unearth unsavoury subjects and scandals for us to be horrified at. And the better all these things are done the less we do, or need to do, them ourselves. It is this principle which is at the root of the apathy evil—The universal and ever-increasing tendency to attend to our own "speciality" and to pay (directly or indirectly) others to do every other imaginable thing for us. If you come to consider it, how many of us are there now who really think or form opinions for ourselves? We imagine we do; but if we analyse the matter carefully we shall find that our opinion is almost invariably based on something we have heard or read which comes, that is to say, from one of the delegates, whom we pay, through some channel or another, for doing our thinking for us. There is endless opportunity for speculation and philosophising as to the state of affairs which this tendency to "specialism" will eventually lead humanity; but no doubt many readers are already weary of prying on this subject and murmuring: "Something too much of this. Let us therefore change the subject."

It is a generally credited assertion that there are only four original jokes in the world and that all the others are variations or offshoots of the same. The same might be said of subjects of newspaper controversy. Marriage, its success or otherwise, as a social institution, is probably the most popular question on which the "Constant Reader," "Father of a Family," "Mater," "Pater," and all our well-known correspondents best love to exercise their wisdom and their wit. We have indeed had so much of it, that I am right glad to notice that down South a very old friend—the question of the wearing of mourning—has been resuscitated mainly by means of a strong sermon against mourning by the Rev. H. Northcote (an eloquent preacher as I understand) who warmly denounced the common practice as unchristian and immoral.

The subject, always a capital one for discussion, has been so long laid by, that it comes with an agreeable freshness foreign to almost any other question one could select to write upon. The arguments against mourning are put forward as follows by one correspondent who aptly signs himself "Rejoice."

He says:—"It is most extraordinary to me that Christians persist in clinging to the old heathenish custom of draping themselves in black and weeping and groaning and moaning when their relatives or friends depart from this world for a far better, far happier one. It shows how very, very

weak is their faith in a future life. For my part, I believe that the very instant the soul leaves the body our friends are in a far happier state than ever they were whilst on this earth, and yet, believing that (and 999 out of every 1000 do) people, instead of rejoicing at their departure, do the exact opposite. Again, why should we, by putting on black, persist in remembering the departed mournfully? Why not, by putting on bright colours, say, light blue and white, emblems of hope and purity, think of them as they now are, and thus remember them joyfully. The longer I live the more I see the absurdity and selfishness of mourning for the dead; in fact, I think it would be far more sensible to mourn at the birth and rejoice at the death of an individual, for we know it is born into a world of sorrow and worry and pain, and no one can prognosticate what horrors may happen to it whilst on this earth; whereas, when it dies, we believe that it has at once entered into a far happier world, where there is no more sorrow, no more worry, no more pain.—I am, etc, Rejoice."

The stock arguments of the Anti-mourners—generally are here pretty well epitomised—I repress severely, any frivolous tendency I might have apropos of the "taken for granted" happiness—of the future, state, to quote the hoary chestnut concerning Johnny "aged seven, and gone to heaven," and the person who remarked, "one cannot sometimes always tell, perhaps little Johnnie's gone"—I repress I say any temptation to repeat that aged anecdote, and pass on to what are really the only and serious objections to the reasons given against mourning. There is really only one—that is that Nature is fortunately Nature, and that until we educate ourselves into something quite unnatural we shall go on mourning. The whole point is this, we do not as "Rejoice" and his fellows assert mourn for the dead—we mourn for ourselves. One will admit it is selfish in the strictest sense, but it is altogether natural. The faith that would make us rejoice at the death of our nearest and dearest, might be in one sense spiritually elevating, but it would be a very unlovable one. If this world were, as "Rejoice" would have us believe, really "a word of sorrow and worry and pain"—and nothing else—then indeed we might be able to weep at a birth and rejoice at a death amongst our intimates. But oh my dismal minded Masters and Mistresses, who share the beliefs of "Rejoice," repent you of your errors. The world is NOT wholly a world of sorrow and pain and misery. Pain there is and sorrow there is and misery, but there are joy, and gladness, and brightness too. The sky is not always overcast, and even then, some of the heaviest clouds turn out to have silver linings. When a death occurs which touches us nearly we mourn—because the one that is taken can never share with us again those alternations of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and pain, which make up life. And, it is just in proportion as to how much we have shared those lights and shades, the sunshine and the shadows, that we mourn.

Apropos of the "world of pain and sorrow" idea—and a lot of people who eat and sleep very satisfactorily talk of it as such—may I be permitted to mount a favourite hobby-horse, and to remark from that eminence that the religious shibboleth, "We are all miserable sinners," which all exerts compel us to express at church and chapel services, is both mischievous and offensive when carried into the outside world, or even when repeated too often in church. Sinners, no doubt, are most of us. A few miserable, therefore; the majority no such thing. To whine continually about being a sinner, if one is really and honestly and cheerfully trying to do one's duty, is an unworthy, unmanly act, a relic of the barbarous unspeakable belief in and fear of a Deity who would condemn to eternal damnation a soul of His own creation for the mere neglect of a cere-

monial, such as the baptism of infants. No doubt looked at from one point of view the heart of man is desperately wicked, even as we are told, but there is another point of view. There is a vast amount of goodness besides. It is not the wickedness of the world that is most amazing; it is that all things considered the proportion of good is so considerable. Vice may be rampant, but is not virtue still triumphant? Pessimism never yet did any service to humanity, and though there is no doubt a medium (mediums are always dull), my sympathies are with the extreme optimist who sings so cheerfully lines which (since they are something of favourites with me) I may have quoted before in the "Graphic":—

A lass in good, and a glass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
And the world is good, and the people
are good,
And we're all good fellows together.

Presumably because (owing to circumstances over which I have no control) these Notes and Notions are written on Sunday, I find it absolutely impossible to avoid semi religious or scriptural subjects, and usually of a somewhat controversial nature, in these columns. Do what I will, like King Charles's Head in Poor Mr Dick's Memorial, they will come in. The mourning question led me astray in the last paragraph, and now looking down my memos. I see another unavoidable chasm yawning. In a pig-stealing case down South the other day one of the witnesses, a manager of one of the coastal stations, deposed that he had given instructions to the men employed on the station to drive away or destroy all pigs found thereon. His Honor referred to the evidence as being of an extraordinary nature. If people were under the impression that they could destroy pigs, might they not also kill horses, cattle, and even go so far as to destroy a man.

Now, for the life of me I cannot recollect why I set the foregoing item of the week's news down on my notes as suitable for comment. It was unquestionably scissored out of a Southern exchange with some set purpose, and I doubt not I had some very useful and perhaps entertaining remarks to make thereon. Certainly I designed it to point a moral or adorn a tale (a curly one perhaps) of some sort or another, but what I cannot, as I say, for the life of me recollect. But, of course, I am going to be tempted and to fail. I feel it. I know it. The memo. recalls nothing but the New Testament story of the miracle where the pigs rushed violently down a steep place into the sea. "Pigs on a coastal station"—the temptation is, you will admit, too strong. Well, my sin is this. Do you remember the picture and story in "Punch" of the countryman who met his vicar at the Royal Academy one summer, when "the picture of the year" was of the pigs rushing violently down a steep place into the sea? Quoth the rustic:—"There's one question, sir, has often puzzled me about that there miracle of the pigs, sir." "Yes, Giles," responds the vicar graciously, "any question I can answer, I shall only be too glad." "Well, sir, and it's this—Who paid for them pigs?"

It is bad enough to have retold this story—a very old one—but I must fulfil the measure of my iniquity and say that as a child, long before "Punch" ever got that story, I used to wonder after the manner of children who did pay for those pigs, and I am still curious and unsatisfied.

Nelsonians have always been, probably with some injustice, regarded as the most solemnest townspeople in New Zealand, and, indeed, "Sleepy Hollow" has come to be looked on as the colonial Castle of Indolence. But there is just now a strong reaction, and considerable local activity and powerful agitation is being displayed in securing for Nelson a wider reputation as a convalescent sanatorium and recuperative resort; and though

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there are many sanatoriums in New Zealand which have high claims, it really does appear that Nelson possesses certain advantages which should place her high in the list. In summer Nelson might be enervating, but as a health resort for winter—a sort of colonial Cannes (or even Bournemouth)—it possesses special charms which we have all, I fancy, overlooked too long. We are given to boast of our climate as a whole, and few will care to contradict that, good as it is all over New Zealand, it is extra good in Nelson. It has been pointed out that during the recent cold snap Nelson only suffered the lightest and slightest of frosts, while during the terrible gales which have been experienced lately there were days when there were several vessels sheltering from a storm under Long Island, and when there was neither a cloud to be seen nor a breath of wind to be felt in Nelson. All this cold and wet winter, during which Wellington has hardly had a fine day, Nelson has enjoyed frequent spells of dry weather and glorious sunshine. These advantages have (as the "Mail" remarks) a distinct commercial value, and it is a great pity that they are not properly exploited by local authorities. As I have said, Nelsonians have at last awakened to the value of their climate as an asset, and efforts are being made to boom the little township after the fashion of other so-called health resorts, which have really far less claim to attention than (up to now) too retiring Nelson.

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Current Comment.

THE POST AND TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT.

This department is one with which the public is daily brought into the closest of connection, and of which probably it is prouder than that of any other department of the State. It is (says the Hawera "Star") the general provider and the general server. Practically all business communications pass through it; to a large extent it is the banker of "the common people"; to the classes it represents the tax gatherer; to the aged poor it is the pension distributor; in many places it is the registry of the great incidents of life and death; it is the assurance organisation of a great many colonists; and, in fact, one can hardly live or move a day without invoking the services of this great and widespread department which stands for so much of the social and socialistic activity of the State. Naturally its balance-sheet is of interest, and it is satisfactory to know that, as in former years, this shows a substantial credit on the year's operations.

THE GUN COTTON DISASTER INQUIRY.

Captain Falconer is to be congratulated upon having come very well out of a trying situation (says the Wellington "Times"). Of his fearlessness and skill there can be no doubt; his caution alone is impugned as having been possibly insufficient. He would be less than human if he failed to profit in this regard by the two terrible casualties that have taken place under his command. Not ordinary, but extraordinary precautions must be employed in dealing with such a dangerous substance as gun cotton.

THE FEDERAL SPIRIT.

The growth of the Federal spirit in Parliament and the country since it has been realised that the Commonwealth of Australia is near at hand, is (thinks the "Post") a wholesome sign that, underlying the provincialism that is largely due to our isolation, there is a true national spirit which—apart from the purely commercial aspect of the question—once fairly aroused, will be a powerful factor in determining the ultimate destiny of New Zealand as one of the United States of Australasia. To the friends of Federation, particularly those who in recent years have patiently and persistently endeavoured to convey to a somewhat apathetic people the tremendous significance of the nation-making movement that is now culminating in an Australian Commonwealth, the lively interest now being displayed on the question in this country must be especially gratifying.

THE MINING PROSPECTOR.

WILL HE BECOME EXTINCT?
There is reason to fear (in the opinion of the Nelson "Colonist") that the prospector of the old school, the man who underwent great hardship in the hope of personal gain, but who, on making a discovery, generously shared his "good luck" with others, will soon be a man of the past. In some quarters such a contingency seems to have been foreseen, for it has already been suggested that the State should undertake prospecting. That suggestion is, we are convinced, quite out of the question, but it may, nevertheless, be desirable to offer inducements for exploration by practical men.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT HOME.

Even the team that went Home in 1882 can hardly be regarded as equal to the team of 1899. Of the fifty-one matches played to date between England and Australia, twenty-five have been won by England, seventeen by Australia, and nine were drawn. Until this tour only three test matches—in 1882, 1888, and in 1896—had been won by Australians in England; and the tour of 1899 is the first in which the Australians have not been beaten in these matches. It is acknowledged on every hand that the Australians

won the one decisive test match of this tour in a brilliant manner, and in several of the drawn games they averted defeat by such a display of sterling cricket as delighted even their opponents. The Australians are improving at cricket. In the last nine test matches at Home and in Australia England has not been victorious once.

A SPLENDID CHARITY.

The Prison Gate Mission, with its slender means, has (says the Lyttelton "Times") succoured and sheltered scores of men and youths who, without its kindly help at the right moment, would have gone from bad to worse, until they were finally confirmed in a career of crime. Some of the older men have passed into the Samaritan Home, there to remain in some measure of comfort for the remainder of their days; while many of the youths, more weak-minded than vicious, have received good sound help, tempered with wholesome advice, and a fresh start in life.

WHY AUCKLAND WANTS NEW ZEALAND TO FEDERATE.

That the idea of New Zealand joining the Australian Commonwealth should find favour in Auckland will not (says the Oamaru "Mail") occasion any surprise to those who bear in mind the intensely bitter feeling that has been entertained in that city towards Wellington ever since the removal of the seat of government some thirty-five years ago. So deep-rooted is that antipathy that we believe many of the Aucklanders would rather be governed from Sydney, or even Timbuctoo, than from Wellington. The Auckland agitation in favour of New Zealand entering the Australian Commonwealth has, we really believe, its origin in hatred of Wellington—the city that, in days gone by, the Aucklanders used to sneeringly designate "a fishing village." Most certainly the Aucklanders have not the possibility of any commercial advantage from New Zealand becoming a part of the Commonwealth to act as stimulus for Auckland producers. Little or nothing that Australia stands in need of.

FIRST OFFENDERS PROBATION.

The Hon. J. A. Toke was not a very conspicuous figure in Parliament. But (says the Hawke's Bay "Herald") if he did nothing else, in passing the First Offenders' Probation Act he justified his presence there. According to the report of the Inspector of Prisons, 91 persons were placed on probation last year, as against the same number in 1897. Of these 31 were discharged after satisfactorily carrying out the conditions of their licenses, three were re-arrested, and one was transferred to a lunatic asylum. The amount of costs ordered to be paid by the various Courts before whom these offenders were brought was £406, of which £170 had been actually paid. The greater portion of the remainder being paid by instalments as it became due. The approximate cost of keeping these offenders had they been sent to prison would have been £2,287, which sum added to the amount of costs, etc., actually paid, gave a saving of £3,457 to the colony.

DUNEDIN HONOURS SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was a good man—none the less because he hated cant and cared little for introspection. A great and good man, and a Scotsman, to boot!—strange would it be if Dunedin were to be backward in doing him honour.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road, he wrote in "Maruino," and we have no doubt that some of the country settlers will take Dunedin's road today in order to pay their tribute to the writer whose stories have added to the richness and worth of their mental life. We trust that the celebration will be completely successful, and that August 15th will henceforth always have due honour in the Edinburgh of the South.

LAWYERS AS M.P.'S.

The argument adduced about lawyers introducing measures to afford legal hair-splitting and litigious disputations is beneath contempt. The men who in the past and in the present have held the highest positions in the old world and the new have been men who have had a legal training, and if they are to be prohibited from sitting in a New Zealand House of Representatives, then let us pray for the millennium. — Mangaweka "Mail."

THE PROHIBITION CRAZE.

I am quite prepared to concede to the prohibitionists the right to promulgate their opinions, and to win over to their side as many converts as they can, says Mr E. S. Mantz, of Mornington, in a letter to the press. At the same time I must demand the same liberty of thought and speech that I extend to them. Once allow one portion of the community to dictate its own dietary table to the rest, we shall be landed into the arena of animosity, and the battle of the beverages would become more fierce than the unholy crusades which have stained the page of religious history. If the prohibitionists are disposed to help on the work of human progress, let them march with the times, give up their ridiculous craze, and seek to regulate with sound restrictions an institution they cannot wholly destroy. Hitherto the prohibitionists have been permitted to tread the war-path unmolested till they have mistaken apathy for acquiescence, but as they are now beginning to press too heavily upon the corns of those who will not fall in line with them they must be prepared for a rude awakening, for the masses will not always be inclined to be lectured, bullied, and insulted by agitators of the Isitt stamp.

"IF THERE WERE NO GROG SHOULD WE CLEAR OUT?"

The statement that so soon as the hotel bars were closed there would be an exodus of respectable people is not only ridiculous; it is an insult to the intelligence of the public. Just fancy, for instance, that the whole male population of the colony could be assembled together, and then, each in the presence of the other, asked to say whether in the event of his being unable to obtain his daily tot he would, despite all the other advantages which this beautiful country offers, clear out to some place where beer and whisky were not prohibited. How many men would hold up their hands, and confess their inability to exist, even under the most favourable circumstances, without the stimulating presence of their daily grog?

I fancy there are a number of things happening about us which are not generally known, or, if known, not generally appreciated, says "Momus" in the Mangaweka "Mail." It is not generally known that in this year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-nine we are so careless, so listless, or so wooden-headed, that we do not take that interest in matters concerning the general weal that we, as an enlightened race, should do. The consequence is that even in that august assembly who have the making of our laws there are a by no means small number of utterly incompetent members. We take no steps to select a good man and induce him to come forward, with the consequence that two or three candidates, probably more or less unfitted for the position, force themselves upon us, and we, poor simple we, from party or some other motives, elect one of them, and lay the flattering unction to our souls that we have nobly fulfilled the duty devolving on us as free and independent electors. Thereafter we wonder at the wrangling and squabbling, the exchange of bitter personalities, and the waste of time for which the country pays so dearly. I repeat, this is a state of affairs not generally known.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

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

Minor Matters.

The crusade against raffles and art unions for the purpose of raising funds for churches and charities in the "Graphic" notes with satisfaction, going ahead steadily. Speaking on the question of gambling at St. John's Church, Nelson, last week, the Rev. J. S. Smalley forcibly denounced the system of holding art unions and bazaar raffles for church purposes. This practice, he said, was simply playing into the hands of the Evil One, and he was pleased to state that no art union permits were applied for by the Methodist Church last year.

In an illuminated address by the old age pensioners of Nelson to the Premier the name has been written as "Richard Joseph Seddon," whereas it should be "Richard John." The Nelson "Mail" suggests instead of spoiling the address, would it not be a better plan to induce the Premier to alter his second name from "John" to "Joseph"?

Evidently, in the opinion of the "Graphic," the Government "rets" did not arrive a moment too soon. According to the Southland "Daily News," a revolting state of things is revealed in the report of Mr C. J. Reakea, Government "vet," on the 30re slaughterhouses. Not only are they in a shockingly filthy state, but the meat is washed with water contaminated with blood, offal, and the 5th washed from the pigs' legs as they pass to and fro. He concludes: "The whole of these buildings should be washed away as a disgrace to civilisation."

A novelty was introduced at a bazaar in Cincinnati on a recent Saturday. Several ladies to the number of some dozens volunteered to submit to be hugged and kissed by any man who chose to pay for the privilege. A tariff was drawn up: 10 cents for unmarried lady, 15 cents for married lady, 25 cents for a widow. The men had to be blindfolded. One of the blindfolded men, John Reynolds, paid his 15 cents, and approaching the married women caught hold of the one right before him and held her out and hugged and kissed her most boisterously, and evidently enjoyed himself immensely. When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found that the lady locked in his arms was his wife. Furious, he demanded his money back, and this being refused he smashed some of the furniture, kicked over several tables, on which goods were displayed for sale, and behaved like a maniac. Then the police were called in, and it took two of them to subdue him.

The ukase of the Canterbury Jockey Club, that persons reputed to be bookmakers should not be allowed admittance to their course, caused one amusing scene at Riccarton (says a Christchurch exchange), when a well-known individual adopted a novel method of defeating those bent on his removal from the paddock. He rushed to a tree, and throwing his arms round it, elung there for all he was worth, while a large crowd encouraged and applauded, and several officials attempted to dislodge him. He appealed to the onlookers, offering "three pounds to any big man that would give him a hand." Although no "big man" was forthcoming he managed to retain his grip of the tree, however, and after the officials had given him up as a bad job, was seen moving about the paddock, apparently quite unconcerned at the sensation he had caused.

Cyclists in the South Wairarapa must be careful in future. The "Times" states that the South Wairarapa County Council has approved of a new by-law affecting cycling in the county. The principal provisions of the by-law stipulate for the carrying of lights at night, and the prevention of racing along the country roads. The speed in townships is not to exceed fifteen miles an hour, and not eight miles an hour at crossings or when rounding corners, or at the intersections of streets. The feet of the cyclist must not be removed from the pedals when descending hills, and the ordinary rules of the road are to be observed. The penalty

for the violation of any of these provisions is specified as not to exceed £5.

What is nothing more or less than a miniature telephone has been designed by a citizen in the United States as a substitute for the awkward ear-trumpet. The transmitter of the telephone is fastened to the clothing of the wearer in some exposed place, and a small receiver fits snugly in the ear, the necessary current being supplied by a small battery carried in the pocket, and the connections between the parts being made by tiny wires. The apparatus in use is not at all conspicuous, for the reason that the greater part of it is hidden in the pocket. The wires are no larger than ordinary eye-glass coral, and the transmitter need not be conspicuous.

It is the intention of the railway authorities to run dining-cars, similar to those in use on the Wellington-Manawatu Railway Company's line, on the line between Christchurch and Dunedin, and cars are now being constructed at the Addington Workshops. The Department is endeavouring to have the arrangements com-

pleted so that the cars will be running and in use for the Christmas holidays. It is probable, says the "Press," that Mr Walter Freeman, the caterer on the Wellington-Manawatu line, will take charge of the cars.

A simple, but ingenious, device for protecting the ends of a rope—more particularly that which is used for marine purposes—has, says a Wellington contemporary, been patented by Mr F. H. Carrick, of the Post and Telegraph Department. Mr Carrick is a great yachting enthusiast, and in seeking to improve the present cumbersome method of "whipping" the end of a rope, or in other words, winding small cord round it in order to bind the strands together, he has hit on an idea which he believes will commend itself to most people. Round each end of the rope he places a piece of metal something after the style of a ferrule on a walking-stick, but open on one side. The metal is then tightened up by means of an ordinary screw which runs through the ferrule, and the fibre is gripped as if in a vice. The patentee claims that his device is exceedingly neat, that it will protect a rope end from fraying, and also from the effects of wind and water, that it can be used expeditiously, and that its cost is inconsiderable.

Some folks have queer ideas of what is humorous. According to the Wan-

gaui "Herald" three lads narrowly escaped a watery grave in the river in the vicinity of the Masonic Hotel one day last week. They were crossing the river in a canoe, which filled with water and capsized, the occupants, who were fully dressed, being thrown out. One of them elung to the bottom of it was enabled to haul the other two out of the water. One of the lads was very much exhausted before he reached the canoe, and all three suffered from the severe cold. A number of spectators on the bank witnessed the accident, and treated it as a huge joke, making no attempt to render assistance and leaving the boys to paddle into shore with their hands as best they could.

Some little excitement was caused in Wellington last week when a seaman, a Swede by birth, was rather severely treated by his brother sailors for signing on the articles of the barque John o' Gaunt for the run down to Dunedin for the sum of £4 10/. It seems that, owing to desertion the ship wanted 5 hands to complete her complement, and the required number of seamen were available at £5 10/, but this was rather in excess of the captain's estimate. The Swede was offered and accepted £4 10/, but after signing on at the shipping office a mob of incensed seamen surrounded and buffeted him about until he made his escape. On inquiry we ascertain that £4 10/ is

This is only an Outline

of a few out of many cases. Day by day fresh reports of cure come in. It is impossible to publish every case, even in short summary. All over Australia live healthy men and women, once hopeless invalids, have been made well and active by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Below are very brief summaries of several cases in all parts. A fuller account of any case will be sent post free to any address.

THEY WERE ILL, AND ARE WELL!

Thousands of photographs attest the benefit received by people who were ill—many of them hopelessly ill, as they believed, many confirmed invalids, Consumptives, Cripples, Rheumatic and Bronchitis Sufferers, Dyspeptics, who, thanks to

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE,

have recovered their lost health and are now quite well.

NEURALGIA.

Miss Crosswith, 166 Bay-street Ulme, Sydney.—Cured of Neuralgia and Anemia. Complexion was sallow, and even greenish, gums were white, pains in back, listlessness and great weakness. Everything proved useless until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried, which transformed her into a healthy, happy girl.



RHEUMATISM.

Mr. C. Williams, Bay-road, North Shore, Sydney, champion boxer.—Cured of Rheumatism, severe chill, feverishness, pains in legs, arms, and back. Tried many remedies without relief. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills placed him in the best of condition again. He says they are the one sure cure for rheumatism, no matter how severe.



INFLUENZA.

Mr. James Mooney, the well-known Tivoli dancer and comedian.—Cured of Influenza and Headaches, General Depression and Listlessness. A few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills thoroughly restored him to perfect health. He is never tired of recommending them to his professional friends who are out of sorts.



CONSUMPTION.

Miss Fanny Simpson, Victoria-street, Ballarat.—Cured of consumption. First had inflammation of the kidneys, which according to the Physicians, developed into consumption. Bright's disease also superseded. Six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills thoroughly cured Miss Simpson, and saved her from impending death.



SCIATICA.

Mr. J. Passmore, 44 George-street, Fitzroy, Vic.—Cured of Sciatica, resultant from a strain; hip was useless, and could scarcely walk about; was unable to stoop. A few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills thoroughly cured him. He is now active and energetic, and his muscles are pliant and supple.



TYPHOID FEVER.

Miss Ada Berthold, the popular singer of Mr. Harry Richards' combinations.—Cured of Typhoid Fever. Symptoms were great weakness, headaches, pains in the limbs and back, and general depression. Nothing proved of use except Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Berthold is now in full possession of youthful strength.



SORE THROAT.

Mr. J. P. O'Neil, Fitzroy.—Cured of Sore Throat; had severe Headaches as well. A few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly improved his throat, and banished his headaches. He says that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most wonderful cure for sore throats and colds that he has heard of.



ANEMIA.

Miss Ross Kennardale, Carnarvon-street, North Auburn, Sydney.—Cured of Anemia, Lassitude, Headaches, and Despondency. Would toss about at night, and gasp for breath. Six months' medical treatment ceased useless. Several boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gradually brought back the color to her face, and the strength to her system. She is now a finely developed young woman.



Enquire in your own neighbourhood and you will hear of invalids who have been made strong men and women by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people. Full details of any of these cases will be sent gratis to any address. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured thousands of cases of Anemia, Weakness, Palpitation, all Forms of Female Weakness, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs and Colds, Influenza, Sciatica, Rickets, and Consumption. These Pills are genuine only with the Full Name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and all Seven Words printed in RED on the WHITE outside wrapper of each box; and if a substitute is offered, it is best to send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z. Price, three shillings a box; six boxes for sixteen shillings and sixpence, post free.

An Unexampled Accumulation of Evidence.

about the average sum paid for the trip from Wellington to Dunedin by sailing vessels, but it varies considerably according to the number of seamen out of employment.

The following strange advertisement is from a Taranaki paper:—
Mr J. W. Hirst offers a dairy farm for sale.

Evidently the gentleman referred to is tired of milk. "Full up of it" so to say.

Exchange Notes.

Business quiet on the Exchange.

Thames stocks were almost entirely neglected.

Inquiry set in once more for Ohinemuri Syndicate shares, 3/ being offered but none were available under 4/.

Taupiri Coal shares sold at 29/ during the week, and are still wanted at that figure.

Kauri Freehold had inquiry during the week at 15/, but no sales resulted.

Auckland Gas shares have had buyers for old issue at £13 4/.

Buyers of L.O.B. Timber shares advanced to 23/ without transactions following.

A slight advance took place in Devonport Ferry shares, 37/ being offered.

Nice colours of gold have been seen in quartz stringers running into the Cambria reef in the Moanatahuri Company's property.

The Waibi Company has ordered a second 100 head of stampers for erection at Waikino.

The ore won from the footwall leader, No. 3 level, in the Hauraki Associated mine this week showed colours and dabs of gold freely. The ore coming to hand from No. 1 level also shows an improvement.

A sixth dividend has been declared by the directors of the Waitekauri Co., payable on August 24th. Paid up shares receive 1/ and partly paid up 4d.

Picked stone is being obtained from the Forest Queen mine, Waikorimika.

Shareholders in the Noaparoti mine, Thames, resolved this week to sell the mine and plant and wind up the company.

National Bank shares advanced in price, buyers offering 31/6.

Reports regarding the Progress-Castle Rock mine state that the reef shows gold frequently, and occasionally small parcels of picked stone are obtained.

N.Z. Talisman shares firmed in price sales being made from 13/3 to 12/6.

Bunker's Hill shares eased a little in price during the week, although specimen stone has been obtained both north and south from the winze.

May Queens sold as low as 6/6, and then buyers disappeared for a day or two, after which 6/3 was offered, but holders asked 6/9.

The property of the Waitekauri Union Company, including lease of 628 acres of land, water races, also an air compressor, rock drills and Tangee pump, were purchased at auction this week by the Waitekauri Company.

The Waikoi-Silverton Company crushed 950 tons of ore for a yield of bullion worth £1429. Accounts of recent developments in the mine are of a satisfactory character.

The Golden Belt Company has been floated to work properties at Neavesville; capital £12,500, in 100,000 shares at 2/6 each. There are 32 heads of stampers on the property.

The reef in the Four in Hand mine has not yet come together again. Buyers, however, still offer 2/7 for the share.

During the last few days there has been a great improvement in the quartz from the drive from the top of the rise in the May Queen Extended mine at the Thames. The reef is at present composed of quartz, with a band of minerals, such as copper, galena, zinc blend, and iron pyrites through it, in which gold is freely seen.

The Woodstock Company's return for the past month's operations was £1180 from 1060 tons.

Tributers in the Irene mine, Kuaotunu, crushed 325 tons of ore for a return of bullion worth £297 10/4.

Mr. Lyell (Tasmania) shares were asked for this week at £10 5/, but none were offered.

Operations have been resumed in the Tasdem mine, Waikorimika.

A big deal in Grace Darling shares took place during the week, the directors selling the 30,000 held in reserve by the company at 2/ per share. The result was to raise prices to firm a little, sales being made at 2/1 and 2/2.

As the outcome of an application made by the Auckland Diamond Prospecting Syndicate the bounds of the Hauraki Mining District have been extended so as to include land at Riverhead, where prospecting is proceeding.

The first return from the Alpha mine was somewhat of a disappointment, 715 tons of ore having yielded £533, but only 476 tons were cyanided, so that next month should show better results.

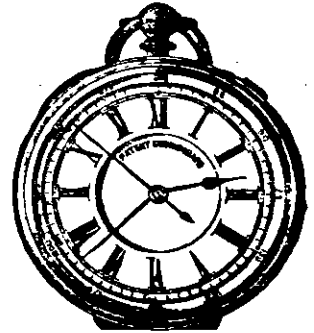
OBITUARY.

MR SALVATORE CIMINO.

Wellington has once more to deplore the loss of one of its earliest and most respected residents, Mr Salvatore Cimino having passed away at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr G. H. Fisher, at the ripe old age of 91 years. Mr Cimino was born at Messina, being the third son of the late Captain Cimino, of the Royal Italian Navy, and came to New Zealand in 1840, being a fellow passenger of the late Dr. Featherstone. An expert sailer, Mr Cimino soon became a well-known trader, as commander and owner of the cutter Fidele, which supplied the settlers and natives along the West Coast and at Lyttelton with stores from Port Nicholson. The Fidele was replaced later on by the Fly, which earned the reputation of being the smartest little craft along the coast. Retiring from the sea during the fifties, Mr Cimino entered into commercial business in Wellington, from which he retired about twenty years ago, and has been ever since a well-known figure in the city, where he lived an honoured and energetic life of well doing to his fellow-men. The deceased was married twice, first to a daughter of the late Mr Wright, who died forty years ago. Mr Salvatore Cimino, the well-known manager for Messrs C. Begg and Co., in Willis-

street, and a daughter, who died in Christchurch, being the issue of the first marriage; his second wife being Miss Hickey, who predeceased him a few years ago, leaving four daughters—Mrs G. H. Fisher, Mrs William Fisher (daughter-in-law of Mr George Fisher, M.H.R.), Mrs E. P. Bunny, and Sister Mary Signori (of St. Mary's Convent, Wellington). Mr Cimino passed peacefully away in the presence of the Rev. Father Holley and his family, his end having been anticipated for some days previous to his decease, and one more name has been added to the long list of colonists who bore the burden and heat of the early days and are now at rest.

STOP WATCH



GIVEN AWAY.

TO CYCLISTS, ATHLETES, RACING, BOAT-ING-MEN AND OTHERS. CAN YOU READ THIS?

A V V Y U K P L W T H I X O N
F I G U R E S S E G P T A B Y I A C H O N

In order to introduce our Business into every Household in Australia, we undertake and guarantee to GIVE AWAY one of our World-famous £1 10s. SOLID SILVER CENTRE SECOND STOP WATCHES, or a Ladies' or Gent's Solid Silver KEYLESS HUNTER to every Reader who sends the Correct Reading of the above Puzzle.

CONDITIONS.—That your answer to the Puzzle is correct, and that you further undertake, if correct, to purchase one of our SOLID SILVER (Single or Double) CHAINS. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Address—THE MANAGER, THE GLOBE WATCH COMPANY, LTD., 125 Pitt-street, Sydney.

WEAK, THIN, PALE BABIES.

THE source of nine-tenths of all the wasting or rickety tendencies of babies is in the non-assimilation of the proper elements of nutrition. The growing body is like a tender plant: it must be tenderly cared for. Drugs are dangerous and unnecessary. All that is needed is

Scott's Emulsion.



This great remedy comprises the vital principles of food in an easy form for digestion and assimilation, and is so adapted to the needs of thin, weak, pale or rickety children, that you can almost see the new rich blood bring healthy flesh and colour to their cheeks. **Scott's Emulsion** babies are rosy and fat and have dimples. What more could you want your baby to have?

Sports and Pastimes.

TURF FIXTURES.

NEW ZEALAND.

September 6, 7—Marton Jockey Club
 September 8—Waikato Hunt Club Races
 September 16, 20—Avondale Jockey Club Spring
 October 3 and 4—Hawke's Bay Spring
 October 19, 20—Poverty Bay Turf Club
 November 4, 8, 11—Auckland Racing Club Spring
 December 2 and 6—Otahuhu Trotting Club Spring
 December 26, 29, and January 1, 2—Auckland Racing Club Summer
 February 11, 21, 24—Otahuhu Trotting Club Summer
 April 16, 17, 21—Auckland Racing Club Autumn
 June 9, 11—Auckland Racing Club Winter

DATES OF COMING EVENTS.

NEW ZEALAND.

October 4—Hawke's Bay Guineas
 October 5—Hawke's Bay Spring Handicap
 November 4—Auckland Guineas
 November 7—New Zealand Cup
 November 9—Canterbury Derby
 November 11—Canterbury Cup
 December 26—Auckland Cup
 January 1—Great Northern Derby

AUSTRALIA.

September 9—A.J.C. Derby
 September 9—Epsom Handicap
 September 12—Metropolitan Stakes
 October 14—Caulfield Guineas
 October 21—Caulfield Cup
 November 4—V.I.C. Derby
 November 7—Melbourne Cup

NOTES BY MONITOR.

The New Zealand candidate Jupiter, who annexed the Winter Cup at Riccarton last week, is a five-year-old horse by St. Clair from Evening Star. His last victory was at Dunedin, where he won the Provincial Handicap of one and a quarter miles, beating a fair field. This horse has been backed a good deal of late, and as he is leniently treated, having only 6.7 opposite his name, the big spring event may not prove beyond his powers.

The South American jockey Malerba, who has gained notoriety in England by riding without the aid of stirrups, seems to be having a fairly successful time. Another win is reported to his credit, this being on an unnamed two-year-old Rusticus filly, who started at 100 to 8. The officials order Malerba to fix stirrups to his saddle, but the jockey evaded the spirit of this regulation by refraining from putting his feet into them.

Last year's Metropolitan winner Cravat seems to be in rare fettle, judged by the work he is doing at Randwick in company with Cocos. The son of Castor has 8.10 to carry, and there seems a good probability that with this impost he may repeat his win of last year.

The last horse to leave Australia for the Old Country is Chesney, which was shipped on Wednesday last. It is to be hoped that the colt will have a good passage Home, and the news of his safe arrival will be awaited with interest.

The grey mare Tauhei, who annexed several good races last season for her owner Mr Harding, is said to have wintered well, and is at present looking in the best of health. The daughter of Castor is looked upon as a certain starter for the N.Z. Cup, and is undergoing her preparation at Gisborne.

A two-year-old which is doing exceedingly good work at Ellerslie, is St. Elwyb, full sister to the speedy Hermosa. This filly has been showing great dash in her short sprints, and she has already been supported to win the Avondale Stakes, run next month.

The stock of the ex-New Zealanders Carbine and Trenton seem to be realising good prices in England. A yearling colt by Carbine from St. Bees was recently sold for 600 guineas, while the same figure was given for a colt by Trenton from Tabitha.

Morag has proved a very consistent but unlucky horse in the N.Z. Grand National Steeplechase. In 1897 he finished third to Levanter and Mu-

sting, while in 1898 he occupied a similar position behind Dummy and Rhino. This year he has slightly improved on this record by running second to Blackberry.

Mr Nathan's Cup candidate Explosion has plenty of supporters in Auckland, as he still continues a firm first favourite for the big race. He has completely recovered from his recent illness which proved of a trivial nature, and now looks a picture of health, while his track work leaves but little to be desired.

No fewer than 57 American yearlings were recently sent to England. These yearlings have all been specially selected, and are said to be an extraordinary fine lot.

The Auckland-bred colt Lancaster's form at the last Caulfield meeting is said to have been perplexing. On the track he gallops well, and there is the strongest reason to believe that his form in public on the occasion mentioned was not true, and he should not be set aside in connection with the important spring meetings.

They have been breaking more records in America. One mile and a quarter in 2.06 1/2 is the latest.

The stallion Firearm was on view at Buckland's sale yards last Friday. This good-looking son of Carbine proved himself to be a thorough frost on the racecourse, but may be capable of getting racehorses for all that, providing he gets the right class of mares.

Business on the New Zealand Cup has been far from brisk during the week, this no doubt being due to the attention given to the Grand National Meeting at Christchurch. Quotations remain much about the same. Explosion and Douglas still holding pride of place. The Winter Cup winner, Jupiter, was supported to win 500 to 25 to 1, while the following prices are still on offer:—12 to 1 Explosion, 14 to 1 Douglas, 16 to 1 Battelaxe and Miss Delaval, 20 to 1 Chan and Seabrook.

The Auckland representative, Nattation, scored a win on the second day of the Christchurch Meeting. This must make some compensation for his defeat by Crocus in the Tally-ho Steeplechase on the first day of the meeting, for which he was made favourite.

Tod Sloan's luck seems to have deserted him. At the Ascot Meeting he had the choice of two mounts—Miaco and Bettyfield. Of these he chose the former, but Bettyfield, who was ridden by the American Reiff, got home in front. Reiff must be a regular midget, as his riding weight is only 4 stone.

The "Special Commissioner" of the "London Sportsman" says:—"Multi-form will be trained by Watson for Sir Edgar Vincent, and there will be no mistake made in the way of unduly hurrying the horse. He will be given ample time for his sinews to brace up after the voyage and to acclimatise."

Big Gun, by the New Zealand sire Artillery, won a race at the Brooklyn J.C. Meeting recently and also scored a victory at the Coney Island Meeting.

The hurdle racer Kia Ora has been shipped to England from Melbourne. He will join Capt. Scott's string in Ireland, where the erstwhile New Zealand Levanter occupies a box.

It is a curious fact that a mare has never yet won the N.Z. Grand National Steeplechase.

Glenloch, which won the Melbourne Cup some years ago, was recently disposed of for 65 guineas. How are the mighty fallen?

Owing to the late arrival of the s.s. Papanui Mr Spencer Gillan was unable to be present at the Grand National Meeting. This is hard luck after coming so far.

The New Zealand Cup representative Fulmen, who is thought by many to have a good chance of winning the big New Zealand event this year, has been accepted for in the Melbourne Cup.

It is stated that the Australian-bred horse Megaphone, who is at present doing stud duties at Wanganni, is to be shipped to Sydney and there offered for sale.

Irish Twist must evidently be a good one; at least, that is the opinion of Mr Henry. In the Hunters' Hurdles on the first day of the recent meeting he carried 12.9 and won. On the second day he was allotted 13.8, which he also carried to victory. On the third day Mr Henry awarded him the crushing weight of 14.9, and it is small wonder that his owner put the pen through the horse's name rather than break a good horse's heart by asking him to carry such an impossible burden.

The Australian mare Maluma is scratched for the Duke of York Stakes.



THE N.Z. GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.

The second day of the above meeting was held last Thursday, the principal event run being the Grand National Hurdle Race. As was generally expected, this fell to the Hon. J. D. Ormond's ch h Defiance, by Dreadnought—Legacy, which carried 11.0. The race was a very fine one. P. Williams just getting his mount home by a short neck from Ilex, while Marina filled third position. Defiance had only started in one jumping race prior to his present victory, this being in the Trial Hurdles at the Hawke's Bay Winter Meeting, which event he won, and in the Grand National he led from start to finish. He must be a bit above the ordinary.

The meeting was concluded on Saturday, when some very good racing was shown. In the Sydenham Hurdles ten horses faced the starter, Marina being the popular fancy. Victory, however, fell to Mr O. R. Wise's b g Ilex, which carried 11.13. The son of Le Loup got home a length and a half in front of Poppun, Marina again occupying third position. The Lincoln Steeplechase was the other big event on the day's programme, and for this Blackberry and Black Dust were sorted out even favourites. After a good race Black Dust won easily by four lengths after running in front for most of the journey, Blackberry and St. Hiko occupying the other places. The meeting, taken all through, was very successful, the attendance of the public being large, while the totalisator investments were well up to the average. The following are the results of the racing:—

August Handicap (6st of 110sovs): 1 mile.—Mr M. Hobbs' b h Benzoin, by Friar's Balsam—Bendigo mare, 4yrs, 10.3. 1. Ngaparua, 10.2. 2. The Spinner, 10.0. 3. All started. Won easily by two and a-half lengths. Time, 1.20 3/5. Dividend, 44 15/6.

The Hunt Club Cup of 60sovs, for qualified hunters: about 2 1/2 miles.—Mr J. Rae's b g Nattation, by Nattator—Bosmer, aged, 11.12. 1; Victor II, 11.6. 2. Time, 5.38 1/2. Won by five lengths. Dividend, 43 1/5. Fleetwood was scratched. Te Koa and Glen ran off. Crocus, the top-weight, and Huntingdon fell.

GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE HANDICAP of 500sovs; second 750sva, third 250sva out of the stake. About 2 miles.

Hon. J. D. Ormond's ch h Defiance, by Dreadnought—Legacy, 6yrs, 11.0 (P. Williams)..... 1
 Mr O. R. Wise's b g Ilex, by Le Loup, aged, 11.5 (Robertson)..... 2
 Mr J. W. Proctor's b m Marina, by Sothwest—Barbelle, aged, 11 1/2 (Arnott).... 3
 Windermere was scratched. Daphne fell. Defiance won by a short neck. Time, 3.56 2/5. Dividend, 42 5/6.

[Defiance, the winner, only started in one race in the 1898-99 season, and this was the Trial Hurdles at the Hawke's Bay J.C. Winter Meeting in June, which he won from five others. To-day's race is his second attempt over hurdles, so he has won at each time of asking. Defiance was privately bred by the Hon. J. D. Ormond at the Karamu Stud at Hawke's Bay. When the weights were first posted Defiance was selected as best handicapped in the race, and he has been a firm favourite ever since.]

Summer Handicap of 80sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Mr H. Lunn's Vulcan, by Artillery—Fairymaid, 5yrs, 9.8. 1. Corneo, 9.5. 2. Red Banner, 9.12. 3. Bristol was scratched. Won by a neck. Time, 2.22. Dividend, 42 1/4.

Beaufort Steeplechase of 200 sovs. About 3 miles.—Muscatel 1; Venture 2. Also started: Dundonald, Black Dust, Tally-ho, Barnardo. Tally-ho fell at the first wall of the double, Barnardo following her example, Dundonald, at the Kenels double, Black Dust threw his pilot heavily. Black Dust was eight lengths to the good at the sod wall, but came down at the post-and-rails, and Muscatel and Venture fought out a fine race, the first-named winning by three lengths. None of the others finished. Time, 6min 29 4/5-sec. Dividend, 42 13/6.

Second Hunters' Hurdle Race Handicap, 1 1/2 mile.—Irish Twist 1; Sub Rosa 2; Zola 3. Also started: Pomeiion, Victor II. Birthday, Birthday fell. Time, 3min 36 4/5-sec. Dividend, 43 3/6.

Merivale Hurdle Race Handicap. Once round and a distance.—Derry, by Derringer—Nectarine, 1; Pensioner 2; Schnapps 3. Also started: Roller, Glenore, Jib, Flirt, Kata. Roller led to Cutts', where he was joined by Schnapps, and Glenore running off in the straight, the leaders were beaten by Derry and Pensioner, who fought out a fine finish. Time, 3min 13 3/5-sec. Dividend, 46 3/4.

Islington Handicap Flat Race of 110 sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Bi-Metallist 1; Ruby Twist 2; Huku 3. Also ran: Runamuhunga, Jupiter, Crusoe, First Blood, Waterstone, Bizarre, Rex II, Banner. Won by a length. Time, 1min 50 1/5-sec. Dividend, 40 1/5.

The Hunt Club Ladies' Bracelet, of the value of 25sovs, 2 miles on the flat.—Master Scotchburn, 1; Zither, 2. Time, 4min 15 1/5-sec. Dividend, 41 13/4. Won by twenty lengths. These were the only starters.

Heathcote Handicap, of 110sovs, 7 furlongs.—Castashore, 1; Malatua 2; Tortulla, 3. Time, 1min 3 3/5-sec. Dividend, 49 19/4. All started. Won by three-parts of a length.

The Sydenham Hurdle Race of 200 sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Ilex 1; Poppun 2; Mariner 3. Time 3.28 1/5. Dividend, 44 10. Torpina was scratched. Won by a length and a half.

Hunters' Hurdles.—Fly, 1; Victor II, 2; Sub Pops, 3. Time, 3min, 14 3/5-sec. Dividend, 13/4.

Lincoln Steeplechase of 200sovs: 2 1/2 miles.—Black Dust, 10st 12lb, 1; Blackberry, 11st 9lb, 2; St. Hiko, 9st 7lb, 3. Also started: Tally-ho, 10st 2lb. Venture, 9st 8lb; Te Kooti, 9st 7lb. At the sod wall Venture threw his rider. Black Dust was leading St. Hiko and Blackberry at Cutts' and at the kennels double, and at the sod wall St. Hiko, Tally-ho, and Te Kooti were hopelessly beaten. Black Dust won easily by four lengths. Time, 5m 12 4/5. Dividend, 43 1/6.

Sydney Handicap Flat Race of 110sovs: 6 furlongs.—The Spinner, 6yrs, by Tarantulus—Prima Donna, 10st, 1; Tortulla, 10st 6lb, 2; Bristol, 9st 2lb, 3. Also started: Female Franchise, 10st 8lb; Sir Agnes, 10st 7lb; Wedlock, 9st 7lb; Waterstone, 9st 3lb; Peerage, 9st 3lb; Gold, 9st; Rex II. Won by two lengths. Time, 1m 20 3/5. Dividend, 44 7/6.

Once round and a distance.—Torpina, by Torpedo—Christina, 10st 13lb (Woolley), 1; Windermere, 10st 8lb (McGrath), 2; Marina, 11st 12lb (Arnott), 3. Also started: Glenore, 11st 4lb; Poppun, 10st; Flat Charge, 9st 8lb; Pensioner, 9st 3lb; Schnapps, 9st; Flirt, 9st. Torpina held the leading position the whole way, Poppun and Marina being the nearest attendants for a mile and a half, when Windermere came through. Time, 3m 7 2/5. Dividend, 45 7/6.

Hunters' Plate of 30sovs: 1 1/2 mile, on the flat.—Cameo, 1; General Wolfe, 2; Leather Medal, 3. Also started: Pomeiion, Mainstay, Phryne, Fly. Won easily. Time, 2m 54s. Dividend, 42 13/6.

COURSING.

AUCKLAND COURSING CLUB.

The Club concluded their season last week with a two days' meeting, held on Wednesday and Saturday. Four stakes were run through and some of the trials shown were of a most exciting nature. Notably was this the case in the go between Brandy and The Gift, the former just winning by a point. A very heavy trial was also shown in the course between Rosebery and Explosion, no less than 20 points being registered, the result of this being that Rosebery had to be withdrawn in the final. This was also the case with Mona in the Recovery Stakes, she having gone through a gruelling course in her previous course with Master Sydenham. The hares as usual ran splendidly, only four succumbing in the two days. Mr F. W. Coombes acted as judge, and at the conclusion of the meeting presented

a handsome cup to Mr J. A. Tapper, whose bridle dog Brandy won the Challenge Stakes. Mr Coombes was accorded three hearty cheers on making the presentation. The slipping of Mr D. Brennan was very good throughout, while all the other arrangements were successfully carried out by Messrs H. H. Hurr, J. O. Eviatt and M. Foley. The following are the results:—

GREAT NORTHERN CHALLENGE STAKES.—Winner, £13; runner-up, £4 10s. (A handsome cup, presented by the judge, Mr F. W. Coombes, will be given to the winner of the above stake).

Mr J. A. Tapper's brdl d Brandy, by Stormfiend—Dora B., beat Mr T. Dunford's (ns) blk and wh d Gaittee More III.

Mr G. W. Stevens' wh and brdl d The Gift, by Stormfiend—Cerito, beat Mr C. Whitten's f d Blucher.

Mr S. Mack's blk and wh d Garfield, by Newport—Little Mary, beat Mr A. W. Wilson's blk and wh d Admiral Samson.

Mr D. S. Donaldson's blk and wh d Spray, by Merchant—Spruce, a natural bye.

SECOND ROUND.

Brandy beat The Gift. Garfield beat Spray.

FINAL COURSE.

Mr J. A. Tapper's brdl d Brandy, by Stormfiend—Dora B., beat Mr S. Mack's blk and wh d Garfield, by Newport—Little Mary, by 6 points to 2, and won the stakes and cup.

RECOVERY STAKES.—Winner, £12; runner-up, £4; two dogs at £2 each. Mr J. Ryan's wh and rd d Reinder, by White Hind—Belle, beat Mr A. Hooker's f d Waiuku.

Mr C. Jenkins' blk and wh d Warsaw, by Port Admiral—See-saw, beat Mr F. Morton's f and wh b Louie, after an undecided run.

Mr J. Penman's blk and wh d Portergaff, by Frisky Lad—Wisdom, beat Mr H. Brierley's rd d Rosebery.

Mr G. Proudfoot's (ns) blk and wh d Explosion, by Melos—Hard Case, beat Mr E. Morton's brdl and wh b Miss Delaval.

Mr G. Proudfoot's (ns) brdl and wh d Frisco, by Frisky Lad—Bessie McCarthy, beat Mr J. Hancock's blk and wh d Admiral Drake.

Mr J. Penman's wh and blk d Master Sydenham, by Sydenham—Miss Kimberley, won from Mr J. Lindsay's f b Miss Shylock, the latter getting unsighted, and being withdrawn at the request of the Club.

Mr J. Gillespie's brdl and wh b Lady Trilby, by Stormfiend—Trilby, beat Mr S. Mack's brdl and wh b Wild Dora.

Mr W. Chipman's brdl b Mona, by Seal Packet—Sweet Alice, beat Mr C. Clarke's f d Newton.

SECOND ROUND.

Warsaw beat Reinder. Portergaff beat Explosion. Master Sydenham beat Frisco. Mona beat Lady Trilby.

THIRD ROUND.

Portergaff beat Warsaw. Mona beat Master Sydenham.

FINAL.

Mr J. Penman's blk and wh d Portergaff won the stake, Mona being drawn.

ALL-AGED SUPPLEMENTARY STAKES.

Blucher beat Gaittee More III. Admiral Sampson beat Silvertorn.

FINAL.

Mr C. Whitten's f and wh d Blucher, by Merchant—Sweet Water, beat Mr A. W. Wilson's blk and wh d Admiral Sampson, by Port Admiral—Sea Saw, by 34 points to 2, and won the stakes.

SUPPLEMENTARY MAIDEN STAKES.

Rosebery beat Hampton. Explosion beat Lady Trilby. Admiral Drake beat Bobadil. Frisco beat Wild Dora.

SECOND ROUND.

Rosebery beat Explosion. Admiral Drake beat Frisco.

FINAL.

Mr J. Hancock's blk and wh d Admiral Drake, by Frisky Lad—Wisdom, won the stake, Rosebery being drawn.

GOLFI Our Club for the new month... CLUBS by Papan, Anaharuroa, Morrill, Simpson... GOLF BALL The Silvertown, Thornton, Papan, A. Hand... E. PORTEK and Co. QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

GOLF NOTES.

(By Bogey.)

Owing to the spell of fine windy weather the links are now dry and firm, and the turf is crisp and short. The daisy fiend is showing his head rather much for the player who cannot tell within fifty yards where his ball will lie. On some links, where the daisies are very bad, players resort to the expedient of painting their ball red, blue, yellow, or some other striking colour. The best colour in my opinion for neutralising the effect of daisies is a light blue.

Golfers will be glad to hear that Mr Grimshaw has so far recovered from his recent indisposition as to be able to walk round the links on Saturday.

The great New Zealand golfing event of the year is now in progress, and by the time of our next issue the championship for 1899 will have been decided. The meeting now being held by the Wellington Golf Club at Miramar promises to be the finest meeting that has yet been held. Golfers from all parts of New Zealand are present, and a more representative meeting could not be wished for. With one or two exceptions the meeting is thoroughly representative. As I write, one particularly hard case forces itself upon me. Mr Spencer Gollan, who cabled his entry from Hobart, which is four days late on the voyage from Hobart to Auckland. Had he arrived two hours earlier he would have been in time to reach Wellington for the N.Z. Championship, as he had drawn a bye in the first round. As matters now stand he cannot even reach Miramar in time for the open championship, which is played on Wednesday, and he has had to abandon the idea of being present at the meeting.

I am glad to hear from a club-mate that the Miramar course is in fine order, and that there is only one thing he does not like about the links, namely, the very trappy nature of some of the ditches, which are so numerous on the flat country. At Bondi during the playing of the Australian Championship this year the unfairness of an unfair trappy ditch at the 9th hole was obviated by allowing the player if within a certain boundary to lift his ball from the ditch without penalty.

The draw for the N.Z. has just reached me by telegraph, and from this I see that Dunedin is represented by 7 players, Oamaru 2, Timaru 1, Christchurch 3, Wellington 15, Manawatu 1, Wanganui 2, Napier 3, Auckland 5; total players 39.

The following matches take place in the first round:—Kyd—McEwin, K. Duncan—W. E. Darling, W. Pryde—E. S. Pearce, E. D. O'Rourke—G. W. Palmer, R. M. Kitto—H. D. Stronach, W. T. Harman—Baron Wedill, Geo. Todd—D. B. Howden.

In the second round the winner of Kyd or McEwin plays D. Brown; K. Duncan or Darling plays C. R. Howden; W. Pryde or Pearce plays D. Pryde; O'Rourke or Palmer plays J. Harold; Kitto or Stronach plays H. H. Tripp; Harman or Wedill plays N. E. Perston; Todd or D. B. Howden plays Dr. Purdy.

The stiffest matches in the first round promise to be those between Wilder and A. Duncan, Colbeck and Scott, O'Rourke and Palmer.

In the second round W. Pryde, if he beats E. S. Pearce, will have to meet his brother, D. Pryde, and this should furnish a splendid match.

Local golfers are awaiting the results of the matches with keen interest.

At Melbourne, playing for Sargood's trophy, our old club mate, Mr L. A. Cuff, had a great game with Mr Balfour Melville, who was giving him 6 strokes. The result (says "Badger"

in the "Australasian") was most peculiar. Mr Cuff went off strongly and was three ahead at the turn, which lead he increased to 4 up at the 11th with 7 to play. Mr Balfour Melville then got into form and did the next five holes in 19, winning everyone of them. This put him 1 up and 2 to play. At the 17th hole Mr Cuff shaped very badly and had played four more than his opponent before reaching the green, where his opponent was lying in two. In playing his next shot however the ball accidentally jumped up and hit Mr Balfour Melville's club, thus losing him the hole and a certain victory. Mr Cuff had a stroke at the next hole, played it splendidly, and won the match by one hole. The rule by which a player loses the hole if his club hit the ball twice is everywhere considered a very severe one, as the player gets no advantage by it, and his shot is spoiled. In the new rules about to be introduced the penalty is reduced to 1 stroke. Even this is severe, but better than the present laws, which in the above case meant 5 or 6 strokes.

My own experience of hitting the ball twice, or the double stroke as I think it should more properly be called, is that only the best and most punctilious players know when a ball is struck twice with the same swing of the club. The average player cannot recognise that he has struck the ball twice unless the incident is very plainly marked.

The first competition for the Captain's Prize, presented by Mrs Arch. Clark, was played on Thursday last. The links were in good order, and the weather all that could be desired. Miss A. Barstow proved the winner with a net score of 61, Mrs W. Bloomfield being next best with a 62. The following are the scores handed in:—

Miss A. Barstow, 67, 6, 61; Mrs W. Bloomfield, 62, scr. 62; Mrs G. Bloomfield, 69, 4, 65; Miss L. Gillies, 68, 2, 66; Mrs Baldwin, 85, 18, 67; Mrs W. B. Colbeck, 85, 16, 69; Miss Gillies, 74, 4, 70; Miss M. Wilkins, 74, 2, 72; Miss Shuttleworth, 83, 3, 80; Mrs J. H. Reed, 95, 14, 81.

WANGANUI.

The return match between the Manawatu and Wanganui Golf Clubs was played at Balgownie on August 13th in perfect weather. Greenkeeper Murchison had the course and putting greens in good order. Play began at 1 o'clock on the old course, to enable the visitors to catch the afternoon train to Palmerston. Manawatu was without the services of Dr. Wilson and Mr A. Strang, but had sent up a team of seven, practically the same as Wanganui had beaten in May by two holes. As Wanganui had a full team it was thought likely that the local players would win, but the most sanguine could not have expected to complete a victory, for Wanganui won by 33 holes to 1. No doubt the difference in the links is largely accountable for this. The Palmerston links present no great difficulty to strangers used to hills and sand bunkers, and punishment for nearly every fozzled drive. Cooke and Palmer had a close fight, Cooke alone of the visitors beating his man. The veterans J. S. Wilson and S. T. Fitzherbert had, as usual, an interesting match, being level at the 16 tee; but Fitzherbert won the last three holes. Mr Wilson was not quite at his best, but his approaching was as clever as ever. R. S. Abraham established a lead of 3 on Greville Saunders in the first round, but it was of no avail, for he was unable to win another hole. All the other matches resulted in very easy wins for Wanganui. Harold drove excellently, but his short work was not good; he has not been seen at his best for several weeks. It is hoped that a couple more matches will be played this season between the two clubs. The next will be played in Palmerston early in September. It is matter for regret that both the Napier and Palmerston tournaments are to be allowed to lapse this year. The following are the scores:—

Table with 2 columns: MANAWATU and WANGANUI. Lists names and scores for various players.

We were glad to see Messrs Turner and Colbeck (Auckland) on the links on their way to the Wellington meeting. Mr Turner was one of the first secretaries of the Club.

POVERTY BAY.

There was a large gathering on the links on Saturday last, when the second mixed foursomes match was played. The lady members turned out eighteen strong, but, as happened in the former match, a number of them could not join in the match, because only twelve men were available. This seems an unsatisfactory state of things, but it was unavoidable on this occasion. Business engagements kept some of the most regular players away, and only a few country members were in town. The match was over a thirteen-hole course, those omitted being the eighth to the twelfth inclusive. When the results were made up, it was found that Mrs H. Bull and Mr Cuthbert had tied with Mrs King and Mr Morgan for first place, while Miss Crawford and Mr R. Barker were third. It was decided to duplicate the first prize, and to present a club to both Mrs Bull and Mrs King. Afternoon tea was provided by the Misses Barker. The full scores were:—Mrs H. Bull and Mr Cuthbert, 95—scr—96; Mrs King and Mr Morgan, 102—4—96; Miss Crawford and Mr R. Barker, 110—12—98; Miss Rees and Mr Christip, 111—9—102; Miss Staitte and Mr H. Bull, 103—scr—103; Mrs Morgan and Mr Fuller, 111—6—105; Miss Matheson and Mr Faram, 113—6—107; Miss E. Barker and Mr E. Rees 118—9—109; Miss L. Barker and Mr Staitte, 118—9—109; Miss Willis and Mr Hutchison, 111—scr—111; Miss Bennett and Mr Willock, 113—16—97; and Miss Nixon and Mr A. Rees, 135—16—119. On August 30th a match 'Town v. Country' will be played. The teams will be ten a side, and if the country can bring its strongest team, the town will have its work cut out to win. The town representatives will be chosen at noon on the day of the match.

On the invitation of Mr W. Hutcheson, of Puhotikotiko, about a dozen members had last week an enjoyable two days' golf on his links. They are about twenty-two miles from town. At present there are only nine holes, but the players found them very sporting. The ground was not uncomfortably wet, but here and there some results of the continuous rain were seen. They should be very fine links after a week's fine weather.

A handsome aluminium Brasse, presented by Mr G. Maclean (the president) to the ladies, was made the prize in a tournament, the final round of which was played last week. Miss F. Adams proved the winner.

CHRISTCHURCH, August 16, 1899.

The third Bogey Competition of the season was played on the Hagley Park Links on Saturday last, for a prize of six balls, presented by Mr W. Harman, resulting in a win for Mr C. H. Weston, who has 6 up on the "Colome." Mr Weston is a new player, who is very "keen," and as he has been practising assiduously of late, his win is but a just reward, although the handicappers may have been somewhat lenient with him. Personally I am always glad to see these prizes falling to beginners, even though their handicaps may be very large, as it must spur them on to fresh efforts. There are golfers (of the old school) who will tell you that there should be no competitions in golf at all; that it is a game which should be played for love only. This is all very well (for the old golfers), but how are the young players to be got to take an interest in the game unless you give them something to play for? There must always be competition so long as the characteristics of the British race endure, and in my humble opinion, the "Bogey" competition in golf is one of the very best we have. Following are the scores:—C. H. Weston, gross score, 107—handicap 30—net score 77 6 up on bogey; L. Orbell 95—12—83 1 up on bogey; E. O'Rourke 85—2—83 all square; W. G. Cotterill 95—12—83 all square; W. H. Burton 100—14—86 all square; W. Reid 111—20—91 all square; W. Harman 91—6—85 1 down; Major Taylor 97—12—85 1 down; F. Wardrop 94—8—86 2 down; Dr. Fenwick 106—16—90 2 down; J. W. H. Wood 93—6—87 3 down; H. H. Loughnan 105—16—89 3 down; W. C. Weston 129—30—99 4 down; R. L. M. Kitto 95—scr—89 5 down; J. M. Turnbull 95—6—89 5 down—W. H. Graham 104—13—89 6 down; Dr. Jennings 108—18—91 6 down.

The inter-club match between teams representing the Christchurch and Timaru Golf Clubs was played yesterday on the Russley Links and

resulted in a win for Christchurch by 21 holes. The visitors arrived by the early train and were driven out to the Links, where lunch was partaken of, after which the business of the day was begun. The only really close games were those between Messrs Kitto and Perston and Wilder and Somerville. Kitto and Somerville winning their respective games by two holes. Mr Wilder made a plucky fight, as at the thirteenth hole Mr Somerville was "dormy" 3. His opponent then won the next four holes, but lost the last one, the game ending as stated above. The visitors expressed themselves as very much pleased with the Links, the sporting character of which evidently impressed them. At the end of the match afternoon tea was served, and the Timaru men were then driven back to town to catch the evening train home. The scores were as follows:—

CHRISTCHURCH.	TIMARU.
Kitto	2 Perston
Wilder	0 Somerville
Harris	8 Jefferson
Churkwood	10 Ferguson
Wood	7 McLaren
Campbell	0 Stewart
	27
	6

His Excellency the Governor is, I understand, going out to the Russley Links to have a game on Friday next.

The ladies who will compose the team to represent the Christchurch Ladies' Golf Club at the forthcoming Championship Meeting have been going out to Russley pretty regularly, as their energetic captain (Mrs Rowle) recognises that those Links afford much better practice than Hagley Park, and I understand she is anxious that the team should at least know how to play out of a bunker after having got into it. It was impossible to learn this on Hagley Park, where bunkers are non-existent.

NIBLICK.

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NAPIER.

The third of the series of matches for the vice-president's prize was played at Waiohiki on Saturday, the result being as under:—Hata, gross 99, handicap 10, nett 89; Tuahine, 101, 12, 89; W. J. Tabuteau, 113, 18, 95; G. M. Morris, 115, 16, 99; Kawhi, 103, 3, 100; Kurupo, 101, 5, 101; J. F. Jardine, 117, 15, 102; A. C. Bennett, 108, 5, 103; R. B. Mathias, 116, 10, 106; C. D. Kennedy, 117, 10, 107; A. A. Kennedy, 117, 7, 110; Tari, 118, 4, 114; Tohi, 127, 13, 114; Joe, 121, 5, 116.

Several others also played. The result of the Ladies' Bogey match is as follows:—Miss L. Davis, 2 down; Mrs Kurupo, 5 down; Mrs Jardine, 6 down; Mrs Kawhi, 6 down; Miss Davis, 7 down. Twelve others played.

Next Saturday the fourth of the men's matches for the president's medal will be played instead of the match Napier v. Whareangi, which will take place on Saturday, 26th Aug.

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WHAREANGI V. PETANE.

In the match Whareangi v. Petane, played at Petane, the Whareangi suffered a severe defeat. Scores:—

WHAREANGI.	PETANE.
W. L. Penneck	0 Mhneri
H. Breuck	0 Wetens
Tau	0 Watene
Ngawaka	0 Tebuna
Hapi	0 Apuna
Moses	0 Waka
W. S. Suki	0 Kapi
C. H. Odo	0 Adam Poho
	0
	20

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

There was a very fair attendance at Potter's on Saturday afternoon to witness the A and B match, Auckland having been decisively defeated by the Thames. A number of enthusiasts were naturally anxious to note how the alterations in the team would work out, and also no doubt to speculate as to whether further alterations would not be advisable. Of course as a rule the fewer changes made in a team the better, as every alteration more or less affects the combination, but when, as has been the case this season, about half the first selection were not up to rep. form, it was absolutely essential that radical changes should be made.

Although on Saturday the A team proved victorious by 16 points to 8, there was little or nothing to choose between the two teams, and in certain respects the B team showed decided superiority. Riley, Laing and Gillett (forward) were absent from the ranks of the A team, and their places were filled by Asher, Doran and McCluskie respectively. In the first spell the A's had the advantage of the wind, but did not make a great deal of use of it, the kicking of their backs

being weak, that is with the exception of the full-back Gillett, who got in some nice punts. The A team was the first to score; from a scrum close to B's goal line the ball was heeled out to Nicholson, who passed to Asher. The latter seemed to hesitate for an instant and lost the opportunity of passing, and being blocked ran right into the scrum which was breaking and managed to wriggle through, scoring a lucky try. Murray took the shot at goal but his attempt was poor. Roused by this reverse the colours (B team) made a strong attack on the blues' territory, and for some time had the better of the game. Finally after some good play amongst the forwards Phelan made a fine opening and passed to Cucksey, who handed it to McGregor (Grafton), and the latter scored between the posts. Eaton scored a miserable attempt to convert. For the remainder of the spell the play was fairly even, the A team having none the best of it, though occasionally their fast three-quarters got possession and made things merry. Brady and Cucksey who were in the front rank of the colours' forwards were beating Irvine and McCluskie in hooking the ball, and thanks to their efforts and also to Nicholson the blues' half-back, the latter's backs did not get a great number of chances. The spell ended with honours easy, each side having scored a try. On resuming an alteration was made in the colours' three-quarters, Gerrard being replaced by Renwick. The positions were also altered, Harrison taking centre and Renwick playing on the wing. The change proved to be a decided improvement, as Harrison showed better form in the centre, and Renwick played superior to Gerrard. In this spell the blues' front rankers showed decided improvement, and though hardly as successful as their opponents they got the ball oftener than in the first spell. Consequently (when Nicholson did not make a mess of things) the three-quarters got more chances, the result being the addition of three tries and a goal from the field to their score, making their total 16 points. Harrison, after a fine run, scored for the colours, and this time Eaton converted, the angle being a very easy one.

NOTES.

Gillett, the Ohinemuri full-back, made his first appearance in Auckland, but did not play nearly so well as was anticipated. A number of people who had seen him play claimed that he was the best full-back that the province has produced for many years. If he showed his true form on Saturday, all I can say is that those persons are very poor judges. He certainly kicked well, but otherwise he was very ordinary. Indeed, I have seen McGregor play a much better game than he did on Saturday, but of course he was in strange company. McPike, though he did a lot of good work, did not play up to his high reputation. Absalom, the third three-quarter, played a brilliant attacking game, but his defence is certainly weak. Asher at five-eighths, was in an unusual place, but all the same played a very fair game, both taking and passing in good style, and his defence was also sound. Nicholson at half-back again gave a most disappointing display, and if that was the form he showed at the Thames, it was no wonder Auckland suffered a reverse. Both Wilson and Doran on the wings did good work, though it cannot be said that they showed any marked superiority over their opponents. The forwards all did good work, though the North Shore pair in the front row were not quite so successful as their opponents in hooking the ball. Donovan, the colours' full-back, was not good, and he is altogether out of place in connection with a Rep. team. In the first spell Harrison played wing three-quarter, and did not show his true form, but at centre in the second spell he did much better. Pilleger on the other wing was sound, especially in defence. Gerrard was only fair at centre three-quarter, and Renwick replaced him in the second spell, playing on the wing. Though out of his usual place he put in some real good work, and but for slipping on one occasion would very nearly have scored. Phelan gave a really brilliant display at five-eighths, and time after time he made splendid openings. On many occasions he came up with a rush and took the ball from the line-out. On several occasions, however, he failed to go for his man, but instead went for the man to whom he thought the ball would be passed. Young at half was head and shoulders over Nicholson. He got the ball away well whenever occasion offered, and made numerous clever openings

by betting his man, whilst his defensive work was almost perfect. Clarke and Pitt did useful work on the wings, the former being the better of the two, his play was quite equal to that of either of the A wings. The forwards played surprisingly well, and fairly held their own against their opponents, whilst their front rankers showed superiority.

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THE "REP" TEAM.

On Saturday night Mr J. Arneil selected the following 19 players for the team to go South, all of whom are requested to communicate at once with the secretary of the Auckland Rugby Union (Mr O. Dixon) as to their ability to obtain the necessary leave of absence for the tour:—Full-back, G. Gillett (Kiwanga-bake); three-quarters, H. Absalom (Suburbs), McPike (Suburbs), W. Harrison (Waikato), H. McGregor (Thames); five-eighths, H. Phelan (Waikato), O. Riley (Thames); half, Young (City); wings, J. Laing (Thames), A. Wilson (Newton); forwards, Irvine (North Shore), Scott (North Shore), F. Murray (Darnell), Cunningham (Thames), C. McGregor (Thames), D. Gallagher (Ponsonby), Wilson (City), Tyler (City), and J. Gillett (Suburbs).

Not a great deal of fault can be found with the team as selected, and it is a great improvement on anything that could have been anticipated. There are still a few alterations, however, which would, I think, strengthen the team. I was going to say H. Smith at full-back, but apparently Mr Arneil made up his mind from the first that this player was not good enough, or at all events that he was not to be selected. Leaving him out of the question, and he is, I think, undoubtedly at present the best full-back not only in Auckland, but in New Zealand, I suppose Gillett is the best full we have. Mr Arneil is really "going blind" in selecting him on his last two Saturdays' play. At the Thames he kicked splendidly, but had little else to do. Last Saturday he did not kick quite so well, and did nothing else. The remaining backs are the best available, and are hard to find fault with. I think everyone will be especially pleased to see that Young has replaced Nicholson at half. This alteration should have been made weeks ago. The wings are all right. Of the forwards, I don't think the team is quite as strong as it might be in the front row. C. Brady has been consistently good in this position, and certainly has not met his superior this season, and though he has not played for some weeks he more than held his own on Saturday. He might with advantage have replaced J. Gillett, the latter going in the second row. On Saturday's play, and in fact on his season's play, McGregor (Grafton) is more deserving of a place than several of those selected. Otherwise the forwards seem to be correct.

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NELSON V. WELLINGTON.

The first match between Wellington and Nelson since 1893 took place on Saturday last, resulting in a victory for Wellington, by 14 points to 5. The teams were composed as follows:—Wellington: Full-back, Hales; three-quarters, Bonar, Roberts, Devere; five-eighths, Kelly; half, Meredith; wings, Prichard and Manson; forwards, McAnally, King, Calnan, Soffe, O'Brien, Hardham, and Gallagher. Nelson: Full-back, Wood; three-quarters, Chapman, Riley, Levien; five-eighths, Thompson; half, Millar; wings, Glover and Krahagen; forwards, McKinley, Bright, Best, Clear, Adams, Batchelor, and Tibble. Kelly won the toss, and decided to play against a high breeze. Nelson at once attacked, and Wellington had some difficulty in protecting the line from the storming party, but as the result of several dashes Nelson failed to score. From loose play Prichard got possession of the ball, and passed in turn to Kelly, Roberts and Bonar, which resulted in a brilliant run in touch for goal, where the speedy wing three-quarter was stopped by Thompson. The battle being shifted to mid-field, Devere got a well-judged pass from Meredith and started to sprint, and raced over the line, but Hales failed to improve. The Nelson forwards, however, made another rush, putting Wellington again on the defensive. A series of scrums resulted in Bachelor, of Nelson, getting an opening and landing the ball over Wellington's line, but Millar failed at goal. Later on Calnan registered another try to Wellington, and once more Hales failed. In the second spell a

fine display of hand to hand passing was given by Meredith, Kelly, and Bonar, and the speedy wing three-quarter raced up to within a few yards of Nelson's line, with Prichard in close attendance, and Bonar transferring to the wing man, who ran in behind the goal-posts without any obstacle. This time Hales succeeded in scoring the extra points. Nelson then showed fresh energy, shifting the struggle into Wellington's quarters. Nelson was awarded a free kick, but H. Clear failed at the shot. The local backs got away with a passing rush, ending in Devere scoring another try, but no increase in the score resulted. Nelson made a game fight, but lacked combination. The visitors, accompanied by several of the Wellington team and officials of the Rugby Union, were driven to Ross' Gardens yesterday afternoon, where they had afternoon tea. The Nelson reps play South Canterbury on Thursday, and Canterbury on the following Saturday. As the rep. matches with Hawke's Bay, Taranaki and Auckland take place at an early date the Selection Committee has wisely deemed it necessary to have an early practice, and with this object teams representing A and B will try conclusions next Saturday.

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OTAGO DEFEATS SOUTHLAND

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

The first of the home and home matches between Southland and Otago was played before a large attendance on the Caledonian Ground to-day, and resulted in an easy win for Otago by 12 points to five.

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WANGANUI DRAWS WITH WAIRARAPE.

The match Wanganui v. Wairarapa resulted in a drawn game, each side scoring three points.

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WELLINGTON V. AUCKLAND.

The Wellington Association wires north that it will be unable to send a team to Auckland this season. The match was to have taken place on September 2nd at Potter's Paddock.

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The Auckland Rugby Union have received a wire from the Poverty Bay Union to the effect that the latter will not be able to send a team to Auckland next Saturday. There is a probability, however, of a match being arranged for Saturday between the Auckland reps. and a team from Ohinemuri.

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The Wednesday Rugby Union are sending a team to the Thames this week to play the Thursday half-holiday employees. The team is as follows:—Full-back, Court; three-quarters, Anderson, Connelly, Conroy; five-eighths, Forgie; half, Speakman; forwards, Craig, Reid, McMillan, Cowan, Davis, Reeves, Gallagher, Ruthersford, and Holden. Emergencies, Messrs Atkins, Mills, Young, Webber, and Humby.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

CHARITY CUP COMPETITION.

The Rovers defeated Petone at Newtown Park on Saturday by 8 points to 1, thereby securing a place in the final for this competition.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIANS' TOUR

THE LAST TEST MATCH.

The fifth and last test match has now been played, and has ended in another of those unsatisfactory draws, but on this occasion Colonialism may not be so prone to grumble at the three days' limit, as when play ceased the Australians—on paper, at all events—had all the worst of it. The Englishmen were lucky in winning the toss, and the wicket being a splendid one the colonialists had as a matter of course to take the field. Jackson and Hayward started the batting, and made such a splendid stand that even at this early stage the defeat of the English eleven seemed most improbable. The total was 185 when Jackson was finally bowled by Jones for 118 runs. He played a brilliant innings, but gave three chances. Ranji followed, and another stand was made. Hayward not being got rid of until he had scored 137 without a chance. Ranji did not long survive him, his

total being 54. Fry and McLaren then got together, and gave the colonials some more leather hunting, the former getting 60 and the latter 49 runs before they were disposed of. The remaining batsmen did not do quite so much execution, though they scored evenly with the exception of Bradley and Rhodes, and the total was 576 runs. The colonials did not make a very good start, Trumble, Worrall, Noble, and Trumper being out with the score at 120, of which total Worrall obtained 55. Darling and Gregory then made a useful stand, and carried the score to 220 before Darling was dismissed for 71 runs. Neither Iredale nor Kelly were of much assistance to Gregory, but McLeod came to the rescue, and another good stand was made, and the total was carried to 340 before Gregory was caught for 117 runs. The remaining batsmen did nothing, and the innings closed for 352. McLeod being not out with 31 runs to his credit. Being 224 runs behind, the colonials followed on, Worrall and McLeod opening. A splendid start was made, and the score was taken to 116 before Worrall was caught behind the wickets for 75 runs. Noble joined McLeod, and another good stand was made, and the total had reached 208 ere McLeod was bowled for an exceedingly useful 77. The next three batsmen, Trumper, Gregory, and Darling did nothing, and when time was called the colonials had lost five wickets for 254, Noble 69 not out.

ENGLAND.—First Innings.

Table listing England's first innings scores: Jackson b Jones 118, Hayward c Iredale b McLeod 137, Ranjitsinhji c Howell b Jones 54, Fry c Worrall b Jones 60, McLaren c Trumper b Trumble 49, Townsend b Jones 38, A. O. Jones b Noble 31, Lilley c Iredale b Noble 37, Lockwood b Trumble 24, Bradley run out 0, Rhodes not out 8, Extras 20.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Jones four wickets for 165. Noble two for 96. Trumble two for 107. McLeod one for 131. Howell none for 42. Worrall none for 15.

AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

Table listing Australia's first innings scores: Trumble c and b A. O. Jones 24, Trumper c Lilley b Jones 6, Noble b Lockwood 9, Worrall c Hayward b Lockwood 55, Darling c Fry b Lockwood 71, Gregory c Jones b Lockwood 117, Kelly lbw b Jones 4, Iredale b Lockwood 9, Jones b Lockwood 0, McLeod, not out 31, Howell b Lockwood 4, Sundries 12.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Lockwood seven wickets for 71. A. O. Jones three for 73. Rhodes none for 79. Bradley none for 52. Jackson none for 39. Townsend none for 16.

AUSTRALIANS.—Second Innings.

Table listing Australia's second innings scores: Worrall c Lilley b Hayward 75, McLeod, b Rhodes 77, Noble, not out 69, Trumper, c and b Rhodes 7, Gregory, b Rhodes 2, Darling, run out 6, Trumble, not out 3, Extras 15.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Rhodes took three wickets for 27 runs. Hayward, one for 38. Bradley, none for 32. Townsend, none for 9. Jackson, none for 53. Jones, none for 43. Fry, none for 3. Lockwood, none for 33.



NOTES AND STATISTICS.

The result of the five test matches played in England this season clearly demonstrates the necessity for a longer time-limit than 3 days. No less than four of the five games have been drawn, one on account of rain, and thrice because the end of the third day's play saw the game still unfinished. The first test, it will be remembered, was drawn, England only being saved from defeat by the time-limit.

The Australians scored 252 and 153 against the Home team's 193 and 250 for 7 wickets. Australia won the second test match by 10 wickets, the scores being: England 206 and 240; Australia 421 and 28, for no wickets. In the third test match, which had to be abandoned, the colonials scored 172 and 224, whilst England made 220, and in the second innings had scored 19 for 0 wickets when heavy rain rendered the ground unfit for further play. The fourth test was drawn, the scores being: England 372 and 94 for 3 wickets; Australia 196 and 348 for 7 wickets (innings declared closed). And now the fifth and last match has also ended in a draw. While the Australians carry off the rubber by virtue of their victory in the second test match, the general result of the contest is most unsatisfactory. It is evident that if public interest in these test matches is to be maintained some arrangement will have to be made whereby the supremacy can be more definitely decided.

The match just concluded was a notable one in several respects, but from a colonial point of view the most pleasing feature of the game was the splendid up-hill fight made by the Australians—especially Gregory, McLeod and Worrall—when faced with the huge total of 576. By steady batting they cut down the deficit, until by the time one wicket had fallen in the Australians' second innings they were close up, and the match looked anybody's game. Certainly the next three wickets went very cheaply, but they had still five wickets to fall, and there is very little "tail" about the present Australian team. McLeod's success, after his comparative failure with the bat throughout the tour, is particularly pleasing, and goes far to atone for his previous falling-off. "The moment produces the man." Thus it was with McLeod in 1897-8 in the test matches against Stoddart's team, and thus it has been with him in the only test match he has taken part in this year. Worrall, too, did exceptionally well. In view of his fine average for the last four test matches, his exclusion from the first appears to have been a mistake on the selectors' part. It will be seen from the statistics given below that in the five test matches each Australian wicket averaged 30.87 runs, while each English wicket averaged 29.72 runs, leaving the advantage slightly in favour of Australia.

The batting and bowling averages of the English and Australians in the test matches are appended. McLeod has the highest batting average, though of course he had only two innings (once not out). Next to him comes Hayward, with 68.8 for six completed innings, and then Hill, with 60.5. Lockwood comes out with the best bowling analysis, being very successful in the only match he played in. Jones, the Australian fast bowler, took twice as many wickets as any English bowler; Trumble and Noble also did good work with the ball. The English had, of course, a larger store of bowling talent to draw upon than their opponents, and 19 Englishmen were tried with the ball, as against 7 of the colonials. Here are the figures:—

AUSTRALIANS.

(In test matches only.)

BATTING AVERAGES.

Table of Australian batting averages: I. N.O. H.S. Tl. Sc. Avg. McLeod 2 1 77 108 108.0, Hill 5 0 135 301 60.2, Noble 9 2 89 367 52.4, Worrall 8 1 76 319 47.4, Trumble 9 3 58 232 38.5, Trumper 9 1 135 280 35.0, Darling 10 1 71 230 25.5, Iredale 11 0 76 132 12.0, Gregory 8 0 117 188 23.5, Kelly 8 1 33 120 17.1, Laver 7 1 45 72 12.0, Jones 7 0 11 31 4.4, Howell 7 2 7 17 3.4.

Johns did not play. * Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Table of Australian bowling averages: Wkts. Runs. Avg. Laver 4 70 17.50, Trumble 15 375 25.00, Jones 26 651 25.03, Noble 13 398 30.61, Howell 9 345 38.33, McLeod 1 181 181.00, Worrall 1 15 -.

ENGLISHMEN.

(In test matches only.)

BATTING AVERAGES.

Table of English batting averages: I. N.O. H.S. Tl. Sc. Avg. Hayward 7 1 137 413 68.8, Ranjitsinhji 5 1 95 278 64.3, Lilley 5 1 68 141 45.2, Jackson 8 1 118 303 43.2, Brown 2 1 27 41 41.0, Jones 1 0 85 164 32.8, Jones, A. O. 1 0 31 31 31.0.

Table of English bowling averages: I. N.O. H.S. Tl. Sc. Avg. Jessop 2 0 51 83 27.5, Lockwood 1 0 24 24 24.0, Bradley 2 1 24 23 23.0, Fry 8 0 48 154 25.0, Grace 2 0 48 48 24.0, Brockwell 1 0 29 29 29.0, Townsend 3 0 28 51 17.0, Quaffle 4 1 26 44 14.0, Hill 2 0 28 28 14.0, Tyldesley 4 0 23 50 12.5, Gunn 2 0 14 17 8.5, Rhodes 4 1 0 18 6.0, Howell 1 0 4 22 2.2, Hoare 3 1 0 5 1.0, Storer 2 0 4 7 3.5, Mead 2 0 7 7 3.5.

Driggs did not bat. * Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Table of English bowling averages: Wkts. Runs. Avg. Lockwood 7 104 14.85, Briggs 3 53 17.66, Grace 12 242 20.16, Hoare 13 291 22.38, Townsend 8 75 23.00, Ranjit 13 341 26.23, Jones, A. O. 1 116 38.00, Bradley 8 235 38.83, Hayward 3 124 41.33, Haywood 3 134 44.66, Jackson 5 263 52.60, Hill 1 62 62.00, Brown 1 91 91.00, Howell 0 0 - , Quaffle 0 10 - , Brockwell 0 54 - , Grace 0 37 -.

Total number of runs scored by England, 2081; wickets lost, 70; average, 29.72 runs per wicket.

Total number of runs scored by Australia, 2470; wickets lost, 80; average, 30.87 runs per wicket.

Twenty-four men played for England, of whom 10 were tried with the ball. The only non-bowlers were Lilley, Storer (wicket-keepers), Tyldesley, MacLaren, and Gunn. Thirteen men played for Australia, of whom 7 were used as bowlers.

AUSTRALIANS V. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Like the test match this game also ended in a draw. The county batted first, and were all dismissed for 203 runs, Jessop (57) and Champain (31) being the largest contributors. The Australians just managed to obtain a small lead in their first innings, their total being 228, of which Noble obtained 77. Gloucestershire's second attempt realised exactly 300 runs, Townsend being responsible for 153, not out. In their second innings the colonials had lost five wickets for 175 runs when play ceased.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Below are given the batting averages of the Australian team down to the end of the Gloucestershire match. Noble, who is now the only batsman with an average of over 40, must finish up the tour with a higher average than has ever before been gained by an Australian in an English tour. There are now only five more matches to be played, so that even if he makes nothing but "blobs" in his remaining innings Noble will still have a better average than 31.5, the previous best, which stands to the credit of S. E. Gregory. Worrall and Gregory have both passed the 1000 in the aggregate, while Noble is almost 1,500 and within measurable distance of Murdoch's record aggregate of 1711 for the tour. Trumble will probably get his 1000 runs as well as his 100 wickets, being now 952. Here are the figures:—

Table of Gloucestershire batting averages: I. N.O. H.S. Tl. Sc. Avg. Noble 43 7 156 1481 41.4, Hill 23 1 160 879 33.9, Worrall 36 5 128 1155 37.2, Darling 48 8 124 1463 36.5, Trumper 41 2 300 1374 36.1, Gregory 45 6 124 1135 28.1, Howell 32 2 115 796 28.4, Trumble 43 8 100 852 27.2, Jones 5 3 27 50 25.0, Kelly 22 4 103 680 24.0, Laver 31 3 79 565 25.0, Jones 29 3 55 481 18.5, McLeod 31 0 77 406 16.2, Howell 34 9 49 304 12.1.



Albert Trott has made 1000 runs and taken 200 wickets in first-class cricket this season.

The newspapers admit that the honours in the test matches rest with the Australians, but they contend that if the unfinished matches had been played out England would have scored the majority of wins.

LACROSSE.

Four teams competed on the Auckland Domain on Saturday for the Kohn medals, these being the Pawnees, Iroquois, Mohawks, and Dakotahs. One of the matches, that between the Iroquois and the Pawnees, proved full of interest, the game being contested in the most spirited manner throughout. At half time the Pawnees had a lead of one goal, and this was subsequently increased, the result being a win by 5 goals to 3.

The Iroquois led off, a smart shot by Draper sending the ball between the posts, this being the only score achieved up to the first spell. Soon after resuming J. R. London and E. Bradley got the ball past the Iroquois' back line, but although a resolute attack was kept up to half time there was no more alteration to the total points. In the third spell Major put the score level by a well-directed effort. During the closing portion of the play the Iroquois men went to pieces, and their opponents, taking advantage of this, kept up an incessant fire, two goals by J. R. London made one by McCoy being the outcome of the battery. Close on time Iroquois made a final rally, Richardson potting a "trimmer," but the effort came too late and they were beaten as above stated.

Although much bright play was shown by individual members on both sides, yet the members of the Pawnee team undoubtedly displayed more combination, this being especially noticeable in the third spell of play. The game, however, must be ranked as one of the best played this season.

In the contest between the Mohawks and Dakotahs a very different state of affairs prevailed. The former team was very weak on the attack, while their defence proved far from sound, goal after goal being registered against them. At half-time the Dakotah men had put up a tally of 4 goals to 1, and in the later stages of the game they kept up an incessant and very successful fusillade, no less than 7 more goals being scored. This big win of 11 goals to 1 by the Dakotahs was largely brought about by the excellent shooting of M. Ward, who put the ball between the posts no less than six times. This player undoubtedly is a good man on the attack, the majority of his shots being very accurate. Brown also did well with three goals to his credit, while Cook and Patterson had one each. The Mohawks played, however, one man short, the one goal achieved being due to the agency of Richardson, who took a pass from Morrin and shot a goal immediately after the face-off. Owing to the obvious disparity between the teams the game was without much interest however.

The committee has done well in changing the names of the competing teams. The former style of alphabetical nomenclature showed a conspicuous want of originality, but now the men will be known by the names of some of the more noted Indian tribes among whom the game originated. As these teams may form the nucleus of future clubs it is well to label them with distinctive names instead of merely dubbing them A, B, C, D, and this accordingly has been done.

Music and Drama

On Monday, the 4th September the boys of King's College, Auckland, will give a performance of certain parts of "Julius Caesar" in the Auckland Opera House. The booking for the occasion has been phenomenal, as the pay bills say, and already there are fed seats to be had.

On Sunday last the Steele-Payno Bellringers gave a sacred concert in the Auckland Opera House.

The Afro-American Minstrels have had a prosperous first week in Auckland, and the entertainment is still drawing good houses. One of the attractions is Mr Percy Deuton, formerly original comedian of the celebrated Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who came to Australia with the "Belle of New York" Company. On Monday evening there was a complete change of programme.

Herr Friedenthal, whose pianoforte playing has been delighting Auckland audiences, decided last week to prolong his stay in New Zealand, and will tour the Southern parts of the colony, returning to Auckland in time to catch the mail steamer for 'Frisco', which leaves the Northern port three weeks hence. Herr Friedenthal has an engagement for the Paris Exhibition, and Continental fixtures extending over three years.

The Auckland Choral Hall was filled to overflowing on Tuesday of last week, when the local Choral Society performed Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." Notwithstanding the length of the evening—the performance lasted two hours and three quarters—the reception accorded the oratorio proved both its popularity and the general satis-

faction given by the performers. Seldom has the Society produced a work that enlisted the services of so many soloists, and hence the performance gives as much variety, so far as the number of singers is concerned, as any ordinary concert. The following ladies and gentlemen took the solo parts:—Miss Lorrigan, Miss Mennie, Miss Reeve, Mr. W. Martin, Mr. M. Trenwith, Mr. A. G. Murphy, Mr. J. W. Ryan, Mr. Hamilton Hodges, Mr. Wilfred Manning. These, with an exceptionally strong chorus and a very efficient body of instrumentalists, made up a powerful organisation well able to do justice to the oratorio. The choral singing was marked by great force and precision. Among the numbers deserving mention "From Thy Fury, Israel," "Hope's Rosy Mori," and "See Yonder." First among the lady soloists was Miss Lorrigan. Whether alone or when singing in concert with others her clear, high voice was heard to great advantage. Her duet with Mr Manning, "Losing Thee, My Delight," and the other with Miss Reeve, "In Israel's Camp Alone I Weep," were two of the best applauded items of the evening. Her rendering of the aria "Terrible Destiny Pursue Me," was especially creditable. To Mr Hamilton Hodges among the male vocalists praise is due for the dramatic manner in which he took the part of Pharaoh. His duet with Mr Martin, "Love, Grief My Soul," was a number that gave scope for both voices, and proved a favourite with the audience. The orchestra was led by M. de Willimoff, and Mr Leslie Hunt presided at the organ, while the concert was conducted by Herr Carl Schmitt. The Society have chosen for their next performance Massinet's "Marr Magdalen."

Miss Annie Lorrigan, who sang the soprano solo at the recent production of "Moses in Egypt," by the Auckland Choral Society, left Auckland for Palmerston North on Thursday last. She was engaged to sing the solos in Haydn's "Creation" and Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," which the Palmerston North Society give this week.

The "Belle of New York" Company

has arrived from Australia and opens in Dunedin. The piece will be played and mounted as in Australia. Mr Albert Whelan, who since the death of Mr Oscar Girard, has played the principal comedy part in the piece, is with the company.

"The Forty Thieves" Pantomime Company leaves Melbourne next week for New Zealand to co-operate with the Tollards in the production of the piece. Mr William Hassan, the celebrated animal impersonator, Little Gulliver, the eccentric comedian, and sixteen of the Royal Ballerinas are included in the company.

The Broughs have postponed their intended visit to New Zealand, business in Sydney proving too good to leave that centre just now.

Mr J. C. Williamson is going Home shortly on a hunt for fresh novelties.

A short play entitled "A Question of Degree," written by Mr C. P. Williams, of the Christchurch Savage Club, was staged the other day in Christchurch. The same evening another original play by Mr Cane was produced.

The New Zealand Natives' (Christchurch branch) Operatic Society will produce "Rip Van Winkle" in October next, Mr Pollard having generously lent the Society all the scenery and properties in connection with the opera.

Mr A. H. Gee, once of Auckland, has been appearing at a series of concerts at the Spa Theatre, Harrowgate, and winning no little renown there.

Mr W. A. Laver, of the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music (says the "Sydney Mail"), is visiting Sydney for the purpose of obtaining Ministerial interest in the proposed Conservatorium of Music. With Mr Daniel O'Connor, Mr Laver has waited upon the Minister of Education, and submitted a scheme for the establishment of a Chair of Music at the Sydney University, and the formation of a Conservatorium of Music. The Sydney College of Music held a meeting on July 31 to discuss its claims to consideration if the Government decides to consider the question.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The farce—or tragedy—of the Dreyfus court-martial trial still drags along, enlivened by very French "sensational incidents" and "scenes in court," which are proved to have been rehearsed. Picquart has given important evidence. There is an evident determination to ignore the overwhelming masses of evidence of Dreyfus' innocence and find him guilty at any cost.

Affairs are blacker than ever at the Transvaal. At the time of going to press war seems more imminent than ever, but good judges think it is the last attempt at bluff on the part of the Boers.

Sixty miners entombed by a colliery explosion in North Wales have been rescued.

In unrelenting a monument at Graves-lotte the Kaiser paid a tribute to the French heroes who, after a severe fight, were so heavily defeated there.

The German Emperor has allowed Captain Parker and eleven of the crew of his yacht, the Meteor, to join the Shamrock for the Cup competition.

The yacht Shamrock, Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, has arrived at New York from England to compete for the America Cup.

Edison prophecies that in ten years horseless carriages will be the rule, and horse-propelled vehicles the exception.

German newspapers assert that Dreyfus is innocent. A mosquito plague is reported from Hackney, London.

Bush felling is going on in all directions in the Waingaro district, between Ngaruawahia and the West Coast, and a large area of new land will be put in grass this season.

Mr John Stevenson, railway station-master at Auckland, has resigned his position rather than comply with an order of transfer to the Bluff.

A movement is being made by leading prohibitionists with a view to presenting Sir Robert Stout with a

testimonial in recognition of his past services in the cause of temperance.

An unsuccessful search has been made for the bodies of the four young men belonging to the oyster cutter Willie Winkle, who have been drowned near Coromandel.

The Parihaka natives, Taranaki, are considering the question of installing electric light in the township. Te Whiti and Tohu are both in favour of the project.

The present population of the Government estate of Opouirio, at Whakatangane, numbers 199 souls. The season this year so far has been a prosperous one, and the maize yield is estimated at some 80,000 bushels. This together with wool and other products should give a gross return of some £8,000 from the estate for the year.

An oil-painting of great historic interest, representing Capt. Cook's and Furneaux's exploring ships Adventure and Resolution, off Cape Falliser in 1773, the artist being Capt. M. T. Clayton, of Auckland, has been generously presented to the Auckland Art Gallery by Mr Wm. Aitken.

The present (says the "Kaikoura Star") has been an unprofitable whaling season so far, not a single "kill" having been made; in fact, the crews have only once or twice given chase. Whales are either scarce, or are giving Kaikoura Peninsula a wide berth. The weather has doubtless militated against whaling operations.

The s.s. Walkare has returned. She had favourable weather throughout, excepting when nearing Norfolk Island, a cyclonic gale necessitating abandonment of the visit to the Island. A call was made at the Isle of Pines. Many passengers visited Tanna. The volcano was in active eruption, and was a magnificent spectacle. The third officer (Mr Evans) and a passenger named White were left at Noumea suffering from influenza. Before reaching Sydney the captain and officers were congratulated on the success of the trip, and the former was presented with a testimonial.

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MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS and CASH WRAPERS.

FAIR

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr T McKenzie returned to New Zealand in the Papanui on Monday. He was met in Auckland by the Hon. T. Thompson, M.H.R., and Mr Thompson Leys.

Captain H. S. Blackburne, the incoming Nautical Adviser to the Government, arrived at Auckland by the Papanui on Monday, with his wife and daughter.

Amongst passengers by the Papanui was Mr Spencer Gollan, the well-known sportsman and squatter of Hawke's Bay.

Mr R. J. Kingley, Bishop's Secretary at Nelson, was last week the recipient of a presentation purse of sovereigns as a recognition of the services he has rendered the church during several years past, when the Rev. J. Kempthorne represented the clergy. Mr Magnitude the parishioners of Christ Church, and Mr Preshaw the parishioners of All Saints'. The gift was feelingly acknowledged by the recipient.

A golden wedding of interest in Otago was celebrated recently, when Mr and Mrs John Campbell received the congratulations of hosts of friends on the fulfilment of fifty years of married life. Mr and Mrs Campbell have been residents in Otago since 1861. They were married in Scotland on August 3, 1849, and in 1854 emigrated to Victoria. Since their arrival here they have been much respected, and have reared and sent into successful life a family of eight, the whole family being nine. There are 27 grandchildren and two great grandchildren. At the celebration already mentioned there was a large assemblage, and numerous presents and congratulations testified to the respect in which the couple is held. A most pleasant evening was spent with song, reminiscence, toast and story, and when the party separated it was in the hope that all present would reassemble 10 years hence to celebrate the honoured pair's diamond wedding.

Miss Maud Garton, of Palmerston, who has been transferred to Feilding by the Education Board, was last week presented with a testimonial and a handsomely bound volume by the Palmerston School Committee. The presentation was made by the Chairman, who spoke in very warm terms of Miss Garton's abilities as a teacher.

Miss Monro, of Oamaru, met with a painful accident last week. She has been residing for a little time with Mrs McLennan, of Marumato, and was walking about out of doors when, slipping on the frost-bound ground, she unfortunately fell on her arm with such force as to break it just at the shoulder. She was conveyed by Mr McLennan without delay to the hospital, where the injured limb was set by Dr. Church.

Mr John Wiseman, of Auckland, is on a visit to the South.

Mr Thomas Whitelaw has been appointed district agent for Australian Alliance Assurance Company (fire and marine) in Wanganui. Mr F. G. Newcombe will continue to act as local sub-agent.

Captain Bone, Marine Superintendent for the New Zealand Shipping Company, arrived in Auckland last week. His wife and Miss Bone arrived on Sunday by the Westralia.

Miss Annie Lorrigan, who is to sing at the Palmerston North Choral Society's production of "The Creation" and "Judah Maccabeus," left Auckland by the Takapuna on Wednesday last.

Mr Robert Menzies, jun., the New Inspector of Roads at Dargaville, was prior to his departure from Hokianga, farewelled at a social, at which he was wished all success in his future life.

That enthusiastic Auckland theosophist, Miss Lillian Edgar, is touring Queensland, lecturing.

The Auckland Branch of the New Zealand Natives' Association gave last week a most enthusiastic reception to their President, Mr Baume, and his bride, whom he has just brought from San Francisco. The reception took place at an informal conversation at the Oddfellows' Hall, Pitt-st., and was a very successful affair.

The Hon. W. Rolleston and Mrs Rolleston left Wellington for Christchurch this week to be present at the marriage of their second son, Mr Ar-

Mr Thomas Brodrene was in Auckland for a few days last week. Mr Rolleston, to Miss Ruby Buckley, of Christchurch, which was quietly celebrated in St. Luke's Church, Christchurch, on Monday, and returned to Wellington again by the Rotomahana.

Miss Bell (Nelson) is the guest of the Hon. Mr and Mrs Butler, in Wellington, for some weeks.

Miss Mabel Studholme (Waimate) has returned from Sydney by the Mokoia and is spending some time in Wellington, where she is the guest of Mrs Tolhurst, before returning home to S. Canterbury.

Constable Ryan, of Wellington, was presented by the members of the Seamen's Mission, Wellington, with a handsome pocket-book, smoker's companion and a suitably inscribed clock, in recognition of his gallant rescue of the seaman Midgely, who recently fell into the harbour on a cold, dark night. Mr William Ferguson, secretary of the Harbour Board, made the presentation on their behalf in the Harbour Board shed in the presence of a large gathering of seamen and their friends, and in a few well-chosen words alluded to Constable Ryan's bravery on the occasion, amidst loud applause. Constable Ryan returned thanks in appropriate terms, and the proceedings terminated in a most enjoyable concert comprising a long and varied programme of songs and recitations, and refreshments were provided during the evening by Mr and Mrs Ferguson, the pleasant little re-union terminating about 11.30 p.m.

Miss Fitzroy (Hastings) is staying in Wellington with Mrs W. Birch for some of the sessional gaieties.

Mr E. T. Sayers, who recently left Wellington to adopt the stage as a profession, joining Mr George Rigold in Australia, has now proceeded to Manchester, England, where he has secured an engagement in one of the leading theatres.

As a recognition of his efficiency in gunnery, Colonel Pole-Penton has promoted Lieutenant Campbell, of the Naval Brigade, Wellington, to the rank of Commander.

The condition of Sapper Head, of the Permanent Militia, who was injured at the recent gun-cotton explosion at Mahanga Bay, still remains unchanged, but is not considered, hopefully, by his medical attendants, in spite of the fact that he still lies in an unconscious state.

Miss Wigley, of "Opaha," Timaru, passed through Wellington this week on her way to stay at Mokoia with Mrs Lysaght, being the guest of Mrs Ferguson during the few days she spent in Wellington.

Miss Helen Beauchamp, "Anikiwa," Q.C., has returned to Picton after a four months' visit to her relations in Sydney.

Mrs C. Beauchamp, "Anikiwa," Q.C., was in Picton this week for a change after her illness. The change among her old friends did her good, as also did a day or two's change in Blenheim. Miss Laura Beauchamp, who went home to her uncle about four months ago, writes glowing accounts of her travels and the wonderful sights of London, country lanes, wild flowers, etc.

Mrs Griffiths left Blenheim last Wednesday for Wellington, en route for Auckland and Tauranga, and will visit friends in both places.

Amongst the contingent from Blenheim to Christchurch for the Grand National are Mr and Mrs Watts, "Lansdowne," Waiau Valley; Mr and

Mrs Clifford, "Elaxbourne"; and Messrs Weld, Redwood, Eccles, Tapp, Lane, and others.

The news that Mr Pollen has been transferred from the position of chief draftsman in the Blenheim office to a similar position in New Plymouth has, says our Blenheim correspondent, been received with great regret by the friends he has made during his short stay of three months in Blenheim, but as it is understood that the move means promotion, and that Mr and Mrs Pollen will there be among old friends, and within easy distance of Auckland, where their relatives live, we can only make the best of it and wish them "bon voyage."

His Excellency the Governor is a very keen golfer, and often drives out to the Miramar golf links, and is frequently accompanied by little Lady Constance Knox.

Mrs Baume leaves Auckland in the beginning of October for a trip of two years' duration in Europe.

Messrs L. Reynolds and T. M. Grant are gazetted as having passed the examination for surveyors under the Land Act.

The Bishop of Wellington gave a most interesting address on "Life at Cambridge" to the members of St. Peter's Club on Thursday last. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. C. Waters, vicar of St. Peter's, and the address was followed by a very interesting debate among the members.

Mrs Michael Studholme, of "Waimate Station," South Canterbury, returned to New Zealand from Sydney this week, and is spending a few days with Mrs Rhodes, at the Grange, in Wellington, on her way home again.

The French Consul for New Zealand (Count de Courty) has appointed Mr George Humphreys, of Messrs Humphreys and Co., to be Consular agent for France at Christchurch.

General regret will be felt throughout New Zealand at the approaching departure of Captain A. C. Wellesley from Government House, on the 24th of this month. Captain Wellesley leaves Wellington for Melbourne on that date to catch the P. & O. steamer Australia, by which he intends proceeding to England. His unfeigned courtesy and genial manners have made him a general favourite, and he will be much missed upon His Excellency's staff.

Mr John Hutchesson, M.H.R., is to be entertained at a social gathering at the Choral Hall, Wellington, on the 22nd inst., by his friends and political supporters.

While visiting the West Coast lately Bishop Grimes was the recipient of a most unique presentation, which consisted of the word "Welcome," each letter being formed of coins, each letter being formed of coins, also in value from a sovereign to a sixpence. The presentation was accompanied by a bouquet, with a centre of gold and silver, contributed as an offering to the Cathedral Fund.

Sir James Prendergast has been appointed to the seat on the Board of Directors of the Colonial Mutual Life Association, recently vacated by Sir Robert Stout, on his accession to the Chief Justiceship.

Mr Ross Gore from Melbourne is visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs R. D. Gore, in Aurora Terrace, Wellington.

Mrs Montgomerie, of Wanganui, is staying in lodgings in Wellington.

Mrs Sued, who has been staying with Mrs Allen, New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Wellington.

Miss Freeth, of New Plymouth, is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs Iunis, of Wellington.

Misses London, Parnell, Auckland, who have been paying Mrs Allen, of New Plymouth, a visit, have now gone on to Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Kerr, of New Plymouth, are on a visit to Auckland on account of the former's health.

Mr Allen, manager of the Bank of New Zealand, New Plymouth, who has been on a short visit to Wellington, returned last week.

Sir George and Lady Clifford, Stonehurst, were in Christchurch for the race week.

Mrs Frank Wright (Napier) left for her home last week, after visiting Christchurch for some time. Her sister, Miss Dixon, of Sydney, accompanied her and Miss Neillson.

Mrs Walter Clifford is staying in Christchurch.

His Excellency the Governor accompanied by Captain Alexander, arrived in Christchurch on Tuesday morning, and is staying at the Christchurch Club. Lord Kanferly visited the Riccarton racecourse, and was the guest of the stewards of the C.J.C. for the Grand National.

Mr and Mrs David Craig, so many years resident in Christchurch, and now of Auckland, have the deepest sympathy of all their numerous friends in their sudden bereavement, the death of their daughter Isa, who had only just returned to her home after a visit to her sister Mrs Mackay, of Kaiapi.

"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great when presenting to him a request for the brevet of Lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled and signed.

SOMETHING IS AFTER YOU.

Far away, in the Jungle of Central India, a village lies asleep. Only a solitary human figure can be seen, following the winding jungle path in the moonlight. It is early night, and the native who comes has been delayed on his way home.

But what is that dark shadow that crosses the path ahead him? Quite oblivious, the man marches on. He looks neither to right nor left, nor behind him, where crouches that dark shadow. A few yards more and he will be out of the jungle. A few minutes more and he thinks he will be sleeping in the bosom of his family. But see, the Shadow moves! With two noiseless bounds like a giant cat the tigeress is upon him. One despairing scream and all is quiet. Bitten through the head, the victim is snatched up and carried by the grim man cower on her hair in the hills. Meanwhile the village slumbers peacefully on.

Was it the man's fault? Yes, I think it was. Had he not lingered, he would not have been caught. The tigeress would not have attacked him in broad daylight. But he was no worse, I think than those in this country who are to-day doing the very same thing. Thousands and thousands of English men and women have a shadow in their path. It is after them. The time will come, if they do not see ahead, when they will feel, like Mrs Lydia Golding, "as if something had overtaken" them. Here is a letter from her in which she tells her experience:—

"All my life I had been a strong healthy woman, and up to the autumn of 1897 I never ailed anything. At this time I began to feel weak, weary and tired, and as if something had overtaken me. I had a foul taste in the mouth, my tongue being furred, and a sour fluid would rise into my mouth. I had no appetite to speak of, and the little food I took gave me no strength. After eating I had a heavy weight and pain across my chest, and a gnawing feeling in my stomach. I leaked up a deal of frothy fluid, and in the night I awoke with a suffocating feeling. Cold clammy sweats broke over me, and what with loss of appetite and not being able to sleep at night, I soon got so weak that I found it hard work to get about.

On December 27, 1897 (one Sunday morning), whilst preparing breakfast for my husband, I was suddenly seized with paralysis, which affected the whole of my right side. I had no use of my hand or leg on that side, and a numbness took me on both left and right sides. My husband got me to bed, and fetched a doctor from Northfleet, who gave me medicines. After this I lost my strength rapidly, and what I suffered I could not tell.

"I could not rest night or day and I was in and out of bed every now and again. I got little sleep, only dozing off for a short time and then starting up. I was afraid to be left alone, and often in the night I have been so nervous and frightened I could scarcely bear it. I took medicines of all kinds, but was little better for anything, until one day in August, 1893, my husband read in the paper, 'Weekly People,' of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle from Perry and Son, Chemists, High-street, Gravesend. After taking it a short time, I began to gain strength, and got stronger, and stronger, until I was free from the effects of the seizure. I now keep in good health. You can publish this statement if you wish."—Yours truly (Signed) Mrs Lydia Golding, 12, Carter's Road, Perry-st., Gravesend, May 14th, 1896.

What was this shadow that had crossed Mrs Golding's path? What was it that "overtaken" her and laid her helpless and suffering upon a bed of sickness? Surely you can recognise the monster that sprang upon her as the dreaded disorder Dyspepsia, which attacks you when you are most defenceless and weakest. Paralysis; yes, Mrs Golding had it, and could feel it, but what she could not feel was what it was that had so acted upon her nerves and muscles as to cause them to become so helpless. Nor could she, I suppose, understand how Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured her so quickly, though we know now that it was because the dyspepsia was got rid of.

But, as the native was never heard of more, so there are some who cannot get out of the clutches of Dyspepsia, even with such help as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, if the help comes too late. Hence the best way of all, say I, is to keep out of the jungle after dark; and, if you must go, walk quickly.

Our Competition Page.

SOME MORE ANECDOTES.



An overstocked London hatter was on the point of reluctantly dismissing some "hands" when a sharp-witted friend came to his rescue. By his advice, a handbill was prepared announcing the cheapness of the hatter's wares, headed, "Who's your 'Atter?" and throughout its contents the goods were invariably mentioned as "Ats," "Youths 'Ats," "Beaver 'Ats," "Ladies' 'Ats," etc. The result perfectly justified the inventor's anticipations. Men shouted with laughter at the ludicrous effect of what they considered ignorance on the part of the writer. Carrying them about they merrily showed them to their friends. Gentlemen, perfect strangers, came to the shop, bought "ats" and expostulated gravely with the "atter" upon the solecism. Young fellows purchased "ats" for the fun of the thing, begged for handbills, and had jocular conversations with the "atter." The shop became known, and the proprietor a flourishing tradesman, who frequently smiled as he heard the street boys calling out the now established phrase. Until recently the pronunciation of the once popular inquiry in London was that of the original handbill—"Who's your Atter?"

Lord Berrington had received a letter one morning from a friend of his asking him if he would act as godfather to his child, which was to be christened at St. Mary's Church on Sunday morning. Instead of answering the letter he thought as he was passing through Berkeley Square that morning he would call at the house of Mr Thompson, his friend. After leaving a message that he would be at the christening on Sunday he said to the man-servant, "Is it a little girl?" to which the indignant butler replied, "No, my Lord; it's a little hare" (heir).

Dr Von Stephan, the German Postmaster-General, recently took train from Konigsberg, to enjoy a few days' deer-stalking. Arrived at Dirschau, a town near his destination, he stepped into the station telegraph office to send news of his safety to his wife in Berlin. The official recognised his chief at once, and with all obsequiousness began to write down his message. Suddenly the Morse instrument, used for service telegrams only, began to work, and very shortly his Excellency pricked up his ears, for he distinguished the particular clicks that represent his own name. A glance at the clerk's face, now deathly pale, induced him to inquire further into the purport of this State telegram, and, when the clicking had ceased, he took up the paper ribbon and read as follows:—"Look out for squalls. Stephan is somewhere on the line. He will be poking his nose everywhere." The Postmaster-General smiled sardonically, and then went to the transmitter and flashed back this reply:—"Too late! He has already poked his nose in here.—Stephan."

Mr Fields, the Boston publisher, had a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature was so great that when a friend wished to know where a particular passage was to be found in an English author, he would go direct to the famous bibliography. A would-be wit, thinking to quiz him before a company at dinner, informed his friends that he had just written some lines which he intended to submit to him as Southey's, and to inquire in which of his works they occurred. After the guests were seated he began: "Friend Fields, I have been troubled a good deal of late in searching out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus—"Can you tell me when he wrote them, and where they are to be found?" I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher, and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him.—"When were those?" asked the questioner. "Somewhere," said Field, "about that early period of his existence when he was cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain had softened."

There was once a farmer who had twenty pigs in a sty, and he told his Irish servant to go out and count them, and see if they were all right. He came back and told his master that he had counted nineteen, and that the other little one ran about so much that he could not count him "at all, at all."

In a dancing saloon one night a sailor was asked by a messmate to explain to him in a few words and as quickly as possible the third figure of a quadrille. His description was as follows: "You first of all leave ahead," said he, "and pass your adversary's yard-arms; then in a jiffy regain your berth on the other tack in the same kind of order; slip along sharp and take your station with your partner in line; back and fill, and then fall on your keel and bring up with your craft. She then manoeuvres ahead off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line; make a stern board; cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place out of the melee in the best manner you can, and let go your anchor."

Tom Sheridan went out shooting one day, and, hating to go home with an empty bag, and seeing some ducks in a pond and a farmer close by, he said: "I'll give you a seven-shilling piece if you let me have a shot with each barrel of my gun at those ducks, and I'm to have what I kill." "Right," said the man, "hand it over." The payment was made, and Tom let fly with one barrel and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing and screaming and fluttering had never been seen in that place before. Tom, delighted at his success, picked up first a drake, and then fished out a diving duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of game (domestic), with which his bag was nobly distended. "Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer. "Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings." "Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be; but what do I care for that—they are none of mine."

Sandy McNab, on the eve of his marriage, called on the parson for advice. Having briefly sketched his matrimonial intentions, he earnestly asked the abrupt question: "Meenister, when ance I'm mairried, can I be unmarried?" "No, Sandy, when the knot is once tied it cannot be untied, so consider well what you are about to do." A week after this Sandy again visited the parson, presenting a dejected and woe begone appearance. He explained that he was now a married man, and with abrupt impetuosity said: "Meenister, I want you to un-mairry me." "No, Sandy, I cannot do that. You remember what I told you when I last saw you?" "Ah; but you'll hae to un-mairry me; she's worse than the deil." "How do you make that out?" "Ye ken it says in Scripture, that if ye resist Satan he will flee from you; but if you resist her, she flees at you."

An old man was breaking stones one day on Leeming Lane, Yorkshire, when a gentleman came riding along. "Bother these stones! Take them out on my way," he said. "When can ah tek 'em to yer honour?" "I don't care where; take them to Hades, if you like." "Doesn't thou think, sir," said the old man, "that ah'd better tak 'em to heaven? They'll be less 't' thee honour's way."

Charles Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to appear in the characters of one or the other of Scott's heroes. On the eventful night, however, Dickens appeared in simple evening dress. The host asked him which of Scott's characters he represented. "Why, sir, replied Dickens, "I am a character you will find in everyone of Scott's novels. I am the 'gentle reader.'"

Some time ago a lady who was very stingy, was having her house painted. When she paid the men they found that no extra money had been given for a drink. They all noticed this, and agreed to get the money or drink somehow. When at work next day one of the men remarked that her pictures looked very dirty, and if she would get them a quart of brandy they would clean them for her. The next day the brandy was given to them. The artful men divided it among themselves, and drank heartily. Then they washed the pictures with soap and water. When the pictures were returned the old lady said: "They look just like new, and they did not cost anything to clean, as I used the same brandy to wash my poor husband's feet just before he died."

"Now," said a schoolmaster, as he displayed a bright five shilling piece between the tips of his finger and thumb, "the first boy or girl that puts a riddle to me which I cannot answer will receive this as a gift."

"Any more?" he asked, as soon as silence was restored, and no one had claimed the coin.

"Yes, sir," sang out a little fellow from the farther end of the school. "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?"

"The Prince of Wales?" said the master, thoughtfully. "The Prince of Wales?" he repeated to himself. "Really, Johnny, I see no resemblance in you; I'll give it up."

"Because," cried the lad, joyfully, "I'm waiting for the crown."

In a rural district in the north of Scotland, when some children were going to school they found on the road a boiled lobster which some tourists had dropped from their lunch basket. Anxious to know what such a strange animal could be they resolved to take it with them and show it to the schoolmaster, as he was locally known to be the wisest man in the world and knew everything. After examining it for some time the schoolmaster said, "Well, bairns, I have seen nearly all the wonderful beasts of creation, excepting a turtle dove and an elephant, and this must be either the one or the other of them."

Dean Smith once said to Lord H—, whom he cordially hated, that he was not fit to carry "wash" to the pigs. This being reported to Lord H— he

went to the dean. "I understand, sir, that you have said that I am not fit to carry wash to the pigs. I insist on retraction and apology." My dear sir," replied the dean, "not only will I retract and apologise, but I will do more. I assure you I consider you in every way fit to carry wash to the pigs."

One of the poets of the First Empire, Nepomucene Lemerrier, wrote a tragedy, the hero of which was Christopher Columbus. He had in it violated the unities, which Frenchmen for years considered an inviolable law of tragedy. When Lemerrier's piece was played the students hissed it with great vehemence. Napoleon admired him, and when he heard that the tragedy had been hissed he ordered it to be played again. It was again hissed. He became furious. He ordered it to be played a third time, and went to the theatre accompanied by a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts were heard in silence. It was during the third that the hisses had formerly been most vigorous. When the curtain rose on the third act, Napoleon leaned over his box and looked at the students to see if they would dare to oppose his known will in his presence. What should he see but the whole audience, from pit to the last tier, wearing nightcaps and pretending to be fast asleep. The sight was so odd that Napoleon could not help laughing and he gave up attempting to support the tragedy.

An Irishman stopped at a country hotel one night, and on retiring to rest found the bed very lumpy. As the result he passed a restless night. On the following morning he asked the landlady, "Phawt sort of a bed she called that on which he had just slept?" "Oh," says the landlady, "That's a feather bed." "Oh, well, begorra!" says Pat, "ye forgot to take the fowls out of them."

The page boy had told a lie. His Lordship the Bishop calls the unfortunate youth to his presence. Tall and pompous he thus addresses him: "My boy, who it is that sees all we do and hears all that we say, and before whom even I am but as a crushed worm?" With trembling voice and an awed glance at the lady's picture, the boy answers: "The missus."

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£2 IN PRIZES.

On the cover appears the lower half of a very familiar word. The letters composing it have been cut through the centre and the word printed with the under-halves only. The problem is to tell what the complete word is. With a little application the task of finding out what all the letters are is not such a difficult one as it appears. The word is a very common English one, familiar to everyone and on our lips every day.

Four prizes of 10/ each will be given to the senders of the first four correct answers taken from the box on the day the envelopes are opened.

Write your solution plainly on a sheet of paper and enclose with the "Graphic" coupon which will be found on the cover of this paper. Address envelopes "Divided Word Competition."

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WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, August 17.
Last Friday

THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE WELLINGTON YACHT CLUB

was held in the Choral Hall. There were about 100 couples present. At 9 o'clock His Excellency the Governor arrived attended by Captain Alexander. Mr A. Turnbull (acting Commodore) received His Excellency. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and fine photographs of yachts adorned the walls. The supper was supplied by the Trocadero, and was all that could be desired, and the music which was excellent, was by Minifie's Band. The following formed the opening set of lancers, His Excellency the Governor and Mrs Fell, Captain Alexander and The Countess de Courte, Count de Courte and Mrs H. D. Bell, Mr Coates and Mrs Symons, Hon. Bonar and Mrs Rawson, Mr Symons and Miss Coates, Dr. Fell and Mrs Anderson, Mr Rawson and Mrs A. Miles. The Countess de Courte wore a handsome apricot coloured figured silk trimmed with frills of chiffon; Mrs Wason wore a black satin trimmed with cut steel; Mrs Butler wore a very becoming gown of pink silk with blue passementerie and chiffon; Mrs Fell, a handsome brocade satin of a delicate shade of grey; Mrs Reid, a black silk relieved with pink and embroidered with steel; Mrs Dr. Rawson, a beautiful yellow brocade; Mrs Smith was in black trimmed with lace and jet and pink flowers; Mrs Dr. Martin wore a rich black satin embroidered in silver; Mrs Blundell, in black, trimmed with jet and the bodice relieved with white chiffon; Mrs Bucholz wore a beautiful white satin trimmed with lace; Mrs Chatfield was in black with red flowers; Mrs Travers, in black trimmed with white; Mrs Fichett, in black with steel passementerie; Mrs Bonar, black with white lace and deep red roses; Mrs Tweed (Wairarapa), a beautiful black brocade trimmed with chiffon; Miss George (Auckland), in black, the bodice composed of pretty green glace silk and black chiffon; Miss Isaacs (Auckland), wore a charming gown of pink and green brocade trimmed with lace and steel; Miss G. Richmond, black, the bodice trimmed with silk, with stripes of bebe velvet; Miss Abbot (Wanganui), wore grey and pink; Miss Morecroft (Napier), a pretty yellow silk; Miss Hutchison, pale blue; Miss Simpson, white silk trimmed with pale green velvet; Miss Rose, white satin trimmed with blue; Miss Duncan, a beautiful grey gown of satin trimmed with real lace and pink flowers; Miss Arthur (Auckland), a pretty white silk trimmed with lemon coloured chiffon and violets; Miss Coleridge, white satin; Miss Henry, a beautiful yellow brocade; Miss Edwards, black satin, with crimson poppies, etc. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed, Count de Courte, Mrs. Martin and Fell, Messrs Butler, Cooper, Coates, Bethune, Hutchison, Duncan, Pearce, Rawson, Luckie, Higginson, Holmes, Cox, Johnston, Barclay, Griffiths, Devenish, Anson, Blandell, Todd, Bothamley, Young, etc.

On Saturday
THE DRAWING OF THE ART UNION

In connection with the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts took place. The 1st prize went to Miss Moorhouse, 2nd to Mrs Stafford, 3rd to Mrs Adams, 4th to Mr Duthie, 5th to Mrs McLean, 6th to Mr Harcourt, 7th to Dr. Pollen, 8th to Mrs Stafford. There were ten prizes altogether, but I forget who won the other two. Most of the best pictures at the exhibition have been bought. Mrs Field has sold all hers (four). Mr Howarth has sold three, Mr Hanson two, Mr Nairn one, Mr E. W. Payton (President of the Auckland Art Society) one, Miss Richmond one, Miss Hill one, Mr Gore one, and Mr Worsley two. Many other artists have also been fortunate in disposing of their works, altogether about £135 worth of pictures were sold. The exhibition closed on Wednesday.

KELBOURNE RIFLES' BALL.

The Kelbourne Rifles held their first annual ball in the Choral Hall on Tuesday last. The function was a most successful one. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and baskets of flowers suspended from the ceiling. The managing committee consisted of Captain Davis, Lieutenants Miller and Tucker, Sergeants Bethell and Fletcher, Corporals Douglas and Kitchen, Privates Zinckgraf and Pearce, and these gentlemen deserve great credit for the splendid way in which everything was done. I forgot to mention amongst the decorations were large portraits of Lord and Lady Glasgow. The Patron and Patrones of the corps. The portraits were kindly lent by Messrs Wigglesworth and Binns. As a slight token of respect to the unfortunate men killed by the gun cotton explosion at Mahanga Bay, the official set of lancers was dispensed with. It was explained that owing to the forward state of the arrangements it was impossible to postpone the ball as they would have liked to have done. Some of those present were Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas, Major and Mrs Messenger, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Lieut.-Adjutant Harcourt, Lieut.-Colonel Collins, Commander Davy, Master Gunner Richardson, Captain Morris, Lieutenants Moore, Montgomery, Cooper, Paymaster Henderson, Captain Davis, and the officers of the Kelbourne Rifles, including the Chaplain, the Rev. F. T. Sheriff. During the evening an address was presented to Lieut. Henderson, who has taken over the duties of paymaster to the Wellington Battalion, in remembrance of the good work he has done for the Kelbourne Rifles.

Mrs Macpherson gave.
A VERY PLEASANT "AT HOME" last Tuesday afternoon. It was what is now commonly termed "A Novel Afternoon," varied with the partaking of tea, coffee and all sorts and conditions of sweets and cakes. Each guest when invited is requested to come representing the title of a book or novel, and great is the fun and laughter created over some of the representations, which indeed are exceedingly clever. Several prizes are given by the hostess, one for the lady who guesses the greatest number of titles, and a first and second for the two who gain the most number of votes for their representations. On this occasion Mrs John Duncan gained first prize, her book being "A Change of Air," in which she represented a complete change in the way she dressed her 'air. Mrs Edward Riddiford, "A Squatter's Dream," was second. She wore a small piece of sheep's wool pinned on her dress, with 2/ a lb. marked above it. Mrs Dr. Newman gained the prize for the most number of guesses. Now I must try and remember some of the prettiest dresses worn. Mrs McPherson wore a very stylish gown of white silk, veiled with black figured net, and trimmed with jet and white satin; Mrs Duncan, black silk gown, handsome jetted cape and pretty black bonnet, with soft white tips and ospreys; Mrs Ian Duncan, green tailor-made costume, with small hat to match, with pale green ospreys and ribbon; Lady Hector, black figured gown, slightly trimmed with pink, pretty bonnet with pink poppies; Miss Hector, dark tweed, black hat, with white wings; Mrs Newman, neat black tailor-made gown, black hat, trimmed with pink; and black and white ospreys; Mrs Menzies, handsome black figured gown, the bodice relieved with fine

cream lace, black and pink bonnet; Mrs C. Knight, fawn tweed, becoming black velvet hat with tips; Miss Knight (Melbourne), pretty grey check gown trimmed with black chiffon and ribbon sash, black and white hat; Mrs Wallis, smoke grey gown, the bodice trimmed with lace, grey felt hat with quills and ribbon; Mrs Todd, neat black costume; Mrs Turnbull, smoke grey skirt, piped with black, and blouse bodice of striped velvet of a darker shade, dark blue and jet toque with speckled quills; Miss Fitzroy (Hawke's Bay) wore a very pretty costume of pale grey, prettily trimmed with white satin and chiffon, pale grey straw hat with soft white feathers; Miss F. Brandon also wore a pretty pale grey gown with yoke of white satin under lace, grey hat to match trimmed with velvet, white tulle rosettes and wings; Mrs Pynsent wore a becoming violet costume; Mrs Barron, neat black gown with vest of white satin and lace, black and yellow bonnet; Mrs Anson, dark tailor-made coat and skirt, light vest and pretty pale blue Mrs T. Young, black costume, relieved with pink; Mrs Mackintosh, black gown trimmed with pink silk under ecru lace, hat to correspond; Miss Mackintosh, dark tweed costume, large black hat with pink bows; Mrs Burns, black serge braided costume, pretty red straw hat with white tips; Mrs Lees, black tailor-made coat and skirt, light vest and pretty black and white toque; Lady Douglas wore dark green, with pink flowers in her bonnet; Countess de Courte, stylish black tailor-made gown, lovely cream lace tie, and small black velvet hat with tips; Miss Beetham, light grey tailor-made costume, black felt hat with white tipped quills and ribbon velvet; Miss Riddiford wore a becoming fawn braided costume, the hat to match being trimmed with pink flowers; the Misses Barron wore drab tailor-made costumes; Miss Fitzherbert, dark blue braided jacket and skirt, pink tie, and pretty pink bows in a black velvet hat; Miss Brandon, dark skirt, light fawn jacket and becoming black and red velvet hat; Miss George, dark blue costume trimmed with beaver, small hat trimmed to correspond; Mrs Dr. Martin, pretty prune coloured costume, velvet hat to match trimmed with jewelled net and tips; Miss Abbott looked nice in grey; Miss Montgomerie (Wanganui), dark blue tailor-made costume with white braided collar, black velvet hat trimmed with green satin ribbon; Miss Fell (Blenheim) wore navy blue and her sister brown. There were also present:— Mrs and Miss Quick, Miss Coates, Mrs and Miss Medley, Mrs Adams, Mrs and the Misses Williams, Mrs Todd, Mrs and Miss Hutchison, Mrs and Miss Hislop, Mrs McTavish, Mrs and Miss Edwin, Mrs and Miss Spott, Mrs and the Misses Fancourt, Mrs and Miss Stowe, Mrs Grace, Mrs and Miss Friend, Mrs Marchbanks, Miss Skerrett, the Misses O'Connor, Miss Williams (Christchurch), Miss Fraser, Miss Dransfield, Miss Rose, etc. I must not forget to tell you that the tea table, which was laid in the dining room, was arranged most prettily with pink silk and camellias the same colour.

Miss Hislop gave
A VERY PLEASANT LITTLE "TEA" to her girl friends one day this week. She was assisted in entertaining by her sister. A few of those present were: the Misses Henry (2), Butts, Friend, Fell (2), Mackintosh, Montgomerie, and George (Auckland).
OPHELLA.

£10.000 TO LEND, in sums to suit borrowers, at very low rates.—H. Lalshley, Vulcan Lane.

BERLIN AND NEEDLEWORK DEPOT
MRS HUNTER, KARANGAHAPE ROAD.

Mrs Hunter having removed to those large premises next to the "Sarony" studio is now showing the Latest Novelties in Fancy Needlework, etc. Honiton and Point Lace Braids in Great Variety. Crewel silks, 6d. per dozen. Stamping Done. Agent for Empress Needle Country orders receive special attention.

Do you want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membrane of the lungs is inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption. It is not a question of many bottles and large doses. A few drops will often make a complete cure. Don't neglect your cough; you cannot afford to run the risk. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will soothe your raw throat and quiet your inflamed lungs.

Beware of cheap imitations. See that the name Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is blown in the glass of each bottle. Put up in large and small bottles.

A TERRIBLE COUGH.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I think I like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of "Tracheotomy" (the same as the late sufferer of Germany, and, unlike him, thank God, I am still alive), performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucous, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

"Routh Park, Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 23, 1888.
"I have, indeed, great pleasure in adding my testimony to your excellent preparation of Cough Lozenges, and I have prescribed it now for the last eight years in my hospitals and private practice, and found it of great benefit. I often suffer from Chronic Cough, and your Lozenges is the only remedy which gives me immediate ease. Therefore I certainly and most strongly recommend your Lozenges to the public who suffer from Croup, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, or any kind of Pulmonary Irritation.—Yours truly,
"A. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P. and L.M., Edinburgh; L.R.C.S. and L.M. Edinburgh.

USE KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"It is nearly twenty years ago since KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES were first made, and the sale is larger than ever, because they are unrivalled in the relief and cure of Croup, Asthma, and Bronchitis; one alone gives relief.

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLE, are sold in Tin by all Chemists.

By Special Appointment
TO
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LADY RANFURLY, Etc., Etc.

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LADIES' TAILORS,
THE VERY LATEST FASHIONS ALWAYS ON HAND.
ARTISTIC DESIGNS. Expert Cutters and Fitters. SUPERIOR FINISH.
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Patterns, Sketches, and Measurement Forms sent on application.
COSTUMES FROM FOUR GUINEAS.
RIDING HABITS.
We would draw attention to the fact that our Habits are GENUINE TAILOR MADE, perfect in hang, and superior in workmanship. All Habits fitted in the Saddle, which is on the premises.
N.B.—PRIVATE FITTING ROOMS, with Lady Attendant in charge, to wait upon customers, attended fitting on, etc.
A. WOOLLAMS & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, August 17.
The gentlemen of Mrs Boulton's dancing class gave a most

ENJOYABLE DANCE

last Friday evening in the Free-asons' Hall, and although the former did nothing in the decorating line, they gave a most recherche supper. Among those present were: Mrs Boulton, black, trimmed with gold lace; Miss Kirkby, cream, and gold ribbons; Miss B. Kirkby, cream, and violets; Mrs Penn, white muslin; Miss Batten, yellow; Mrs Fraser, blue, and white lace; Mrs Avery, black; Miss Hoby, cream; Miss E. Hoby, blue; Miss G. Paul, pink silk skirt and tulle bodice to correspond; Miss Humphries, white, with sprays of violets; Mrs Dowling, cream; Miss Q. Boulton, white; Miss L. Ellis, pink, and cream lace; Miss Ruddle, cream; Miss Newitt, white and yellow; Mrs Foote, fawn, trimmed with pink chiffon; Miss J. Cottier, terra-cotta blouse, white skirt; Miss L. Cottier, white; Miss Avery, cream and gold; Miss Jacob, cream; Miss E. Hursthouse, pale blue; Miss Parker, white; Miss L. Jackson, dove-coloured dress; Miss A. Jackson, cream; Miss S. Cunningham, scarlet and cream lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss M. Roy, cream; Miss Moffin, pale yellow and chiffon trimmings; Miss A. Avery, white; Miss Burgess, yellow muslin trimmed with black ribbon; and Messrs Harris, Webster, Humphries, Lusk, Dempsey, Parker, Batten, Mackay, Wynn-Williams, Kirkby, Spence, Paul (2), Holdsworth (2), Scot, Elliot, Hursthouse, Avery, Hoby, Berridge, Moulton, Foote, McIntyre, Halse, Woodhouse (2), Bayly, Ford, Neil, MacDiarmid.

The Cycling Club held a PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS BALL in the Theatre Royal on Thursday evening, and was a great success. There were no floral decorations in the hall, but the walls and in front of the dress circle were hung with bicycles, which gave it a very quaint appearance. The supper tables, which were arranged by Misses G. Paul and J. Lawson, looked very pretty decorated with the Club's colours, red and white. Besides the merry throng of dancers, there were crowds of spectators on the stage and in the dress circle, and the music, which was rendered by Mr McKinnon Bain's orchestra, was very tantalising to the latter, as they could not go down and join the former. The music for the first mazurka was specially composed and dedicated to cyclists by Mr McKinnon Bain, and will be published shortly. The ball was opened at 8 o'clock by the grand march, which was splendid for showing off the dresses. During the evening Masters E. Bayly and Avery did some very clever trick riding, and there was also a bicycle race between Mr Forbes and Mr D. George, ridden on Home trainers, and won by the former. There was a prize given to the best dressed fancy costume of lady and gentleman, and was won by Mrs Hayward as "Court Lady" and Mr Moulton as "Sir Joseph Porter."

I must now tell you what the others wore. Miss Treely looked splendid as Queen Elizabeth; Mr Messenger, Gondolier; Mrs Messenger, Court Lady; Mr Taunton, black and white; Mrs Taunton looked striking as Queen of Hearts; Mr Mace, Italian; Mrs Mace, French Vivandiere; Miss Hsworth Red Cross Nurse; Mr Ad. Goldwater, Captain of Hussars; Miss Hart (Auckland) looked exceedingly well as Duchess of Devonshire; Mr Moulton, Sir Joseph Porter; Miss O'Donnell, Stars and Stripes; Miss B. O'Donnell, Carmen; Mr A. E. Nathan, Spanish Admiral; Miss E. Weller, the Sun; Miss Bellringer, Folly; Miss Allen looked well as a Red Cross Nurse; Miss Bellringer, Star Footballer; Mr Strouts, Looking Backward; Mr F. Thomson, Crooketer; Messrs Kirkby, Wynn-Williams, and Spence went as the "World's Trio"; Miss A. Moon, Japanese Lady; Mr Ken. Webster looked splendid as a Schoolgirl; Mr Barclay, Sailor; Mrs Barclay, evening dress; Miss Weller, Night; Miss Kyngdon, Snow Storm; Mr Frost, Merchant Naval Officer; Miss Dennehy, Erin; Miss Hayward, Early English; Miss Atkinson, Eileen Alannah; Miss M. Bennett, "Taranaki News"; Miss Rawson, England and America; Mr H. Bennett was much admired as Old Mrs Tris; Mr E. Sole, Maori; Mrs Sole, Vivandiere; Mrs G. Pott, Magpie; Miss Batten, Fox; Mr H. Goldwater was very laughable as a Sandwich Man, alias Bainbridge; Mrs H. Goldwater, Cinderella; Miss Mouschamp, Sykes' Cura Cough; Mr Brown, William Pitt; Miss Mann was an exact character of Klondyke; Mr Sykes, Cricketer; Mr Penn, Jester; Mrs Penn, Herod; Master Nathan, Pierrot; Miss

Naval Officer's evening dress; Miss R. Bennett, Sunny Lea Tea; Mr P. Webster, Nigger; and many others whose names I did not know. Those who wore evening dress were: Mrs Boulton, yellow and black; Miss Kirkby, green and cream; Miss Gabb looked pretty with white over pink; Mrs Fenton, yellow; Miss Smith (Auckland), green and violet; Miss F. Avery, cream and yellow; Miss Clarke, blue, trimmed with darker shade; Miss B. Kennell, white; Miss E. Kennell, white, and blue feathered bonnet; Miss Jacob, white; Miss Hanson, pink and black; Miss Crocker, blue; Miss Gill, white; Miss Pearce, white and blue; Miss Pearce, white, with heliotrope silk; Miss Hanson, yellow; her sister, white; Mrs Leatham, black satin; Miss Decker, white; Miss Lawson, blue; Miss A. Weston, white silk and lace blouse; Mrs H. Weston, pink silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs C. T. Mills, pink; Miss H. Humphries, pink and cream; Miss Drake, white; her sister wore pink; Mrs Dowling, white; Miss Abbott, white and pale blue; Mrs D. Cock, black silk; Miss Cock, pink; Miss M. Taylor, pale blue blouse, white skirt; Miss Irvin, pink and grey; Mrs Hall, green silk blouse; Miss Foote, pale blue; Miss M. Skeet, scarlet silk blouse; Miss D. Biggs, yellow; Miss Cunningham, scarlet silk and white lace blouse; Miss Bedford; Miss Fraser, yellow, and scarlet sash; Miss J. Fraser, blue; Misses Berridge (2), blue; Miss Dalziel, white; Miss Thomson, white blouse; Miss Cornwall, yellow silk blouse; and her sister wore magenta; Mrs Ab, black silk; Miss M. Humphries, blue and yellow; Miss Edgecumbe, cream, and scarlet sash; Miss Davy, white and yellow; Mrs Paul; Mrs Eva, blue silk; Mrs Mont. Mills; Miss M. Eva, white silk. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs Parker, Lusk, Weston, Halse, Harris, Webster, McIntyre, Raynes (2), Levine (Nelson), Brash, Scot, Forte, Holdsworth (2), Humphries, Berridge, Woodhouse, McNeil, Bal Harry, Drs. Home and Leatham, etc.

NANCY LEE.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, August 14.
The dancing season is now nearly over, and the last of the Dorothy Assemblies, held by the Misses Clare and M. Ewart took place in the Good Templars' Hall last Wednesday evening. The arrival of the Wairarapa footballers the same evening interfered with the attendance of several gentlemen, and different reasons prevented others being present, consequently ladies preponderated. Nevertheless it was a jolly dance; the music was lively and the floor good. The supper, abounding with most tempting delicacies, was set out in the room adjoining the hall, and the feathery and fragrant mimosa and crimson japonica were the flowers used to decorate the table. Miss Healy was pianist, and the extras were played by the Misses Clare, M. Ewart, E. Ball, C. Farmer and Mr Butler. Present were: Mrs Edwards, whose dress was shot with blue, and finished with white lace; Mrs Macalister, black, mauve and cream chiffon fichu; Mrs E. Nosworthy, black; Mrs Shaw, black, blue, white satin bodice; Miss Clare, black skirt, white figured silk bodice, the sleeves formed of narrow chiffon frills; Miss M. Ewart, pink; Miss Mullen, coloured muslin, amber sash; the Misses L. and E. Purser, white silk; Miss Ellen Purser, white halstone molesin; Miss Blunnie Mills, blue; Miss Grace Mills, white; Miss A. Morrison; Miss —, Morrison, white; Miss Edith Ball, black skirt, sulphur silk bodice; Miss Ida Ball, cream dress, with rows of narrow satin ribbon and chiffon; Miss Jeffries, black skirt, sky blue silk bodice and white lace; Miss T. Compton, black skirt, pretty cream silk bodice, finished with ribbon and chiffon; the Misses Arundel and Amy Neville, one in pink, the other in yellow; Miss Furness, pretty pale blue dress, trimmed with narrow black velvet; Miss Carter, bright red dress, and pretty white fichu; Miss R. Elbeck; Miss M. Elbeck, white dress and heliotrope ribbons; the Misses Macalister (2); Miss Ivy Ewart, white; Miss L. Nosworthy, pale yellow; her sister, white; Miss Bottrell, cardinal dress; Miss A. Robinson, pink; Miss Beatson, pale blue; Miss Kate Beatson, black velvet, with bertha, front of bodice, and sash of gold coloured silk; Miss Norton, red dress; Miss MacLaine, black skirt, red bodice and black lace fichu; the Misses J. and K. —, McCartney both wore white; Miss Broughan, black; her sister wore white with a shot silk

Messrs H. Burden, Butler, Palmer, F. Mullen, Broughan, F. Soutwell, A. Rayner, C. Simson, E. Macalister, C. Beatson, F. Shaw, F. Bull, J. Mead, W. Mathews, S. Henderson, Drake, C. Carey, Stow, MacLaine, C. Rodgers, Blakely, A. Nosworthy, W. Girling, Quane, etc.

Mrs Howard has been very seriously ill and indeed is still so, though a slight improvement has taken place, and she is now considered to be on the way to recovery. We shall be pleased to see her out and about again, but diphtheria is so very weakening that it is generally entails a tardy convalescence. Mrs Howard's sister, Mrs McNab, was staying with her, and has assisted to nurse her, though a professional nurse had to be procured.

Steps are already being taken to make the Plain and Fancy Dress Ball given by the Wairau Cricket Club a great success, and many are the inquiries for suggestions about fancy dress, though I suspect that at the last only about a dozen will appear in other than the ordinary evening dress, for none are to be hired here, and to get them from Wellington would be expensive. This ball, and a Catholic social early in September, will be, I suppose, the last dances this season.

The Wairarapa Football Team played our local representatives on Thursday afternoon, and defeated them by 11 points to 3. They had been equally successful in Nelson; but I notice in this morning's paper that the tables were turned on them in Wellington, where their triumphant progress was stopped. One of their men had a rib broken here, and therefore could not play in Wellington.

FRIDA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, August 18.
Mr and Mrs Wood gave an enjoyable Euchre Party at their residence, the Boys' High School, on Friday last. There were six tables, and after the euchre, which lasted till ten o'clock, a delightful little dance took place until half-past two. Among the guests were the Misses Cornford, Tanner, Florence Watt, Simcox, Nellie Cotterill, Heath, Hall, Wallis, Twigg and Balfour, and Messrs Stuart, Tanner, Cornford, Dixon, Howell, Grumit, Hughes, Cotterill, etc. The first prize, a pretty framed engraving, was won by Miss Wallis, and the men's prize by Mr Grumit.

Mr and Mrs Turnbull, of the Bluff Hill, also gave a Euchre Party on the same evening, when about twenty-five guests were invited, and an enjoyable evening was passed. The players consisted of Mesdames East, Goldsmith, Moore, Rhodes, Griffin and Night, the Misses Sutton (2), Campbell (Wellington), Kennedy, Kitty Williams, Marie Locking, Janie Heath, etc.; and Messrs Tabuteau, Kight, Margoliouth, Mathias, C. D. Kennedy, Jones, Smith, Dobson, Goldsmith, Dr. Moore, etc. The first prizes were won by Miss Clampitt and Mr Jones, and the boobies by Miss Kennedy and Mr Dobson.

Miss Heath gave a pleasant little impromptu dance at the Boys' High School Gymnasium, on Tuesday evening, as a breaking up of her winter classes. Some of those present were the Misses Cornford, Wood, Nellie Cotterill, Seale, Wallis, Balfour, etc., and Messrs Cornford, Howell, Cotterill, Margoliouth, etc.

The Plain and Fancy Dress Ball held at Waipawa on August 16th proved a bright gathering. The company numbered 110, notwithstanding the heavy rainfall. The committee included Messrs W. Arrow, J. A. Cosgrove, Downer, J. Golder, Grenside and J. Pellow. Mr Grenside acting as secretary, and arranging everything to perfection. A string band played all the newest music, and the dresses were singularly fresh and pretty.

MARJORIE.

PICTON.

Dear Bee, August 14.
There is little to chronicle this week except that everybody has been paying calls to Mrs Riddell at Cam House, and Miss Harris in her new home, which is situated in one of the prettiest parts of Picton.

On Wednesday evening THE FOURTH WINTER SOCIAL eventuated successfully in the Sunday school. About one hundred people were present, and all of them enjoyed themselves amazingly. Among the items were a duet, "Life's Dream

V. Fuller; song, "Until Then," Miss Allee; selection (Danjo), Miss Hay; song, "The Old Brigade," Mr Bathgate; song, "The Admiral's Broom," Mr J. Price; selection (violin), Mr D. Lloyd, piano, Miss Edith Lloyd; song, "Logie o' Buchan," Mrs Bathgate; song, "The Garoune," Mr Malfroy, who was enthusiastically encored and gave "The Maid of Malabar," song, "Afton Water," Miss Howard; song, "Nancy Lee," Mr C. Philpotts; song, "Remember Me No More," Miss Macintosh; song, "The Little Hero," Mr Macintosh; Mr Moon, who is a clever elocutionist, gave two amusing recitations, which ended a very long programme. The Misses Fuller (3) and Webster (2) were warmly congratulated on the success attending their efforts, which concluded with a capital supper. Among those present I noticed Mesdames Sedgwick, Robertshaw, Allen, Smith (2), Wilkins, Scott, Morris, Godfrey, Sealy, Williams, Instone, Fuller, Price Lloyd, Jackson, Cragg, F. Godfrey, Parfitt, etc., etc., the Misses Harris (2), Philpotts (3), Cragg (2), Norgrove, Allen (3), Sealy (2), Hay, Smith, Seymour, Parfitt, Rutherford, and Messrs Price, Malfroy, Moon, Fredericks (2), Smith, Bathgate, Lloyd, Gibbs, Macintosh, Seymour, Nash, Clemmens, Howes, etc., Ven. Archdeacon Grace, Rev. A. H. Sedgwick.

A public social and presentation are to be given to Mr and Mrs Rutherford previous to their departure for their new home, the Teterangu Run, the spinsters and bachelors are combining to give another ball next month.

A goodly number of Picton friends were at the steamer to wish Mr and Mrs Dobbie and family a kind goodbye on Wednesday night. There was much regret at the parting expressed by both sides.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, August 16.

On Thursday, at Oakover, MRS NEAVE'S DANCE was like the preliminary canter before the Grand National, for this event is over with us now, and we are deep into much dissipation this week. Rain fell pretty heavily on Monday night and early Tuesday morning, but the sun got the best of it as the day grew older, and only a few ladies who had any intention of seeing the Grand National run, or who became the happy possessor of the magnificent bracelet which has been displayed in Sandstein's window for the last week or so, were intimidated out of being present at Hiccarton. The dresses were of the brightest description, but owing to the wet lawns the stand was kept pretty crowded all day. Mrs G. G. Stead wore a light green cloth costume and seal cape, white ostrich feather boa, toque of forget-me-nots and green; Mrs A. Boyle, black velvet skirt, black cloth tunic, and black and white hat; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, black cloth costume, the revers of white braided in black, black hat with black and white feathers; Mrs G. Rhodes (Claremont), dark green cloth dress, fawn sac coat, black toque, green sequin trimming and black feathers; Mrs R. Macdonald, dark red costume, seal cape, black velvet hat; Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, black cloth coat and skirt, pink and white vest, black bonnet with pink flowers, grey feather boa; Mrs G. Gould, violet cloth costume and long jacket, hat to match; Mrs Denniston, black coat and skirt; fancy silk vest, black and white bonnet; Miss Denniston, bright blue gown braided with black, the yoke and small vest of tuckled white silk, black and white hat with pink flowers; the Misses Johnstone (Wellington), red cloth coats and skirts, black hats; Miss Pole-Penton (Wellington), brown coat and skirt; Mrs G. Rhodes (Meadowbank), violet cloth gown, fawn cloak, violet hat and plumes; Mrs J. D. Hall, dark blue costume relieved with black and white; Mrs J. Turnbull, royal blue dress, fawn sac coat, bright red quills in her hat; Miss Cowlishaw, dark green dress, fawn jacket, dark hat brightened with pale blue; Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw, violet cloth dress, dong grey driving coat, large hat with feathers; Mrs F. Cowlishaw, dark green cloth, the bodice finished with a lighter shade and passementerie, large hat to match; Mrs Ogle, black and white check costume and black Eton jacket braided with white, black toque with violets and green; Mrs Wardrop, pretty costume of brown and heliotrope, hat to match; Miss Palmer, black and white check costume, black

Miss Fitzherbert (Wellington), navy blue costume, bright red tight jacket, sailor hat; Miss Miggins (Wellington), dark navy dress, yoke of white silk, neat sailor hat; Mrs P. Campbell, black costume; Miss Campbell, violet cloth gown, fawn sac coat, sailor hat; Mrs O'Rorke, brown coat and skirt, toque with violet velvet and cream lace; Mrs Wilder, handsome fawn driving coat, black hat with touch of crimson; Miss Wilder, pretty green and white tweed, white felt hat with black and white feathers; Mrs Wigram, navy skirt and black jacket, black and white hat and violets under the brim; Mrs H. H. Pitman, dark blue gown, seal jacket, toque with bright blue wings; Mrs Louison, black and white check, braided with black, seal jacket, black hat with rose pink flowers; Miss Louison, bright blue coat and skirt, grey hat with feathers, grey leather boa; Mrs B. Fisher, black coat and skirt, large hat with bright blue ribbon and grey wings; Mrs C. Dalgety, bright blue cloth with deep orange silk yoke and vest, large hat with feathers and a touch of orange; Miss Burnett (Dunedin), pale blue braided with gold, hat of a greenish shade and yellow flowers; Mrs Morton Anderson, dark green cloth with a touch of pink, seal coat, and pretty toque; Mrs H. Wood, violet cloth coat and skirt, the reverse of cream satin, hat to match; Mrs Woodroffe, black and white check costume, dark blue driving coat, the collar of sable, black and white hat; Miss Turnbull, green coat and skirt, black and white hat, sable fur; Mrs W. D. Meares, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, black toque trimmed with pale blue, grey fur bon; Miss S. Meares, blue coat and skirt costume, black hat with roses; Miss K. Nedwill, blue dress, grey sac coat, black and yellow hat; Mrs and Miss Graham, Mr and the Misses Harley, Miss Studholme, Miss Buckley, Mrs F. Waymouth, Mrs de Vries, Mrs McDougall, Mrs L. Matson, and numbers more.

In the evening Mrs Denniston gave A MOST SUCCESSFUL BALL

in the Art Gallery for the Wellington hockey girls, which went off with great spirit, a large number of visitors being present, including some of the officers of H.M.S. Midara. The ball-room was quite gay with Midara flags, and the drawing-room most tastefully done with holly and some lovely spring flowers of the daffodil tribe. Mrs Denniston was gowned in a rich yellow corded velvet finished with green; Miss Denniston, white silk with peacock blue satin; Miss Helen Denniston, white muslin and lace insertion. Mr Maurice Denniston was unfortunately away recruiting his health, but the judge, with the rest of the family, did all in their power to make the guests enjoy themselves. Among those present were Mrs Bowen, whose daughter was a debutante in soft white silk and chiffon. There were several debutantes, so I will give them first. Miss Prins wore a lovely white mervelleux and real Maltese lace; Miss Mary Bullock, a very handsome gown of white brocade, the bodice trimmed with chenille, the tablier reaching to the foot in front, edged with lace and chenille; Miss Elvira Williams, white silk and chiffon; and Misses Westera (2), pretty soft white dresses; Mrs G. P. Williams, in brown satin; Misses Johnstone (Wellington), lovely white satin gowns; Miss Bullock, black and red; Miss Thomas, rose pink silk, finished with green velvet; Miss Cotton, lovely pink silk, the white chiffon frills Vandyked on the skirt; Miss Cowlishaw, helleotrope and green; Miss R. Campbell, brown velvet with yellow silk; Miss E. Newton, white satin and accordion chiffon; Miss S. Meares, pretty white lace frock; Miss Overton, white

silk with pale yellow; Miss M. Williams, blue and green; Miss Lawson (Wellington), white with lace insertion; Miss Cox, black; Miss Harper, white with black trimming; Miss N. Martin, white silk, with lovely pink roses; Miss Sellars, helleotrope silk and violet velvet; Miss E. Julius, white silk; Miss Beswick, cream satin; Miss Bishop, white silk; Miss Aitken, black; Miss Louison, white satin with wreath of white violets round the skirt, finishing in a true lover's knot in front; Miss Cotterill, black with pink daisies; Miss Russell, in black; Miss Gresson, white silk (debutante); Mrs O'Rorke, lovely gown of white satin, a panel at the side embroidered in pale green and white lilies; Miss Wilder, white satin; Miss E. Hill, white satin with wide sash; Miss Kinsey, a pretty pink brocade, the skirt made with deep flounce banded with pearl passementerie, bebe bodice, the sleeves of plain cream lace, neck filled in with pink net sash of same; Miss C. Lean, pretty terra cotta mervelleux and net, shaped flounce at the foot, the bodice finished with gold lace and leaves; Miss Garrick, yellow satin; Miss M. Anderson, pale blue; Miss B. Russell, white silk; Miss R. Gerrard, pink silk and claret velvet bands, finished with chiffon; Miss B. Gerrard, white silk; Miss Wynne-Williams, black; Miss Harley, in white; Miss Palmer, green silk and chiffon; Miss D. Harman, pale green, such with passementerie; Miss Graham, in black; Miss Henderson, black; Miss Murray-Aynsley, black. An unusual number of white dresses were worn; another which occurs to me, Miss Studholme, a lovely gown of white satin, with handsome embroidery revers on the bodice; Miss M. Cook, grey silk, red velvet bands; Miss E. Aitken, black; Miss N. Reeves; Miss Acton-Adams, blue silk, long rucked lace sleeves, etc.

DOLLY VALE.

PAEROA.

Dear Bee, August 18. The Progressive Euchre Club had a most delightful evening at Mrs Forbes' residence on Wednesday. There were eight tables, the play starting at 8.30, and was kept up with great vigour until 11. Our hostess was looking charming in pink silk, the bebe bodice being trimmed with rows of black lace insertion; Miss Hazard (Thames) carried off the first prize (a box of perfume. The second ladies' prize (a tray) was won by Mrs Edwards. Mr McArthur won the first gentlemen's prize, a tobacco pouch, and Mr Malfroy the second, a shaving cup. A most dainty supper of oyster patties, cakes, etc., was handed round. Mrs Edwards looked well in an old gold silk bodice trimmed with black lace and bebe ribbon, black velvet skirt; Mrs John Edwards, black velvet, the bodice cut square and filled in with black net, the elbow sleeves were finished with pink chiffon; Mrs Hazard, shot blue silk blouse, pretty sleeves tucked with rows of white lace insertion between, black skirt; Miss Hazard, cream lustre; Miss Gibbons, pretty pink nun's veiling; Miss A. Gibbons, pink blouse, white skirt; Mrs Pratt, grey silk, yellow silk sleeves; Mrs Brunskill, ivory white broche satin; Miss Forster, yellow silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Jeannie Forster, buttercup silk evening blouse, white silk skirt; Miss Brunskill, pretty cream nun's veiling, the bodice trimmed with ruchings of ribbon; Mrs McArthur, black silk; Mrs Sullivan, blue nun's veiling, the corsage draped with lovely point lace; Miss McArthur, black and red; Miss Mary Wight cream corded silk blouse, cream satin skirt; Miss Wight, very becoming black velvet relieved with cerise satin;

Miss N. McArthur, white silk; Miss Mueller, cream; Miss Anderson looked well in cream silk; Messrs Edwards (2), Jackson, Malfroy, Fraser, Woolley, Brunskill, Hazard, Pratt, Anderson, Mackay, Sullivan, McVeagh, McArthur, O'Halloran.

On Thursday that much looked forward to event, the girls' dance, eventuated in the Wharf street Hall. It certainly was a great success in every way, though I think the floor left something to be desired. The music was furnished by a band from Karangahake. Among those present I noticed Mrs Buckley, handsome old gold satin; her sister, Miss Clark, wore black; Miss Clayton, mauve cashmere; Mrs Edwards, black satin; Mrs John Edwards, lovely white brocade trimmed with pearl embroidery; Miss Mueller (Auckland), pink nun's veiling; Mrs Forbes looked very well in a dainty white Indian silk made with an apron skirt, the bodice trimmed with chiffon; Miss Williams, black velvet relieved with green; Miss Anderson, pretty green silk, white satin sleeves; Miss A. Gibbons looked well in pale blue silk; Miss Wight, black velvet; Mrs McAndrew, black silk; Miss McAndrew, blue nun's veiling; Miss Hazard (Thames), cream lustre; Miss Forster, white silk; Miss J. Forster, green nun's veiling, with lace frills; Miss Gibbons, white embroidered cashmere; Mrs Bastings, shot silk blouse, black brocade satin skirt; Mrs Hazard, white silk; Miss Brunskill, cream nun's veiling; Miss Cooze, pretty pink satin, the skirt a mass of little frills; Miss Moore, white satin; Miss Hubbard, cream silk; Mrs Syme, black silk; Miss Delaney, pink foulard; Miss Matthews, black velvet blouse, cream skirt; Miss McArthur, yellow silk blouse, trimmed with black lace, black skirt; Miss N. McArthur, white nun's veiling; etc. Messrs Bastings, Jackson, Mueller, McVeagh, Anderson, Fraser, Malfroy, Woolley, Hargreaves, Cramer-Roberts, Forster, Hazard, Barrett, Cooze, Bush (2), Aicken, DeCastro, Hague-Smith, McArthur (2), O'Halloran, Harris, Knight, Garcia, Brennan, etc.

DORTS.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, August 24. The meet of the Pakuranga Hounds was at Pukekohe on Saturday last, a distance of thirty-one miles by rail from Auckland. About thirty-two members with their horses met at a station in the vicinity of Auckland to be trained to their destination. The balmy humidity of the atmosphere gave promise of a great hunt. Everybody was full of expectation. The majority of the horses were put into cattle trucks, one only entering a protest at such an insult, and no persuasion whatever could force him in. He was only an ensign, but evidently thought this was too low a thing for him. After reaching Pukekohe our horses were saddled and prepared for the fray. The master (Mr Gorrie) gave the signal and the cavalcade, which was viewed with admiration by the rustics, jogged out of the village towards a swamp about a mile distant under the guidship of Mr Johns of Pukekohe, where the hounds were cast and were soon on a hare, but this part of the country had its drawback, for pussie would always circle in this marshy land, the obstacles, which consisted of timber and wire, were many, but the going so heavy that the master had the hounds called off and the sportsmen adjourned further on the main road towards Mauku. The hounds were thrown off in a field of young oats, when another pussie was on foot, which took the followers over a line of

fences, real raspers. First to come to grief was Mr Wyde-Blood of Pukekohe. He and his steed Torrack went a somersault. Two of our own most prominent Pakuranga followers were next treated to "crackers." They both came regular "howlers," but happily got up unhurt. A check, the hounds were at fault. Eventually we made our way across country, trying to pick up the line of pussie, to Mr Wyde-Blood's property at Mauku, when another pussie was on foot, and another flight of post and rails had to be negotiated. Patience, however, did wonders in this part of the country, for soon the most formidable obstacles were reduced in size, so that a clever pony could scramble over with ease. This kindly offer of boring holes for the discreet majority was left to a small number in the hard riding division. Our huntsman always has the most formidable of obstacles to negotiate, as it is his duty on such occasions to lead the way (which duty our plucky huntsman, Mr Selby, never shirks), since he with the hounds he must. Another excellent run was indulged before the hounds returned to embark for their homeward trip. The visitors received quite an ovation as the train moved away with its freight of enthusiastic sportsmen and women from the Pukekoheites; they sent them off with hearty ringing cheers. Amongst those who came from Auckland I noted walking were:—Mr Ware, Mr Markham; riding: Our master, Mr Gorrie, on Jimmy; Miss Gorrie, Mozell; our huntsman, Mr Selby, on Defamer; our secretary, Mr R. P. Kinloch, Specs; Mrs Bloomfield, Blue Peter; Miss Dunnett, Woodcock; Miss Kerr-Taylor, Nimrod; Miss Buckland, Villiers; Miss Abbott, on a chestnut; Mr Caminer, Ingorangi; Col. Dawson, Ike; Mr Elliott, Ensign; Mr Bloomfield, Miss; Mr C. Purchas, Neck or Nothing; Mr Markham, a pony; Mr Moody, Oceolo; Mr Adams, Brown Bess; Mr Orme, Kilkern; Mr Burns, Squire; Mr Dunnett, Jim; Mr Rhodes, Crusado; Mr Laxon, Mystery; Mr Lewis, Ben; Mr McLeod, Fishmonger; Mr Kerr-Taylor, Woodbine; etc. One of the runs was very much marred by two collie dogs persisting in following pussie, which threw the hounds off the scent. The journey home was very much enlivened by each sportsman's glowing and brilliant account of his own hair-breadth escapes.

The wedding of Miss Zeenie Moss-Davis, which comes off to-day (Wednesday) at Sydney, was celebrated by the employees of Messrs Hancock and Co. last Wednesday night by a concert and dance. The Newmarket Hall was acquired for the occasion, and profusely decorated with lilies, ferns, etc. There were about 200 invited. A splendid concert programme was prepared, the principal contributors being the Misses Edith and Gerty Spooner, who played a very pretty piano duet; Mrs Ernest Davis, Mr E. Davis, Mr Archdale Taylor, Mr H. Davis, Mr Hughes. When the musical portion of the entertainment was completed, and before dancing began, Mr Ernest Davis addressed the guests in a neat speech, referring to the popularity of Miss Davis, and the pleasure it afforded all present to be gathered together for the above-named purpose. Dancing began at about ten, and kept on till an early hour, being interspersed with musical selections. Refreshments were supplied by Mr Buchanan. Amongst the ladies present were Mrs Alfred Nathan, pink and white; Mrs Robinson, black; Mrs I. Alexander, black; Miss Alexander, pink with black velvet bands; Miss Engodd; Mrs Phillipot, black; Miss J. Nathan, white; Miss Edith Spooner looked

FLORA

The Only Dried and Milled Household Soap in the Market.

Made by the Latest Scientific Process. Will last twice as long as any other.

SOAP.

very pretty in white; Miss Gertrude Spooner, white; Mrs E. Davis, pink; Mrs Lewis, Mrs Hendry, Misses Hamman, Mrs Johnston, Miss Robinson, Miss H. Davis, Miss M. Davis, Miss R. Davis, Miss McKimney, and Miss Young.

The last euchre party of the series at Hamilton took place in the Volunteer Hall on Friday evening. There were a great many members present and the evening was a most enjoyable one. Mesdames Brewis, Oldham, and Stevens were the hostesses on the occasion. Mrs Purdie and Mr Hurl-wood were the fortunate winners of the two first prizes.

My Thames correspondent writes: St. George's Hall on Friday evening was the scene of what was declared the most enjoyable dance of the season. The Thames bachelors were entertaining their friends, who responded most cheerfully to the invitations issued. Dancing began at eight o'clock, and was kept up until 3.30 a.m. on Saturday morning. The hosts "did the thing" in real good style, all the arrangements being perfect in every respect, the gentlemen responsible being Dr. Lapraik, Messrs Morris W. Price, Teasdale, Empson, McLeod, and Kernick (hon. secretary). Amongst those present were Mrs Beale, Miss Beale, Mrs Clendon, Mrs Baydon, Mrs Green-slade, Misses Hague-Smith (2), Mrs and Miss Bagnall, Mrs Templar, Mrs Reg. Smith, Mrs J. Gray, Mrs and Miss Bush, Mrs Read, Mrs Wright, Mesdames S. Smith, Cave, Von Berne-witz, A. E. Dodd, West, Casarelli, Payne, O'Callaghan; Misses Walker, (3), Busst (Christchurch), Sheridan, Strak, Dunlop, Lawlor, Price (2), Baker, Lloyd, M. Banks, Quick, Wit-chell (Auckland), Colebrooke, Rae, Thomson (Auckland), Edgecumbe, Foy, Hall, Harris, Paterson, West (2), Guthrie, Payne, Gibbons, Eaton, Court, Adams, Haszard (2), Rickett, Preece, Ashman, and Hill; Messrs Jackson (Paeroa), Mueller (Paeroa), Simpson (Auckland), Empson (Paeroa), Nicoll, Quick, Buckland, G. Price, E. Read, Nicol, Gillespie, E. Price, Harding, Beale, Clendon, Greenslade, Hague-Smith, Bagnall, Gray, Reg. Smith, H. Bush, West, Wright, Jordan, Pichey, Cave, Strak, Dunlop, Lawlor, W. Price, A. E. Dodd, Haszard, Adams, Dr. O'Callaghan, Captain Baydon, and others whose names I do not know. Music was provided by Williams and Booth's band, and the supper was looked after by Mr Scott, of Pollen-street.

Our Cambridge correspondent writes under date August 20:—Last Friday evening Miss Gwynneth introduced a change in the usual order of things by giving a progressive cribbage party—a very successful experiment as it proved. Instead of the tables being ruled by the king, as in progressive euchre, the players at each table pegged once round the board, when the winning sides were each presented with a wafer before moving on. The winners of the first prizes at the end of the evening after about twenty games were announced to be Miss W. Cave and Mr. Empson and of the second Miss Souter and Mr. Buckland, senr., and "boobies" fell to Mrs Pine and Mr Haesler. The other guests were Mrs Buckland, Mrs Richardson, Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, Mrs N. Hunt, Mrs (Dr.) Murdoch, Misses Ward, Motion, Banks, Buckland, C. Willis, Wells, Empson, H. Wells, Messrs Dyer, Cave, Major Minnitt, Von Sturmer, F. Buckland, Ward, Boulton, C. Buckland, H. Chitty.

THE WAIKATO HOUNDS.

On Saturday, the 19th, the hounds met at the Pikekura Creamery. The day was perfect, and several splendid runs were made, resulting in one kill, when Mrs Thornton was awarded the tail. A splendid luncheon was provided by Mr and Mrs T. W. Hicks at Truhwney, when all-comers were hospitably entertained. After this a move was made to Trearney, where a couple of spirited runs were made, but without a kill. Amongst those riding I noticed Mrs W. Thornton, Mrs Piling (Te Puke), Mrs Wynne Brown, Mrs Martyn, Misses Banks, Reynolds, and Hicks, Messrs Banks, Reynolds, Walker, Mumford, Watson, Fisher, Corner, and a great many others. A number of people were driving, and some few walking.

Clarke's World-Famous Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleaner that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Humors 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. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

PACEY—McKENZIE.

A very pretty and interesting marriage took place on Wednesday, August 9th, when Mr H. E. Pacey (accountant of N.Z. Dairy Association), second son of Mr Thomas Pacey, of Hawera, late of Auckland, and Margaret Wilhemina, eldest daughter of Mrs John McKenzie, were joined together in the bonds of matrimony.

The happy event took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Franklin Road, the Rev. Colin C. Harrison, of the Helping Hand Mission, officiating.

The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr Arthur Pacey, as best man, and Mr H. Blakeley and Mr J. J. Parker as groomsmen.

The bride looked particularly handsome in a dress of rich effect—silk and wool brocaded material, trimmed with lace and cream silk. Her veil was one of real Limerick lace, and she carried a lovely bouquet.

The bride was attended by three maids, viz., Miss Jean McKenzie (sister), Miss M. Pacey (sister to the bridegroom), and Miss Eva McKenzie (cousin to the bride), who were each dressed in striped silk and wool stuff, trimmed with cream bengaline silk and ribbon. Each carried bouquets and wore opal brooches, which were gifts of the bridegroom.

Mr J. Stewart (lawyer of this city) was the honoured one to give the bride away.

After the ceremony the guests, numbering 40 (relatives and intimate friends), adjourned to the dining-room, where afternoon tea was partaken of.

At this time congratulations and good wishes for future happiness, health and good fortune were heaped on the happy couple.

In the evening Mr and Mrs Pacey were met at the Helping Hand Mission Hall, Freeman's Bay (to which they belong) by upwards of 250 members and friends, when a hearty social was held in their honour. The building was tastefully decorated with flowers, flags and lanterns. The bridal party, on entering the hall, were greeted with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," played by Mrs J. Stewart. Appropriate musical items, etc., were given until about ten o'clock (when the happy pair drove away to their new home), after which supper was handed round; then games were introduced. The "making merry" continued until just after midnight, when the company dispersed by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Next morning, by the 9.30 train, Mr and Mrs Pacey left on their honeymoon to the Waikato.

The bride's going-away costume was of navy serge.

The wedding presents numbered about 100, and were both handsome and costly.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss B. Lloyd, daughter of Mr Wm. Lloyd, of Brookby, to Mr F. J. Fenton of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Flo. Stewart, of Ponsonby, Auckland, to Mr Ellis, of Sydney.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Balfour, Napier, eldest daughter of T. W. Balfour, Esq., late manager Bank of New Zealand, to Mr Frank Perry, of Christchurch, to Hon. J. D. Ormond, M.L.C.

The engagement is announced of Mr Frank Perrik, of Christchurch, to Miss Maud Donnelly, "Crissoge," Napier.

The engagement of Miss Mary Balfour, of Napier, to Mr J. Ormond, eldest son of the Hon. J. D. Ormond, M.L.C., of Hawke's Bay, is announced.

RESULT OF Last Test Match COMPETITION.

TWELVE PRIZES DISTRIBUTED.

Our competition on the final Anglo-Australian test matches has now been concluded, and the "Graphic" proprietary feels it can fairly congratulate itself on the result. Each competition on these matches has proved eminently successful, and the interest evinced in the one, the results of which we have now to announce, was stronger than ever, many competitors sending in whole sheaves of coupons in one envelope. Opinions as to the result of the match were more evenly divided than in previous competitions, the numbers in favour of the Australians, the Englishmen, and a draw being about equal.

Comparatively few critics, however, anticipated anything like such high scoring as was actually achieved on both sides, and the prophecy that England would make so splendid a score as 576 in a single innings entered into few heads indeed.

THE ACTUAL RESULT.

The actual result of the match was, it will be fresh in everyone's memory, a draw, the English total score being 576, and the Australian total score 606.

In judging, the same system as was practised in the third test match was adopted and the following are

THE PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE RESULT OF THE MATCH.

No less than three prizes are gained by

Mr W. A. Gray, Care of Cook and Gray, Auckland.

Mr Gray is a most persevering competitor, sending in a large number of coupons to each of our competitions, and the fact that he has been able to so nearly foretell the right results on no less than three coupons, added to his previous successes, proves very conclusively what we have always maintained, that skill enters largely into these competitions.

It will be noticed that amongst the other prize winners in this competition are two others who have at one time or another proved successful in our competitions, which fact further substantiates what we have said.

The first, second, and sixth prizes fall, then, to Mr Gray.

The third prize is allotted to Mr Chas. Crosher, Devonport.

The fourth prize goes to W. F. Evans, Care of David Goldie, Auckland.

and the fifth is awarded to Mr J. G. Bryan, Onehunga.

Amongst those who came nearest the prize winners were Messrs Marziner, Kelly, Thomas, Richardson, Gleeson, Brookfield, Holden, Clarke, Ellison, Goldie, Holland, McLeod, and Miss Queenie Bryers. These, with many others in close attendance, ran the prize winners hard, though the results were in every case perfectly clear.

PRIZE FOR BEST BOWLING AVERAGE.

Lockwood easily secured the best average in the match, taking seven wickets for 104 runs. His friends in the competition were, however, few; Jones, Herne, Rhodes, Howell, Bradley, Young, Trumble, and others—even including Ranji—all were greatly fancied.

The winners are: Mr A. M. Beale, Mount Roskill.

and Eliza May Learning, Wellesley St. East, both of whom gave Lockwood, Mr Beale giving 8 for 120.

BEST ENGLISH SCORE.

First Prize Miss Queenie Bryers, Southlea Street, Mount Robkill.

who foretold Hayward's exact score within one.

Second Prize J. E. Hollingsworth, Stratford Street, Farnell.

HIGHEST AUSTRALIAN SCORE. First Prize— F. J. Consey, 114, Grey Street, who was within one of the exact result (117), by Gregory, and Hugh Holden, Market Street, Remuera, who was only out by two.

"On the Edge of the Precipice."

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

COMMENCES NEXT WEEK.

We have secured for our readers the rights of a new tale by that well-known authoress

MARY ANGELA DICKENS, grand-daughter of the great novelist, and author of such standard novels as "Prisoners of Silence," "Against the Tide," "Cross Currents," "A Mere Cypher," etc., etc. In construction of plot, in method of treatment, and in style of diction Miss Dickens' stories exhibit characteristics peculiar to their author, and prove her to be a writer of marked individuality. She manifests great skill in the manipulation of incidents; has a keen perception of the dramatic possibilities of a situation; brings to her work a vivid imagination and a fine insight into the hidden springs of human action; and welds all these qualities into a harmonious whole by excellent craftsmanship and a dexterous and facile pen.

OUTLINE OF THE STORY.

Cecil and Rachel Cochrane are the ostracised nephew and niece of a well-to-do country clergyman whose sister has contracted a mesalliance. The rev. gentleman is careful to shield his only child, Violet, from contaminating contact with her cousins, and hopes to wed her to his curate. But, as if in very irony, fortune plays into Cecil's hands. Whilst cycling in a London suburb Violet Drummond meets with an accident near to where the Cochranes live, and Cecil takes her to his sister's rooms. When she regains consciousness Violet has lost all memory of past events and is quite helpless. Circumstances have favoured the Cochranes, and Cecil matures a scheme for securing a handsome reward from the distracted father. He is about to put his plan into execution when a startling discovery made by Rachel puts another complexion on the matter.

Rachel Cochrane has the soul of an actress. She is, in fact, a histrionic genius, but her plain face and plainer figure have effectually stifled any hopes of success on the stage. One day she discovers that although the past is a blank Violet has a peculiarly tenacious memory for new impressions and can reproduce every word, every accent, every gesture she hears or sees. Rachel perceives that herein is a splendid source of gain, especially in view of the fact that Violet is a very beautiful woman.

The author does not fail to realise, and to take advantage of, the possibilities of this new situation. There are many dramatic scenes in the course of the story, which contains a stirring love element. The whole work is pervaded by subtle, indefinable qualities which attract the reader's interest with growing and compelling power.

WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE, AND BE CONTINUED WEEKLY.

ON THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.

THE DOOM OF THE CURLING TONGS.

The curling tongs (says "M.A.P.") are doomed, and straight-haired women, who never submitted to the process of having their hair undulated to increase their charms will find themselves once more in the fashion. The rebellion against the crimping which has been popular for several years will probably be enduring. Wigs have suddenly grown fashionable, as the result of the excessive use of the crimping iron on women's heads in recent years. The fashion of having the hair crimped from the roots right down to the ends made its appearance first about ten years ago, and immediately became popular. It was becoming to most women, and for once women who possessed beautifully waving and curly hair were equalled by artificial devices. Once a woman had submitted herself to the process and then looked into the glass she was a victim of the habit.

ITALIAN CHILD-SLAVES.

BROUGHT TO WORK IN FRENCH FACTORIES.

The "happy days of childhood," a phrase that comes glibly enough to the lips of those whose lives have been cast in pleasant places, sounds like bitter mockery to many a man and woman as they look back upon the years that are gone; but to none, assuredly, can the recollection be more bitter than to those Italians whose youthful years have been passed in the slavery of the French glass works.

The parental instinct in the peasants of certain parts of sunny Italy has been dulled by hardship, and the people readily sell one or more of their numerous offspring as "workmen" for the glass works.



"EXPECTANCY."

Photo. by Ellerbeck.



"HER DEBUT."

Photo. by Ellerbeck.

Cambridge.

The method adopted is for a man—called the padrone, or employer—to go round the villages in search of boys of ten to thirteen years of age, to whose parents he offers a sum varying from £4 to £6 for the boy's services for three years. This sum is quite a little fortune for the peasants, and the transaction also results in their having one mouth less to fill; they consequently do not scruple to sign the contract, and the padrone goes off with a convoy of hapless youngsters, many of whom certainly will not live to complete their term of slavery.

The children—they are not more

than that—live under the worst possible conditions. They work in a super-heated atmosphere filled with noxious gases, and are liable to dreadful accidents. They are hated by the workmen because they are Italians, and because they work cheaply, and thus keep down the wages of the men.

From inquiries instituted a short time ago, it appears that the cost to the padrones of maintaining these boys averages threepence a day. They go about in rags, for the padrone does not waste his money on clothes, although he pockets all their earnings, ranging from seven shillings a



"ONE LITTLE MAID FROM SCHOOL."

Photo. by Ellerbeck.

week, and even the gratuities they occasionally receive.

At night they rest on sodden straw mattresses without other covering than their ragged clothing, whether it be winter or summer.

It is difficult to get precise figures concerning the mortality among these unfortunate children, but carefully-compiled estimates show that it must be at least fifty per cent. Quite another thirty per cent. remain in their adopted country after their term of slavery, so that twenty only out of every hundred ever see their parents again. Yet, although the peasants know that so few return home, there is no trouble in obtaining a supply of boys to take the places of those who have died off.

So great has been the demand for these youthful workers that the padrones have not been able to meet it, and have been sending girls to make up the deficiency; but the attention of both Governments has been called to the whole practice, and it is to be hoped that it will now be stopped.

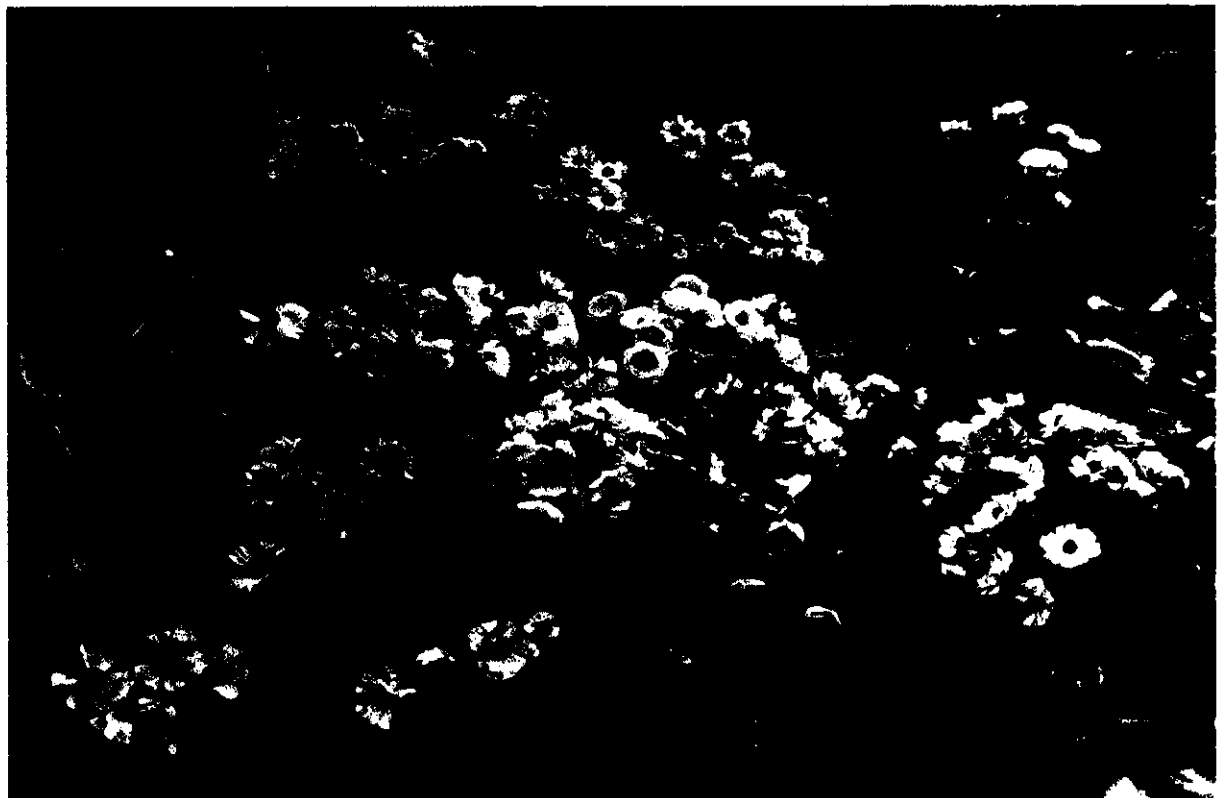


Photo. by Wheeler.

RANUNCULUS, LYALIC (MOUNTAIN LILY).

When a Woman is Good.

Her lovely face, her extreme charm of manner, her exquisite dress, were calculated to make most women a little awkward, not to mention the natural shyness which anyone might be justified in feeling on coming into a big room full of strangers; all this flashed through the minds of many of the onlookers as they turned to watch the entrance of the new guests.

But there was no trace of shyness or awkwardness in the tall woman who came into the room followed by Dr. Burrows. There was only a certain emphasised dignity in her carriage, a little stateliness in the movements of her graceful figure, a certain queenliness in the pose of her head.

"Head well put on," a man whispered to Miss Bartlett.

"Where is your dowdy respectable prig?" the girl flashed back at him. "She is as well-dressed as our host herself!"

Mrs Garside's greeting of her guest was as graceful as she alone knew how to make it, and the astonishment she undoubtedly felt was in no way apparent. The woman before her was not in the least what she had expected to see.

This stately creature, with the beautiful face, the graceful, courteous manner, the pleasant, well-bred words, was not at all what she had pictured to herself.

Dr. Burrows had been absorbed into one of the laughing groups lower down the room. Garside stood talking to his wife's latest guest, a pleased expression on his face, a strong wish in his kindly heart that all his wife's guests were of that calibre, when the Duke sauntered in.

An amused look flashed into his eyes as took his place by Mrs Garside and whispered:

"Hullo! not quite a dowdy after all. Introduce me, please. By jove, what eyes!" he added under his breath as he bowed to the tall woman, whose head moved ever so slightly in response to his greeting, who ignored entirely his outstretched hand, and turned again, but decidedly, to her conversation with Mr Garside.

A little flush mounted to the Duke's forehead; he was unaccustomed to a rebuff, even of the politest kind. The blood in his veins was of the bluest blue, dashed with royal purple, and that one woman, with clear scornful eyes, should look at him as if he were an unwhipped schoolboy, annoyed him.

"I'll be even with her," he muttered. "She's only a woman, after all. I shan't fail."

"What do you think of your pet doctor's protégée?" he asked Mrs Garside later, as they sauntered together on the terrace.

"Think? Oh, she's very handsome, very good manners, very well dressed, I wish that—"

"You wish what?"

"I wish that her eyes were different."

"What's the matter with her eyes?"

"They're so clear," she said impatiently. "They—oh, I don't know what they do to me, not irritate me exactly. They are like a child's eyes, I think; they make me feel ashamed."

Her voice grew all at once low and wistful, a cloud fell upon her beautiful face. The Duke glanced at her in surprise, then laughed.

"My dear child, you've got the blues. Why on earth should that confounded woman's eyes make you ashamed? Cheer up! Come and give me a flower for my button-hole."

Katherine Ransome stood before the audience in the music room of the big house down on Long Island, a little flush on her face, a deep light in her clear eyes; and, as the first notes of her voice rang through the room, a hush fell on the crowd of smartly dressed, chattering folk in front of her.

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways—!" Softly, tenderly, each word as it came from her lips

was like a caress, and some of the hearts of the men and women there—careless, reckless, dried-up, many



of them were—quicken suddenly, and, as the tender voice swelled into a triumphant burst in the words—

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach . . . I love thee purely,
I love thee to the level of every day's
most quiet need
I love thee with the breath of all my
life
And if God choose, . . . I shall
but love thee better after death.

The wonderful words rose and fell in the wonderful voice in a great outburst of song that died away at the end into a very passion of tenderness, which yet had in it more of divine than of earthly love.

As the last notes ended, her grey eyes—love-lit, were they, with the influence of the song?—met the intent gaze of the man who had brought her here to sing. A great wave of colour swept over her face as she moved away amid the thunders of applause that followed the end of her song.

"She knows the love that she sings about—no other," said Mrs Garside to the duke. "Don't sneer at her, I can't stand it somehow, and don't—"

"My dear lady, don't go into heroics. I think it is a deuce of a pity your doctor ever brought her here. I don't mind betting you a diamond brooch he means to teach her all she doesn't yet know about love. Did you see how he watched her to-night?"

"She is worth watching. Better worth it than the rest of us, perhaps," and Mrs Garside turned away from him, her eyes still dim, a curious softness upon her face.

But the duke scowled.

He had made one or two fruitless efforts towards friendliness with Miss Ransome, which she had quietly but decidedly crushed; and being unaccustomed to snubs, he was perhaps more attracted than he chose to own by the beautiful woman who seemed so impervious to his fascinations. 'Pooh! she is only a little American upstart," he said to himself.

He sauntered into the great conservatory after supper that night. Miss Ransome stood alone—convalescing for a tiny breathing space to this quiet place among the flowers.

The duke glanced at her approvingly. The flush brought to her face by her last song still lingered there. A certain soft brightness was in her

eyes, a little smile about her mouth. He strolled to her side.

"Tired, Miss Ransome?" he said.

She started. The brightness in her eyes died away. Her smile faded. She drew herself up.

"A little," she answered, and moved towards the door. But the duke barred her way.

"Don't be in such a hurry to run off," he exclaimed. "Why are you so afraid of me?" and he shot a laughing, insolent glance at her.

"Afraid of you?" Scorn rang through her voice.

"Well, you know, you are awfully unkind to me," he laughed. "You look at me as though I were some kind of reptile, and, you know, you can be charming when you like."

"Kindly let me pass," she said, glancing at him very much as though she did consider him of the reptile tribe.

"I'll be hanged if I will! Why can't you be friendly? Women are generally friendly to me."

"Are they?" Her voice was dangerously quiet.

He drew suddenly close to her and laid his hand on her arm.

"Give me a kiss and I'll let you go. You know you aren't as proper as you like to seem to be. Come, now," and the face whose handsome outlines coarseness was fast blurring out came close to hers.

"How dare you?" she said in a low voice. "How dare you touch me?" and she shook off his hand as though it had been some noxious beast. "Let me pass at once."

He drew back sullenly, cowed by the look in her eyes.

"You aren't going to scream, are you?" he muttered.

"Scream? I? Why should I scream? Her eyes swept the man from head to foot. "You are the first man who has ever insulted me," she

"Of course. How stupid of me not to have thought of it. Please do come in. You shall try them here, if you will."

"May I, really? I should like to immensely," and her frank eyes looked smilingly into those of her hostess.

"What is it about her that makes me like her whether I will or not?" the thoughts of the other ran. "Is it her charm, or her frankness, or the sheer crystal purity in her eyes?"

In the other woman's mind much the same train of thought was passing about Mrs Garside.

"What a marvellous fascination there is about her. I could love her easily. And I don't believe all the stories one hears of her. They can't be true. It is impossible to believe them of a woman with her face."

Mrs Garside was alone in her small room when Katherine, for the second time, came into it.

"Come and sit down," the hostess said; "you need not begin to sing yet. Are you going to make us all weep again, as we did last night?"

"I hope not. I was not conscious of doing anything so unpleasant."

"You sang so very much as though your whole heart were in it." As Mrs Garside spoke she looked narrowly at her guest. "I still hear the echo of the words, 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.' It seemed as though they were already countless."

A little flush swept softly into the other's face.

"I do so love that song," she said simply. "I suppose I do put all my heart into it. It is like the personification of the love that is life. Isn't it?"

"You sang as though you knew—as though you knew." The words were almost a whisper.

But, though Katherine flushed again, her answer was quiet.

"I don't think one can reach my age without knowing something of the best thing in life."

"You do call it that?" the other asked eagerly.

"Of course. I think"—Katherine spoke dreamily, as though she had forgotten, for an instant, where she was, to whom she spoke—"I think wifehood and motherhood are the best a woman can ask for or get."

The evening light fell upon her face and on the shining of her eyes. Mrs Garside shrank back a little into the shadow.

"But—love?" she said. "Wifehood—and motherhood; with love, you mean?"

"With love? Oh, yes, yes! I should not want to take them unless they came as love's gift."

Silence fell between them. Mrs Garside broke it first.

"You said yesterday you thought I was to be envied. Why did you think so?"

Katherine smiled.

"Your home is so lovely," she said simply, "and you have so many things that other women have to go without. Your husband—your children—"

"Some women would rather be without the children," the hostess said, a veiled sarcasm in her words, she looked curiously, almost searchingly, into her companion's face. "Are you as simple as you appear?" her look seemed to say.

But Katherine's eyes were fixed on the soft golden light upon the hills outside.

"Yes, some women say so, I know," she said. "It is hard to believe they really mean it. I think every woman who is a woman must feel the same; that to marry the man she loves and to be the mother of his children, is—Heaven." Her voice dropped a little; the colour again swept into her face.

"You have such dear little children!" she went on, and her clear eyes turned now and looked into the lovely face that had all at once flushed too. "It is no wonder that I think you are to be envied."

"Do you mean you would like to have children?" Mrs Garside watched her narrowly.

"I? Ah, yes, I can't tell you how I love little children! Katherine leaned forward and touched the white jewelled hand of her hostess. "I don't know why I am talking like this to you. I don't generally wear my heart on my sleeve; but I can't help talking to you."

"Yet I don't suppose that I am the sort of woman you generally like to



"You are the first man who has ever insulted me," she said.

said. "Is it a prerogative of European royalty to insult a woman?" and, with these words, she passed him swiftly and re-entered the house.

"The devil!" the Duke muttered. "The devil!"

II.

Mrs Garside moved restlessly to and fro in her tiny boudoir, which she called her sanctum. She had dressed early for dinner, and had planned a pleasant hour in the tiny, beautiful room that looked over the wide park to the lake. But she was restless. She could settle to nothing; she took up book after book, and put each in turn impatiently down.

"I have got the blues, I do believe!" she exclaimed, as for the fiftieth time she walked to the window and looked out.

A soft knock sounded on the door, and Mrs Garside turned hastily to see the very person she had been thinking of on the threshold.

Katherine Ransome looked her best always in evening dress. It gave full effect to the stately turn of her head, the beauty of her neck and arms.

"Please forgive me for bothering you," she said, in her low, pleasant voice. "I was told I should find you here; and, if it is not a great trouble, do you think I might run through my songs before dinner?"

talk to at all. I wonder why you came here at all? Did you like coming?"

"Not at first," Katherine spoke slowly, almost reluctantly.

"Then why did you come?"

"I came to help Dr. Burrows."

"He is a great friend of yours, isn't he?" Those searching blue eyes scrutinized Katherine's face again, a mocking smile in their depths.

"Yes, a great friend. He has been so good to me!" The double entendre had passed unheeded. The mockery died out of Mrs Garside's eyes. Something that might have been shame came into them instead. She looked as if she were going to say, "I beg your pardon," but her words were—

"And are you not sorry you came?"

"No—glad."

"Why?"

"Because I have learnt to know you."

"Have you?" Mrs Garside's tone was suddenly hard. "I am not easy to know." And her bewilderingly fascinating smile flashed over her face as she rose slowly and walked towards the door.

Then, with a sudden, strange impulsiveness, she moved swiftly back to the other woman's side and kissed her softly without a word. Katherine saw that her eyes were full of tears and that she looked worried.

III.

"Have you made up your mind?"

"I thought I had, last week. To-night, I do not know."

The Duke looked down at Mrs Garside; a hard smile curved his lips. "You do not know, to-night? Why not? Is love dead to-night?" His voice grew tender. He touched her gently.

She drew away from him.

"Love? Is it love at all?"

Her blue eyes flashed a glance as hard and bright as steel into his.

"Do you mistrust it? Have I not shown it to you, beyond a doubt? And now you will come away with me—away from everything?" The tenderness in his voice deepened. He came closer to her. But she drew away from him. A shiver ran through her.

"No, I cannot."

"Oh, nonsense, little woman! You have got the blues again. After all that has come and gone between us,

"Yes, it will, it would!" she cried, the dullness all at once gone from her voice, her eyes blazing. "It would surprise one person, and I won't do that."

"Are you mad?"

"Mad, or sane for the first time? I don't know. But I will not join you on Monday."

He strode angrily towards her, and then drew her near him in a fierce, close clasp.

"Are you tired of me, then?" he whispered.

"Let me go!" she panted, dragging herself out of his arms; "let me go!"

"What is it, then?" he asked sullenly.

"It is that I have changed my mind, and I am going to stay here, and—and one person would be surprised if I went away with you. I will not surprise her."

"Her? Is it that damned woman?"

"I—oh! I don't know what it is or what to say! But I am not going with you. I am never going—never—never—never! My eyes, thank God, have been opened. I am going to stay—at home."

And before the Duke had time to answer the rapid, passionate words, she was gone.

IN WHICH MONTH.

If a girl is born in January she will be a capital housekeeper, given to melancholy, but good-tempered. If in February, a humane and affectionate wife, and loving mother. If in March, a flippant chatterbox, given to disputing. If in April, inconstant, wanting in intelligence, but likely to be good-looking. If in May, handsome, and likely to be happy. If in June, impetuous, will marry at an early age, and be frivolous. If in July, rather handsome, and with a sullen temper. If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich. If in September, discreet, courteous, and popular. In October, pretty, coquetish, and unlucky. In November, liberal, kind, and a mild disposition. In December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL BANDITS.

Not even the stirring annals of Missouri and the Cherokee Strip, where train robbing and flight were reduced to a fine art, can furnish the tale of such a man hunt as that which has just been led zigzagging across sandy plains, swollen streams, through precipitous canyons and over rugged mountainous ranges in Wyoming.

Three men, desperate and daring, with a price of thousands of dollars on the head of each, have been the quarry. More than five hundred men have been the pursuers—sheriffs and deputies, marshals and deputies, cowboys and prospectors, and old Indian fighters, picked men from the State and federal troops, and even Shoshone Indians, all crack shots and all eager for the reward or for a fight that would stir the blood. Aiding them have been bloodhounds trained to follow human fugitives. For almost four hundred miles the chase was led, until, separated from their friends, and surrounded by their enemies, George and "Tom" Roberts and George Currie, leaders of the notorious "Hole-in-the-Wall" band, sought a final refuge in the Owl Creek Mountains, near the Shoshone.

The story of the hunt is a tale of the frontier, of lawless men who have lived long in the crags and become like eagles, shunning mankind, except when they swooped down upon some country bank to rob it at the point of pistol, or rode out on the range to gather in the cattle or horses of other men.

Five States have known the exploits of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" band. From the Black Hills of Dakota to the "Robbers' Roost," in Utah; from Central Montana to Central Colorado; for years the bold outlaws, about

fifty in number, have plundered cattle raisers, settlers, banks, and post offices. Their refuge deserves well to rank with the wonders that have been gathered by nature in the Yellowstone Park region.

The "Hole-in-the-Wall" is about fifty miles south of Buffalo, Wyo., and eighty miles northwest of Casper. It is the outlet to a great basin, about twenty miles wide and thirty miles long. Here once was a lake hemmed in by the Big Horn Mountains, and a high ridge that runs almost parallel with them.

On the outside of this ridge is a huge cliff, between five and six hundred feet high, and extending almost its whole length. Except for one break it is almost impassable. The "Hole" was made by the water from the lake, which overflowed, and in centuries cut out a channel for itself to form the Powder River. Buffalo Creek and its two forks now water the valley and find an outlet through the "Hole."

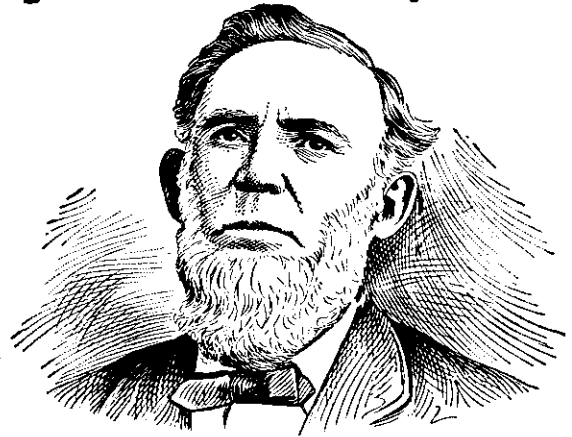
In the narrow gorge only two horses can pass abreast, and the robbers have always been able to hide themselves in the valley or the Big Horn Mountains beyond before their pursuers could pass the narrow entrance.

Posses have followed bold members of the band time and time again to the "Hole-in-the-Wall," but when they reached that narrow gorge 'lost the trail and had to turn back. Men who had something to conceal, however, have been certain of a cordial reception, fresh horses, and aid in concealment until the hunt was ended.

It was only when the leaders of the band put a climax on their feats by attacking the Fast Mail on the Union Pacific Railroad that they found enemies determined to follow them through their retreat and drive them out. Less desperate men would have hesi-

In Bed for Months; Terrible Suffering; Rheumatism Cured; A Limb Saved; Now Works Hard at 72.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"While living at Broken Hill I was subject to lumbago and rheumatism, having swollen joints which prevented me from working or going about any. I tried a great many remedies and put out a great many pounds trying to get rid of my complaints, but to no good.

"As soon as I put my foot on the ground I suffered terrible pain, so I was obliged to stay in bed for many months.

"One doctor told me I had the dropsy, and another told me I would have to lose my leg.

"But, having heard of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I decided to try it, and now I am thankful to say it has completely restored me to health.

"I am now 72 years old, have a splendid appetite, and work hard every day."

Mr. John F. Jones, of Cobar, New South Wales, sends us this testimonial with the above portrait of himself. It is the experience of thousands of others who have had impurities removed from their system by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Such testimonials have given to this remedy the name of

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

Sick people may be cured if they will only take the right medicine. The blood must first be made pure, no matter what the disease. With pure blood nature can go ahead and complete the cure.

The AYER'S Sarsaparilla That Cures. It Acts on the Blood.

Ayer's Pills are Sugar Coated, Easy to Take.



Before the duke had time to answer the rapid, passionate words, she was gone.

you can't draw back now. I have made all arrangements. You will meet me, on Monday evening, in New York. My yacht will be ready for us at Larchmont next day. I have settled everything."

"Have you?" She spoke in a dull voice.

"Everything! It's too late to draw back now. Why on earth should you? Your coming won't be a surprise to anybody!" He spoke brutally, watching her with keenly anxious eyes.

HIS START IN LIFE.

Tagleigh: "Do you remember your first start in life?" Wagleigh: "I do. The nurse stuck a pin in me."

St. Henry Thompson describes natural aperient waters as vastly superior to artificial solutions, however skillfully prepared; and 'Hunyadi Janos' as 'the most concentrated of the saline group.' Annual sale, six million bottles. Signature, Andreas Saxlehner, on label secures genuineness.—(Advt.)

tated long to undertake this task, for all frontier bandits know the government never forgives one who tampers with its mails and railways, and express companies will hunt to the death those who interfere with the safety of their business.

The bandits' deeds will live long in the memories of Western railroad men. It was early on the morning of June 2 that they stopped the first section of the westbound Fast Mail half a mile east of the Wilcox Creek bridge, compelled the engine driver to take the mail and express cars across the bridge, blew up the structure with dynamite, and then shattered the express car and safe with a charge of that explosive, only to find less than \$2000 dollars to reward them.

There were six men in the daring band. They stopped the train with red and white emergency signals, and cowed the conductor and train hands with pistols. After taking the money from the express company's safe they separated, three leaving no trace

riding directly over the tracks of their horses, the others spread out to prevent surprise.

Thus they led away for sixty miles, until in the heart of the mountains, near the head of Teapot Creek, they stopped for rest for themselves and horses. They had little time to sleep, however, for soon the trailing posse entered the narrow canyon. The leader was stopped with a shot that pierced the heart of his horse. Another horse was killed as a second pursuer rode up. Though half a mile away, the robber's aim was deadly. The posse fought the robbers Indian fashion for hours, driving them away from their horses and forcing them to take to the rocks. The task was costly, however, for while closing in on them the head of the posse, Sheriff Joseph Hazen, of Converse county, was killed by a bullet.

Crippled by their losses, the posse could not guard the outlaws, and that night they crept away, stole horses from a ranch near by and rode off

that the desperate little band had escaped again.

Bloodhounds took up the trail again, crossing west through the "Hole-in-the-Wall" valley and the Big Horn Mountains, then south-west toward the Shoshone Indian reservation, and finally into the heart of the Owl Creek Mountains, where they again took a stand. Persons who had met them in their flight said they had five fine horses, two carrying supplies and ammunition. They stole fresh animals from the Indian reservation in their flight, but no animal could stand such a chase against the fresh relays of the determined men behind.

In the Owl Creek Mountains it was three against four hundred—desperation matched against skill and a fortune for the man who might get them. With bloodhounds and Indian trailblazers about them, and keen eyes watching for any movement, they could do little else than try to sell life dearly, according to the laws of men of their stripe.

The three men are worthy of their calling. Cherokee blood runs in the veins of the Roberts brothers, and the mixture has made them hate white men. Currie was formerly a cowboy, but turned cattle thief four years ago, and he and the Roberts brothers by their fierceness and daring became leaders of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" band.

The end of this trio, however, does not mean the end of the band. There are still fearless desperadoes to be hunted out of the "Hole," "Buck" Cassidy, known from Canada to Mexico and "blood enemy" of Colonel Jay L. Torrey, of the Second Rough Riders, will be their leader.

The authorities of the West have declared war on these men. In three years they have robbed the post office at Powderville, Mont., and killed the postmaster; robbed the bank at Belle Fourche, S. D., and the one at Montpelier, Idaho, and robbed stores extending south to Fort Bridger, Utah, besides innumerable ranches and sheep camps. They have ambushed possums who have followed them and stopped pursuit. Now, however, it is declared they will be hunted out, even if bloodhounds and troops must be employed.

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

HINTS FOR ENGAGED COUPLES.

It often happens that a girl thinks herself ill-used because her fiance refuses to devote as much time and attention to her as she thinks herself entitled to. He goes with his male friends on evenings when she thinks he ought to be with herself. And she is, perhaps, sometimes a good deal more hurt by the fact than she need be. On the other hand, his friends think it rather hard that because he has got a sweetheart they must needs be neglected. Now, which has the greater claim on him? Shall he neglect his sweetheart or his friends? As to claim, there can be little question about it. When he elected a girl into the position of his promised wife he gave her a claim beside which most others became exceedingly small. He has no right to let her feel herself neglected, and though no man worth calling a friend will willingly throw over old friendship, still he has taken a new relationship which comes first. But the girl is wrong and foolish if she wishes him to neglect his friends—foolish, because she should never put herself in rivalry with his other feelings of affection; and wrong, because she is doing an injustice both to herself and his friends. Let her consider that he can satisfy the claims of both, if they are reasonable, and that he will love her the more if she does not want to part him from his friends.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOILITY.

Queen Victoria, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal, has always enjoyed good health, a little rheumatism being almost her only pathologic foe; but her remarkable immunity from not only the grave infirmities, but the slight ailments so common to old age, must be attributed as much to her docility as to her splendid physical constitution. The routine of her life is largely suggested for her by her wise and faithful body physician, Sir James Reid, and his directions are most faithfully followed by his Imperial charge.



aa an Ooplaa epev iat' not.
Learan' I' waa Noplin a!!!

of their movements, the other three striking for the refuge that had proved their salvation more than once.

They had camped nearby while awaiting the train, and fleet horses were ready for them when they had obtained their booty. Straight across the plain they rode, heading for the mouth of the Platte River, east of Casper. A posse taking the trail next morning felt that capture would be easy, for they knew the men could cross the swollen Platte River and reach the ragged mountains only over the bridge at Casper, seventy miles from the scene of the robbery, where railway men, United States marshals and deputy sheriffs were preparing for the hunt.

None of those who were in the chase could believe the bandits would dare enter this city, and the bridge was left unguarded. On the second day, however, the men, after stealing fresh horses at a ranch, turned abruptly to the west, and in the middle of the night rode through the city, crossed the bridge over the swollen river, obtained supplies from friends and were well on their way to the Big Horn Mountains when their pursuers followed their trail across the bridge.

Westward across the plain the chase led, the bandits, with horses tired from their long ride, the pursuers with fresh ones furnished in Casper. The bandits kept always to the high ridges, and armed with powerful field glasses, could see for ten miles behind the ten men on their trail—one

north-east across the hills, toward the "Hole-in-the-Wall." A herder at the K.T. ranch, near the entrance was met by them two days later, and he told them the posse had cut in ahead of them, and that the ranch and the "Hole" were guarded.

They dared not enter their old retreat, but friends gave them horses and food. Then, making a wide detour, they went down the Powder River and struck off across a trail that led around the great cliff wall.

They found time for rest and recuperation on the solitary E.K. Mountain, which raises its ragged sides above the "Hole in the Wall" valley. Bloodhounds trailed them there, and scores of men surrounded them, penning them in canyons time after time.

The news of the killing of Sheriff Hazen had spread throughout the State. The Governor had offered \$5,000 reward for each of them, and the railway and express companies had offered an equal amount.

Troopers had been sent from Fort McKimby to the north; picked militiamen had been equipped as cowboys, and the United States Marshal and the sheriffs had gathered the crack shots and fearless characters of the whole region to aid in the chase.

From rock to rock and gully to gully they fought against great odds for a week, the pursuers constantly closing in, avoiding a charge in their desire to take the men alive. Then one morning the posse closed in on the retreat from which they had fought the night before, only to find



How? How? How? Where are yer
...
... in the cannyon in the Park.
...
... Loor blue me! I wist I waz thin

Daddy Jack & Daddy Jim

By M. E. FRANCIS.

(Author of "In a North Country Village," "Dan," etc., etc.)

PART I.

Farmer Jack Buxton strolled leisurely along the well-trodden path which led, under the shadow of the hawthorn hedge, to the high road. In his hand was a thick stick; at his heel followed a mongrel sheep-dog, "not much to look at," as his master said, "but as sensible as a Christian"; in his mouth was a short, well-smoked black pipe; Jack looked what he was, a sturdy, comfortable north-country farmer, well content with himself and the world.

It was a sunny, breezy April day. To the left of the thorn hedge was a field of autumn-sown wheat, already making a brave show; to the right a pasture in which Jack Buxton's cows were feeding. Through the brilliant delicate green lattice of the new-budded hedge, he caught a glimpse of one or two sleek red backs, and standing still a moment he could hear the crunch, crunch of the creatures' teeth meeting in the fresh young herbage. A little further on was a gleam of white—and a horned head, with a pair of mild eyes and dilated nostrils breathing warm clover-scented puffs, peered at its master through a gap in the green.

Jack cocked his hat a little sideways, took his pipe out of his mouth, and smiled. Bob, the dog, standing a little behind him, pricked his ears, and showed his glistening white teeth as though to follow suit.

The cow, after contemplating them for a moment or two, stretched out her neck, extended her long pink tongue, and caught hold of a particularly tempting thorn-bough; whereupon Jack, uttering an extraordinary sort of growl, strode forward and tapped her on the nose.

"None o' that!" he cried threateningly, "thot their 'edge isn't for thee, owd lass. Ah, thou may look and toss thy head. What's grass for, an' clover, an' all they turnits thou's gotten into thee i' th' winter, that thou muo' room nibblin' my 'edge? Be off wi' thee—doesto year?—or we's try if Bob can mak' thee run a bit."

He flourished his stick, and the old lady, taking the hint, retired a little way into the field, pausing, when she had attained what she considered a safe distance, to survey him with a defiant air.

"Hoo'll be at it again soon's ever my back's turned," observed the farmer to himself—"hoo will for sure. Mich same as our owd missus—hoo'll have her way as how 'tis. Owd Daisy yonder minds me often o' the owd lass, wi' her white face an' her black e'en, an' thot theer stubborn way hoo has. Eh, our Mary 'ud be some mad if hoo was 'lear me. But hoo's 'appy enough to-day. Eh, hoo is, an' I am too. An' Jim. Whatever'll Jim say? Hallo! What mischief han yo' agate, yo' young raskiks?"

Turning suddenly round the corner, for the hedge, and the path with it described an abrupt angle just there, he had come face to face with a party of small boys, decorated with ribbons, carrying flags, and further provided with baskets, each of which contained hens' eggs in greater or lesser number.

"Eh, Mester Buxton!" exclaimed one little fellow after a startled pause, "we'n nobbut eoom paste-eggins."

"Ah, Easter Sunday to-morrow, ye know," put in another.

"Easter Sunday or no Easter," growled Jack with a portentous frown, "what brings yo' paste-eggins i' my field—eh, yo' little scamps? I've a mind to paste-egg yo'. I have."

The farmer's tone was rough, and his expression severe, but the egg-collectors merely nudged each other and grinned; Farmer Jack's bark was known to be worse than his bite.

"We was on our road to yo'r place, mester; we thout' happen Mrs Buxton 'ud spare us a two three eggs," observed the little spokesman of the party, presently, with a sly glance. "Hoo allus does. Hoo's gi'en us geese eggs an' all sorts."

"Well, our missus cannot be moidered wi' yo' to-day. Hoo's other things to be thinkin' on. We'n gotten a big paste-egg o' ow'r own as tak's all we're time to see to."

Here the farmer suddenly threw back his head, and uttered a guffaw, in which the lads joined, though the joke was quite unintelligible to them.

"Ah," pursued Jack, "The missus has gotten a gradely paste-egg. Ye munnot go yonder to get in her road. Turn yo' round again, my lads, an' go some other gate on. See yo'—there's a penny to buy some sugar-sticks—off wi' yo'."

The boys, only half content, turned as they were desired, and Jack followed more slowly in their wake, watching them as they clambered over the stile at the further end of the field, and betook themselves in the direction of the village whence they had come. Then stood still once more and chuckled.

"A paste-egg! It's a notion, thot." He went on again; his broad sunburnt face creasing itself into a thousand jubilant wrinkles, his eyes twinkling under their shaggy grizzled brows; his hat set on at a more jaunty angle than ever. When he reached the stile he seated himself astride of the topmost bar, and looked expectantly down the road. His son-in-law, Jim Norris, would soon return from market. He had a piece of news for Jim; a piece of news at which he was not only much elated, but which he meant to announce in a most original manner.

After what appeared to him an unconscionable time a train of waggons hove in sight, some piled high with empty baskets, and others laden with "muck" of rich hue and powerful aroma. Jack stooped up, balancing himself on the lower step of the stile, and eagerly scanning the faces of the drivers. Some of them lay outstretched on the yielding mass aforementioned, as content as though they reposed on rose-leaves, others walked slowly alongside of their horses; but for the most part, they sat balanced on one of the shafts—a favourite position with carriers, and one attended with no small danger to those not exceptionally sober and wide-awake.

"Hallo, Ned, hasto seen our Jim?" cried Jack, as the waggons lumbered by, his own stout team of roans, and his son-in-law's lanky figure not being yet in sight.

"Ah, he's yonder, reet enough, without he's fell i' th' road. He's sat o' th' shaft asleep as like as not."

"He's nobbut ninpence in the shillin' at th' best o' times," remarked Jack, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "But I'll tell him summat as 'ull wakken him."

The roar, indeed, with which he greeted Jim, when the blue, muck-laden waggon at last appeared, would have awakened any sleeper who was neither dead nor totally intoxicated, and Jim who was not by any means "market-fuddled," sat upright at once, yawned, and enquired drowsily "What's to do?"

"What's to do?" echoed Jack, descending from his perch, and laying a detaining hand on the leading horse's bridle. "Summat as 'll surprise thee. Hasn't thou wakkened up yet, lazy bones? I tell 'ee what it is, Jim, thou'll be found some day layin' i' th' road wi' thy head as flat as a ponce, an' thy in'ards mashed to a jelly. So—I tell 'ee. Why doesn't thou get a' top o' th' muck, lad, if thou's set on a dose? Nice soft bed for thee, thot!"

"Our Maggie sauces me fort," pleaded Jim. "Hoo's allus agate i' bargin' about my cloo's—hoo says they smell thot strong hoo cannot ston't it."

"Ah, well—the stuff might be a bit sweeter," commented his father-in-law in softened tones. "Well, mun I tell 'ee what we'n gettin yonder s'n this mornin'."

Jim scratched his lantern-jaw, and looked up interrogatively. "We'n gotten a paste-egg! Our

Maggie 'll tell ee' summat about it," said Jack solemnly. "We han thot." He endeavoured to retain a becoming gravity, but the mere sight of Jim's puzzled face was too much for him; and he broke into a paroxysm of laughter.

"A paste-egg, lad, I tell 'ee," he repeated brokenly. "A proper paste-egg. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"Ah," commented Jim at last, "To-morn's Easter. Eh—an' yo'n gotten some paste-eggs, han yo'?" Well—

Jack laughed on till he was almost suffocated, but presently, after much shuffling of the feet, and rolling of the head, he recovered a decent semblance of composure.

"Eh! Jim—thou'rt a noddly if iver I see un. Thou cannot mak' nought o' th' paste-egg, con thou? Why lad, thou'rt a feyther! thou art, for sure! Our Maggie's gotten a little 'un, Thou'rt "Daddy Jim" I tell 'ee. An' it's a wench, mun—a little fat lass, wi' black e'en same as her mother an' her gram'mother. Theer—what does thou say to thot?"

Jim tumbled off the shaft, pushed his battered hat to the back of his head, and gaped at the new-

made grandfather, a slow rapture gradually creeping over his swarthy face.

"Eh, . . . has it eoom?" "Ah, it has eoom—and doesn't thou think it's bin long enough o' th' road? Well, thou'll be fur seein' it, I fancy, fo thy ways a-whoam then, an' I'll see to th' waggon."

"Eh," ejaculated Daddy Jim, surrendering the reins. "It's eoom. My word!"

"Off wi' thot! the little wench 'ull be half-up grown afore thou sees her if thou doesna stir thyself a bit."

"An' thot were the paste-egg," went on Jim, who was rather slow in taking in an idea. "Eh I were welly moidered wi' thy paste-egg. I could na think whatever was to do, Ho! Ho! the wench were the paste-egg? Well to think on't."

He had clambered over the stile by this time, and was now shambling off in the direction of the farm, as fast as his huge loose-jointed limbs would take him, chuckling to himself now and then, but not so frequently, nor so loudly, as his father-in-law. He was too much overwhelmed at the news. It had come. He was a

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father. His missus had a little 'un. Eh!

Mrs. Buxton, an upright, stirring old body, in whose long pale face there could indeed be traced a certain resemblance to that of the white cow, was bustling energetically about the kitchen when Jim entered, and waylaid him as he was making for his wife's room.

"Thou mun tak' off thy shoon." Jim obediently kicked them off.

"Thou art na fuddled, I 'ope?"

"Nawe," said Jim, "I've nothin' had two gills."

"Thou munnot be talkin' an' mould-erin' our Maggie!"

"I'll never cheap," said Jim.

"Well, then, coom."

She led the way, her son-in-law following her, treading heavily enough in his "stocking feet," an expression of awe on his swarthy face, and his eyes round with wonder. There lay Maggie in the four-post bed, her pale face, with its pretty dark eyes resting on a grand frilled pillow slip. This, with a new counterpane, and spotless linen sheets had been carefully prepared for the occasion. Jim came forward unawildly on tip-toe.

"Eh, Maggie," he said, with a little one-sided nod. "An' how art thou, lass?"

"It's a wench, Jim, whispered Maggie, "I doubt thou'd rather me ha' had a lad."

"Nawe," said Jim, "I'd as soon 'ave a lass to start wi'."

"Eh, bless th' lad!" cried Mrs. Buxton, with shrill grandmotherly glee.

"To start wi'?" he says.

"Thou'r fag goin' forward, art thou? Poor Maggie'll happen not be in sich a hurry for another. Will thou lass?"

"To start wi'?" says he.

Maggie laughed weakly, and Jim began to think he had said something rather clever.

"Ah, a lass is reet enough," he remarked, rubbing his hands, and chuckling ecstatically. "for a beginnin' we's ha' a lad next."

"Ark at him," said Grandmother.

"There now; howd thy din. What doest thou think our Maggie's yeard is made on? Well, doesn't thou want to see the child? See then.....eh, Hoo's a bonny little lass, hoo is, bless her little 'eart. Hoo's a gradely little wench—see her little legs, an' her 'ands. Eh, thee's a mony childer a month owd not half the size."

Jim bent over, and took the tiny fist tenderly in his great paw, shaking it gently up and down.

"Shake 'ands, little lass. Shake 'ands wi' thy Daddy. Eh, we's be gradely friends, thou an' me. See thou, Maggie, hoo's gotten howd o' my finger. My word, hoo has."

"I think hoo favours thee," murmured Maggie.

"Nay, nay, hoo tak's arter our family," said Mrs. Buxton hastily.

"Hoo's gotten thy 'een, Maggie?"

Jim gravely contemplated the child's puckered little red face, but did not commit himself.

Mrs. Buxton wrapped up mother and babe again, smoothing the sheet, and drawing forward the curtain of the bed, so as to screen Maggie's eyes from the light. Then she perceptibly desired Jim to take himself off, a command which the honest fellow obeyed without murmuring, merely pausing at the door for another look at Maggie.

It had not occurred to him to kiss her, and tender words did not spring naturally to his lips. But Maggie's eyes rested lovingly on the awkward figure standing with clumsy fingers fumbling at the latch, and a queer half-sheepish smile on his grimy face. She smiled back, and drawing the bed-clothes down a little way, waved the baby's tiny arm. And so they parted, Jim returning with a beaming face to the kitchen.

Jim woke up next morning with a vague sense of exhilaration for which he could not at first account, but which presently resolved itself into paternal pride. When he had "cleaned him," and seraped his week's growth of beard off—a painful and lengthy operation—plastered his locks well with hair-oil, and donned his Sunday suit of broad-cloth, he went on tip-toe to Maggie's door. He could hear her mother moving about and talking; then the splashing of the water, then a sound which started him.

"It's never th' little un! Eh, but it is, for sure. 'Ark, how hoo shrieks out. Eh, my word, hoo's gradely lungs. Hoo's a rare little lass."

He opened the door and peeped in. Baby's ablutions were going on, much to her own dissatisfaction, the

half-terrified admiration of her mother, and the delight of "Grandma."

"Coom thy ways in an' shut yon door," commanded the latter. "The child'll catch its death o' cold." Jim shut the door and advanced into the room, pausing at the foot of the bed to nod at Maggie; then, bending down, and resting his hands on his knees, he took note of the contortions of the pink wonder in Mrs. Buxton's lap.

"Hoo mind's me summat of a frog," he observed after a pause.

Grandma paused a moment in speechless indignation.

"Well, an' thou should be ashamed of thyself. Did ivir a body her o' sich a thing? A frog! As bonny a little wench as ivir drawn breath!"

"It were th' little limbs stretchin' out an' pullin' theirselves up as made me think it," explained Jim apologetically. "an' yon' little round body hoo's gotten—eh, I cannot but fancy hoo's a look of a frog."

"Did thou ivir leet on a frog wi' such a yeard of 'air'?" enquired Mrs. Buxton, rubbing the towel round and round the little helpless head with its coating of dark fluff.

"Nay, I cannot call to mind as I have," responded her son-in-law with a loud laugh. The suggestion seemed to him infinitely humorous.

"Well, then," summed up Mrs. Buxton, as though that clinched the matter.

Jack and Jim went their way to church, presently, equally jubilant, each after his own fashion; and received with a certain dignified triumph the congratulations of friends and kinsfolk congregated outside the lych-gate.

"I like as if I were glad it's Easter to-day," observed Jim to his father-in-law as they sauntered homewards.

"Why so?"

"Eh, because—all they hymns thou know's—so j'ful like—Hallylovers an' that—seems as if all wor o' count o' th' little wench."

"Eh!" said Jack, "Well—thou'r a rum chap, I dun know but what thou'r reet, though. But Christmas 'ud ha bin happen a better time for't to ha coomed. 'Unto us a child is born, thou know's."

"Ah," meditated Jim, "but they cooms when they'n a mind, they childer."

"Nay, they comes when th' 'Amighty sends 'em," corrected Farmer Buxton; which pious sentiment Jim endorsed by a sigh, and a shake of the head.

The house seemed very silent when they returned; Bob came forward to meet them, wagging his tail, but otherwise nothing seemed to be stirring.

"The child's asleep," said Jack, nudging his son-in-law with a grin. "Thou mun' mak' no noise, lad. Eh, thou't ha' to larn to keep quiet, noo thee's a little un f' th' 'ouse."

"I'll nobbut creep up t'ax how they 'ind theirselves," answered Jim, kicking off his boots, and mounting the stairs with a creaking pause on each step. Before he had got half way up, however, the door of Maggie's room opened, and Mrs. Buxton appeared, her long white face longer and whiter than ever, her finger on her lip.

"Go thy ways down, Jim; thou mun keep f' th' kitchen. Hoo's none so well."

"What?" gasped Jim. "What's amiss?—th' little un?"

"Nay, go thy ways down, I tell 'ee. Th' little un reet enough. It's our Maggie, Hoo's takken a turn or summat. I've sent for doctor."

She withdrew, closing the door very softly, and Jim went creaking down again with a woful face.

"Our Maggie's takken a turn."

"What sort o' turn?"

"A bad turn I reckon"—this with a quivering lip.

"Eh, they lasses, they do sometimes wi' their first childer. Dunnot looked so scared, mon. Hoo'll be reet—thou't see. Hoo's allus bin a strong, 'erthy wench—naught niver ailed her. Is doctor coming?"

"Ah, they'n fetched him."

"Reet... Hoo'll be hersel' f' no time I tell thee."

Jim sat down, rubbing his knees, and staring disconsolately into the fire. Jack wandered up and down between door and window, making the same encouraging remarks over and over again, though his face gradually lengthened, and he was obviously uneasy.

Presently the doctor came. The men looked at each other as he descended the stairs, but neither of them found courage to question him. Mrs. Buxton's face as she followed him told

a tale of its own, and sundry phrases which they caught of the murmured colloquy filled them with dismay.

"Hard work to pull through. Peritonitis set in—"

"What's that?" whispered Jim to Jack.

"The titus—our Maggie's gotten th' titus—brown-titus," answered Jack.

"Eh, an' we never heered her cough."

ejaculated Jim, and then the pair fell to listening again; but they could hear no more.

Soon the doctor drove off, and Mrs. Buxton re-entered the kitchen. She stood still for a moment resting her hand on the table, and looking from one to the other; then she tried to speak, failed, and raised her apron to her eyes.

Through the open door they could hear the distant church bells chiming merrily.

Jim rose, and walked upstairs without a word. When Mrs. Buxton followed she found him seated by his wife's bed, half hidden by the curtain.

"Go down, Jim," she murmured softly, "theer's a good lad." "Ark," as Maggie moaned, "Hoo's too bad to notice—thou'r nobbut f' th' road' ere. Thou cannot do her no good."

"I'll bide, as how t'is," said Jim sullenly; and bide he did; all through the long hours that ensued that silent motionless figure kept its place at the bedside, Maggie's pain left her a little before the end, and her feeble hand withdrew the curtain that concealed her husband's face from her.

"Art thou there, lad?"

"Aye—I'm here."

"Thou's gotten th' little wench, Jim. Hoo'll soon be company for 'ee."

Jim said nothing.

"Thou't love her... an' see to her?"

He nodded, and Maggie with a sigh closed her eyes.

Late on that same day, Jim left his place by the bedside; he was no longer wanted there—Maggie had gone Home.

He and the old farmer sat opposite each other in the kitchen, and neither spoke a word. Jack shifted his position in his big elbow chair every now and then, cleared his throat, drummed with his fingers on the table; but Jim sat glowering into the fire without moving. Overhead they could hear the women moving to and fro about Maggie's bed.

Presently Jack, heaving a deep sigh, drew forward a covered basket that stood on the neighbouring table. Jim heard him fumbling with it, though he would not turn his head; but after a moment or two, a smothered exclamation made him look round. His father-in-law had come upon poor Maggie's last piece of work: an unfinished baby's shirt with the needle sticking in it.

"Hoo wur—hoo wur allus a great hand at th' needle," said Jack piteously.

And then Jim, covering his face with his rugged hands, burst out sobbing.

PART II.

The sod had green on Maggie's grave for nearly three years, and "the little wench" was a well-known personality in the neighbourhood of the Upper Farm. A sturdy little monkey, standing firm on her plump brown legs, and taking notice of her small world with a pair of bright dark eyes that might have been Maggie's own.

"Sharp!" said her grandmother, "Eh, hoo is that. Theer's nought hoo doesn't know. I welly believe, T'other day, soombry axed her wheer hoo coomed fro' an' who her mother wur, Ah' hoo tells 'em as hoo lives at th' Upper Farm. I haven't got no mother," hoo says, "but I've two daddies," who says, "Ah hoo towd us all about it when hoo coom whoam. Did y' ivir hear sich a tale?" "Two daddies," says hoo."

"Daddy Jack," and "Daddy Jim," were indeed little Curly's devoted slaves. (She had been christend Maggie after her mother, but the members of the bereaved household found it as yet difficult to pronounce that once familiar name, and so "th' little wench" was generally entitled "Curly"—in allusion to the thick wavy gold-brown crop which adorned her little round head.)

She slept in her grandmother's room, so Daddy Jack had generally the first of the day's enjoyment. She would crawl out of her cot on to the big bed with early dawn, creeping cautiously over Mrs. Buxton's sleeping form, and smuggle close to Daddy Jack; bestowing sundry attentions on

him, which a less good-humoured or affectionate man would have found a trifle trying. But he only smiled sleepily when she pulled open his eyes, and patted his nose, and twisted his whiskers; imprisoning the dimpled little tormenting hand.

"Eh, thou'r a little rpgne, thou art! Why the birds are not wakkened up yet. Whatever will thy gronny say? See, coom in here wi' thee—thou'r welly starved wi' cowl;—thy little feet's near perished."

Sometimes Curly accepted the invitation, but more frequently she declined, first by vigorous shakes of the mop aforesaid; then by little muttered remonstrances, and finally by shrill defiance which ultimately awoke her grandmother, who thereupon invariably petted her, and scolded Daddy Jack; a state of things of which "th' little wench" entirely approved.

"The poor innocent knows no better," Mrs. Buxton would grumble. "But a body 'ud think thou'd ha' more sense, nor to be encouragin' her f' sich ways. See, lovey, get under th' blankets, do. Eh, hoo's as cowl!—I wonder at thee, Jack, thot I do! Thou might know better. The child's got no sense."

"I got no sense," Curly echoed reprovingly one day, crossing one fat leg over the other, and looking severely at her grandfather; upon which Jack's lecture was cut short for once, and the old pair chuckled and winked at each other in equal rapture. "Sense indeed," as Jack remarked, "hoo's more nor a many grown men!"

When Curly's toilet was completed, Daddy Jim's innings began. She sat on his knee at breakfast, and ate occasionally out of his plate; she rode on his shoulder afterwards, when he went his round of the shippons and pigsties, varying that form of exercise by an occasional jaunt on the back of a cart-horse, or even a cow. Once indeed, she insisted on riding a pig, and after a sharp altercation carried her point; Daddy Jim selected a matronly and safe old lady for her steed, and placed his folded coat for Curly to sit on. But the experiment was not a success—both Curly and the coat speedily slipping off into the mire.

The little maid was always seen with one or other of her daddies; and not unfrequently with both. The two men accommodating their paces to her little toddling steps, and stepping awkwardly sideways that she might cling to a finger of each.

When she had chicken-pox they nearly went mad, especially as kindly neighbours were not wanting sympathetic suggestions that happen her mother were callin' her. Hoo wanted her up yonder, very like, an' hoo'd coom fur her. However, these predictions were not realized. And luckily for the peace of mind of the two daddies, no other childish maladies found their way to the Upper Farm.

The days passed quietly and peacefully. Jim went on working for his father-in-law, just as he used to do during his brief wedded life, and Mrs. Buxton washed, and mended him, and "did for him," and occasionally "barged at him," almost as poor Maggie herself might have done. But it wasn't the same. "Eh dear no," as Jim often sighed to himself, "Theer's a deal o' difference. Eh, Maggie!"

No one could say he fretted much. The neighbours thought he bore up wonderfully. He was never seen to cry, and never mentioned his wife; when he passed her grave on his way to the church door, he looked the other way. But he missed her in his dull, uncomplaining, unreasoning fashion, at every turn, in every hour. Only Curly had power to chase away the vague pain—only her sunny baby presence could fill the void.

When Curly was more than halfway through her third year, an event occurred which stirred the placid current of her daddies' lives.

It was on a Sunday in June; a Sunday so warm and bright that the eyes of the congregation were tempted to wander to the church windows, through which the sky appeared very blue, and the woods very green and enticing. It was so warm that the sermon had had rather a soporific effect, and one or two prayer-books slipped out of the owners' hands long before the Rector had come to "Thirdly."

Well, service was over, and dinner was over, and Daddy Jack was smoking on the bench outside the door, digesting his roast beef, and dozing now and then. Mrs. Buxton was reading "Letts' Almanac" (which always came out on Sunday) in the parlour, and Curly was fast asleep on the

horsehair sofa with her legs covered by a shawl.

Daddy Jim strolled down the path a little way just to pass the time. He was disappointed that the little 'un should have selected to take her nap just then, but it was good for her, no doubt. Very like it was—but it was lonesome here in the field without her. He sauntered on, switching at the hedge, and whistling. Presently the sudden turn in the path, described before, brought him in sight of the high road, and the stile leading to it. And who might that be sitting on the stile? A buxom girl in a bright blue dress, with reddish hair much frizzed, and a very fine hat indeed; a hat with as many ribbons, and flowers, and feathers, as could possibly be piled on it. The young woman's whole "get up" was so smart, and the difference between it and her ordinary week-day attire so great, that it was not until he was quite close to her that Jim recognised Annie Davis, the blacksmith's niece, who had recently come to live in the village.

"Good afternoon," observed Jim, pausing with a nod and grin of greeting.

"Nice day, Mr Norris," replied Annie.

Jim looked up at the sky, then at the feathers in Annie's hat, and then, casually, at the face beneath it—a pleasant face enough, snub-nosed, red-cheeked, freckled, with bright rather bold blue eyes. The eyes had pink rims to them to-day, though, and the sandy lashes stuck together; Annie Davis had been crying.

Jim realised the fact by slow degrees, and also observed that the girl, though she had responded to his greeting, did not seem to care to pursue the conversation, continuing to drum on the step of the stile with her foot, and to gaze disconsolately down the road.

A smile crept gradually over his face. He opened his mouth as though to speak, shut it again, and then winked to himself. He was thinking of making a joke, and a joke was no light matter to him, and could not be undertaken without due preparation. He had very nearly got it now, though.

A tear welled up in the corner of Annie's eye, and rolled slowly down her round red cheek.

"Hain't he coom?" asked Jim, ready at last and grinning with glee.

"Who?" queried Annie, pettishly.

"Why, him. Him as yo're lookin' out fur."

Now, as it happened, he hadn't come, and Annie had good cause to fear that he had no intention of coming. Annie had had a quarrel with him on the Sunday before, and she had announced her intention of "giving over keeping company" with him, parting from him, indeed, with the assurance that he needn't ever come asking her to go out again, for she had walked her last with him. Nevertheless, when the end of the week came she had cooled down a good deal, and was, in fact, quite ready to forgive her swain when he came, as she expected, to be once more restored to favour.

She had taken up her position on the stile, which commanded a good view of the road usually taken by Sunday couples, and had there waited for the young man—waited first smilingly, then anxiously, then furiously, then despairingly. Jim's jocular query was the last drop in an already full cup; Annie began to sob in good earnest.

Jim could not leave off smiling all at once, partly because he was so enchanted to find that his surmise was correct, and partly because he thought he had said a very funny thing! But presently he began to feel sorry for the girl. He leaned against the fence and looked at her compassionately.

"If I wur yo' I'd give ower," he remarked. "I would, fur sure. There's a mony lads i' the parish."

The corners of Annie's mouth began to go up, and she gave her head a little toss.

"Well," she said coquettishly, "an' who said there was na?"

Jim was nonplussed for a moment, quickness of repartee not being his strong point. But after pushing back his hat, and scratching his head—processes which always seemed to brighten his intellect—he observed:

"A mon 'ud think to see yo' as there wur but one lad i' th' place, an' he wur a bad 'un."

Annie began to laugh, loud and long, after the manner of young persons of her standing; and Jim, charmed at his own brilliancy, joined her. Their mirth was at its height,

when a couple came sauntering down the road, at sight of whom the girl suddenly changed her note. It was no other than her own particular young man, who now strolled leisurely past, arm-in-arm with her most special enemy. On they came, talking very eagerly, and laughing a great deal. The young man exceedingly affectionate to the new love, as with the corner of his eye, he caught sight of the blue draperies of the old, fluttering behind the hedge; the maiden coy and witty. Jim meanwhile was still cheerfully chuckling.

"Eh, a body 'ud think as he wur a bad 'un!" he repeated, quite unconsciously of the proximity of the person in question.

"An' they think rest," cried Annie, with flashing eyes. He was actually passing without a sign of recognition. "But as yo' were sayin', there's mony a lad i' th' parish."

"There is," agreed Jim, "an' good 'uns too. Eh, a lass same as yo' has no need to tuk up w' wastrels."

The couple were out of hearing now, but one or two more were approaching, and Annie, whose blood was up, determined to prove to all her acquaintances that she was not depressed by her lover's desertion.

"There's yo'sel' to start w', Mester Norris," she said, her rosy cheek dimpling, and her snub-nose cooking itself knowingly as she smiled.

"Well," said Jim. "That is a good 'un!"

"Wunnot yo' set down a bit?" inquired Annie. "There's lots o' room, an' settin's as cheap as standin'."

The step was rather narrow for two, but with a good deal of giggling they managed to balance themselves.

It was very pleasant there; sunny and warm, with the scent of the clover strong in their nostrils, and the breeze rustling through the tall green wheat. Jim sat placidly beside Annie, listening to her rollicking talk and laughter, and putting in an occasional monosyllable. The neighbours, passing by, stared and nudged each other, and made smiling half-audible comments.

"So that's it, is it?" "Well, he is but a young chap." "Jim's in luck," and so forth.

Jim fidgetted with his stick, and looked over their heads, and now and then drew a long stalk of grass from the rank growth beneath the hedge, and chewed it.

But by-and-bye, the sound of a well-known voice coming from the opposite direction made him start. What should come rolling round the hedge but the portly figure of Daddy Jack!

"Hallo," said Jim, tumbling off the stile, and looking rather foolish.

Jack paused, took a long frowning survey of Annie, and advanced more rapidly.

"Art thou commin' to thy tay?" he enquired as soon as he was near enough.

"Is it ready?"

"Is it ready? I should think it wur ready, an' it gone five. What han yo' agate here?"

"Eh, nought to speak on."

"Well, then, coom on w' thee. Th' missus could na think whative'd

coom to thee. Who may yo wench be?"

"Annie Davis, I b'lieve."

"Thou cannot say fur sure, I a'pose. Well, hoo's no beauty as how t'is." "Hoo's reet enough," retorted Jim, the spirit of opposition roused within him by his father-in-law's tone.

"Good afternoon, Annie," he called, nodding over his shoulder.

"Good day to yo', Mester Norris, an' thank yo' fur your company."

Daddy Jack and Daddy Jim marched off, each for the first time in their

stiles along w' wenches fur, if thou has na a mind to keep company?"

"There wur'n't nobbut one wench," replied Jim stolidly.

"Nobbut one! An' that's enough, sure. Thou does na reckon to coort moor nor one at a time?"

"Well, an' what if I wur settin' o' a stile w' a wench?"

"Well, that's what I say; thou's coompany-keepin'."

"I wunnot say whether I am or not," cried Jim angrily, "but I'll say as I wunnot be barged at."



Watching to see which way the Federation Wind blows.

The Premier says "He is not allowing this Federation movement to proceed without its being very carefully considered."

simple lives on bad terms with the other. Jack, indignant at what he took to be a slight to Maggie's memory. Jim, furious at his injustice, but determined not to be put upon. They walked on in silence at first, but the elder man presently paused, prodding the soft earth with his stick.

Jim went on, without turning his head.

"Hoy!" shouted Daddy Jack. "Coom back 'ere, I want 'ee." His son-in-law retraced his steps.

"Thou's started company-keepin', I see," said Jack.

"Who says that?" growled Jim, borrowing a leaf from Annie's book.

"I say't. What art thou settin' o'

"My word, Jim, I'll barge if I've a mind to. I tell thee I'm not the moan to start countin' my words at this tim' o' th' day. Nay, I see how it is w' thee. Thou cares nought for our Maggie, nor our Maggie's folks. Thou's takken up w' yon ill-favoured impudent lass o' Davis', an' thou thinks to set her i' our Maggie's place. But I tell 'ee, my lad, thou needs na think i' fetchin' her up t' our house. Hoo's no place there, an' thou's ha' no place there if thou goes courtin' other wenches. Thou can pack up, bag and baggage, an' tak' thysel' soomwher else. We dunnot want Annie Davis' chap up yonder—we'n nobbut kep' thee fur bein' our Maggie's husband."

"Well, an' if yo' have kep' me yo' hannot kep' me for nought," put in Jim, all his pride in arms. "I've worked 'ard, and added my mate if iver a mon did. But I'll not be behowden to no one. I can soon find some little nook as 'll do fur Curly an' me."

"Curly!" cried the grandfather. "Eh, did iver a body 'sich a thing! Thou's thinkin' to tak' Curly off us! Nay, nay, we're noan sich fools as to let her go. Thou can go if thou cannot do w' out thy coortin's an' company-keepin's—but we's keep th' little wench."

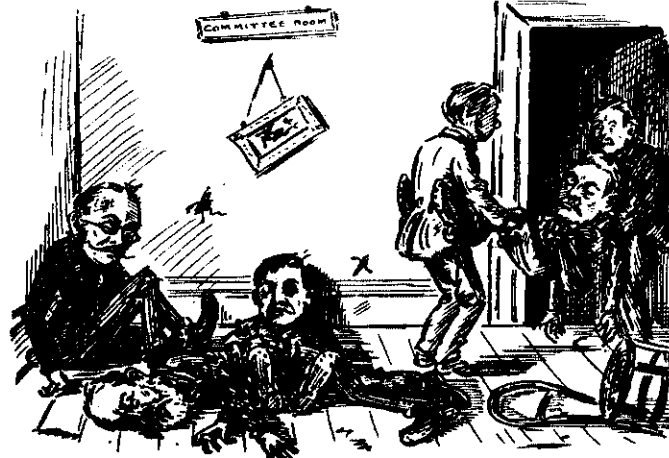
Jim rolled his head from side to side and snorted.

"We'll see that. Hoo's my wench. Coom! Dost thou reckon hoo is or no?"

"Aye, hoo is thy wench reet enough, but hoo's Maggie's wench too, when all's said an' done, and Maggie wur mine, th' only child I iver had. Eh, my word it seems as if 'twere nobbut t' other day as our Maggie were trottin' about just same as th' little an' yonder. Ah," he added in a softened tone, "I like as if I could see her now—in a little yaller dress hoo had, an' her white piny all full of flowers. Hoo was allus fitly mad about flowers."

Jim began to walk on, slowly, with his head a little bent. Jack followed, talking half to himself.

"An' hoo'd coom runnin' to meet me just the same as Curly might do now,



The Premier suggests that a carefully selected Committee consisting of Messrs Lawry, Pirani, Taylor and G Hutcheson to deal with the liquor question might lead to excellent results, and would probably keep these gentlemen quiet for the rest of the session.

wil' th' little curls tassin', an' th' little legs welly flyin', an' soon as I'ver ho'od see me ho'od strike out. 'Daddy, daddy.' Eh, dear o' me! To think ho'od's layin' in her grave now!"

Jim quickened his pace but not a word said he.

"But it's naught to thee as how 'tis. Thou's a fancy fur summat new. Maggie wur a good lass to thee but ho'od's dead now, an' thou reckons to give th' little 'un a step-mother. Ho'od break her little 'eart—an' th' missus yonder—it'll go near to kill her—but thou cares naught. Nay—thou'lt ha' thy Annie Davises as 'ull never do fur th' little wench same as us. Ho'od'll be showin' 'er 'ere an' there out of the road, an' knockin' 'er about as like as not. But I tell 'ee what it is, lad—thou may ha' thy Annie Davises to thyself—ho'od'll ha' none of our little un—we'll keep her."

Jack nodded his head looking determined. His face was red with anger and agitation, the veins in his forehead swollen; and he spoke loudly and disjointedly, for he was breathless, partly with eagerness, partly because he was obliged to walk quickly to keep up with Jim. But in spite of his withering emphasis in alluding to Annie—numbering her name in the plural by way of denoting greater sarcasm and scorn—anyone who knew him would have guessed that for all his lofty air the tears were not very far off.

They were nearly home now, and suddenly Curly's little figure appeared trotting towards them, and her voice was heard uttering ecstatic crows of welcome.

Jim broke into a run, and stretched out his arms.

"Coom, little lass, coom to Daddy."

"Nay," cried Jack, hoarsely, following Jim at a kind of hobbling canter. "Don't 'ee go to him, Curly, come to Daddy Jack. Daddy Jack loves thee. Daddy Jack 'ull do aught i' th' wide world fur 'ee."

"Daddy Jack and Daddy Jim!" cried Curly running from one to the other with little screams of laughter, and thinking it the best fun in the world. But the two men were tremendously in earnest.

"Eh, Curly, hasto ne'er a kias for thy own daddy?" pleaded Jim.

"Nay, coom thy ways to me, little wench," cried Jack, who was fast losing every vestige of self-control. "Coom, Daddy Jim cares naught fur lasses as have no blue e'en an' red cheeks. He's gotten a new lass—he wants none o' thee now."

Curly paused, pouted, looked from one to the other of the angry faces,

and finally uttering a loud wail, announced that she wouldn't have no daddy at all, an' sh'd tell her gronny, she would. She went away, whimpering; and Jim turned round with a countenance working with fury.

"Ah, an' thou'd happen like to hit me now?" suggested Jack, noting the clenched fist.

"I would," said Jim. "An' I'd do 't too to any other man. Thou—thou didn't need to say these things to th' little lass."

Then he drew back a little way, and looked at him with a kind of respectful admiration.

"Well Jim," he said, slowly. "Thou cannot say no fairer than that. Nave, thou cannot, lad. Theer, gi's thy hand, 'Dom Annie Divis,' says thou, and 'Dom her,' says I, an' nobody can say more. Eh, shake hands, mon. Thou'rt a good lad, Jim, when all's said an' done."

He grasped Jim's hand warmly, and the two faced each other a moment in



M. T. MCKENZIE, EX M.H.R.,
RECENTLY RETURNED FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

There was a quaver in his voice, but Daddy Jack would not let himself be softened.

"It wur nobbut truth," he said. "It is na truth," shouted Jim, "and thou knows it is na truth. Thou knows as —"

"I know as thee an' Annie Davis —"

"Dom Annie Davis," interrupted Daddy Jim, with an indignant sob. Daddy Jack's countenance cleared, and stepping hastily forward, he clapped Jim heartily on the shoulder.

silence, a big tear rolling down the old man's cheek, and Jim's broad chest heaving.

Presently Curly peeped round the corner.

"Daddy Jack!" she said, advancing slowly, all ready to whimper again at the slightest provocation.

Daddy Jack loosed his grip of her father's hand and clapped his own together.

"Jest in time, little wench! Hurry now—run to Daddy Jim."

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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

THE GREAT SERVANT QUESTION.

"So you are losing your cook again," I said the other afternoon to a young married girl of my acquaintance, whom we will call Angelina.

"That is perfectly true," answered Angelina, with something suspiciously like a sob in her voice, "and I am afraid Edwin will be fearfully angry with me when he finds out what I have done, but I could not stand the creature's impertinence any longer."

"Well, but tell me, what did 'the creature' do?" I emphasised "the creature" to show my disapproval of Angelina's tone, and I think she winced a little.

"You know," she answered, in rather an aggrieved voice, "I always let cook go out on one Sunday and Jane on the other, from three in the afternoon till ten at night, and I think it is really very good of me, for it is often most inconvenient to have only one servant at home on Sunday evening. Still, I am willing to put up with that; but what do you think cook had the calmness to suggest this morning?"

"I cannot imagine," said I, as I endeavoured to prepare my mind for some terrible shock.

"She actually proposed," Angelina went on, in a sort of scandalised whisper, "she actually proposed that she and Jane should go out once a week on a week day evening as well as on alternate Sundays! Naturally, I refused such a request, saying that I thought they had more liberty as it was than most servants. She looked as black as thunder and muttered something about nigger-driving, and how would I like never to go out from one week's end to the other! Of course, I gave her notice on the spot, the impertinent creature."

"My dear Angelina," said I, "how would you like it yourself?"

"How would I like what?" she said, in evident amazement.

"How would you like to get up in the morning," I answered, "knowing perfectly well that you would have no chance of putting on your hat or stirring out of doors the whole long day, no matter how lovely the July weather might be, even in London; no matter, either, how much your head might ache from stooping over that hot kitchen, or how weary your

back might be after scrubbing the oil-cloth and making the hearthstone white? Does it ever strike you that cook must look up sometimes through those veritable prison bars that shut in her so-called 'semi-sequestered' kitchen, and think how delightful it would be to get a little fresh air and a little exercise other than 'answering the door,' varied by the excitement of making the beds?"

"I never thought of it in that light before," said Angelina, honest compunction written on her face.

"I think of it now, my dear," said I, "and picture to yourself seven, ten, fourteen days such as these, before the longed-for 'Sunday out' can possibly come to break the dreary monotony of that life below stairs, of which the modern English mistress seems to me to realise so very little."

Angelina means well, and her mistakes are often those of youth and ignorance. She was quick to grasp the situation from my point of view.

"I think I hear cook on the stairs," she said. "You will excuse me a moment, I know."

I excused her, hoping that my little sermon had not been preached in vain. Nor had it, for presently Angelina came back wreathed in smiles.

"Cook is going to stay," said she, "and I shall try to give them both a little more liberty in future."

If there should happen to be among my readers any who consider that Angelina's original point of view was the right one, and that I should be likely to err on the side of over-indulgence, I hope very much that they will write and give me the result of their personal experience in domestic management.

One hears on all hands that there are no good servants to be had nowadays, and that it is impossible to get even tolerably decent servants, no matter how high may be the wages that you are willing to pay. I am strongly disposed to think that in nine cases out of ten it is the bad mistress who makes the bad servant—the mistress, that is to say, who looks upon her servants rather as machines than as human beings.

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

Shall the little people have a separate table or take their meals with their parents? Something may be said in behalf of both methods. It is not always practicable to so arrange the family meals that they shall be convenient and appropriate for children. For instance in New Zealand the almost universal dinner hour in business, professional and social circles, is in the evening—between 6 and 7 o'clock. This is the most important function of the day; the meal when a certain degree of formality, or at least of ceremony is to be expected, and it is arranged with a view to the comfort of grown people, not to the needs of growing children.

THE CHILDREN'S DINNER

should always be given them in the middle of the day. They may and often do partake of it at the family luncheon, and it is well to provide for them then dishes suited to their palates as well as appropriate for their digestion. The mother, when she can, should be at this meal with the children, and either herself, or a governess, elder sister, or trusted nurse should preside at the simple nursery tea, which the children should take between 3 and 6 o'clock, long enough before their early bedtime to give them an opportunity for a frolic or a romp, and for the mother's half hour of confidential talk and story telling to end their happy day.

At the breakfast table—provided breakfast is not necessarily too early in the day, breakfasts being often regulated by the relentlessness of railway, tram or boat time tables—the children, fresh from sleep and bath, should surround the table with their shining morning faces. No lovelier sight than that of a breakfast table where the sons and daughters meet, the school boy alert and eager with the tasks of the day before him, the pretty 12-year-old girl, the nursery group, down to the baby in her high chair, is ever seen in palace or cottage.

As children are imitative beings, and as home influence is atmospheric, the best table manners among the younger ones will, all things being equal, be found where the children

are in constant association with fastidious and refined fathers and mothers. How to handle fork and spoon, how to help oneself with grace, what to do, what not to do, little by little will be learned in the best school of manners in the world—the refined home—by children whose advantage it is to live there.

Shall the children talk at the table? By all means. Nothing is more distressing than to sit at a table where the children are forbidden to talk; where they sit like dumb images, never speaking unless addressed, and allowed only to ask, and that timidly, for a second helping. There are occasional Spartan mothers who insist on this rule, and plume themselves on repressing speech from the juniors. They are repressing spontaneity, and depriving children of one of their best educational openings. Likewise, in many cases, they are shutting off from very closely occupied fathers the opportunity of conversation with their children, almost the only opportunity they have.

Children should not take the lead in conversation, nor monopolise it, at the table or elsewhere; nor should they break in upon the talk of their elders by questions or other interruptions. They should simply have their share, at the table and elsewhere, in the ordinary life of the family, telling in their way of their little concerns, never overlooked, never excluded from the current of talk, but never permitted to be so much in evidence that their parents and friends are forced to keep in the background.

Table manners indicate social condition. The grace or clumsiness, the accustomed ease or the boorish awkwardness of man or woman are hall marks showing whence he or she came. We can bestow upon young people few gifts more desirable than that perfect savoir faire at the table.

TOILET HINTS.

To Soften the Hands Quickly.—First wash them thoroughly in tepid water till every vestige of dirt is removed. Then before drying them well



LEAVING THE DRESSING ROOM. "WILL I DO."



ENTERING THE BALL ROOM.

rub in some glycerine and lemon juice mixed in equal proportions. Wipe thoroughly dry with a soft towel and powder with almond or oatmeal.

To Whiten the Hands.—Lemon juice rubbed on after washing is the best whiterer you can use, and you will find that a good soap is also a great help.

A Curling Fluid.—One ounce of borax, one drachm of gum arabic, one pint of hot water, and two table-spoonfuls of camphor. Add the camphor after the other ingredients are dissolved, and well shake before using.

Scissors for Cutting the Nails.—Never use ordinary scissors for this purpose; they make the nails thick and coarse. The special curved nail-scissors are the best to use, and the edges should afterwards be filed to prevent them from splitting.

Lemon Juice for the Hands.—Lemon juice is invaluable to those who are constantly obliged to wash their hands. Try rubbing with a lemon instead of soap to remove dirt, and your hands will keep delightfully soft.

Stains on the Hands.—Have you ever tried cold tea for removing these? It should be rather strong, and must be well rubbed into the stained part. You will probably need to use a brush for the nails. Then rinse the hands in clean warm water, and dry carefully. Soap should never be used when the hands are stained.

Cracked Lips.—Biting the lips often causes them to crack, besides spoiling the shape of the mouth. So if you indulge in this bad habit cure yourself of it.

THE VALUE OF BUTTERMILK.

The housewives who always use sweet milk and baking powder in articles where such ingredients or their equivalents are called for little guess the superior results which may be obtained from the use of sour milk or buttermilk and soda. If sour milk is used it must be freshly soured, not stale; hence, the best time to use it is in the summer time. Buttermilk is preferable all the year round. Biscuits, griddle cakes, waffles, corn breads, muffins, genus, gingerbreads, cookies, etc., are all of them more tender, delicate, and probably more wholesome (since the majority of baking powders are adulterated) if made of buttermilk and soda. It requires a little skill or experience to use soda with nicety, but it is worth while to acquire such skill; indeed, there is scarcely an item in culinary processes which better repays one for intelligent experimenting. The bicarbonate of soda used to-day is a very different article from the carbonate of soda or saleratus with which careless cooks made spotted biscuits in our grandmothers' time. Used with an acid, as buttermilk, it is as scientifically wholesome as any article employed as an adjunct in cookery.

It is scarcely possible to give an absolutely exact rule of measurement for soda, as brands differ somewhat in strength, and milk varies in degrees of acidity. A general rule is one level teaspoonful of soda to one pint of buttermilk or freshly soured milk. The soda must be first pulverised by rubbing with a knife on the table or bread board, then added to the flour, to be sifted with it. It is even well to sift the flour, soda, and salt together two or three times to insure an even blending. In a very short time one learns to gauge the soda exactly to the acidity of the milk to be used. Baking powder cannot give the best results in the class of articles enumerated above.—Selected.

EVIL EFFECTS OF CYCLING.

The injurious effects produced by cycling in adults are chiefly due to faulty position and over-exertion. Faulty position produces round shoulders with contracted chests; perineal pressure results from a badly made or badly placed saddle, while over-exertion usually tells on the heart. The bad effect on the heart may not be obvious for a time, because that organ can compensate for its defects. A defective valve causes increase of work, but this causes the muscle to increase, and the extra work is done. Shortness of breath is the most usual sign of heart deficiency, but it may be due to other defects, such as anaemia. If you have any doubt about your heart have it examined.

SHOWING CHILDREN OFF.

This is a practice too frequently followed by young and enthusiastic parents, who, seeing only perfection in their own flock, fall into the error of showing them off "to all and sundry." Even where this is done in the absence of the children it is a great mistake, for other people are apt to weary of the constant repetition of what Willie did, or what wee Lizzie said; but it is a still graver error, on the part of mother or father, to entertain strangers with the narration of a child's achievements—either praiseworthy or otherwise—in its presence. Children are, as everyone knows, very quick to take impressions, and also just as acute in seeing the impression which is made upon others. Who has not observed the half-wise, half-innocent look on a little face while its mother proudly (!) tells her neighbour the story of how he refused to come and be washed, or how he insisted upon reaching across the dinner table for some forbidden dainty? The child evidently thinks—under the circumstances—that he has done something very clever, and will, if his parents do not alter their line of conduct, grow into a wilful, precocious youth.

But there is another kind of "showing off" to which I am glad to note from personal observation, many little ones object; that is, reciting poetry or prose to an audience of uncles and aunts who, through good nature or politeness, feign the admiration which they do not feel. When the performance is over, "little Willie" is praised and petted to such an extent that he trots away with an exalted opinion of himself and of his cleverness. Many a child has grown up conceited and self-opinionated through the folly of his or her parents, who allowed their fond pride to see nothing but perfection in their darling.

A GIRL'S ALLOWANCE.

A girl can scarcely be too young to have some idea of the value of money, and a weekly allowance will teach her the pleasure of providing little gifts and knick-knacks out of her own pocket. At the age of fifteen or sixteen every girl should have an allowance out of which she should buy her own gloves, stationery, ribbons, etc. This will teach her the use her pocket money can be put to and will save her the annoyance of coming to her parents for every penny she spends and every gift she bestows. As she gets older her allowance should include money for her entire wardrobe. Such an allowance should be probationary, and should depend upon the girl's judgment and care in the choosing of her clothes during the period when the first allowance is spent. She must learn that she should keep an account of every penny she spends. This will teach her many things in the handling of money, and she will profit by her mistakes, becoming much wiser through the experience.

WOMEN DON'T LAUGH ENOUGH.

"Nearly every woman is a miser of jollity. Men are willing to catch pleasure as it flies. But women must have everything just so before they can abandon themselves to enjoyment, and then they are usually too tired to take it," said a lecturer to an audience of women. "It's a disease, but, fortunately, not incurable. Women say it is easy to talk this way, but that one can't be laughing when one is hurried and worried. All I can say is that you might be as hurried, but you wouldn't be as worried if you did laugh. I happened once to speak of my husband to a little girl, and she said:

"Why, I didn't think you were married."
 "Why?" I asked.
 "Oh, 'cause—"
 "'Cause why?"
 "'Cause you laugh so much."
 "Wasn't that a commentary on matrimony?"

ROYAL WEDDING CAKE.

Royal wedding cakes are never sent out until they have matured at least six months. The actual baking process lasts from five to seven hours. So great is the demand for cake on the occasion of a Royal wedding that the makers have always a stock of more than two thousand pounds in the seasoning room.

GET DRESS CUTTING TAUGHT BY POST. Write Mr. Chesbire, Aesalbourne St. NORTHCOTE, MELBOURNE.



OUR GIRLS.

What a vast difference there is between the girl of to-day and the girl of 40 or 50 years ago. The girl of those remote days was educated on an entirely dissimilar plan; for use and not for beauty. Science was unthought of for them, and playing the piano was a rare accomplishment. The idea of changing the mode of dress with each variation of the seasons was never for a moment entertained. As for having a hat and a pair of gloves to correspond with each costume, that, my dear friend, was something that the ordinary dame of remote days would scorn to do. A dressmaker might be employed at intervals of say a year or so, and then she was expected to do all the family sewing, and to do it in a lasting manner. Now, to meet the demands of fashion, our lovely fair ones find it necessary to have a dress at the modiste's every month, and sometimes even two or three are in process of making at one and the same time.

Healthy household work, duties in the Sunday school, her heart devoted to her Bible class, as became an earnest church member—these were some of the useful occupations of

THE GIRL OF OTHER DAYS. These duties gave her all the enjoyment she desired. A bit of harmless gossip, or the good old parson's sermon, gave food for thought and conversation for a month. Our revered predecessors were essentially home-bodies, true sweethearts, wives, and mothers, educated for the home circle, and with little or no ambition beyond its sacred precincts.

The girl of to-day is a far different, and, many think, a very superior creature. She would rather die than be out of fashion, and, in consequence, a great many parental purses frequently collapse, owing to the constant drain upon their resources.

The first thought, therefore, that comes to the growing maiden, is to transfer

THE PLEASURE OF PAYING HER BILLS.

to a husband. "It is such a continual worry to poor, dear papa." Her consideration of "poor, dear papa" often causes her to accept a companion

with more money than brains. In exchange for his happy privileges he secures a life partner who can tell him a little—sometimes a very little—about Darwin, Huxley, and other scientists; can talk him to sleep with her views concerning the drama, poetry, music, art, etc.

If there is anything she doesn't know, or thinks she doesn't, she utters a silent vow to Heaven to find out all about it. This has lately been demonstrated by her rage for ceramics, aestheticism, and kindred subjects. Such things were among the lost arts, but have been resurrected and brought to the notice of the feminine portion of society, and behold the result. Not a fashionable house can you enter where you will not find evidences of the industry and learning of the ladies, scattered about in the shape of plaques, unheard-of combinations of colours, and the like. If she cannot play Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin ravishingly, she can, however, make a grand attempt at something like music. She not only can play herself, but her "sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts" can do likewise.

WE LOVE THIS GIRL. With her pink and white face, her display of millinery, her genius in dress, and all her other faults and follies. For underneath all this mask there is a noble, lovable character, but it usually requires life's stern lessons for the unfolding of the nobler woman.

What more need be said? That our modern girl should be taught to live for others as well as for herself; that life is something more than mere amusement. That there is such a thing as genuine love outside of novel covers, and that bread and cheese and kisses have a sweetness and flavour that money alone cannot buy.

She can teach the girl of forty years ago much knowledge of the world; and who of us do not know girls who fancy that

"MOTHER IS VERY MUCH BEHIND THE TIMES."

is old-fashioned, and does not know half as much as her fair daughter? But, ah! mother, the girl of forty years ago with all her antiquated notions, and narrowness, and lack of intellectual training, can teach the girl of to-day many a precious lesson. She can teach her to live within her means, and to make home a place of beauty and happiness and content.

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

P. C.

P. D.

P. D.

P. D.

P. D.

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RECIPES.

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

I am indebted to a correspondent for the following excellent remarks on coffee-making. When I repeat that ninety-nine out of every hundred women buy coffee which may have been ground and wasted weeks before, and they very often "boil it" for some time before straining, I am not surprised at the quality of the "brew" which results. "Masque de Fer" writes:—

"Pure Mocha beans are necessary—no chicory—either for cafe noir or cafe-au-lait. A fair allowance is 2oz. of roasted and ground coffee to a pint of water for cafe noir; for cafe-au-lait three parts of hot milk may be allowed to one part of coffee. Warm the beans on a plate before grinding. When ground put in a warm jug, and slowly fill with boiling water. Then stir well with an enamel spoon for about a minute. Now let it stand, covered with a saucer, for an hour. Dip the strainer in hot water; wring out; and slowly pour the contents of the jug through the strainer into an enamel coffee-pot. Let it come just to a boil, and it is ready for immediate use, or will keep perfectly for several days. Always wash the strainer in very hot water immediately after use, and leave it to dry hanging on a hook in the larder—never leave it in the coffee-pot. Great attention should be paid to this, as a neglected strainer is enough to spoil the finest coffee. A nainsook muslin strainer is best—metal should be avoided. Perhaps this may be the cause of so many failures in coffee, using a metal strainer or an imperfectly cleaned muslin one.

FISH MAYONNAISE.

It is supposed that all good house-keepers are serving fish very freely and naturally there will be much left over to put to use. Gather it up carefully, for it may possibly be better

the second time than the first. Flake the remnants from any baked, boiled, or fried fish (rejecting browned parts) in inch-long pieces.

For a dressing, mash fine the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, and season with salt, pepper, one level teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one-quarter of a saltspoonful of mace. Rub all together with two tablespoonfuls of oil until thoroughly blended, then add slowly two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice and four of good vinegar.

Lastly, add the well-beaten white of one fresh egg, and blend again. Gently incorporate this into as much flaked fish as it will well moisten, saving a small extra portion to spread over the top when arranged in the salad-bowl, with lettuce cut small, and any other green stuff which may be seasonable.

CORNED BEEF SALAD.

Cut up two lettuces into fine shreds and dress them with a mixture made by blending two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one of vinegar, a dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar, a little pepper and salt, and a saltspoonful of made mustard. Arrange a layer of sliced cooked potatoes at the bottom of a salad bowl, then put in a layer of thinly sliced corned beef; cover the meat with dressed lettuce and scatter some coarsely chopped beets over the top; then put a second layer of potatoes, beef, and lettuce, and garnish the dish with beets and hard-boiled eggs cut into slices.

RAILWAY PUDDING.

This is very quickly prepared, and cooked as well, hence the name. Take one teacup of flour, one teacup of sugar, the rind of one lemon, an egg, and a little milk (about a teacupful). Just at the last add one teaspoon of baking-powder. Mix the ingredients together and bake in a flat tin in a hot oven. While it is hot spread the pudding with jam, roll it over, and serve it on a hot dish. A little cream served with it is a great improvement.

SWISS PANCAKES.

I think that simple, though it is, this is one of the most delicious sweet dishes that I know. Cut 2 slices, about an inch thick, right across a clay-rod loaf, cut off the crust, and trim nicely. Now melt 1/2 oz. butter in a frying-pan, and in it fry the bread till a golden brown. Spread apricot, or some other nice preserve on the one, cover with the other in sandwich fashion—sift castor sugar over; cut into "fingers," or any other shape preferred, and serve very hot. If any very luscious jam is used, a few drops of lemon juice, squeezed over the top, greatly improves the flavour.

A NEW SAVOURY.

at least it is new to me, and no doubt will be a novelty to many of my readers. I tasted it for the first time a few days ago at a five o'clock tea, where the hostess (wise woman!) prepared dainty savouries as an amusement to members of the "supper" sex, whose presence at that informal repast so greatly enhances its success. Her cook kindly gave me the recipe. Small circles of bread are stamped out from thin slices; these are fixed, crouton fashion, and are then spread with the following mixture:—Two par-sau-chovy, boned and pounded, one part tomato pulp (or sauce will do), lemon juice and cayenne, the whole forming a thick paste. The croutons are spread while hot, and are then put into the oven for a minute or two, a wee pinch of very finely minced parsley being sprinkled on each just before sending to table.

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. Combing made up. Write for catalogue. Orders by post promptly attended to.
A. H. HENDY, Ladies' Hairdresser, Dunedin.

"SWAGGER."

A DISEASE COMMON TO BOTH SEXES.

Of all the innovations of this nineteenth century, one most peculiarly its own, and particularly objectionable, is that mode of expression popularly known as "swagger."

"Swagger" may be described as a disease to which both sexes are liable, but in its chronic form chiefly assails the feminine population.

And the pity of it is that even the most homely and womanly of individuals seems liable to its insidious attack—women who, beneath the disfiguring veneer of pseudo-fashion, possess motherly hearts and simple instincts.

She who is to the "Manor" born takes her possessions as a matter of course, and does not obtrude the fact that they exist upon the drawing-room.

She who is born but to a villa residence should maintain the dignity of that condition—for every condition has its attendant dignity—and not seek, when a richer woman is calling upon her, to make up by "swagger" for what she lacks in reality.

The parvenu who has acquired "swagger" with her wealth loses no opportunity of forcing upon her neighbours' knowledge the fact.

She will even allude, with a delicate languor that may be intended to bespeak an elegant indigestion, to the peach-tart and cream she partook at lunch, or the quails she trilled with at breakfast.

All this "swaggering" has left no time for a friendly interchange of thought, and the mutual sympathy that constitutes friendship has no place where the hostess's one idea is to display her own grandeur to her guest. So this benighted individual, after hearing somebody referred to as being "quite well-bred," although she lives in a small house, will shrivel up, and bid a depressed farewell to so much magnificence.



WAITING FOR PEARS.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

By MARGUERITE

Madame La Mode is taking a bit of a holiday at present, before she has to set about creating the fashions for the coming season. But though the fashions are for the moment in statu quo between the outgoing modes of winter and the impending changes of spring, there is plenty to occupy us. To begin with I give a useful hint for any who like to have dressy little eteteras to brighten up their old gowns. This takes the form of a varied assortment of neck wear, which will be an essential part of a spring and summer girl's wardrobe. The plainest gown can be made very pretty by a soft chiffon stock or a jaunty stiff ended taffeta bow that is crisp and fresh looking. Plain linen collars are now considered passe, and are to be very little in evidence; and really their departure will not be so much regretted as might be expected. So many new and tasteful neck finishings have been introduced that the linen collar is scarcely missed

and lawn ruffles in white and pale delicate tones, are much affected, and furnish a very becoming neck complement. It is almost impossible to enumerate the stocks and various bows that are to be worn; the dainty little bows are edged with tiny frillings of lace, ribbon or chiffon, giving a very soft and graceful finish. Tulle bows stand out from under the chin like fluttering butterflies, and will form one of the coming season's fancies.

◎ ◎ ◎
The strong-minded female wears stiffly starched collars. No one would

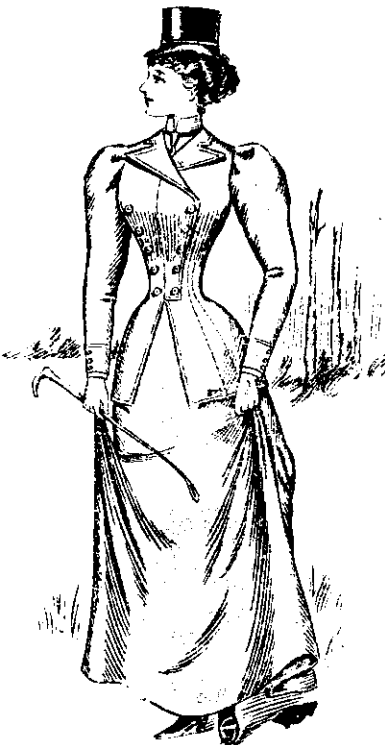
be worn with silk and fancy shirt waists. And glaring plaid scarfs folded over soft white stocks will be found among the varieties displayed.

White tulle neckties covered at the ends with rows of narrow tulle ruches are very pretty and becoming.

Floral boas are one of the novelties for neckwear. They are made of rose leaves and leaves of gathered gauze.

The newest thing for neckwear is the lace scarf, five inches wide and a yard and a half long. This, folded around a silk stock a time or two and tied in a sailor knot or bow is one of the most popular novelties.

which tufts of pink roses with their foliage appear. On the left side you will see a large knot of black velvet, always a charming touch. Tulle toques and hats are to be very popular. I have seen a charming toque of wistaria-blue tulle, caught down one side with a silver buckle and wistaria climbing over the front on the swathed foamy folds. Provided you have your shapes these tulle toques are not difficult to make, but you must have yards of tulle, as they need a tremendous quantity, and of course they don't last long, many pairings-on proving ruin. I grieve to say the real



GREEN CLOTH RIDING HABIT.

even by its most devoted adherent, the tailor-made girl. Much more feminine and dainty are the narrow turnover collars of embroidery, lace or fine hem-stitched linen. These are used to fold over the ribbon bows, stocks and taffeta ties now so much favoured. In fact, it is not considered quite as smart to wear ribbon about the neck as a tie about eight inches wide formed of soft taffeta, fashioned into a bow with long ends reaching to the waist, or made into an Ascot and fastened together with a long golf pin. Soft Liberty silk, chiffon, and lace ties,



A TRIO OF STRIKING MODELS.

suspect her of being a lover of gowns. On the other hand, the girl who wants other people to think her feminine and pretty, takes great pains to annex something quite smart in neckties. She has no lack of choice, for the variety is something remarkable. Some of the most fascinating ties are made by the wearers themselves, and their greatest claim to beauty lies in the fact that they are not skimpy, but have a generous amount of lace, mousseline, or gauze to form them. It does not require any great amount of cleverness to make one of these neckties, only a little skill of the needle and a knowledge of plain sewing. The necktie should be long enough to pass about the throat twice and then tie in a large fluffy bow in front. When it is tied the knot should be drawn tight, so that the centre is small and close. This makes the bows look much smarter when they are pulled out than if the knot was loose and uncertain.

A white satin folded collar has jabot of corded silk, with huge polka dots of cerise velvet, and over this another jabot falls in pretty folds, tying in a charming fluffy bow in front, with long ends.

Four in hand scarfs, in all the bright, pretty shades of pique, with long ends that reach to the belt, will

All the newest hats bear an upward inclination in front and a downward one behind as you will see by the two illustrations here. The first is of fanciful white straw, trimmed with a large knot of shaded orange to golden



TWO FRENCH HATS.

brown velvet, and branches of white and yellow acacias. This shape, simple and becoming, looks well with the hair dressed either high or low. The second is of "Italian corn" straw, crowned round with white tulle in

osprey is beginning to be used again by the wealthy, happily the real ones are extremely expensive, and can never become very common. As for appealing to a fashionable woman's humanity, it is hopeless, and has been done so often with futile result. In Paris they are wearing tulle tied from the hat, crossed at the back and tied under the chin, but this being rather a hot fashion is sure not to gain much favour.

◎ ◎ ◎
The lady in the sketch, who evidently watches a race with great interest, wears a belted, or, as it is often called, a strapped gown. In her case penu de suede forms the strappings, the colour milk-white on a mastic cloth gown. Her toque is a mass of emerald tulle, and her vest and tie are of the same material, with needle-ran embroidery as a finish.

Centred in the picture a really comfortable tea gown appears. The qualifying epithets are needed. Some tea gowns are far from cosy. This one is made of the newly fashioned nun's veiling, in colouring a lovely rose petal pink, with pearl silk lapels and a pearl silk petticoat. Delicate embroideries appear on the gown, done in floss silks, the colours green, pink and blue in the old, pretty French shades.



THE SPRING NECKWARE IS VERY ATTRACTIVE.

I recommend the embroidery of tea gown fabrics to clever girls who are good fancy needlewomen, for there can be nothing more becoming than a truly feminine toilette such as this. Note the broad black velvet neck band. It might be studded with a simple little sparkling brooch or two, to give it more of an air. But plain bands are undoubtedly the latest chic, and remember that diamonds worn anywhere very near the face are not beautifiers.

Particularly do they INTERFERE WITH THE EFFECT

which white, even teeth command, and women whose "pearls" are not beyond reproach should never mount a diamond so near the mouth as the throat. Reserve the gems for the little lace vest in such a case. By the way, Watteau pleats are modish again for tea gown wear, and no train is more comfortable nor more generally becoming.

Now I arrive at the third model. The idea is a double bodice, the upper one of cloth and the inner one of velvet. The effect was not one of slashings, but of two separate bodies.

The upper one is most dexterously cut to show the velvet and to give the waist a tapering form; wherefore this is a model I heartily recommend to those who would look slim. The side pieces of the velvet and the V are admirably graceful.

Sets of little bob buttons finished the front plastron, and the skirt, as indicated, was cut out to show velvet beneath. There is all the difference in the world between the new cut-out device and the old overlaid one, though in the sketches shown the subtlety is scarcely discernible.

My artist agreed with me that a tulle toque, with tulle strings and soft plumes, would be the most lovely chapeau to go with this dress, toning off its severity and leaving an impression of femininity. Besides, strings are coming in fast.



This figure is a very charming costume of the palest pearl-grey cashmere with edgings of white silk braid. The Eton jacket here is cut up in the centre of the back and on either side of the front, and strapped across the openings with tabs of the white silk braid and tiny gold buttons. This is worn over a shirt of white mousseline with insertions of Valenciennes lace, a folded band of the mousseline being fastened by a big gold buckle at the back. These folded bands or scarves, fastened by large buckles of dull gold, cut steel, silver or jewelled, form one of the fancies of the moment for finishing the waist at the back.



THE MODISH ETON.

In this sketch we show one of the most modish expressions of the chiffon boa, that is a full ruche round the neck, or to bust, and completed each side by full falling ends. Tulle boas are in great force, too, for evening wear, but are, of course, too fragile to stand more than a wear or two, whereas chiffon renovates admirably if carefully washed if light, or damped and ironed if black.



A very lovely opera wrap is the subject forming our sketch; built of pearl grey brocaded satin, it is cut with loose fronts and a Watteau back. The high collar and revers are lined



A PEARL GREY OPERA WRAP.

with rows of pleated pearl grey chiffon, and from the throat falls a jabot of soft creamy lace; the wrists being finished by pleated chiffon and lace to correspond. This model was sketched from a house noted for its cachet.



This is a chiffon fichu corded with velvet. This imported novelty will be a useful addition to the girl's wardrobe. It is made of white chiffon, trimmed with narrow rows of black velvet. It has two ruffles, one of chif-



WHITE CHIFFON FRENCH FICHU CORDED WITH BLACK VELVET.

fou edged with the velvet and another deeper one of cream tinted lace. Instead of tying loosely at the corsage with two long ends, as is customary, it is made with a bow consisting of two fluffy loops, two rosettes and a graceful velvet edged jabot.



The pocket of the skirt of the moment is indeed in extremis, and can no longer exist in the ultra-fashionable garment, so skin-tight has it become. In this straight, elegantes are now carrying a bag pocket known in remote days—when Madame Recamier and other beauties of her time were clad in the scantiest of clinging muslins—as a satchel or reticule. These modern bag pockets are made of material appropriate to the toilet, and embroidered with monogram or crest. Other elegant contrivances to meet this emergency have been brought out by jewellers and sellers of fancy ware taking something the form of a chateleine to carry in the hand, in mountings of gold, silver, and leather, with two or more receptacles for purse, handkerchief, scent, and possible powder-puff.



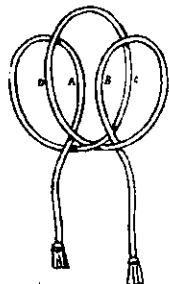
IN THE PARK.

This figure is a delicate grey cashmere. The whole of bodice, sleeves, and upper portion of skirt is piped. The shoulder collar and inner yoke and collar is of white satin overlaid with cream lace. The waist scarf is of white satin held by a jewelled buckle.

Sashes are much in evidence both of silk and ribbon, and many scarves of tulle and gauze just passed round the waist, tied, without a bow, and left in long ends behind to the hem of the skirt are to be seen.

WORK COLUMN.

There is such a rage for trimming by means of knots and bows of all and every description, most of which are tied off and then applied on the material afterwards, that I think the

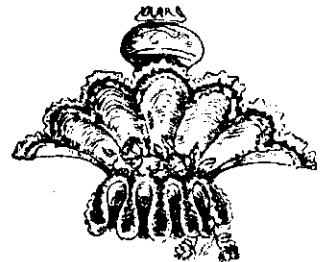


LOVER'S KNOT.

details of how to make a true lover's knot will be interesting to most of my readers. With the aid of the illustration I think the following directions can be easily carried out. Hold the left end of the cord in the left hand and then take the loop A E, taking care that the continuation of E passes under A, and not above it. Then make the centre loop, C D, rather larger than the first, taking care, where the cords cross at G, that D is underneath; then make a third loop, F B, in a similar manner. (In nautical language, make three half-hitches, one over the other.) Take particular care that the crossing of the cords is exactly as shown in the diagram. To complete the knot, pass A over B under C, and over F; whilst B is to be pulled or passed under A, over D, and under E. These two cords pulled out at either side make the side loops, and the middle hitch pulled upwards from the centre loop. When the method of making it becomes familiar the knot can be made in a few seconds. As an embroidery ornament it is very effective.



Lamp shades of straw are the latest in Paris, trimmed very much with lace and flowers. The straw is tinted to any shade, but quite the favourite one is self colour, though it is closely run by a straw of a beautiful Parma violet tint. The shade shown has trimmings of roses and violets. A little ruche of violets edges it, and a spray of roses is fantastically arranged on the upper part. "All-round" shades are also the fashion. These are form-



A NEW LAMP SHADE.

ed of a broad band of silk or vellum, tightly stretched over a wire frame, ornamented with spangles or lace applique, and edged with a straight gold and silver gimp. Another idea is to mount them with small tinted engravings let into the silk at intervals and set round with paillettes. This is work which the natty-fingered can carry out with much success. Autotype reproductions of old engravings provide the pictures. Should silk be considered too flimsy, or vellum too costly, ordinary coarse drawing paper may be substituted, on which the engravings are mounted, the paper being cut away from the back of them. A touch of hand-painting enhances the effect and combines to produce a lamp shade which may well rank as a thing of beauty.

The Original soft finished Corset.

The Celebrated C.B. CORSETS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE ABOVE BEAUTIFUL CORSETS MERIT A PREFERENCE OVER ALL OTHERS.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

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

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends tied, need in care through the Post Office as follows: Not exceeding 30s. 4d.; not exceeding 40s. 4d.; for every additional 20s. 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 4d from every other place.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Nettie is writing to-night, so I thought I would write too. I am in the second standard. Our examination is next month, and I hope I pass. We have a dear little fox-terrier; we call it Terry. She has two little puppies. We are going to give one away and keep the other and call it Tim. Tiny is such a little pet; she always wants to come in our bed in the morning. Sometimes we put her in and cover her up like a baby and she will stop there till we take her out. Mother has a canary; he sings lovely. He always sings most when we are all at our meals. I hope the little boy in the cot is getting better. We were in Auckland about two years ago. I thought it such a pretty place. I hope my letter is not too long.—Cousin Amy.

[Your letter was not a bit too long, Cousin Amy. I was most interested to hear of your fox-terrier, and so I am sure the other cousins will be. They are such nice little dogs, but I am afraid I hope the cold weather will not hurt the little puppy. I had a canary until last week when I gave it to a friend for a birthday present. She admired it so much and I am so long away from home in the day time that I seldom heard "Dicky" sing so I thought it would give more pleasure to my friend. I quite agree with you that Auckland is a very pretty place.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry we did not get the "Graphic" soon enough, as I intended to make a little frock for the competition. By the time we get the "Graphic" it is too late to send an answer in before the competition closes. I feel very sorry for the poor little boy in the cot. If you send me a card I will try to collect something. We had a full of snow a short time ago, but it froze too hard, so we did not have much fun snowballing. We had grand fun last year, as I think I told you before. The snow was on the ground for a fortnight, and did not get hard. We had never seen snow before, and thought it was very beautiful. It was over three feet deep in our garden, and we made a snow man. I told father you would like a photo of the lighthouse to put in the "Graphic" and he has already sent one. With love to

all the cousins, I remain, your loving cousin, Nettie.

[Dear Cousin Nettie.—It is really kind of you to promise to collect for me as I can assure you I want ever so much money for the cot. I do hope all the cousins will try and collect something, however little. I will send you the card by this mail. I hope to get the photographs of the lighthouse in soon; perhaps this week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—To-day Cousin Phoebe and I went for a long walk, which I will tell you about. We started from Thorndon shortly after noon, with the intention of going for a short walk round Oriental Bay. When, however, we had gone as far round as Roseneath, the beauty of the day tempted us to go over the hills to the Mount Victoria signal station. After we had gone for about a mile our troubles commenced, as we did not know the way. Meeting a little boy we asked him if we could direct us, and he told us to go straight ahead until we came to three cross paths and then to take the highest. This we did, but soon found we were completely off the track, as we were making straight for Island Bay, and we surmised that if we kept on as we were going we would have to make a complete circuit of the range, which we calculated would take us days before we reached our destination. Then we took a spell and began philosophising on the vanities of life, especially those which put it into people's heads to go for tours of exploration without an iota of knowledge of the country over which they intended to go. This refreshed us wonderfully. The day was simply charming, and the view which we had of Cook's Straits and Lyell's Bay magnificent; so we argued that if the view was so grand from where we then were, how much more so must it be from the highest point of the range. So we made a bee line for the highest hill we could see, Cousin Phoebe meanwhile quoting, "Steep hills grow less as we ascend them," but imagine our distress of mind when we had ascended it to find there were still more hills, and some so steep that in the distance they looked almost perpendicular and impossible to climb; but what was far worse was that for all the distance we had gone we had never once caught a glimpse of our destination—Mount Victoria. However we were determined not to be done, and with grim, set faces and muttering "Nil Desperandum" through hard-set teeth we made another start. The time was then about four o'clock. After having traversed a short way we suddenly espied a half broken down gate, and we argued that if there were gates about there must be people not far off. Making for it we found ourselves on a high, rocky, deserted mountain side, with only a cattle trail to show that once it had been inhabited. This we followed for nearly a mile and a half when we struck off to the right and wandered on for about an hour, going through barbed wire fences and getting bogged on an average of every ten minutes. We were properly lost. When our Spartan courage was almost exhausted and dismal thoughts were entering our heads of spending the night on the hills, Cousin Phoebe gave such a joyful shout that I really thought for the moment that she had taken leave of her senses. Following her gaze I saw in the far distance the rising peak of Mount Victoria. Our relief was so great that our spirits rose immediately. Pursuing our way up the hill the landscape broadened, and then we sat down once more to admire the view. It was simply perfect. The whole harbour lay before us. The sun was just setting; the water looked like one vast sheet of glass. Wellington, in the distance, resembled a fairy city, and afar off across the

Straits the snow-capped Kaikouras, with the towering ridge of Mount Fife glistening out in the sunset, made up one of the most picturesque scenes I have ever witnessed. The place was so quiet and lonely that the magnificence of it quite awed us and nearly took away our breath. Pulling ourselves together with an effort we made straight for the signal station, the rest of our way after reaching it being all plain sailing. No worse calamity happening to us than that Cousin Phoebe stumbled into a big hole which had been dug to plant a tree, at length we arrived home, tired, mud-stained, and hungry, but, nevertheless, having enjoyed ourselves immensely.—With love from Cousin Elsie.

[Dear Cousin Elsie,—You will see I have printed your very good letter in full, though to do so I have had to keep one or two Cousins' letters out. You have a really able faculty for descriptive writing, which you should carefully cultivate. In writing for the Cousins' Page in future, you might endeavour to condense a little. Your letter is just a trifle long for my limited space.—Cousin Kate.]

THE TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF SING HOP.

A STORY FOR LADS AND LASSIES.

Sing Hop is, as you will have guessed, a little "Chingy," and he lives in Auckland. He has made the acquaintance of little Frank Kelly, who is full of fun, but does not care so much for study as he ought. Frank knows more about what is going on than is known by half the men. Among his possessions is a "coaster," a sledge on wheels (you know the sort of thing), which he made, with the help of Tim Rafferty, out of the boards in a packing box, and four round pieces of wood that he picked up and used for wheels. His coaster has no brake, but it will run down hill with the speed of the wind. Frank manages to hold it back with a barrel stave which he pokes under the front of the wheels and grips with all his strength—when he wishes to go slower than lightning—which is not often.

Frank Kelly and Tim Rafferty have already begun to smile upon the Chinese merchants, who may, after a while, have stocks of fire-crackers and other noise-making inventions that help so well to celebrate Guy Fawkes Day when that glorious day comes round. Now Sing Hop, although I hate to say so, has "wagged" it from school like a white boy—that is, a bad white boy—sometimes. He was about to go to school when Tim invited him to go to Constitution Hill and have some fun. Frank and Tim overpersuaded Sing Hop. He was afraid to go, but the bad boys talked so much that he went with them.

When the three boys reached the hill, which is the steepest one in Auckland, all the other boys were in school and the two white boys had it all their own way teaching little Sing Hop to ride a coaster.—Frank Kelly's. Sing Hop was a little timid

to go down with Tim, who was working up to a great practical joke, and so humoured Sing to get his confidence. At last Sing agreed to take one ride alone—using the barrel stave for a brake as he had seen Tim use it.

"Now," said Frank to Tim, exultingly.

"Now," answered Tim, in a hoarse whisper.

Wheel! what a ery little Sing Hop set up when he started down the grade alone! In less than half a



minute he was the worse-scared boy in New Zealand. The barrel stave fell from his hands and he clutched both sides of the coaster. He had a clear course and a speedy track. Speedy? His flight down Constitution Hill will be historic for at least a year on the hill, which is a long time for boys to remember any one thing keenly.

One hundred feet down he found himself chasing closely a cur dog, which was more scared than he was. "Ki yi!" yelled the dog.

"Ki yi!" yelled Frank Kelly and Tim encouragingly.

It was a bad day for the dog. The coaster ran as if to make a record for speed. Little Sing Hop felt the wind sweep his face as if it were a hurricane speeding by. Behind him a large collection of stones chased the coaster, as if racing with it.

The two boys at the top of the hill and a passing man saw Sing Hop speeding on with the fury of a cyclone. Then came a collision. Another bark was wrecked—that is, the coaster hit the cur dog and threw it into the air with such force that it turned half a dozen somersaults before it struck on its feet. Then the coaster made a sudden curve and ran right in the direction of the passing man.

Blif! Crash! The passer is down. His hat is tossed in the air. His teeth are jarred. He can hardly realise what has happened to him.

"Go it, China!" yells Tim from above. Frank also lends his yell of encouragement.

I am sorry to tell what happened then, but I must. There was an ash barrel in the street into which the coaster had suddenly turned. Sing Hop saw it; perhaps the coaster had a grudge against that barrel. At any rate the barrel was in the path. Another flash of time and the coaster has struck the barrel. Then, for the first time since he started to "coast," Sing Hop loses his hold. The coaster rises like a skyrocket. Will it never come down? Sing Hop rises even



faster and falls as suddenly. Head first he strikes in the barrel, which is not very strong.

There has never been a barrel that could stand such a shock and come out as good as new. Sing Hop acts like a battering ram. A Chinese

at first. He stood by and grinned when Frank and Tim went down a steep grade. By and by he agreed

laundryman's horse that sees this part of the scene runs away in fright. The cur dog thinks that Sing is after him again, and flees with his tail between his legs, howling dismally.

You may not believe it, but Sing Hop broke through the side of the barrel, which was nearly empty. There were just enough old cabbage leaves in the bottom of the barrel to save his life by furnishing a soft cushion for him to strike upon.

"He's killed!" yells Tim in horror. "Sure!" is the fearful answer of Frank.

The two white boys ran to a place of hiding, thinking that they already hear the policeman on the beat chasing after them.

Sing Hop managed to get out of the barrel. A Chinese laundryman, after he had caught his runaway horse, came to his rescue. Sing Hop had a ride homeward in the laundry waggon. He no more cares to play with the two white boys, nor has he ever been known to "wag it" since. They say that they cured him of the bad habit.

TOY RABBIT FOR SMALL CHILDREN.

A soft and indestructible toy that one can give with safety to a young child to play with is a nice thing to know, and as, in addition, it can be made at home very easily and inexpensively, I am giving an illustration, and particulars of what I mean for the benefit of my readers.

The illustration shows the toy when complete, while Fig. 1, 2, and 3 give the shapes of the different portions that give this result.

To make the rabbits use fine, white flannel, while for the ears, unless a pure white one be required, black, tan, or drab material can be used. The eyes are represented by the smallest porcelain buttons, the whiskers by a little white horsehair, and the tail by a small roll of the flannel ravelled at the ends. This may not be an absolutely lifelike "bunny," but babies and young children will be quite satisfied with such a toy.

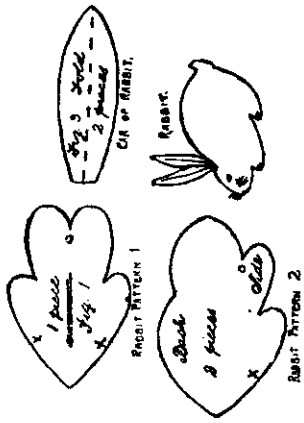


Fig. 1 represents the lower portion of the rabbit, and of this only one piece will be required, about four inches long, but the side portions must at those of the body of the rabbit.

Fig. 2 represents the body of the rabbit, and of this two pieces will be required, about four and a half or five inches long, though the bunny may be made as large as preferred, and cut to the shape of the illustration.

Fig. 3 represents the shape of bunny's ears, two pieces being required, about three inches long, which should be glued to pink muslin (cut to the same shape), and when they are nearly dry, fold them lengthwise, and crumple the edges a little.

Sew the two portions of Fig. 1 to Fig. 2, which represents the lower part of the rabbit, making as narrow a seam as possible; turn out and fill with fine sawdust. The slit in Fig. 1 shows where this can be done.

Put a dash of red or pink at the mouth, and also shape the eyes with pink.

A rabbit pie for the little ones can be made by putting a number of small ones each in a sweatmeat box, and then putting these in a deep round tin pan, and covering them with a round piece of coarse brown paper, glued to the pan, and made to look like piecrust, which can be cut, and the boxes distributed as favours.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

THE SEWING COMPETITION.
The prize winners in the Sewing Competition are
FIRST PRIZE.

Cousin Vera Page, Kingsland.
Who sent a very pretty little garment of blue serge trimmed with gold braid. It is beautifully finished, the work being excellent throughout.

TWO SECOND PRIZES.

Both Cousin Dora M. Knapp of Makakal, Tikokino, Hawke's Bay, and Cousin Gordon Ansenne, Lake Takapuna, Auckland, have been awarded equal second prizes of 2/6 each, and these amounts have been sent them by post. I have sent the garments to the parents of our poor little cousin who is, I regret to tell you, not much better yet. I hope to give you some account of him next week.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION.

I have now to announce a grand new competition which I am sure all my little girl consins will like to go in for. I will give

SIX PRIZES FOR BEST DRESSED DOLLS.

And there will only be the trouble to consider—and a few scraps of material—as I shall

PROVIDE THE DOLLS FREE.

THE PRIZES.

The First Prize is
HALF A SOVEREIGN.
The Second Prize 5/.

And I shall give four other prizes of 2/6 each for the four next best dressed dolls.

CONDITIONS.

Any cousin can call at the "Graphic" Office and get a doll, or send an address and I will post it. It may be dressed in any way you like, but all the clothes must put on and take off and all the work must be done by yourself.

At Christmas time all the dolls will be distributed to the children at the Children's Hospital. You may send for as many dolls as you like, but you must return one dressed before you get another.



The Secret of a Beautiful Skin

Soft, white hands, shapely nails, and luxuriant hair, with clean, wholesome scalp, is found in the perfect action of the PORM, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. HENNESSY & Co., Ltd., London. Foreign Agents: Messrs. G. & Co., Ltd., Calcutta. U. S. A. Agents: Messrs. J. C. & Co., New York.

EVERY HUMOUR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MUST I?

"Tommy, button your coat before you go out."

"Oh, mother, must I?"

"Please, Tommy, shut the door."

"Need I? Can't somebody else do it?"

"Put away your book, Tommy, if you have finished with it."

"Oh, why should I? Must I really, mother—must I—must I?"

All this in a tone as if some terrible piece of work is being imposed upon him, and he feels that it is really too hard to bear. Expect him to shut the door when he comes in or goes out—what cruelty! To put away his books and toys—how unreasonable! To run errands for mother—oh, no!

"Must I—must I?" he says, just as if he was the worst treated little boy in the world, and makes such a fuss about doing the smallest thing that it is always far easier to go and shut the doors and put away the toys one's self than make Tommy do it.

But that isn't good for Tommy. He must be made to understand that quick obedience is the best thing in the world, and that if he goes on arguing with those wearying "Must I's?" he will grow up a bother to himself and everybody who is unfortunate enough to know him.

Just think what would happen if we all put on faces of woe and despair and said "Must I?" instead of doing our work in the world? Do you think any of those brave men you read about in story books, and hear tales of in school and at home and at church, or wherever you go, would have done one brave action if they had got into the habit of saying "Must I?" and waiting to see if someone else would do it first? I don't fancy that they would.

Prompt obedience without arguing is the most useful thing we can learn, because if we don't learn how to obey other people now we shall never learn how to obey our best selves in the future, when there is no father or mother or nurse to tell us what to do.

"I'll tell you another thing about Tommy. He says that the lesson he hates most is drill. He has an old soldier to drill him at school, and all the boys worth anything like drill time better than any other.

Not so Tommy. "Left, right! left, right! Right-about turn! Attention!" commands of that kind don't please him at all. He is wanting all the time to turn round and say, "Must I? Oh, why need I?" instead of obeying orders.

And so he never does it well, and I am afraid he does no work well; he can't even play well. People who try to shirk work never enjoy themselves at play as they should.

So please get into the way of obeying promptly, just as if you were soldiers learning to drill, and don't say "Must I?" when you are asked to do something.

What is the good of arguing, if the work has to be done? People like Tommy waste all their time over "Need I?" and "Must I?" when they might have done the work and had a good play. And if the something to be done is not very nice, far better get it over than groan and worry and fuss and bother to know if you must.

A WORD TO AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS.

ATTEND TO YOUR DAUGHTERS' HEALTH.

READ THIS STORY AND SEE WHAT BILE BEANS HAVE DONE.

What greater pains could read a mother's heart than to see the lives of her children blighted by suffering? And yet how frequently have unfortunate mothers been in that unhappy position of being obliged to behold their offspring fade away and die for want of some remedy to arrest the fell hand of disease. Read the story which Mrs Groves, of Queen's Road, Lambton, Newcastle, related to a reporter of the "Newcastle Herald," concerning the sufferings of her little daughter, Ethel Rose, a child of ten, from liver complaint, consumption of the bowels, congestion of the lungs,



bronchitis, yellow jaundice, and kidney troubles, and her subsequent and marvellous cure by the use of Bile Beans. Mrs Groves' story is as follows:—

"From the time the child was three months old she has been troubled with liver complaint. While teething, she was affected with consumption of the bowels, congestion of the lungs, and bronchitis. When six years old, she suffered from a severe attack of typhoid fever and yellow jaundice. Since then her kidneys were said to have been diseased, her urine becoming quite thick when standing overnight. Each winter she became a martyr to gathered ears and insomnia. Her legs would ache after the least exertion, and she suffered from pains in her shoulder. Her appetite left her, and she was overcome with a feeling of languor. She then suffered from a female complaint, which, being quite premature, reduced her to a skeleton. Owing to her declining condition, the child was taken from school. Medical aid was obtained, but all to no purpose. A specialist pronounced the child to be suffering from an ulcerated liver." About this time Mrs Groves read of some cures which had been effected by Bile Beans, and she decided to give the child a course of them. "After a few doses," said Mrs Groves, "I noticed the girl was beginning to eat a little better. She improved in spirits, and was able to sleep well. Now she is the picture of health, is able to attend school and play about with the other children. This is the result of a thorough course of Bile Beans, and I am sure they alone cured her."

Obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers, or from the Australian Depot of the Bile Bean Manufacturing Company, 39, Pitt street, Sydney, post paid on receipt of 1/11 per box.

EXTRA CHARGES AT A SEASIDE HOTEL.

The landlord is writing out the bill with the assistance of the head waiter. "Have you noticed that the gentleman in Room 7 looked at the weathercock every morning during his stay here?" "Yes, sir; every morning." "Then we'll put down, 'For use of weathercock, half a crown.'"

TEN PUDDINGS of a PINT EACH

can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—

BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—

is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. BROWN & POLSON have been making a specialty of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.



POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED WILL CURE YOUR COUGH.

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

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

The Dean of Westminster's Verger writes:—"I was advised to try the Balsam of Aniseed; I did, and have found very great relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation and giving strength to the voice."

LOREN BRONN, Esq., the eminent actor writes:—"I think it an invaluable medicine for members of my profession, and have always recommended it to my brother and sister artists."

Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, Chemist, Llandilo, October 1st, 1885, writes:—"Singularly, I have commenced my fifty-second year in business to-day. I remember my mother giving me your Balsam for roughs and colds nearly 70 years ago. My chest and voice are as sound as a bell now."

LOOSENS THE PHEGMC IMMEDIATELY. NIGHT COUGH QUICKLY RELIEVED.

SEE TRADE MARK ABOVE OF EACH WRAPPER. See the words "Thomas Powell, Blackfriars Road, London," on the Government Stamp.

Beware Imitations. Established 1824. QUATTERS and FARMERS WHEN ORDERING THEIR STORES SHOULD NOT OMIT THIS TIME-HONOURED COUGH REMEDY.

FOR A COUGH.

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

FOR ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, &c.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS and STOREKEEPERS THROUGHOUT THE AUSTRALIAN, NEW ZEALAND, and CAPE COLONIES.

Bottles 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 6s., 10s.

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT JOKES

SWEET SOLITUDE.
Mrs Youngwife: Thank goodness, I've got the worst of my spring cleaning done.
Mrs Naylor: What, all by yourself?
Mrs Youngwife: M-m-no, I got my husband to-day to take up the carpets and beat them, and take the beds apart and polish the furniture, and—
Mrs Naylor: Oh, then he stayed home all day?
Mrs Youngwife: Yes. He said he felt so bad and he looked so wretched when he got up this morning that I just wouldn't let him go to the office.

A SPORTING CABDRIVER.
One evening—it was the evening when we had the news that Kipling's crisis was past—says a correspondent of the "West End," I was reading my paper in the hansom that conveyed me home. As I stepped out, I handed the paper to the cabman. "Kipling's all right," I said. The cabman took the paper, and leaned down with a puzzled look on his face. "I don't seem to know the name o' the 'oss," he said.

A GREATER PLEASURE.
Deacon Goode: "Ah, my dear sir, you talk of your pleasures, but what are they to the joy which comes from self-denial?" The Agnostic: "If it is such a pleasure to deny yourself, what merit is there in denying? Why not deny denying yourself, and so you have the pleasure of denial plus the pleasure of doing what you want to do."

ENGAGED.
Tramp: "Can I see the lady of the house?" Bridget: "No, she's engaged."
Tramp: "That won't make any difference, I don't want her marry her."

A COMMON PREDICAMENT.
Smith: "Well, but if you can't bear her, whatever made you propose?" Jones: "Well, we had danced three times, and I couldn't think of anything else to say."

HAPPY INDEED.
She: "Don't care for the turf? S'pose you're above it?" He: "H'm! Happy I say I am."

UNJUST.
"It's an unjust proceeding," said Finnigan, "what?"
"They accuse me of selling liquor without a license, and when I apply for one they won't give it to me."



A QUESTION OF LEGALITY.
Cabby: "Ere wot's this for?"
Beggie: "That's your legal fare."
Cabby: "It may be my legal fare, but (savagely) that ain't your legal wife."

A DELICATE QUESTION TO ASK.
Many good stories are told of questions and answers in the course of examinations at Oxford or Cambridge. One of them is as follows:—In time gone by the fair sex used to drop into the schools and listen to the "viva voce." An examiner one day put this question: "Can you mention anything in the history of Joseph which shows that he had a tender conscience?"
"Haw!" hemmed the examinee, a heavy swell, and leaning across the table, he muttered in a stage whisper, "Haw, sir, ladies are present!"

PERJURY PREVENTION.
"Your name is Julia Miller?" "Yes, sir."
"Tell me how old you are?" "Twenty-five, sir."
"Well, now that you have given your age, we will administer the oath."

NEW MAN.
Philanthropic Old Lady: "I fear that you lack application and persistency. When you once begin a good thing, never stop till you have finished it."
Toil Not Orspin: "You convince me, leddy. That'll be my motter from now on. I was only goin' ter eat half of this here pun'kin pie, but I'll finish it ef it founders me. You has made a new man o'me, leddy."



CUTE.
Lady of the House (to pedlar): "If you do not go away I'll whistle for the dog."
Pushing Pedlar: "Then let me sell you a whistle, mum."

ON HIS DIGNITY.
She: "Will you speak to papa?"
He: "Never, unless he speaks to me first. It would be unjust to you and to me, my dear, for he dropped me because I adored you. Any advance towards a reconciliation must be made by him."

AN INTERPRETATION.
"I never could understand just what Shakespeare means by 'Heaven save the mark,'" said the man who made the beer an excuse for assimilating the lunch, rather than vice versa.
"Well," said the barkeeper, thoughtfully removing the olives and leaving nothing but the crackers, "it can't be denied that most marks, especially the easy kind, needs some kind of protection."
The foregoing tends to show that even those in the humbler walks may be capable of interpreting the subtleties of literature.

A POOR BEGINNING.
Her Husband (going on the Continent): "Look here, Arabella, from now on and I will speak nothing but French."
Arabella: "Oui."
Her Husband: "What did you say?"

A POPULAR FALLACY.
Vesuvius has gained in height 150 feet in the last six months, so it seems that smoking does not always result in stunted growth.

THE MODERN WAY.
Lady (to servant whom she is about to engage): "And do you understand how to take care of a bicycle and keep it clean?"
Servant: "No, ma'am, but I can give you the address of the place where I get mine cleaned!"

A HARDENED PATIENT.
Doctor: "Now, here is the prescription, and it will be bad stuff to take. Can you tolerate something disagreeable?"
Patient: "Can I? Why, doctor, you met my wife."

SUCH A HAPPY REMARK.
Wife of Patient: "I'm so sorry, doctor, to bring you all the way to Hampstead to see my husband."
Doctor (from Mayfair): "Pray don't mention it, my dear woman. I have another patient in this neighbourhood, so I'm killing two birds with one stone!"—"Punch."

A MATRIMONIAL TIFF.
Wife: "Don't think that you are the only man. I refused one a month before we were engaged."
Hubby: "Who was the—er—happy man?"

THE DUNEDIN FOOTBALLERS.
Friend: "Does your town boast of a football team?"
Dunedinite: "No; we used to boast of one, but we have to apologise for it now."

IN THE LOBBY.
"No," said Mr Seddon, "I don't go to the theatre." "But don't you think it is well for you to get your mind off your business for a few hours?" "Not for a minute. The Opposition has been waiting for years for some such chance."

FITTING HAT.
"That's a swell hat you are wearing," said the city editor.
"Just look what a swell head it is on," answered the court reporter, in thoughtless haste.

A DISCIPLE OF THE CZAR.
Mrs Nagger (at her first husband's grave): "Here lies a true hero. You wouldn't be my husband to-day if he had not been killed in the war."
Mr Nagger (sadly): "What a curse war is."

A SURE SIGN.
Jenks: "That baby of yours ought to be a good tennis player later on."
Jones: "What makes you think so?"
Jenks: "Oh, the way he keeps up his racket."

A DANGEROUS INDULGENCE.
"There's only one drawback to a day off."
"What's that?"
"It makes you want another day off."



SMALL CONSOLATION.
Mike: "An' phy can't Oi go in swimmin'?"
Mrs Murphy: "Cause ye don't know how, darlint. But jist's soon as ye can swim Oi'll not hav' th' laste objections to yure goin' into the wather."

HARD.
Nodd: "My wife has to get up a dozen times every night to look after the baby."
Todd: "That's hard."
Nodd: "Hard isn't the word. She wakes me up almost every time."

BOWLED OUT.
Reverend Softhead: "What, Tommy, playing cricket on Sunday! I shall call on your father, and tell him about this."
Tommy: "Please, sir, why don't you tell him now? That's him keeping wicket at the other end."

NO BEGGAR.
Mrs Grimes: "Mr Gushwell was real good, wasn't he?"
Relict of Departed Politician: "Yes; but one thing I didn't like: what he said about Tom having filled every office in the gift of the people. Tom was no beggar; whatever he got he paid for."



DIDN'T DEAL IN FREAKS.
Col. Corkwright: "I want to buy a dog. I don't know what they call the breed, but it is something the shape of a greyhound, with a short curly tail and rough hair. Do you keep dogs like that?"
Fancier: "No, I drowns 'em."

EXTREMES MEET.
"Extremes often meet," remarked the rainwater philosopher. No one entered into the dispute, so he continued: "A girl's first chance is after her last."

WOMAN.
"Woman is a contradictory creature."
"Well, I should assent. Just when her eyes are flashing fire is when she assumes her chilliest demeanour."

NATURAL.
Clerk: "I can't read this letter, sir. The writing is very bad. Mr Flar-ap: Pshaw, any donkey can read it; pass it here."

PURE METAPHOR.
"If her husband keeps on he will bring her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave."
"Never. If it comes to that she'll dye them to the end."

NO EXCEPTIONS.
He: "What a perfect fool I've been."
She: "My dear, don't be so conceited; no one is perfect."

REALITY.
Edie: "Hasn't your mama given you a dear little baby doll?"
Eunnie: "Oh, yes, my mamma has just bought a new one for our house. Yours is only sawdust, but ours is a real meat baby!"

THE CHIEF OF BRUTES.
Instructor: "What does Condilliac say about the brutes in the scale of being?" Student: "He says a brute is an imperfect man." Instructor: "And what is man?" Student: "Man is a perfect brute."

A GROWN MAN.
Mother: "Ah! Now you're a little man." Fred (in trousers for the first time): "And now, ma, can't I call father Harry?"

A POWERFUL AGENT.
"Talk about the police being incapable," said he; "look how quickly they have broken up that crowd. It is melting like ice before a furnace." "You are mistaken, my friend," replied the man of observation; "there is not a policeman in sight." "What is it, then?" "Merely an outdoor entertainment of some kind, and one of the performers is just going round with the hat."