

THE NEW WELLINGTON HARBOUR BOARD OFFICES.

THE ceremony of setting the memorial stone of the Harbour Board's new bond and offices, at the corner of Jervois quay and the entrance to the Queen's Wharf, was performed by His Excellency the Governor on the afternoon of the 9th of July, in the presence of a large gathering.

The assemblage included the Minister for Public Works (Mr Seddon), the Postmaster-General (Mr Ward), several members of Parliament, and a large number of representative citizens.

The Governor accompanied by the Countess of Onslow and Mr Walrood, Private Secretary, drove up punctually at



F. J. CLERE, ESQ.  
Architect Wellington Harbour Board.

2 o'clock, and the party were received by the Chairman and the Secretary of the Board (Mr Booth and Mr Ferguson) respectively.

The Chairman of the Board (Mr Booth) commenced the proceedings with an address. He then requested His Excellency to set the stone.

A silver trowel was handed to Lord Onslow, who placed in the recess a copper cylinder containing records, coins, etc., and then applied the mortar. The stone was then lowered, and His Excellency declared it well and truly laid.

The tablet is a slab of white marble, 6in thick, 2ft 10in long, and 2ft 4in wide, with a border of Waikara bluestone. It has been placed on the right hand side of the first land-

The cylinder contained the following schedule of the articles placed in it:—Wellington Harbour Board, 9th July, 1891.—Schedule of the contents of a copper cylinder to be deposited behind a memorial tablet to be laid by His Excellency the Earl of Onslow, G.C.M.G., Governor of New Zealand, on the above date, in the presence of the members of the Harbour Board, City Council, and other leading citizens. Copies of the annual reports of the Board for the years 1880-90 inclusive. Copy of the by-laws of the Board. Lithograph showing the proposed building. Tin box containing the following coins of the realm:—One sovereign, one half sovereign, one half crown, one florin, one shilling, one sixpenny piece, one threepenny piece, one penny and one half penny. One copy of the *Evening Post* of 8th July, 1891; one copy of the *Evening Press* of the same date; one copy of the *New Zealand Times* of 9th July, 1891. The impression and the seal of the Board hereon. Certified by us—W. BOOTH, Chairman; Wm. FERGUSON, Secretary.

His Excellency was presented with the trowel as a memento of the occasion. The trowel was supplied by Messrs Carmichael and Sons, the contractors, and is of solid silver with an ivory handle. The following is the inscription:—Presented to His Excellency, the Right Hon. the Earl of Onslow, G.C.M.G., Wellington Harbour Board bond and office buildings, July, 1891.

The Governor addressed the assemblage at some length. His Excellency said among much else that the city had some disadvantages. Shut in by hills as it was, with scanty accommodation for pedestrians, and with a drainage system which was worn out, it could not be said to possess any attractive residential qualities, but on the other hand it had many advantages, and this fact he thought had been fully borne out by the recent census. The increase in the population of Wellington and its suburbs was a matter for congratulation. Had the increase been unusually large he did not think the fact could have been viewed with unmixed satisfaction, because he considered that a great aggregation of people in one centre was not satisfactory. It was true that the large sums of money which had come into the colony had disappeared when the public works policy of the colony ceased, but he did not think that we should look upon this with any fear. There had been an exodus, but he thought that those who had left our shores were people who were not to be compared with those who had been the pioneers of this colony. He really did not see why there should be any scare because these people had left for the neighbouring colonies.

Cheers were given for Lord Onslow and the Countess, who then took their leave.

'I'll show her!' he muttered between his teeth. From beneath his coat he drew a compact bundle of letters, cut the string that bound them together, struck a match, made a bonfire of the collection, and watched them slowly consume to ashes, while the crazy building shook as if with indignation, and the wind sighed hoarsely, like one in sympathy with the wretched but wrathful man. He was burning the letters he had written in happier days to Rachel Hamtagg. She had returned them to him scornfully.

CHAPTER III.

'THIS is so sudden,' said the widow, blushing, 'and so unexpected. I—I thought your visits to our house were for the purpose of seeing my daughter?'  
'She is too young,' replied the visitor, decidedly. 'I



W. FERGUSON, ESQ.  
Secretary Wellington Harbour Board.

HIS TERRIBLE REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

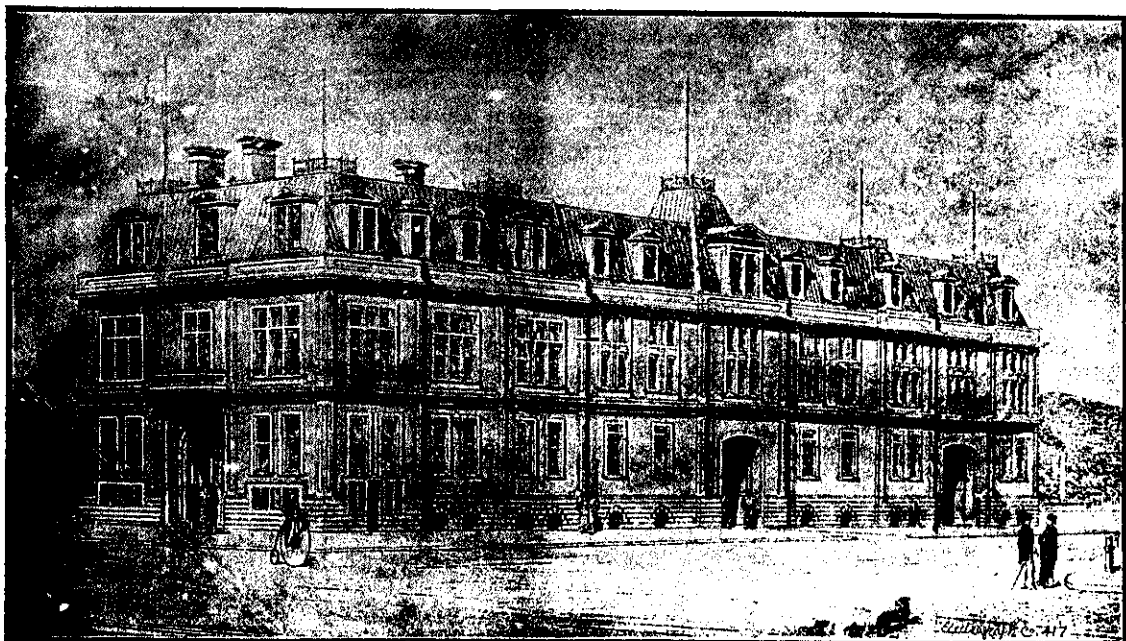
'HA! You refuse me, do you, Miss Hamtagg?'

The man who asked the question had passed the first flush of youth. He had not reached the age at which it seemed expedient for him to part his hair just above his ear and plaster a thin layer thereof over the top of his head. He had thrown aside the walking-stick of young manhood, but had not assumed the cane of middle age. It is well to speak of these facts, for they are necessary to the full understanding of this painful story. Moreover they cost nothing extra.

'I do, Mr McStabb,' said the young lady, coldly.

told her so last evening. We parted in a friendly spirit, but I gave her to understand, as delicately as I could, that I should not call to see her any more. This is sudden, it is true, but I trust none the less agreeable on that account. May I not venture to hope?'

'Well, really—'  
'And now, my dear,' he said, at the expiration of a happy half-hour, as he gently lifted her from his shoulder, 'I should like to see you—or perhaps I ought to say our—daughter, to tell her of this happy event.'  
'Shall I call her?'  
'If you please, my dear.'



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ing, and bears the following inscription in leaden letters:—'Wellington Harbour Board, constituted 1879, bond and office building erected 1891, members—W. Booth (Chairman), J. H. Cook, J. H. Henton, J. Jack, E. Pearce, J. Patherick, H. Rose, D. Sprey, W. F. Wheeler, A. W. Brown (Mayor); architect of building, F. de J. Clere, F.R.I.B.A.; Engineer and Secretary, W. Ferguson; Harbourmaster, J. Holliday; contractors, R. Carmichael and Son. This stone was laid by His Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl of Onslow, G.C.M.G., Governor of New Zealand, July, 1891.' The tablet was prepared by Mr W. McGill, of Wellington.

'Then listen to me, Rachel Flickerky Hamtagg!' he hissed. 'I vow you shall bitterly repent it!'

CHAPTER II.

WILD whistled the bleak wind, dismally moaned the huge elm that rasped and scratched itself against the cruel edges of the tiles, shrilly shrieked the weathercock on the barn-roof for a drop of oil, and gruesomely groaned Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStabb as he stole forth in the dead of night, made his way cautiously by a circuitous route to the ancestral wash-house in the back yard and went inside.

CHAPTER IV.

'RACHEL,' said Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStabb, pleasantly, 'you will be glad to know, I dare say, that I am to be your father. That is all we wish to say to her, is it not, my love? You may go, Rachel. Please close the door, my child, as you go out.'

It isn't until you get a lovely cluster of boils on the back of your neck that you fully realize what a wonderful man Job was.