

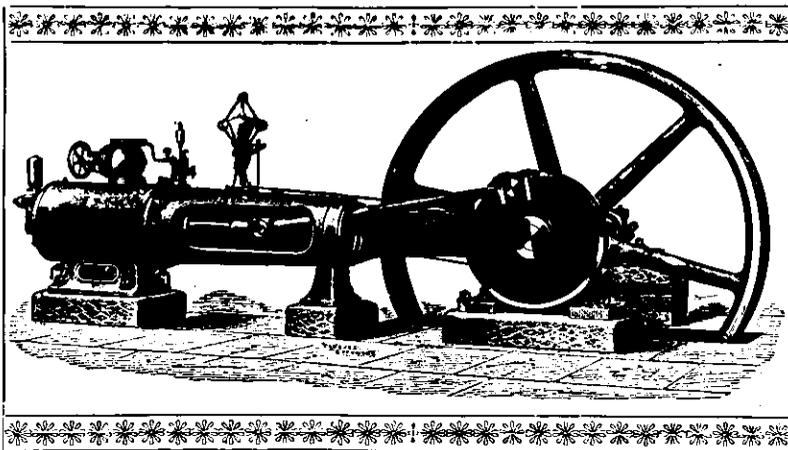
# NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC



· XMAS ·

· 1899 ·

JOHN  
**Chambers**  
 & Son Ltd.  
 AUCKLAND.



HIRNANT AIR COMPRESSORS  
 ROCK DRILLS, Etc.

**Tangyes**

HORIZONTAL STEAM  
 ENGINES

WINDING AND HAULING  
 ENGINES  
 PUMPS BOILERS

THE  
**SOUTH**  
 CAPITAL. £1,900,000.  
 Paid-up Capital and Accumulated Funds exceed £260,000.



**BRITISH**

FIRE and MARINE

**Insurance Co.**

of NEW ZEALAND.

MODERATE RATES.  
 LIBERAL SETTLEMENTS.

**Directors:**

JNO. BATGER, Esq. THOS. PEACOCK, Esq.  
 K A. CARR, Esq. C C. McMILLAN, Esq.  
 J. EDSON, Esq. J. H. UPTON, Esq.  
 W. S. WILSON, Esq.

JAMES KIRKER, GENERAL MANAGER.



**PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE**

OF NEW ZEALAND.

CAPITAL AND  
 INTEREST  
 GUARANTEED  
 BY THE  
 STATE.

The Office undertakes the following Business:

- 1.—The ADMINISTRATION OF ALL INTESTATE ESTATES of which Letters of Administration have not been granted to the widow or other person entitled, the realisation and distribution of the personality, the payment of the debts, and the care of the realty for the absent heir.
- 2.—The EXECUTORSHIP OF THE WILLS of persons who may appoint the PUBLIC TRUSTEE their executor, and thus avoid the necessity of committing their friends to the responsibilities involved by such a position.  
 Also the ADMINISTRATION OF TRUSTS renounced by previously appointed Trustees.
- 3.—The ADMINISTRATION OF ALL KINDS OF MONEY TRUSTS, including MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS and every kind of fund the trusts of which are definitely set forth in the deed creating the trust.
- 4.—The ADMINISTRATION OF THE ESTATES OF LUNATICS AND LUNATIC PATIENTS.
- 5.—The management of property as Attorney or Agent for the owner.
- 6.—The PROTECTION AND ADMINISTRATION OF ALL LANDS LYING WASTE, of which the owner is unknown, or has been absent from the Colony for ten years without having left any known agent.

7.—The DEPOSIT OF WILLS for safe custody.

8.—The Colony GUARANTEES THE INTEGRITY OF THE CAPITAL FUNDS of properties placed in the PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE where there is no direction for the investment of such funds, or where there is no other direction for their investment than generally, at the option of the PUBLIC TRUSTEE, in the securities in which, unless expressly prohibited, he may invest all capital funds.

9.—The Colony also GUARANTEES on such capital funds for investment a COMMON RATE OF INTEREST, to be credited quarterly, free of all office charges, to the properties from which the funds arise.

10.—The value of this guarantee will be obvious when it is considered that

- (1.) The GUARANTEE OF THE COLONY against loss from investments in bad or inefficient securities;
- (2.) The GUARANTEE OF THE COLONY against loss from delay in the investment of moneys;
- (3.) The GUARANTEE OF THE COLONY that the interest determined by Order in Council shall be regularly and punctually paid, free of all charges of the PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE.

11.—A person making a will or arranging a trust must always be seriously concerned as to the security of the capital funds; and the larger the capital funds the greater will be the concern for security, and the less for a high rate of interest; and it will be found that the charges for the administration of a property by the PUBLIC TRUSTEE will, when the legal charges and commission allowed to executors and administrators in connection with private administrations are considered, compare very favourably with the expense of an administration by any other means.

12.—In private TRUSTEESHIPS, death and absence render necessary numerous and expensive deeds, not required by PUBLIC TRUSTEE'S ADMINISTRATION, which has, besides, the office solicitor's advice without expense to the estates. By all who know or have experienced the contingencies of PRIVATE TRUSTEESHIP these advantages must be appreciated.

13.—The PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE, although a department of the State, is absolutely free from political interference or control.

14.—Large powers are conferred by statute on the PUBLIC TRUSTEE, thus supplementing powers contained in wills for the benefit of the testator's family.

15.—For particulars as to the office and its work, apply to any of the OFFICE AGENTS, or to the undersigned, at the GOVERNMENT INSURANCE BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

E. F. WARREN, District Agent, AUCKLAND.

JAMES C. MARTIN, Public Trustee.

**NEW ZEALAND**

FIRE AND MARINE

**Insurance Co.**

**Directors:**

J. LOGAN CAMPBELL, Esq. (Chairman).  
 THOS BUDDLE, Esq. ROBERT ROSE, Esq.  
 A. G. HORTON, Esq. JAMES RUSSELL, Esq.  
 A. H. NATHAN, Esq. J. L. WILSON, Esq.

DAVID CRAIG, General Manager.  
 J. C. HANNA, Inspector of Branches.  
 T. J. BRASSEY, Local Branch Manager.

The Directors would remind the assured that this being a Colonial Institution, it should therefore receive the liberal support of all good Colonists.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

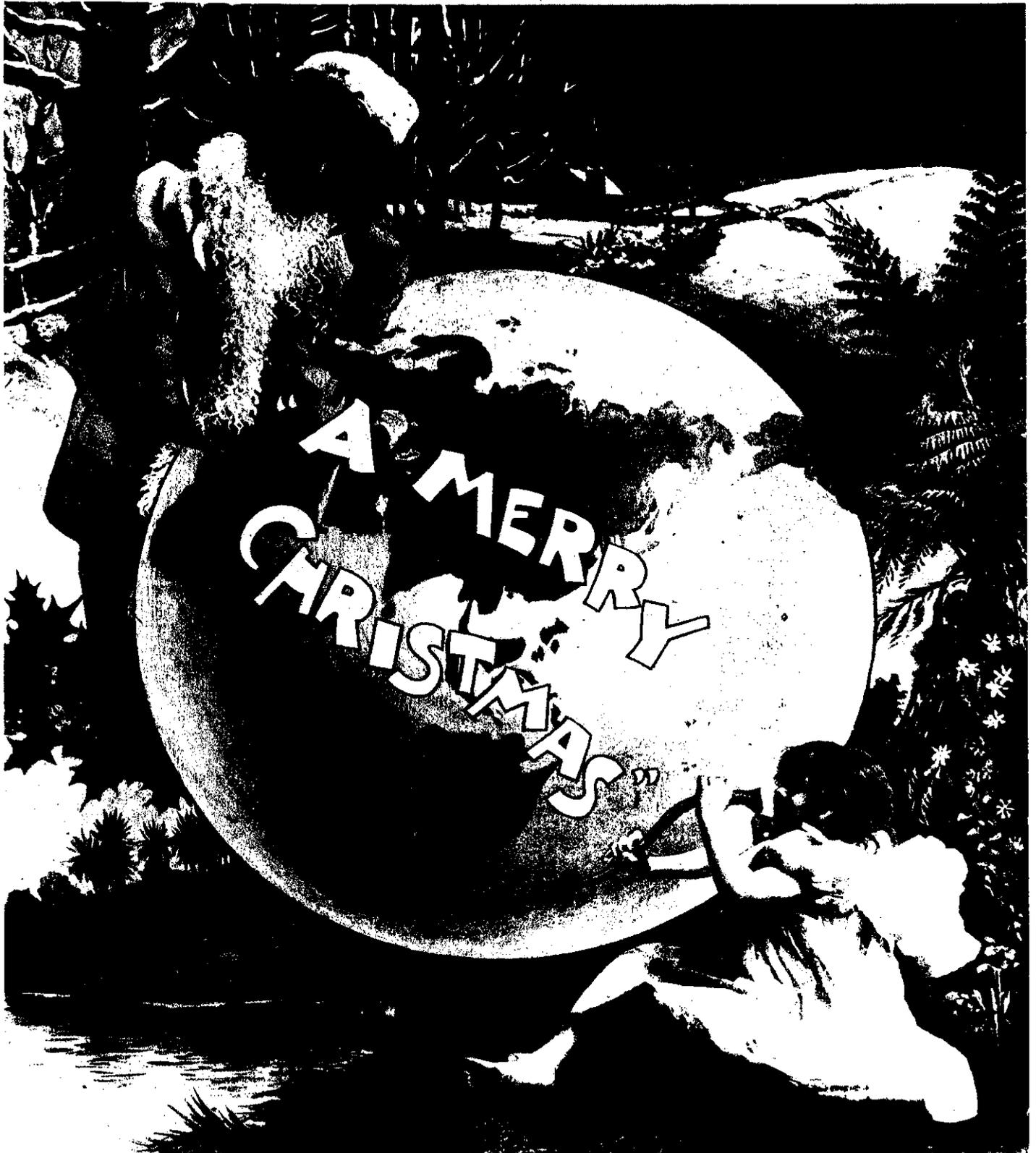
Subscribed Capital - - - £1,000,000  
 Paid-up and Reserves - - £403,265  
 (With Unlimited Liability of Shareholders.)  
 Net Annual Revenue, over - £300,000

# NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC

AUCKLAND, N.Z., DECEMBER, 1899.

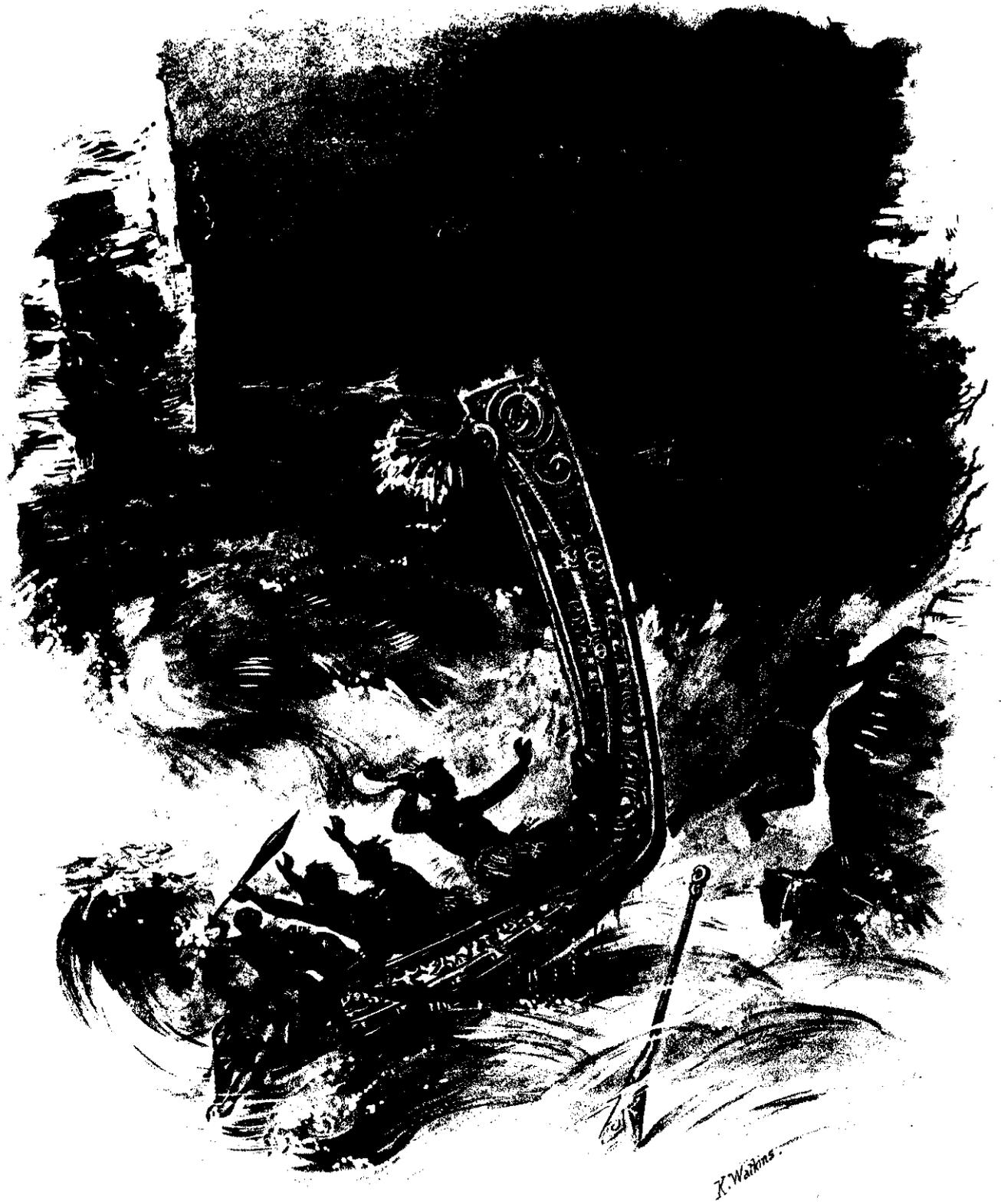
*Christmas Number.*

PRICE, with Coloured Supplement,  
ONE SHILLING.



The New Land to the Old.

A GREETING BY TELEPHONE.



Tamatea's Last Voyage.

[For Letterpress, see page 4]



TE KANAWA'S ADVENTURE WITH THE FAIRIES.

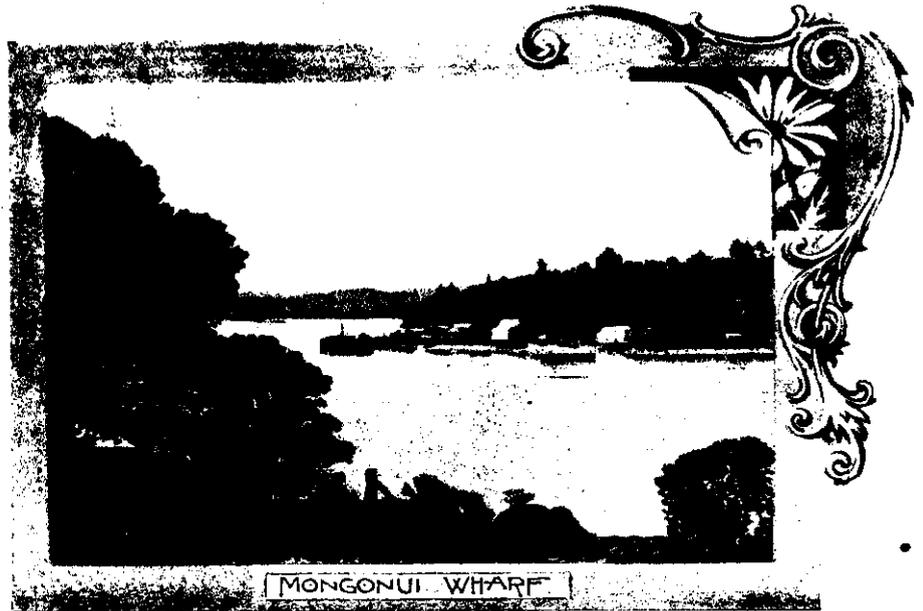
[For Letterpress, see page 13.]

# Tamatea's \* Least Voyage.



**T**AMATEA POKAI WHENUA was a chief of the Wanganui, and he was noted for his daring in shooting the rapids of that beautiful river. He and his men could guide a canoe safely down the most dangerous of boulder-strewn currents and across the

most treacherous whirlpools; and he was very proud of his intrepidity and skill. So it came to pass that when the rumour reached him that in the Waikato were rapids which no man had ever passed, Tamatea was seized with a desire to conquer that river, as he had done the Wanganui. He therefore set out with some thirty of his men—other versions of the story say there were seventy—and, travelling overland, arrived at Lake Taupo. There the party embarked



MONGONUI WHARF



MONGONUI.

Wanganui, and how often they had conquered its treacherous cross currents, and without fear allowed themselves to be carried on and on. Nor does it appear that the hearts of the intrepid voyagers were shaken by the dull roar of the terrible cataract which every instant came borne with greater distinctness on their ears. According to the story, they did not go to see the fall before they entered on their fatal voyage; and the tale in that particular is most likely true, whatever it may be in other respects. No one looking at the Huka to-day would for an instant imagine that any but madmen would attempt to shoot it. As compared with the very worst cataract on the Wanganui, it is a perfect Niagara. On the other hand, it may have been that Tamatea and his men had visited the fall, as it is no great distance from Taupo, and, notwithstanding its aspect, determined, in a devil-may-care spirit, to go over it.

On the high bank the Waikato people with difficulty kept pace with the canoe in the river down below. With wonder and expectation the spectators watched the craft as it approached nearer and nearer to the Huka Falls. When it was yet within a short distance of the gulf, the Taupo man steered towards the left bank, and just as the canoe hung poised, as it were, on the crest of the terrible cataract, he slued its stern round towards the rock and jumped ashore. The next instant the helpless craft plunged into the abyss, and, it is said, there never was again seen a trace of boat or crew. It is not recorded that anyone has ever attempted to perform the feat which cost Tamatea and his men their lives.

and paddled down to the settlement, which stood where the township of Taupo stands to-day. His coming had been heralded before him, and a great contingent of the Waikatos assembled to meet the man who had declared there could not possibly be a rapid in existence which could oppose the progress of him and his men. No doubt the Waikatos felt inclined to smile when they thought of the wild waters of the Huka and Arateatea, and, according to one account, they tried to dissuade Tamatea from his adventure. According to another account, and probably it is nearer the truth, they dared the boaster to make good his boast, and even offered him a guide to accompany the canoe. So Tamatea and his followers, with a Taupo man to steer them, commenced their eventful voyage. Entering the Waikato where it leaves the lake, they glided leisurely down the stream, which, at that point, is as smooth as a mill pond. The Waikatos accompanied them, till the current growing stronger, warned them that it would be safer to land and make the rest of the journey on foot. They therefore made for the shore, followed by the jeers of the Wanganui men, who, full of pride and confidence, approached that part of the river before the fall is reached, where the current rushes like the water in a sluice-box. Once in the arms of the eddy, it would have been useless for the adventurers to think of turning back; but such a thought never occurred to Tamatea and his men. They thought of the



BUTLER'S POINT



MONGONUI.

**M**ONGONUI is the most northern of European settlements of any importance in the North Island. The land in the province is poor, although there are some fine valleys; but what the district lacks in fertility it makes up for by the attractiveness of the scenery in certain parts. The harbour of Mongonui itself, with which our illustrations deal, is very picturesque. It has also an historic interest, being one of the first places in New Zealand visited by Europeans. The great circumnavigator Cook only anticipated the arrival of De Surville's ship here by about eight days.

Nelson, Picton  
...AND THE...  
Northern Sounds.

\*\*\*\*  
Cycling Tour  
in the South Island.



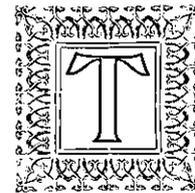
**T**HE cyclist who wishes to see the South Island generally lands at Picton, from Wellington. If pressed for time, some take steamer to Christchurch, and ride to Dunedin, and on to Invercargill. But by selecting this route, as many do, he misses some of the grandest scenery to be found in the colony. It will take but a few days longer to Christchurch, via Nelson, Reefton, and Greymouth. By so doing he will have an opportunity of viewing the far-famed Pelorus River, Rai Valley, Buller

River, and no less remarkable Otira Gorge. The ride to Renwicktown is not remarkable, except for the rich, well-farmed country through which one passes; but

soon after leaving the latter place the Wairau River is crossed. This is a typical New Zealand river, shallow, sparkling, innocent looking, almost insignificant in comparison with the broad bed of boulders over which it gently babbles in time of drought. But he who has seen the Wairau in flood, yellow and swollen, roaring and rushing after heavy rain, or when the snows on the mountains at its source have melted rapidly, has seen a different stream, and one which he will find it difficult to recognise in its peaceful, placid moments. Soon after crossing the Wairau, the Kaituna Valley is entered, where much hard work has reclaimed from the forest the rich, low lying lands now converted for the most part into thriving farms.

In a few hours, riding on a good road, Havelock is reached. There is another way of reaching Havelock, which is very pleasant, and that is via the Grove. The road is very good for the first five miles, but on passing near Cullensville it gets rather vague, skirting the side of the water till it comes on to a good road winding round the side of a hill. The views of the Pelorus Sound, and of Havelock in the distance, and various mountains seen on the way, is, perhaps, preferable to riding via Blenheim.

The road from Picton to the Grove, when finished, will give the tourist and cyclist as fine a trip as it is possible to find. The little township of Havelock is prettily situated at the head of the Pelorus Sound, and was called into existence by a vast saw-milling industry, which is rapidly denuding the valley of its fine timber trees. The seat of this industry has been shifted, however, to a point higher up the Pelorus, and schooners take from 60,000 to 70,000 feet of timber direct to Lyttelton and elsewhere.



**T**HE scenery in the Nelson and Marlborough provinces is, in many respects, as fine as any to be found in the North and South Islands. Here are the Northern fiords, which, although inferior in point of majesty to those on the coast of Westland, have a subdued and placid beauty of their own. Their nearness to Wellington, which makes them easy of access, is one point in which they certainly score over the Southern Sounds. Both Nelson and Picton are favourite resorts of our colonial pleasure seekers during the summer. Pelorus Sound is within two hours' steam, and one hour's drive, of Picton, being reached via the Grove from the latter town. The drive from the Grove to Havelock by the Rahakipawa Sound (an arm of the Pelorus) is without doubt one of the most lovely in New Zealand. One may travel Australia and New Zealand without finding any scenery to surpass, if to equal, these beautiful and extensive fiords. Among the excursions to be made from Havelock, one of the most attractive is undoubtedly the climb to the top of Mount Takorika (3,000 ft.), from which a most perfect panorama of part of the Pelorus is obtained. It is an extensive view of the Sound for about 30 miles, but yet conveys only a small idea to one's mind of the ramifications of this vast fiord, whose shore line is 900 miles. From this height portions of the fiord appear in the distance like large and small lakes. One of the features of this Sound is its bush-clothed hills, which are wooded to the water's edge with birch, rimu, rata, and other indigenous trees. This, and Rahakipawa, are both alike perfect yachting places, with deep water to the very shores.

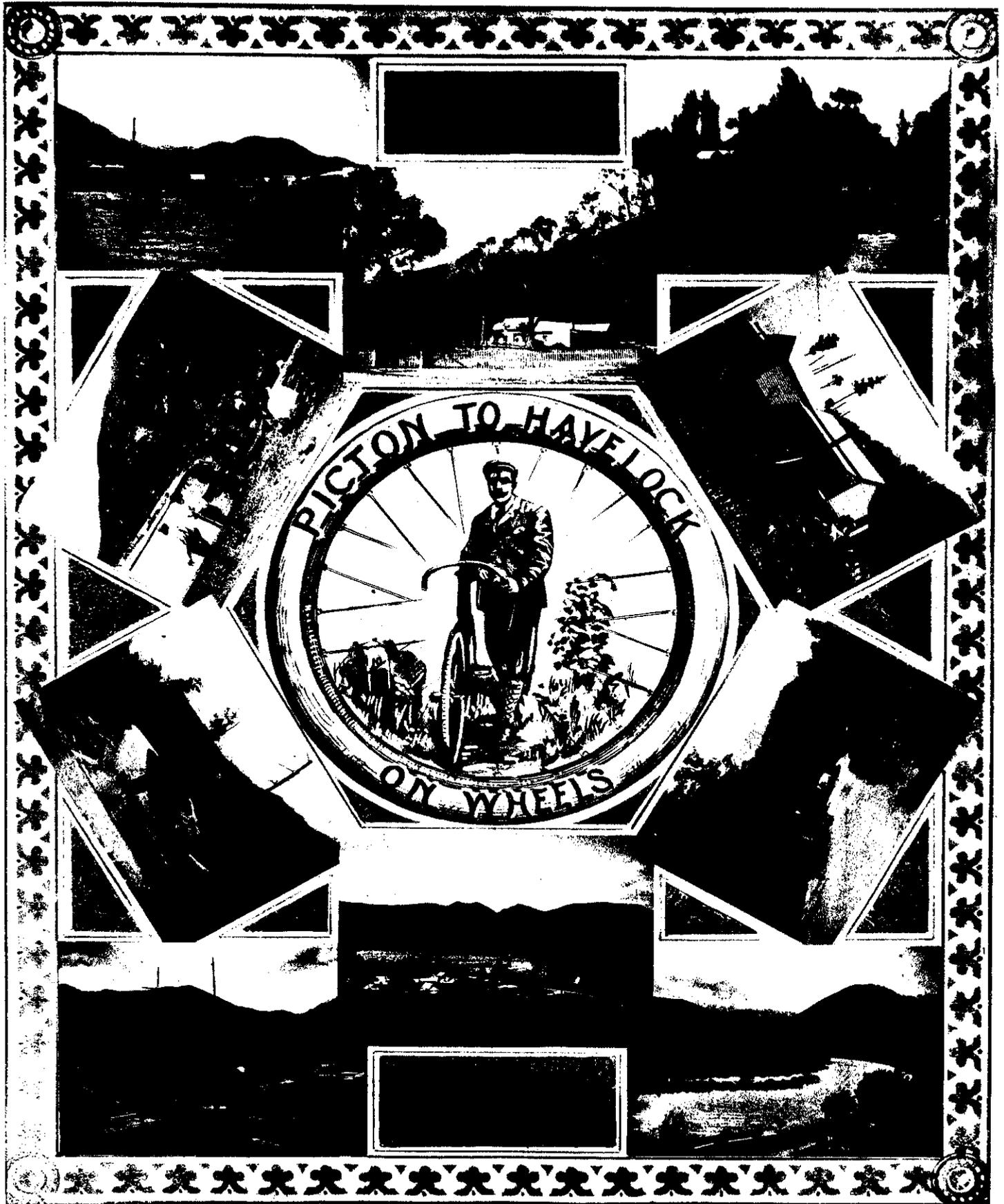
Pelorus Valley, extending towards Nelson, has much to interest those fond of the picturesque, as a glance at our illustrations will show. Canvastown, on the banks of the Pelorus and Wakamarina rivers, is associated with the early days of New Zealand and the gold rush in that district, and will, therefore, be known to many miners and others. The Wakamarina alluvial mines and river dredges still find remunerative employment for a large number of men. Continuing up the Pelorus Valley, the river scenery is very bold and grand. The Rai Falls are worth a visit, and there is good accommodation right on the spot for those wishing to stay there. The distance to Nelson from Havelock is about 40 miles along a well-kept road. The grand birch and rimu forests so characteristic of this part of the world are here seen at their best. The road is one of the best for cyclists in the colony, besides which there is an excellent coach service maintained from Blenheim, Havelock, and Nelson. Nelson, the "Garden of New Zealand," has many attractions.

The Wairon Gorge is far-famed for its rugged beauty and trout streams. Deer stalking in the season is also another great attraction in this neighbourhood, fallow and red deer being found in great plenty. Among the interesting sights of Nelson is St. Barnabas' Church, Stoke, one of the most quaint, old-fashioned English-looking buildings in the province. It is built of blue stone, and is nearly half a century old. The charming suburb of Stoke is situated four miles from the town of Nelson, on the way to the West Coast.





For the Folks at Home,



A Cycling Tour in the South Island,

[For letterpress, see page 5.]

## THE GREAT HEALER!

# VITADATIO

The Only Genuine Tasmanian  
Herbal Remedy.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.



THOMAS JOHNSON.

### A Most Wonderful and Magnificent Cure.

10, Princes Street, Kew, May 15, 1899.

MR. S. A. PALMER,

Agent-General for "VITADATIO."

Dear Sir,—In sending you this testimonial I feel it will no more represent my case than a St. Bernard pup represents the size of his great parents; still, small as it is, it is the truth, and that's the main thing.

You know I have been twice to England to try and get ease from my sufferings, and was there treated by some of the best medical skill in the world, but all to no purpose. They told me at last that nothing could be done, even to ease my pain (except to inject morphia), so I had to go on suffering, with no hope of ever getting better. No one but a man like yourself can realise the gloom and misery, yea, agony of such a state, but you, having been in a similar plight, know how one in such a case longs for death, and often feels inclined to do some desperate act to be rid of such an existence.

I have tried all different treatments. Allopathic, Homoeopathic, Hydropathic, and Electropathic. I have also tried Russian, Electric and Turkish baths, and others too numerous to mention. One gentleman in Sydney had me under the Crisis Treatment for six months, and when I would not let him torture me any longer, he declared that if I allowed my sore, raw body to dry, I would soon be a dead man. I told him that death would rescue me from suffering, so I should face it. I parted, telling him that if Satan were hard driven to find some special torture to punish his most hated victim, I thought that he was the man that could teach him (Satan) some wrinkles.

When returning from England three years ago, "God" knows that I never expected to land in Australia. I had then given up all doctors, and just meant to let myself die; I thought, surely I have tried enough and spent enough, so will try no more. Thus I was just suffering on till death should release me. Everything I did, whether eat, walk, talk or sleep, was a burden to me.

Many who read this will remember how I then sometimes screamed with agony night and day. I went over to Tasmania; here I first heard of "Vitadatio," and I may tell you that (if it had not been for reading the declaration made by four gentlemen, who signed their names, referring to the genuineness of your cure of Hydatids, in Invercargill, New Zealand) all the people in this world would not have induced me to again start taking physic, as I had been taking medicines for 13 years, and was getting worse.

I could not get "Vitadatio" in Burnie (Tasmania), so had to wait until I came back to Melbourne. I procured my first bottle at the Mutual Store, Flinders Street, Melbourne. I took five large bottles. It certainly strengthened me, but it did not take away my severe pain, so, like many, I gave it up.

About four months afterwards, Mr Button, of Oatlands, Tasmania, introduced me to you (Mr Palmer) and your remarkable case, being so much like my own, led me to go in for "Vitadatio," if it should take my last penny. I drank, as you know, two bottles weekly, yea, one day I drank a large size bottle. I found it was food and everything to me.

A well-known doctor with whom I was friendly congratulated me on my improved looks each time he saw me, so I kept on taking "Vitadatio," and, as you remember, I came every other day to your head office;

and so, by seeing you, got your encouragement, which kept me taking the medicine. I endured the pain, and drank the remedy, until the disease began to come away. Soon, it came away so fast that I got bottles full of the disease three or four times a week, which I brought to you.

This, that had puzzled the doctors, when inside me, now puzzled them when they saw it in the bottles; one even said that it was the "Lining of my Bowels" coming away—in fact, I understand one of the doctors sent a letter to a leading morning paper to that effect. I should think he would now withdraw it. I said, "I hope I shall soon be free from all such 'Lining,' as it is taking away the pain," and since the time I lost the "Lining of my Bowels" (as the doctors called it), I have put on a stone weight of flesh, and "Hallelujah," I can now sleep, eat, walk, talk, and run, and that with pleasure (should the same doctor see me now, instead of wanting me to make my will, as he did then, I think he would pass me for any Life Insurance Office).

I have been cured of the following:—

1. Running sores in the legs of over 40 years' standing. To show the thoroughness of the cure a small dog bit me on the very place five weeks ago, which caused me some alarm, and two days of pain, but it is now thoroughly sound.

2. Piles, that for years were a trouble for me, are now a thing of the past—from them I am perfectly free.

3. Singing in my head, which was a constant nuisance to me for seven years, has completely left me.

4. Some small growths on the skin, which often troubled me, have withered away, leaving only a stain on the skin, which in every respect is as sound as can be. I did not take "Vitadatio" for any of these complaints, but only for the dreadful agony which I suffered, on account of the growths in the pit of the stomach, and which you now have in so many bottles, but I am glad to say that I can bring you no more, as it is all gone, "yes, all gone."

*Thomas Johnson*

I have known Mr. Thomas Johnson for several years as a Christian man. The change in his health of late is marvellous.

*David Beath*

Ivy Grange, Kew, 19th May, 1899.

VITADATIO INSTITUTE,  
Melbourne, May 22nd, 1899.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—There is not a shadow of a doubt regarding the Wonderful Cure here described. There are hundreds of well-known people who have watched Mr. Johnson's case very carefully, professional gentlemen and others. Mr. David Beath, merchant, of Melbourne, has subscribed the testimonial as to the character of the grateful patient, who is a living witness to the merits of Vitadatio.—Yours faithfully,

*S. A. Palmer*



S. A. PALMER.



A. J. WYLIE.

I publish an extract from a testimonial received from Arthur J. Wylie, of 132, Nicholson Street, Fitzroy. He says:—On the 30th day of November, 1894, I was suddenly seized with a violent hemorrhage from the lung. Two days after I had another bad attack; and a fortnight after that had, once more, another hemorrhage. A piece of my lung came away during the course of the second hemorrhage. Medical aid was at once sought, and the doctor held out no hopes of my recovery. I slowly recovered, however, but once more had another violent attack of bleeding, and the doctor who examined me sent me away to Echuca, and told me I was in consumption. The doctor who examined me in Echuca said the same, and my own medical adviser agreed with them. I came back from Echuca and had another hemorrhage, and was exceedingly weak and ill. The hemorrhage increased, and I thought I would never have got better. My father, who knew Mr Palmer in New Zealand, and knew what "Vitadatio" had done for him, wrote to me whilst I was in Echuca, and told me about "Vitadatio." I was very sceptical about it, but when I came down from Echuca, went in to see Mr Palmer, who said, "I can cure you," and persuaded me to take a bottle home with me. After taking the medicine for some time, and receiving great benefit, I discontinued taking it, and shortly after I drifted back into a bad state of health. Mr Palmer once again urged me to take "Vitadatio." He persuaded me to do so, and the result of it is, on the 13th September the doctor declared me off the funds of the lodge, from which I had received over £80 in sick pay. At present I can truly say I never felt better. My friends are unanimous in praise of "Vitadatio," and a reverend friend of mine, speaking about me, said, "Thanks to God, "Vitadatio" (he, meaning me), is a miracle. Those of you who are suffering from consumption, or any other disease, do not fail to try "Vitadatio."

A. J. WYLIE.

Mr Wylie's cure was, and is, a most marvellous and satisfactory one, and one that I am proud of. Mr Wylie, after rising from apparently his death bed and completely cured, gave his life to Vitadatio.

He went to Australia, and successfully opened up the Vitadatio Institute there, set it going most thoroughly, and it is doing very good work, far beyond my expectations; in fact, they have required more assistance, the business enlarged so rapidly.

From Adelaide, Mr Wylie went to Perth, and has been eminently successful there. He opened the Vitadatio Institute in that city, and again has had to send here for further help in the wonderful extension in Western Australia.

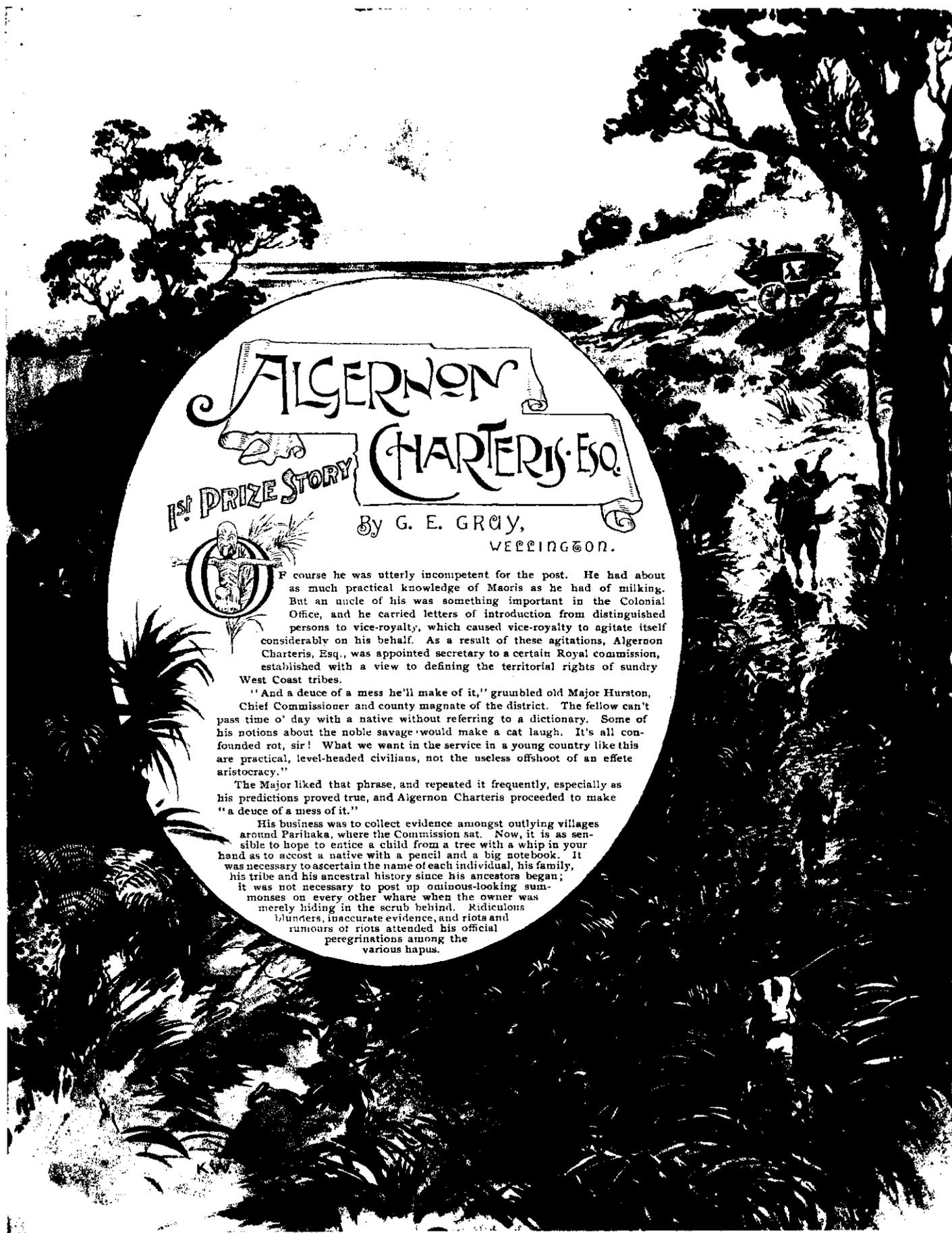
Mr Wylie is in the best of health. Vitadatio cured him thoroughly of the consumption, and since his cure he has gone through more hard work and travelling than usually falls to the lot of young men. Mr Wylie started out from Perth to the goldfields, and has lectured on the value of Vitadatio as a Great Healer of so called Incurable Diseases, and shows by his own case what its virtues are. Some people say, "Oh, the cure is not permanent. We prove it is. Mr Wylie's case was a very hopeless looking one, but Vitadatio cured him, and now, after the lapse of time, he is stronger than ever, and doing good work for what gave him back his life. The Rev. Mr Isaac, minister of George Street Baptist Church, Fitzroy, knew this case, and wondered at the cure.

The thousands of cases of Cures have been permanent. Vitadatio has proved to be a most remarkable medicine.

VITADATIO can now be procured in almost every city, town and township in Australasia. There is one price—Rep. Quarts, 5/6; Rep. Pints, 3/6; Indian Oil of Cream, 2/6.

CHEMISTS, GROCERS, STOREKEEPERS AND AGENTS.

S. A. PALMER, Headquarters, MELBOURNE.



# ALGERNON CHARTERIS ESQ.

1st PRIZE STORY

By G. E. GRAY,  
WELLINGTON.



Of course he was utterly incompetent for the post. He had about as much practical knowledge of Maoris as he had of milking. But an uncle of his was something important in the Colonial Office, and he carried letters of introduction from distinguished persons to vice-royalty, which caused vice-royalty to agitate itself considerably on his behalf. As a result of these agitations, Algernon Charteris, Esq., was appointed secretary to a certain Royal commission, established with a view to defining the territorial rights of sundry West Coast tribes.

"And a deuce of a mess he'll make of it," grumbled old Major Hurston, Chief Commissioner and county magnate of the district. The fellow can't pass time o' day with a native without referring to a dictionary. Some of his notions about the noble savage would make a cat laugh. It's all confounded rot, sir! What we want in the service in a young country like this are practical, level-headed civilians, not the useless offshoot of an effete aristocracy."

The Major liked that phrase, and repeated it frequently, especially as his predictions proved true, and Algernon Charteris proceeded to make "a deuce of a mess of it."

His business was to collect evidence amongst outlying villages around Parihaka, where the Commission sat. Now, it is as sensible to hope to entice a child from a tree with a whip in your hand as to accost a native with a pencil and a big notebook. It was necessary to ascertain the name of each individual, his family, his tribe and his ancestral history since his ancestors began; it was not necessary to post up ominous-looking summonses on every other where when the owner was merely hiding in the scrub behind. Ridiculous blunders, inaccurate evidence, and riots and rumours of riots attended his official peregrinations among the various hapus.



"THE TEEMING, TANGLED LUXURIANCE."

Socially, he was more of a success. The feminine element of the Rangitikei voted his manners charming, his Bond Street "cut" beyond reproach. Only Flo Hurston, who shared her father's contempt for blue-blooded incapables, quite despised him.

"You say it is all new to you," she remarked, scornfully. "A child would understand that in this matter, where Maoris are but children, it is useless to affect a magisterial manner with the men, or lift your hat and air your best society polish among a lot of ignorant old wahines."

Charteris had begun to reconsider the subject of his vocation in life, and question whether a tight remittance wasn't better than "acting sheep-dog to a lot of senseless heathen." Her rebuke fired him with a resolve to succeed in the thing he had undertaken, if it were only to "round-up" witnesses from dirty Maori kaingas.

Thus determined, he set out doggedly next day on what he was warned might prove a dangerous quest. Te Waia, a tough old Maori of standing, had withdrawn himself with his genealogical tree and a select company of his relations, to a stronghold in the bush, there to evade or resist the Commission, as occasion offered.

As he rode, Charteris felt his doubtful humour soothed by the loveliness of the bush scenery. The track led him through long-drawn aisles of sub-tropical splendour, where snowy clematis, white and purple-fringed koromiko, and beautiful pink-tinted convolvulus bells wreathed their greenery above and about him, and dropped their blossoms on the moss-piled carpet at his feet. The tupaki thrust its glossy foliage in his path, and yellow-berried karaka, and crimson and orange-coloured kowhai, struggling with each other to meet his eye, were swept gracefully aside by delicate fronds of punga and nikau fern, that traced a lace-work of emerald arabesques over his head. Above all, the grand old forest giants—rata and kalukatea, totara and rimu—rustled benignly on all the teeming, tangled luxuriance beneath them, murmuring, "Bloom on, ye forest children, bud, and blossom, and deck yourselves for the eye of man; 'tis we who behold the mighty expanse of God's heaven, and hearken to the secret that the winds tell." Flo Hurston would have been considerably astonished, had she seen this satiated aristocrat rein in his horse, draw a deep breath, and reverently uncover to the Power which could create a grandeur and a glory like the New Zealand bush.

Arrived at the clearing, hopeful of an adventure that might prove his mettle, Charteris was disappointed to observe only a solitary Maori girl, with huia feathers in her hair, seated in the shadow of the disused whare. She looked up from her task of weaving dyed flax, and greeted him with a smiling "Tenakoe."

Charteris dismounted, tied his horse, and, mindful of Flo's hint, leant against the raupo beside the girl. He had not the same temptation to be formal here, for she was a vast improvement on the old Maori crones, whose tobacco-loving habits and general "get-up" filled him with holy horror.

"He ra mahana tenei mo te pakeha," "'Tis a warm day for the pakeha," said she.

"Pai ake te inaina ki te ra i taha i te ahaubau o roto o te ngahere," "He finds the sunshine beside thee more grateful than the cool of the bush," replied Charteris, without once referring to his dictionary.

She nodded and smiled, which encouraged him in a belief that he was getting on.

"Will you give me one of your pretty flowers?" said he, pointing to a cluster of rata, fastened in the belt of her cotton blouse.

She held a crimson blossom up to him. He pinned it into his button-hole, casting amorous glances the while at her pretty, averted face. There was a pause, wherein he bethought him of his mission, and worked out a new sentence.

"Surely you who are so young and pretty, do not dwell here alone," said he at last, artfully; "Where are your relations?"

She shook her head and looked puzzled for a moment, then laughing and nodding comprehension, darted swiftly away, and disappeared in a clump of manuka scrub behind the whare.

Charteris complacently lit a cigar. "Good business this trip, old man," said he, to himself. "I've made an impression there. She'll sing my praises, fetch 'em out of their rabbit-holes, and we'll have the old boy and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts down in the family Bible before I'm an hour older."

Pride goes before a fall. His nymph of the woodlands reappeared, driving before her a litter of young pigs, that grunted and snorted, and expressed their contempt for humanity in a series of hideous and discordant squeals!

She noted the dejection and disgust in his face, and burst out laughing; he caught the familiar ring in her laugh and stared. Then the pigs scattered to the four winds as he strode amongst them to get at her.

"Flo!" he said.

"'Twas a joke," said she, laughing till the tears washed channels of red in her tobacco-stained cheeks. "Can't I act the Maori? We knew you'd muddle things with old Te Waia, so Jack and I rode out ahead, talked the crowd over, and he escorted them back to the settlement, while I waited for you."

Charteris did not mind her joke, although it occurred to him that colonial girls had quite original ideas of humour. But to have it calmly taken for granted that he would "muddle things" was a little too much. Even an aristocrat has his feelings.

"Thank you," he said, stiffly, "Since you and Jack are so capable, and I vice versa, I fancy I'd better resign my position in your favour."

She looked at him for a moment, then frankly held out her hand, and that trifling action explained why Flo Hurston, with her blunt manners and boyish ways, was yet the most popular girl in the Rangitikei.

"Forgive me," she said, "it was shabby, and I'm sorry I hurt your feelings; let's be friends."

Of course that settled it. Charteris granted absolution, and they frolicked for a while like children, gathering ferns, luring the pigs from the manuka with scraps of roasted taro, and slipping and laughing and tumbling over the stepping-stones in the creek, whither Flo betook herself to wash the stain off her face. Spring water wouldn't remove the tobacco juice, and her energetic rubbing, to say nothing of Charteris' glances, lent such a rich red to the olive hue of her cheeks, that he exclaimed, admiringly:

"By jove, you're a stunner as a Maori! Stay as you are. Flo, huia feathers and all."

She laughed at the compliment, and replaced the feather in her dark hair. Trifles, we are told, make up the sum of life. Little did they dream that this trifling act was to all but end the reckoning, as far as their two lives were concerned. Meanwhile, Flo's opinion of her companion underwent an agreeable change, his feelings regarding her became too tender to be recorded, and they both looked back on that happy hour as a delicious bush idyll, pictured in contrast with the misery to follow.

For barely had they regained the clearing ere they were surprised and horrified to observe a party of armed Maoris emerge on horseback from the bush opposite, and advance upon them with ferocious yells.

## CHAPTER II.

Few natures are given the power to grasp a situation with the miraculous swiftness that Charteris displayed, when he caught Flo's arm and rushed her towards the whare.

"Quick!" was all he said, but the girl understood, and no native could have covered more fleetly the thirty odd yards that brought them within its shelter. The Maoris fired on them, and galloped furiously, but at a little distance they drew rein, for the entrance to the whare was one-man width, and the pakeha had a revolver at his belt.

Inside the raupo, the two faced each other, Flo white and trembling, Charteris anxious and grim. There had been troublous times of late, in Taranaki, and although this hostility might be mainly directed against himself, he reflected, with a sick feeling at his heart, that the Major's connection with the Commission had made him very unpopular amongst the natives.

"I can pick six of 'em off," he said, briefly, in answer to the girl's mute enquiry, "but—there are a couple of dozen, and they can burn us out."

"Oh, no, they daren't do that," she cried, eagerly, "Te Waia is a rangatira, and his whare is tapu against fire."

Charteris had little faith in the religious scruples of these villains, but she was right, for they made no attempt to light the whare, although they could easily have done so. Superstition was the strongest element in the old Maori, and not even for deadly revenge would he break tapu.

With trigger cocked, and his teeth set, Charteris eyed the entrance steadily, expecting an attack at every moment. Flo peered cautiously on the gesticulating group, through a tiny hole in the raupo. Presently a Maori raised his rifle, and a bullet hit the wall behind them; another tore up the earth by their feet. If they riddled the place, it could only be a question of minutes. Should he surrender? Charteris looked at the girl beside him in irresolute agony. Near this spot, a few years before, two men and a woman were attacked by Maoris. The men were killed in the struggle, the woman was taken alive. . . . He pictured the tragic horror of the scene, and the veins on his forehead grew livid. Suffering produces a quick sympathy between souls. Flo read in his eyes the one alternative he had to offer her, and this girl, whose pretty lips were never hitherto compressed over more than some "final" in a tennis tournament, lifted a white, unflinching face to his, and nodded. Neither spoke, only Charteris realised that when his five shots were spent, there was a work for the sixth.

Presently Flo, to whom some of the men were known, whispered excitedly from her loophole.

"Tatu has finished talking now, and they are—yes, they are going—Oh, Mr. Charteris, they are going away, leaving only Mehaka on guard. What can it mean?"

"They are only after our horses," Charteris said, abruptly, avoiding her face, for he could not bear to watch the hope that illumined and as suddenly died there.

Certain of their prey, the Maoris dispersed in twos and threes about the bush, looking for the pakehas' horses, which were tethered by the creek in the manuka scrub, where Charteris had led them to drink during the course of Flo's ablutions. If by any means they could gain them while the Maoris were searching the opposite bush, a dash for liberty might be possible. But it was impossible to slip out of the whare without attracting the attention of Mehaka, who would either fire on them or raise the alarm. Charteris cast a hasty, despairing glance around, and his eye lighted on the hole the bullet had torn in the old raupo wall behind them. It suggested a chance of escape—impossible enough, but their last—and he seized it.

"Take my revolver and stand here," he said, hurriedly, to his companion. "Shoot—mind, it is necessary—shoot down the first man who shows himself, while I try and hack an outlet in the wall."

She took the weapon without demur. Charteris opened his clasp-knife, and attacked the hole with feverish energy. A few vigorous strokes, and to his inexpressible joy, the weather-worn balrush yielded. He was on the point of making a further onslaught, when the girl raised her finger warningly.

"Hist!" she said, softly, "Mehaka is listening."

Charteris had his arm uplifted to strike. It dropped nerveless at his side. Amid a silence which the falling of a pin might have broken, they waited and watched. The Maori bent his head and surveyed the whare attentively for the space of a minute. Apparently satisfied that he had been mistaken, he resumed his pipe,

Proceeding cautiously, Charteris soon succeeded in producing a space sufficient for a person to crawl through. He beckoned silently to Flo. With a beating heart, though outwardly calm, she crept over to the wall, handed him the revolver, and allowed herself to be pushed gently through the aperture.

What happened next flashed across her vision, and ever afterwards presented itself to her mind's eye with the miraculous swiftness of a panorama, or some dumb tragedy, wherein each player acted his part with silent and awful precision. As she emerged into the shadow at the back of the hut, a hand gripped her throat, producing a stupor of breathlessness and horror, in which, as in a nightmare, there figured the phantasms of an ugly, menacing countenance, and an uplifted weapon. These phenomena so captured and fascinated her, that she continued to stare in stupefaction, whilst the grip at her neck relaxed, the play of feature above her changed from menace to rage, from rage to gasping contortion, and the eyeballs proceeded to gape and protrude until only the bloodshot veins were visible, beneath a fury of pressure which Charteris brought to bear upon the man. She saw Charteris take up the short-handled tomahawk he forced the Maori to abandon, watched the gleaming revolutions of it above the man's head, and involuntarily closed her eyes. Then the blade fell harmlessly to the ground, as he exclaimed, in disgust,

"Ugh! I can't kill the brute! Your handkerchief and belt, Flo, quick!"

Hastily, he made a gag of the articles in question, and, by means of the fellow's own cartridge-belt, secured him to the stump of a tree. The incidents succeeded each other so swiftly as to appear almost simultaneous. Luckily for the two, it was a solitary reconnoitre which led the Maori to witness their escape.

To slip across the manuka, trusting that Mehaka's vigilance over the entrance would miss them in the rear—that was the next proceeding. It was begun resolutely, and would have ended safely, had not an unforeseen contingency, as is usual, selected this moment to occur. A pig grunted.

Mehaka looked up, saw them, and sprang to his feet

with a yell. In an instant the clearing was alive with men. Bullets flew by the two as they vanished into the scrub. Half-supporting, half-impelling the girl before him, Charteris reached the creek, released the horses, and stooped to swing Flo into her saddle, when a bullet from their nearest pursuer shot the animal dead.

The Maori broke through the brushwood panting. Charteris, struggling with their remaining, frightened animal, could not fire. Woman's wit saved their lives then. There was no lethargy about Flo now, as she seized her purse from her pocket and flung its contents over the ground.

"See, Mehaka, there is money for you," she said, in swift, insinuating Maori. "Pick up the gold while you can, Mehaka, else they will divide it amongst them, and yours will be but a small share."

Greed of gain, and the desire to capture, struggled for mastery in the man's face. Greed triumphed. With a furtive, backward glance, he flung himself upon the coins. Charteris snatched the girl into his saddle, leapt the creek, and they were off.

## CHAPTER III.

Houp-la! What a run that was! Crossing ranges, skirting gullies, splashing through muddy creeks, bending, double-banked, in the saddle, when Waharoo thundered along a track overgrown with fern or toi-toi, whose lance-leaves took toll of them in blood as they passed; twisting and turning to avoid collision with bent branches, dodging scaly punga stems, now crashing and slipping and floundering through mazes of creeper and under-scrub, where shreds of Flo's muslin were scattered in their train, and garlands of bush-lawyer festooned themselves lovingly around them, where the track was lost in a labyrinth of creeper, and only the old steed's sagacity and homing instinct brought them through; then a race for it down a stony ti-tree slope, Waharoo's fiery hoof-beats kindling a shower of flying flints in their rear, and a glorious gallop across the straight, when the old racer needed neither spur nor rein nor rally-cry to urge him onward, but cocked his ears, sniffed the breeze, and craned his



"'TIS A WARM DAY FOR THE PAKEHA," SHE SAID.

neck for the river. Meanwhile Charteris glanced anxiously back towards the cover they had left, whence shots and yells and a clatter of hoofs pursued them, and wondered how soon or late they would reach it.

It was their only chance, and a poor one, for, by reason of late heavy rains, the river was certain to be flooded. Unfortunately, in selecting to scour the regular bush route opposite the whare, the Maoris had left them no way of retreat save this.

Stay, was it their only chance? As his eyes scanned the mile or so of clearing they had still to cover, it followed a track of clay road which skirted the distant bush, unwinding itself like a length of yellow ribbon among the hills and gullies which stretched away towards Parihaka. At a point in that road where the clearing reached the bush line, something was creeping, amid a cloud of moving dust. It was the mail coach, which, in those days, ran weekly between Wellington and New Plymouth.

marked, lowering his glass. "The girl's as brown as a berry."

Jo, the driver, took the binoculars, and made a careful survey.

"Bloomin' natives, they are, sir. Now, what the thunder!"

"See, see!" cried one of the two lady passengers, excitedly, "there are more coming down the hill! Oh, hurry, driver, hurry! We shall all be killed."

That settled it. Jo whipped up his horses and the dust cloud raised in their progress became a whirlwind so fast did their wheels travel. The time was one of danger, and the small party of whites can be forgiven their feeling of relief that three good miles separated them from that increasing horde.

It was another matter for the poor fugitives, who gazed after them in amazement and bitterness of heart. Intuitively, Flo knew that her costume was responsible for the hideous mistake, and began to sob weakly.

of steaming foam and blood. Sick, weary, and sore-pressed, they at length left the bush and gained the soft sline and rushes by the river bank.

Charteris' forebodings were too true. The river was no longer a silver stream, winding its way placidly amid virgin forests of flax and fern, but a turbulent raging torrent, whitened from bank to bank in an undulating wall of muddy water, that swept eddying logs, and upturn shrub and tussock before it, in its helter-skelter race for the sea.

Here at last Flo's courage failed her. The sight of that hungry, swollen flood did for her what Maori ferocity and ten miles of rough bush riding had not been able to accomplish—it broke her nerve. She screamed and struggled and clutched the reins as Charteris headed their animal for the water, imploring him to turn, and crying and clinging hysterically to his arms.

Charteris dared not hesitate now. The persistence of



"CHARTERIS SNATCHED THE GIRL INTO HIS SADDLE, LEAPT THE CREEK, AND THEY WERE OFF."

"Hooray!" Charteris shouted, signalling joyously with his cap. "The coach, Flo—don't you see it? By all that's lucky, it's the Wellington mail. Thank God, we're saved!"

They waved their hats, and shouted and rose in the saddle, knowing that once within the shelter of that friendly vehicle, with its driver and complement of armed passengers, they were safe. Their signals attracted attention. The column of dust became stationary, and the coach drew to a halt. Charteris, straining every nerve to make pace, gave himself ten minutes to come up with it. At the same moment a hurried colloquy was being held amongst the occupants of the stage.

"They're Maoris, right enough," a passenger re-

Charteris could offer no consolation. To overtake the travelling coach from their distance was impossible.

They cleared the open and plunged again into the thick forest, that to the extent of half-a-mile belted the river margin. Here the foliage was so dense as to make progress on horseback well nigh impossible. Their clothes were torn, their hands and faces badly lacerated, by contact with jagged bough and prickly creeper. Yet, they pushed on, impelled by fear of those hurrying hoofs behind them, finding consolation in the thought that travelling was as difficult for the hunters as the hunted. A pluckier horse than good old Waharoo never tasted bit, but his ten-mile run, double weighted, was beginning to tell on him at last. His breath came in thick, dry sobs, his flanks were a lather

of the Maoris in pursuing them thus far left little doubt as to their motives. If he yielded to her entreaties they were lost.

"Listen, dear," he said, disengaging himself gently from her convulsive embrace. "We must ford the river, or the Maoris will kill us. Try not to be afraid. Hold on tight, and leave the rest to me."

Had anyone told Flo Hurston that morning that the despised Englishman would address her in tones so authoritative, she would not have believed it. Circumstances alter cases. It was the new chum—the society fop—who rose in his stirrups and rallied Waharoo into the black water, while she, a New Zealand girl, hung limp and terrified to the saddle.

How they got across, Charteris never quite knew.

He was a strong swimmer, and his strength was their salvation that day, for in midstream Waharoo succumbed. He sank under them, and the last they heard of the good old horse was his pitiful neigh as the current caught him. Charteris became colossal then. Not only did the instinct of self-preservation, first and last in man, inspire him to superhuman efforts, but a sweet and subtle consciousness that he was wrestling with destiny for the life of the woman he loved, upheld him, and bequeathed him power, with every buffet of wind, and wave, to fight the harder. Yet, in spite of

water in his ears was like the far-away moan of the sea in a shell. Instinct, rather than reason, led him at the last, when, grasping the friendly river-reeds, he hoisted himself and his burden up the bank, staggered a pace or so, and fell heavily to the ground.

"And you thought him a useless top. Father, how could you?" Flo demanded, reproachfully, for the hundred and ninety-ninth time during the course of her friend's convalescence.

## Te Kanawa's Adventure with a Troop of Fairies.



**T**E KANAWA, a chief of Waikato, was the man who fell in with a troop of fairies upon the top of Puke-more, a high hill in the Waikato district.

This chief happened one day to go out to catch kiwis with his dogs, and when night came on he found himself right at the top of Puke-more, so his party made a fire to give them light, for it was very dark.

They had chosen a tree to sleep under, a very large tree, the only one fit for their purpose that they could find; in fact, it was a very convenient sleeping place, for the tree had immense roots, sticking up high above the ground; they slept between these roots and made the fire beyond them.

As soon as it was dark they heard loud voices like the voices of people coming that way; there were the voices of men, of women, and of children, as if a very large party of people were coming along. They looked for a long time, but could see nothing, till at last Te Kanawa knew the noise must proceed from fairies. His people were all dreadfully frightened, and would have run away if they could; but where could they run to, for they were in the midst of a forest, on the top of a lonely mountain, and it was a dark night.

For a long time the voices grew louder and more distinct, as the fairies drew nearer and nearer, until they came quite close to the fire. Te Kanawa and his party were half dead with fright. At last the fairies approached to look at Te Kanawa, who was a very handsome fellow. To do this, they kept peeping slyly over the large roots of the tree under which the hunters were lying, and kept constantly looking at Te Kanawa, whilst his companions were quite insensible from fear. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly, off went the fairies and hid themselves, peeping out from behind stumps and trees; and when it burnt low, back they came close to it, merrily singing as they moved—

"Here you come climbing over Mount Tirangi,  
To visit the handsome chief of Ngapuhi,  
Whom we have done with!"

A sudden thought struck Te Kanawa, that he might induce them to go away if he gave them all the jewels he had about him; so he took off a beautiful little figure, carved in green jasper, which he wore as a neck ornament, and a precious carved ear-drop from his ear. Ah! Te Kanawa was only trying to amuse and please them to save his life; but all the time he was frightened to death. However, the fairies did not rush on the men to attack them, but only came quite close to look at them. As soon as Te Kanawa had taken off his neck ornament, and pulled out his jasper ear-ring, and his other ear-ring, made of the tooth of the tiger shark, he spread them out before the fairies, and offered them to the multitude, who were sitting all round the place; and, thinking it better the fairies should not touch him, he took a stick, and fixing it into the ground, hung his neck ornament and ear-rings upon it.

As soon as the fairies had ended their song, they took the shadows of the ear-rings and handed them about from one to the other, until they had passed through the whole party, which then suddenly disappeared, and nothing more was seen of them.

The fairies carried off with them the shadows of all the jewels of Te Kanawa, but they left behind them his jasper neck ornament and his ear-rings, so that he took them back again, the hearts of the fairies being quite contented at getting the shadows alone; they saw also that Te Kanawa was an honest, well-disposed fellow. However, the next morning, as soon as it was light, he got down the mountain as fast as he could without stopping to hunt longer for kiwis.

The fairies are a very numerous people, merry, cheerful, and always singing, like the cricket. Their appearance is that of human beings, nearly resembling a European's, their hair being very fair, and so is their skin. They are very different from the Maoris, and do not resemble them at all.

Te Kanawa had died before any Europeans arrived in New Zealand.

\* Te Wherowhera did not remember the whole song, but that this was the concluding verse. It was probably in allusion to their coming to peep at Te Kanawa.



"GRASPING THE REEDS, HE HOISTED HIMSELF AND HIS BURDEN UP THE RIVER BANK."

all, they must have been drowned, had not fatigue suddenly overcome Flo, rendering her senseless and mobile in his grasp. By a supreme expenditure of strength, he managed to keep her head above the crests of the mud-coloured waves, while he strained sinew and nerve to make the shore, pausing now and then to snatch breath, and struggle desperately against that deadly laxity of limb and will which attacks the drowning. As his strength lessened, the little chocolate-coloured hills, chasing each other amid a noise and splashing like a hundred cascades, became each a separate summit, to ascend and slide down and surmount at last, with a valley of foaming snow-drift and a new summit beyond. Wave after wave rolled upon him in a monotonous

"My dear girl, what utter nonsense you talk," the Major said, testily. "I have invariably admired the young man, if only because he belonged to a class capable of furnishing instances of bravery and heroism in their highest form. *Noblesse oblige!* you know, my dear, *noblesse oblige!*" and the Major blew his nose hard, in order to conceal the pride he felt in that apt quotation.

"How about *my* heroism?" queried Jack Hurston, modestly. News of a native conspiracy having reached him during his homeward journey, he hurried hastily back, in time to rescue the pair by the river-bank.

Charteris ridiculed the compliments showered upon him from every quarter, but the praise that Flo's eyes



"THE DUST CLOUD RAISED IN THEIR PROGRESS BECAME A WHIRLWIND."

rotation, of which his tired faculties strained in vain to keep count. That the Maoris had abandoned their quarry for lost, he did not know, nor could it matter now. A parting-shot nipped him below the shoulder-blade, tearing an ugly flesh-wound, and it seemed to him but the prick of a pin. Loss of blood must have weakened him, for in the last stages it all became dim. They were phantom swimmers, striving in a sea of mist to reach an ever-fading shore. The beating of angry

silently uttered was very sweet to him. It was mournful to reflect that all the chivalry of a Lochinvar wouldn't provide pounds, shillings, and pence sufficient to maintain his pretty, promised wife.

He was spared such reflection. Titled relations have these two virtues—they can die, and they can leave money. An antiquated countess obligingly did both, the sole legatee in her last will and testament being "My grand-nephew, Algernon Charteris, Esq."



# RANGITOTO~

Fair Waitemata's Lord, and Sentinel!  
 Bulwark, and Guardian, that dost divide  
 The Northern blasts, and their rude might dispel  
 That fain would vex and mar thy placid bride;—  
 Chieftain and eldest of a Vulcan race,  
 With august head, triune, uplifted o'er  
 Thy brethren of the main—the river face,  
 With monstrous scars, and tokens of fierce war  
 Innumerable as thy years, defies the might  
 Of elements and man. In the dim past  
 Ancestral Tainui looms, with shadowy crew,  
 Come from vague Hawaiki—the first to sight  
 Thy presence grim. The warning trumpets blast,  
 And the loud war-bells boom, resounded through  
 The grassy hills that camp about thy feet,  
 When tyrant Kiwi ruled the Isthmian pas.  
 Under thy shadow in a direful age,  
 Fierce Hongi voyaged and his waka-tauds;  
 And where they met the foe in vengeful rage,  
 The rout and carnage of barbaric war  
 Crimsoned the peaceful wave. The islets lay  
 Beneath mild winter's sun, quiet and lone,  
 When the great-hearted Marsden passed thy shore:  
 Quiet and lone the waters in each bay,  
 When the first pioneers beheld thy cove,  
 And sojourned, and furled the virgin mould,  
 On Korea's isle. Endless the questing throng,  
 That from far lands, for bread, for fame, of gold,  
 Thy portals passed; with hope, and courage strong,  
 They claimed the ferny wastes, and rock-strewn hills,  
 And clad their barrenness with smiling fields,  
 And quiet homes. The might of commerce thrills  
 Broad streams and havens round thee now: Peace weilds  
 More potent weapons than e'er shaped for war,  
 To quell, and to mild service subjugate  
 Reluctant earth.

Thou alone, as of yore,  
 Slumberest still, immutable as fate;  
 While generations in unending streams  
 Struggle and pass as winds of yesterday,  
 Flitting in hurried transit through thy dreams—  
 The filmy shadows of a little play,  
 That move thee not.

Drowsing so long and deep,  
 Wrapt in oblivion through the ages vast,  
 Hast quite forgot the furies of thy birth?  
 Rememberest not, when with uprushing sweep  
 Of molten floods, thou wert convulsive cast  
 In pang's parturient from thy parent earth?  
 Perchance, some day Hauraki's restless tide  
 Pulsing thy marge, shall fret thy memory,  
 And mind thee of plutonic tides that glow  
 Neath thy foundations; then renaissant pride  
 Shall shake off long-infolding apathy;  
 And as thy vital founts begin to flow,  
 Thou shalt from ashy pyre triumphant spring,  
 In youth renewed—with baleful beauty girl—  
 Thy terrors and reverberations fling  
 Amain, wide-spread and high—  
 And thy great might assert  
 Once more—O Mountain of the blood-red sky!

H.W. YOUNG.



# Nelson, Picton and the Northern Sounds.



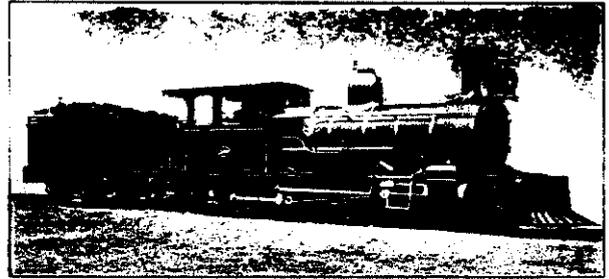
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Excursion Tickets are issued throughout the year as under :-

- 1.—From Auckland, Newmarket, Remuera, Ellerslie, Penrose, Onehunga, and Otahuhu to ROTORUA.

RETURN FARES—First class, **45s.**; second class, **30s.**

Tickets available for return for three months from date of issue.

- 2.—From Auckland, Newmarket, Remuera, Ellerslie, Penrose, Onehunga, and Otahuhu to Te Aroha, Thames, and intermediate stations, and *vice versa*.

RETURN FARES—First class **30s.**; second class, **20s.**

Tickets available for return for two months from date of issue.

- 3.—From Auckland, Newmarket, Remuera, Ellerslie, Penrose, Onehunga, and Otahuhu to OKOROIRE.

RETURN FARES—First class, **35s.**; second class, **22s. 6d.**

Tickets available for return for two months from date of issue.

- 4.—From Auckland, to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer (or *vice versa*).

ROUND TRIP—First class, **34s.**; second class, **26s.**

- 5.—From Auckland to Rotorua, thence to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer (or *vice versa*).

ROUND TRIP—First class, **48s.**; second-class, **32s. 6d.**

- 6.—Auckland to Haugatiiki, Haugatiiki to Rotorua, and Rotorua to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, and *vice versa*.

ROUND TRIP—First class, **56s.**; second class, **40s.**

Tickets for Round Trips 4, 5, and 6 are each available for two months from date of issue.

\*Issue of these tickets will commence on first November, 1899.

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling 10 miles from the original starting station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

For convenience of railway passengers desirous of visiting the Waitomo Caves, and to stay over night, a cottage, with a caretaker in charge, will be provided at Haugatiiki from first November, 1899. The caretaker will provide hot water and furnish stretchers at a charge of 1s. for each person. Visitors require to provide their own food and blankets.

## THE SOUTHERN ALPS

THE ICE REGION OF NEW ZEALAND,

And AORANGI, "The Cloud Piercer."

THROUGH BOOKING TO MOUNT COOK.—Return Excursion Tickets for the through journey by rail to Fairlie, thence by coach to Mount Cook Hermitage, returning *via* Kurow or Fairlie, or by rail to Kurow, thence by coach to Mount Cook Hermitage, returning *via* Fairlie, will be issued between the first November and 31st March, available for return for two months (subject to the coach portion of the journey being completed on or before 30th April)

RETURN FARES (including coach fares)—From Dunedin, **£5 5s.** first class, **£4 12s. 6d.** second class. From Christchurch, **£4 15s.** first class, **£4 7s. 6d.** second class. The journey may be broken at any stations at which the train is timed to stop after travelling twenty-five miles from the original starting station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

The Grandeur of the Scenery of this District has no parallel outside the Polar Regions.

## HANMER PLAINS HOT SPRINGS.

THROUGH BOOKING (by rail and coach) TO THE SPRINGS.—Return Excursion Tickets to Hanmer Plains, available for return for two months, will be issued daily throughout the year from Invercargill and Dunedin, and from Christchurch, Papanui, and Kaiapoi daily, between 1st October and 30th April (and thereafter thrice weekly, viz., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays).

RETURN THROUGH FARE (by rail and coach), first class—From Christchurch, Papanui, and Kaiapoi, **£1 10s.** From Dunedin, **£4 2s. 6d.** From Invercargill, **£5 15s.** The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling ten miles from the original starting station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

## Cheap Day Excursions to Taieri Beach.

By rail to Henley, thence by the steam launch *Waiwera* along the Taieri River to the Beach. Return Excursion Tickets will be issued from 1st November to 31st March, to parties of not less than 20 adults, on any week day (Saturdays and general holidays excepted), at the following fare:—First class (including rail and steamer), from Dunedin, **5s.**

Return Excursion Tickets will be issued from Dunedin to Taieri Beach on Saturdays, from 1st November to 31st March. Fare—First class (including rail and steamer), **6s.** These tickets are available for day of issue only.

## THE COLD LAKES and the GLACIAL DISTRICT OF OTAGO,

WAKATIPU, WANAKA, HAWEA, MANAPOURI, TE ANAU, SUTHERLAND FALLS, Etc.

Return Excursion Tickets, available for two months, will be issued between 1st November and 31st March, as under :-

To KINGSTON, LAKE WAKATIPU.

(Including saloon steamer passage, Kingston to Queenstown and back.)

From	1st Class	2nd Class
Christchurch ( <i>via</i> Waimea line or Invercargill) .....	<b>£5 12 6</b>	<b>£4 0 0</b>
Dunedin ( <i>via</i> Waimea line only) .....	<b>2 10 0</b>	<b>2 0 0</b>
Dunedin ( <i>via</i> Waimea line or Invercargill) .....	<b>2 17 6</b>	<b>2 5 0</b>
Invercargill ( <i>via</i> Kingston line only) .....	<b>1 12 6</b>	<b>1 5 0</b>
Invercargill ( <i>via</i> either Kingston or Gore and Waimea line) .....	<b>2 0 0</b>	<b>1 10 0</b>

To PEMBROKE, LAKE WANAKA.

(Including saloon steamer passage, Kingston to Queenstown and back, and coach, Queenstown to Pembroke and back.)

From Dunedin (*via* Waimea line only) .....

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling twenty-five miles from the original starting station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

The steamer service is conducted by the Lake Wakatipu Steamship Company. The coach service is conducted by Messrs. Craig and Co.

## ROUND-TRIP TOURS THROUGH CENTRAL OTAGO.

Round-Trip Tickets, available for two months, will be issued from 1st November to 31st March, as under :-

- No. 1.—From Dunedin to Queenstown (*via* Kingston), return to Dunedin *via* Wanaka and Lawrence, or *vice versa* ... **£4 15 0** 1st Class\*
- No. 2.—From Dunedin to Queenstown (*via* Kingston), return to Dunedin *via* Arrow and Lawrence, or *vice versa* ... **4 0 0** "
- No. 3.—From Dunedin to Queenstown (*via* Kingston), return to Dunedin *via* Wanaka and Ranfurly, or *vice versa* ... **5 10 0** "
- No. 4.—From Dunedin to Queenstown (*via* Kingston), return to Dunedin *via* Arrow and Ranfurly, or *vice versa* ... **4 10 0** "

\*Including steamer and coach fares.

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling twenty-five miles from the original starting station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

The steamer service is conducted by the Lake Wakatipu Steamship Company. The coach service is conducted by Messrs. Craig and Co.

On occasions of public holidays, races, agricultural and pastoral shows, etc., special concessions are made in fares, and additional travelling facilities are provided. For tourists, see advertisements in local papers, and posters exhibited at railway stations. For further particulars of trains and coach and steamer services, in connection with tourist excursions, see Official Pocket Time-table issued by the Railway Department, which can be obtained at railway stations, price one penny. The Railway Department is not responsible for the coach or steamer services, and is not answerable for their fulfilment.

HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON.

BY ORDER.



# WAITOHI.

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

Written by Mrs. K. ALSTEN, Picton.

lotte Sound out somewhere on the other side of the South Island.

Mrs. Captain Brown, whom Captain Brown always called "Mary Hann," was still more ambitious than her husband. She always sailed with him, and spent all her spare time in making up silk dresses, and trimming bonnets for the time when they retired from the sea, and entered Sydney society. She wore a silk gown, and coal-scuttle bonnet every Sunday while at sea, and Captain Brown read a short service to keep himself and

his crew, his ship, and his wife in touch with Christianity during the long stretches of time when they were necessarily absent from civilisation.

So to find this passage, Captain Brown had sailed his ship where never a ship had sailed before up the beautiful Sound, past many fortified promontories and islands, till he came to a good anchorage outside a deep bay, partly divided by a small island. There he anchored the Mary Ann, and every day he and his wife, with eight strong pullers in the largest whale-boat, searched every deep bay for a passage either into the Pelorus Sound or through to the West Coast on the other side of the island.

Roger Carew was left in charge of the ship, and Mrs. Brown's dresses, with strict orders not to allow any Maoris aboard, or any rats into the old oak chests which contained the gowns.

Thus it was that he met Waitohi. Life was far too monotonous which was all spent in chasing rats, so he varied it a little by going ashore for the purpose of supplying the ship's company with game, with which the bush was simply teeming, and one day, as he lay stretched out under a karaka tree waiting for the boat to come off for him, something happened, and there was no longer monotony during those long days when the captain and his Mary Hann were away seeking for life-long fame and glory in the deep inlets and bays of the Sound.

He had closed his eyes, and he saw in a brain vision a fine old English homestead. His father and mother, with their stately manners, and his priggish elder brother, heir to the estate, his other two brothers, one on the high way to a bishopric, and the other a shining light in diplomacy. His sister, wedded to an illustrious but venerable duke. He saw the great park, and the gardens, and the fountains, and a pale little girl feeding the goldfish, whom he had promised never to forget.

And he saw himself, cast out—as it were—from that home to fight for himself, with never a hope of winning that fair girl who was waiting so patiently—he was sure of that—for him at home.

He drew in a long breath. He had about six hundred pounds in the bank at Sydney. "Just about enough to buy her a ring," he said, with a little laugh, which was half a sob, and then he opened his eyes with the feeling that he was not alone. A brown, smiling face was peering at him between the fronds

of a black-stemmed fern tree. Roger smiled, and beckoned, and Waitohi, in the full native dress of a chief's daughter, and with a wreath of bush clematis in her hair, stood before him.

After that they met every day. Roger Carew forgot—or seemed to forget—the Molly of his boyish love, and Waitohi, in this new and entrancing love for a pakeha, forgot Kuiti, and the fast-fleeting moons. If she ever did remember her Maori lover, it was with a shudder of repulsion, and a feeling that rather would she wander away into the dense bush, and be lost like her little cousin Turamo was lost many moons before, than wed Kuiti, who was a friend of Ruaparaha, and a cannibal.

At first she and Roger met on the beach, but afterwards their trysting-place was the little island which was covered with maikaikai, koromiko, and poroporo. There was no monotony in the hours spent there. It was a time of sunshine, brightness, and love.

When the shades of evening began to close in over the hills, Waitohi would paddle shorewards—for "Taipo," the Prince of Darkness, ruled everything in the night—and Roger would pull back to the ship to meet Captain Brown, and listen to the story of another failure, and the programme for the next day's search for fame and Columbian glory.

And all night in his dreams Roger would see the poroporo blossom, which always reminded him of Molly Clare's eyes. And in the morning he would decide to remain on board all day, but in the afternoon the blue eyes would be forgotten, and he sat on the island gazing into Waitohi's brown orbs.

## CHAPTER II.

Roger Carew sat on the very top of the island, whence he could see every approach to it. Earlier in the day he had seen from the ship two war-canoes, which came from the direction of the head of the Sound. They had turned the point and steered direct for the bay. Long before the canoes reached the shore, Roger could hear quite distinctly the haka dances, and cries of welcome, and he knew without being told that the hoary-headed chief of the Wakamarina had come for his bride, and that unless he could prevail upon Waitohi to go with him that very night he must lose her. He knew that her sorrow at parting would be greater than his. He was trained to hardship and sorrow, but Waitohi's life had been hitherto like one long summer's day—cloudless and free from storm.

He wished he had never seen her, that he had never come to cloud her young life. Her child-like faith in, and devotion to, her pakeha lover had roused all Roger's chivalry, and last night he had made a clean breast of it to Captain Brown and his wife, assuring them that he did not intend to desert Waitohi.

"It's a bad business, Roger," said Captain Brown, "but Mary Hann an' me has come to the conclusion as there ain't no houtlet on this 'ere side on the Sound, an' that Columbus an' Captain Cook atween 'em 'as worked out the charts all right, so we've decided to attire from the sea an' enter politics, an' Mary Hann society, wich we 'as a right to, seein' as our money's made honourable."

"An', Roger," said Mrs. Captain Brown, "if you

## CHAPTER I.

**W**AITOHI was a beautiful maiden. A princess by right of the Waikawa and Wairau tribes. When she was grown up she was betrothed by her father—a great fighting chief—and the tohungas of her tribe, to Kuiti, another great fighting chief, of Wakamarina. There was great rejoicing over the betrothal, and a big feast was held at Waikawa. Then Kuiti went back to his tribe, and Kohere—Waitohi's father—sent off canoes in all directions to invite all the friendly

tribes from both islands to the great feast of his daughter's marriage, which was to take place in six moons from the time of betrothal.

In six months, what may not happen? As yet the dominant white race had not over-run New Zealand, and as regards Queen Charlotte Sound, Tory Channel, and Port Underwood, only whalers had ever been seen there, and most of them were not of a sort to raise any commotion in Maori maidens' bosoms.

It was reserved for the whaler Mary Ann to do something out of the common, and for her captain to be the cause of many korero among the Maoris, and for her chief mate, Roger Carew, to make a Maori maiden forswear her betrothal, forsake her people and her country, and follow a pakeha to the other side of the wide world.

Captain Brown, of the whaler Mary Ann, was ambitious. He was not content with a tidy fortune safely stowed away in the stronghold of the Bank of Sydney, but he wanted also to make a great name for himself by finding a passage—which he was quite sure existed—through from the head of Queen Char-

escort Waitohi to my perfection, I'll be a mother to you both, an' she shall wear some o' my gowns, an' the lilac silk to be married in, an' that bonnet with the French flowers, an' purple ribbing, as I were keepin' by for dinin' with the Governor an' Governess."

Roger thought of Waitohi as he saw her first, and many times since, with the clematis in her hair, and he smiled at the idea of the same face in a coal-scuttle bonnet, with a wreath of French roses round it. But, all the same, he was thankful to his kind friends for their offer, and resolved to save Waitohi from her fierce old lover.

The ship's sails were loosened out all ready to let go, and all day preparations were made on board the whaler for going out to sea. The shadows of night were stealing over the lake-like Sound, but Waitohi for the first time had failed to keep her tryst.

Every sound from the shore was carried across the water to Roger on the island, the cry of the weka, the barking of dogs, and, above all, the shrill voices of the women crying out, "Waitohi, a-Waitohi! Haere mai Waitohi!"

It was evident, then, that Waitohi was not at the pah, and, if not there, where was she?

into the shade of the poroporo bushes, for the glare of the blazing whares lit up the island like the light of day. And there she told him how her people had watched her since Kuiti's arrival, and that she herself had set fire to the bush so that she might escape from them before to-morrow. To-morrow she would be handed over to Kuiti.

But to-morrow, when the sun rose, Waitohi was on board the whaler Mary Ann, sailing out of the north entrance, and the Maoris at the other end of the Sound were weaving green garlands for their heads, and crying out to the burning trees, and black desolation, "Waitohi is dead! Waitohi is burnt."

### CHAPTER III.

There had been a dreadful coach accident in England, when a bishop, an attache, and the heir to the House of Turbition were ignominiously capsized into a rushing torrent, and all three drowned. They were on their way to spend Christmas with the old folk at the family seat, whither their wives and sundry daughters had gone a fortnight before. There was

Wilkins did his best, urged thereto privately by Mrs. Carew and Miss Mary Clare, and one day a gentleman, sitting in the wide verandah of a cottage in the suburbs of Sydney, came across an advertisement in the "Sydney Chronicle," stating that anyone giving any information of the whereabouts of Roger Carew, of Turbiton, England, would be handsomely rewarded.

"Let it go," said Roger, "I was turned adrift, and what would *she* do in a home like that. If Waitohi and I had never met—then, perhaps—" and Roger Carew once more fell into a day-dream, and his thoughts strayed, as the thoughts of most men do stray—though the wives of their bosoms know it not—to a fair, blue-eyed girl, and he saw himself, and a woman who was not Waitohi, wandering hand in hand in the grounds at Turbiton.

Then he thought of Waitohi, as he knew her first, in her Maori dress, and of the night when he took her on board the whaler, and she handed over to him a whole kitful of yellow stones. "I found them myself," she said, "up in the Wakamarina among the big rocks and roots." Those yellow stones were pure gold, and they had made him rich. But not more pure were they than Waitohi herself, and he was rich



"WAITOHI, IN THE FULL NATIVE DRESS OF A CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, STOOD BEFORE HIM."

Surely not away in that burning bush behind the pah, the flames of which were roaring, and lighting up with weirdly shades of brilliancy the hills, surrounding the bay. Roger could see the pah, and the Maoris running about within the palisade, but though he looked long and earnestly, Waitohi was not among them, and then, above all the din of sudden flight—for some of the raupo whares had caught fire, and the whole pah was threatened—arose the wailing cry, "Waitohi, a-Waitohi. Hae-e-remai."

Another such a cry, and Roger felt he must hasten to seek for Waitohi himself, but ere he could make up his mind to disregard her strict injunctions never to land in the bay, a rustling among the bushes startled him, and in another moment Waitohi was in his arms, and he was echoing in tones loving enough to satisfy anyone, the cry of her people, on the shore, "Waitohi, a-Waitohi."

The Maori girl clutched her lover and drew him

never a son in either of the three families, and the estates being strictly entailed, the old squire tore his hair and actually wept, more because the estate might go to a distant branch, rather than for the loss of his three sons. There was still another son—the black sheep of the family, but nothing had been heard of him for fifteen years, and he only lived in the memory of his mother, and maybe in the memory of Miss Mary Clare, of Claremont.

"Gad!" said the squire, "but it is hard lines. By Gad it is." He said this over and over again, till his wife, who had never ceased fretting over the transportation—as she called it—of her Benjamin, ventured to suggest that Roger might still be alive.

"Gad, and so he might! Send for Wilkins, and be quick about it." And when Wilkins rode up from the village, the squire said, "Find him, Wilkins, and be quick about it," as if he was setting his dog on to find a rabbit.

indeed in her love. He thought of the quaint brick church in Sydney, where he had vowed to love, and to cherish her, and he thought of his two boys, away just then at school in the city, clever and good boys, worthy to fill any position, and he suddenly called out, "Waitohi, a-Waitohi," as he always called out for her since he heard her people in Waikawa call her thus.

"Let us go to Captain Brown and Mary Anna. They will tell us what to do," said Waitohi, when Roger explained about the advertisement, and the paragraph explaining the need of his presence in England.

Both Captain Brown and his wife urged Roger to claim his rights. "There's the dear boys to think on," said Mrs. Brown, "an' some day me an' the captin'll pay a visit to England, an' see you all again. I 'ave to acknowledge as I'm dissatisfied with Sydney manners, wick they ain't got none, an'

WHEN YOU SEE  
A GOOD THING.



GO FOR IT!

AND SEE THAT  
YOU GET IT!!

WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF SORTS  
YOU CANT GO FOR ANYTHING THAT  
WILL SET YOU UP SO WELL AS

**BEECHAM'S PILLS.**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



the Governor, an' Governess with sich 'igh hairs. Well, no matter, the capting an' me suspires to a 'igher spear, an' we'll pay you a visit wen you settles down in your castle 'all."

Waitohi was hardly satisfied even then. Ten years in Sydney had taught her more things than Roger was aware of. She knew that she was disqualified by racial prejudices from entering even the best Sydney society. What would it be, then, in an old country like England? It was very hard, but there was only one thing to be done under the circumstances. She would not stand in the way of Roger and the boys. They should go away to England, and she would stay on with those kind friends of theirs, Captain and Mrs. Brown. Sometimes letters would come, and she would be content. No, she could never even look back again at Aotea. Ten years with Roger had unfitted her for that sort of life for ever.

But Roger only smiled at her fancies, as he called them. "We go together, dear," he said, "or not at all. And what would your boys do without you, I should like to know? England is not like Sydney. You will be a princess there."

So he wrote to Wilkins a short, curt letter, merely saying that he was coming home by the next ship that sailed from Sydney, and never a word of Waitohi or the two boys.

And the old squire made preparations to receive his son with as much consideration as if he had merely been away to see the world on an educational tour, and Mrs. Carew talked to Mary Clare by the hour together of what they would do when Roger came back. The idea of Roger being married, or that there was anyone at the antipodes he might wish to marry, never for one moment entered their heads.

And Mary Clare, who was Molly still in Roger's inward consciousness, went about with a new brightness in her eyes, singing snatches of the old songs she used to sing before ever Roger went to sea.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When the news came to Turbiton that Roger had arrived in England, and was coming home at once, the squire made preparations to kill the fatted calf,

and all the county families for miles around were invited to welcome the traveller home. Triumphal arches were erected, and bonfires were set ready to start into a blaze, and the tenants took a holiday to welcome the young master home again.

Roger would fain have shirked the whole business, and he wished now in his heart that he had prepared his people for Waitohi. Wilkins' look of utter dismay was but a slight taste of what might be in store for them, and it was not only his own people, but the whole county he had to face, from Wilkins' account.

Roger saw his mother, and a fair woman by her



"WHEN EVENING BEGAN TO CLOSE IN WAITOHI WOULD PADDLE SHOREWARDS."



"THE SHIP'S SAILS WERE LOOSENED OUT, ALL READY TO LET GO."

side, whom he knew, yet who was unlike the image he carried about in his heart, like one's memory of the dead. He saw his father, and a sea of faces, all assembled at the hall door, and his heart failed him because of his wife, but when the carriage drew up, he got out, and, amidst hearty cheers from lusty English throats, he turned and assisted Waitohi—who was frightened almost to death—to get out also. He drew her hand through his arm, and took her straight up to his father and mother.

"This is my wife, father, and mother," he said. "I hope you have a welcome for her, too."

"A black woman, by Gad!" exclaimed the old

squire, drawing himself up to his full height, and casting a glance of withering contempt on Waitohi, who looked ready to sink into the ground out of sight of all the staring multitude, and this fierce old man, who somehow reminded her of her Maori lover, Kuiti. Mrs. Carew, who had never in all her married life dared to have a will of her own, turned and fled into the house, knowing full well that a storm, much greater than that which had sent Roger adrift on the world in his youth, was now about to break over all their heads. Only Mary Clare came forward, and, putting her arms round Waitohi before them all, said:

"I welcome you, dear, for your own sake, as well as for Roger's."

"Father," said Roger, "this is my wife. Whatever you may say to me do not insult her. I married her in the face of all the world. She is the mother of my boys—" and as he spoke, out of the carriage tumbled two brown-faced, curly-headed boys, who ran to their father for protection from this fierce old man, whose like they had never seen before.

"Young savages, by Gad!" said the squire. "Are there any more of them, sir. Have you brought the whole tribe? You might as well, by Gad! A pretty pass things have come to when Australian blacks are brought into—no, not into, for by Gad! they shall never enter house of mine."

"Father, I protest against all this, on my wife's account, not on my own. You turned me adrift to do for myself when I was but a youngster. You turned me out into the world with hard words, and almost blows. I might have married an Australian black, or I might have done worse and married an Australian convict, as others in like position have done, but I did not. I married a good woman, and my wife shall never be subjected by me to such insults as these, Waitohi." Roger said, taking his wife's hand, and raising it to his lips, "I beg your pardon for bringing you here. My wife," he continued, proudly, "is not an Australian at all. She is a New Zealand Princess."

"By Gad!" stuttered the old squire. "By Gad!"

Roger was not allowed to go back to London then and there, as he wished. His old friend Mary Clare followed them to the coach, which was still waiting on the drive in front of the hall, and gave orders to drive to her own house.

"You shall stay with me," she said, taking Waitohi's limp hand in her own firm, warm one. "You see, Roger and I were just like brother and sister long ago, so I have a kind of right to you all. And as for these splendid boys—the squire shall go down on his knees to them yet."

So Miss Mary Clare, who had a house of her own a few miles from Turbiton, and was a perfectly independent specimen of womankind, from whom perhaps emanated those ideas whence sprang the "new woman" of our times, set the old squire and all his faction at defiance, and took Roger and his wife and bairns home with her, and fussed around, and tried her level best to make up for the hard usage the poor things had received from Squire Carew.

But Waitohi hardly spoke. Only a little ghost of a smile flickered at times on her full, red lips. Even when a pathetic little letter came from Roger's mother—pathetic enough to make anybody weep—there were no tears in Waitohi's eyes, only a sorrowful, strained look, as if she were looking back at the great wrong she had done her own people by leaving

them to think she had met her death in that dreadful bush fire.

She was not slow at understanding, either. At a glance she had grasped the situation. Mary Clare had been waiting for Roger till her hair went gray, and her beautiful eyes grew dim. She was not jealous of Mary Clare! Oh, no! Years ago she would have been fiercely jealous, and ready to kill anyone who came between Roger and her, but she had not lived with Roger all those years without understanding him, and knowing there would never be any cause for jealousy. And as for Mary Clare—Roger would never have loved a girl of that sort.

They had scorned her—Roger's wife, the highest title in the world to her. And now her heart was broken, and never, never more in the world which had always looked so beautiful and wonderful, would the sun look bright again to Waitohi.

"Darling," she said, one day, to her husband, "I am going away back to my own people. This country is too big and too cold for me. I shiver all the time in it, and I long to see the rata, and the poroporo blossom again, and the island with the maikaikai and beautiful Aotea."

"Dearest, only get well again," said Roger, soothingly. "I am only waiting till you get well to take our passages out again. Heaps of English people are

going out now, and you need never be afraid of Kuiti or any of his tribe. We shall be too strong for them now."

"I would like to see Aotea again, and all my people, but the moons are many since I left them, and they may be gone where I am going. Yes, Roger, I am going to die, or I could never leave you, or Eric, or Owen. Mary Clare loves you, and she will not let you grieve too much. She will be good to my boys, too, so I will go away to make room. No, no, darling, I shall be glad! Always think I shall be glad! She loved you first, and I came between. You were thinking of her—I know now—that day under the karaka tree, for your eyes were looking at a picture far away, and your mouth was smiling."

"Taipo came into my heart that day when your father said 'By Gad! and By Gad!' but you and Mary Clare have driven him away. There is no taipo in my heart now, only the voices of my people calling me, Haeremai, a-Waitohi, Haeremai."

There is a legend still extant among the Waikawa Maoris that \*Waitohi (now called Pieton) was so called after a beautiful Maori girl, who was burnt to death in a large bush fire, before the white people came to New Zealand.

\* Waitohi—divided water.

\* WAIPUKURAU, \*

**W**AIPIKURAU is a pretty and thriving country town in the Hawke's Bay Province, situated about 44 miles from Napier, on the railway line connecting that town with Woodville and Wellington. The surrounding country is admirably adapted for sheep farming, the neighbouring station of Mount Vernon, the property of the late Mr John Harding's family, being well-known as one of the most valuable pastoral properties in the province. Mt.

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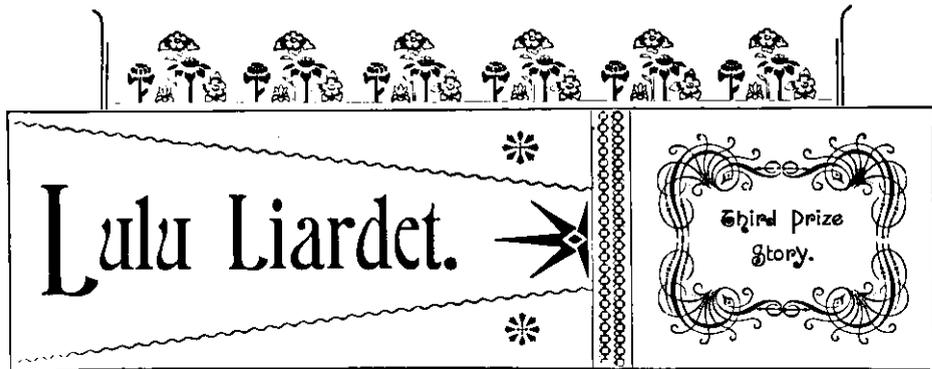
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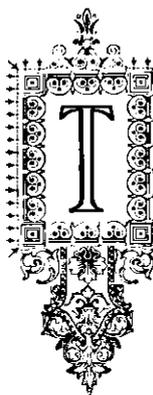
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VIENNA MEDICAL JOURNAL.



Written by C. E. MATTHEWS, Wellington.

### CHAPTER I.



**T**HIS Colony of New Zealand was yet in its infancy when John Dilby and I, Robert McMahon, landed on its shores. Australia had first attracted us, but arriving in Sydney in the height of a scorching summer we soon became disgusted with the heat and general discomfort of that beautiful but too sultry town.

Hearing that a barque about to start for New Zealand was in want of hands, we offered our services to the skipper, and as at that time it was exceedingly difficult to obtain men of any sort, we were shipped without any questions being asked. We both had some previous



"A GAP LIKE A GATE TO PARADISE."

knowledge of the sea, so were soon able to pick up our duties and perform them satisfactorily.

After a very rough passage across the Tasman Sea, we at length dropped anchor in the beautiful Waite-

mata, the Queen of New Zealand harbours, on whose shores the Northern metropolis has since sprung up. My friend and I had intended leaving the ship at the first New Zealand port, but, to our surprise and disgust, Captain D— would not allow us to go ashore, and when he discovered us trying to get away in a Maori canoe that happened to be alongside, promptly clapped us in irons as the surest means of retaining our services. We only remained at Auckland a week, the greater portion of our cargo being for Wellington, and when we were well under weigh Dilby and I were released, but were forced to return to our work whether we liked it or not. On reaching Wellington we laid our plans more carefully, and succeeded in making our escape in one of the ship's boats.

We had descried the other island on our way through the Straits, and decided to make for it, judging that once there we would be secure from pursuit. We started from the ship at midnight in a dead calm, but at daybreak, when we were well out in the Straits, a light breeze sprang up, and, setting a sprit sail we had brought with us, we bowled along merrily over the long rollers towards our goal. As the day advanced the wind increased, and the sea rose to such an extent that each successive wave threatened to swamp us. By this time, however, we were well under the land on the other side, and looked anxiously for some suitable spot to beach our boat, but not an opening could we see until, just as we were thinking nothing could save us from being dashed against the foot of one of the cliff-like hills that descended abruptly to the water's edge, a gap, like a veritable gate to Paradise, appeared before us. This opened out into a fiord, or sound, and in a few minutes we were floating peacefully in smooth water between two ranges of wooded hills. In a beautiful bay some little distance from the entrance we discovered a cluster of huts, and as we were both hungry and tired after our battle with the elements, we lost no time in landing. As our keel grated on the beach, several women, all of whom appeared to be Maoris, half-castes, or quarter-castes, came out of the huts and advanced towards us. One of the latter immediately attracted our admiring attention; she was the most perfectly beautiful girl I had ever beheld, tall and supple, with the head and bust of a Greek goddess, eyes of the deepest liquid blue, nose, chin, and brow so delicately chiselled as to rival the loveliest creation of the sculptor's art, a mouth imperious, yet tender, and skin whose slight hint of duskiness enhanced rather than diminished her beauty. The loose, flowing robe she wore gave the finishing touch to the picture. Long as this description has taken, a brief minute sufficed to imprint her image on my soul, and from that moment I knew that for weal or for woe I loved this beautiful girl as it is given to few men to love.

The women entered into conversation readily enough, and we ascertained that this was a whaling station, and the absence of the men was accounted for by the fact that they were all away in pursuit of some whales that had been seen from the look-out station the day before. Our goddess, who appeared to be the leading spirit in the little settlement, and who had hitherto held aloof, now asked us to accompany her,

and, nothing loth, we went with her to the largest hut, which we found in charge of her mother, a handsome half-caste. A rough, but plentiful, repast was soon placed before us, and, needless to say, we did full justice to it.

### CHAPTER II.

When we had satisfied the pangs of hunger, a few skilful questions elicited all Mrs Liardet (for such we found was our hostess' name) and her daughter Lulu had to tell us of the origin of the settlement.

It appeared that some years before a whaling ship, commanded and owned by Captain Liardet, had struck



"IN A BEAUTIFUL BAY, SOME LITTLE DISTANCE FROM THE ENTRANCE, WE DISCOVERED A CLUSTER OF HUTS."

on a sunken rock near the entrance of the Sound, and had become a total wreck, though not before the greater portion of the ship's provisions, whaling gear, etc., had been carried in the boats to the bay where we had landed. Finding that it was an excellent site for a whaling station, the Captain decided to remain there, and had little difficulty in persuading his men to throw in their lot with him. Mrs Liardet and Lulu were at first the only women in the small community, but before long the men provided themselves with Maori wives, and, consequently, the population had considerably increased.

As I have said, the men were all away on a whaling cruise, but were expected back at any moment, and Lulu proposed that we should go up to the look-out station to see if the boats were yet in sight. We both agreed readily enough, and, after a toilsome climb, reached the summit of the hill on which the station had been placed. But we were well rewarded for our exertions—a magnificent panoramic view lay outspread before us. On the other hand lay the waters of the Strait, stretching like a sheet of glass to the opposite coast, not a ripple disturbing the mirror-like surface, while on the other glimpses of the winding sound appeared like shining silver lakes among the hill tops.

On one of these lake-like expanses Lulu's sharp eyes soon discovered three boats, with three large objects (which she told us were whales) behind them moving slowly along. She said that at the rate they were moving, and with no wind to help them, it was unlikely they would arrive at the landing till long after dark; but as it would be necessary to have everything in readiness for the "trying-out" on the following day, she must hurry back in order to see that nothing was forgotten. On our return a few rapid orders, some in Maori and some in English, sufficed to set everything in motion, and Lulu was once more at liberty to do the honours of the place in her graceful, high-bred style. As she had foretold, the evening was well advanced before the boats put in an appearance. The women all rushed down to the water's edge to meet them, and Dilby and I, who had remained near the huts, heard the three keels grate on the beach. A few words of hurried conversation between Lulu and the man in command of the largest boat followed, and then a wail

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of agony and the sound of a fall told us that something was amiss. Moved by a common impulse, we ran towards the spot, and soon knew what had happened. Captain Liardet had not returned with the boats. Three days before, just as they were preparing to leave a bay at the head of the Sound, where they had camped, it was discovered that the Captain was missing. For two days they searched through the dense bush in the neighbourhood, but not a trace of him could they find, and had reluctantly been compelled to return without him.

It appeared that Liardet was a man of solitary habit, never fraternising much with his crew. On this occasion, as on others, he had wandered off by himself, and his absence had excited no alarm until the time for departure approached and he had not returned. Poor Lulu had fainted on hearing the sad news, and it was her cry we had heard; but she soon recovered, and hastened to their home, where her mother was preparing supper for the absent man.

Unwilling to intrude upon them in their sorrow, we held aloof for some time, but at length Lulu came out, and, seeing us in the distance, beckoned us to approach. We found that although the two women were much cast down, they had not altogether given up hope, and had already decided to make another search for the missing husband and father.

### CHAPTER III.

Next day Lulu and her mother attempted to persuade the mate, Judkins, who was now in command, and the men to return to the spot where the Captain had disappeared and make another attempt to find him, but their appeal was in vain. With an unanimity that argued some preconcerted arrangement, they one and all refused, and the poor women had, perforce, to fall back upon us to assist them in carrying out their project. Seeing the predicament in which they were placed, and the interest I, at all events, already felt in one of them, we did not hesitate a moment in promising them the help they needed.

Our first task was to provision our boat, and this we had no difficulty in doing, as the station had received its stock of stores a few days prior to our arrival. By daybreak everything was in readiness, and, deciding to lose no more time, we all embarked and soon left the settlement well astern. It was almost dusk when we reached our destination, which we had no difficulty in finding, as Lulu had been there on a previous occasion. Knowing that nothing further could be done until daylight, we pitched our tent, lit a fire, and prepared to spend the night as comfortably as possible amid our strange surroundings. My friend and I, who were thoroughly tired out with the exertions we had lately undergone, soon fell asleep, and did not awake until a shower of small stones upon our faces apprised us of the fact that someone else was less sleepy than ourselves. Lulu had adopted this novel method of awaking us.

After a hurried breakfast, we began our search in earnest. For a time the task appeared hopeless, dense bush grew almost to the water's edge, and there seemed small chance of following a trail through the tangled supple-jacks and other undergrowth. At last, however, we happened upon a beaten track, evidently worn by generations of wild pigs. We followed this for some distance without finding anything to encourage us, but, just as we were beginning to think that any trail there may have been had been trodden out some time before, we discovered, trampled into the mud, a red cotton handkerchief, which, upon examination, proved to be one Mrs Liardet had given to the Captain before he left on his last trip. We now knew that we were on his trail, but, as it was now mid-day, and we did not know how much longer the search might continue, we decided to leave the women and return for a supply of provisions. This we did, and before darkness set in we were back once more with all necessary supplies and prepared to spend another night in "the primeval forest's dark recess." We were soon asleep, but about midnight I was aroused by hearing a strange noise and feeling a hot breath on my face. Two fiery eyes glared into mine, and for a brief space I was transfixed with horror at this frightful apparition, then roused to action by feeling something hard and wet thrust into my face. I sprang up with a yell of terror. A succession of grunts and squeals followed by sounds of the stampede of numerous four-footed animals, explained the nature of my nocturnal visitor—I had been awakened and thoroughly scared by an inquisitive porker. The noise made by myself and the pigs had thoroughly aroused my companions, but a few words of explanation made them laugh

heartily at my discomfort, and in a few minutes kindly slumber had befriended us once more.

Next day we again made an early start, and before noon had covered many miles without discovering anything fresh. Just, however, as we were about to halt in order to partake of some much needed refreshment, we were surprised to see on a tree trunk near the track a small piece of white paper, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a leaf from a note-book, on which was written the following note:—

"If those in search of me reach this spot, they are to proceed no further, but to remain here until my return, which will probably be within a week from this day.—Digby Liardet."

This strange notice, which was dated four days before, relieved Mrs Liardet and her daughter of a terrible load of anxiety, and it was quite a merry little party that sat down to the mid-day meal.



"ON THE LOOK-OUT."

The instructions left by Liardet were so explicit that we decided to make no attempt to follow the trail further, so making ourselves as comfortable as possible we awaited his return.

### CHAPTER IV.

On the evening of the third day we heard footsteps approaching, and very soon two men, one a Maori and

the other a European, appeared advancing along the track. A glad cry from Lulu, and a gurgle of satisfaction from her more placid mother, followed by their both running towards the newcomers, assured us that the wanderer had returned. In the joy of meeting we were for a time forgotten; but presently I saw Lulu talking earnestly to her father, and from the looks cast in our direction I knew we were the subjects of conversation. Shortly afterwards they all came towards us, and from the friendly smile and hearty hand-shake with which Liardet greeted us it was evident that his daughter had lost no time in letting him know the position of affairs.

The Maori, who had stood in the background while this was going on, was next introduced to us as Hone Te Horo, and gravely shook hands with us all in European fashion.

The Captain, who, from his speech, appeared to be a man of some education, and in every way superior to the general run of whaling skippers of that day, now proceeded to tell us his story.

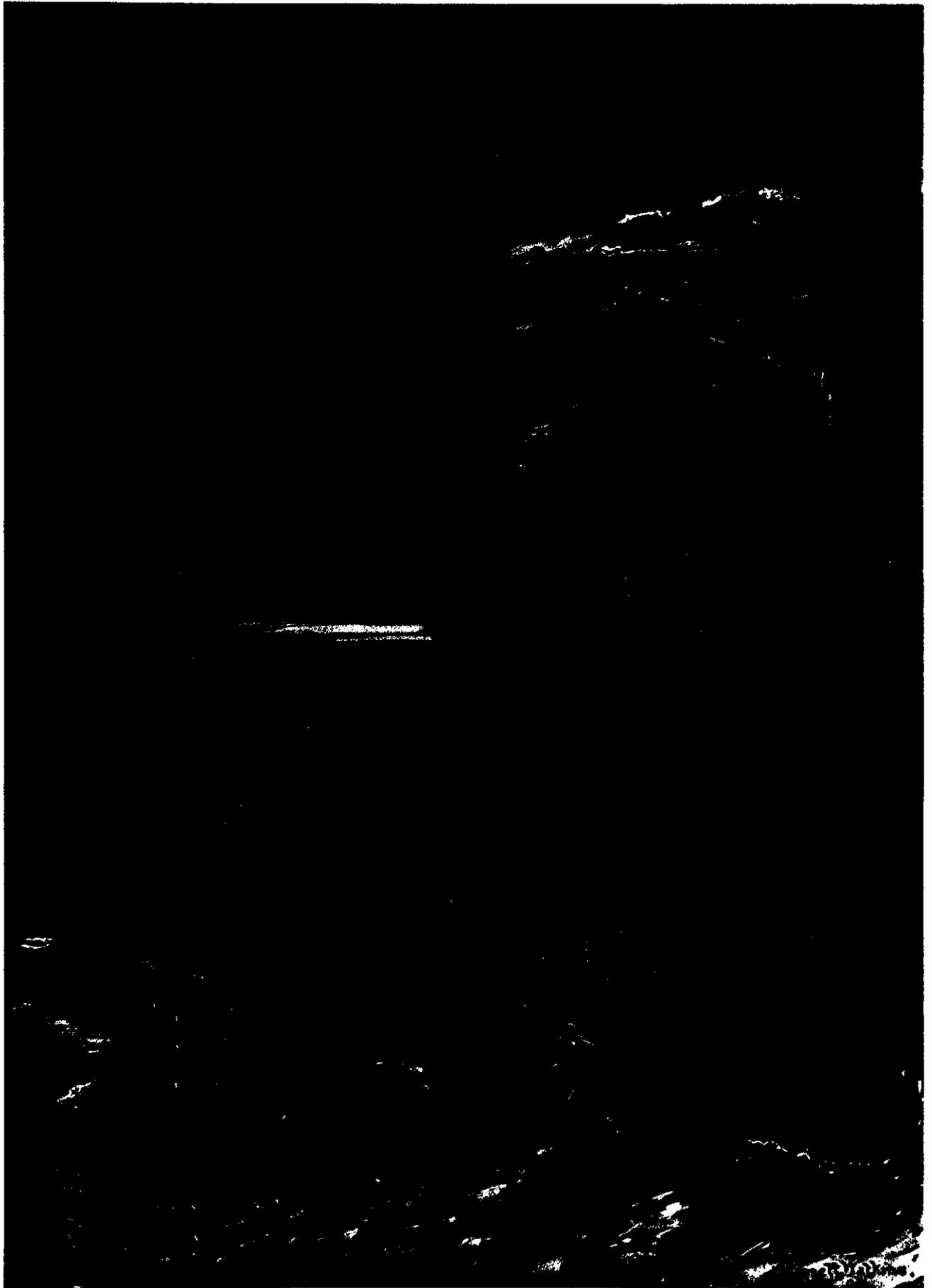
It appeared that soon after leaving the beach on the day of his disappearance he struck the rough bush track along which we had come, but had not proceeded far when he was startled to see a figure spring out from the trees near at hand and stand directly in his path. Upon a nearer approach the apparition proved to be Hone Te Horo, a native whose life he had once saved at the imminent risk of his own, and whom he had not met for some time.

After the usual greeting, Hone said he had long wished to repay the debt of gratitude he owed his preserver, and now thought he had it in his power to do so. If the Captain would follow him to a place many miles away, he would show him a place known only to himself and certain members of his tribe where gold was "as plentiful as the pebbles on the seashore." Liardet wished to return to the beach in order to enlist the services of some of his men, but to this the Maori strongly objected, saying that the pa of his tribe was near the foot of the valley they must ascend before they could gather the golden harvest, and although he would have little difficulty in taking one man with him, suspicion would be aroused among his tribesmen if their country were invaded by a large party; neither would he consent to the Captain returning to acquaint his followers of his whereabouts, so, as it was plainly a case of "now or never," and Hone had proved himself thoroughly trustworthy on many previous occasions, he decided to rely upon him implicitly and see what came of the strange venture.

It was past mid-day when they started, and before dark they had reached a low-lying flat expanse of country at the head of a branch of the Sound where the water gradually shallowed, a broad band of mud flat being left uncovered at low water. Here they camped for the night, but at daybreak the journey was resumed, the country continuing flat until the pa spoken of by his guide was reached. On their approach the native dogs barked vociferously, and, roused from their mid-day slumber by the noise made by those curs, the occupants of the various whares came forth to view the new arrivals. Hone gravely rubbed noses with his friends, and when he had explained to them his relation to the Captain, the latter had to submit to a similar ceremony. Soon after leaving the pa on the succeeding day they reached the entrance to the valley down which flowed a creek of considerable size, and here the real work of the journey commenced. A stiff ascent lay before them, and before they had made much headway they found their progress so much impeded by the undergrowth that they betook themselves to the bed of the creek as being the easier road. Although the distance was not great, the day was well advanced before Hone at last called a halt, and, stepping to the side of the creek where the undergrowth was thickest, pulled aside some branches and disclosed the entrance to a cave, into which he passed, bidding Liardet await his return. In a few minutes he reappeared with a lighted torch, and told his companion to follow him. At first the latter could see nothing to attract his attention, but suddenly the Maori held his torch near the ground, and there, interspersed with the stones that formed the floor, were nuggets of all sorts and sizes. Upon closer inspection he found they were arranged in a series of rough circles, and it was easily seen that this was no freak of nature, but the work of human hands.

For some reason Hone carefully abstained from touching the precious metal, and Liardet, thinking it would be safer to content himself with a few samples until he could return with assistance and some means of transport, only carried away a few nuggets in one of his inner pockets.

In order to allay all suspicion, they stopped at the pa for two days on their return journey, and then started for the appointed rendezvous.



"TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DARKNESS TO ESCAPE THE NOTICE OF THE MAORIS IN THE FA."

Knowing how improbable it was that his men would trace him to the place where he had left his notice, he hardly expected to find them there, and was therefore doubly surprised to meet his wife and daughter, accompanied by two strangers.

#### CHAPTER V.

When he heard how the mate and the rest of the men had behaved, Liardet was terribly incensed, and swore they should have no share in the wealth he hoped to possess. As, however, he required assistance, and felt under some obligation to Dilby and myself, he asked us to share in the enterprise, but stipulating that half of the gold was to be his. He showed us the specimens he had brought with him, and, being satisfied that the find was genuine, we agreed to his terms. We had enough provisions with us to last for some time, so as nothing was to be gained by delay, we at once returned to the boat, the Captain having decided that it would be easier to perform the first part of the journey by water.

Two days later we reached the mud flat covered by already described, and having found an inlet well sheltered from observation, we hauled up our boat and pitched the tent for Lulu and her mother, who were unable to accompany us any further. This having been done, we continued our journey, being desirous

The most arduous part of our undertaking was now over, and we were just congratulating ourselves on the successful termination of our enterprise when we saw Hone, who had ascended an eminence close at hand, bounding towards us. A few words to Liardet in his own language explained his haste. On looking across the flat country we had traversed he had discovered a party of Maoris armed with spears, clubs, and a few guns advancing rapidly in our direction. No time was to be lost—by some means they must have discovered the desecration of their cave, which had probably been regarded as a sacred place, and were now coming to wreak vengeance on our heads.

Launching the boat as speedily as possible, we placed the women on board, and while they pushed her off into deeper water we returned for the precious sacks. By dint of great exertion we had carried most of it on board, and were just staggering through the water with our last loads when a succession of blood-curdling yells rent the air, and, glancing around, I saw that the Maoris had discovered us and were racing down the beach to cut us off. Unfortunately for myself, I was behind the others, and when they had reached the boat, which, owing to the shallowness of the water, was some distance out, I had still some distance to go. Dropping my load, I made a dash for safety, but before I had gone many yards I felt a sharp pain in my leg, which at once stopped my progress. A spear hurled by my foremost pursuer had struck me in the fleshy part of the calf, where it remained embedded. I

in my captivity. In answer to my eager questions, she told me that when I had been struck down the others, giving up all hope of rescuing me in face of such fearful odds, began to row away as fast as possible in spite of her frantic appeals to them not to abandon me. Determined that I should not be thus left to my fate, she sprang from the boat and dashed through the shallow water to my assistance, but before she could reach me she was seized by the advancing natives, and, in spite of her struggles, soon securely bound. Our friends made good their escape, and the Maoris having no canoes in which to follow them, returned to the pa where we were now awaiting our fate.

Lulu made very light of the part she had taken in the events of the last few hours, but when she had finished her story I knew at last that my love was returned—such devotion could only spring from one cause. In spite of our position, this knowledge made me happier than I had felt for days, but as we were both securely bound I could not take advantage of a lover's privilege except in words, and at such a time words are but a poor satisfaction.

Soon, however, my wounds began to ache and burn afresh, and until delirium came to relieve me I suffered the tortures of the damned. I suppose I must finally have fallen into a deep sleep, for I remember nothing more until I was awakened by the discharge of firearms not far away. Following this came the sound of running feet, and I knew that the Maoris were rushing in force to the scene of the disturbance. Presently all was quiet once more, but while I was wondering what had happened I was startled to hear from the direction of the doorway a voice calling softly to Lulu and myself. Lulu answered for both of us, and then Hone, for it was he, advanced to where she was lying and cut the flax ropes with which she was bound. He then performed a like office for myself, and while doing so explained that the noise I had heard had been caused by Liardet and Dilby firing their rifles several times in rapid succession on the other side of the pa in the hope that the Maoris, thinking they were attacked by a hostile force, would all rush to the spot, and thus leave the coast clear while he crept to the place where he thought we were confined and released us. The ruse had succeeded perfectly, even our guard having forsaken his post.

We had now to get away as fast as possible and rejoin our friends at a place agreed upon, but, to my dismay, upon trying to walk, I found my leg so stiff and sore that I could hardly move it. Knowing that every minute's delay increased the chance of our recapture, I urged the others to leave me to shift for myself, but their only answer was to seize an arm each and hurry me off. They half led, half dragged me along until at length, after much exertion on their part, and much suffering on mine, we reached the rendezvous, where we found our friends awaiting us. Between them they succeeded in carrying me across the intervening stretch of country to the inlet where they had left the boat, and soon afterwards we were well beyond all reach of pursuit.

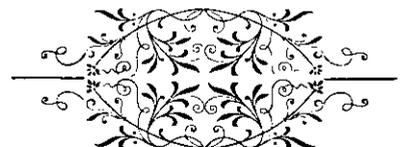
We arrived safely at the whaling station, to the evident disgust of Judkins and his followers, who had taken full possession. My wounds gave me considerable trouble for some days, but with Lulu as ministering angel I was soon on a fair way to recovery.

While we were considering the best means of transporting our wealth to a place where it could be converted into coin of the realm, a small schooner arrived in the bay, and we had very little difficulty in persuading her skipper to allow us to charter her to carry our "baggage" to the nearest port.

The gold did not realise as much as we expected, and as we considered our share insufficient for our future wants, Dilby and myself entered into a partnership and invested our capital in a business which has grown with the colony, until at the present time our firm is known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

But I need hardly say that before this eventuated a still more auspicious partnership had been entered into between myself and the girl who had dared so much for my sake, my first and only love—

LULU LIARDET.



"WE SAW HONE BOUNDING TOWARDS US."

of taking advantage of the darkness that had now closed in to escape the notice of the Maoris in the pa. Thanks to Hone's knowledge of the country, we were able to accomplish this successfully by making a long detour which carried us well beyond the pa to the point where the ascent commenced.

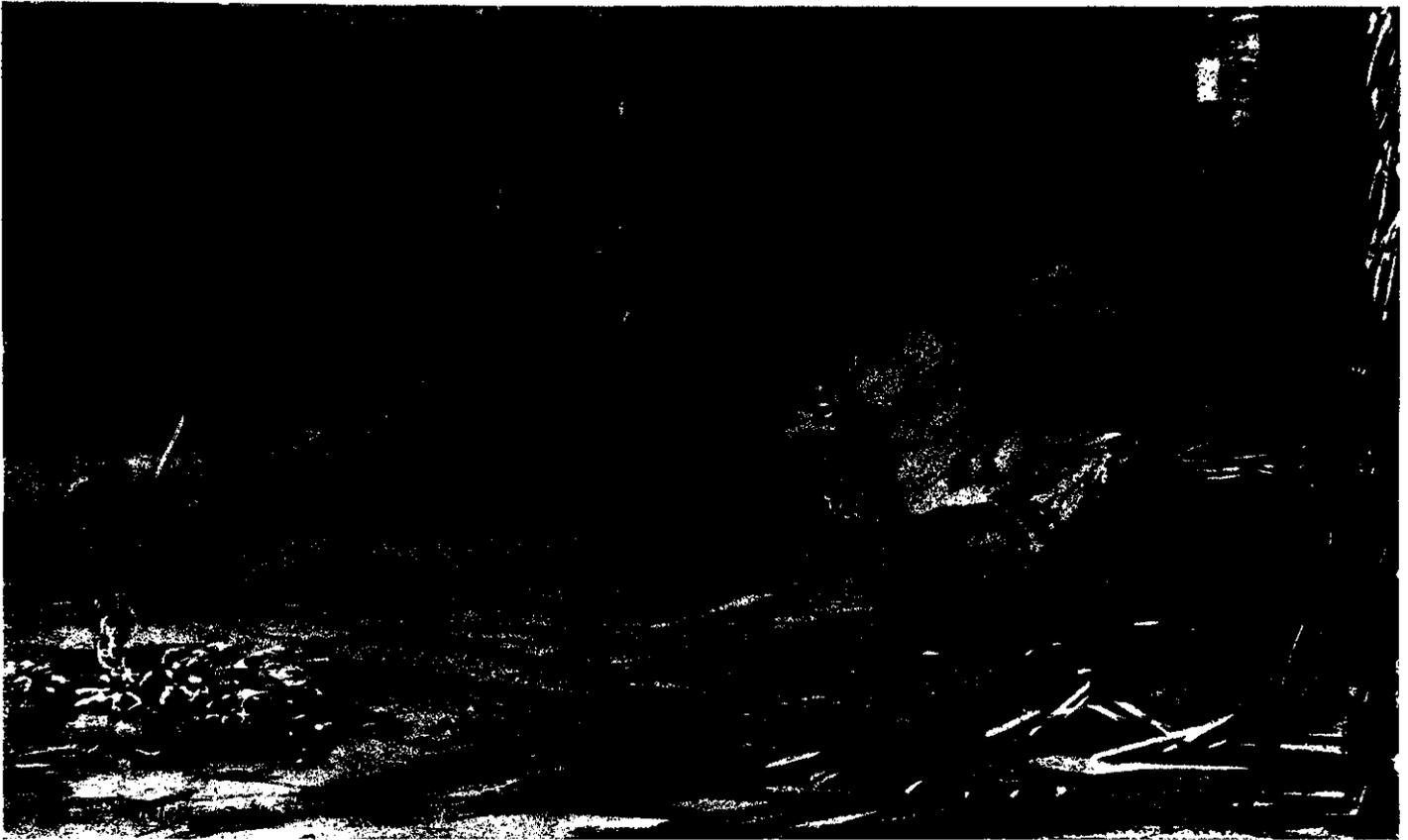
After a heart-breaking climb, we succeeded in reaching the cave, where my friend and I soon felt recompensed for the fatigue we had undergone—within that small space lay enough virgin gold to provide a modest fortune for each of us. But our troubles were not yet over—we had to devise some means of transporting it to a place of safety without being discovered by the Maoris. Owing to the nature of the country we had to traverse, each man could carry but a small load, so we decided that our only plan was to carry as much as we could for a certain distance, then return for another load, and so on until we had conveyed it all to the place fixed upon; another stage could then be accomplished in the same way, and still another, until finally we reached the boat.

By this means we were able to convey the whole of the gold to the place where we had left Lulu without mishap, care being taken, of course, to travel only by night. We found that nothing had happened to disturb them during our absence, but from the warmth of Lulu's greeting I knew she had missed me, and began to hope that, perhaps, after all, my feeling for her was returned.

stooped to pull it out, but as I did so I felt a crushing blow on the head which knocked me senseless.

#### CHAPTER VI.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself a prisoner, bound hand and foot, in a Maori hut, with a sentinel squatting before the open door. It required very little consideration to convince me that I had been carried to the pa we had taken such trouble to avoid, and I knew that my position was one of great danger. The natives at that time were only half civilized, and seldom hesitated to deal summarily with any white man caught in an act of what they considered sacrilege. Soon, however, the excruciating agony I suffered from the wounds in my head and leg caused me to forget all else, and I groaned aloud. To my intense surprise a sympathetic voice, the voice of the woman I had lately learned to love with such fervid intensity, spoke from the other side of the whare. The dear girl, who, although I could not see her distinctly owing to the semi-darkness that prevailed, was evidently bound like myself, endeavoured to soothe my pain with cheering words. But for a moment I forgot all my suffering in wonderment at her presence, and could not rest until she told me how she came to share



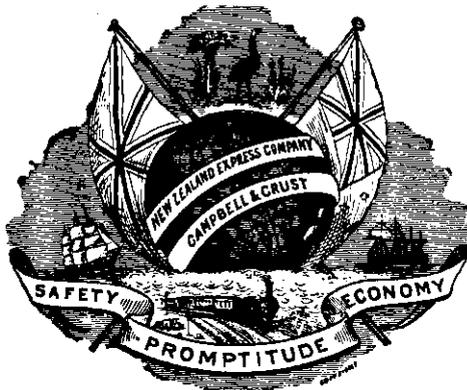
"I FOUND MYSELF A PRISONER, BOUND HAND AND FOOT."

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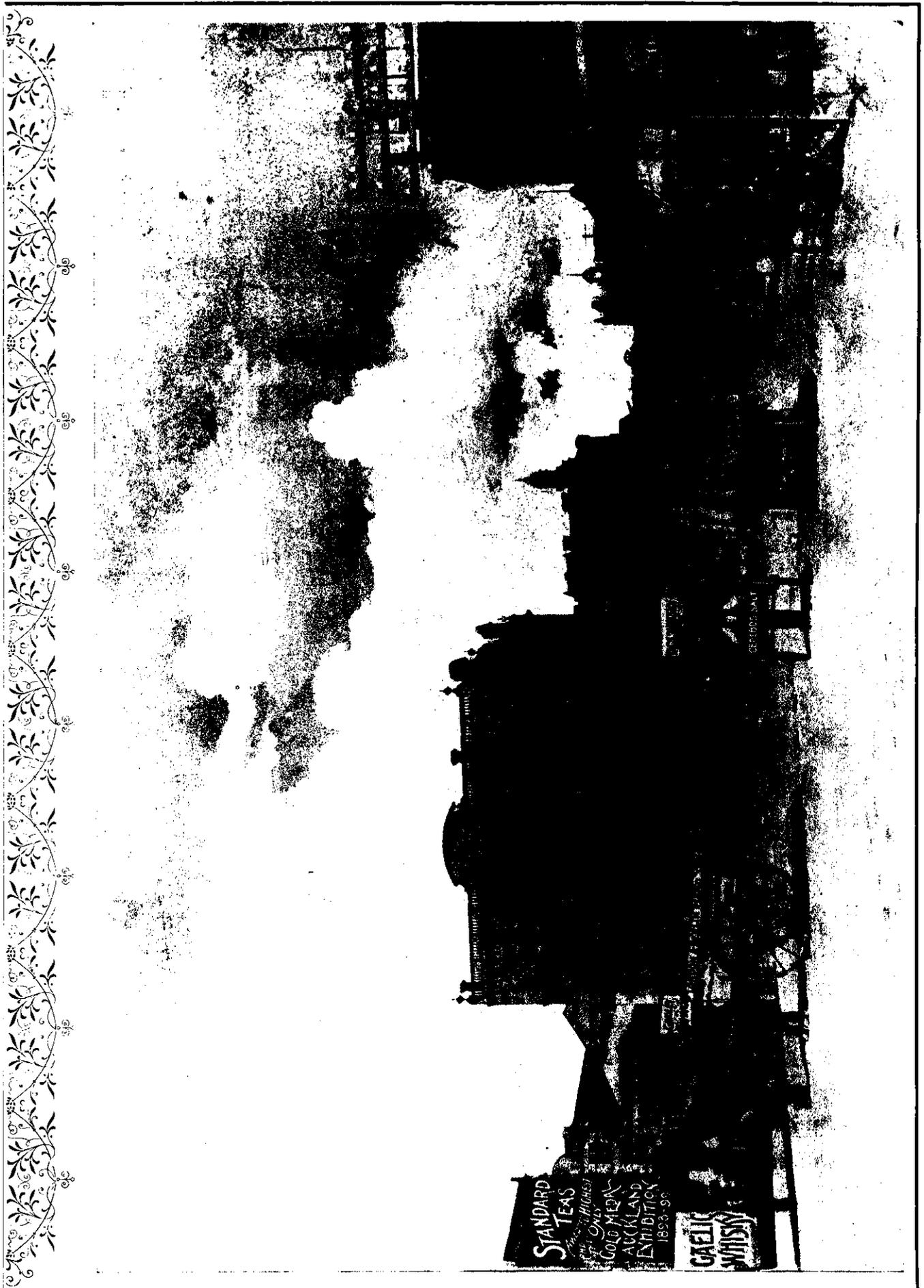
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[For Letterpress, see page 21]

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dweller how men in the loneliness of the back country make friends with trees and flowers, not to mention beasts and birds. Of the latter there are many haunting the forest margin, and some of them show a most charming disposition to be familiar with mortals. The little piwakawaka, or fantail, is always ready to strike up an acquaintance with you, and the nimble little fellow will flit and flutter and pipe to you in a coquetish way that is irresistible. The korimako, whose bell-like notes are so beautiful to hear, coming on the liquid air of the morning, also loves human companionship.



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### THE NATIVE FLORA OF NEW ZEALAND.

THE coloured Supplement issued with this Christmas number of the "Graphic" claims some special notice on account both of the interest of the subject and the value of the picture as an artistic production. It is the first occasion on which the floral beauties of Maoriland have been reproduced in this form. Never before has there been an attempt to delineate in their natural hues so many of our native flowers in one picture; and the reproductions which have appeared have, as a rule, been crude and imperfect efforts. In the very few instances of first-class reproductions the cost of the pictures has put them quite out of the reach of all but wealthy purchasers.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the flora of New Zealand, a short account of the flowers in the picture will not be out of place.

Commencing with the most prominent, we have the white flower (27) "Tawhara," or Kie kie (*Freycinetia Banksii*), the inner leaves and spike of which are of a thick white juicy substance, edible, and much esteemed by the natives. It flowers in November. In the centre of the group (14) is the bloom of the Rata-piki (*Metrosideros Florida*). The colour varies from scarlet to yellow, and flowers in autumn, while the other rata flower in spring. Near this, on the right, is (15) the Pohutukawa (*Metrosideros Tomentosa*), which grows in the North Island, principally along the coast from Auckland to the North Cape. It is called the Christmas tree in Auckland, because it flowers at that season. A little above this is (13) the New Zealand scarlet mistletoe, "Pirita" (*Loranthus Colensoi*). Underneath is (16) the sub-alpine plant "Gentian" (*Gentiana Pleurogynoides*), with its beautiful white bell-like flowers. It blooms in February. Next the top is (6 and 8) a large bunch of white spiked flowers. This is the White Rata (*Metrosideros albiflora*). It is confined to the northern parts of the North Island, and is often seen growing on the lower portions of the trunk of the kauri pine. About the centre at the top of the collection is (5) a large spike of yellow flowers with broad grass-like leaves. This is the *Anthericum Hookerii*, which grows on Mt. Egmont, and flowers in December. The fine, large head of yellow flowers, with their wealth of foliage, on the extreme right (6) is the *Senecio Huntii*. It grows in the Chatham Islands, and flowers in February. The large white flower on the left of the group (20) is the Mountain, or Shepherd's Lily (*Ranunculus Lyallii*). It is an alpine plant, confined to the Middle Island, generally growing at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and flowers in January. A little above is (3) the spray of purple flowers *Olearia Semidentata*, a graceful, shrubby plant, a native of the Chatham Islands. On the left of the bowl is (32) the wild clematis, *Pua-wahananga* (*Clematis Indivisa*), which flowers in October. On the right, with its fern-like foliage is (24 and 25) "Nikau" palm (*Areca Sapida*). It has lovely lilac drooping flowers, and is used by the Maoris for roofing their huts. It flowers in March. Near the bowl, in the centre of the group, is (23) the scarlet "Kowhai-ngutu-kaka," or parrot's bill (*Clianthus Puniceus*). It is peculiar to the North Island, and was alluded to by Sir J. D. Hooker as one of the most beautiful plants known. Alongside it is (22) the yellow Kowhai (*Sophora Tetraptera*). This plant has peculiar medicinal qualities. On the left of the bowl, over the Maori head, is (20) the large smooth-leaved "Karaka" (*Corynocarpus Laevigata*). It blossoms in October, but it is seen at its best in February, when the trees are laden with tempting-looking fruit, which the natives gather and use as an article of food. Coming to the smaller flowers of the group, we have (1) the *Leptospermum scoparium*, known to the natives as "Mamuka," and to the colonists as ti-tree; and (17) the handsome purple berries of the "Mahoe" (*Melicope Ramiflora*). The small leaf and fruit (11) is the "Rama Rama" (*Myrtus laevis*); and next to it (7) the "Rohutu" (*Myrtus laevis*). There is also (37) a representation of the "Maire Tawhake" (*Eugenia Maire*), with its red berries, and (12) the "Tawhero," or "Kamari" (*Weinmannia Racemosa*), with its white spiral bloom. Drooping over the bowl is (24) the purple "Tupakihī" (*Coriaria Ruscifolia*), and in the centre of the picture is (21) the large purple fruit of the "Tawa" (*Nesodaphne Tawa*). The other small flowers represented are the "Geranium Traversii," the "Karo" (*Pittosporum Crassifolium*), the small yellow flower (28) "Kōnata" (*Gevm Urbanum*), and (26) the New Zealand fuchsia (*Fuchsia Procumbens*). The background comprises a selection of New Zealand ferns, and the group of flowers is contained in a "Kumete," or carved wooden Maori bowl.

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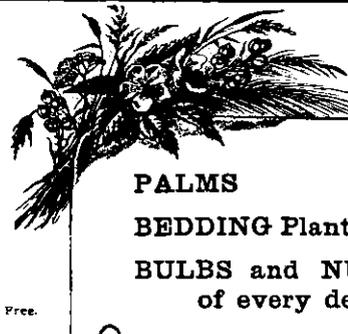


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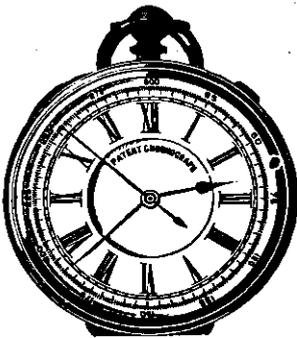
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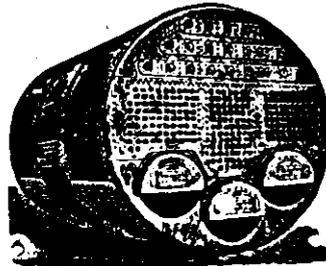
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The Splendid Vessels of this Line are most favourably known in the New Zealand Trade. The First-class Saloons are situated aft, affording the utmost comfort in travelling. State Rooms are large and convenient. Storage accommodation is good and secure. Return Tickets issued at favourable rates. Agents at all New Zealand Ports. The new and magnificent s.s. "Orford," 7,750 tons, is now employed in the service. Steamers "Galleon" and "Felix" do not carry Second Below Decks, but are fitted with a few Special Berths in First Saloon, which are not at particularly low rates.

Steamers.	Sailing from New Zealand.
Steamer .. .. .	1899—November 9th
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L. D. NATHAN & CO. Agents.

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ON EAST AND WEST COASTS OF NEW ZEALAND; also at AUCKLAND, DEVONPORT, and ONEHUNGA.

MINING, BRIDGE, and BUILDING TIMBER

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VESSELS LOADED IN DEEP WATER AT COASTAL MILLS.

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KAURI TIMBER CO., Ltd. AUCKLAND.

ALL JOINERY made from THOROUGHLY SEASONED TIMBER, and Branded

K.T.C.



1. "I wonder what my poor Mary is doing this Christmas morning."



2. "A letter for me! Who remembers a lonely old man like me at this time?"



3. "From Mary! Wants her daddy to forgive her? What's this? What's this?"



4. "Forgive her after she married that scoundrel, Jack. No! No! What's this she says? Sending me a Christmas hamper!"



5. "Dear, dear me! Did ever anyone hear of such a thing? What can be in it—poultry?"



6. "Sh— There's something alive here."



7. "Good saints, it's a baby! A real, live baby! Mary's baby! Well, well. Ah! Someone's coming!"



8. "Forgive you, Mary, for Christmas sake, is it, you say? Aye, and for the baby's sake. Perhaps I was a bit hasty."



9. "But we'll let bygones be bygones, lass. Tell your husband to come here, and we'll have a Christmas party."

# AN XMAS IDYLL

# Mellin's Food

For INFANTS and INVALIDS



IS SIMILAR TO BREAST MILK  
WHEN PREPARED

BOX 1336, JOHANNESBURG,  
SOUTH AFRICA,  
December 11th, 1897.

MESSRS. MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.

DEAR SIRS,—Having used Mellin's Food for my daughter, who is only eight months old, I send you a photograph of her, and have you to thank for the existence of such an excellent food. We ought not to have one-half of the delicate children we see.

Yours faithfully,

H. KOSKI.

**MELLIN'S FOOD** is adapted for use in all climates and may be obtained of all Dealers.

**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.**



TRADE MARK.



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?

Scott & Bowne, Limited, London.

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**A Bonus Every Year!**

The method of Valuation adopted by this Society is of the most stringent character, and ensures a considerably larger reserve to meet liabilities than that held by any other office in the Australasian Colonies.

ACCUMULATED FUND EXCEEDS **£15,000,000**  
(FIFTEEN MILLIONS) STERLING.

ANNUAL INCOME EXCEEDS **£2,000,000**  
(TWO MILLIONS) STERLING.

POLICIES IN FORCE - - - 142,728  
SUM ASSURED - - - £43,426,002  
CASH BONUSES DIVIDED - - £8,200,546

**Australian Mutual Provident**

SOCIETY

N.Z. BRANCH: Head Office, Custom House Quay, WELLINGTON.

LOCAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

The Hon. Morgan S. Grace, M.D., C.M.G., M.L.C. (Chairman)  
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Yielding Reversionary Bonuses amounting to £880,000.

after making Special Reserves.

Cash Bonuses declared for last FIVE years, OVER TWO MILLIONS, yielding Reversionary Bonuses Exceeding FOUR MILLIONS.

ASSURE YOUR LIFE IN THE A.M.P. SOCIETY AND SECURE

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EDWARD W. LOWE, Resident Sec.

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UPPER QUEEN ST.

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Surgeon Dentists

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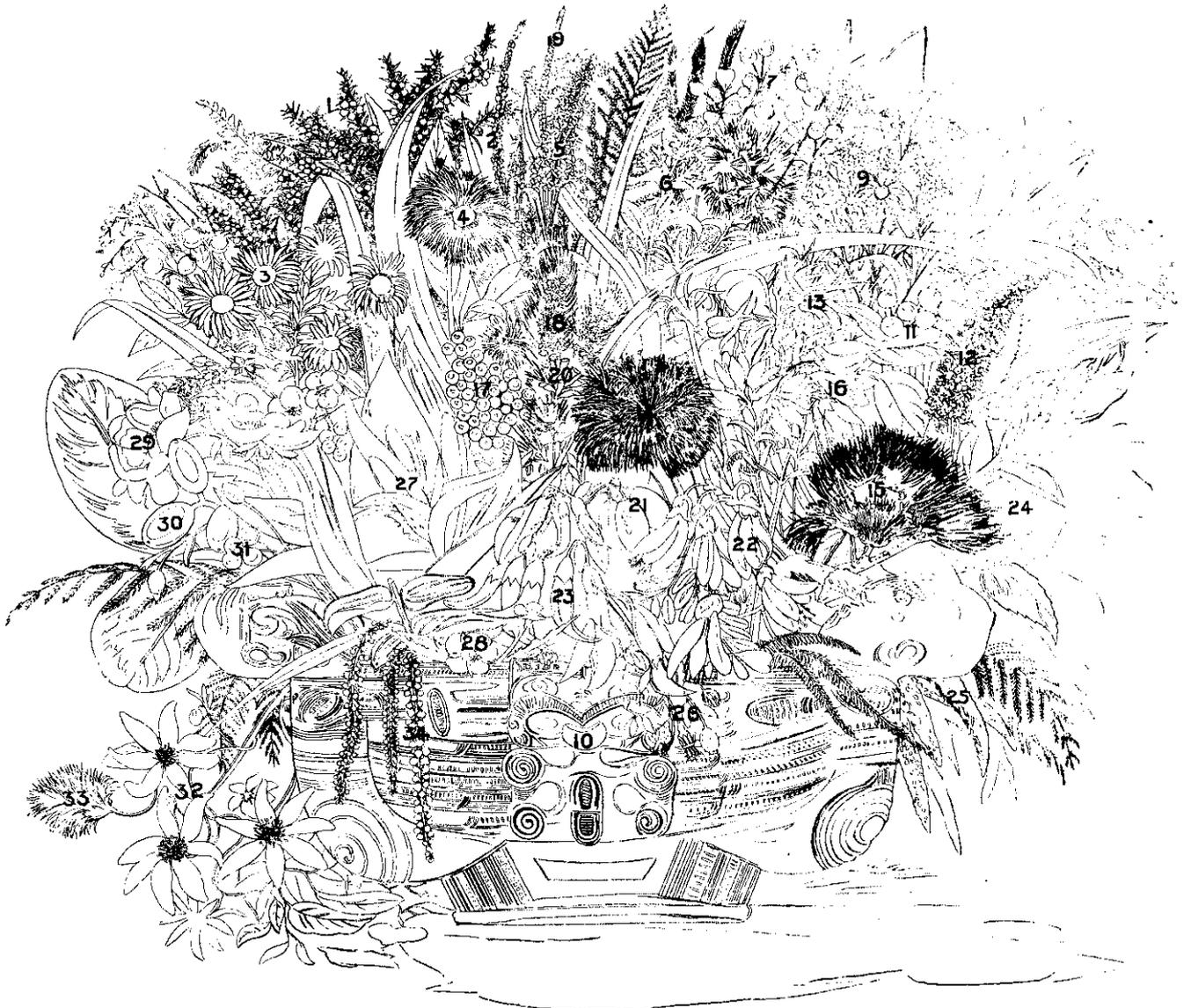
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Solicitor,

NO. 3, MERCANTILE CHAMBERS,  
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND  
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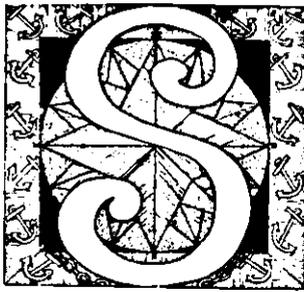
Photo by Brusewitz, Nelson.

—•• SEA NYMPHS. ••—



KEY TO SUPPLEMENT

- |  |   |  |   |
|--|---|--|---|
| <p>1. <i>Leptospermum Scoparium</i> (Manuka)<br/>                 2, 19. <i>Epacris Pauciflora</i><br/>                 3. <i>Olearia Semideniata</i><br/>                 4. <i>Clematis Moutrei</i> (from Canterbury and Marlborough mountains)<br/>                 5. <i>Anthericum Hookeri</i><br/>                 6, 8. <i>Metrosideros Albaiflora</i> (White Rata)</p> | <p>7. <i>Myrtus Obcordata</i> (Robutu)<br/>                 9. <i>Senecio Hantzii</i> (flower and foliage)<br/>                 10. Kaitiaki, or native bowl<br/>                 11. <i>Myrtus Bullata</i>, Fruit (Rama Rama)<br/>                 12. <i>Wienmannia Ruscifolia</i> (Tawhero)<br/>                 13. <i>Loranthus Colensoi</i> (N.Z. Scarlet Mikiletoe)<br/>                 14. <i>Metrosideros Florida</i> (Kaitiaki)<br/>                 15. <i>Metrosideros Toumentosa</i> (Pohutukawa)</p> | <p>16. <i>Gentiana Pleurogynoides</i><br/>                 17. <i>Melicope Ramiflora</i> (Mahoe)<br/>                 18, 20. <i>Phacelia Prostrata</i><br/>                 21. <i>Nesodaphne Tawa</i> (Tawa fruit)<br/>                 22. <i>Sophora Tetralopa</i> (Yellow Kowhai)<br/>                 23. <i>Clauthus Punicens</i> (Kowhai-ngutu kaka)<br/>                 24, 25. <i>Araucaria Baylyi</i> (Nikau Palm and flower)<br/>                 26. <i>Fuchsia Procumbens</i></p> | <p>27. <i>Freylinetia Banksii</i> (Tawhara, or Kie-kie)<br/>                 28. <i>Gemm Uplandum</i> (Kopata)<br/>                 29. <i>Monarda Lyallii</i> (Mountain Lily)<br/>                 30. <i>Corynocarpus Laevigata</i> (Kuraka)<br/>                 31. <i>Rhipogonum Scandens</i> (Berries of Supplejack)<br/>                 32, 33. <i>Clematis Indica</i> (Dunstananga), Wild<br/>                 31. <i>Coriaria Australis</i> (Popokiti) [Clematis]</p> |
|--|---|--|---|



# TORY COMPETITION



PRIZES,  
1900.

First Prize - -	£5 0 0
Second Prize - -	£3 0 0
Third Prize - -	£2 0 0
Fourth Prize - -	£1 0 0

The Stories *must not* be less than 4,000 or more than 5,000 words in length, and free from anything unsuitable for all classes of readers. It will be seen by Rule 5 that the broadest scope is allowed. So that the scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, the choice of subject is unlimited.

### NOTICE TO AUTHORS.

- 1.—A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in a separate envelope addressed to the Editor, and all such envelopes must have the motto and words "Story Competition" on the top left corner. This envelope must not be placed in the MS. packet, but *must be posted separately*. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.
- 2.—Every MS. must be prepaid, and if left open at both ends will be carried at book rates. It must be addressed— "Editor New Zealand Graphic, Shortland-street" and *outside the wrapper, above the address, must be clearly inscribed the Motto mentioned in Rule 1.*
- 3.—Any competitor who may desire to have his MS. returned in the event of it not being successful must clearly state his wish in a note attached to the above declaration, and must also enclose stamps for return postage. When such a desire is not expressed, the MS. will become the property of the C. G. P. H. C.
- 4.—All contributions must reach the office before May 16th, 1900.
- 5.—Choice of subject rests with the writer, **but the scene must be laid in New Zealand and be of special interest to New Zealanders.** It may deal with any subject—natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the goldfields, gold mines, or country, search for treasure, fighting or peace; in fact, anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.
- 6.—Write clearly on one side of the paper only.
- 7.—Writers who fail to comply with the above simple rules and conditions will be rigorously disqualified.



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FIRST AND SPECIAL AWARD AUCKLAND, 1899.

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• LANDIA Shirts and Collars.

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Under Royal Patronage.

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"HARLENE"

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THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER. The Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.



Restores the Hair. Promotes the Growth. Arrests the Fall. Strengthens the Roots.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF GREECE

to forward cheque for the six bottles of "Harlene" duly received. H.M.H. Princess Marie of Greece wishes six bottles of Edwards' "Harlene" for the Hair sent immediately.

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE

says: Messrs. Edwards' Preparation, "Harlene" for the Hair, has given entire satisfaction.



Preserves the Hair. Renders it Beautifully Soft. Removes Dandruff. Allays all Irritation.

Dr. A. E. GRIFFITHS, Ph.S., F.R.S.E. Principal of the Brixton School of Pharmacy, Lecturer on Chemistry to the Hairdressers' Guild, says--

"I hereby certify that I have examined Edwards' 'Harlene,' and find that it is absolutely free from injurious substances; in fact, 'Harlene' is a first-class preparation. It stimulates the roots of the hair, and restores its colour, consequently it is an invaluable remedy for Baldness and other fungoid diseases of the hair. 'Harlene' is invaluable as a dressing. It preserves, strengthens, and restores the hair. I can conscientiously recommend this elegant and useful preparation."

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1s., 2s., 6d., and (9 times 2s. 6d. size) 2s. 6d. per bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

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FUNDS FAST APPROACHING

£3,000,000

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£470,000

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POLICIES  
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1. No Policy allowed to lapse so long as there is a surrender value sufficient to pay the Premiums.
2. No member compelled to pay a higher Premium than that set opposite his age in the Tables of Rates.
3. Age taken at nearest birthday.

### EXAMPLES OF BONUSES ADDED TO WHOLE LIFE POLICIES OF £1,000 LAST PROFIT DIVISION, 30th SEPTEMBER, 1898.

Age at Entry	Policy in Force for Years	Premiums Paid and Bonuses Allotted for Three Years.		% of Bonuses on Premiums Paid	Total Bonuses added to Policies		
		£	s. d.		£	s. d.	
30	20	70	0 0	88	8 0	724	10 0
23	28	59	0 0	70	4 0	1190	753 8 0
31	20	71	17 6	70	14 0	984	718 8 0
25	28	61	17 6	52	0 0	840	626 0 0
28	28	63	12 6	66	0 0	981	671 0 0
21	28	56	7 6	67	18 0	1203	863 12 0
21	28	56	7 6	60	4 0	1068	564 4 0
26	24	63	7 6	53	8 0	843	464 4 0
28	23	63	7 6	51	10 0	813	437 0 0
28	22	63	7 6	51	4 0	808	408 4 0
22	21	61	17 6	50	10 0	818	391 10 0
22	20	57	12 6	53	0 0	820	362 0 0
16	20	60	7 6	54	0 0	1072	389 0 0
24	19	60	7 6	51	8 0	822	325 0 0
21	18	58	7 6	52	0 0	922	300 8 0
19	18	63	17 6	51	16 0	961	247 4 0
17	18	61	10 0	51	10 0	1060	252 0 0
23	16	59	0 0	60	0 0	847	243 0 0

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OF NEW ZEALAND.

HEAD OFFICE, DUNEDIN, N.Z. CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

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Accepted at the Lowest Current Rates.

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*Accountant*

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AND MANAGER

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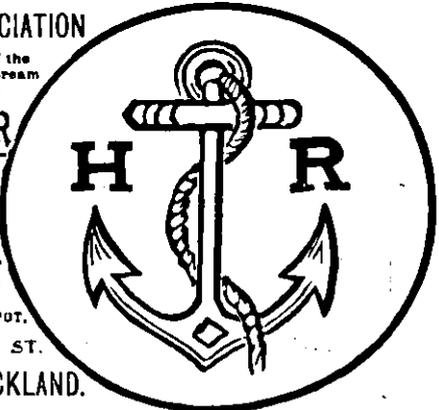
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**Puriri**

Mixed with spirits,  
makes a wholesome  
and pleasant  
beverage.....

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INDIGESTION,  
RHEUMATISM,  
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DISEASES of the KIDNEY and BLADDER.

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**Melange**  
MARKING INK FOR LINEN.

IN ONE BOTTLE,  
REQUIRES NO HEATING  
... OR MIXING.

Warranted Indelible and Harmless  
ON ANY FABRIC.

Try it once and you will use no  
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INVENTORS AND MAKERS, **Cooper, Dennison & Walkden, Ltd., London**

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WIDOW WELCH'S  
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Female complaints. Hundreds of testimonials  
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"Kearsley"; no others are genuine. Sold by all  
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Have ...  
**On Sale**

The following  
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The Farmers' Favourite Drill—**"The Iron Age"**  
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Direct Steam Service  
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First-Class Steamers  
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HIGH-CLASS MAKES of PIANOS, BICYCLES, Etc.  
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AND INDIAN GOODS  
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GENERAL DRAPERY ❧ SADDLERY ❧ GLASSWARE  
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Warehouse: VICTORIA STREET WEST, AUCKLAND.

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ENABLE US TO  
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SECOND TO NONE IN THE COLONY.

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Gain knowledge, which is power, and know

❧ THE ECONOMIC.

True worldly wisdom, known by few,  
Is that found out by those who do

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At what shop can you money gain  
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Then save your coin by paying less  
Than you did formerly, and bless

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And have a care to patronise  
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**Sweeping Reductions**

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