

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. IX.—No. 13.

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LADIES' SWIMMING CONTESTS.



HE attractive-looking sketches we give this week represent 'bits' taken at a recent Northern Swimming Carnival and Bathing Picnic. It is worthy of note that this aquatic function was the first attempt in New Zealand to introduce the dual system

of sea-bathing as practised by both sexes on the Continent and in America. The bathers comprised ladies and gentlemen of all ages, Pretty girls and sharp-visaged spinsters, who also thought themselves pretty, gambolled like the sportive seal and graceful elephant on the sands, and the wicked old bald-head and giddy be-collared youth from town stood afar off and viewed them through the most powerful of glasses. There were various swimming races for girls, and the young colonials seemed to take very kindly to the water. Bathing and swimming contests are fast coming to the fore amongst the few amusements for ladies sanctioned by the voice of Public Propriety. For the information of Mrs Grundy, it may be stated that 'bathing together' is becoming as fashionable in all classes in England as it has long been on the Continent, where nobody dreams of not bathing *en famille*. Anyone who has visited Dieppe, Trouville, or any of the French bathing resorts in the summer season must acknowledge that the custom is a most sensible one, and, moreover, affords as pretty a picture as could well be imagined. The dresses are bright and gay in the extreme, and the antics of obese old gentlemen disporting themselves in shallow water with their youthful offspring are usually comic in the extreme. The gentlemen's costume is, of course, a more extensive affair than the usual trunks, and the old maid who would be shocked at the idea of meeting a gentleman in foreign bathing get up, would take precedence for prudery before the lady who blushed when, on a shopping expedition, she had to ask to see some undressed linen.

MASONIC.

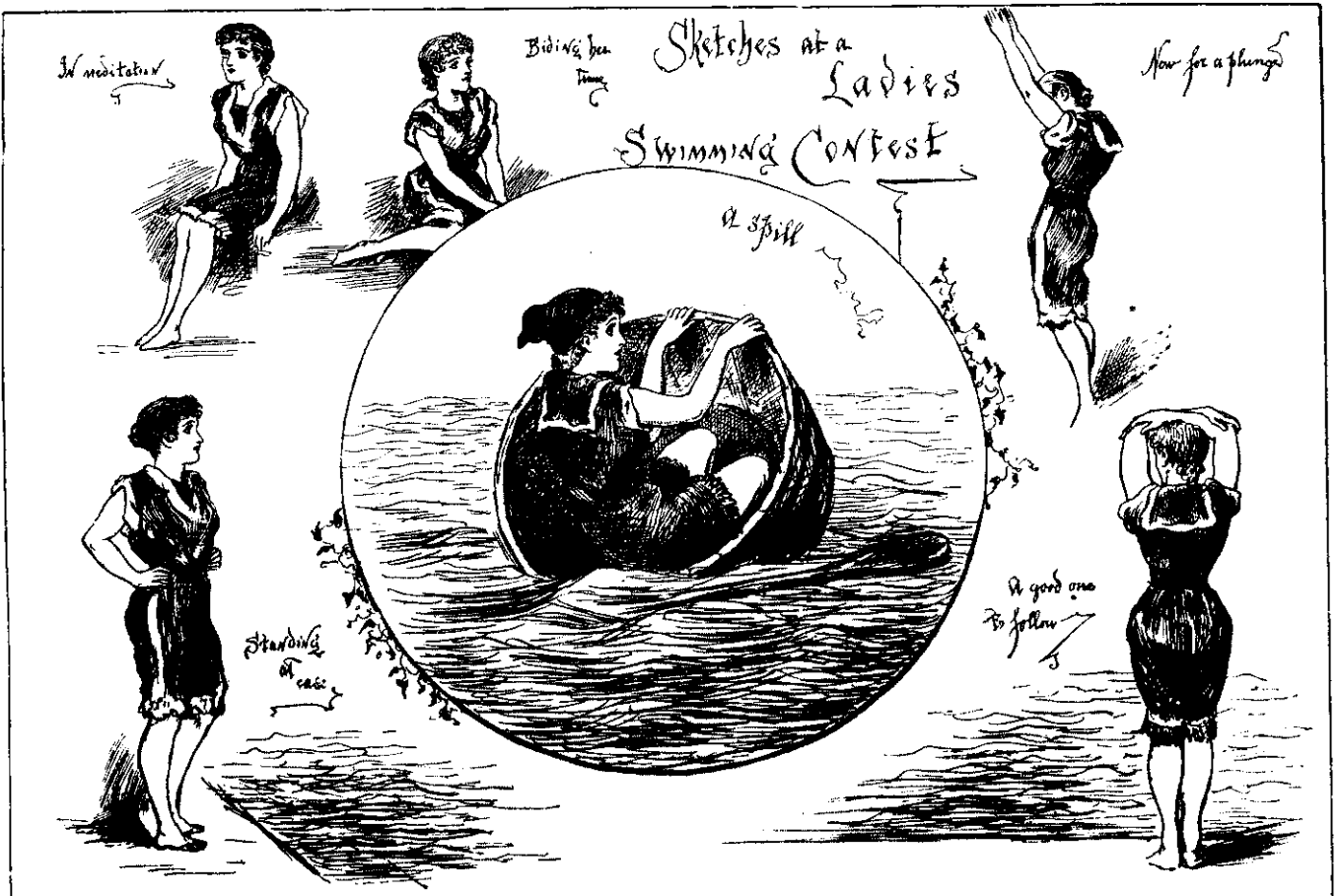
BRO. W. J. REES, the newly appointed Provincial Grand Master of Irish Masons in New Zealand, commenced his



Hanna. MR W. J. REES. photo, Auckland.

career in the craft in August, 1868, being initiated in Lodge United Service 421, I.C. Here he passed through the vari-

ous offices, and ultimately filled the chair as W.M. Later on Bro. Rees affiliated to Lodge Ara 248, I.C., and successively occupied the chairs as secretary, treasurer, warden, and finished as W.M. He has remained an active member of Lodge Ara ever since. In 1877, while absent from the colony, Bro. Rees was chosen by his brethren to fill the office of Provincial Grand Secretary, which position he filled with honour for eleven years. Ill-health, however, compelled him to resign in 1888, when the brethren made him a well-deserved present. In June, 1890, the successor in this office left Auckland somewhat unexpectedly, and as the secretary's work was in a very unfinished condition, Bro. Rees once more accepted the position of Prov. Grand Secretary, which post he held until the Most Worshipful Grand Master, the Duke of Abercorn, appointed him to his present distinguished position. As Bro. Rees had positively declined the nominations made by various lodges, this appointment is a mark of confidence and esteem he may well be proud of. Bro. Rees' appointment has been hailed with universal approval. From all parts of the colony, and from the leaders of every constitution, including the New Zealand, have poured messages of heartiest congratulations and goodwill. He had practically retired from active Masonic work shortly before the inauguration of the New Zealand Constitution, but when that occurred he again returned to his post as a loyal Irish Mason, and accepted the position of Secretary of Lodge Ara 348, which position he held at the time he had his present unsought honour thrust upon him. In social circles this eminent Mason is both a prominent and popular figure. He is genial and courteous to his friends, and always kindly to those who are in any way brought into contact with him either as Masons or as private individuals. One of the oldest Auckland identities, Mr Rees has always been a great dancing man, and has for years conducted some of the most popular socials in that city.



Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is satisfactory to hear that His Excellency the Earl of Glasgow has been presented to several New Zealanders, and has created a favourable impression. The dinner given by His Excellency at the House of Commons appears to have been a very heavy affair. The names of the guests are quite crushing in their importance, but their selection shows more tact than might have been expected. Mr Percival must, I fancy, have had a good deal to say in the matter.

The Acting Governor, Sir J. Prendergast, is still in Wellington. There has been a reception and a garden party, accounts of which appear elsewhere.

FROM Home I hear that the Queen has been requested to hold two Drawing-rooms about the middle of May, and it has been represented to Her Majesty that the general depression in many branches of trade, which has been caused by the death of the Duke of Clarence, will be considerably aggravated if the intention to suspend the Drawing Rooms for this year is carried out. It is considered to be probable that the Queen will decide to hold two Drawing Rooms, as suggested, probably during the third week of May.

The children's fancy dress ball given by Mrs MacMillan was one of the smartest functions of the sort ever held in Auckland. There must have been over 300 present, and with about a dozen exceptions everyone was in some sort of fancy dress or other. A very noticeable feature was that there were really more children than 'grown ups.' It is too often the case that the latter, who are asked 'just to help to amuse the little ones,' are in a vast majority, and monopolise the entire dancing-room, leaving the unfortunate children looking meekly on. On this occasion the children were, as I have said, in sufficient numbers to have triumphed over their elders had these last shown any inclination to usurp their rights. But there was no such attempt, perhaps indeed because there was no temptation. The new ballroom—or children's room as it is more sedately called—is large enough for one hundred couples, and the drawing-room was also prepared for dancing, though the exquisite floor in the new room made it the greater favourite.

The house is an ideal one for a large dance—the rooms large, and the sitting-out accommodation unlimited, and what is rarely the case, comfortable. Had the night been fine, it was intended to have had a great display of Chinese lanterns and Vauxhall lights in the grounds. Jupiter Pinivius, however, spoilt all that. The rain was, too, unfortunately driving right on many of the windows, which of course, made it impossible to have them opened, and in consequence the rooms were sometimes exceedingly hot. The supper was such as young people love—a profusion of the richest of creams, trifles, etc., and any quantity of fruit, sweetmeats, and such delicacies as are most pleasing to the juvenile palate.

The colonial youth, by the way, unlike his English brother, prefers dancing to supper. At home your school-boy sees in a dance a chance of what he inelegantly but expressively calls a 'jolly good spread.' Little he reckons of dancing once the supper rooms are opened. On the other hand the colonial lad considers supper but secondary. So that the floor and the music are good he is perfectly contented.

The costumes were some of them exceptionally pretty. One of my lady correspondents gives a list of some she saw in another column. The Morris dance—children in quaint old English Morris dance costumes shaking tambourines and dancing a species of polka—was a distinct novelty, and a decided success. The cotillon, which was also danced, was graceful and pretty.

The New Zealand Medical Association has assembled for a short session in Wellington, and Dr. and Mrs Grace (the former being President) are to entertain all the delegates, and in fact all the doctors in Wellington and their families at a picnic across the harbour in the Maud. The day after this Mr and Mrs Rawson are to entertain a large party on board their yacht, the *Girola*.

A DANCE was given to some friends of the fair chata-laine of Wellington Park on the triumphs of the gee gees who spent their youthful untrained days in her husband's paddocks. Mrs Morrin, who was looking exceedingly well I thought, wore black. A pretty frock was that worn by Mrs Honeyman—a wonderful combination of cream and gold. Mrs H. H. Jackson, in Liberty silk of a pearly grey colour, sang, and so did Mrs Pritt, the latter lady looking her best in a handsome black gown. Mrs S. Morrin's dress was rather a pretty one too—a happy combination of black and white.

The success of the leap year concerts in Christchurch have been so great that I am delighted to hear there is a chance of the example being followed very generally throughout the colony. Ladies' concerts have not, I understand, been utterly unknown in Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, but I fancy to Christchurch must be ceded the honour of inaugurating the leap year concert proper. The function was mainly a success because everything was so thoroughly well done. I am not now speaking so much of the music as the arrangements, though the former was good too. The reason efforts of a similar character on a smaller scale have so often failed, is without doubt because the arrangements have been left to look after themselves. There is too often a sort of idea amongst ladies getting up an affair all by themselves, that as the French say, '*Les choses s'arrangent*.'

Now this is true enough with regard to scratch dances. Men on such occasions are mostly young, and the fact that their sisters and other men's sisters—especially the latter—are responsible makes them lenient. Besides, for their own sake the girls will generally have a good floor and snapper, and other considerations are of small moment. But a concert—and a concert to the public—where a good price is charged for admission, the case is vastly different.

This is an age when chivalry divides the honours with commerce. I mean that value for money is required from women as much as from men. As a rule, a ladies' concert means a wild scramble for ill-placed, uncomfortable seats, draughts, and exasperation generally. Once bit, twice shy. This happy-go-lucky style of thing, may succeed once, and 'men may smile and smile and be villains,' for they will certainly resolve that this is the last time.

BUT the Christchurch maidens were wise in their generation. They realised all these things, and acted accordingly. In the first place they secured the help of a gentleman who has great store of rich hangings and pretty furniture, and is, moreover, susceptible to demands on his taste. There is usually some such person in every town. This beneficent being decorated their hall with green and white Liberty silks, Japanese fans, and majolica vases and mirrors. It is a great thing to have something pretty to look at at a concert. There again the inaugurators of the ladies' concert shewed good sense. The stage was covered with tapestry carpet, and the good genius aforementioned scattered thereon drawing-room chairs and occasional tables. On the latter were large porcelain pots filled with flowers, begonias, margerites, etc., from the conservatory. In available spaces on the stage were artistic tiles, pots with pampas grass and tall rushes, the pots being surrounded by folds of Liberty silk, fans, etc.

Of course the effect was extremely pretty, and people were undisguisedly surprised and pleased. And to succeed nowadays, this is precisely what everyone has to do—to surprise, tickle the palate, artistic or material. The Oddfellows' Hall was crowded, and certainly it was worthy of admiration. Miss March and Miss Olliver were, I hear, responsible for the decoration with evergreens, which added effect to the green and white Liberty silk hangings which adorned the windows and doors.

PRETTINESS is not everything, however, and this gratification of the eye would have been of little use had the seating arrangements been disorderly or uncomfortable. The ushers were, however, drilled. What is more, they rehearsed. If it is intended to hold more of these concerts—and I hope we shall have many in Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin before long—I would impress this, that the reason Mrs Kimbell and her staff of ushers were successful was simply because they rehearsed. The button-holes presented at the door to gentlemen were a novel and good feature, and if accompanied by a suitable extract from the language of flowers dictionary (a most intricate book, by the way) might effect crises.

A VERY cheery and thoroughly well done affair was Mrs Brett's garden party at her residence, Lake Takapuna. Guests from Auckland had a choice of going by steamer or coaches provided for the occasion. Most elected the sea trip. It was, however, fairly rough outside the Heads, and many who went by water wished before landing that they had chosen *terra firma*. All's well that ends well, however, and the voyage was accomplished before any *mal de mer* catastrophes took place. Once at the Lake a most enjoyable time was spent.

MR AND MRS BRETT and their daughters received their guests on the drive leading to the house. The grounds were prettily decorated, the various marquees giving a very gay appearance to the lawns. The music was most excellent, a string band of 15 instruments very ably conducted, and everyone fraternised over the afternoon tea and champagne and claret cups. It was unfortunate that the sky was overcast, for the view on a sunny day must be very delightful, the sea on one hand, the lake on the other. Shortly after six a capital dinner was served in the marquees. The champagne was cooled and excellent, and flowed freely. After dark the grounds were illuminated, and the more energetic of our party danced. I don't know whether it was the novelty of the affair—for these open-air 'At Homes' with a large picnic dinner are novel—but everything went off with an amount of *verve* and go strangely and most gratefully at variance with the usual custom of 'At Homes.' There was a most pleasant informality about the proceedings very agreeable to everyone. People wandered about the grounds, pulled on the lake, or examined the house at will. The rain, though it threatened, never came down heavily, and the weather really interfered very little with the very pronounced success of the party or the enjoyment of the guests.

A NUMBER of officers from the German warship *Busard* are being entertained by Professor and Madame Schmitt at their country residence, Southern Wairoa.

THE welcome tendered by Nelsonites to their new Bishop must have gratified the Right Rev. C. O. Mules. A conversation was held at the Provincial Hall, which was well filled with parishioners from both churches. The Bishop gave an address in reply to the different speeches of welcome given him. During the evening songs were contributed by Mesdames Houliker and Patterson, and piano-forte solos by Miss L. Fell and Rev. Mr Chatterton.

TALKING of Nelson improvements reminds me that the road round the rocks is to be made. Nearly all Nelson people wanted it, but the Stokeites were some of them dead against it, and as they had to raise £1,600 towards it their refusal seemed important. A substantial majority in favour of the road was, however, recorded by the polls, and great was the cheering in Nelson, for the pretty little town will be much improved by the proposed road.

MR AND MRS BELL gave a smart dinner party at Marlborough the other evening. Amongst the guests were Dr. and Mrs Cleghorn, Mr and Mrs Hodson, Mr and Mrs Challes. Earp, Mr and Mrs Griffiths, Mr and Mrs J. Holmes, Mr and Mrs Rogers, Mr and Mrs Snodgrass, Mr and Mrs McIntosh, Mr and Mrs Richardson, Mr and Mrs J. P. Lucas, and Mr and Mrs T. Carter. Mrs Bell wore a handsome black dress. Of course, some after-dinner speeches were indulged in, and afterwards music and a few songs.

AFTER the Women's Franchise Bill collapsed, the gentler sex seemed content for a time to brood over their undressed wrongs in silence. Still in the same patient silence a very large number of ladies attended a political meeting held in Ewart's Hall, Picton. Alas! the speakers, with considerable ease, ignored their presence altogether, probably fearful that if they gave them an opening the ladies would have no hesitation in addressing the meeting on their own account. Mr Seddon carefully avoided the subject, and Mr Buick never approached it, and even Mr Mac-

alister, who believes in Sir Robert Stout, the ladies' hope and champion, forgot the fair sex altogether in his clever little humorous speech.

AMONGST the venturesome ladies present were Mrs Horne, Mrs Hanna, Mrs Buick, Mrs Robinson, Mrs Smith, Mrs Allen (Picton), Mrs Ballard, Mrs Macalister, Mrs McNab, Mrs McCabe, Mrs Scanlon, and the Misses Horne, Doboan, Robertson, Pasley, Speed, Fitzgerald, etc., etc.

MR COLBECK has friends all over the colony who will wish him joy in his marriage with Miss Lakeman. The wedding took place at the Hutt, when the service was conducted by the Rev. Mr Fancoort. The bride's dress was of soft white silk, trained, and covered by the long veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely bouquet. There were two tiny bridesmaids—the Misses Hector and Sladden, of Petone, who were accompanied by a little boy in sailor suit. The little girls were prettily dressed in cream velvet, loosely made, and tied with girdles, and large cream felt hats with feathers, and each carried a basket of flowers.

A CAPITAL picnic 'At Home'—a form of entertainment becoming very deservedly fashionable—was that given by Mrs Devore and Mrs George at the former's beautiful residence, Lake Beach, Auckland. The ladies received their guests under some lovely overhanging trees on the beach. Every one really had a most delightful afternoon; some loitered round the beach, while others wandered to Lake Takapuna, returning very hungry, and quite ready to do justice to the sumptuous spread which was provided.

AMONGST those present I noticed the Misses Devore (two), Misses George (three), who, of course, helped to promote the success of the affair, Mrs Masfield, Misses Evans, Dixon, Williamson, Mair, Kerr-Taylor's, Brett, Percival (two), Dunnet, Beale, etc. There were many other pretty girls present.

A NEW curate is an acquisition anywhere, and I am not surprised, therefore, to hear that a most successful conversation was held in New Plymouth to welcome the Rev. W. Walker, Archdeacon Govett's new curate. Although a very wet night, there was a large attendance, and a most pleasant evening was spent. The stage was beautifully arranged, a great many flowers and bright dashes of crimson here and there. There was some good music, and many excellent speeches, mostly by the clergy. I believe all in the district put in an appearance. There were the inevitable refreshments, which were excellent.

THE blowing up of the rock at the entrance to Nelson Harbour proved somewhat of a 'sell.' Everyone turned out to see the show, and all were on the *qui vive* for a scatteration of things in general, but when the explosion did take place it was of the mildest description. All that was seen was what seemed like a water spout for about a second. I hear that the full charge of powder had not been inserted, owing to the crevice in the rock not being large enough to hold it. A good many fish were thrown up, and as quickly caught by occupants of boats, numbers of which paddled near for the purpose.

THE weather still keeps hot down Nelson way, and it somewhat interfered with the attendance at a small subscription dance held in the Provincial Hall a few days ago. On this occasion it was not the gentlemen who were to be found fault with. On the contrary, they rolled up in goodly numbers, and the girls had no dearth of partners. The supper was delicious, and the music good. Great pains had also been taken to decorate the hall prettily.

IN closing the 'Topics' I must draw attention to the new features in this week's GRAPHIC. It is to be hoped they will still further increase the popularity of the journal. The importation of new machinery now enables us to print a week later than heretofore, and all news received as late as Monday evening will appear in the same week's issue. Late news will henceforth be received by telegraph, so that the GRAPHIC will be 'up to date' in all functions—social, athletic, and personal. Many people would, I believe, forward me items but for an unreasoning fear that their names may appear as having sent the paragraph. Once and for all let it be understood that the name of GRAPHIC contributors **AG**, if they wish, guarded as jealously from public view in a newspaper office as clients' secrets in a solicitor's office. Of stories I get plenty, but are there not sketchers who would care to see their work in the GRAPHIC?



BISHOP MULES, whose portrait heads our personal column this week, has already made many friends in Nelson and district. The Nelson people have been giving various welcome functions in his honour during the past fortnight.

MISS HARKER left by the Kaikoura for a trip to England.

MISS GRACE, of Wellington, is visiting Miss Russell in Hastings.

CAPTAIN AND MRS RUSSELL, of Hastings, have gone to Wanganui.

MRS VON TEMPSKEY has returned to Honolulu to spend some time with Mr and Mrs Louis Von Tempskey.

MR AND MRS MACKRECHNIE contemplate a journey home at an early date.

A SOUTHERN amateur violinist of repute, Mr Schacht, who made himself very popular in Dunedin, has left that city for Melbourne.

MR E. LANGFORD, one of Gisborne's most popular society men, is causing grief and pain to his friends by retiring from society, as he is reading for a heavy examination.

THE many friends of Miss Mitchelson, daughter of the Hon. E. Mitchelson, will be glad to hear that she has quite recovered from her severe illness.

DUNEDIN has gained two more bank clerks—Mr Hinge at the National Bank, and Mr Morton, of the Bank of New South Wales. Both were extremely popular in the smaller town from which they were moved.

MR AND MRS A. J. ENTRICAN and son leave by the Sydney steamer to-day in order to catch the P. and O. steamer Arcadia for Europe. They expect to return about the end of the year.

MR AND MRS LE BAILLEY and family, of the North Shore, Auckland, leave by the Sydney steamer for Europe. They will be absent about a year. Their pretty residence has been let to Mr and Mrs Taine, who have gone to reside there with their family.

TWO lady visitors at Timaru are causing a mild sensation with their frocks. One (Miss Loyd, of Palmerston North) is stopping with her cousin, Mrs C. H. Clarke. One of the prettiest gowns she wears is a lovely figured delaine and pretty white hat. The other visitor is Mrs Harry Brown, of Christchurch, who is staying here with Mrs F. W. Stubbs. She is lately out from England, and some of her costumes are exceedingly handsome.

MR 'DARBY' RYAN, one of the most valued contributors to this journal, and an artist of great promise, left New Zealand last week for Home, via Suez. He intends to study art in England, Italy, France, and in other celebrated schools. His sketches in the GRAPHIC gave but small idea of the young artist's power, and his fine sense of colour could not, of course, be expressed in pictures in simple black and white. Mr Ryan's name is famous in football annals, and he leaves a host of friends behind—friends who are scattered through the length and breadth of the colony.

MRS GLASGOW, of Nelson, is in Wellington.

MR AND MRS T. WILFORD, of Wellington, have just returned from their honeymoon in the South.

MR, MRS, AND MISS PYNSENT have lately arrived in New Zealand.

MR AND MRS RUTHERFORD have returned to Reefton from an overland trip to Christchurch.

MRS WALLACE, from Gisborne, is on a visit to her father and mother, Mr and Mrs Beamish, at Hastings.

The Rev. Father O'Gara, of Auckland, leaves on a visit to England by the a.a. Kaikoura at the end of the week.

MISS EMILY SPENCER, of Napier, has gone to study in England. Miss Ada Orme is also going to the old country to travel with Mrs and the Misses Herrick.

THE Hon. E. Mitchelson, M.H.R., is canvassing the favour of juveniles. He gave a children's picnic party in Auckland last week.

AN indefatigable dancer, tennis-player, and all-round society man, Mr Kirkby, has left Nelson people bewailing his departure. He will settle in Palmerston North.

NAPIER people congratulate Mr Tom Sidney, an old Napier boy, who has married Miss McGee, an Auckland girl.

THE popular Dunedin vocalist, Mrs William Murphy, who left for Sydney some time ago, is about to return to Dunedin. The New South Wales climate proved too enervating for her family.

MR AND MRS WALTER TURNBULL and their son and daughter have returned to Wellington after a long visit to England, and Miss Mary Richmond, daughter of Judge Richmond, has arrived from England in the Doric.

MR W. L. REES, M.H.R., of Auckland, is meditating removing to Wellington. The house in Parnell is to be let, and the family will consolidate in Wellington. Unlike the people in the 'Mikado,' 'they'll certainly be missed.' There is, however, yet a chance they may remain.

TWO of the most popular people in Napier—Mr and Mrs Carter—have left the city with a perfect climate for the colder climate of Dunedin. A number of representatives of the mercantile community and friends of Mr Carter met before he left, and gave him a purse containing a hundred sovereigns. The recipient made a suitable speech, and said he should always consider Napier his home.

TIMARU people are all sorry to see the announcement of the death of Mr A. R. Spalding. Mr Spalding was for some years manager of the National Mortgage and Agency Company's branch in Timaru, and was greatly liked and respected both in the office and among his social friends. He resigned his post here a few years ago and went Home on account of ill health.

LITERARY and social circles will deplore the departure from New Zealand of Mr Milligan Hogg, who till recently edited, and edited most ably, the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC. As a magazine and somewhat cynical writer Mr Hogg had few equals, and the gentle satire of his style when dealing with feminine weaknesses was particularly clever. In all our principal cities Mr Hogg leaves many friends, but in Christchurch and Auckland he will most be regretted. As a conversationalist and raconteur, as well as a writer, his abilities won him the respect of all who knew him; his geniality and kindness of heart won their friendship. Before leaving THE GRAPHIC, Mr Jennings on behalf of the staff of that journal presented Mr Hogg with a greenstone paper knife—a souvenir of the good feeling which always existed between the editor and those who were brought in daily contact with him.

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AUCKLAND.

A Trip to the South Seas.

BY BERTHA V. GORING.

(ILLUSTRATED BY MARY B. DOBIE.)



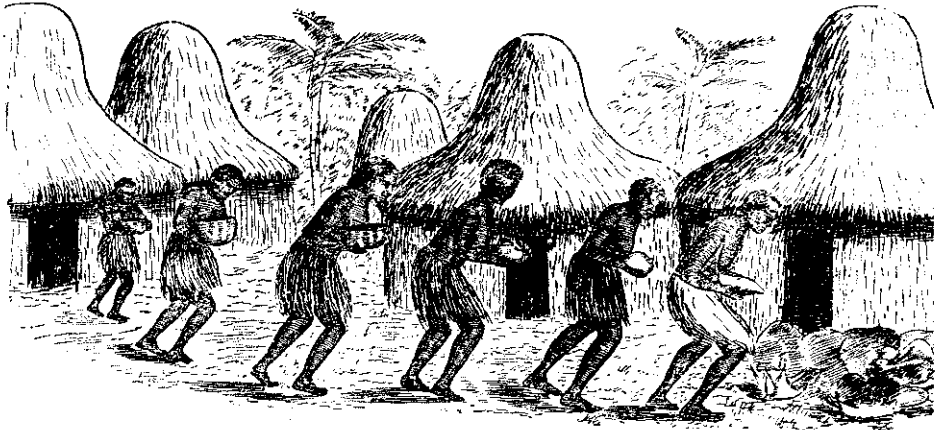
OR three or four days we had a thunderstorm with heavy rain regularly every afternoon. By-the-by, the sponge cake that Mrs Lindberg made for us lasted some days. It had a man told off to carry it alone, until it grew too small, and was tended as an object of great value. If rain threatened it was wrapped in banana leaves. By smoking them over a fire their brittleness goes, and they become quite flexible, and make useful waterproof covers.

These are studies of the A.N.C., or as M. called them the 'First South Sea Highlanders.' With the tappa about them and twisted into high turbans, they were not unlike the real thing.

On Monday, the 10th November, we started on an expedition down the Singatoka river. About a dozen men carried the baggage by land, and we four with Sitiveni (for we could not travel without our chaplain) went in the punt. We started early, meaning to land for breakfast in an hour or so, but we got so interested in Mr Marriott's wild duck shooting that we didn't do so till near noon. We passed fine ranges of hills along our route, with bits of forest nestling in the ravines. The chief of a town we passed sent us down a present of cocoa-nuts. We reached the village of Tonga in the evening. It was very prettily situated at the foot of some jagged hills partially covered with trees, one of them, Matanavatu, having a sheer precipice of many hundred feet. We climbed to the top of it next day, and a very hot steep scramble it was. Mr Arthur Gordon had described it to us. He besieged a town that was perched on its summit when there was fighting going on there some four years before our visit. He told us how the evening before they took it there was such a curious effect from a thick mist gathered round the foot of the hill, with the light of the camp-fires gleaming here and there through it, and how, suddenly, a voice from the top, following a dead silence, cried, 'To-morrow.' Poor things, when it came it was not the 'To-morrow' they had intended, for they were defeated and their town taken. We

went out in a crouching attitude to show her respect—out of her own house, too.

This is a party of old women bringing mangiti, and stooping to show respect. Beimana is a beautifully situated and fine town. It had had over seventy houses in it, but some



WOMEN BRINGING IN MANGITI.

fifteen had been burnt by accident shortly before. We walked to camp next day, being a rather tiring tramp up hill and down of about ten miles, with many streams to cross, over which M. and I were carried. It poured with rain for the last hour, so we were glad to get in, but had been most fortunate in having fine weather till then. Next day I felt tired, so remained for the day in Dobie-town. I dressed and then lay inside my screen, where I could read in comfort safe from mosquitoes, flies, etc. The idea of being quiet, though, proved rather a fallacy, for our friend Sitiveni was giving a large breakfast party, about twenty teachers having come with a present of pigs, fruit, etc., for Mr Le Hunte and Mr Woodruffe. I came out from my screen to have prayers with them, after which they were most anxious I should partake of their dainties. They gave me two vakalolo (puddings wrapped up in banana leaves), one of taro, cocconut, and sugar-cane, the other of bananas stuffed with cocconut. Both were very good. About noon they went into the camp, when I got a refreshing sleep before their return for another feast at three. It was rather a delicious idea for an invalid to have about twenty savages spending the day in her room and feeding her upon strange dishes. About four Mr Marriott sent me a sulkka, and Mr Le Hunte a tumbler of egg-flip, so my prescriptions were varied, and at any rate did no harm, for I went to the camp for dinner. We were fortunate in having milk, there being several goats about the place. As a rule, we had none when away from civilized parts.

Next day the others went for a pig-hunt, including Mr Woodruffe, so I was left in camp alone, and had serious thoughts of liberating a poor prisoner, who went clanking about with gyves, not like Eugene Aram, upon his wrists, but upon his ankles. He had, I believe, once tried to escape, which was the reason for his wearing them. I was not idle, however, for I ironed ten starched shirts of Mr Marriott's. He came in about three, and the others followed an hour or two later in great spirits, having had fine sport, and speared some twenty pigs.

We had some wet afternoons, so put off starting on a fresh expedition until Wednesday, November 19th, when M., Mr Le Hunte, and our chaplain made up the party, leaving Mr Marriott, to our sorrow, in charge of the camp. We had a very hot climb for an hour or two, when we got into bush, but still had to tramp up hill chiefly. This was the way we went up the steep bits—the luggage train we called it. Sitiveni brought up the rear, carrying his own baggage, which consisted of a tin canister and his pillow slung on a bamboo. The Fiji pillow or kali is a piece of bamboo with two feet fixed on it. A Fijian's hair is too stiff and frizzed out to permit of his using the ordinary down or feather pillow, and these are much cooler. We suffered a good deal from thirst on this day's march, having only crossed one stream since our halt at a small town for luncheon. Our resting-place for the night was 2,000 feet

down the week before, and which we were now going up. We were quite in amongst the mountains. Here is the study of an old man we saw. We sat in a mbure in this village while the customary offering was being presented—yanggona root first, then pigs and yams for the men, boiled chickens, bananas, and vakalolos for the women, which we were now going up. It would be served in a bowl by itself, out of which we drank it. I must have eaten more chickens, I think, in two months than in all my life before. We were given the teacher's house, as usual, but as he had no wife to look after us Sitiveni was left in charge. He always hung our screen up for us, lighted our lamp and put it out at night, helped do up our bundles, etc., and took the greatest care of us, the old dear! We started about noon next day, and had an hour's scramble up the river, clambering over rocks, jumping from boulder to boulder, and often wading up to our knees in the water. We reached a charming little town called Dombui for luncheon. We first had cocconuts, then the usual chicken, etc. It began to rain, so we sheltered till four, amusing ourselves with chess. When it cleared up we again began a scrambling journey up the river. While waiting in one place while Sitiveni and Mr



GOING UP THE HILLS.



THE ARMED NATIVE CONSTABULARY.

didn't leave Tonga till the cool of the evening, only having a mile or two to walk to Nasautanbu. Passing through a village on our way to it, a flag was flying, which they very politely 'dipped' to us as we went by.

Next day we walked about ten miles to Beimana, the chief town of the district. The Mbuli belonging to it had met us at Tonga, and escorted us since. He regaled us with cocconuts and sugar cane upon our arrival, and afterwards gave us luncheon. He honoured M. and me by letting us have his own house, a very perfect little one. To show how meek Fijian wives are, Mrs Mbuli was sitting with us when her lord entered. She at once got up and

an hour or two, when we got into bush, but still had to tramp up hill chiefly. This was the way we went up the steep bits—the luggage train we called it. Sitiveni brought up the rear, carrying his own baggage, which consisted of a tin canister and his pillow slung on a bamboo. The Fiji pillow or kali is a piece of bamboo with two feet fixed on it. A Fijian's hair is too stiff and frizzed out to permit of his using the ordinary down or feather pillow, and these are much cooler. We suffered a good deal from thirst on this day's march, having only crossed one stream since our halt at a small town for luncheon. Our resting-place for the night was 2,000 feet

Le Hunt was trying to find a suitable ford for crossing, the river rose so rapidly that it became impassable, and we had to retrace our steps and journey to Nandrau, our next stage, by a road over the hills instead. Had we started earlier and crossed the river before the 'spate' came down (to use a north country term), we should have been in a nice plight, for the next ford was a wise one, and one could only travel by constantly fording the river, the banks being in places so precipitous. It was curious to see the change. As we had gone up we had admired the clearness of the water, which reflected the varied greens of the foliage along the banks. As we returned it was like pea-soup, and what had been dry ground before was under water. Owing to all this delay, and the necessity for taking a longer route, we did not reach Nandrau till after seven o'clock. There had been no rain there, and the river was its normal size and colour. This was a large town, the chief one of the district. We were given a noble house belonging to the Mbuli, and all four inhabited it, M. and I having our tents pitched behind a screen of tappa. In this mure was a splendid yanggona bowl of great size. The Mbuli values it so much that the house was built over it, and the doorways being too narrow to permit of its exit, it cannot be stolen. These bowls, of whatever size, are hollowed out of a solid piece of wood, the teec and all being in one piece. We spent the whole of Saturday and Sunday here.

Each afternoon heavy rains and thunderstorms came on, and going out one evening from our house, I saw a new-horn waterfall just opposite, of great height, and as fine as many famous ones in Switzerland or elsewhere, but its life was, of course, intermittent and uncertain. Next morning it was gone, only to reappear after the next downpour of some hours' duration. We were fed like wild beasts here, food being pushed in at the small entrance at stated times. (One day we had a tiny boiled sucking pig coiled round in a small bowl). The houses are very dark in these parts on account of flies and mosquitoes. There was a very lovely bathing place near Nandrau.

Mr. Le Hunt received mail on Sunday night which necessitated his getting to Mba within a given time, so we had to travel by forced marches. We left at 7 a. m. on Monday, the 23rd November, and reached the place we had lunched at before descending to Naveiyarak. After that meal we pushed on to Narata, and spent the night in our banana-leaf hotel, passing a splendid view en route. We left Narata at seven, having had a slight repast of cocoa, banana, and biscuits, and reached camp at ten, Mr. Marriott meeting us on the river bank and having breakfast ready for us. M. and I were busy finishing sulas for some [who had been kind to us in our travels, and we received as usual, a great many presents of native manufacture. I delighted one woman with a present of a silver thimble. Next day we managed to finish all and be ready to start on our first stage after dinner, thinking it better to make it by night than in the heat of the day; besides, there was a thunder-storm and heavy rain every afternoon.

We had a grand farewell dinner, to which Ratu Rovambokola was invited. Mr. Marriott, who seemed to have an unlimited supply of prayer-books, gave M. and me each one, with the names, date, etc., in Fijian as a memento. Mine is still in constant use, and I think the inscription must puzzle any inquisitive person looking into it. After prayers we had a ceremonious yanggona drinking, a chief bringing it round in a crouching attitude with the cup held straight out at arm's length with both hands. I thought he looked rather terrific with his air of stern solemnity. At 10 o'clock all were assembled outside in the moonlight, and we had a great saying of 'good-bye.' Mr. Marriott, who remained in camp, pointed us over the river, and off we trudged, having ten miles before us on a narrow track up and down steep places, and with several rivers to ford. The path had become so overgrown since we had come along it a month before, and was so wet from the usual afternoon storm, that we were soon drenched to the skin. We reached Mbukia (the place we slept at in going) about two in the morning, and there had to wait for dry things till the men with our luggage came up. When they did we had some nice hot tea and scones, and went to bed about 4 o'clock. We only had ten miles again next day to the top of Na Lotu, which we reached by luncheon time, had again a great brew of lemonade, and found some kavikas—a refreshing fruit like a small pear, with a very yellow and red complexion—and spent a pleasant, lazy afternoon. There only being one hut there, our escort slept in it as well as we, and if M. and I peeped out from our tent we could see sleeping forms strewn around, we having about sixteen men with us, but not our good Sitiveni, to whom we bade a sad farewell the night before. We reached Nasolo, Mr. Stirling's house, at 2 o'clock next afternoon. There being a boat, we didn't have to peril our lives by another attempt at swimming. M. could have managed it with ease, but I had not made so much progress as she, being weaker in courage as well as body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTHING GOOD TO EAT.

NECESSARIES, delicacies, luxuries—all such words have different meanings in different ears and under different circumstances. When Mr. Seward was in Alaska, says his son, the people were naturally very desirous to treat him handsomely.

Some amusement was occasioned at table, one day, by the remark of one of the ladies that they had been much disappointed at obtaining no beef by the last steamer, as all were looking for steaks.

'So we can offer you nothing but the fare of the country,' Governor Seward, she said.

'But that is exactly answered he.

'Oh, no; we have nothing but venison, and grouse, and wild ducks, and salmon, and trout.'

One of the army officers remarked that this reminded him of a mutiny among the soldiers at a Florida fort, against being served with green turtlesoup more than once a week.

'What a pity it is,' said Charles Lamb, 'that a man cannot think, while he is making an after-dinner speech, of all the good things that occur to him as he is walking home in the evening!'

FOR Invalids and Delicate Children, AUSEBROOK'S ANKERBREAD and TEA BISCUITS are unsurpassed. (ADVT.)

A STYLISH AUCKLAND WEDDING.

THE rather quiet suburb of Ponsonby (Auckland) exhibited unusual signs of bustle and excitement the other afternoon, and a stranger visiting the district had only to follow the crowds in order to find out the cause. I ought to have said the excitement was amongst the feminine portion of the community, who were wending their way all in one direction, and as you have doubtless already guessed, the cause was a wedding, and a wedding of more than ordinary interest. The contracting couple were Mr. Thomas Whitelaw, formerly of Auckland, but now manager of the Napier branch of the South British Insurance Company, and Miss Peacock, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Peacock. The nuptial ceremony took place in St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, which was tastefully and beautifully decorated with quantities of white flowers, greenery, and favours of white ribbon, the work of several of the bride's lady friends and fellow teachers in the Sunday school. A crimson carpet was laid from the carriage to the entrance of the church, the porch also being carpeted. Quite half an hour before the time fixed for the ceremony the church was crowded to excess with friends and interested spectators, while numerous others were content to wait outside in order to catch a glimpse of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, uncle of the bride, the Rev. T. F. Robertson, pastor of the church, also taking part. The church choir, under Mr. Philpott, rendered hymns appropriate to the service. The bride was given away by her father, and wore an exquisitely beautiful gown of rich cream satin merveilleux, made with very long train, which was edged with a full frayed-out ruche of the silk. The bodice fitted perfectly, and was softened with lovely lace, which formed a vest, finished at the waist with a corselet-shaped belt of the silk richly embroidered with tiny silver beads. From the belt fell a long graduated fringe of the silver beads, and moderately large pearls threaded at intervals, over the front of the plain skirt. The sleeves were high and very full at the top, and tight at the wrist. The costume was completed with a coronet of orange blossom, from which fell a lovely veil of real lace (Honiton, I think) over the train, white kid gloves, and a pretty posy of lovely white flowers, grasses, and ferns loosely tied together with ribbon. The attendant bridesmaids wore the Misses Peacock (2) and the Misses Edith and May Whitelaw. The first couple were exceedingly pretty frocks of cream brocade Indian silk, the skirts finished with bands of silver embroidered insertion. The bodices were made with yokes and Swiss belts also embroidered in silver; exquisitely dainty and pretty hats of white drawn tulle trimmed with tulle and large butterflies of tulle, with wings embroidered in silver placed high on the crowns. The Misses Whitelaw wore dainty frocks alike of cream veiling, made in the quaint and pretty Kate Greenaway style. The yokes were prettily embroidered in silver, and the skirts were confined at the waist with sashes of cream Liberty silk, fastened at the back between the shoulders in flat butterfly bows, the ends falling to the hem of the skirts. Their hats were similar to the first couple, and each bridesmaid carried a lovely posy of flowers tied with ribbon. The groomsmen were Messrs John Stewart (best man) and George Whitelaw. The wedding was a charmingly pretty one, the effect of the cream and the silver being both appropriate and tasteful. As the bridal party left the church Mr. Philpott performed the 'Wedding March,' and the children connected with the Sunday-school scattered flowers before the newly-wedded couple as they advanced up the aisle, while they were also liberally showered with rice. Mrs. Peacock wore a handsome gown of striped shot silk, made with demi-train, and trimmed with cream lace, pretty little cream and gold bonnet; Mrs. Whitelaw (mother of the bridegroom) also wore a handsome costume of silk brocade, lace, cloth and black lace, demi-trained, the bodice relieved with a jacket of white chiffon, white being also introduced into her small black bonnet; Miss Campbell wore a pretty petunia-coloured gown trimmed with cream, and bonnet to match; Mrs. Campbell, handsome gown of grey silk trimmed with black lace, bonnet to match; Miss Whitelaw, dark fawn-coloured gown trimmed with brown, and pretty brown hat trimmed with fawn; Miss Barbara Whitelaw, pretty cream delaine gown flowered with electric blue, and trimmed with electric blue ribbon, cream hat; Misses Grace and Annie Whitelaw wore dainty gowns alike of cream Indian silk, and large cream hats with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Andrew Stewart, rich black silk gown, black bonnet; Mrs. Runciman, pretty cream gown, the front of the skirt and trimmings beautifully embroidered with coloured silks, large grey hat relieved with coral pink feather; Miss Black, pretty cream and heliotrope flowered delaine gown finished with heliotrope ribbons, hat to correspond. All the guests carried lovely posies or bouquets of flowers. The wedding party were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Peacock at their residence, Shelly Beach Road. Some evenings prior to the wedding Mr. S. C. Johnstone, superintendent of St. Stephen's Sunday school, invited the whole of the teachers and several other friends to his residence in order to bid farewell to the bride-elect. During the evening a very pleasing ceremony took place, when the Rev. T. F. Robertson, on behalf of the teachers, presented Miss Peacock with a very handsome silver eggstand as a token of their love and esteem. The ladies of the congregation also presented a beautiful silver-mounted epergne. Mr. Peacock thanked the company on behalf of his daughter, and the rest of the evening was most enjoyably spent with music, etc., Mrs. Johnstone entertaining the company at a splendid supper.

A RAILWAY ON THE TOPS OF TREES.

There is a railway running across the tops of trees in Sonora county in California. At a spot near the coast there is a deep ravine, over which a way for the trains had somehow to be made. To build a bridge of stone or iron being too costly, it was determined to utilise the trees. The top branches were sawn off at the level of the banks, and the timbers for the line were laid on the stumps. Two gigantic redwood trees that stood in the middle of the ravine gave a first-class central support, and they were cut at a height of seventy-five feet above the bed of the river. This tree railway bridge is said to be quite safe, and is justly regarded as a wonder in that state of marvellous things.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

SLANDER, like mud, dries and falls off.

A girl wastes her energy when she hugs another girl.

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing uncertain as a sure thing.

It is the height of misery for a man afflicted with insomnia to marry a girl who snores.

The greatest social bore is the man who has not had the grip. He has nothing to talk about.

The rain falls upon the just, but not upon the unjust who has stolen the umbrella of the former.

The sweetest of the uses of adversity is one of the things best understood by contemplation from a distance.

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of sorrow, generally sends for four doctors when he has the colic.

The young man who persuades himself that two people can live as cheaply as one can always find a girl to help him to try the experiment.

THE MATCH-MAKERS.

He was warned against the woman—
She was warned against the man,
And of that won't make a wedding,
Why, they's nothin' else that can!

A man who wants his wife to love and respect him, will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out the insult.

Never waste time in telling people what a lot of good things you have done. In the first place they won't believe you, and in the second place they are waiting to tell you what a lot of good things they have done themselves.

A Chinaman is speaking to himself as he irons a shirt. Picks up a shirt showing evidence of having been well cared for, and says, 'Bachelor, you landlady fix him.' Picks up another, buttonless and all frayed at the wrists and neck, and says, 'Mallied man.'

At the baths an impatient young man walked up to the door of one of the compartments, and knocking at the same, testily inquired: 'When in thunder are you going to get those trousers on?' There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied: 'When I get married, I suppose.' He faintly at once. He had mistaken the door.

People in Europe who buy Persian carpets little think of the enormous labour that has been expended on the weaving. It is done exclusively by hand, and every stitch in the carpet is made separately, being afterwards clipped with the scissors and beaten down. Some idea of the work may be formed when it is known that in a good carpet there are about ten thousand stitches to every square foot.

A NEW YEAR'S IDYL.

He resolved to leave off smoking—
Swearing, chewing, nasty joking,
Drinking, gambling, never poking
His ruddy nasal organ into other folks' affairs.

His great goodness—so folks reckoned—
Made the angels glad—they beckoned—
And on January second

He started, pure and happy, up the broad celestial stairs.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The custom of throwing the slipper after a bride comes down from very ancient times. Long before the Christian era, a defeated chief would take off his shoes and hand them to the victor, to show that the loser of the shoes yielded up all authority over his subjects. So, when the family of a bride threw slippers after her, they mean that they renounce all authority over her. 'Do you understand?' Small Auditor: 'Yes, sir. They throw away the slippers they used to spank her with.'

A JEALOUS CLOWN.—Recently during a performance of a circus in Berlin, Mme. Boichard, a favourite equestrienne, galloped into the ring bowing and smiling toward a group of young officers, who testified their admiration by loud applause. Her husband, the clown of the circus, became wild with jealousy, and drawing a revolver, shot the woman dead in the ring. The audience was crowded and the spectators of the tragedy were nearly thrown into a panic by the horrible scene. The murderer was quickly removed by the police and the entertainment stopped for the night.

COMPENSATION FOR ALIENATED AFFECTIONS.—In the court of Indiana, U.S.A., recently, Mrs. Leah Haynes sued Flora Knowlin for \$5000 damages on the ground that defendant had alienated the affections of plaintiff's husband from her. The defendant answered that in common law and by the custom of the country plaintiff had no grounds for action, and this view was also taken by the judge, who held that a husband could claim damages for the alienation of his wife's affections, but that no corresponding right was enjoyed by the wife. On appeal, however, the wife's equal right of action in this respect has been upheld.

A SCOTCHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—An old Scotchman is said to have risen in a prayer meeting one night and *apropos* of nothing, delivered himself of the following remarks:—'There are three things I never could quite understand. First, why boys will throw sticks at green apples when, if they waited the apples will drop off; secondly, I never could quite comprehend why men do to war to kill each other when, if they remained quietly at home they would die a natural death in good time; thirdly, and most important of all, I do not see why the men chase around after the women, since, if they sat still, the women would run round after them.'

HER 'NO' MEANT 'YES'.—Once a young newspaper man heard from friends of his an interesting story of an adventure in which they figured conspicuously, and exclaimed in surprise to write up an account of it. 'Oh, no,' exclaimed one of the young ladies of the party, with a refined, horrified shudder, 'it would be perfectly dreadful to have it published.' So the newspaper man, whose experience of human nature was slight, felt obliged by common honour not to write it up. A few weeks later the young lady wrote to him, asking him for copies of his account of the adventure, saying that she wished to send them to her friends. He smiled grimly when he read the note and took a malicious pleasure in informing her that owing to her dislike of publicity he had decided not to publish the story. He has been rather sceptical about girls ever since.



GREAT preparations are being made down South for Mr Alfred Hill's performance of 'The New Jerusalem' of his own composition.

THE Auckland Orchestral Society hold the first concert of their season on Friday. Aucklanders are anxious to see how Professor Towsey will get on. Dunedinites predict a triumph. The programme for the occasion is a most excellent one.

THE young ladies' orchestra, whose former concerts will be remembered with pleasure, has been re-formed under the conductorship of Professor Carl Schmitt. Lady Onslow is the patroness of the Society, and prior to her ladyship's departure she expressed her intention of sending out, from time to time, copies of the latest music for the benefit of the Society.

PALMER has opened in Dunedin with a very good musical company from Melbourne, which will in due course reach all the principal cities. 'Aunt Lucinda' is the opening piece. It is a funny little farce strung together for the sake of introducing a number of good songs. A descriptive song by Palmer himself, 'That is Love,' was one of the favourite items in Dunedin. Misses Glen and Alma Obrey are among the company, also Messrs Bergin and Leighton; Mr Baxter, an 'eccentric comedian,' and a Mr G. Coughlan, who is a comic actor.

THE second concert given by Madame Goldenstedt (*nee* Staunton) in the Auckland Opera House was a great financial success. The star was suffering from indisposition, but the programme was gone through notwithstanding. Artistically the operatic selections were somewhat unsuccessful. It is a great pity that Gounod's music should so often be undertaken by people unable to do it justice, and for a contralto to sing the 'Jewel Song' is a great mistake.

VERDI is progressing slowly with his new opera. He is old, rich, and has won his laurels, so he can afford to. Nearly sixty years ago he went from his father's mill to the Milan Conservatory, and was dismissed for 'wholly lacking in musical talent,' but nine years later his 'Nabucco' was produced in the same city before an enthusiastic multitude. He was called to the footlights thirty times—a pale youth in shabby coat and broken shoes, who looked only at one person in the house, his astonished and delighted old father.

'MONSIEUR L'ABBE,' a piece by Meilhac and Saint Albin, which has made a hit at the Palais Royal in Paris, is the story of a mother-in-law who tries to keep a young husband out of mischief by a course of sewing circles and books of a high moral character. He absents himself from these choice entertainments, and, hearing that he is maintaining a separate establishment, she asks her friend the Abbé to investigate. The latter finds that the suspected establishment is a snug little retreat where the young husband and his wife are able to enjoy each other's company without outside interference. This is the whole plot, but it is said to be told very effectively.

MR BEERBOHM TREE'S Hamlet has roused the London critics to a frenzy of admiration. One critic says:—'His conception of the character is marked by considerable breadth of view, he has not forgotten the many trifles which are essential to a great creation. Every movement is full of meaning; and there are times when the actor's knowledge of stage-craft throws quite a fresh light upon passages in the play. The play scene, for example, stands out in strong relief. Hamlet has provided himself with a copy of the speech written for the first player, and with this copy he follows the actor, anxiously watching the faces of the King and Queen meanwhile. As the Player Queen pronounces the lines—

In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first—

Hamlet blisses out the words "accurst" and "first," still keeping his eye fixed upon his mother. The amount of energy which Mr Tree concentrates into the next line "Wormwood, wormwood" is remarkable. But the supreme moment comes when Lucianus pours the poison into the ear of the sleeping King. Hamlet crawls closer and closer to the Royal chairs upon which the King and Queen are seated; and when they rise, springs up and meets the King face to face. He triumphantly tears his manuscript into shreds; and then—in the sudden revulsion of feeling—declaims the lines:—

For some must watch, while some must sleep
So runs the world away.

• TENNIS + TOPICS •

THE Otago Lawn Tennis Association tournaments extended over two Saturdays. The winner of the ladies' championship turned up in Miss L. Mackerras, of the Otago Club. It was generally supposed that the Carisbrook lady crack, Miss G. Rattray, would carry off the championship, but she was beaten by Miss Grant by eight games to three, the latter in her turn unexpectedly succumbing to Miss Mackerras, scoring five games to her opponents eight. Misses Brodrick and Weldon, aided by a good handicap, had not much difficulty in winning from Miss G. Rattray and Mrs Woodhouse in the final for the Ladies' Handicap Doubles.

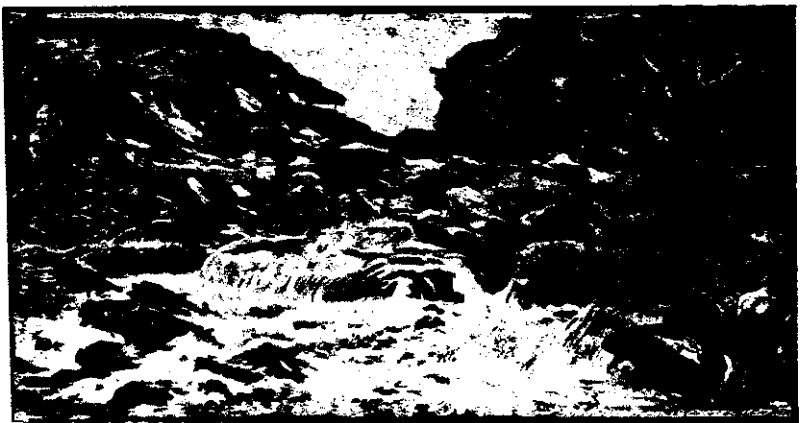
IN the Men's Champion Singles most interest was centred in the meeting of Borrowes and Harraway. The latter went away with a strong lead, and looked all over a winner, but Borrowes came in at the finish, and won by 97. The heat

between Sleigh and Ridings was well contested, and the latter left the court a winner. Stilling and Bridges, Devenisty and Morton, and Harraway and Webster alone remained in the Men's Handicap Doubles, and the final heat was between Borrowes and Harraway, the former winning 61 x 65 (best of three sets). The same player with Miss Grant won the Club's combined tournaments from Sleigh and Miss J. Scott.

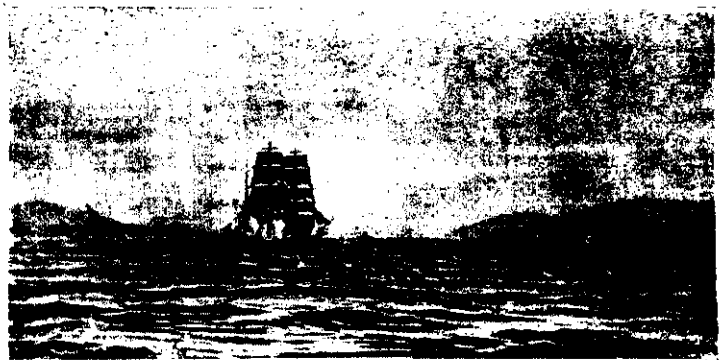
THE friendly contest between a tennis champion, Miss Douglas, and last year's champion, Miss Isabel Rees, of Ashburton, was played at Blenheim the other day. After a close and most exciting contest Miss Rees won the final match, and was therefore the winner by two matches to one. The play on both sides was first-rate, both ladies being so equally matched. There must have been over a hundred people on the Wairan Tennis Courts to witness the contest, Miss Rogers, assisted by Miss Beatrice Horton, dispensed very welcome hospitality in the shape of tea and cake. I may add that Miss Isabel Rees wore blue serge skirt and navy blue and white striped flannel blouse, gem hat; Miss Douglas, navy skirt, white shirt, gem hat.



SPRING TIME—MAORI VILLAGE—F. W. WRIGHT.
Auckland Society of Arts Exhibition.



OTIRA GORGE—VAN DE VELDEN.
Auckland Society of Arts.



SHIP ENTERING WELLINGTON HARBOUR.—J. S.
Auckland Society of Arts.

ATHLETICS.

IN the north the event of the week has, of course, been the Autumn Carnival held by the Auckland Athletic and Cycle Club in the Domain. As usual, the arrangements were good, though they have been better. The 'times,' for instance, were not posted this meeting, a very silly and annoying omission, as some records were said to be broken, and the hoisting of winning numbers was painfully slow. The attendance was remarkably good, and until the de-



MR. J. H. HEMPTON.

parture of the 'reps' the proceedings were sufficiently spirited, but after they had finally rolled triumphantly away in their carriage to the strains of 'See the Conquering Hero comes' (rather previous this, by the way), interest seemed to drop considerably, and the afternoon dragged somewhat. No doubt the weather was partly to blame. It would have needed a Mark Tapley to feel jolly in the muggy Scotch mist which drifted over the ground from time to time. The band kept things from becoming dismal, but altogether there was a chastened aspect in the air of the spectators, and though the racing was good enough for anything, the function was somewhat sad.

EVERYBODY had looked forward with a great amount of interest to see how the New Zealand representatives, now on their way to England, would run at the meeting, and no doubt their names attracted many people to the grounds. After the easy manner in which Hempton put down his opponents in the 75 yards, it was expected we should have a grand opportunity of judging his 'turn of speed' of the longer distance. It was, therefore, with no small amount of chagrin that people witnessed him return from the starting post. The sprinter's conduct in this matter has been the subject of so much comment that I have neither time nor space to discuss it fully. I may say, however, that he informed me before the race, that since he saw the handicaps he had no desire to run at all, as he was handicapped up to his very best form, and it was only under pressure he consented to do so. Being put back another yard on top of this made it a hopeless job for him, so he thought it best to retire.

BATGER, too, was a great disappointment. After moving only for a place in his heat in the 120 yards hurdles, and not extending himself, I confidently awaited a great race between himself, Cuff, Martin, and Roberts, but Cuff in his heat, after going exceedingly well for four or five hurdles, fell, and Batger, not being at the post in time for the final, the starter refused to wait, and so robbed the race of its chief attraction. The action of the Club in this matter was and is very much condemned on all hands. Batger was half-way to the starter when he sent the others off. It was only the matter of a second or so to wait. Surely the courtesy due to a guest, and the public interest displayed in the man would have warranted this.

DERRY WOOD, after trying in vain to wend his way through his field, could get no closer than fourth for the 600 yards, and this must be considered a great performance considering the time was 1.5th of a second under the record. The 1,000 yards championship was a magnificent race, all three men keeping close together until the last round, when Musker sputtered at the back of the course, Davis following close, leaving Farquhar behind. The struggle up the straight was, indeed, very exciting. Musker, the champion, ran a beautiful race throughout, and timed his 'run' at the finish to a nicety. Had Davis showed more generalship he might have made it an even closer finish. It was very foolish of him to run on the

outside like he did, thereby losing many yards. In the bicycle races Reynolds showed brilliant form, and proved himself a long way the best man on the ground, and as he has a beautiful spurt, he should with care develop into a first-class man. Firth had bad luck in riding 5 seconds. He rode very wide in every race, especially at the bends. He has, however, a very pretty action, and with care has all the makings of a good racer. Campbell deserved his wins, as he rode well in both races, and has a very good spurt.

THE hero of the meeting was undoubtedly A. F. Burton, who won both the one and three miles' walks easily. The one mile was truly a marvellous performance, beating all previous records for New Zealand and Australia in the grand time of 6.53.2.5th. He walks without the semblance of an effort, and his style is by far the prettiest on the ground. The three miles was also a grand exhibition, but he believes he could have done it in a minute faster had there been anyone there to 'take him along.' F. H. Creamer in this race walked very 'gamely,' and should develop into a first-rate man, as he is still very young. Hackett's win in the 150 yards was very popular; he came very fast at the finish. He also performed very well all day, winning the high jump. He also ran in 75 yards and 300 yards, and jumped in the long jump, not a bad day's work.

THE club's handsome 'victor,' which is run for annually, has on this occasion resulted in a tie, P. J. Hackett and G. B. Beere each scoring six points. A deciding race between the pair will settle the ownership for the coming year. A gold medal is presented to the winner of the victor as a re-



MR. L. A. CUFF.
Secretary N.Z.A.A.A. and Manager N.Z. Team.

membrance. The club have yet to decide what the deciding race shall be which shall fairly test the long distance man and the sprinter. It will be a curious and most interesting event.

MOST of the Otago football clubs have held their annual meetings, among them the Alhambra, Kaikorai, Pirate, and Zingari-Richmond. The former, who were the premier team of last year, re-elected D. Paterson as secretary and treasurer, but held over the election of Captain till the first fifteen has been chosen. I think they are almost sure to re-elect J. McCleary, last year's skipper. D. Torrance, I am glad to see, will have charge of the Kaikorai team, and F. Farley is again secretary and treasurer. The Pirates had a very good meeting at the City Hotel, presided over by Mr Stilling. They elected A. B. Drabble Captain, and I must congratulate them on their choice, as Drabble is an ideal captain. J. Hutchinson still holds the office of secretary and treasurer. The Zingari-Richmond Club held over the election of their captain. A. McLeod was elected secretary.

I hardly know what the Club's prospects are. The Alhambra and Kaikorai Clubs' fifteens will be almost the same as last year, but the Pirates team will be very much altered. J. H. Arthur, and Crosby Morris, Ronaldson and Farquharson will not be playing, and they will leave a gap not easily filled. The two former will be very much missed in the open, and Crosby Morris

and Farquharson were to wets of strength in the 'scrum.' Macarney and Landels, late of the High School team, have joined the Blacks, and should be very valuable behind the pack. I have not heard anything of the Dunedin University and Zingari-Richmond further than that the former have lost a consistent forward in Mitchell, and 'Varsity will be without Mendelsohn and Andrew.

THE Carisbrook Cricket Club won the Otago Senior Cup, defeating the Grange Cricket Club by more than an innings. Hope's bowling was too much for the Grange men. He took 7 wickets for 11 runs in the Grange second innings.

THE Dunedin Amateur Boating Club and the Otago Rowing Club both have crews in training for the Dunedin Regatta, which takes place on the 26th inst. I do not know who represent the former in the senior race, but L. R.



F. W. Edwards, photo, Auckland.
MR. D. WOOD.

Wilson (late of Auckland), Fulton, Cooke, and Deehan compose the O.R.C. crew.

THE return match between eleven representatives of the Wairan Cricket Club and twenty-two veterans was played at Blenheim lately, and was most amusing and exciting. The result was a draw, but the veterans had really the best of the game. Mr Bodle put together 23 in fine style. For the 'young un's' Mr Sharp batted brilliantly for his 21. A good performance was that of veteran Rutherford. Evidently the task of driving his four-in-hand all the way to South Canterbury and back had not put his hand out. Mr McNab made 14, and Mr Conolly 9.

THERE were a great many ladies present, and the only drawback to their enjoyment was the chilly south-easter which blew up during the afternoon. Mrs C. Earp and Mrs de Castro, instead of giving their tea at the tennis, helped Mrs Snodgrass up at the Cricket Ground. The marquee in which tea was served was largely patronised. Mrs Lucas, and the Misses C. Dixon, A. Pasley, B. Horton, H. Smith, L. Farmer, and Messrs Snodgrass and de Castro were most kind in helping Mrs Snodgrass and Mrs Earp with the tea.

THIS dispensing of the cup that cheers and does not inebriate at cricket is very commendable. It makes cricket twice as enjoyable if there is a good attendance of ladies. I hope the Blenheim example will be followed extensively. In Auckland the attendance of ladies at cricket has dropped off most lamentably. Surely some fellows' sisters might take the matter up. The Auckland Club girls would dispense tea to their triumphant boys, and so with the other. The Gordon would, by the way, need stimulants or something to cheer them up.

THE following account of a ladies cricket match comes from Christchurch. It is written by one of my lady correspondents:—'Have other New Zealand girls ever gone in for cricket at all? Mrs Wigram had a mixed match at her last tennis-party, consisting of nine a side, six girls and three men. The men played left-handed all the time, and the whole affair was great fun, to watch, at any rate. Not being one of the players, I could not give my opinion on the other side of the question. I should not think it was very great bliss, at any rate, not when your fingers happened to be doubled up with catching the ball sooner than miss it, which often happens I know, although, of course, it stands to reason that the girls are too proud ever to acknowledge such a fact. Miss Bewick seems to have a very good style, and her bowling proved in many cases too much for the left-handed players, although they were men! Some of the other girls who played were Miss L. Bewick, the Misses Maude, Sanders Vernon, Helmore, Wynn-Williams.'

The success of the Auckland swimmers at the recent championship meetings at Christchurch and Ashburton have been pretty well threshed out in the papers, but though it is somewhat late in the day I cannot avoid making a few remarks. H. J. Bailey's record was in its way unique, and is worth setting forth in full. His first victory was at the Judge's Bay Regatta in 1888, when he swam into first place in the race for boys under seventeen. Since then he has won the boys' race under eighteen, Calliope Dock, 1889; 100 yards handicap, Calliope Dock, 1889; 200 yards handicap, Albert-street Baths, 1889; 100 yards Club championship, 1889; 440 yards championship of New Zealand, Calliope Dock, 1890; 100 yards championship of New Zealand, Hamilton, 1890; 150 yards championship of New Zealand, Hamilton, 1891; 100 yards championship of New Zealand, Auckland Dock, 1891; 220 yards championship of Hamilton, 1892; 100 yards championship of New Zealand, Christchurch, February 27th, 1892; 440 yards championship of New

Zealand, Ashburton, March 2nd, 1892; 880 yards championship of New Zealand, Lyttelton, March 5th 1892; 50 yards championship of the Waitemata, 1892; 50 yards scratch race, at Auckland, February 20th, 1892; 36 yards dash, Albert-street, 1892; 50 yards cigar and umbrella race, 1890. Goldwater and Duthie, have both fine records, and I only regret that want of space forbids my giving them in full.

ONE of the greatest advantages from these associated outcamps held in the various centres is the opportunity for comparing notes, observing differences of management, and the opportunity given for picking up useful wrinkles for application at home. The Aucklanders, for instance, cannot fail to have been struck by the bond of good-fellowship existing amongst all the Club members. The honorary and active officers seem to take a great deal more interest in the active members than is the case in Auckland. These two things I attribute to the fact that the Clubs are formed as much for social as athletic purposes. The Club rooms, which are comfortably furnished, are an institution, and help to bring about this result. There is a piano, and all the sporting papers are filed. Writing material is also supplied for the use of all members. The effect is that swimmers are continually meeting one another and exchanging ideas.

A PECULIAR thing about Christchurch is that the facilities for bathing (I am now referring to the general public) are very poor. There are no public baths except at Sydenham, and these have only recently been opened. The clubs are forced to make use of the baths which are attached to the public schools. These consist of concrete cisterns, 25 yards by about 12 yards, and are supplied with artesian water which is very cold. They are surrounded by a fence, but have no covering, and are used by the clubs subject to certain restrictions as to time, etc. The membership of the two clubs in Christchurch is very large, owing to the fact that no one who is not a member of a club can get a bath to swim in.

THE coldness of the water is doubtless responsible for the rather poor speed average of the Christchurch men. It is impossible for them to practise to the same degree. For the same reason there are very few long distance men in Canterbury. In the half-mile championship Canterbury as a province was not represented. Crow, however, the Dunedin man, swam as a member of the West Christchurch Club.

ONE thing must have struck, and struck very pleasantly, representatives from other quarters, and this was the manner in which all kindred sports, rowing, cycling, etc., endeavoured to make the stay of the visitors as pleasant as possible, and also the manner in which they assisted the management at the competitions, which on the whole were conducted in a very able manner. In conclusion, I would like to say that the Canterbury people are most impartial in their applause, and I am sure that if Bailey had won his championships before an Auckland public he could not have been more enthusiastically received. The same applies to all the visiting swimmers.

A BOWLING team from Milton Club met the Dunedin Club a day or two ago on the Dunedin Club's green. A most enjoyable game was played, resulting in a win for Dunedin by fourteen points. After leaving the Dunedin green, the Milton team proceeded to the Caledonian green to play the Caledonians, the visitors again being defeated, this time by six points.

SAYS one of my Christchurch correspondents:—"The Polo match between the Waikari and Second Christchurch Clubs resulted in a win for the latter after a hardly-fought game. The two sides were very equally matched, and consequently the play was exciting to watch. One never gets weary of looking on at polo at any time; there is always too much incident in the game, and if the play is fast, as it certainly was that day, it becomes doubly exciting. Next day two matches were played, the first between your team (from Auckland) and the Rangiora men. Again Christchurch got the best of it by something like seven goals to two, I think. Some of Mr Beauchamp Lane's hits were splendid, as were also Mr George Palmer's back-handers. Messrs O'Rorke and Stewart, of the Auckland team, played a capital game for their side, Mr O'Rorke being particularly active, and always "on the ball."

NEW ZEALAND CRICKET CLUBS.

NO 1, AUCKLAND C.C.

THE exceptional performance of the Auckland Club in having gone through all their cup matches without sustaining a single defeat was certainly one of the most remarkable features in the cricket of this season. To play 8 matches and win everyone of them was certainly a good performance, and the team have attracted such general interest as to thoroughly familiarize the cricket public with each individual member of the club. How much of this success was due to the untiring devotion and ceaseless energy of the Hon. Sec., Mr Arthur Beale, is best known by those who have any idea of the work this most popular secretary has accomplished. Since the palmy days of the club, when it used to supply nearly two-thirds of the 'reps.', and since the departure of such men as Barton, Billy Robinson, Cozen, Stafford, Blair and Co., the eleven has been an inferior one. To Beale essentially belongs the great revival of form we have witnessed this year. To the Rev. I. Richards, who has captained the team of late years, is also due a word of praise. He has invariably 'rolled up,' and often with great inconvenience to himself, and in batting, times without number, has had to play the uphill game when things looked black for his side, and we confidently aver that it is to the pluck and enthusiasm displayed by these two players that the Auckland Club owes its proud position. Nearly all the matches were won in a most easy and decisive manner. The only danger of defeat was the

first St. Mary-Onslow match, when Brabazon, who had to be taken on at the last moment, managed to keep up his wicket and let O'Brien make the runs. It must be admitted that Dame Fortnae did smile on them in this match, as nobody for an instant thought that second's men would long withstand the attack of such trundlers as Row, London and Co. Still, in all their other matches they showed brilliant all-round cricket, and moreover, they proved they could play an uphill, notably when they pulled their second match with Gordon out of the fire by their brilliant bowling and fielding. Being possessed of such a formidable 'quartette' of bowlers as Neill, Beale, Arneil, and Howlett made it a difficult matter for any club to make runs, and the bowling of the first named right through the season, with one or two exceptions, was indeed worthy of every praise, and it would not be too much to say that he practically won some of their earlier matches for them. He bowled a most accurate length throughout, and his working away on the off side gained him most of his wickets. It was a very rare occasion indeed when sending down this ball he bowled a bad one.

AUCKLAND CRICKET CLUB.

LIEUT. ABDY, R.B.—Played 6 innings for total of 221 runs; average 36.6. Very hard hitter, punishing loose bowling in great style, but goes out of his ground too often. Has splendid eye and plenty of muscle. A swift but very erratic bowler. Did not bowl in Cup matches. A good field. First change behind the sticks.

A. O'BRIEN—Has left Auckland. Only played in 3 matches for an average of 28. Splendid style, and ought to be the best bat in the Club, but is inclined to be lazy and doesn't practise. Rather a slow field.

J. T. HOWLETT.—A representative man; played 8 innings for an average of 25.2, making a total of 202 runs. Is one of the best all round men in the district. A free bat; hits hard with plenty of wrist play; has suffered from hard luck several times this season. A neat and sharp field, especially at cover point, returning the ball well. A steady bowler with tricky delivery, taking 13 wickets for average of 8.7.

T. H. WILSON.—An old Waikato man. Divides with Abby howbeit as the hardest hitter of the team, and scores very fast. Made more runs for his Club than any other man, getting 290 in 10 innings for average of 29. A fine catch, but slow in getting underway. Bowls with good break, but was not successful this season. Is an Auckland keeper.

T. NEILL.—Has average of 21.2 for 9 innings; hits out too early in his innings; had good luck all through the season. Does not watch the ball enough when running, and has run his partner out more than once. Fair field, but rather slow. Does not bowl.

REV. I. RICHARDS.—Captain of the team. Keeps wickets, and has improved greatly since last season. Very strong on leg side, but is liable to be taken with a leg break on the off ball. Altogether a fairly reliable bat. Has played 8 innings for a total of 140 runs, an average of 17.4. Cannot play in representative matches owing to pressure of work.

R. NEILL.—Another Representative. Best bowler we have had in Auckland since the Mills Brothers, Meldrum and Co. Left. Has improved wonderfully since last season. Has a good leg break and fine length, but is apt to pitch his balls short when punished. Has captured 57 wickets at a cost of 6.16 each. Always well up in batting averages, this year getting 135 runs in 8 innings. Fair but not brilliant in the field.

A. HOWARD.—Came up from the second eleven this year. Is a promising bat, and makes the most of his height. Really a brilliant field with smart return, and the surest catch in the eleven. With practice should be near the top next season. Played 6 innings for average of 19.4.

J. ARNEIL.—Jack is almost a veteran in the cricket field, and has always been to the fore. His bowling has come off first again this season, he being responsible for 12 wickets at cost of 8.4 each. Did not practise much in early part of the season, but was more attentive later on. A thoroughly reliable bat, keeps cool, and plays good up hill game. Played greatest number of innings for his club, getting through 11 times for average of 13.4. Fair field.

A. M. BEALE.—Medium to fast bowler, with heavy action, and slight off break. Has helped his club more than once in this department, taking 24 wickets for average of 9.20 runs. He obtained a total of 61 runs for the seven times he has been in, but is only a moderate bat.

J. C. WEBSTER.—An awkward man to bowl, but has average of only 8.5 for 6 innings. Good reliable field, and always in his place. Bowled once in the season, but with no success. Has paid more attention to yachting than cricket this season, or would have held a higher position.

H. W. TAYLOR.—First season as senior. Played four times, and was then sent in strengthen the second eleven. Keeps wickets, but not brilliantly. Had average of 8.2, but is not up to senior form.

A. E. HATTON.—Is better in the field than with the bat. Generally takes point, and has proved himself sharp in that position. Is too apt to slog, and does not trouble the bowlers much. Had average of 8.5 for seven innings.

HATTON, TAYLOR, A. HOWARD, A. M. BEALE, R. NEILL.



F. W. Edwards, J. LAXON (Scorer), LIEUT. ABDY, REV. I. RICHARDS, J. WEBSTER, T. NEILL, J. ARNEIL, J. T. HOWLETT, WILSON, AUCKLAND CRICKET CLUB—WINNERS OF SENIOR CUP.



Robinson, MR H. J. BAILEY, photo, Auckland. Champion Swimmer of New Zealand.

THE OLD TIME SABBATH.



GREAT many of the characteristics of the Sabbath of the Puritans are still to be found in the New England of America especially in remote districts, where the angles of provincial thought have escaped, more or less, the friction which contact with new ideas causes. Places of worship were called meeting-houses.

At first they partook of the character of a fort, then of a granary, and at all times were uncomfortable and unsightly. It was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that stoves were used, but wherever an attempt was made to use them there was a very bitter opposition. One of the members of the Brimfield Church, which had come without any means for heating during winter up to 1819, refused to contribute to a fund for the purchase of a heater on the ground that 'good preaching kept him hot enough without stoves.' Yet in those days stoves were more necessary than now, for then sermons were long and prayers even longer. There is a record of one prayer which was two hours long, and Judge Sewall in his diary relates that on one occasion he expounded the Scriptures for two hours and a-half. A person who had not 'the gift of prayer,' which was determined by the length of time he could pray rather than by the sentiments, was looked down upon. Later on congregations began to become a little more independent, and some of them thought the services too long. In Medford one man made a bargain with his minister that he would attend church regularly provided he could leave at 12 o'clock; and promptly at that hour he walked out, though the sermon was not half finished.

Within the meeting house the congregation was seated in accordance with the social position of the members, the men, however occupying one side of the house and the women the other. In front, on either side of the pulpit was a seat of highest dignity, known as the 'fore-seat,' occupied only by persons of the greatest importance. From this point there were gradations, each person having his seat assigned by a committee. As he rose in the world he was approached nearer the 'fore-seat.' Dissensions over seatings often lasted for years, for the Puritans were stubborn in demanding what they deemed their rights, and the women were as ready then to resent a fancied slight as they have been at any time of the world's history. It was no wonder that many men were not willing to 'meddle with the seating.'

One of the necessary adjuncts of the church in those days was the tithingman, whose duty was to look after the boys and if any disturbed the congregation to take them out to

the horse-block and chastise them. Often has the 'stilly' of some great minister been rarely broken in upon by the wild scream of a poor lad undergoing punishment. Another of the tithingman's duties was to awaken the sleepers, and the length of the prayers and sermons must have made his position anything but a sinecure. In an old diary of 1646, occurs an account of the adventures of Allen Britton, who 'hath bin chosen to wake ye sleepers in meeting.' In prosecuting his duties he came across Mr Tomlins, whose sleep was agitated by a dream of a woodchuck hunt. Mr Bridges thrust his staff into the small of Mr Tomlins' back, whereat the latter did spring up 'and with terrible force strike his hand against ye wall, and also, to ye great wonder of all, propheticall exclaim in a loud voice, curse ye woodchuck.' Another old farmer, a man of dignity, who owned his own pew, when admonished by the tithingman that he was not listening to the sermon, seized his wife by the shoulders, shouting at the top of his voice to the imaginary sheep, 'Haw back! haw back! Stand still, will ye?' The tithingman had other duties, which extended outside the church. He saw that the boys did not go swimming week-days; that the children of certain families were properly taught their catechism; that no one walked or rode too fast to or from meeting; that no young people walked abroad Saturday night; that 'sons of Belial strutting about, setting on fences, and otherwise desecrating the day' be reported to the magistrates; that bachelors were always where they ought to be; that no one drank more than he thought was sufficient, he having the power in public houses to fix the amount beyond which no visitor could go without fear of punishment.

Yet liquor was an article of pretty general consumption in those early days. It was good and strong, even the 'hard cider' being capable of stimulating the tough old farmers, who seemingly could withstand anything. Rum was the principal drink, and it was brought forward on all church occasions. A church 'raising' nearly always resulted in broken arms or legs, owing to accidents to intoxicated members. On other occasions a sort of bar was established at the church door; at ordination dinners rum flowed like champagne at a modern banquet. 'The early Puritan ministers,' says the author, 'did not, as a rule, drink to excess any more than do our modern clergymen; but it is not strange that though they were of Puritan blood and belief, they should have fallen into the universal custom of the day, and should have 'gone to their graves full of years, honors, simplicity and rum.'

The observance of the Sabbath was enforced by fines and punishments, which seemed to apply to every act except that which had some reference to worship. In New London

John Lewis and Sarah Chapman were tried for 'sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple tree in Goodman Chapman's orchard'; Elizabeth Eddy was fined 10 shillings for 'wringing and hanging out clothes'; James Watt was publicly reproved 'for writing a note about common business on the Lord's Day, at least in the evening somewhat too soon'; Captain Kemble of Boston was set for two hours in the public stocks for his 'lewd and unseemly behaviour,' which was nothing more than kissing his wife on the Sabbath on the doorstep of his house, on his return from a three years' voyage. A Maine man who was rebuked and fined for 'unseemly walking' on the Lord's day, pleaded that he ran to save a man from drowning. The Court exacted a fine, but ordered that the money should be returned when he should prove by witnesses that he had been on that errand of mercy. Sabbath-breaking by visiting abounded in staid Worcester to a most base extent, but was severely punished, as local records show. In Belfast, Maine, in 1776, a meeting was held to get the 'Town's Mind' with regard to a plan to restrain visiting on the Sabbath. The time had passed when such offences could be punished either by fine or imprisonment, so it was voted 'that if any person makes unnecessary Visits on the Sabath, They shall be Look't on with Contempt.'

HE HAD NOTICED IT.

SHE was very rich, but slightly *poisee*, and he was poor. 'You are so beautiful,' he whispered as they sat out in the lambent light of the harvest moon, and the languorous music of the orchestra in the distant ballroom was wafted to them, sweet and low, on the evening air. She did not take her hand away as she felt the warm pressure of his upon it. 'But beauty fades,' she sighed regretfully, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tone. 'Yes,' said he, abstractedly, 'I had noticed that.' She snatched her hand from his and with a scornful look froze him to the spot, so that the iceman picked him up with his tongs in the morning and delivered him at the kitchen door.

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THE VICE-REGAL TOUR

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO THE WEST COAST.

(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE ILLUSTRATIONS PAGES 300-301.)

THE WEST COAST SOUNDS.

FTER enjoying a lovely outing on Lake Manapouri with Mr Murrell, we reluctantly got ready next day for the homeward trip, intending to proceed from Manapouri to the West Coast Sounds, via the Bluff, by steamer, accordingly bidding good-bye to our host and hostess, Mr and Mrs Murrell, who, in spite of all present inconveniences, made us exceedingly comfortable, and it is to be hoped that in the future they will be amply rewarded for their plucky venture in building an accommodation house for tourists in such a lovely and interesting country as that which surrounds Lake Manapouri. The road (if such an appellation can be given) from Manapouri to the 'Key' Hotel is over undulating tussock country intermingled with some swampy patches, and makes

in the neighbourhood, and at present some half dozen men are engaged prospecting Coal Island with very good results by getting small nuggets of gold, but the gold, as a rule, is exceedingly fine.

CHALKY INLET.

In the morning, the weather still lovely, we lifted anchor and soon passed Chalky Inlet, the next harbour to Preservation Inlet. Coasting along past Cape Providence and the S.W. Cape the country is about 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, and very rugged.

DUSKY SOUND.

We steam on, passing South Point, and then enter Dusky Sound with its numberless lovely islands, the largest of them being Indian Island, Long Island, and Cooper Island. Away on our left lies the large Resolution Island, the near end of it terminating in the Five Fingers Point, a fantastic cluster of rocks of various heights and of sugar-loaf formation. Steaming along the Sound, passing island after

boats, weasels, ferrets, cats, etc., our lovely native birds are doomed to extinction on the mainland, and it is only by preserving these islands that we will be enabled to retain specimens of our fast-decreasing birds. The next Sound we pass is Dagg's Sound, and as it is not very interesting we pursue our way to Doubtful Sound, which is more rugged and grander than any of the preceding sounds.

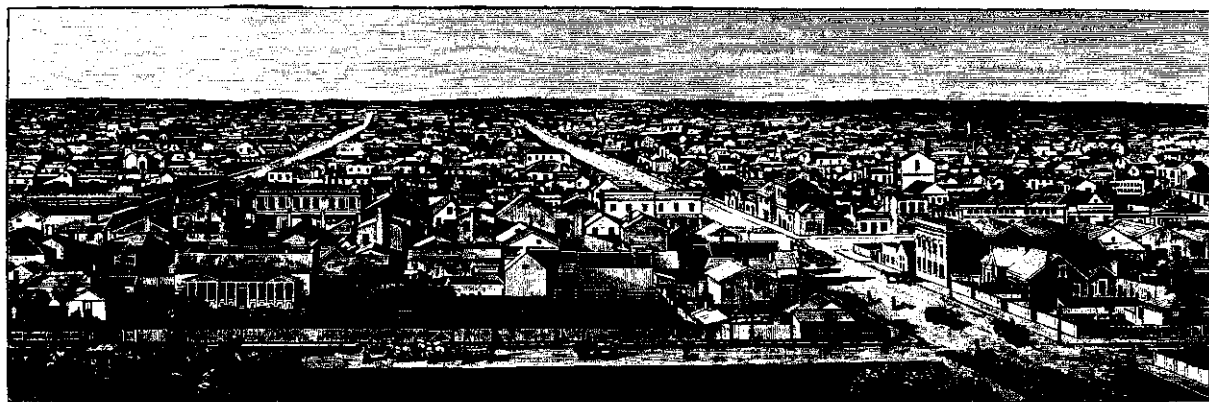
DOUBTFUL SOUND.

The left side of Doubtful Sound is composed of Secretary Island, which is about twelve miles long. We steam up the Sound, which gets more and more rugged as we approach Smith Sound, which is the name given to the middle portion of the Sound. The mountains on the left are very high and snow-capped, whilst on the right numerous waterfalls are seen coming down, forming lovely cascades in places nearly 2,000 feet high.

HALL'S ARM.

We steam on till we reach the end, which is called Hall's Arm, and the scenery here is of the wildest and most romantic description. Two lovely islands keep sentry in the foreground, their forest branches touching the water in places. On the right a huge beetling perpendicular cliff rises from the water about 3,000 feet high, whilst away at the head the snow-clad summits glisten in the bright sunlight. It is with regret we notice our good ship points her head outwards again from this lovely spot.

Retracing our course as far as Woodhead, we steam up Bradshaw Sound for a short distance, but it is not nearly so pretty as Hall's Arm. We then keep to the inside of Secretary Island, and reach the ocean again through Thompson Sound. Being beautifully clear and a perfect calm, the spin along the coast to George Sound is thoroughly enjoyable. On the way we pass the s.s. Herald coal-laden bound for Dovedin, and amidst waving of handkerchiefs, etc. we soon glide past her. We pass Nancy, Charles, and Caswell Sounds in succession, but do not enter them, being intent on reaching George Sound, where we anchor for the night in a charming Bay.



INVERCARGILL.

travelling very bumpy for light vehicles. We safely reached the 'Key,' where Mrs Bench had lunch ready, so having a short halt there we pushed on to Lumsden, arriving there in good time for dinner.

INVERCARGILL.

In the morning we were aboard the train at Lumsden bound to Invercargill, which was reached the same day. The next day His Excellency proceeded to Riverton, and had a hearty welcome there from the inhabitants, being presented with an address of welcome. As the Hauroto had arrived at the Bluff with the Countesses of Jersey and Galway on board, the whole of His Excellency's party left Invercargill to proceed to the Bluff there to join the Hinemoa, which was to carry the Vice-regal party on an excursion to the famous Sounds of South West Otago.

PRESERVATION INLET.

Everything being in readiness on board, the good ship Hinemoa, under Captain Fairchild, steamed out of the Bluff with a lovely calm sea bound for Preservation Inlet, a lovely harbour about eighty-four miles from the Bluff. We rapidly steamed along the coast, getting a lovely view of Stewart's Island and the other numerous islets which abound in the vicinity. Crossing Tawaewae Bay (a deep indentation of the coast) we rapidly approach the Puysegur Point Lighthouse, which stands prominently on a high headland. A short distance off lies Coal Island, which we round, and then enter Preservation Inlet studded with islands, and all clad with verdure to the base, being backed up by the fine masses of mountains lying towards the interior of the mainland. The principal peaks are Bald Peaks (3,380 ft.), Solitary Peak (3,270 ft.), on the right hand side, and on the left Treble Mountain raises its head 3,390 feet high, the Rugged Peaks (4,360 ft.) forming the background behind Long Sound. We proceed slowly up the inlet and enter Long Sound by a very narrow passage. Steaming along, new views present themselves at every bend the steamer rounds, the whole scene being beautifully reflected by the placid waters, unruffled save by a flying shag or a frightened penguin, who quickly dives down and propels itself at a great pace under water, both legs and wings being brought into active service. A lovely trip is brought to a termination by the steamer rounding and returning to Cattle Cove, a charming little bay near the entrance to Preservation Inlet.

CUTTLE COVE.

Remaining here for the night we had a fine sunset effect on the high ranges, the colouring being of the loveliest tinting as the orb of day settled down in the West. Plenty of fine fishing can be obtained here, groper, blue cod, and other fine fish being very abundant, and greedy in biting the bait. There has been considerable prospecting for gold

island, we at length espy a habitation on the left-hand side. This is where a Mr Docherty spent a number of years prospecting the surrounding country for auriferous and other minerals, being fairly successful. It was also in this sound that Mr Reischek, the notable Austrian naturalist, spent such an interesting time with his celebrated dog Caesar, who succeeded in capturing numbers of the rare native birds for his master. We steamed right to the head of Dusky Sound, and stayed there a short time, then we came back through the inside of Cooper's Island through a deep, narrow channel, the surrounding mountains rising up about 4,000 feet high, and very precipitous.

BOWEN CHANNEL.

After passing Cooper Island we turn around to the right through the Bowen Channel, which here divides Resolution Island from the mainland. The scenery along this channel is very fine, the forest coming right to the sea level, and as we steam along many pretty waterfalls are constantly brought in view, many of them taking their final leap straight into the sea.

WET JACKET ARM.

Speeding on about six miles we turn sharply to the right again, and then slowly proceed up Wet Jacket Arm, where the scenery is very beautiful. We fell in with a school of porpoises as we were steaming up the Arm, and it was very interesting to watch their gambolling along the still surface of the water. Occasional rifle shots were indulged in by our party at them, but none took the desired effect of hitting them. On account of the enormous depth of the water the fish seemed to go almost alongside the rocks—in fact, it is so deep along the shore that the largest vessel afloat can be watered from some of the fine waterfalls. Anchoring at the head of Wet Jacket Arm for the night, we started early in the morning for George Sound.

BREAKSEA SOUND.

Still keeping inside Resolution Island, we pass through the Acheron Passage into Breaksea Sound, in which a lovely island called Sentry Island is located. At the entrance to Breaksea Sound, Breaksea Island is situated, keeping guard over the lovely Sound. After passing Breaksea Island, the coast line still presents a rugged appearance. Numerous patchy reefs are met with at intervals, but they do not extend very far off the shore. En passant, I may mention that Resolution Island is destined to be the national aviary for the preservation of native birds being as it is free from all our imported pests; and where the native birds thrive remarkably well. There is no doubt but if the Government secure the Little Barrier in the North Island, with Resolution Island in the South, it will be of national importance in years to come, for what with the

GEORGE SOUND.

Here the course can be seen for the regatta, which is held here by the 'Tarawera' excursionists on the various trips, numerous buoys being placed for the various courses. A grand waterfall, or rather cascade, is seen close by the anchorage tumbling down at a great rate. Above the waterfall a pretty sylvan lake called Lake Mary exists, and is a charming resort for the 'Tarawera' picnicers.

George Sound is somewhat grander than the others we have passed through, the mountains here rising up very abruptly for a height of about 4,500 to 5,000 feet above the sea, and completely hemming you in with their weird massiveness. The great feature of all these Sounds is the luxuriance of the native flora, for on all sides of you is found examples of all the Southern forest—giant pines, birches, beeches, etc., and the way some of them cling on to the granitic rocks is something extraordinary. No doubt their remarkable growth is due to the copious rainfall, which always keeps so much moisture in the crevices of the rocks.

Starting early in the morning, our destination is now for Milford Sound, about 28 miles from George Sound. Bligh Sound is the only indentation between George and Milford, and we pass by, it being similar in aspect to most of the others. From outside George Sound a lovely view of Mount Pembroke glacier is obtained, standing up in a lovely pyramidal form glistening under the morning sun.

MILFORD SOUND.

St. Aun's Point at the entrance to Milford is soon reached, and the steamer being eased down, we soon are among the giant cliffs which keep guard over the entrance. Rising up on our right 5,560 feet is the famous Mitre Peak, with the light



STIRLING FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.

fleecy clouds clinging to it forming a picture of wonderful effect of light and shade. Pursuing our course slowly along, regarding as we go all the marvels of former glacial action, we suddenly come in sight of the lovely Stirling Falls 505 feet high, but their height is dwarfed by the proximity of the gigantic cliffs here abounding. The 'Lion' Rock rises up about 4,000 feet above the sea level, whilst behind it as we proceed toward Harrison Cove Mount Pembroke gradually opens up 6,710 feet high, the lovely glacier with which it is crowned now showing up in all its purity. We cruise around Harrison Cove admiring the weird grandeur all round us, which is really awe-inspiring when one thinks of the multitude of years that it took the glacial action to carve out such a wondrous locality as Milford Sound.

BOWEN FALLS.

Skirting the shore from Harrison Cove towards the head, we come in sight of the Bowen Falls at the head of the Sound, which are one of the sights of the Sound. To be fully appreciated they ought to be seen after a heavy rain, when the roar from the volume of water pouring over 560 feet high is something to be remembered. To give an idea of the force of the water, some of the misty spray was driven right on to the steamer, which was anchored fully half a mile from the foot of the Falls. The Union Company have now laid down moorings opposite the Falls for the convenience of mooring their steamers whenever they



ENGAGEMENTS

THE engagement is announced of Mr Edward B Brown, of the legal firm of Brown, Skerrett and Dean, Wellington, and Miss Eliza Baillie, eldest daughter of Captain Baillie, M.L.C., of Blenheim.

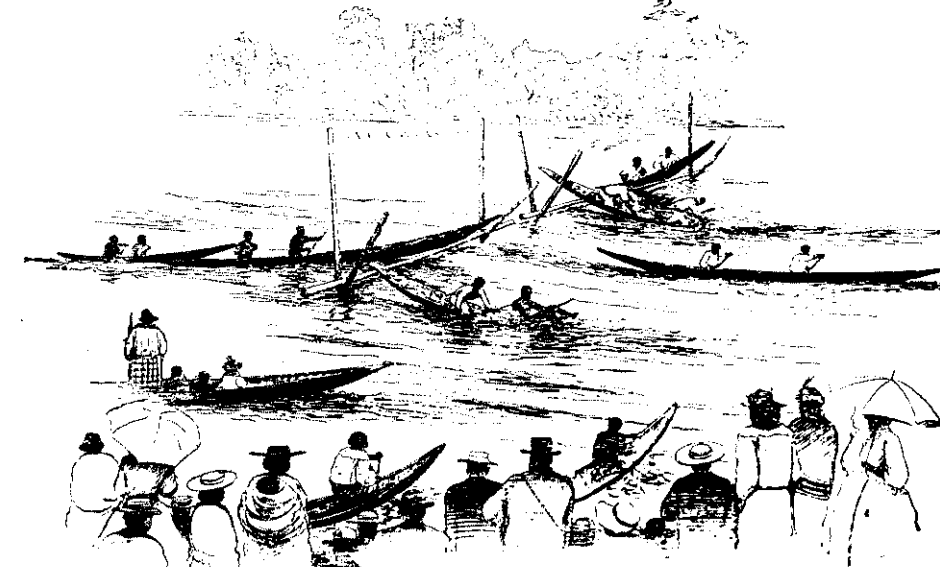
The numerous southern friends of both parties concerned will be delighted to hear of the engagement of Mr Lincoln Rees, of Gisborne, son of W. L. Rees, M.H.R., to Miss Lena Jervis, daughter of H. M. Jervis, J.P.

THE MERCER REGATTA.

ONE of the most popular outings of the summer season in Auckland is the Mercer regatta. This year a large crowd gathered at the little township to witness the regatta and sports, which passed off most successfully. Our artist has obtained a very fair illustration of a part of the 'scene' on



the Mercer wharf during the progress of the racing, and opposite is depicted the foliage of Turo Island, where a great number of visitors to the regatta found their way. Here is found shelter from the heat of the sun's rays, while the many events set down on the sports' programme can be viewed under favourable and comfortable circumstances. While the regatta is proceeding the view on the river is a unique one, and to those who are curious to see a scene in old-time Maori life, the regatta is particularly interesting. The fine illustrations convey an idea of the sights on the river, and the types of Maoris who mingle with the crowd in the township. The activity of the dusky tribe in their canoes is astonishing, and how they manage to get their frail craft over the hurdles in the obstacle race is a cause of wonder to the spectators.



MERCER REGATTA—THE CANOE HURDLE RACE.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ROME LIGHTED FROM TIVOLI.

Rome is to be lighted by means of the beautiful Falls of the Tevere, which have made the little town of Tivoli famous. They will supply the power for producing the electric light, which the authorities have just decided to use in the principal streets of the capital. The distance which the current has to be transmitted is eighteen miles. The lamps will be hung over the middle of the roadway, as in other Italian cities.

A DOUBLE SATELLITE.

The first satellite of Jupiter is puzzling astronomers just now. The Lick observers, while watching through their great telescope its transit across the disc of its primary, were surprised to see it distinctly double. Two dark spots, where only one should have been, separated by about a second of arc, were seen moving across the bright face of the planet. On a subsequent occasion the satellite in transit appeared, not double, but elongated, as if the two bodies—if there be two—were more in the line of sight. Whether the satellite is really double, or merely ringed like Saturn, it will require further careful transit observations to decide.

NEW JERSEY'S CHANGING SHAPE.

The State of New Jersey U.S.A. is gradually undergoing various changes. The eastern shore of the continent is sinking at the rate of from one to two feet in a century, the rainfall is carrying down the land by way of the Hudson and Delaware rivers at the rate of about one foot in five centuries, storms are sweeping away the soft edge of New Jersey, but in spots and not regularly along the line. This latter loss, however, is offset by the effect of the tidal currents, which, sweeping along the shore, tend to add to the size of the State.

FRUGALITY OF BEES.

Mr W. H. Harris records in *Nature Notes* a remarkable instance of 'frugality in bees. The recent extremely rainy weather seems to have suggested to his bees that there would probably soon be an end of honey-making. Accordingly, although there was a crate of fairly filled sections above the stock-box, they adopted vigorous measures to prevent future inconvenience. 'It is a positive fact,' says Mr Harris, 'that my bees, not content with ejecting larvae of both drones and workers, proceeded to suck out the soft contents of the corpses, leaving only the white chitinous covering, which had not hardened sufficiently to prevent the workers from piercing it with their mandibles, and then inserting their tongues.'

AN ELECTRIC BIT.

A demonstration was recently given in Chicago by a Mr Halson of an application of electricity to the stoppage of horses otherwise out of control. After placing a set of his patent harness on a span of high-spirited horses, he hitched them to a new top buggy and connected the lines to wires running from under the seat. He then took a seat in the buggy and gave the horses two slashing cuts with the whip. They immediately started down the street with every appearance of a genuine runaway. Suddenly both animals reared in the air, danced frantically for a moment, throwing their heads viciously, and came to a dead standstill. Mr Halson then jumped out, and described the manner in which the horses were stopped. By means of a small battery and coil in the carriage a system of wiring through the harness, and the pressure of a conveniently-located button, a mild shock is given the horses from the bit. The strange sensation induces them to back away from a seeming attack in front, and thereby causes them to immediately stop. The shock is not of sufficient strength to injure the animal in the least, but it is enough to check any horse.

LORD ONSLOW PHOTOGRAPHING.

visit the Sound. Donald Sutherland, the famous explorer of this locality, has now completed the erection of a hotel for the convenience of people who care to live for a time in this charming Sound. Two large rivers flow into the Sound near Sutherland's, viz., the Arthur and Cleddan Rivers. There is a charming lake about two miles up the Arthur River called Lake Ada, and the surroundings are remarkably grand, but the abundance of snags in the lake rather spoil than add to the beauty of the scene. There are several lovely rocky islets, which are of most curious shapes. A fairly good track leads from the mouth of the river to the lake and is much appreciated by those who desire a trip to the lake and back. It has been formed by the prison gang, who have their quarters on the banks of the river near the mouth, where substantial houses have been built for their accommodation. They are getting on very slowly with the road works, being, no doubt, delayed by the constant bad weather so prevalent in these parts.

The view from the head of the Sound looking towards Mount Pembroke is of the grandest character imaginable. On account of the surrounding grandeur any one object is terribly dwarfed, and distance seems a mere nothing. For instance, no one for a moment would believe that it is about five miles from the Bowen Fall to the Stirling Falls by looking at them across the Sound from one to the other. There is no doubt that anyone in want of scenery of the most sublime and grandest variety should pay a visit to Milford, and if possible stay some time, so as to see it in all its aspects. To see it in sunshine and to see it in rain are sights which can never be obliterated from one's memory.

During the stay of two days at Milford many opportunities were given to explore the vicinity, but really one could spend a month very easily. Here His Excellency secured several specimens of live native birds—kiwis, kakapos, etc.—intending to try and rear and carry them to England. Photographing also formed no small portion of his labours whilst we were in the Sound.

Time being up for our visit to come to a close, we left Milford in the afternoon homeward bound for the Bluff again after a remarkably fine weather trip throughout. A splendid passage followed, the ocean being wonderfully calm, so that we arrived about 11 a.m. at the Bluff the following day, and as His Excellency had the farewell festivities to attend at all the centres of population on his journey up the coast, he proceeded with all haste on to Dunedin.

WHAT IS A VOLCANO ?

A volcanic mountain consists of alternating sheets of ash and lava, mantling over each other in an irregular way, and all sloping (or 'dipping,' as geologists say) away from the centre. In the centre is a pit, or chimney, widening out towards the top so as to resemble a funnel or a cup. Hence the name 'crater,' which means a cup. In the centre of the cone there is frequently a little minor cone. The shape and steepness of a volcano vary with the nature of the materials ejected. The finer the volcanic stuff the steeper and more conical is the mountain. The formation of a volcano may not be inaptly illustrated by the little cone of sand formed in an hour-glass as the sand grains fall. The latter settle down to a certain slope, or angle, at which they can remain in their place. This is known as the 'angle of repose.'

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.



BOWEN FALLS, MILFORD SOUND,
540 FEET HIGH.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

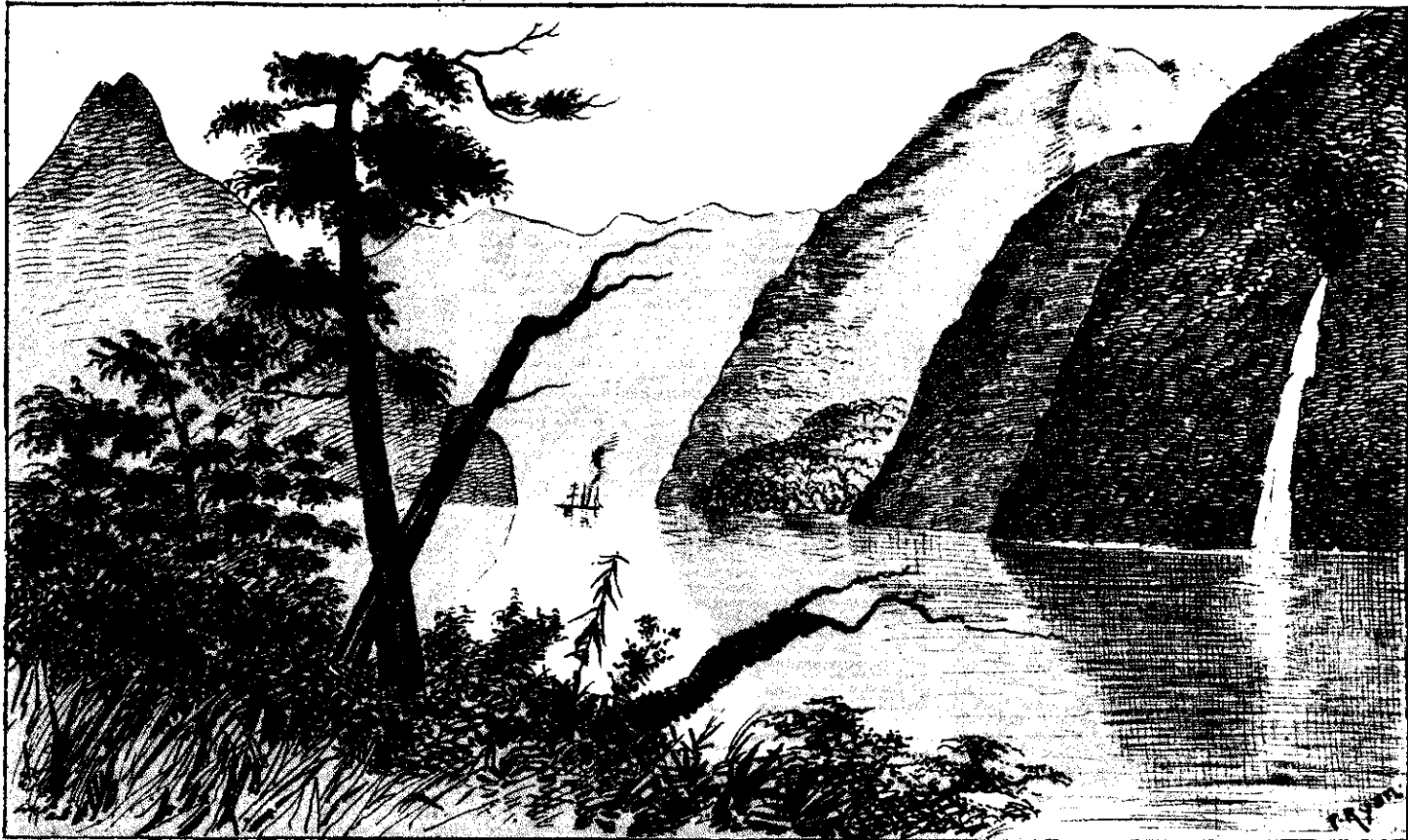


STERLING FALLS,
500 FEET HIGH.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



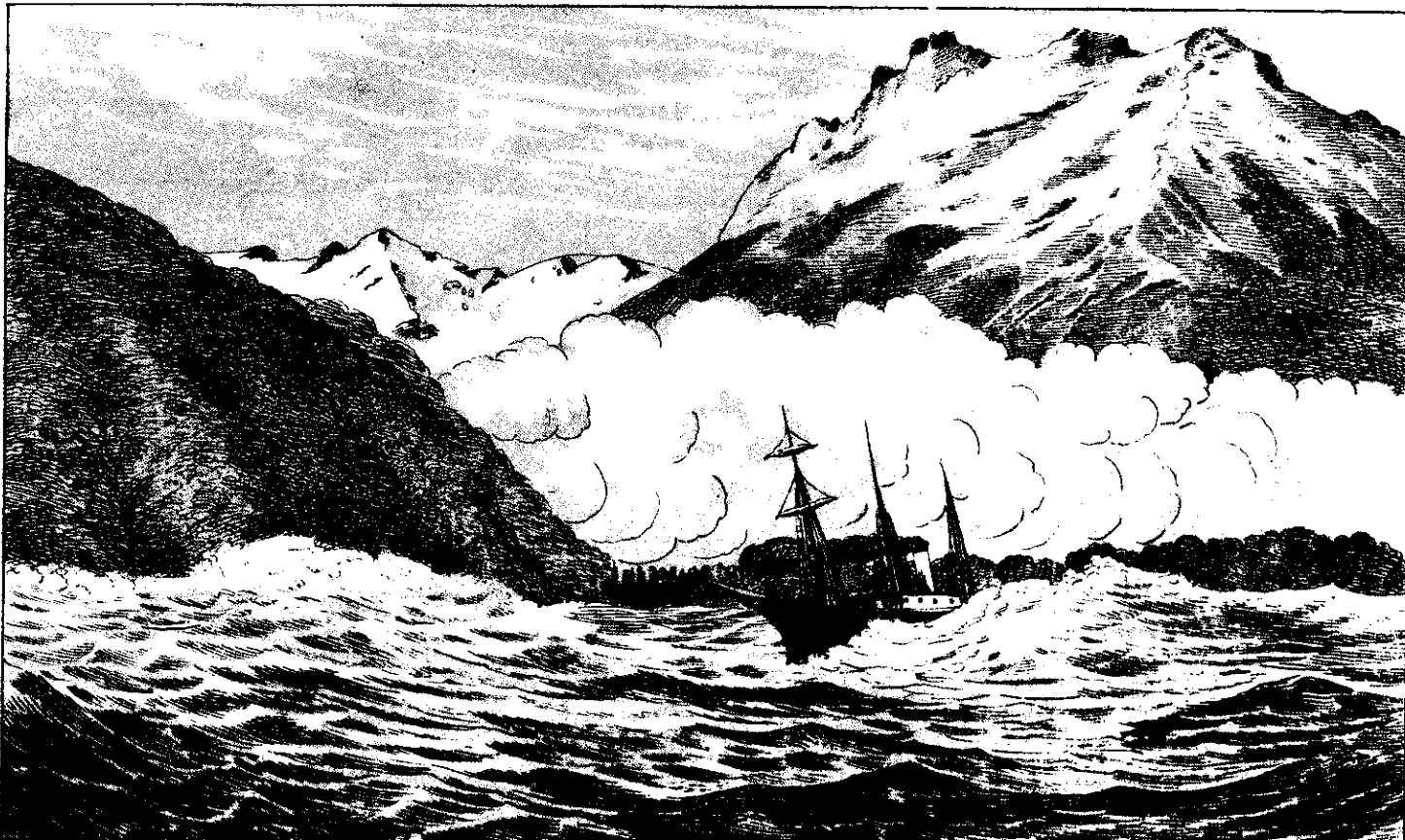
HARRISON'S COVE, MILFORD SOUND.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OVER THE ALPS WITH THE GOVERNOR.



VIEW IN THE WET JACKET ARM, LOOKING DOWN.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



"HINEMOA" OUTSIDE MILFORD SOUND IN A GALE

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the very obvious changes which appear in these letters...

BOY TON.—Many thanks for your letter, which we could not print in full...

WELLINGTON.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 16. A fashionable marriage of interest took place at Masterton a few days ago...

At the much regretted conclusion of Bentley's season there was a large and appreciative audience...

Mr Alfred Hill's first concert was given the first night the Opera House was free, and was attended with much success...

There is very little solo music in it at all. I was quite disappointed that there was nothing but part music for the ladies...

Mrs Parsons wore black, and Miss Latham wore black velvet with ruffles of white chiffon...

Mrs Parsons wore black, and Miss Latham wore black velvet with ruffles of white chiffon; Miss Ross wore a soft maize gown with wide flounces of white lace...

Mrs Godfrey Knight gave a pleasant tennis party at Government House, her uncle, Sir James Prendergast, being acting-governor...

I am sorry to tell you that Mrs C. Izard, of Hobson-street, is lying very ill in Dunedin...

AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 15. I have a wedding, that is of more than ordinary interest, to describe, the happy couple being Mr Robert Wilkinson...

Mr John Fandler and Mr Jackson Palmer (M.H.R.) acted as groomsmen. Many beautiful and costly wedding presents were received...

Miss Freda Marsden, assisted by musical friends, gave two of her delightful open-air concerts during the week in the grounds of her residence, Pine Grove, Parnell...

I must tell you of a very pretty and well-managed wedding which took place at St. Sepulchre's Church. The weather was beautifully fine—in fact, it was regular wedding weather...

Mrs H. E. Jackson gave a very enjoyable little afternoon tea at her residence, Remuera. The tea and music were excellent. The young hostess looked charming in a tea-gown of shell-pink Liberty silk...

DEAR BEE, MARCH 22.

It did, indeed, seem a pity that after weeks and weeks of glorious weather it should just change on the eve of St. Patrick's Day...

Despite the rain, Professor Pannell's swimming pupils held their sports in the Graving Dock, a goodly number being present, principally parents or relatives of the young competitors...

The Amateur Athletic and Cycle Clubs Autumn Carnival in the Domain cricket ground was attended by a large assemblage, but the attendance of ladies was not nearly so large as usual...

Amongst the ladies present I noticed Mrs Allison, wearing a handsome black neveuille gown, black and gold hat, and prettily braided fawn jacket...

spots, hat to correspond; Miss Lusk looked well in all black; Miss Birch, as usual, looked pretty in white, and black gauze hat relieved with flowers...

I must tell you of a few of the many pretty costumes worn at the delightful fancy dress ball given by Mrs McMillan, Remuera, in honour of her son, Mr Gibson...

Miss Scherff, as Mary Queen of Scots, looked extremely well. Many thought she was the belle; others admired Miss Hesketh as the belle...

Owing to the more than threatening appearance of the weather there were not many new frocks worn at Mrs Birt's garden party at Lake Takapuna...

Captain and Miss Anderson, Mr and Mrs J. Ansenne, Mr and Mrs Graves Aicken, Mr and Mrs James Ansenne, Mr and Mrs Ashton, Miss Ashton, Mr and Mrs J. Abbott, Mr and Mrs I. Alexander...

NEW PLYMOUTH.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 10.

Mr Brooks gave another of his popular organ recitals and again it was a great success, both as regards the entertainment provided and attendance. As regards music, I fear it will be a case of *embarras de richesses* in New Plymouth. Mr Garry is back again, and so we have charming band concerts now and then, and there is also some talk of a third musician taking up his abode here. Can three musical men make a living in a town of this size? Query. Well, to return to the recital, there were only two vocal solos, both of them good. Miss Margaret Newland gave us 'Consider the Lilies,' and we enjoyed it thoroughly. It is always a pleasure to listen to Mrs Robinson, who had chosen 'As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams' on this occasion. Mr Brook's selections were Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' also Andante Grazioso in E Minor (Bach), and 'Silver Trumpets' (Viviani). His own composition, an Adagio in A Flat, found great favour with his audience.

And now I must tell you about a wedding which has taken place here lately, or rather in this district. The little town of Urenui, about twenty miles from New Plymouth, was quite in a flutter of excitement. The road was thronged with carriages and horsemen from the neighbouring towns. By eleven o'clock the pretty little church was quite full of interested spectators to the first wedding which had ever taken place within its walls. The bride was Miss Marjorie Halcombe, eldest daughter of Mr A. F. Halcombe, and the bridegroom Mr Wilfred Taylor, of Marton, both being well known and very popular in the district. It was agreed by every one that this was one of the prettiest weddings that Tararaki has ever seen. The bride looked charming in soft white *nervilleux*, simply made, and with a long train, and of course she wore the usual long tulle veil and orange blossom. Her bouquet was the envy of all present, and scented the whole building. Her two bridesmaids—her sister, Miss Queenie Halcombe, and Miss Frances Cornwall—wore white poncee dresses and hats, and bright yellow sashes, also gold brooches, gifts of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr M. C. Kevern. Archdeacon Govett, of New Plymouth, assisted by the Rev. T. Baker, of Waitara, performed the ceremony, and Mrs Baker played the 'Wedding March' as the bridal party left the church. If rose leaves have any share in promoting the happiness of newly married couples Mr and Mrs Taylor ought to be blest indeed, for their way was literally paved with these scented blooms. There were triumphal arches, too, gay with evergreens and flowers, and inscribed thereupon were the good wishes of Urenui's inhabitants. There were also many visitors from New Plymouth and other parts. Amongst them I may mention Mr and Mrs Gibbins, Mrs H. B. Leatham, Mr and Mrs J. W. Mitchell, and the Messrs Govett, Hursthouse, Humphries, Newland, Captain and Mrs Cornwall, etc., etc. After the wedding the party partook of luncheon at Mr Halcombe's residence, 'Fern Grove,' and the happy pair left by the afternoon train for Marton. The bride's going-away dress was of light brown tweed, with long cloak of the same faced with cardinal silk, and tweed hat also trimmed with cardinal.

I have only time to write you a short letter this time, but I have yet another wedding to describe—that of Miss Moffat, of Waitara. I must, however, put that off till next week.

MIGNONNE.

TIMARU.

DEAR BEE, MARCH 1.

Recently Leon Driver was here, and was greeted with a fashionable audience. He was assisted by the Lovegrove, who was in very good voice. This young lady wore a handsome dress of pink satin with a long train. Among the audience I noticed Mrs Meredith Kay, in handsome grey dress; Mrs Smithson, soft grey cloak; Mrs Antill, pretty delaine; Mrs Hassel, brown silk; Mrs Ziesler, electric blue gown; Miss Turnbull, black; Miss Hassell, pretty delaine; Miss Hall, white; the Misses Allen, black and white, respectively; Miss Cramond, black; Miss Lovegrove, gold velvet; Miss M. Lovegrove, green; Miss Cooper, white; Miss Roberts (of London), black; Miss Raymond, the Misses Rutherford and many others.

But I have noticed some very charming dresses in the street lately. Mrs Buchanan is wearing a very handsome black silk dress, one of the fashionable lace mantles, and small black bonnet with field daisies. Mr Landsborough, beautiful lace mantle, and small black bonnet with jet ornaments; Miss Allen, grey summer tweed, with white silk vest richly embroidered with gold, charming hat trimmed with violets; Miss E. Lovegrove, a most becoming blue figured print, beautifully fitting, and Tom-tug hat; Miss Cramond, brown tweed piped with black silk; and her sister, a sweetly pretty heliotrope gingham, and large hat to match; Miss Maggie Allen, pretty grey dress with three-quarter cloak to match, and Bond-street hat; Miss White, grey three-quarter cloak, and black and white Bond-street hat.

There have also been alterations in the Customs' offices. Mr Rich, our present collector, is being retired, and Mr Andrew Hart, who was here for over twenty years, and has lately been in Wellington, is coming back as collector. I am sure everyone will be glad to welcome back Mr and Mrs Hart, but a great deal of sympathy is felt for Mr Rich and his family, who a little over a year ago came over from the West Coast, where they had lived for many years, and are now, as it were, cast adrift among comparative strangers.

A pleasant little dance was given the other night on board the Grife by Captain Roberts and his two daughters. The arrangements on the vessel are excellent for anything of this sort, and all enjoyed the evening immensely. The Misses Roberts have become great favourites during their short stay in Timaru, and we shall all be sorry when the Grife is ready for sea.

We were all sorry to see the announcement of the death of Mr A. R. Spalding. Mr Spalding was for some years manager of the National Mortgage and Agency Company's branch here, and was greatly liked and respected both in the office and among his social friends. He resigned his post here a few years ago and went home on account of ill-health. Much regret is felt at his death.

I believe we are to have the pleasure of hearing Mendelssohn's oratorio, 'Elijah,' in Timaru about next July. Mr Sydney Wolf intends to get it up, and has engaged soloists from Wellington, Christchurch, etc. This will be a great treat for us all if it is well done.

ESTELLE.

LONDON.

DEAR BEE, JANUARY 23.

How different this letter to the one I last wrote you! Then the one thought was how best to see the Royal wedding! This last week the Royal funeral has engrossed every one's attention. There were three telegrams posted on the Mansion House on Thursday morning, which were read by anxious crowds, but not until the last from the Prince of Wales himself—'Our beloved son passed away at 9 a.m.—ALBERT EDWARD'—was posted up did we really believe that the Duke of Clarence could die. There seemed so much for him to live for. Then the outward signs of a public mourning began to appear, flags were floated half-mast high, and from eleven to twelve the bell of St. Paul's—only rung on the deaths of very special and important personages—was tolled. The first stroke was, as usual, rung by the Dean's verger, who performed the same mournful office for the Prince Consort and the Duke of Wellington. The other fifty-nine strokes are rung by the bell-ringer, who times them—one a minute—by his watch. The blinds of the palaces, clubs and private residences were all closely drawn at once. Other city bellies now began to toll spreading the sad news far and wide. They came the official order for the court and general mourning. The latter stated that 'it is expected everyone do not themselves into mourning for three weeks from January 15th.' The Queen was at Osborne when the sad news arrived, and the Royal Family waited a little while before breaking the fact very gently to Her Majesty, who is said to have been quite crushed by the tidings.

We heard little from Sandringham House until Sunday morning. Into the first terrible moments of grief an outsider has a right to pry. The body of the young Prince was viewed by the household on Thursday afternoon. Round the bed, and at the head and feet the Princess Victoria had lovingly arranged exquisite lilies of the valley and other white flowers. Late on Friday night the plain oak coffin containing the remains of the late Duke was quietly moved to the neighbouring church, where it was visited on Saturday by the sorrowing mother and sisters, who remained long in the little church. At eleven o'clock on Sunday the faint light from the wintry day fell on a very impressive scene in the church. There in the chancel was the coffin covered with a silken Union Jack, and at its foot a floral harp with broken strings. Most exquisite and valuable were the flowers which in great abundance wreathed the coffin—arum lilies, eucharist lilies, and a few rare roses, etc. The labourers on the estate and the village folk were there, mostly in some kind of mourning, all deeply sympathetic. Then the Royal party entered, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two daughters and Princes George and Princeps May. The Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife came in later. They were all in deep mourning. Special prayers were read, and there was no doxology, no sermon, no litany. There were four beautiful hymns. It was a never-to-be-forgotten service. On Monday, after the family had again visited the church, anyone who liked was admitted, crowds availing themselves of the permission.

At St. George's, Windsor, the preparations for the funeral were very alight. The Knight's stalls were seated in purple, and the processional way was covered with grey felt, a colour chosen by the Princess of Wales. On Wednesday there was a short service in Sandringham Church lasting only a quarter of an hour, then the procession to the railway station was formed whilst the bell tolled solemnly. First the Royal artillerymen, eight troopers on black horses, the gun carriage—the same that was used for Lord Napier of Magdala—drawn by six horses, bearing the coffin, one of the most beautiful crosses on it having been placed there by the Princess of Wales herself. The tenantry and members of the household were pall-bearers. Then the Prince of Wales walked, with him the Duke of Fife and Sir Digby Probyn. Every head was bared as the father passed out into the road. After the mourners on foot came the carriage and pair of the Princess of Wales, with herself, Prince George, and the Duchess of Fife. A second carriage contained the Duchess of Teck, Princesses May and Victoria. The third was occupied by Princesses Margaret and Miss Knollys. The road to the station lay two and a-half miles with two steep hills. Crowds of people lined the road, nearly all in deep mourning. At the station the guard of honour reversed arms, whilst the gun carriage was taken on to the platform and the coffin transferred to a carriage fitted as a mortuary chamber, draped inside with purple and white, outside with purple velvet. There was on the exterior a large wreath of silver laurel leaves with the letters 'G' and 'A' at its centre. Whilst this was being arranged the members of the Royal Family rested in the waiting-room, then took their places in a saloon carriage, the others of the procession taking some of the eleven carriages provided. At Windsor Station an immense crowd of Princess and representatives of Foreign Powers met the train, detachments of various troops being stationed outside the platform. The latter was red carpeted, and backed by palms, ferns, variegated hyacinths, etc. A magnificent wreath from the Queen of white arseless, arum lilies, hyacinths, violets, bordered with bay leaves, maidenhair ferns and myrtle, was now placed on the coffin. On one of the broad white satin ribbons was inscribed: 'A mark of tenderest affection from his most devoted, loving, and sorrowing grandmother, Victoria, R.I.' The wreath from the Duke's regiment was very lovely scarlet poinsettias, with the Prince of Wales' feathers in white flowers, the motto 'Ich dien' in gold on the white satin ribbons. At twenty minutes past three the immense crowd, waiting in the cold, heard the first grand roll of the muffled drum, the first notes of the muffled bands in Chopin's 'Funeral March,' as the procession started, whilst the roar of the guns in the long walk proclaimed the fact to the more distant watchers. The service in St. George's chapel was very quiet and impressive. A little earth was cast on the coffin whilst the Bishop of Rochester read the words, 'Earth to earth,' by Canon Dalton, the Prince's tutor. Then, whilst the organ pealed forth the 'Dead March in Saul,' the Royal personages went

to the Memorial Chapel, where the coffin will be placed for a time between the escutcheon of the Prince Consort and the recumbent figure of the Duke of Albany. At the same hour memorial services were held at Osborne, St. Paul's Cathedral, and, indeed, through the length and breadth of the land, the day being net apart as one of mourning, shops, theatres, etc., being closed. Is it not strange? this is the fifth Duke of Clarence who has died without leaving anyone to inherit the title? I should think it would not again be revived.

A CITY MOUSE.

ENTERTAINMENT AT MOUNT ALBERT.

'MURIEL,' our Auckland correspondent writes:—'I have to tell you of an entertainment got up by the energetic ladies and gentlemen at Alberton in aid of St. Luke's Sunday-school Fund. It took the form of a concert, followed by a comedy. The former commenced with a well-played duet between the Misses Larkins and Kensington. Miss Kerr-Taylor, dressed in a black lace evening costume, with pretty bare arms and throat, took possession of the stage, and treated us to 'Ye Banks and Braes,' in her rich, powerful voice. Her younger sister, Violet, wearing a pretty pink striped frock, played the accompaniment. Mr Gilmore and Miss Dixon then appeared in the vocal duet, 'Home to Our Mountains.' Miss Larkins, who was wearing a very pretty pale blue evening dress trimmed with white silk and gold braid, officiated at the piano. Miss Dixon was in semi-mourning, black lace partly veiling her V shaped bodice, and acting as transparent sleeves. She did not get on very well with her companion from a musical point of view, whilst he, to his part, seemed to think he was, somehow, singing the wrong sort of song. He got on better when he reappeared later in a music hall kind of entertainment, in which he was the sole actor. So great was the change from the quiet, faultlessly-dressed young man the audience was accustomed to see, that at first he was not recognised. The small boys on the front benches gave him a most enthusiastic encore, to which he kindly responded. Miss Violet Kerr-Taylor contributed the musical part of the performance. Mr Priestley's recitation, from 'Max Adler,' I think, was very good, and elicited deserved applause. Mr Charles James sang 'The Soldier's Dream' in his usual style, Mrs Walker, his sister, playing his accompaniment. Sue looked lovely, her dress a dream of Indian lawn silk, richly embroidered in self colour, with a cascade of lawn lace one side of the bodice, secured by miniature brooches. Her hat was a lawn lace straw liberally trimmed with ostrich feathers. I think the next item was Mr Bassett's song, 'London Bridge,' Mr Couder ably accompanying him. This song was a trifle disappointing. The singer has such a magnificent voice, and the piece selected did not display it to advantage. Notwithstanding this he was encored. But I must hurry on, as there is the comedy to follow, and we shall not get through with the programme to-night. Mrs A. Kerr Taylor, in a white dress and black ribbons, looking as young as ever, sang a solo, but the name I cannot at this moment recall. The Rev. F. Larkins recited the 'Battle of the Loos,' an evidence of his fondness for poetry and excellent memory. Mr Couder, accompanied by Miss Larkins, also favoured us with a song, which was quite appreciated. Mr A. Mackellar told us a love story in a pleasant solo, which was accompanied on the piano by Miss Scherff. The latter's costume was a study in grey, every detail harmonising. The well-known reciter, Mr Kekwick, gave with some dramatic power, 'Don Gai-berto's Victory,' naturally being encored. The two Misses Sellers displayed a good deal of vigorous execution and taste in a duet on the piano. The elder sister was in white, the younger, Miss Maude, also in white with a shell pink sash. An excellent piano and violin accompaniment by Miss and Mr Dixon concluded this part of the entertainment. The comedy was 'The Lottery Ticket.' Far the best actor was Mr Kerr-Taylor in the character of Wormwood; he so thoroughly kept up the spirit of his part. The others—Mr Leslie Haigh (Cajias), Mr Cecil Dawson (a valet), Miss Kerr-Taylor (Mrs Flouencer), and Miss M. Kerr-Taylor (Susan)—do not call for special comment. The play acted at the last entertainment was far better. It would be just as well if the company would submit the play they choose to some discreet matron before performing it in presence of a mixed audience. Also, some of the gentlemen seemed on remarkably familiar terms with his Satanic majesty, the frequent repetition of whose name afforded great amusement to the small boys—who I trust would be whipped for repeating what they heard—and to no one else. A very enjoyable private dance wound up a jolly evening. Amongst those present were Mrs Bell, in a handsome black costume; Mrs M. Alexander, in dark sateen flowered with white, apricot tulle and gold bonnet; Mrs Scherff, brown flowered with white, brown bonnet; she forgot me not; Miss N. Scherff, blue, sailor hat; Miss Dolly Scherff, grey, very large white hat trimmed with black velvet and feathers; Mrs Wright, black; Miss Wright, pale blue and navy, black and gold hat; Mrs Rattray, grey and gold dress, black and gold hat; Mrs R. D. James, black figured satin, black and gold bonnet; Mrs Sellers, handsome black satin, beaded bands on the bodice, black and gold bonnet; Mrs C. James, navy blue and white lace, tiny white bonnet; Mrs Cecil Taylor, black, black and gold bonnet; her four daughters were dressed in white, grey, lavender, and greeny grey respectively; Mrs W. C. Walker, black, black and gold bonnet; Miss Walker, fraise, brown hat; the Misses Alexander, white, coloured esches; Miss Dawson, black; Misses Winnie and Minnie Chambers-Taylor, black; Misses Kensington, white; Mrs Phillips, black; Miss Phillips, white blouse, blue skirt; a younger sister, pink, white hat; Miss Devore, black, with red silk opera cloak; another young lady wore pretty white. Some of these appeared in complete evening dress for the dance. There were several gentlemen who came in with Mrs Scherff and Messrs Horace Walker, J. M. Alexander, W. Rattray, K. Beck, etc., etc., besides those already mentioned.

LOCAL INDUSTRY v. IMPORTATIONS.—Competent judges assert that the Loosengs, Fujubes and Brocots manufactured by AUZANBROCK & Co. are unequalled.—ADVT.

four tables entered for the table decoration prize. It seems to me that if the committees want more competitors for this prize they must give them longer tables, for the ones on show this time were ridiculously small. There were a number of people visiting the show the night I went, including Mesdames Watte, Percy Adams, Oldham, Pitt, L. Adams, Bunny, Holmes, Fell, Levis, Rickett, Richmond, Sclanders, J. Sharp, R. Kingdon, A. Glasgow, Mackay, and Misses Oldham (2), Maceay, Levison, Johnson, Pitt (2), Hosking, Sealy (2), Worsp, Richmond (2), Curtis, Fell (2), Thorpe (Westport), Atkinson, and Jones.

The Misses Richmond have gone on a visit to friends in Greymouth. We all hope they will not remain too long away.

We all heartily congratulate Miss Rochfort upon her success at the Auckland Arts Exhibition last week, and proud, indeed, we feel at having such a talented young lady in our midst.

PHYLIS.

THE ACTING GOVERNOR.

LADY PRENDERGAST'S 'AT HOME.'

The garden party, or rather 'At Home' given by Lady Prendergast at Government House was, as usual with almost everything during the last ten days or so, given in honour of the Senate, which has assembled in Wellington for its session. The Chancellor Sir James Hector, and the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Mr. Andrews were present, besides most of the professors and other members. Both Sir James (the acting Governor) and Lady Prendergast received in the large ballroom, which was carpeted and decorated for the occasion, Lady Prendergast wearing a handsome black merveilleux trained gown, and a heliotrope and gold bonnet with ostrich tips, and magnificent jewellery. It was so pleasant to have Government House thrown open to us again, and in so hospitable a manner. Mrs Godfrey Knight, who, with her son, was helping to entertain, wore a lovely dress of maroon ottoman silk, trimmed with applique of silk cord, a pretty little pink and maroon bonnet with aigrette. The two tennis courts were occupied by the young folk all the afternoon, and the Garrison Band played on the lawn in front of the house at intervals. At five o'clock all the guests adjourned to the drawing room, where a concert was given. Miss Gore sang the first song, and then Miss Ross, a new soprano singer from Dunedin, sang. Then Miss Medley played a piece, then Captain Barclay and Mr Mason, also a new singer, both sang. We were disappointed in not hearing Lady Campbell, whose cold was too bad for her to attempt anything. Miss Ross wore a pretty cream delaine figure with a green and brown, and moss green silk sleeves, and a green and brown rustic hat with flowers. Miss Gore wore cream cloth handsomely embroidered with pale pink and green, and large cream hat trimmed with green velvet and pink roses. Miss Medley wore white figured with blue, and white hat with white feathers. Sir Norman and Lady Campbell were amongst the guests, the latter in wine-coloured brocade and gold tinsel bonnet. Lady Hector wore blue figured silk; Mrs Fitchett, of Dunedin, a stylish dress of cream delaine figured with brick-coloured flowers, and a corset-bodice of brick-coloured silk edged with gold passementerie; Mrs (Judge) Richmond, a handsome black gown; Mrs Robert Hart, in black and mauve; Mrs Charles Johnston, a very pretty gown of blue figured with white, white lace sleeves, and Swiss belt of velvet, a pretty little crinkled hat to match; Mrs Grace, navy blue foulard figured with biscuit colour, bonnet of corntowers; Mrs Brandon, grey and black; Mrs Napier Bell, black satin, with cream and gold front; Mrs Tolhurst, black; Mrs Brown, black, and pretty nignonette bonnet; Mrs W. P. Reeves, grey, white and black stripes, flat black hat with white flowers; Mrs Cooper; Mrs Jellicoe, a handsome bluish-grey silk, trained and trimmed with darker velvet; Mrs Wardrop, grey tweed; Mrs W. Moorhouse, brown trimmed with yellow silk; Mrs Buckley; Mrs Parfitt, in fawn tweed, and brown and fawn bonnet; Mrs Duthie; Mrs Fisher; Miss Johnston (Fitzherbert Terrace), black silk, the long tabs edged with cut beads; Mrs Loughnan, pale grey prettily trimmed with white, black bonnet; Mrs Baker, old rose silk and brocade, bonnet of pink roses; Mrs Medley, Mrs Gore, Mrs Anson, Mrs Harcourt, Mrs Fancourt, Mrs Coleridge, in black, with mauve bonnet; Mrs Travers, fawn tweed, brown and yellow bonnet; Mrs Barclay, Miss Noake, Mrs Whittall, fawn three-quarter cape and brown bonnet; Mrs Stowe, Mrs Mantell, Mrs Elliott, Mrs Castendyke, Mrs Seed, Mrs Treadwell, in black and white figured delaine; Mrs Harding, Mrs Leckie, Mrs Menzies, Mrs L. Reid, black with maize chiffon frills; Mrs Edwin, Mrs Robinson, Mrs Andrews, Mrs and the Misses Halse, Mrs Hislop, Mrs Greenwood, Miss Williams in a lovely pearl grey crêpe gown, the sleeves of brocade exactly matching, and a pretty white tulle bonnet covered with blue yacintihs; Miss Pysent, pink figured with ruby, and trimmed with white lace and bands of ruby velvet, cream hat and long embroidered veil; Miss E. Richardson, white, large white hat with huge bow of pale green ribbon; Miss Hadfield, Miss Cooper, white muslin figured with black, black hat trimmed with grey feathers; Miss L. Izard, Miss Krull (Wangauiti), pale green silk with flourishes of black lace; Miss Hector, grey; Miss M. Grace, pale blue dotted with dark blue; Miss A. Grace, a pretty grey costume, and grey feathered hat; Miss Stowe, cream muslin figured with pink and green; Miss D. Knight, grey tweed, white silk front; Miss Menzies, grey; Miss Quiek, black with pink chiffon; the Misses Harding; Mrs Brandon, terra cotta; Miss Bidgee, etc., etc. The weather was not quite perfect, but almost so, and the garden looked very pretty with tents, seats, etc., erected everywhere. Afternoon tea was served in a large marquee erected in the garden, and altogether it was an exceedingly pleasant and brilliant affair. Amongst the gentlemen I saw Sir J. Hector, the Hon. Dr. Grace, the Mayor (Mr Bell), Dr. Fitchett, Mr Pysent, Dr. Newman, Professor Brown, Dr. Giles, Mr Tolhurst, Mr Martin Chapman, Mr Parfitt, etc. The drawing rooms were artistically decorated chiefly with pot plants, draped with yellow silk, and exquisite ferns and flowers.

SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION AT AUCKLAND.

The Society of Arts Exhibition in the Choral Hall has been quite a fashionable resort throughout the week, both in the afternoons and evenings, and many young people regret exceedingly the termination of the season. Of course, the attendance has been greater in the evenings, when additional attractions were added. On several occasions excellent views of English and continental scenery, etc., were exhibited in one of the ante rooms by limelight, and greatly enjoyed. The band and the Choral Society's orchestra also contributed in no small degree to the general pleasure. The fortunate prize-winners in the art union of the Society, which was drawn under the supervision of Messrs Josiah Martin, B. J. Esam, and W. Johnston, were:— First prize, £15. A. E. Devore; 2nd, £10. A. A. Smith; 3rd, £5. H. M. Wilson; 4th, £5. A. J. Denniston; 5th, £5. A. E. Devore; 6th, £5. Mrs Ranson; 7th, £4. J. W. Henon; 8th, £4. J. H. Upton; 9th, £4. R. Cranwell; 10th, £4. Dr. A. C. Purchas; 11th, £4. J. B. Butt; 12th, £3. C. Z. Clayton; 13th, £3. J. Dickey; 14th, £2 10s. A. L. Edwards; 15th, £2. W. Burgess; 16th, £2. G. M. Reid; 17th, £2. J. L. Wilson. There was a large attendance to witness the drawing, and amongst the ladies were Mrs J. R. Hanna, looking well in a pretty black gown, and small black hat relieved with white; Mrs (Dr.) Knight, wore a very handsome black merveilleux gown, and pretty little gold and pale blue bonnet; Mrs A. Kerr Taylor wore white relieved with black velvet, and small white toque; her daughters were also in white, one wearing a black hat with a cluster of roses; Miss Birch looked nice in brown, with white vest and sailor hat; Miss F. Binney, pretty reddish-brown flowered dress, the bodice trimmed with fawn lace, small black hat; Miss Bleazard, handsome gown of pale blue (silk, I think) covered with olive green leaves, and trimmed with olive green plush, gem hat trimmed with embroidered chiffon and flowers; Mrs Shirley-Baker, brown brocade, and bonnet to correspond; Misses Baker wore, respectively, corallover blue flowered dress, with white vest and hat, all white costume, and pale blue and cream, and large white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Peacock, pretty Tuscore silk dress, and large and stylish hat to match; Miss Runciman, black gown, grey hat; Mrs Blomfield, grey tweed gown with white spots, white hat; Mrs I. Cotter, handsome grey and black flowered costume, with vest and sleeves of steel grey silk, black and grey bonnet; Mrs W. Johnston, all black costume; Miss Johnston, dark grey gown braided with blue, sailor hat; the young bride, Mrs A. L. Edwards, looked prettier in navy blue with light vest and cuffs, and sailor hat; Mrs H. Johnston, black flowered costume, small black bonnet relieved with flowers; Mrs Cameron, pretty blue costume, fawn hat; Mrs W. J. Rees, black costume, fawn bonnet; her young daughters both wore white; Miss Chew, pretty white Indian muslin dress, white hat; Mrs C. Biddle, stylish greyish-blue flowered silk gown trimmed with white lace, sailor hat; Mrs Ware looked extremely well in pale pink flowered gown trimmed with lace, and dainty little floral bonnet with pale pink chiffon strings; Mrs — Firth, pretty all white costume; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield looked lovely in a light grey gown edged with silver, and the cream vest embroidered with silver, large grey hat covered with grey ostrich tips; Miss Dixon, pretty black gown with white vest, and large black hat, Miss Sellers, crushed strawberry skirt, white blouse, and plush jacket, large fawn hat with cardinal trimmings; Misses Hooper (Hobson-street), both wore pretty white dresses and hats; Miss Bakewell, pale blue skirt, white blouse and plush jacket, large cream hat; Miss Gorrie, navy skirt spotted with white, white blouse and white sailor hat; Miss McLachlan, pale blue cambric trimmed with deep white lace, white hat; Mrs J. L. Holland, rich black silk gown, black and gold bonnet; Miss Gillett looked nice in all white costume; Miss Brigham looked pretty in a grey gown trimmed with white silk, and large white hat with feathers; her aunt, Mrs Weetman, from the South, also wore a handsome grey gown trimmed with white silk, and small black jet bonnet with grey tips; Miss McCormick, white embroidered dress, black jacket and hat; Misses Purchas wore, respectively, white and biscuit coloured gown, with tiny hats composed of a cluster of crimson poppies; Mrs Walker, black cashmere, white trimmings; Miss Horne, blue, and her sister, pink; Miss Stuart, black lace; Miss A. Innis Taylor (Tamaki), fawn costume; Miss Kenderdine, fawn.

TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.

I VENTURE to ask the attention of young men and maidens on a subject closely associated with the lives of many of them, viz., Courtship. 'Well, really! I fancy I hear someone exclaim; 'who is this officious person who presumes to interfere in a matter that cannot concern him? Courtship is so essentially a personal thing that no outsider ought to intrude upon it with his theories.'

I readily confess that it does seem somewhat impertinent to attempt a paper on such a topic; but having weathered the storm myself, and being now safe home in port, I venture nevertheless to offer a chart to those in need of it. Its directions are brief, simple, and practical; and, if followed, will, I doubt not, assist them in reaching that haven where, if I may be pardoned for saying so, most young men and young women would be—the haven of matrimony.

The first direction I find in every chart is, that marriage must be based on love. Of course everyone knows that, but many act as though they were ignorant of it. Did we not have, some time ago, columns of letters in the *Daily Telegraph* declaring that marriage was a 'failure'? But when those effusions were analysed it was easy to see the cause of the disaster. Marriages had been contracted from other motives than love. Young people—I am a long way off the shore and yellow leaf myself—cannot learn this lesson too soon. Many go 'courtship' with the conviction that love will come to them by and-by; that after marriage, at any rate, it will be all right, and that they will settle down as others have done before them. This is a snare and a delusion. You who are 'engaged' make quite sure that you love each other now. It is not difficult to apply an effectual test. 'To love is to go out of self.' Is your courtship making you less selfish towards each other? It ought to do so. If it is not, be-

ware that you are not deceiving yourself and your partner by harbouring love's counterfeit,—a mere sentiment that will vanish as soon as the first trial or difficulty crosses your path. Unless you are loving each other with a self-sacrificing love you will find matrimony—that is, if you ever get so far—anything but a haven of rest.

Another direction I find in my chart is this: Let your 'courtship days' be a real preparation-time for the duties that lie ahead of you. Is it not painful to see the frivolity and gaiety that so many engaged people indulge in? 'Life is real, life is earnest,' the poet sings, and we have, or ought to have, no time to waste. Every moment should find us trying to discipline our characters and to develop those Christian gifts and graces without which our lives must lack true beauty. If we act in this way then there will be an end to that unreality—I know no better word to express my meaning—that engaged couples sometimes affect. Be open with each other, and show yourselves in your true colours. Who amongst us has not known persons—men and women alike—who to their lover's face are all beams and smiles, but behind their back show themselves to be irritable, self-willed, and bad-tempered. The mask, of course, comes off after marriage, and then—

Once again. My chart tells me to beware of allowing courtship to interfere with duty. Some young men, I know, are ready to deafen their ears to every call—even to the calls of God—so long as they can prove what they miscall their devotion to their future wife. On the other hand some young women are so exacting that they compel their lover to show attention to them whatever other duty he may neglect. Here again are dangerous waters. The calls of business or of home ties, for instance, may sometimes clash with lovers' engagements. To neglect them is wrong, and cannot be productive of any lasting good.

The fourth direction in my chart is very important. Wherever possible, worship together regularly every Sunday. It is, I know, so easy to find excuses for the neglect of this rule. Work has been so pressing during the week, and a walk on a fine Sunday morning is so pleasant. But nothing will atone for the want of regular habits of devotion, and it is so helpful to worship side by side. This is not always practicable; but in the case of absence each can remember the other at the Throne of Grace, and thus there will be union in spirit.

Finally, I find my chart recommends engaged couples to be one in the Lord. This shall be my last word. Let both parties subordinate their love for each other to their love for Christ. They will not be the losers, but the gainers: their love will be the purer, and their lives the happier.

H. C. HOGAN.

THE NEST WILL SOON BE EMPTY.

BEFORE my chamber window,
In glossy splendour drest,
A giant henlock swung his arms
And bared his brawny breast;
While soft within the shadows,
Slow swaying all the day,
Within his mighty fingers,
A fragile bird's nest lay.

With cheery chirps and twitters,
The glossy twigs among,
Upon the nest a birdie sat
And brooded o'er her young,
Through all the merry springtime,
And summer's mellow ray;
But now the nest is empty,
The birdies fled away.

I watched the little mother,
When, with a coaxing cry,
She taught her tiny youngling brood
To flap their wings and fly;
And when, at last, they fluttered
Into the dying day,
I watched the lonely parent birds
And heard their plaintive lay.

But now the snows of winter,
Are covering o'er the nest,
And covering with ermine soft,
The giant's brawny breast.
And ne'er a birdie's twitter
Is heard the livelong day,
For, oh! the nest is empty,
The birdlings fled away.

Ah me! my little nestlings,
In mother's creling arms!
I brood with loving, jealous eyes,
O'er all your growing charms.
For soon, too soon! my sunset
Will show its reddened ray,
And out into a wind-tossed world,
My wee ones flit away.

But mother-love is tender,
And mother's arms are tight;
She'll teach her little nestlings now,
To know and do the right.
She'll teach them to be gentle
And prayerful, while she may;
Then, 'Neath the shelter of His wings,'
They all must fly away.

But, oh! 'tis for the parent birds
My heart to-day is sore,
And, oh! 'tis for the empty nest,
That was so full before!
And, oh! 'tis for the solitude
And sadness of the day,
When from the shelter of the home,
The birdlings fly away.

BEE EVELYN PHINNEY.

LOCAL INDUSTRY v. IMPORTATIONS.—
Competent judges assert that the Lozenges, Jububes
and Sweets manufactured by ALLSBUCK & Co. are
unequaled.—(Advt.)

MOTHERS' COLUMN.

TRAINING CHILDREN.

It is too often the case in families that the entire responsibility of training the children is left to the mother. This should not be. There are duties which devolve upon the father, and there are duties which belong especially to the mother; but both parents should co-operate in bearing these cares. To properly rear a family of children is no small task. There is the greatest need of the combined wisdom, counsel and efforts of both parents. The mother's household duties and cares are often heavy enough in themselves without having all the extra care of training the minds and hearts of growing boys and girls. She needs assistance. The father's work, too, often calls him from home, or causes him to be away from home most of the time, he therefore needs assistance. Thus we see the importance of co-operation on the part of the parents if they would have all the interests of their children properly superintended.

Children should be so trained that there will be equal respect for the authority of both father and mother. One parent should avoid doing anything that will weaken the authority of the other, or that will militate against good family government. The mother should never say to the child: 'I will tell your father when he comes.' This at once weakens her own authority over the child. It will lead most children to feel that the mother's authority is subordinate to that of the father's; or that the mother is simply a mistress and not a mistress in the family. No such impression should ever be made upon the mind of any child. It will make a jar in family government and open a gap for children to go astray.

It sometimes occurs that a boy will have his request denied by the mother, but he will turn and go to the father who will grant it. This should not be done knowingly. If the father be in doubt whether the boy made the same request of his mother, he should ask: 'What did your mother say about it?' This will enable parents to act in harmony. It is quite proper at times that one parent should submit a request to the other. It is well at times to say: 'See what mamma says about it?' or, 'See what papa says about it.' I do not mean by all this that it is always necessary for the child to have the consent of both parents, and that the parents are to consult each other every time a request is made, but I simply mean that where there is a prohibition laid on a certain course by one, there should be no taking advantage of it by the child's going to the other for permission.

HEALTH FOR BABIES.

MUCH depends upon the regularity of an infant's time of taking nourishment, and yet, few seem to realize it. The shortest time between feeding should be nothing under an hour and a half and the most suitable time is about two hours. But the important point is, to give the nourishment regularly. Whatever time is chosen, do not shorten it because the babe is fretful. Apply warm cloths to the abdomen and feet and if a severe spell of crying cannot be hushed, try giving a little hot water. No need of adding a drop of peppermint, or camphor or any other medicine. What it needs is warmth, and hot water will give that without injury. Do not feed it to quiet it. Often, I believe, babies cry from an over-full stomach. It is almost agony to sit and see the milk forced through its lips in the foolish imagination that it must be hungry to fret so. The best thing to relieve colic, for a simple remedy is the warming by means of an inverted hot saucer, wrapped in flannel and placed over the abdomen. It will quickly relieve.

Care should be taken that the babe is perfectly clean. While it is in its bath, see that every wrinkle has been thoroughly rinsed. Then dry and powder, and then there will be no cause of suffering from chafing. Pulverized tea will often heal after the skin becomes sore, where infant-powder or carstarb seems poisonous. Even at so early an age the habits of cleanliness may be planted. Soon the little thing will crawl and splash around in its tub, and enjoy it as much as a bird does its bath.

After this has been done nothing remains but to keep its feet warm and bowels well regulated. Do not wrap the babe up in two or three shawls, and then wonder why it sneezes at every breath. Let it get accustomed to have no blanket or shawl about it. If not warm enough, add another long-sleeved shirt, but do not wrap it up and keep it from all pure air.

BERTHA PACKARD ENGLT.

HIS AUDIENCE.

A PRETTY story, which has, moreover, the merit of being true, is told of a certain professional singer. He had a beautiful tenor voice, of which he was apt to take the best of care, so that when he was crossing the Atlantic one summer with a party of friends, they were not surprised to find that he disappeared from view every evening at just about the same time.

'Afraid of the night air,' said one, with a slight smile. 'Afraid I'll ask him to sing probably?' said another, but no one questioned him, as he was known to be quite immovable from his own way.

But when the last night on board came, the delegation descended to his state-room to beg for a song or two, and discovered that he was not there. They looked for him in vain, until at last the captain, who had evidently kept the secret as long as he could, said, pointing in the direction of the engine-room:

'I think you'll find him down there; that's where he's gone every evening.'

Sure enough when the delegation arrived at the engine-room, they heard the sound of a guitar and a voice, and there, lolling against the wall, was the recreant tenor, singing his best for the delight of the stokers, whom he had entertained in this way for more than an hour every evening during the voyage.

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed proved the World's Champion at the Paris Exhibition, 1889.—ADVT.

SHOPS AND SHOPPING.

BY MADAME MILLICENT.



It is a little hard that the bad character as regards shopping once bestowed on women should still cleave to them. The sterner sex delight to hurl this remark at their wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts, as they encounter them in front of some well known emporium. 'Shopping again, I declare! That's how you ladies pass your afternoons, when you are not indulging in tea somewhere?'

It is a popular but erroneous idea that for the mere sake of going the round of the shops, a woman will want to match a piece of ribbon which her grandmother used to tie her pony with at her first ball, or select a scrap of lace rendered bilious by time, and insist on having a yard more of that particular pattern and colour.

As a matter of fact, the majority of ladies would be only too thankful to hear what there is in the way of novelties in the various shops without having to waste two or three hours in quest thereof themselves. Now I propose to help them by giving each week some hints which will prove, I trust, useful and interesting to all classes of readers. Even the men, who profess to scorn shopping, when in want of a suitable present to some fair hostess, or to some bright particular star of their acquaintance, may glean an idea from this page. And really, it is most difficult for a member of one sex to choose a suitable present for a friend of the other species.

Place aux dames. Yes, it is so still, for woman's emancipation is not yet complete, and men are still polite enough to give her the premier place—at least in shopping matters. Coral embroidery is one of the new kinds of fancy work. I saw a bewitching tea-cosy worked in this style, and made a prompt sketch thereof. Whilst I think of it, let me suggest



that for a bachelor keeping house on his own account, one of these dainty and useful cosyes would be charming. A girl I knew made one for a young doctor who was just starting practice in a pretty little home of his own. He was so struck with the housewifely instinct therein indicated that he at once proposed to her, and the one tea-cosy now covers their joint tea pot.

But I must tell you exactly how to make it. The materials required for the cosy are some fine cloth, or satin, of rather a light colour (on gray or a pale blue-green, the coral shows very well); then besides some coral beads and pieces of coral of various sizes and shapes, some gold, and steel or pearl beads will be necessary. In the illustration (which please note carefully) the double lines of gold thread are shown very clearly, they are kept in place by stitches of gold corded silk, about one-eighth of an inch apart. There may be some difficulty in getting a coral bead large enough for the centre of the flower, in such a case it is better to put a pearl in its place, surround that with coral beads, then a row of gold, and then a row of steel beads; this, of course, may be varied according to the taste of the worker, taking care not to put gold beads next to the gold thread. In each of the petals of the flower, there is a coral bead, with pearl and steel beads on each side. The pieces of coral that are laid separately on the material, are fastened down with a row of pearl or steel beads; but the details of the coral embroidery are shown so clearly that there can be no difficulty in working the cosy.



DETAIL OF CORAL WORK.

I have forgotten to tell you to line your cosy before working it with soft white muslin, as it helps to strengthen it. I need not describe the making up.

You would find this coral embroidery very new and chic for evening dress. It can also be carried out for mourning in jet, which has an excellent effect. It is always difficult to find suitable designs for fancy work, and often equally difficult to get them traced on one's own material. I saw some lovely articles at Miss Teutenberg's, Wellesley-street, Auckland. I believe this is the only place where really original designs can be obtained, and ladies' own ideas knocked into artistic and workable shape. A very lovely cushion of olive-green plush with most natural-looking gloves cleverly standing out from it in white plush, delicately shaded, and finished with contrasting silk at the corners, specially attracted me. Also some beautiful applique work suitable for any style of drawing room or tea-table decoration is well worth inspection. Ladies from a distance can safely send for materials and designs for all kinds of fancy-work.

Novelties in walking-sticks are much wanted in the colonies. I have seen some rather pretty articles of this description made with a golf-ball for a handle. Others combine the really useful with the ornamental, having a 'thumb-nail' watch fitted into the top. A sporting man showed me his latest present, which, I regret to say, was a walking stick with a dice-box cleverly concealed in the top. I do not object to a man having a walking stick, for really the poor creatures do not know, as a rule, what to do with their hands! But it is wrong thus to encourage gambling. The donor, *entre nous*, was a young lady.

Mourning is, alas! too often necessary, and a great deal has, of course, been worn for the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. This brings jet into favour again, most of the millinery being trimmed with it and with ribbon. Violets are also used for complimentary black, and any kind of fur may be safely worn.

UNIQUE LOVE-MAKING.

HERE is a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs Alcott's father. The two young people met often, and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at the time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position and they parted with no confession on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and that these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time, he unwilling to ask so much and offer so little, she willing to give all, and chafing under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: 'Supposing you ask her and find out?' It is said that the journal is still preserved in the Alcott family.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

THERE is no other personal belonging to which good care is more necessarily than a watch, and hardly any other that is more recklessly ill-used. The baby plays with it, the housewife lays sticky fingers upon it; it is left open at night for convenience, or subjected to alternations of heat and cold by being hung up against the chimney flue. There is the highest authority for saying that the best place for a watch is its owner's pocket. The pocket should be a clean one, and the watch be further protected by a chamois bag. It should be wound up with even, steady motion, not too fast or too slow, and as near as possible at the same hour of the day. Morning is the best time for it, and if it is done while the watch has still an hour or two to run, there will be much less wear and tear of the mainspring. In fact, paradoxical as it sounds, a watch will wear out twice as soon by running one day in ten as it would if kept going all the time.

Let it lie flat as little as possible. When not in the pocket keep it hanging by its ring in a case of some soft thick stuff preferably of wool or silk. Never have the case open the night through. If you need to do it for even an hour, be careful to wipe the dust from the crystal before closing it. No case ever yet made was dust-proof. If such were possible, the watch-maker's occupation would be well-nigh gone, since it is the dust sifting in that not merely clogs the wheels and turns the oil in the pivots to gum, but acts as emery would, and wears away the works until they utterly fail to keep time.

Avoid jarring your watch, under pain of having it stop, until it grows worthless as a time-piece. Do not pin your faith too closely on its accuracy, either. With the very best of movements, variations will sometimes occur. Heat, cold, motion, vibration, location, any or all may make your watch fast or slow. One reason that ladies' watches are usually such bad time-keepers is that they are so irregularly worn—hence they have, about three days out of seven, a widely different environment.

Never use chalk, whiting, or any sort of powder to brighten a case. Never rub hard, and use only a clean chamois or a bit of soft silk. Beware of even a suspicion of moisture. A watch had nearly as well fall upon a rock as into water. If by chance such a thing happens, put the watch at once into alcohol—whiskey will not do—and leave it until you can hand it over to the watchmaker.

FLAG BRAND PICKLES.—Ask for them, the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS. Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed is acknowledged by experts to be the most perfect Sewing Machine the world has yet seen.—ADVT.



VERY stylish and handsome cloaks and mantles are now being exhibited by Messrs Smith and Caughey. The illustrations are selected from an excellent assortment, remarkable for the novelty of their design and the perfection of their colouring and style.

No. 1 is a short mantle in the Tudor shape, made in fine beaver cloth, finished with a very high collar lined with fur. The back is almost covered with artistically arranged braiding, most becoming to the figure. This mantle can be obtained from this firm at 35s. The hat in fancy straw, with elegantly arranged trimming of velvet or ribbon and wings, ranges from 15s 6d.

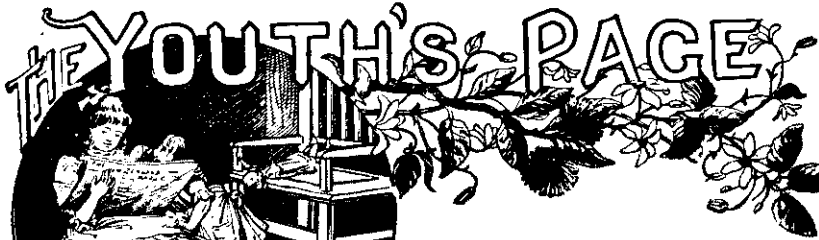
No. 2 is known as the 'up on deck,' and is a most useful wrap for yachting, driving, etc. it is made in fine tweed or in the new shawl pattern, which promises to be very much worn. It is a full, long cape, arranged with a wide collar, three straps fastening across the figure in front. The hood is most useful, for it can be worn over the head, and being lined with silk, is soft and pretty. The reasonable price of this is 11s 9d. The cap to wear with it is of similar material, or is made of navy serge with gold band. This can be had from 1s 6d.

No. 3 is a very distinguished-looking garment. It can be obtained in almost any material, one in curl cloth being particularly striking. It is trimmed with beaver, or indeed with any fur. The price without the fur is 25s 6d, with the fur 39s 6d. The large buttons are a novelty. The dainty Brighton hat of soft felt, trimmed with ribbon and wings, or merely with ribbon, goes well with this cloak, and only costs 3s 11d.

No. 4 is a charming travelling cloak made in fancy cloth with yoke of plush or fur. This is lined with sateen, silk, or satin, the price varying with the lining from 21s 6d to 27s 6d, and higher with richer fur. To complete the comfort of the cloak for travelling, a shady hat of velvet can be worn, its colour matching the lining or harmonising with the material. The hat would cost about 10s 6d.

Kilbert

THE YOUTH'S RAGE




A BIT OF DOG EXPERIENCE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.



ES, I'll give you two pounds for him if you'll break him of that trick.

'If I could, I wouldn't want to sell him,' said Jack. 'He's the best watch-dog in the country.'

'That's what I want him for,' said Jack, patting the head of the dog, which looked up with eyes human in expression, wagging his tail at the caress; then hung his head in shame as Jack went on. 'Ah, you scamp, how dare you chase the cattle! But you,' he said to Mr Hardy, 'have so little stock, I thought you might get along with him.'

'Little or many, you don't want a dog tearing after 'em.'

'No, you don't,' said Jack, much depressed. 'I've tried every way to cure him. I whip him, and tie him up. See; he breaks away, pointing to a fragment of chain which hung to Carlo's collar.'

'But you can't keep a dog tied all the time. And when you whip him, he doesn't know what it's for.'

'That's so,' said Jack. 'It's too bad!'

Mr Hardy walked across the field in the direction of his own farm, while Jack wandered towards the house, turning over in his mind many projects, possible or impossible, for the breaking of his favourite dog of the most objectionable practice of running after the fine live-stock upon his father's farm. It was in the pure frolicsomeness of immature doghood that Carlo would make a sudden rush upon some fine animal, and with loud barks and growls, chase it madly through the meadow and the adjoining strip of woods, very often driving it to the verge of frenzy by seizing and holding on to its tail.

It was early in one of the long summer evenings, and as Jack walked up the driveway he perceived that most of the family were seated on a side porch.

'Mr Hardy doesn't want Carlo,' he said, addressing the company in general, 'unless he can be broken of running after cattle.'

'Well, I'm afraid,' said Jack's father, 'that the only cure for that will be a dose of cold steel.'

'Where is he now?' asked Hiram, Jack's brother.

'He was with me a few moments ago,' said Jack, looking around. 'I don't know where he is. I meant to bring him up and tie him.'

'Hark!' said his father.

A succession of sharp barks followed by the bellows of a worried animal smote upon the quiet air.

'That's him now!' exclaimed Jack, springing to his feet in dismay.

'After one of those young steers,' said his brother.

Over the meadow the sounds came clearly. Jack struck out on a lively run, his brother following, while his father, with an expression of great irritation on his face, brought up a slower rear.

'Get out, there! Quit, you rascal—or—I'll—blow your brains—out,' cried Jack, as he panted on, striving to get near the scene of the trouble, although it had never as yet been any use to call Carlo when he was once in pursuit of his favourite amusement.

Arriving at the edge of the woods, Jack stopped a minute to get his direction clear, and at once perceived a variation upon the sounds usually attending Carlo's diversion. The occasional bellow, choked and gasping through violent exercise, was easily heard, but mingled with it was the voice of the dog, not in short barks of triumph, amusement, or mischief, but in loud yelps and howls, plainly expressive of pain, fright and dismay.

'They were approaching. Jack ran to where he could secure a view, and then stood in open-mouthed wonder.

'Was it boy hunting bear or bear hunting boy?'

There came the steer, wild-eyed, and panting in efforts to escape from the enemy. After it came Carlo, but not this time in malicious pursuit, with the tail of the poor beast between his teeth.

The broken chain had become firmly entangled in the mass of burdock matted in the hair at the end of the steer's tail, and Carlo was being dragged helplessly. Over logs, against trees, through bushes, the steer still, in its fright, believing itself pursued.

'Hullo! Stop!' shrieked Jack, trying with both arms extended, to stop the steer. But it turned aside, Carlo giving a yelp of added agony as he was jerked between some close growing saplings. 'Stop him!' screamed Jack to Hiram. Head him off! He's yanking Carlo round on his tail, and thrashing the woods with him. He'll be killed.'

By the efforts of both boys and their father, the steer was headed towards a corner of the woods where it was hoped he might be stopped. But with a bound he cleared a brush fence, Jack's eyes at the moment dimming with tears as he saw Carlo dragged over it.

'Into the lane, hi!' he contrived to gasp. Others were now joining in the chase, and the steer was finally stopped in a narrow lane.

Poor Carlo had by this time almost given up running. Tears flowed from Jack's eyes as he bent over his pet.

'All bruised and scratched. Oh, Carl, why wouldn't you learn sense? There's—just enough of him left to—lick my band.'

'Come, come,' said his father, as the boy's voice broke into something very like a sob. 'He'll get well all right. Perhaps it'll be the best thing that could have happened to him.'

Which proved to be a correct opinion. Carlo, tenderly nursed by his young master, soon recovered from his injuries, and always afterwards at the approach of anything in the shape of a bovine turned his face with what Jack called a far-off look in his eyes, by which he meant that Carlo's body quickly followed his eyes.

'I'll give you the two pounds now,' said Farmer Hardy two or three months later.

'Thank you, sir,' said Jack; 'but I think I'll keep him.'

ACROSS THE REEF.

THE author of 'A Cruise in an Opium Clipper' entertains his readers with a surf-boat adventure in which he participated off the coast of Formosa, where it had become necessary to make a landing in a new and dangerous place.



THE FINE LIVE STOCK ON HIS FATHER'S FARM.

Another man—Nealence—and himself were to accompany the captain, and take what soundings they could as they went through the surf. One end of a long, light manilla line was passed into the surf-boat and made fast, so that those who were left behind could draw the boat quickly back again in case of any disaster.

Each of us had a loose life-line made fast to his person, loose enough to let us get from under the boat in the event of a capsizing, but still attaching us to the boat, so that when it was hauled back we should be brought back also, though probably half-drowned.

Everything being ready, the steersmen carefully counted the rollers, beginning with the heaviest one. When the twenty-seventh—the heaviest—had passed, he gave the signal, and we shot ahead into the next one. Its white, hissing top covered us fore and aft, and for a second the boat was thrown into an almost vertical position. Then she came down with a thud that would have stove any lighter-built craft.

As she touched the crest of the wave, the six oarsmen let go their oars, which for a second hung well overboard along-side. Then, the crest being passed, in a twinkling each oar was bent in earnest to send her through the next wave.

Getting soundings here was no joke. When the boat was in her vertical position on the crest of the wave, it took me all my time to hold on; and when she was down in the hollow, I could barely get one cast before I was again carried skyward.

About half-way across we met the twenty-seventh sea again. I shut my teeth hard, and grasped my hold tightly, as I gazed on the gigantic, white, thundering mass. Completely swamped in it, the boat was yet carried aloft so high that for a second I imagined a somersault was to end our voyage of discovery. As the captain said, 'We just saved being somersaulted by the skin of our teeth.'

As we recovered from the shock and fell into the hollow, I perceived a grin of satisfaction on the dark visage of our steer oarsman.

The men pulled with new energy, and we reached the extremity of the broken water just in time to ride safely over the next twenty-seventh sea before it curled its crest to fall upon the rocky reef. Then we pulled a little away from the reef, laid in our oars and let go the anchor, to give us all a rest and a breath before we started on our perilous journey back to the ship.

POOR BRUIN.

A PARTY of hunters on a rough coast came suddenly upon a bear prowling about a beach, and gravely inspecting such articles as were brought up by the waves, which were richer than usual in plunder from the fact that there had recently been a severe storm. The author of 'Wild Sports in the South' thus describes Bruin's treatment of such wreckage.

He would first look at an article, then smell it, touch it with his paw, and finally, after deliberately seating himself with his hind legs projecting in front, turn his head on one side, and try to crack his new acquisition with his teeth. The burlesque gravity of his manner was indescribable.

He threw away a coconut, as being too hard to chew, ate an orange with great satisfaction, and presently discovered a small cask, which he endeavoured to open. By dint of much biting he enlarged the bung-hole, so that he could insert a paw; then he held the cask on one arm, and kept the other paw busy in rapid journeys thence to his mouth.

But this method of getting at the contents did not satisfy him, and presently, standing erect on his hind feet, he inserted his nose in the barrel, and then his head. Now a bear's nose is so sharp that it goes through a small place very easily, but owing to the heavy folds of skin about the neck, and the fact that the hair and ears are set backward, it does not possess the same facility for coming out.

Bruin was fast. He began to pull back, but as he pulled, the barrel came with him, and as he rolled on his back, pawing ineffectually at its convex sides, it merely revolved about his head, as if it were on a pivot. Then, alarmed by the sound of our laughter, he took fright and ran, wearing the cask on his head like a helmet.

Up the hill he rushed, lost all sense of direction, and rolled head over heels squarely among us. Picking himself up, he roared, and began growling and waving his paws, but was speedily released by one of the negroes, who broke the barrel with a blow from his club, and scattered the mackerel with which it had been filled.

The bear rewarded him for this service with a blow of the paw which stretched him on the sands, and in another second was himself stretched there by the discharge of two rifles.

STORY OF A POULTICE.

FAMILY discipline is still maintained in some families, as of course it ought to be in all. A small boy got a splinter in his foot, and his mother expressed her intention of putting a poultice on the wound. The boy, with the natural foolishness which is bound up in the heart of a child, objected to the proposed remedy.

'I won't have any poultice,' he declared.

'Yes, you will,' said both mother and grandmother, firmly. The majority was two to one against him, and at bedtime the poultice was ready.

The patient was not ready. On the contrary, he resisted so stoutly that a switch was brought into requisition. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother, with uplifted stick, was to stand at the bedside. The boy was told that if he 'opened his mouth' he would receive something that would keep him quiet.

The hot poultice touched his foot, and he opened his mouth.

'You—' he began.

'Keep still!' said his mother, shaking her stick, while the grandmother applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth.

'I—' But the uplifted switch awed him into silence.

In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tucked in bed.

'There, now,' said his mother, 'the old splinter will be drawn out, and Eddie's foot will be all well.'

The mother and grandmother were moving triumphantly away, when a shrill voice piped from under the bed-clothes:

'You've got it on the wrong foot!'

THOUGHTFUL.

WHEN a brave man finds himself preserved from sudden danger, his first thought is of his companions in peril.

On the coast of Wales a life-saving crew put out to a wreck. The night was dark, and a tremendous sea was running. Presently the boat was capsized, and all the men were thrown out except one, who was fast under one of the seats.

He righted himself as the others clambered in again, and his first words were:

'Is there anyone drowned besides me?'

DEFINED.

AN Irishman was asked if he could define an Irish bull.

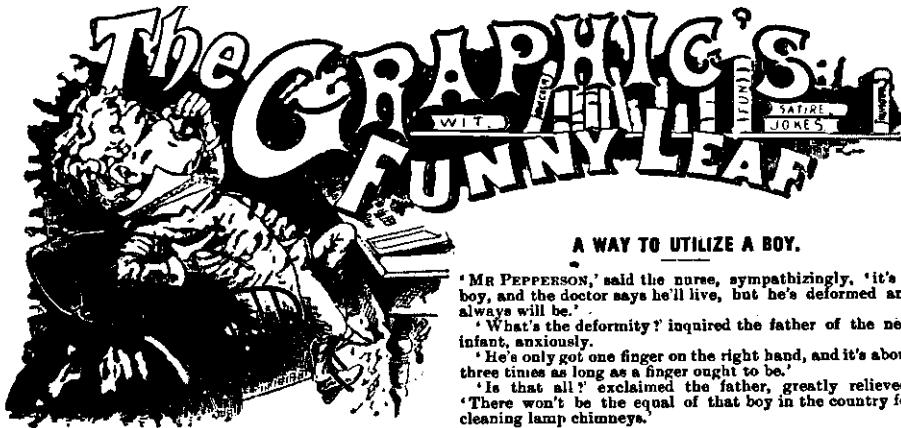
'Yes, mum,' he said. 'If you are drivin' along the road, and you see three cows lyin' down in a pasture, and wan of them is standin' up, why, that wan is an Irish bull.'

The New High Arm Davis Vertical Feed is acknowledged by experts to be the most perfect Sewing Machine the World has yet seen.—ADVT.

FLAG BRAND SAUCE.—Try it the best in the market. HAYWARD BROS., Christchurch.—ADVT.

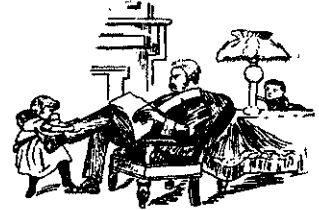
LADIES, for Afternoon Tea, use AULSEBROOK'S Oatweo BISCUITS and CAKES, a perfect delicacy.—ADVT.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, PLANTS AND FERNS for the drawing-room, dining-room, and hall. MISS POPE has a splendid assortment. Art Needlework and Fancy Repository. Morten's Buildings, CHRISTCHURCH.—ADVT.



NO BIBLE IN THAT OFFICE.

'HERE,' said the printer, 'is an article by Colonel Jones, which begins with: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the peacemakers—". That's enough!' shouted the editor. 'I wonder why that man can't write without stealing from Byron. If he keeps on I'll drop Byron a note and show him up. It's remarkable how ignorant some men are!'



COMPETITION.

LITTLE TOT (tugging away at her papa's leg): 'Dimme sixpence, papa!'
 Her Papa: 'Why, bless you! what for, child?'
 Little Tot: 'I heard brovver George tell sister Tullie 'at he pulled yer' leg for a shilling last night. I'll do it for less 'n that!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

ETHEL (fanciful): 'I wonder what he did with the kisses he stole from me.' Maud: 'I fancy he gave them to the maid as he was going out through the hall.'
 Gossiping Woman (intent on slander): 'One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives.' Neighbour (tartly): 'Well, that isn't your fault.'
 Preacher: 'Little boy, what will your father say to your fighting on Sunday?' Young Hopeful: 'Ef yer wait er, minit I'll tell yer hisself, 'e's just going to get some pals to look on.'

'It is terrible!' said Maud. 'Papa forgot that we are living in a tenth-floor flat, and not in the one-story cottage in the country, and—he's—thrown—Chappie—H-H-Hicks—out—of—the—window!'

They were making lemonade, and the prettiest girl of the party asked: 'Where is Jack L—?' I want him to help us.' 'Why do you want him?' asked her friend. 'Because,' was the artless answer, 'he's such a good squeezer, you know.'

Justice: 'Why did you aseant this man?' Culprit: 'He called me an Irishman.' Justice: 'What did he say?' Culprit: 'He sung out, "What's the time, O'Day?" and then I soaked him.'

Mistress (angrily): 'Bridget! What do you mean by listening outside the door?' 'Share, wum, Oi can't help stoppin' to listen when Oi hear yer beautiful voice; it's loike music, especially thim high notes whin ye're blowin' up the master.'

WANTED THE AUTHOR.—Author of a new play in far Western theatre: 'Hark! What's that queer noise?' Western Manager: 'Comes from the audience.' 'Eh! Is that their style of applauding?' 'No; it's the clicking of revolvers. I think they are getting ready to call for the author.'

GETTING ACQUAINTED.—A.: 'How are your neighbours; sociable?' B.: 'Oh, yes. Very. They've borrowed a pound of butter, ten eggs, a step ladder, and ten yards of hose within twenty-four hours of arrival. Oh, yes, they are very sociable.'

Old Lady (to Chemist): 'I want a box of canine pills.' Chemist: 'What's the matter with the dog?' Old Lady (indignantly): 'I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman.' Chemist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.

Fascinating Gent (to precocious little daughter of handsome young widow on whom he has called): 'You are a very nice little girl. Will you be my wifey when you grow up?' Little girl: 'Mercy no! I don't want you for my husband. You'll have to marry mamma. She wants you; I've heard her say so. Utter collapse of mamma.'

Doctor: 'Your husband's case is a serious one, Mrs Moriarity. I'm afraid there is some foreign substance in his composition.' Mrs Moriarity: 'Farrin, is it? Dead, an' Oi'm not surprised, sorr; for mony's the toime Oi've warned him against 'ating thim Dutch sausages that he's so fond of.'

'My daughter says you kissed her!' roared old Harkins. 'I took a kiss, yes, sir,' said Chappie, 'but if the young lady desires I shall return it.' 'She does so desire, sir,' cried Harkins, puckering his mouth, 'give it to me.'

Judge: 'Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?' Prisoner: 'Nuthin', only I wouldn't be here if it wasn't fer ignorance of the law.' Judge: 'Your ignorance of the law is no excuse.' Prisoner: 'Taint my ignorance I'm talkin' about, it's yours.'

'Mary,' said Mrs Hicks to the new waitress, 'what has become of those red wine glasses?' 'Oh, Mum,' cried Mary, with a frightened sob, 'the cook's cousin was here Sunday and he ate 'em all up. He's the glass eater at the museum, mum.'

Lord Hardup (to plebeian bride whom he is about to introduce to his lady-mother): 'Now, my dear, be very careful what you say to madame. Don't use any of those vulgar American phrases of yours, will you?' Plebeian Bride: 'You betcher life, I won't, for I want to get solid with your ma. You can gamble on that every time, George.'

'Grandpa, does hens make their own eggs?' 'Yes, indeed they do, Johnny. An' do they always put the yolk in the middle?' 'They do, Johnnie.' 'An' do they put the starch around it to keep the yeller from rubbing off?' 'Quite likely, my little boy.' 'An' who sews the cover on?' 'This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnnie's mouth with a lollipop.'

A WAY TO UTILIZE A BOY.

'MR PEPPERSON,' said the nurse, sympathizingly, 'it's a boy, and the doctor says he'll live, but he's deformed and always will be.'
 'What's the deformity?' inquired the father of the new infant, anxiously.
 'He's only got one finger on the right hand, and it's about three times as long as a finger ought to be.'
 'Is that all?' exclaimed the father, greatly relieved.
 'There won't be the equal of that boy in the country for cleaning lamp chimneys.'

WHY DIDN'T HE KILL HER?

IN a train once sat a woman who persisted in requesting the affable guard to inform her when Chester was reached. Every time the guard passed he was greeted with—'Please to tell me when we get to Chester.' Courteous man though he is, even his patience was finally exhausted, and he politely requested the unfortunate female to maintain silence, as he had heard and would heed her injunction. Chester was finally reached, and 'Chester' was yelled at the door. The train again started, and the guard was entering his carriage, when his tormentor exclaimed:—'Will you tell me when we get to Chester?'
 'This is Chester!' he exclaimed, as he was about to whistle to the driver to stop.
 'I'm real glad you told me,' said the daughter of Eve to the exasperated official, and comfortably seating herself for a further journey added, 'my third "cusing" used to live here.'

TOO ECONOMICAL.

A CELEBRATED physician was walking down the street one day when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from the doctor without paying for it.
 'Doctor, I am feeling very poorly.'
 'Where do you suffer most?'
 'In my stomach, doctor.'
 'Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely.'
 The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd who supposed that he was crazy. The physician had in the meantime, disappeared.

A SOFT ANSWER, ETC.

SHE had for hours been preparing vials of wrath for him when he should return.
 'So you're home at last,' she said, as she let him in; 'it's a wonder you got home at all.'
 'No differer getting home,' he said, 'moon's full.'
 'There's more than the moon full, I'm afraid,' she said.
 'Yes, we're all full.'
 'What?' she exclaimed, growing scarlet with indignation.
 'Jus' as I say. We're all full. Moon's full. I'm full, and you're beautiful.'
 'Well,' she said, with a faint smile, 'I suppose I'll have to forgive you as usual.'

THAT FOUNTAIN PEN.

'DIDDLEY dad-gum the billy-be-hanged old thing!' vociferated Mr Clugwater, tearing up another sheet of writing-paper, throwing the fragments on the floor and stamping on them.
 'The recording angel,' said Mrs Clugwater, reproachfully, 'has written those words down, Josiah.'
 'Not if he's using a fountain pen like this one,' rejoined Josiah.
 And he proceeded to give the recording angel another job.

A USEFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

FATHER: 'Johnny, there's a button off your coat. Go upstairs and sew it on.'
 Little Johnny (in surprise): 'Mother will sew it on.'
 Father: 'I know she will; but I want you to learn to sew on buttons yourself.'
 Johnny (amazed): 'Why?'
 Father (solemnly): 'Some day, Johnny, when you grow up, you won't have any mother—nothing but a wife.'



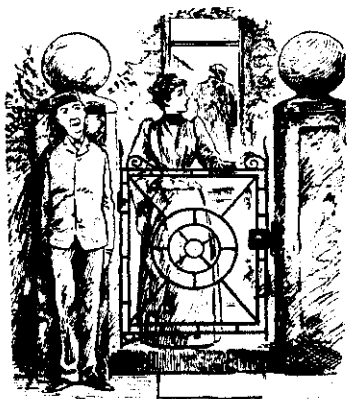
He: 'You're heartless and cruel. Why did you go on encouraging me? Why did you not tell me you were married?'
 She: 'But how was I to know you were single?'

WANTED HIS BAND.

BAND LEADER: 'You wants us to blay mit der funeral. Ees it a military funeral?'
 Stranger: 'No, it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral.'
 Band Leader (proudly): 'My pand, eh? Vy he choose my pand?'
 Stranger: 'He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.'

HE COULD NOT TELL A LIE.

A SOMEWHAT effeminate representative, by descent, of one of the oldest of the families of Virginia desired, as a personal attendant, or valet, a servant who should be absolutely truthful. He had suffered much from the prevaricating proclivities of former menials. He at length found in the person of Julius Caesar, a youthful darkey fresh from the interior, one who promised to suit him. Julius declared that he did not know how to lie, and that he would never try to learn.
 One day Fitzboomer appeared, dressed in a fashion most fetching. He was bound on a visit to some lady friends.
 'Julius,' said he, to his new servant, 'how do I look?'
 'Plendid, maa'r! 'Plendid'
 'Do you think I'll do to see the ladies, Julius?'
 'Oh course yo' will. Golly! maa'r, I neber seed yo' look so fine b'fore in all my born days. Hi! yo' look as bold as a lion!'
 'Why, Julius—what do you know about a lion? You never saw one.'
 'Neber see a lion, maa'r? Oh, bress you, yes. Don't Maa'r Dixon's nigger Jim ride one by here ebery mornin'?'
 'Why—you fool! that's a donkey.'
 'Can't help it, maa'r. I don't know how to tell a lie. You look jus' like him!'



FATHER: 'May, what on earth are you doing out there?'
 May: 'I'm only looking at the moon.'
 Father: 'Well, tell the moon to go to rest and come in at once. It's ten o'clock.'