

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. IX.—No. 31.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

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

NEW ZEALAND VIEWS.

A NEW ZEALAND FLAXMILL.

MERCHANTS and dealers will tell you that the flax industry is not at present by any means in the flourishing condition it ought to be. English buyers appear to object to pay a reasonable price, and unless American buyers can get our flax at their own figure they prefer to use sisal, a fibre which has a close resemblance to our product, except that it is somewhat shorter, and coarser in quality.

Through the courtesy of Messrs Carr, Johnston and Co., of Auckland, our representative saw a sample of this rival staple, also specimens of Mauritius and Manilla hemp, Indian and China jute, and other near and distant relations of our flax. But though from the broker's point of view flax is not so profitable as it ought to be yet it is an important industry, and affords employment to a vast number of persons. In 1886 there were only 30 flaxmills in New Zealand; now there are upwards of 177, employing some 2,200 men and over 1,000 boys at a yearly output in the matter of wages of £116,168. Considerably over 109,600 tons of raw material were treated last year, the value being in excess of £59,210, and this, when dressed, was worth some £232,800, as against £20,059 for the product of 1886. Truly the trade has improved wonderfully in a few years; but owing to the present low price of competitive fibres the value of New Zealand flax has fallen to such a level as to compel many millers to cease operations. There are almost twice the number of mills in the Auckland district than there are in any other, but the number of hands employed and wages paid in the Wellington district is very much greater. Many of the Northern mills are very small and the Southern ones would appear nearly invariably to be large concerns. In the south the fibre can be turned out cheaper than is possible in the Auckland district, but the Northerners claim a superiority in fineness of texture and quality generally. The process of the manufacture of flax is not uninteresting. It is cut in the marshes and fre-



A NEW ZEALAND FLAXMILL.

quently brought to some convenient road by a species of barge or raft. It is there transferred to bullock drays which deliver it at the mills. Here it is first put through the stripper, that is to say, all the pulpy green fleshy part of the leaf is torn off leaving only the fibre. It is then washed in the running water which is a necessary complement of every flax mill. This is mostly the work of boys, and on

the thoroughness of this washing and the subsequent soaking depends the fine colour of the finished 'banks.' After soaking, the flax is laid in fields for about a fortnight, during which time it is turned, after the manner of hay. The next operation is known as scutching. This is the clearing away of any of the outside husk which may have been left is effected by a large revolving wooden wheel. If the

scutching be too severe it is apt to break the finer fibres, and the product is weakened. On the other hand, flax with too much outside leaf left in has a disagreeable appearance, and gives manufacturers a lot of trouble. Consequently ill-scutching and indifferently stripped flax fetches but a poor figure even when prices are high, while in a weak market it is practically unsaleable.

The figures ament flax production as quoted, are taken from the census returns, and are, of course, for last year. This year the output is not, we understand, so great, and flax is not, as we said before, so strong in position as might be wished. Still there is but little doubt that it is an asset, and a valuable one. The question of fire in flax has been pretty thoroughly discussed of late owing to the Leading Wind and other fires. There is no doubt that Insurance Companies are not at present in love with flax, but smoking and carelessness has probably as much to do with many of the fires one hears of as spontaneous combustion.

PLEASANT PICTON.

The long account of that most charming and picture-que of our New Zealand townships, yelet Picton, appeared so recently in the GRAPHIC that we are left with little to say in presenting another view of the town from the railway viaduct. The picture is certainly an excellent one, and gives an admirable idea of the district represented. The viaduct is, too, a noteworthy piece of work and shows what stuff the engineers of the New Zealand Railways were made of. As may be judged from our social columns, Picton is second to no city of its size in New Zealand in point of gaiety. There seems forever some new excitement, and Pictonites lead apparently the most pleasurable of lives.



H. Wright,

PICTON, FROM THE BLENHAM RAILWAY VIADUCT.

photo, Wellington.

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

FOR the nonce New Zealand's sober capital has lost its head, and is engaged in a wild whirl of gaiety, the changes being quickly rung on public dances, private dances, dinners, luncheons, afternoon dances and afternoon teas. For the time it appears that woman was born for no other object than to look pretty, rest throughout the day, and dance throughout the night. Not a noble existence truly, but to many a very enjoyable one; although even in the ballroom there are sad faces to be seen, and hearts sometimes beat heavily beneath chiffon frills.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE has again been thrown open during the past week. A full account of the festivities will be found elsewhere. The Earl and Countess of Glasgow are keeping up their reputation of being the most sociably-inclined of any previous Governor and consort, and great pleasure is afforded the citizens of Wellington and the session visitors by the pleasant dances and receptions held almost weekly.

THE Star Boating Club's annual ball took place at Thomas' Hall last Friday evening and was certainly one of the successes of the season. There must have been fully 400 guests present and great was the crush thereof. The floor was, however, in splendid order, and this helped matters considerably. There were unfortunately, rather too many ladies, but this is a fault which is almost unavoidable at a large affair like this, and it was perhaps not quite as noticeable as usual. It was necessary to dance with one's head more than with one's feet. During the evening the gentlemen

"Learnt how good a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

some of them being malicious enough to give bump for bump, cannonade for cannonade.

THE members of the Club exerted themselves to the utmost to secure the comfort and enjoyment of their numerous guests. The hall was most beautifully decorated, especially the stage, which was embellished most effectively with a large, fan-shaped design in oars, and furnished with lounges, and draped and decorated with palms, etc. Portraits of veteran members of the Club, winners and groups of winners of various trophies were hung round the room, mingled with crossed oars and nikau palms. The apartment adjoining the ball-room was beautifully decorated, and furnished as a drawing room for the chaperones. An excellent supper was served in a large room opposite the ball-room, and the band occupied a stand in one corner, even this being beautified with greenery, etc. The long stairs were greatly improved, being carpeted; in fact, everything that was possible was done to insure the enjoyment of everyone, and the members must have worked very hard to be rewarded with so complete a success. They made capital hosts, and everyone was delighted with the way they entertained.

THE President, Mr A. de Bathe Brandon, and the captain, Mr Field, received at the entrance, and immediately on the arrival of the Vice-regal party a set of lancers was danced, Mr Field dancing with the Countess of Glasgow, and His Excellency dancing opposite with Mrs Brandon. The Countess wore a handsome gown of rich deep yellow brocade, trained and trimmed with yellow chiffon, suede gloves, bronze shoes and stockings, diamonds and feather fan completed an elegant toilette. Miss Hollowes accompanied Lady Glasgow, and also Miss Sutcliffe, the former wearing black net spotted with chenille and brightened with rose pink bows, and the latter black gauze with red flowers. Others belonging to the Vice-regal party were the Hon. Edward Boyle, Capt. Clayton, Capt. Hunter-Blair, and Mr Gillington.

THE Auckland dancing season of 1892 will chiefly be memorable for the Leap Year dance given in the Ponsby Hall last Friday. Not only was the dance, as a dance, one of the most successful ever held in the hall, but the 'leap year' arrangements were so complete, and the modes of procedure so strict, that the fun was fast and furious. The

Committee consisting of Misses Beale, Dixon, Devore, Evans, Upton, and Masfield, are to be most warmly congratulated. They proved most conclusively their powers of organisation and administration. To Miss Masfield especial credit is due. Her work as secretary must have been arduous, and most efficiently was it carried out. As hostesses the committee were indefatigable. No wallflowers were allowed to blush unseen or waste their sweetness on the smoke room. Some were coy—distinctly coy, but even the most timid and shy of men must have been put completely at their ease by the genial courtesy of the fair M.'s C.

THE powder and patches which distinguished the members of the Committee were eminently becoming. Some one suggested, indeed, that the trouble and worry of management had turned these young ladies' hair grey. If it were so they certainly had no reason to regret it. The hostesses were the admired of all beholders. Most of the men brought chaperones, and manifested great propriety of feeling at the end of each dance, asking in timid, tremulous tones to be taken back to their chaperones. A prominent footballer, whose chaperone disappeared mysteriously, was very much affected and had to be restored with smelling-salts—we mean beer. The chaperone, however, returned with some mysterious excuse of 'seeing a man about a dog.' Few will be surprised to hear that the gentle officers from the Goldfinch were the most particular, being almost prudish. The married officer who chaperoned them was, too, a very dragon of respectability. Just at first there was some little shyness amongst some of the ladies in asking for dances but this soon wore off. By supper time the fun was at its height. The gentlemen were, of course, 'taken in' to supper by the ladies, sat on chairs round the room, and provided with oysters and cups of tea—glasses of beer, we should have said. One giddy young damsel left her partner with oysters and beer, but no fork, and then went off, after the manner of men at other dances, to feed and chatter with a group of her kind at the other end of the room. Returning at the end of the allotted time she found good progress had been made with the beer but none, of course, with the oysters. However, the poor young man was borne empty away. As a member of the 'rep.' team it was felt that forced abstinence would be good for him.

THE supper provided by the ladies, was all that the heart of girl or man could desire, the ices being especially popular. The floor had been polished till its surface was like glass, and Mr Hanna, who was responsible for the decorations, is to be most warmly lauded. The hall looked lovely, being decked with quantities of ferns, evergreens, flowers, and flags, the latter being strung across the room from corner to corner with Chinese lanterns between. The gallery was also lighted with coloured lanterns, and draped with flags, and served as a quiet retreat for tired dancers, though several of the men objected that there were no chaperones to look after them up there. Adams' band supplied music of the best, the extras being played by ladies. At the conclusion the gentlemen sang 'God Save the Queen,' and as a compliment to Miss Masfield, 'For She's a Jolly Good Fellow.'

'POLUS' parties have quite extinguished 'surprises' in Picton, and Polusian inundations are the latest freaks of society here. Mrs Allen, of Broadway Terrace, received an intimation that an invasion was intended on Friday evening last, and made such preparations as it was intended she should make for their reception. No stocking basket or other little domestic arrangements were ostentatiously displayed, to make believe that the little birds had given up their old-fashioned propensity for whispering secrets, and no countermines were dug to surprise the surprisers. The hostess met the Polusians at the door, and made them as warmly welcome as they made themselves and each other. All the usual Polusian rites were sacredly carried out, and a most enjoyable evening was spent, the invaders promising another invasion at no distant date. Between twenty and thirty

young people and three married ladies comprised the party, and as has been usual of late in Picton, the ladies were in the minority.

[We lament our editorial ignorance, but what in the name of all things wonderful is a Polus and what a Polusian?—ED. GRAPHIC.]

ON Sunday Professor and Mrs Bickerton with their well-known hospitality, entertained the students visiting Christchurch with their friends, numbering about fifty, at their lovely residence, Wainona. The day was very mild for the middle of July, and afternoon tea was served in the grounds at one of the picturesque spots with which the place abounds. Tea proper, later on, was a merry meal, and some very good music closed a charming outing. Professor and Mrs Bickerton are untiring in their efforts to promote sociability among the resident students, and have recently started walking parties to various places of interest, which have been very successful.

THE dance at Napier given in Mr Sanderson's honour was a great success in every sense of the word. The floor was good, supper very dainty (oysters and champagne amongst other things), and everyone seemed determined to enjoy themselves. Mr Sanderson, who has left for England, is much missed. A number of the girls looked well, perhaps Mrs Arthur Fulton and Miss Lascelles bore off the honours. Mrs Logan, too, looked very well indeed, and Mrs Arthur Fulton was charming in a pretty white gown.

MRS A. TAYLOR'S girls' kettledrum was a great success, and everybody appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Miss Thompson (Parnell) sang 'Remember Me No More' very nicely, and Miss Tole rendered 'Called Back' sweetly. Misses F. White, Forbes, and Bursil played some pretty pieces. The tea-table looked most effective. The room was darkened, and fairy lamps shed their soft rays of light on the tea-table, which was abundantly supplied with delicacies, tastefully decorated with vases of lovely flowers, and artistically draped with shimmering folds of glossy yellow silk.

A JUVENILE fancy dress ball is a pretty spectacle, and is remembered long after by the children fortunate enough to be asked to it. Mr and Mrs Ledger received a large number of young guests at a dance of this description at their beautiful residence near Nelson on Friday last, and a charming festival it was. The host and hostess received the youngsters on arrival, and afterwards took up a position in the drawing-room, where, headed by the smallest couple in the room, they watched the procession of their little guests as it filed past them. There was plenty of dancing, and a supper both *recherché* and excellent, to which it is needless to say the young people did that justice which gratifies a truly kind and hospitable host and hostess.

THE costumes without exception were happily chosen, many indeed being remarkably effective. Perhaps the most tastefully-attired of the little maidens who fitted about the different apartments was 'Summer' a character very prettily carried out by Joy Ledger. It would be quite impossible to do full justice to all the charming dresses which called forth the admiration of those who saw the gay and varied spectacle, but amongst other characters which the children assumed should be mentioned, Bo-Peep, Grecian Girl, Indian Woman, Gipsy, Page, and an Irishman. The latter was taken by a little boy who played his part splendidly, his amusing sallies and attempts at the brogue, being the admiration of all who heard him.

THE farce which was acted in Timaru some little time ago was, with a little addition and subtraction, made suitable for the ladies' entertainment at Picton, Sir John Hall and Shakespeare being made responsible for most of the vagaries embodied in the farce. Those taking part in it were the Misses Mary and Nora Allen, Kate and Isabel Seymour, Lilly Fuller, F. Kackley, Miriam Philpotts, and Messrs Crawford and McIndoe, of the ship Waimate, and C. White. These donned the garments of servitude for the nonce, and demanded the franchise for their down-trodden sex in speeches both forcible and eloquent. Shrieks of laughter greeted the fair (?) politicians when they appeared on the scene, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow piled on biggledy-piggledy, coal-scuttle bonnets with whole gardens a-top, and other exploded fashionable fables. Miss Jemima Walker (Miss Allen) who looked like a veritable ancient cherry blossom with her hair covering her ears and twisted into a tight little 'lob' behind, plentifully ornamented with side and back combs, and dressed in an ancient-looking, large-flowered, indigo blue dress with huge hang-

ing bell sleeves, white kerchief, and black mittens, read the circular calling a meeting for the purpose of forming a Woman's Rights' Association League. After that the meeting proceeded to business, and kept the audience in a gurgle of laughter till the end. The farce wound up with the Association, minus the two married women of the company, singing 'Bother the Men,' which they did right heartily, emphasising their utterances with 'gamps,' black bngs, and other appurtenances. A dance which followed the entertainment was very enjoyable, partly owing to the fact that dances have partaken of the nature of angels' visits this winter, and partly because the wall-flowers on this occasion were of the wrong sex. The usual people who attend these functions in Picton were all there, but there were no new dresses to describe.

IN rinking as in everything else the truth of the ancient dictum that in thinking of the sorrows of others we forget our own is amply substantiated. Now that even the tyros are beginning to stand on end for five consecutive minutes Parnell Club Rink is beginning to lose much of its charm both for the onlooker and for the confessed duffer who cannot master the knack. There may be a certain amount of pleasure in kicking one's legs violently and involuntarily into the air and sitting down on an adamantine floor with an emphasis more excessive than elegant, but it is one of those earthly joys which cloy. Still there was left the consolation of overwhelming others in one's downfall, and seeing some half dozen others 'take the floor' with an enthusiasm and unanimity strangely at variance with the obnoxious expression of feeling with which they would rub their bruises, and endeavour to rise again. To ask them why they sat down, if they didn't want to, never seemed to do any good—made them say rude things, in fact. But these delights are now past, writes my correspondent. The duffer falls, and with a twist of the ankle the skilful rinkist passes scornfully by on the other side. To be serious, the Parnell Rink is doing excellently well. It is as select as the proudest Parnellite could wish, and all arrangements reflect the highest credit on the inaugurator and secretary, Mr Robison. Amongst the most enthusiastic rinkists are Messrs Firth, White, Laisley, Kilgour, Anderson, and Wilkins, and the gilded youth, masculine and feminine, of the city in general, and Parnell and Remuers in particular.

WILL Mr Gladstone accept a peerage? Such is the question of the hour. A month ago he was as brisk and lively as ever, as our sketch, taken in London during the last week of the session, shows, but the strain of the election must have told severely on the old gentleman. The title of Lord Liverpool would be appropriate enough in some ways, as it was in Rodney-street of that city that he first saw



light, but on the other hand Liverpoolians are the Tories of the Tories, and Mr Gladstone doubtless treasures a bitter memory of the slight put upon him in connection with the refusal to grant the freedom of the city.

The Wellington Hunt Club's annual ball took place on Monday at Thomas' Hall, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion with shining stirrups, bits, etc.,

arranged amidst a profusion of mirrors, palms, and drapery. The committee were Dr. Cabill and Gillon, and Messrs Cunningham, Wylie, Skerrett, Mills, Lingard, Crawford, Cox, the secretary to the committee being Mr Arthur Cooper, Mr McKinnon being secretary to the Club. Mrs Cooper received for the members of the Club, and was handsomely dressed in black, trained, and trimmed with white lace. Immediately after the arrival of the Government House party a set of lancets was formed, His Excellency dancing with Mrs Cooper, Mr Arthur Cooper and the Countess being their *vis à vis*. Lady Glasgow was beautifully gowned in black merveilleux and lace, brightened with diamonds, and made with a long train. Miss Hallowes was in black with jet Swiss belt, and Miss Sutcliffe also wore black. Others of the party were the Hon. Edward Boyle, Captains Hunter-Blair and Clayton, and Mr Gillington.

A CHARMING little dance was given in Blenheim to Mrs Kellas, who has left the town. The affair went off extremely well, and the tasty and tasteful supper was most artistically arranged by some of Mrs Kellas' lady friends. Down the centre of the table, pinky apricot Liberty silk was laid, and nestling in its folds were quantities of white camellias (from the garden of Mrs Miller), white heath, and white mimosa. Mr Shirley Hodson proved an indefatigable secretary.

MRS BURNS, of the Colonial Bank, Christchurch, has started a Club resembling the Girls' Wahine Club, but this is for married ladies only. They are all bound to do something for the edification of the rest. The meetings are very informal and pleasant, enabling musical people to meet and practise together duets, trios, etc. At present among the members are Mrs Wilding, Mrs Westmacott, Mrs Leonard Harper, Mrs Haslam, the Hon. Mrs Parker, Mrs Pyne, Mrs Boyle, Mrs Julian Scott, Mrs Vernon, and Mrs Alan Scott. They meet at Mrs Burns, the Bank house, Hereford street, once a fortnight, and all are looking forward to many pleasant afternoons during the dull and rainy season. The 'Wahines' met at Mrs Cowlishaw's on Wednesday last, and a goodly number put in an appearance, when the afternoon passed in the usual happy way.

THE post of conductor to the Gesang-Verin, Dunedin, has changed hands, Signor Squarise taking the place of Mr W. E. Taylor, F.C.O. Signor Squarise has arranged to put Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' in rehearsal, and invites ladies and gentlemen instrumentalists as well as vocalists, to assist him in the production of the masterpiece.

THE young ladies of Picton gave an entertainment, consisting of songs, an Indian club exhibition and a farce entitled 'Woman's Rights,' in aid of a firebell, which was much needed in the town. The audience was most enthusiastic and appreciative, and encored every item. Miss Mary Seymour sang 'The Roman Lass,' and 'Carrier John'; Miss Miriam Philpotts, 'Maid of Athens'; Miss F. Speed, 'Jem'; Miss Allen, 'Jessie's Dream,' and 'My Face is my Fortune'; Mr Stephens, of the ship Waimate, 'The Pilot,' and 'Shells of the Ocean'; Mr Rowe, who came from Blenheim to assist, sang 'The Frenchman' in character, and had to repeat the last verse to a determined encore. Mr Frank McIndoe's exhibition of Indian clubs was quite an innovation, and a real treat to a Picton audience.

THE dancing community in Wellington are undoubtedly having a good time. Mrs Harding has issued a large number of invitations for a ball at the Masonic Hall on the 2nd August.

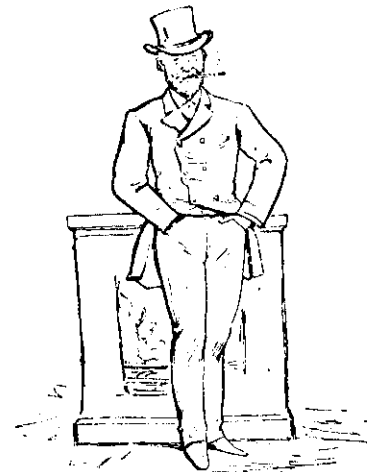
THE feature of the very pleasant little dance, except an 'At Home,' give by Dr. and Mrs Adams, Wellington, on the night of the races, was a cotillon which was most successfully carried out.

AS was observed last week, it is not our custom to blow our own trumpet, but so many complaints have reached us during the last week from people unable to procure copies of the GRAPHIC that we must point out that the fault was not ours in reality. Every week we have been obliged to increase the edition and some hundreds of extra copies of our last issue were printed, but were quite inadequate to meet the demand, which was well nigh unprecedented. *Veritatis simplex oratio est.* The language of truth is simple, and this plain reason is the only excuse we can give for the disappointed 'casuals' who tried to get copies last week. The remedy is obvious—subscribe.

A DELIGHTFUL surprise party was got up by Mrs Chas. Cook, Mrs Dr. Townsend, and Mrs Appleby, when about twenty friends spent a thoroughly enjoyable time. A drag left Christchurch about 2 p.m., on Thursday, and amongst the party were Mr and Mrs Appleby, Mrs Townsend, Mrs Cook, the Misses Wood (two), Miss Stratton, the Misses Berkeley (two), Messrs England, D. Matson, R. Garrick, Mr Evetts

(Chicago), and several others. After a lovely drive of two hours Mrs Murray, Greenpark, was 'surprised' and was most kind and hospitable. Full justice was done by all to a really sumptuous tea, and the evening was spent in music and dancing, and the delightful sociability of a country house, a few other friends having joined the party by this time. A start for home was made at midnight, the return journey being a charming moonlight one.

So Labby of Truth is to have a seat in the Cabinet which Mr Gladstone may be expected to form. Certainly the member for Northampton has served his party well, both in the House, and through the columns of his paper, which is, curiously enough, almost as popular amongst high Tories as amongst the advanced Radicals party.



Mr Labouchere is, as most people are aware, never happier than when standing warming his coat tails in front of the House of Commons smoking-room fire. In this position the artist who kindly sent us the sketch last mail has caught him. 'Labby' as he is invariably called, is one of the most popular men in the house and an admirable raconteur.

LORD SALISBURY is doubtless a very astute man, and is perhaps right in his determination to wait for an adverse vote before vacating the position of Premier. There are certainly ominous indications of a want of unanimity of thought on the part of the great Liberal party. It must be remembered, however, that these will in all probability be quickly smothered over, and should this be the case, Lord Salisbury's action or inaction will much resemble the position of a man who has been shown the door, but who prefers awaiting the actual kick out.

It is some time since we have seen the *New Zealand Methodist*. A copy of that weekly for July 16th now lies before us, and we must congratulate the Editor and Company upon its improved appearance. It contains twelve pages of interesting reading matter, and has been reduced in price, we notice, to one penny. The 'Current Notes' are crisply written, and the 'Circuit News,' 'Brevities,' and newsy notes from the centres should keep the reader in touch with all questions and facts of Methodistic import, New Zealand over. The leading article on the Totalisator is well worth reading and the interview with Dr. Stephenson, President of the British Conference, on 'Celibacy' proves interesting. But what took our fancy, however, were the notes under the heading 'My Study,' by 'Country Parson,' who thusly writes on the evolution of a Government official:—

'BOOKS are scarce in this part of the world, that is in the immediate location of my study. I am almost forgetting the sensations of overhauling a batch of new arrivals, and when, in the order of our itinerancy, I move out of my present solitude, I shall have a tremendous amount of leeway to make up. Meanwhile I am gradually developing a taste for the study of mankind. I am watching just now, with no small interest, the evolution of a young Government official. It is most fascinating. I remember the day, a few weeks ago, when in all his fresh sweetness he first saw the light of public life. It was a pleasure to go to the office for a few stamps or an odd post card, he was so modestly respectful and obliging, and so very careful not to make mistakes. It took him about a fortnight to gain confidence enough to look people straight in the face and ask them what they wanted. Since then he has been striving manfully to put on the "sile" which is an essential part of the equipment of a Government servant. It is to be hoped he will succeed, for a Civil servant, who is not exceedingly uncivil has little hope of preferment. The acme of perfection is gained when he can truthfully feel, "I am Sir Oracle," and can dare to snub a parson. It will come, and with a measure of mild excitement, I am waiting for the coming of it.'

HAWKE'S BAY CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.

THIS Society was instituted in 1887, the first meeting having been convened by Mr R. Smith on the 1st May of that year. This was attended by a large number of the leading settlers of Napier and the Hawke's Bay district. The result of that meeting was the formation of the Hawke's Bay Caledonian Society, which is one of the most successful institutions of the kind that has ever existed in New Zealand. The annual sports' competition of the Society appears to increase in popularity yearly, and these are meetings indeed now so attractive that the best athletes, pipers, and dancers from all parts of the colonies attend to compete at the annual gathering. Although a great deal of attention is devoted to the annual games more especially connected with the Society, it must be remembered that the sports are only one portion of the programme. Particular attention is also paid to such matters as education, works of benevolence and charity. The Society awards two scholarships annually, one to a boy and one to a girl, which are tenable for two years, and of the annual value of £10. It also gives a valuable gold medal to the 'dux' of the Hawke's Bay educational district, and expends large sums of money on deserving charitable objects. Since the Hawke's Bay Society started several similar institutions have sprung up in the district, but the majority of the old settlers are active members of the parent society, and take a great interest in its welfare.

The present president, Mr P. S. McLean, is a member of an ancient Highland clan. He was born at Dunblane, Perthshire, Scotland, on the 26th June, 1852; educated at the Glasgow High School and Glasgow University, and he came to New Zealand in 1880. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Society, and to him is due much of the credit for the remarkable success it has achieved. He is an active



Carroll, photo. Napier.
MR P. S. MCLEAN.

member of the firm of Carlile and McLean, solicitors, and ever since his arrival in Napier he has always been foremost in the furtherance of any project that would benefit the district.

Mr R. D. D. McLean, son of the late distinguished Highlander Sir Donald McLean, was the first president of the Society. It need scarcely be said that many a Highlander's heart would rejoice to have had the opportunity of conferring on the late Sir Donald one of the greatest honours that his countrymen could have bestowed on him, namely, that of becoming the first president of their Caledonian Society.

Mr A. M'Hardy, last year's president, is one of the leading sheep farmers of Hawke's Bay, and an enthusiastic Caledonian. He was born at Strathedon, Aberdeenshire, on the 10th May, 1831, and he belongs to a race of athletes for generations back. Mr M'Hardy left his native hills to try his luck in Australia, and arrived in Sydney in September, 1857. He remained there for three years, but finding that the climate did not agree with him, he left for New Zealand, arriving in Hawke's Bay in 1860. He established a large business in exporting stock from Hawke's Bay to the other parts of the colony, and afterwards, in conjunction with Mr J. H. Coleman, he purchased the Blackhead sheep-station. Four years ago Messrs Coleman and M'Hardy dissolved partnership, and Mr M'Hardy became sole owner of that splendid property. In 1880 Mr M'Hardy, accompanied by Mrs M'Hardy and his daughters, visited Scotland and remained there for two years. On returning to Hawke's Bay he entrusted the management of Blackhead to his two

sons, and leased the Longlands station from his old partner Mr Coleman. Mr M'Hardy was then elected president of the Hawke's Bay Caledonian Society, and assisted greatly in promoting the success of that institution. He is a member of the Patangata County Council and of the Hawke's Bay Rabbit Board, being also a prominent member of the



Carroll, photo. Napier.
MR A. M'HARDY.

Hawke's Bay Agricultural and Pastoral Society, as well as one of the most successful exhibitors of stock at the annual Show.

Mr Robert Smith, the leading spirit in the society, was born at Strathspay, Inverness-shire, Scotland, in 1848, and he made his first appearance in the athletic arena at Castle Grant, Inverness-shire, when only sixteen years of age, winning four first and two second prizes. The *Elgin Courier* in reporting the games, gave Mr Smith credit for being the best athlete of his age in Great Britain. Up to 1873 he competed successfully at all the principal Highland gatherings in Scotland. In 1871, at Inverness, whilst competing against the best athletes in the country, he won nine first and four second prizes. The *Inverness Courier*, on that occasion, compared his performance to that of Donald Dinnie, and pointed out the excellent effect produced by high training. Mr Smith was also a very successful competitor in Highland dancing, securing prizes at all the leading gatherings in Scotland. His masterpiece in that line was the sword dance, he never having been defeated at any of the gatherings from 1868 to 1875, and during that period he won no fewer than fifty three first prizes for sword dancing. He came to New Zealand in 1874, and in that year challenged any person publicly in the columns of the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, to throw a 10lb. hammer, with 15 feet start, but the challenge was not responded to. In the same year he beat all-comers at the Kaikora, Havelock, and Waipawa sports. Unfortunately, after the latter gathering he was severely injured by a fall from his horse, and his right arm was so weakened by it that he was prevented from again competing in feats of strength. When Donald Dinnie visited Hawke's Bay and competed at Waipawa in the Scotch wrestling, Smith and Dinnie had a fall each, but the celebrated Scotch athlete brought Smith down so heavily on the second occasion that he had to surrender the palm to his old friend and antagonist. Mr Smith then started the Woodville District Jockey Club, of which he was secretary and treasurer for five years, and on leaving the district was presented with a valuable watch in recogni-



MR SMITH AND SONS.

tion of his services. Shortly after his arrival in Napier Mr Smith started the Hawke's Bay Caledonian Society, which is undoubtedly a flourishing institution. The last annual gathering of the Society was one of the best conducted affairs that has ever been held in the district. Although Mr Smith has been compelled, owing to a further serious injury he received at a fire in Napier, to give up active participation in athletic sports, it is pleasing to notice that his two sons are already spoken of as the champion boy dancers of New Zealand. In addition to being secretary and treasurer for the Caledonian Society, Mr Smith is also one of the stewards of the Napier Park Racing Club, and for some time acted as its starter, but the position that he prizes probably more than all others is that of being president of the Pirate Football Club (Napier). On leaving Napier a few months ago, to settle in the Woodville district, Mr Smith was presented by the Hawke's Bay Caledonian Society with a gold watch and handsome illuminated address, and by the Pirates with two large framed pictures of the senior and junior clubs.

Mr Smith's two sons, like their father, are excellent Scottish dancers. Campbell, the youngest son, who is eleven years old, has been awarded fifteen medals for dancing, whilst William James (Baldie) who is a year older has secured fourteen. They first competed at the Hawke's Bay



Mrs Cobb, photo. Napier.
MR R. SMITH.

Caledonian Society Sports three years ago, and won all the first and second prizes. Two years ago they went to the South Island and won all the first prizes that were given; whilst at the St. Andrew's Caledonian Society Sports, Campbell Smith won the Champion Gold Medal for being the best boy dancer at the meeting. Both boys also won prizes at Wellington and Wanganui, and they danced, by special request at Napier, before Lady Onslow and her two daughters, the Ladies Gwendoline and Dorothy.

In order to give our readers some idea of the success that has attended the Hawke's Bay Caledonian Society, it may be stated that the first meeting was held on the Napier Recreation Ground on the 16th January, 1888, and in that short period of time, although large sums of money have been expended on charitable and educational purposes, the Society has a credit balance of over £500, and no liabilities. What an opening there seems to be in Auckland for such an institution, conducted on the same lines as the Hawke's Bay Society.

NAPIER CALEDONIAN BALL.

A successful ball, like that given by the Caledonian Society in Napier, lingers long in people's memories, and furnishes topics for conversation for weeks afterwards. This year's ball, which took place in the Garrison Hall, was exceedingly well attended and passed off with great éclat. So many handsome dresses were worn that it would be invidious to select any for special mention. Pretty faces always look well in evening dress, and even the less favoured ones appear to special advantage in a ball room. The decorations were uncommonly good, and completely transformed the hall into a bower of beauty. The stage was arranged as a drawing-room, the character of the dance being well sustained by the tastefully-draped plaids on the walls and ceiling. Even the gentlemen's dressing-rooms were carpeted and carefully furnished with mats. The floor was very smooth and elastic. Of the music many spoke enthusiastically. It

was indeed a pleasure to dance to its strains, and the programme was extremely and appropriately national:—Grand March by pipers; Scotch Reel; polka, 'Les Toreos'; waltz, 'La Gitana'; quadrille, 'Bonnie and Braw'; mazurka, 'Les Alsaciennes'; Grand Highland Reel in costume; president's (Mr P. S. McLean); address; Shauntreans: Highland schottische; Lancers, 'Old Edinburgh'; waltz, 'Gypsies'; Caledonian, 'Knight of the Trustle'; barn dance, 'Cinderella' (composed by Mr Newton); Reel of Tulloch; waltz, 'Southern Cross' (composed by Mr Newbould); mazurka, 'My Love'; quadrille,

A SPLENDID TIME AHEAD.

BY WALTER BESANT.

LET was Sunday evening in July—an evening aglow with warmth and splendour; an evening when even the streets of London were glorious with the light of the splendid west; an evening when, if you are young (as I sincerely hope you are), only to wander hand in hand over the grass and under the trees with your sweet-heart, should be happiness enough. One ought to be ashamed to ask for more. Nay, a great many do not ask for more.

They are engaged. Some time, but not just yet, they will marry. They work separately all the week, but on the Sunday they are free to go about together. Of all the days that make the week they dearly love but one day—namely, the day that lies between the Saturday and Sunday. Now that the voice of the Sabbatarian has sunk to a whisper or a white; now that we have learned to recognise the beauty, the priceless loom, the true holiness of the Sunday, which not only rests body and brain, but may be so used as to fill the minds with memories of lovely scenes, of sweet and confidential talk, of love-making and of happiness, we ought to determine that of all the things which make up the British liberties, there is nothing for which the working man should more fiercely fight or more jealously watch than the full freedom of his Sunday—freedom uncontrolled to wander where he will—to make his recreation as he chooses.

If the church doors are open wide, let the doors of the public galleries and the museums and the libraries be opened wide as well. Let him, if he choose, step from church to library. But if he is wise, when the grass is long and the bramble is in blossom, and the foliage is thick and heavy on the elms, he will after dinner repair to the country if it is only to breathe the air of the fields and lie on his back watching the slow westering of the sun and listening to the note of the blackbird in the wood.

Two by two they stroll or sit about Hampstead Heath on such an evening. If you were to listen (a pleasant thing to do, but wrong) to the talk of these couples, you would find that they are mostly silent, except that they only occasionally exchange a word or two. Why should they talk? They know each other's cares and prospects; they know the burden that each has to bear—the evil temper of the boss, the uncertainties of employment, the difficulties in the way of an improved acre; and the family troubles—there are always family troubles due to some inconsiderate member or other. I declare that we have been teaching morality and the proper conduct of life on quite a wrong principle—namely, the selfish principle.

We say, 'Be good my child, and you will go to heaven. The proposition is no doubt perfectly true. But it proposes a selfish motive for action. I would rather say to that child, 'Be good, my dear, or else you will become an intolerable nuisance to other people.' Now, no child likes to consider himself an intolerable nuisance.

These lovers, therefore, wander about the Heath—sometimes up to their knees in bracken, sometimes sitting under the trees—not talking much, but as the old phrase has it, 'enjoying themselves' very much indeed. At the end of the Spaniards' Road—that high causeway whence one can see in clear weather the steeple of Harrow church on one side and the dome of St. Paul's on the other—there is a

a debate on the House of Lords in October. I mean to come out grand. When I'm done there will be mighty little left of the Lords.' He was a handsome lad, tall and well set up, straight featured and bright eyed. The girl looked at him proudly. He was her own lad—this handsome chap. Not that she was bad looking either. Many an honest fellow has to put up with a girl not nearly so good-looking if you were to compare.

He was a clerk in the city. She was in the Post Office. He attended at his office daily from half past nine to six, doing such work as was set before him for the salary of a pound a week. She stood all day long at the counter, serving out postal orders, selling stamps, weighing letters and receiving telegrams. When I add that she was civil to everybody you will understand that she was quite a



MR R. D. D. McLEAN, FIRST PRESIDENT.

'Doris'; waltz, 'I Remember'; polka, 'Little Cherub'; D'Alberts, 'Yeoman of the Guard'; Highland schottische; Sword Dance and Highland Fling; waltz, 'The Arrow'; Scotch Reel; barn dance, 'White Heather'; mazurka, 'Tanz Vergunnen'; waltz, 'Swallows'; polka and galop, 'Chaisea China' and 'Telephone'; Grand Highland Reel.

The supper was keenly appreciated, and well deserved the encomiums and attention it received, being served in Mr Glassford's best style. The whole ball reflects great credit on the ball-room stewards—Messrs R. D. D. McLean, W. Bogle, J. G. Swan, T. W. Balfour, W. Miller, W. Wood, W. P. Stuart, Archd. McLean, T. W. W. W., P. S. McLean, N. Kettle, C. D. Kennedy, G. S. V. Wenley, and Donald McLean, and on the very obliging M.C.'s—Messrs N. Kettle, T. W. Bear, W. P. Stuart, R. Smith, T. Sidey, G. D. Kennedy, and J. G. Swan. Altogether, the Caledonian hall of 1892 was reckoned an unprecedented success. Perhaps the lion's share of the work was done by Mr Bear, but the excellent and energetic secretary, Mr E. Black, merits a word of praise for his exertions.

THE DEADLY DRUG.

EVERYBODY seems to be starting up the morphine question again. And everybody else wonders what it feels like, who really takes it, and if the stories told are really true. Of course, a great many of them are not; unfortunately, a great many of them are. There are very few women who, at some time or other in their lives, have not suffered such agonizing pain that they have been forced to take morphine. In some instances this has been followed by a regular course of it, the trouble usually beginning when the patient learns or is permitted to learn by an ignorant doctor how to give herself a dose of it. From that time on, she will kill the least pain she has with a 'jab.' We haven't the best rules, by the bye, in regard to physicians, for a perfectly strange doctor will come in, and, if a woman is clever enough, will give her a hypodermic injection of morphine (I think I ought to say morphia), without knowing whether she has been forbidden it by her doctor, or whether her family are trying to cure her. The deadly horrors of sleeplessness, the raging pain, are at once subdued by the subtle drug, and rest and pleasant dreams come with it.

In New York, a woman whose picture has been in every newspaper in the country, and who married a man of title in England, was so given over to the use of morphine that every chair in her house in which she was in the habit of sitting had a needle and syringe concealed in the soft folds of the silk that draped it. A nurse watched her day and night, and yet both doctor and nurse knew that she got exactly what she wanted, for this marvellous medicine seems to give its victims a great facility for intrigue; and to gain what they long for they will plot and lie as no healthy person would believe possible. In Paris the morphine habit has reached such a degree that a club of fashionable women has been formed, who meet, give themselves a hypodermic dose and then recount their experiences and sensations while under the effect of the drug.

The doctors in vain have tried to get the deadly needle from them. Not very long ago a well-known physician showed at a medical meeting just how a patient had deceived him and her own family. She always wore a beautiful gold chataleina, upon which hung her gold purse and all the little trinkets that women fancy on such an article. Among them was what looked like a good sized pencil, set with rubies and sapphires; on another chain hung a gold smelling-bottle, and on another a ring set around with rubies and sapphires. Now, in the pencil was the syringe and needle, in the bottle was the morphine, and the ring was intended to slip over the finger to keep it from pushing the syringe too far! Of the woman from whom this was taken it was said that it was not known how she could ever give it to herself, as she was never left alone; but the doctor constituting himself a private detective, discovered that she went to church a great deal, always wore her chataleina to church, and could very easily give herself a 'jab' as she knelt, apparently bowed in prayer on the floor. Cunning? Yes. If you will watch you will see how, in certain conditions, a woman and a monkey are exactly alike.



THEY WILL SEND ME TO PARLIAMENT.

superior clerk—one of the Queen's lucky bargains. It is not delicate to talk about a young lady's salary, therefore I shall not say for how much she gave her services to the British Empire.

He was a clever boy, who read and thought. That is to say, he thought that he thought—which is more than most do. As he took his facts from the newspapers and nothing else, and as he was profoundly ignorant of English history, English law, the British Constitution, the duties of a citizen and the British Empire generally, his opinions, after he had done thinking, were not of so much value to the country as he believed. But still a clever fellow and able to spout in a frothy way, which carried his hearers along, if it never convinced or defeated an opponent.

To this kind of clever boy there are always two or three dangers. One is that he should be led on to think more and more of froth and less of fact; another that he should grow conceited over his eloquence, and neglect his business. A third temptation which peculiarly besets this kind is that he should take to drink. Oratory is thirsty work, and places where young men orate are often in immediate proximity to bars. As yet, however, Charley was only twenty. He was still at the first stage of everything—oratory, business and love—and he was still at the stage when everything appears possible—the total abolition of injustice, privilege, class, capital, power, oppression, greed, sweating, poverty, suffering—by the simple process of tinkering the Constitution.

'Oh! he cried. 'We shall have the most glorious, the most splendid time, Lily! The power of the people is only just beginning; it hasn't begun yet. We shall see the most magnificent things . . . He enumerated them as above indicated. Well, it is very good that young men should have such dreams and see such visions. I never heard of any girl being thus carried out of herself. The thing belongs exclusively to male man in youth, and it is very good for him. When he is older he will understand that over and above the law and the Constitution there is something else more important still—namely, that every individual man should be honest, temperate and industrious. In brief, he will understand the force of the admonition—'Be good, my child, or else you will become an intolerable nuisance to everybody.'

The sun sank behind Harrow on the Hill. The red light of the west flamed in the boy's bright eyes. Presently the girl rose.

'Yes, Charley,' she said, less sympathetic than might have been expected. 'Yes, and it will be a very fine time if it comes. But I don't know. People will always want to get rich, won't they? I think this beautiful time will have to come after us. Perhaps we had better be looking after our own next first.'

'Oh! it will come—it will come.' 'I like to hear you talk about it, Charley. But if we ever to marry—if I am to give up the Post Office you must make a bigger crew. Remember what you promised. The



ENGAGED.

famous clump of firs, which have been represented by painters over and over again. Benches have been placed under these trees where one can sit and have a very fine view indeed, with the Hendon Lake in the middle distance, and a range of hills beyond, and fields and rills between.

On one of these benches were sitting this evening two—Adam and Eve—boy and girl newly entered into paradise. Others were sitting there as well—an ancient gentleman whose thoughts were seventy years back, a working man with a child of three on his knee, and beside him his wife, carrying the baby. But these lovers paid no heed to their neighbours. They sat at the end of the bench. The boy was holding the girl's hand, and he was talking eagerly.

'Lily,' he said, 'you must come some evening to our debating society when we begin again and hear me speak. No one speaks better. That is acknowledged. There is to be

shorthand and the French class. Put them before your speechifying.
 'All right, Lily dear, and then we will get married, and we will have the most splendid time—Oh! there's the most splendid time for us—ahead!'

II.

It is six months later and mid-winter, and the time is again the evening. The day has been gloomy, with a fog heavy enough to cause the offices to be lit with gas, so that the eyes of all London are red and the heads of all London are heavy.

Lily stepped outside the Post Office, work done. She was going home.

At the door stood her sweetheart waiting for her. He looked older and careworn and had hair on his face now. She tossed her head and made as if she would pass him without speaking. But he stepped after her and walked beside her.

'No, Lily,' he said. 'I will speak to you—even if you don't answer my letters you shall hear me speak.'

'You have disgraced yourself,' she said.

'Yes, I know. But you will forgive me. It is the first time. I swear it is the first time.'

Well, it was truly the first time that she had seen him in such a state.

'Oh! To be a drunkard!' she replied. 'Oh! Could I ever believe that I should see you rolling about the street?'

'It was the first time, Lily. And it shall be the last. Forgive me and take me on again! If you give me up I shall go to the devil.'

'Charley,' her voice broke into a sob. 'You have made me miserable—I was so proud of you. No other girl, I thought, had such a clever sweetheart; and last Tuesday—oh! It's dreadful to think of.'

'Yes, Lily, I know. There's only one excuse. I spoke for more than an hour, and I was exhausted, so what I took went to my head. Another time I should not have felt it a bit. And when I found myself staggering I was going home as fast as possible, and as bad luck would have it, I must needs meet you.'

'Good luck, I call it. Else I might never have found it out till too late.'

'Lily, make it up. Give me another chance. I'll swear off. I'll take the pledge.'

He caught her hand and held it.

'Oh, Charley,' she said, 'if I can only trust you.'

'You can, you must, Lily. For your sake I will take the pledge. I will do whatever you ask me to do.'

She gave way, but not without conditions.

'Well,' she said, 'I will try to think no more about it. But, Charley, remember I could never, never, never marry a man who drinks.'

'You never shall, dear,' he replied, earnestly.

'And then another thing, Charley. This speaking work—oh! I know it is clever and that—but it doesn't help us forward. How long is it since you determined to learn shorthand, because it would advance you so much? And French, because a clerk who can write French is worth double? Where are your fine resolutions?'

'I will begin again—I will practise hard—see now, Lily, I will do all you want. I will promise anything to please you—and do it, too. See if I don't. Only not quite to give up the speaking. Think how people are beginning to look up to me. Why, when we get a Reformed House, and the members are paid, they will send me to Parliament—me!—I shall be a member for Camden Town. Then I shall be made Home Secretary, or Attorney-General, or something. You will be proud, Lily, of your husband when he is a distinguished man. There's a splendid time for us—ahead!'

'Yes, dear. But first you know you have got to get a salary that we can live on.'

He left her at her door with a kiss and a laugh, and turned to go home. In the next street he passed a public house. He stopped, he hesitated, he felt in his pocket, he went in and had a go—just a single go—Lily would never find out—of Scotch cold. Then he went home and played at practising shorthand for an hour. He had promised his Lily. She should see how well he could keep his promise.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

NOW PUBLISHED

'THE LIFE AND TIME' OF SIR GEORGE GREY.

BY W. L. AND LILY REES.

THE publisher of the above highly-interesting work has very great pleasure in announcing that the book will be ready for issue on May 10th. Sir George Grey's life has been unique in the annals of living statesmen. His story reads like a romance, rather than a biography. Commencing his public career as an explorer in Western Australia he subsequently administered the affairs of South Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony at the most critical periods in the history of those colonies. There were then neither cables nor steam mail-services to keep the Governor in touch with the Imperial authorities, and he had to rely entirely upon his own judgment and resources. It was under these circumstances that Sir George Grey had to successfully cope with financial disaster in South Australia, native insurrection in New Zealand and Kathir disturbances at Cape Colony.

The authors have had exceptional opportunities for gathering the facts of Sir George Grey's remarkable career. Intimate personal communication with the ex-Governor and statesman has enabled them to set out his remarkable figure in bold relief, and they have been able by direct reference to ascertain the finer history of many events of great historical importance, and to collect a large fund of interesting personal reminiscences.

The book has been written in popular style and should command a very large sale. Orders should be forwarded at once.

H. BRET, Publisher, N. Z. GRAPHIC OFFICE, Auckland.

COKER'S FAMILY HOTEL,

CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONLOW.

Five minutes from Rail and Post.

The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia.

Inclusive tariff per day 10s 6d. 1/11/0 per week 23 3s 0d.

THOMAS POPHAM, Late Commander U.S.B. Co. Proprietor.



THE second of the series of practice matches, which are being held in view of the forthcoming interprovincial contests, eventuated at Epsom on Saturday last, and resulted in an almost complete reversal of the previous week's form, the Possibles this time winning by 23 points to 17.

WHEN the teams took the field it was seen that several changes had been made in the personnel of the teams as advertised. O'Connor and Marshall were unavoidably absent from the Probables' ranks, and their places were taken by Mills and Donald, whilst the vacancies thus caused in the Possibles' team were filled by Williams and Rogers. A strong westerly breeze was blowing, and the Possibles' winning the toss, elected to take advantage of it. Penalligan kicked off for the Probables, and for a time play was pretty even, until Taylor checked a change of the Colours' forwards by lying on the ball and a free kick was awarded. Stone took the kick successfully, and the score after about ten minutes' play stood: Possibles, 3; Probables, 0. Cheered by this early success, the Possibles began to play with even greater dash, and their nine forwards completely overrunning the eight opposed to them, got on repeated dangerous charges. From one of these the ball was kicked across to Masefield, who had no difficulty in scoring between the posts. Stone's kick again took the required direction, and the score was—Possibles, 8; Probables, nil. During the remainder of the spell the Colours continued to have all the best of the game, and Masefield, who always seemed to be in the right place when an opening occurred, scored two more tries, neither of which were converted, and at half-time the score was—Possibles, 12; Probables, nil. Upon resuming it was thought that the Probables, now playing with the wind, would speedily equalise matters. Such was not the case, however, and the Possibles, pegging away merrily, soon had a couple more tries to their credit (Ronayne and Masefield being the scorers), but neither of which were converted. The next item of interest was a fine bit of passing between Peace and Jervis, which ended in the latter making a good but unavailing shot at goal. Shortly afterwards Roberts secured possession near the half-way, and punting high he followed up smartly and again getting the ball dived over near the corner flag. Penalligan kicked a splendid goal. Possibles, 16; Probables, 5. The Colours now had another turn at scoring, Wright and Ronayne crossing the line in quick succession, the latter's try being converted by Gandin. Only a short period of time now remained, and the Probables, for the first time, began to play in something like their true form; first Elliott, then Roberts, and then Roberts again secured tries one of them being the product of the most brilliant bit of passing of the whole game. Penalligan was successful in two out of three attempts, and the game ended, Possibles, 23; Probables, 17.

THE game, so far at least as the display of the Probable team is concerned, was decidedly disappointing, and more so, because great things were expected of them on the strength of their previous Saturday's game. Of course it must be remembered in extenuation, that the forwards were minus the services of O'Connor and Marshall, and were besides playing only 8 men against 9 of their opponents. As for the backs, we all know that when a forward division is not holding its own the backs of a team are heavily handicapped, but even so, their defensive play was not by any means what it ought to have been.

ON the other hand the Possible team—strengthened materially by the inclusion of Masefield and Riley and the removal of Edmondson to centre-half—played with an unexpected amount of combination and skill in all departments of the game, and richly deserved their victory.

THE Match Committee met on Monday and selected the following team to play against Thames next Saturday:—Full back, F. Peace; three-quarter, Roberts, Jervis, Masefield; halves, Rhodes, Braund, Elliott; forwards, Marshall, O'Connor, Maynard, Montgomerie, Murray, McMillan, Dacre, Penalligan. Emergencies: Back, Taylor; three-quarters, Riley; half, Ronayne; forwards, Williams and Bruce.

It will be seen that the only alternation has been to put Peace full-back, and bring in Masefield as wing three-quarter, both of these are changes in the right direction, and taken as a whole, and judged in the light of previous form, the selection is I think a fairly good one.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—'I don't suppose the football editor of the GRAPHIC will care to comment on the subject, but may an outsider through the medium of your columns express an opinion on the play of certain footballers in the Possible-Probable matches. Much has been said during the

last week about friends and club mates assisting each other to get into the *reps*. During the first match of Probables v. Possibles two Posonbymen whom we will call M. and N., and who are notoriously inseparable, played on the same side—the "A" team. The manner in which the faithful N. fed his favourite M. enabled the latter to show up magnificently, and he was accounted a sure rep. On the following Saturday—last that is—the two were separated so far as sides went. N.'s heart, however, yearned towards poor M., who was playing dashing for "B's", and just to make the affair certain, he seemed to forget every now and then that he was playing on the opposite side, and seemed to think that the hands of Clubman were the right place for him to play into. By laboriously contrived fumbling and making wretched passes N. contrived to enable "good old M." again to show up strikingly, and no doubt put him in the team to play Thames. N. is usually a sterling player, but so sorry an exhibition as he made of himself in his desire to help his chum will, it is hoped, never be seen again at Potter's. He has certainly never played worse. A good many people will watch the pair in the Thames match, and N. will be ill-advised if he pushes his favouritism far in that match.'—SPECTATOR.

THE football match Pirate v. Zingari was played at Richmond, Dunedin, on July 23rd, on the ground of the latter team, which was in a shocking condition. The game resulted in a decisive victory for the Zingari by 16 points to 3. The Pirates were quite overmatched, and were on the defensive all through the game. The winners' forwards were in great form, and went through the backs time after time. All the scoring was done by them, McNab securing two tries, and Maloney, Garsede, and Marks one each.

THOSE old rivals, Dunedin and Union met on the North ground, and the Dark Blues left the field victorious by three tries to one. The game was not a very interesting one. McKenzie, who played centre quarter for the winners, scored two tries, and Beck the third, and Barr got a try for the Union.

ALHAMBRA journeyed to Mosgiel to meet Taieri, and had not much difficulty in winning the match, scoring 16 points to their opponents' nil. There was no score during the first spell, but in the second the Reds brought Johnston out as extra half back, and made the game open, and ran over their opponents. Crawford got two tries, and Baker and Downes potted a goal. Esquiland is said to have played a very fine forward game for the winners. On present form he is (wires our Dunedin correspondent) about the best forward we have. I noticed that Taranaki beat Wairarapa on Saturday. If the butter boys get themselves into good condition the match between the Auckland reps. and them should be a good one. Their backs are a very fast lot, and will take a deal of beating.

WELLINGTONIANS in particular, and athletes in general, will be interested in the photo-engraving of the Scoton team which pulled at the tug-of-war some little while ago. The names appear below the photo.

COLONIALS v. SCOTLAND played a good game (Association) at Hubson street Paddock, Wellington, the Scots beating their opponents by two goals to love. The Scots made their score in the first spell, the two goals being secured by Phillpotts and Martin. After this the Colonials had the best of the game throughout, but could not manage to score, although once or twice they came very near to it. Shields and Branton both distinguished themselves for the winners, while the pick of the losers were Johnston, Izard, Richardson and Wallace.

At Petone H.M.S. Ringarooma met the Englishmen, the latter winning by 2 goals to love. The Ringarooma team was not as strong as it should have been, several of their best men being unable to get away to play. However, they were good enough to prevent the opposing team from scoring more than 2 goals. Ireland, Jacks and Forbes showed up well for the Englishmen, Chellingworth, Harris, Palmer and Nicholls being the best players for the sailors.

THE annual football match between Otago University and Canterbury College took place on Saturday afternoon at Lancaster Park, the weather being perfect. The last few fine days had greatly improved the turf, all sign of greasiness having disappeared. A large number of spectators gathered to watch the match; the visiting team consisted of Rutherford, Porteous, Marshall, Mitchell, Haydon, Collins, Campbell, Strong, Platts, Ross, Alloo, Morgan, Pearce, Wilkinson, and Montgomerie (Captain). Those representing Canterbury College were Coeks, Collius, Hiorns, Grey, Gibson, West, Thorpe, Ivens, Speight,

Clarkson, Hiskins, Hawkins, C. Craddock, Ward and Cresswell (Captain). Play commenced soon after 3 p.m. after the usual cheers for both sides, and for some time the College seemed to be walking away, but the Southerners proved too much for them in the end, and when time was called the score stood Otago University 1 goal 1 potted goal and 3 tries to 2 goals College. The visitors were entertained at a banquet in the evening by the Collegians at the Terminus Hotel.

ANOTHER battle was fought for the championship between Merivale and Kaiapoi at Lancaster Park, being the return match. This was won by Merivale by 13 points to 2. On the Old Show Grounds Linwood beat Sydenham by 21 points to nil, and East Christchurch played Christchurch and won by 31 points to 4.

At a meeting of the Hawke's Bay Rugby Union, the Secretary was requested to write to the Secretary of the Poverty Bay Union, fixing the date of the annual match for Saturday, August 13th.

NAPIER met Firebrands on the Recreation Grounds, and won by 38 points to nil. There was but little local interest in the game, and but poor form was shown. Amongst a majority of indifferent players Whyte, Howard, Percy, Elliot, Bowes, Barnett, Fleming, and Cattanaeh were prominent.

I LEARN that the Canterbury 'reps.' are to arrive at Napier on the 1st of September, and play the Hawke's Bay boys on the following Saturday.

My Wellington correspondent, 'Lone Jack,' writes:— 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by only the sun of football—only that and nothing more. The cricketers, however, have had something to say lately. The footballers want to have the use of the Basin Reserve, which desire causes the men of the willow to weep rivers of ink in the newspapers. It cannot be affirmed that the noble game of football would improve the turf of the Reserve for the graceful game of cricket. The cricketers seem to consider that the Reserve belongs to them, apparently on the principle of "The old the ancient plan of let him take that's able, and keep he that can." It may be mentioned that the Reserve was intended to be excavated and used as a basin for ships, hence the name, but owing to earthquakes and other rising circumstances there is as much chance of having ships there now as a wet dock in Sheol. The cricketers' chief claim to the ground rests on their statement that they spend £200 per annum on the ground. That sum it may be assumed is for their own gratification; and if I may be permitted to

state, without being considered a lunatic, that out of my own privy purse I am prepared to spend at least double that sum if the City Council will hand over the ground to me. It must be remembered that the Empire City is very badly off for public grounds, and it savours of selfishness for the cricketers to calmly monopolise the only ground in the populous part of the city for their own game, especially when there is no other ground for children and others to amuse themselves in in fine weather.

'WHEN practice is going on, the reserve is absolutely dangerous, and it is only a matter of time for a fatal accident to take place. I remember last year in going in at one of the swing gates I was delayed a little, as were also two of the players who had been over to Cloggie's Hotel to change their clothes (?) by some passers-by, who were alluded to by one of the cricketers in the following words: "What with women and their perambulators, and carpenters with their tools, I think we should close all the gates but one." And this is in a "public" reserve—forsooth! A really splendid proposal was made to reclaim a portion of Oriental Bay for a football and cricket ground, but so far the scheme has not progressed, owing partly to the want of energy on the part of the promoters, and the short-sighted obstruction shown by some of the residents of the Bay. It is a great pity the work has not been completed, it would have provided a congenial home both for football and cricket, relieved the congestion in the Basin Reserve, and have allowed it to fulfil its true destiny, that of becoming a promenade garden.

'A SPLENDID game was played on the Newtown Park between the "Possibles" and the "Probables" in the representative football team. The spectators had the pleasure of knowing that they had not taken the trip by the tram for naught, nor spent their money for that which was not 'play.' The struggle was exciting and good form was shown, though the ground was very muddy and in some parts quite unsuitable for anything like smart play. The whole of the teams selected with one exception were present. J. Campbell converted two tries by Woods and Beck, and also secured a goal from a mark for the 'Possibles.' Pringle, Baker, and Kelly for the losers secured tries, which were not converted.

'IT is much regretted that the match with the Taranaki 'reps.' will not take place—some of the intending visitors not being able to leave.

'FOR the Junior Cup the Poneke Second and Selwyn First met at Newtown Park; the game proved fast and furious, with the result that the Selwyns suffered their first defeat by two points to nil. The game was most stubbornly con-

tested and caused considerable interest. Oswin and Sutherland soon made themselves seen by carrying the war into the enemies' quarters, when the latter made an effort to secure a goal from a penalty kick. The Ponekes immediately showed return fire, and forced the game; some capital passing almost let Driscoll obtain some scoring for them. Towards the end of the first spell O'Neill secured a try which Driscoll failed to convert. During the second spell both teams were at it in ding-dong fashion, the Selwyns ultimately carrying the game right up to the Ponekes' line. Thomson apparently got a try, but the referee was not favourable to him. Some tenacious scrummaging close to him then took place, but some loose play by Drummond lost a chance for the Selwyns, and after that they were out of it. The Ponekes never gave them another show, and certainly played the better game.

COUPON.

TO BE DETACHED.

NAME OF WINNING CLUB.	No. Points Scored.
NAME OF DEFEATED CLUB.	No. Points Scored.

Name

Address

The match for which the prize of two guineas will be presented in the North is

TARANAKI V. AUCKLAND.

(Auckland),

Interprovincial match

WELLINGTON V. HAWKES' BAY.

'MELROSE II. was defeated by Carlton first by 6 points to love.

'FOR the third class championship Melrose defeated Pioneer easily by 15 points to 4. Poneke obtained 8 points against Wellington's nil. The Athletics were defeated by the Pirates to the tune of 6 to 2.

A CUTTER race took place between a crew from H.M.S. 'Ringarooma,' and one from the Wellington Naval Brigade. The contest was from Ngahauranga to the Queen's wharf, the distance being thus nearly three miles. As the water was pretty lumpy, the pull was a long pull, and a strong one. Of course the ship's crew was the favourite, but a boil-over took place, as the local bluejackets won rather comfortably. Plenty of cheering took place at the finish, the losers getting rather the best of it. A capital smoke concert took place in the evening, the Wellington navals being the hosts and inviting their deep-sea compatriots. Some rattling good songs, etc. were given, the visitors showing themselves to be thoroughly equal to the occasion.'

News from the Old Country tells that Joe Courtney, of Coventry (late Portsmouth), English Champion, met Cameron Bell of Musselburg, Scottish champion, to decide the One Mile Championship. The stakes were £100. A strong wind blew across the ground. Bell stripped at 10st. 7lb. and Courtney at 10st. exact. The latter had been training at Coventry for some time, but Bell only came down at the beginning of the week, having been got fit at Edinburgh by W. Harvey of London. Betting was even until the men appeared, when 5 to 4 was laid on Bell. Courtney got the inside position, and went off with the lead, which he kept for over three quarters of a mile. Bell made his effort and a splendid race ensued, Bell winning by a yard. Time: Quarter-mile, 1min. 1sec.; half mile, 2min. 11sec.; three-quarters, 3min. 24sec.; full mile, 4min. 51sec. Not a particularly brilliant performance for either man.



W. Kinsey, photo.

Late Price & Co., Wellington.

SCOTCH TEAM, WINNERS OF INTERNATIONAL TUG-OF-WAR, OPERA HOUSE, WELLINGTON, 1892.

FIRST ROW.—D. RENTOU (12st 7lb); M. McLEAN (13st); C. A. THOTTER (13st); H. McLAREN emergency (12st 2lb); J. MCKINNON (15st 2lb). SECOND ROW.—A. S. PATTERSON, Captain (11st 6lb); W. HAMILTON (13st 6lb); D. HURCAN, Pilot (12st 5lb); S. MURRAY (12st 5lb); D. N. MCKILLAN, Deputy-Captain. THIRD ROW.—D. A. MITCHELL (12st 10lb); W. DUMKIN (12st 6lb).

nightingale to make song—the flower in the garden to bloom—the song to come to one, two, three persons. You are the flower, but you not make to yourself one garden; and all the weeds come round to smell and be flowers. Ah, no. 'You want to make 'edge round you.'

'Oriental metaphor is a little confusing, Mr Hagopian. I don't quite follow you.'

'You want to make 'edge round you—cedar rails; and then the weeds only overlook, and say to himself: "We cannot into the garden get; we are smelly weeds; that is the rose."

'Oh, I see. You think I want looking after.'

'Yes, beautiful Mees. Someone to look after to you—to make to love you. To make comfort to your liver.'

Melissa turned the conversation. Her liver did not require comforting. In fact, it worked admirably. 'By the way, Mr Hagopian, I expect Mr Miller here presently. Let us get through our business before he comes.'



MR HAGOPIAN.

Mr Hagopian frowned. He did not love Jack. It was well for Jack that he wasn't Milette's goat. Oh, if he only lived in Armenia, even in the society of so humble a Christian as Mr Hagopian. We learn from Xenophon that in Armenia the honey has a strong poison concealed amid its sweets. This poison is attributed to a variety of rhododendrons which grows there in wild profusion. The coffee, too, of that district sometimes occasions the most melancholy accidents—especially if it be made by an enemy. Mr Hagopian thought regretfully of the incidental drawbacks to Christianity—drawbacks which involved the renunciation of such expeditious methods of removing a foe to another sphere of usefulness. But Jack didn't take coffee, and Mr Hagopian was a Christian—or said that he was.

'Have you the authorisation of the American Board of Missions for me to proceed to Sivas?' asked Melissa.

'The authorisation?' He felt in his pocket. 'Oh, yes, I have him at the hotel, but it is all right.'

'I should like to see it,' drily remarked Melissa.

'I will fetch him presently,' said Mr Hagopian, ruefully fumbling again for the non-existent document.

'And when do you start?' queried Melissa.

'When you make to get ready,' said Mr Hagopian. He seemed in a hurry.

'You actually propose that we should travel together?' enquired Melissa with assumed indifference.

'Yes. Why not, beautiful Mees?'

'Well, it isn't usual, you know,' and Melissa played with her fan. 'Do you see Mr Miller coming?'

Mr Hagopian looked through the blinds.

'No,' he said, shortly. 'He is away at the Claversons. He makes to walk to see Mees Cecilia. The fat Mees Cecilia. Oh, so plump, so fat as never was!'

'You estimate beauty by weight, then?'

'Oh, yes. In Circassia it is on milk the girls are made fat. But you will make fat to yourself. Oh, yes, when you once get to Sivas you will make fat to yourself. You will sit on the tops of the house all day, and do nothing but swell, oh, so round—make nothing but fat.' He spread out his hands as if to signify how fat Melissa would get. 'And you will preach on Sundays. Here it is not good at all. It is not good. You make to rush about, to hurry, to what you call "fly round." You cannot get fat. You leas eat, you cold water drink, you like not rice and milk. Ah—h, in Armenia people do not make to run about, to dance. They sit on the ground, on the house-top; they smoke, they eat *rahut lakoum*. And they are so beautiful—so fat as never was.'

'Thank you, but I don't want to be "so fat as never was," Mr Hagopian.'

'Ah—h, but the Mees Cecilia,' said Mr Hagopian, regretfully, 'she is so plump. Mr Jack can never to get his arm round her, she is so plump.' He watched Melissa narrowly.

'Very possibly,' said Melissa, still fanning herself. She had always disliked that horrid Claverson girl.

'So plump!' repeated Hagopian.

'I don't very well see how we can travel together,' Melissa continued. 'Isn't there any way out of it?'

'Yes,' said Mr Hagopian. 'I have wait to tell you the one way out. By yourself you will be, oh! so helpless; you will not stand. With one big tree to lean against, to make you strength, you will be known as the great banoum, the banoum who is rich, rich, rich! but who leaves all for the poor Armenian.'

'Are you the poor Armenian to whom I am to leave everything?'

'Yes, beautiful Mees, I am the poor Armenian. Without you, I am as the bull-bull, the bull-bull who pines for his mate. Marry me, and I will sing—oh, all day long—sing like the little frogs in the marsh. And I will look after your money. Oh, yes; I will look after your money. Oh, these damn wicked Armen— I mean, these poor brethren will wheedle out of you all your money, unless I am there to—'

'Help them?' asked Melissa. 'Thank you. I needn't go all the way to Armenia to be swindled. It occurred to me that it might be as well to make some enquiries about you before I trusted myself to your hands. I did so—through Pinkerton's Detective Agency. It would seem that the American Mission people don't know you. They rather imagine you to be the servant of one of their missionaries who declined to return to Armenia.'

The Armenian became livid. 'To use his own picturesque phraseology, he turned as green "as never was".'

'Don't deny it,' ruthlessly continued Melissa. 'Have you any money?'

'No,' said the Armenian meekly, as he displayed his empty pockets. 'No, beautiful Mees, I have not any money; not one medjideh. The landlord makes say to me what he calls a friendly game at the poker—the card poker, not the stove poker. But he make the cards up his sleeve and down his boots all the time. When someone spike to me I turn away, and the landlord makes to jump out the cards. Oh—h, they are wicked people these Canadians. And the others say, "Beautiful; bully for you, the brave man who play poker like Canadians as if born." And I play, and play, and play. But the poker is too much. All my money—all the money for my poor brethren, for the schools at Kharpout, for the old, the starving—make to itself to go down the landlord's boots—his damn boot. I cry, I rave, I swear—oh, I swear just a little—I tear my hair; but he all this luck has and the cards. Never the accused poker to me comes. Never. Oh—h, I am played out.'

'Then it wasn't your own money?'

'No, it was not my own money, beautiful Mees. It was for the heathen, for the poor; and it lured make itself to the landlord. All gone. Gone like the narghileh smoke; gone like the dream; gone like the pillow. And when I beg for it back they laugh—oh yes, they laugh, and say—oh, I will not make to my lips what they say. It is not proper for you beautiful Mees. It is what you call "skin game." They have skin me—me, the poor, helpless stranger. I have not of my skin left; and the landlord he has take to himself my best trousers. The brigand! May he burn in Eblis.'

Melissa cut short the trembling, cringing wretch. 'I suppose you want me to help you away from here?'

Mr Hagopian's expression was significant. 'Such wicked peoples I have seen never,' he said with expression; 'never. I would like to make them all roast in Eblis, and stuff them with red hot stones in their insides. Such wicked peoples, to skin the poor stranger—the missionary. I am played out, and the landlord will make to turn me out.'

'Do you see Mr Miller coming?' asked Melissa.

'Yes; down the road.'

'Very well. I'll give you a thousand dollars to agree to everything I say to him. If you fail me, you will spend the night in gaol with good Mr Cameron, who will try to convert you.'

'No, I have converted enough been,' he said. 'I am too good for the heathen, for the poor; and it lured make itself to the head with humility. For one thousand dollars,' he continued, 'for one thousand dollars I would of my own grandmother make pillow and—and eat her. My own grandmother.'

'You needn't do that,' said Melissa, as Jack entered the room. 'Good-day, Mr Miller; Mr Hagopian has prepared a little surprise for you.'

'Indeed,' said Jack grimly. 'Perhaps I shall have one for him before he is much older. Can I see you alone?'

'I have no secrets from Mr Hagopian.'

'The beautiful Mees has no secrets from me,' said Hagopian.

'But you may have from her,' retorted Jack, declining to sit down. 'Melissa, I must speak to you.'

'Tell him that we have agreed to cast in our lots together, Johannes,' said Melissa to Hagopian. 'You will be the first to congratulate us, Mr Miller.'

Jack gave one searching glance at them both. They certainly did not look happy, especially the Armenian. His voice was very stern, as he moved towards Melissa. 'Is your happiness bound up in this—this man?' he said.

'Yes,' faltered Melissa.

Jack tore up a piece of paper which he held in his hand. 'Then he's safe as far as I'm concerned. I'd intended to enlighten you as to his antecedents, but I knew you well enough to be aware that if you once love you will love to the end, and I spare him for your sake.'

Mr Hagopian thought Jack a bigger fool than ever. 'Ah! you have compassion,' he said. 'You will not see the heathen starve. You have liras. You will find me back my moneys and my trousers the landlord has made to steal. All my moneys!'

'That will do, Johannes,' said Melissa. 'I'm rather tired of it. You will not play in the future—if I can help it.'

'Ah, no,' he said with greasy idolatry. 'I will before you kneel all the time.'

Melissa felt inclined to box his ears. Jack look murderers. Melissa must be mad to throw herself away on this oily ruffian. It was monstrous, incredible! His fingers itched to clutch the Armenian's throat and strangle him. The slimy villain!

'Kindly go down to the hotel for that paper, Mr Hagopian,' said Melissa.

'I will go,' said Hagopian. 'I will go, beautiful Mees; but oh! that landlord. He will make to kick me again—kick like one damn wicked mule.' And he faded away to his doom.

'Now,' said Melissa, turning to Jack, 'before we part for the last time, can you explain your outrageous insult of last night?'

Jack looked her steadily in the face. Was the girl a fiend? 'No,' he said shortly. 'I've no explanation to offer. I kissed you because I loved you. I couldn't make you feel that I loved you until my soul spoke through my lips, and so I kissed you. No power in heaven or earth can take that away from me. If I were starving, shipwrecked, tortured, crushed, maimed, dying, I'd remember that in my last moments, I was the first! first! first! first!'

'Yes, J—Jack, you were the first.'

'Melissa, d'you know what you're doing?'

'Oh, yes,' she said. 'Would you—would you?' She hesitated.

'Would I what?'

She went up to him, laid a slim, white hand on his shoulder, and gazed tenderly into his manly honest eyes.

'Like to do that again?' she asked. 'What you—oh! you know. I—last night.'

He stared. 'But Hagopian?'

'Jack, dear, that's my wickedness. Dear, dear Jack, I'm dreadfully wicked. I wanted to test you, to see how big and brave and strong you are, though you did shake your fist at me. I saw you, Jack. I was at the window all the time. You drew me there. I wanted to come out to you. I love you, Jack, I love you.'

Jack turned white. 'Melissa—'

'Yes, I do, Jack. Must men would have given way to spite and anger, and have denounced that rascal. You thought that I loved him (she shuddered) and so held your peace. Jack, you're a hero. I didn't dream you were so noble. I ought to have known. Would you have let me go away with that man?'

'I was going too,' said Jack, simply. 'If he had objected, we should have fought it out. I'd have killed him.'

Melissa nestled up to him with the air of one who is utterly content. 'My brave Jack. That—that kiss told me the truth, Jack. My whole soul went out to you. Have I made you so miserable, my poor boy? My poor, poor boy! I have I, Jack? Oh, I'm so sorry. So ashamed, Jack. The old days have come back. The old days. I love you, Jack, my dear, my knight, my king, my hero among men. Kiss me again, Jack. I shall feel worthier of you.'

For answer, he bent down and kissed her lips. 'Dearest, you will not be a prospective pilgrim much longer. You'll come to me soon!'

Her upturned eyes fell beneath his gaze. 'Y—es, Jack. Soon.'

They wandered away into the primeval solitude of the bush, through the green glades, through the dense fies, to a little clearing, and looked up at the far away blue sky. Melissa gave a sigh of content. 'It's nearer now, Jack. Nearer now. We will go back to the old days.'

'They're gone for ever, Melissa. She shook her selfish little head. 'No, Jack. We're still children, only bigger, and our toys are—hearts! If they break they—'

'Break together,' he said. 'And they wandered on into the old days.'



MELISSA AND JACK MILLER.



THE Rev. George MacMurray, M.A., the present incumbent of St. Mary's Cathedral Church was ordained in Kilmore Cathedral, Ireland, by the late Bishop of Kilmore, deacon in 1878, and priest in 1879. He was educated at Dublin University, where he graduated in the First Class. He held the curacies of Anghrim and of Cavan (under the present Bishop of Kilmore, as rector), and was afterwards Incumbent of Killisnoh and Rural Dean. Invited to Australia, he went to Ararat, and was subsequently Vicar of St. Paul's, Ballarat East, one of the largest and most important churches in the diocese of Ballarat, and where he had the Bishop of Christchurch as vicar of the adjoining parish. The strain of the heavy work in St. Paul's brought on an illness which led Mr MacMurray to visit his friend Mr Dilworth, of Rennerua, three and a half years ago, and the benefit derived from that visit, and the favourable impressions of Auckland and its people which were then formed, did much to lead to his acceptance of his present post. During his absence in New Zealand, he was elected by the Church Assembly to a Canonry of the Cathedral. Canon MacMurray held many appointments in connection with the church in Australia; he was a member of the Diocesan Council, of the Board of Electors for the appointment of a bishop, of the General Synod of Australia and Tasmania, and was hon. secretary of the Superannuation Fund, all of which appointments, as well as his Canonry, he resigned upon coming to St. Mary's.



REV. MACMURRAY.

Canon MacMurray took an active interest in the social and civic affairs of Ballarat, having seats on the Public Library Committee and the Council of the Fine Arts Gallery. He was also for some time a member of the Committee of the Ballarat Cricket Club. Upon his removal from Ballarat East, he and Mrs MacMurray were tendered a 'farewell social' by the citizens, which was presided over by the Mayor, and attended by over six hundred citizens of all creeds.

MR AND MRS MACMURRAY were accorded a warm reception at a social gathering held at the Parnell Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Bishop Cowie introduced the new incumbent, and one of the nominators, Mr W. H. Clurton with the churchwarden, Mr Tewsley, spoke a few words, after which Mr MacMurray made an excellent little speech. At a special service held in the Pro-Cathedral, Parnell, the Right Rev. Dr. Cowie instituted the Rev. G. MacMurray to the incumbency of the parish. There was a large and attentive congregation, and an excellent choral service was well performed.

THE reverend gentleman is very strong upon the paramount importance of having a thoroughly efficient parish hall and school building in which not only instruction can be imparted to the children on Sundays, but in which all parish meetings can be held and night classes during the week for young men and women, social evenings, etc., etc.; and for the providing of such a building, it is in contemplation to dispose

of the present school house which is out of the way and too small, and devise means to give effect at as early a date as possible to so desirable and necessary an object by erecting on land adjacent to the church.

It is with pleasure we note in *The New Zealand Methodist* that the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal has conferred upon an old Auckland boy, the Rev. Geo. Brown, F.R.G.S., the degree of D.D. Than Dr. Brown, few men know more about New Guinea and the adjacent islands, and among the inhabitants—those people clothed only in smiles and sunshine—no man is more respected. In his capacity of secretary of the Australian Wesleyan Missionary Society, Dr. Brown intends shortly to visit New Zealand, when should he lecture upon those fields, in which he has laboured so long, we would recommend all who—apart from any religious feeling—take an interest in the geography of these islands and the history and traditions of the people upon them, to attend.

A VERY pleasing ceremony took place at St. Paul's Church, Napier, when Mr Hugh Aplin, choir-master, was presented with a very handsome ebony and gold mounted baton, with the following inscription:—'Presented to Mr Hugh Aplin, by St. Paul's Choir, Napier, July 1892.' Mr Neilson, on behalf of the choir, made a very pleasing little speech, and referred to the good work done by Mr Aplin. He has been especially good in training the younger members of the choir gratuitously, at his own residence. Miss Lindsay presented the baton, and Mr Aplin responded in a neat speech.

MY Hastings correspondent sends an account of the death of Mrs Hobbs from influenza. She was much beloved in the neighbourhood, and very many friends visited the parsonage to view for the last time, the remains of one so much respected. The Bishop of Waipu and Canon St. Hill read the burial service. The funeral was very largely attended. Deep sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband who is left with five little children, the youngest being only four months old.

ONE of the features of the entertainment lately provided by the young ladies of Picton, was the musical performances of Mr Charles White, on the piano and violin. This lad is quite a musical genius, and with the exception of a few lessons, self taught. He plays well, and is equally at home with either instrument.

MR S. J. MACALISTER, owner of the Yellerton Run, Queen Charlotte Sound, with Mrs Macalister, and Mrs (Dr.) Horne, left Picton on Friday last, for Auckland via Nelson and New Plymouth. They intend visiting the Hot Lakes and other places of note in the North Island. Mr Henry Redwood—Father of the New Zealand Turf—with his newly-wedded bride will join the party at Rotorua.

MISS EMILY REEVE, the popular conductor of the Young Ladies' Orchestra, Auckland, has been presented with a handsome baton of white wood bound with silver. It bears the inscription: 'The members of the Auckland Young Ladies' Orchestra to their conductor, Miss E. Reeve.' The baton is finished with a golden lyre set with a band of turquoises. Miss Rita Possenneskie made the presentation.

MY Christchurch correspondent says:—'A very prominent member of our community has been taken from us, and also one of Canterbury's very early settlers. It is Mr H. Allwright, recently Mayor of Lyttelton, and perhaps one who has done more for the interests of that borough than any man. He arrived in Lyttelton when quite a boy, with his parents in the ship Cressy, and has lived there ever since. Being energetic and persevering, he became a successful man and at a very early age took a great interest in politics. He has always been a consistent worker for the well-being of our seaport town, and many things there will speak (in a silent way), of his unflinching interest. He was on his way to Sydney for the benefit of his health, but even the short sea voyage was found to have done him harm and he was advised to come back, but it was only to spend a few days for he became rapidly worse and died at Mr H. N. Nalder's, Christchurch.'

MRS BELL, wife of the proprietor of the Dunedin *Evening Star*, died a few days ago at a ripe old age, and is very much regretted by a large circle of friends. She was buried in the Northern Cemetery. The funeral, which was a very large one, was attended by a number of prominent citizens. Among those who followed were Messrs J. T. Mackerras, J. W. Jago (Editor of the *Star*), C. W. Kerr, and M. Cohen, who acted as pall-bearers; Sir Robert Stout, Messrs J. Brown, T. Brown, R. Wilson, H. T. Wheeler, A. D. Lubecki, S. H. Mirams, J. Macgregor, C. S. Reeves, A. Wilson, G. Fenwick (of the *Otago Times*), A. Michie, G. L. Denniston, H. Low, W. M. Hadzkins, Dr. Burns, Dr. Hislop, and the Rev. W. Ready. The Rev. A. R. Fitchett, of All Saints, conducted the service.

ALL NATIONS EXHIBITION.

THEY came, they were seen, and undoubtedly they have conquered—Wirth's Japanese and Arabs, that is. They have been playing in Auckland during the past week, but their tour southwards will commence very shortly, and as everyone will see the circus, a detailed account of the performance would scarcely be fair. It recommends itself. We were of this opinion when last Saturday afternoon we paid a visit to Messrs Elias J. Nahra, Fadlallah Aboalaleh, Mansor Hana, and Salyrn Jhjh, Belouin Arabs, and the Godiyou Family of Japanese jugglers. When the genial manager—all managers are 'genial'—took us into the green-room we had half-an-hour's chat with the gentlemen above named, whose cognomens are really too distressing again to repeat. As the gladiatorial combats of the Bedouins are attracting a good deal of public interest, the chieftain, Elias, explained the sword passes—73 in number—informed us *en passant* that the same kind of swords and shields were used in Arabia 4,000 years ago—'long before time of pig gannon and rypheela.' These are also similar weapons to those used in the bloody men-fights of to day in the Arabian arena away from the coast, where 'backsheeh' equal in value to half-a-sovereign, enables a 'peace-loving Englishman' maybe, to witness the fight and the death. 'Arabs too much fight,' Nahra continued grimly, making a savage feint upon his comrade Mansor, who was harmlessly smoking a perfumed cigarette. Mansor, springing to his feet, picked up his gleaming steel, and dancing a fandango around Nahra retaliated. Peace was immediately declared and the Bedouins proceeded to show us their choice selection of silks. 'All hands made, all hands made by ladies, pretty ladies with big, black eyes,' put in the gallant Fadlallah, making a circle with his first finger and thumb to express the size of the honris' eyes. Well did the silks deserve the term choice, and we made a mental calculation of how many minutes it would take the sight of the shawls and turbans to make the ordinary colonial girl turn green with envy. But the mention of silks brought out our friends the Japanese, and these gentlemen came forward with their products of the industrious little worm, in the shape of gowns curiously worked with the figures of men and animals, kites, and what appeared to be angels of the dark order. Mr T. Kitchie speaks eight languages, and is extremely well versed in European geography. The whole troupe—Arabs and Japanese—we found to be most interesting and intelligent, and we came away with more liberal ideas on the equality of the races of mankind than those we had previously been introduced to Messrs Elias, Nahra, and Co., at Wirth's. They are drawing splendid houses, as well they deserve to do, for the Japanese sustain their extensive European, and the Arabs their American fame.

FINE TEAS.

DRAGON BLEND, 3s. PER LB.

HOUDAH BLEND, 3s. PER LB.

KANGRA VALLEY BLEND,
2s. 10d. PER LB.

IT IS ASTONISHING

That people are found who readily pay SIX-PENCE per glass for alcoholic drinks, and yet who HESITATE to pay less than a HALF-PENNY per large breakfast cup for these DELICIOUS TEAS.

EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.,

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.,

PROPRIETORS, WELLINGTON.

PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

(BY BIRD'S-EYE.)

IT is afternoon of July 12th. To-day, for the first time, the chosen of the Legislative Council dons his official robes and takes his seat in the Speaker's chair. For a few minutes, therefore, I leave the representative chamber to see how he departs himself.

Of a manly Saxon type is the Hon. Mr Miller, blue-eyed, and fresh coloured; square-shouldered and erect, his robes become him well, and he performs the duties of his new position with easy dignity, as one accustomed to official routine. Mr Miller's features are good, and his expression



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo. Wellington.
HON. MR. MILLER,
Speaker of Legislative Council.

thoughtful, kindly, and honest; an upright man, one feels at once, one who could never stoop to 'ways that are dark' nor tricks that are vain.' His voice, bearing, and general appearance give the impression of middle life, his fast-whitening hair alone showing the touch of time's ruthless finger. Actually he is sixty-two years of age, for he was born in the year 1830, at Froyle Park, the family seat, his father being the Rev. Sir Thomas Miller, Bart., of Alton, Hants.



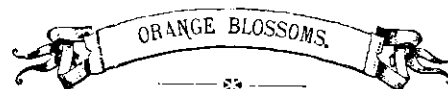
F. L. Jones, photo. Duardin.
MRS. MILLER.

Like many young men reared amidst rural scenes and sports, Mr Miller early developed a love of adventure and enterprise, and his eyes turned longingly to far-off lands, to the view of which, in the days of his boyhood and youth, distance truly 'lent enchantment.' Finally, when he was about thirty years of age, he decided to come out to New Zealand, and set sail in the P. and O. s.s. *Salsette* in the year 1860. Taking up his residence in the Oamaru district, he has resided in that locality pretty well ever since, chiefly engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits, but taking, at the same time, a lively interest in educational

matters, and also in local and general politics. He had been but a very short time in the colony when he became a member of the Otago Provincial Council, and in the years '64 and '65 held a seat in its Executive. He was called to the Legislative Council in the year 1865, and is therefore one of its oldest members.

In the year 1879 Mr Miller held for a short time a seat in the Fox-Vogel Ministry. His warm interest in things educational led to his election in 1878, to the Chairmanship of the Waitaki High School Board, a position which he retained for thirteen years. He was also Chairman of the Oamaru Harbour Board during a period of eight years, and is at the present time Chairman of the Westport Coal Co. Mr Miller married in the colony, and has five sons and three daughters.

Mrs Miller was born in England, and came out to New Zealand when quite a child. She is the daughter of the late Mr John Orbell, of Waikouaiti. She is fair of face, with clear hazel eyes, and her manners are sweet and winning; she delights in the society of congenial friends to whom it is her constant endeavour to afford pleasure. Always ready to take her fair share in undertakings having for their aim the intellectual or social well-being of others, she yet avoids thrusting herself into prominence, content to illustrate the poetical aphorism, 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' Matters political Mrs Miller is satisfied to leave to the managers of the opposite sex; and, with regard to the question which agitates the minds of so many women of to-day, the wide world over, she takes rather a deprecating attitude; rightly conceiving that a woman's first duty is to her family, she fears, like so many of her contemporaries, that the proper guidance of the household may be interfered with by woman's political enfranchisement.



DR. THOMAS SPENCER LAWRY TO MISS FLORENCE MABEL BATTLETT.

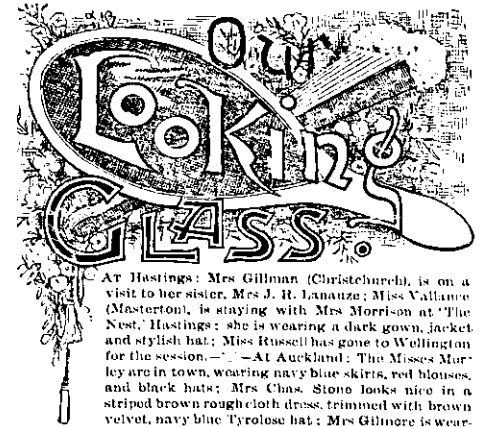
A DELIGHTFUL break in the monotony of the wet weather occurred on Thursday morning, the sunshine lasting just long enough to enable the bridal party to reach the Mount Albert Wesleyan Church, where the ceremony of uniting Miss Florence Mabel Battley, second daughter of Mr Frederick Battley, general manager of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, to Dr. Thomas Spencer Lawry, Symond street, took place. With one exception, all the guests were from Auckland, but a good many spectators from the neighbourhood helped to fill the little church. The Rev. H. H. Lawry, father of the bridegroom, assisted by Dr. Lawry's brother, performed the marriage service.

MISS BATTLETT, who was given away by her father, looked very well in a costume of white surah silk, the bodice being made in corsette style, a full blouse reaching to the neck, where it was gathered into a ruche. The skirt was, of course, umbrella shaped, trained and edged with a ruche of silk. The bride wore a veil, with a tiny spray of orange blossoms on her head, bouquet of white flowers tied with ribbon. The four bridesmaids were in white, each dress being made somewhat differently, three being also of different shades of white. The elder ones, Misses Upton, L. Corrie, and E. Carr, wore nothing at all on their heads, but carried pretty bouquets. The youngest, little Miss Elsie Battley, wore a very chic furry hat, with swansdown on her white dress. She was attended by Master Noel Houghton, her nephew, who looked very nice in a dark velvet suit, Rubens hat, and lace collar. The other groomsmen were Messrs P. F. Battley, A. W. Houghton, W. T. Dohls, and Dr. Robertson. Mr Carr presided at the harmonium.

It was rather difficult to obtain a description of the dresses from an outsider's hurried view, but the following list is as correct as possible under the circumstances. Mrs Battley, black silk and lace dress, black bonnet with gold lace and shaded mauve poppies; Mrs C. V. Houghton (sister of the bride), ruby silk entirely veiled with black lace, black bonnet with red roses and leaves; Mrs Lawry, black silk, bonnet *en suite* with coloured flowers; Miss Lawry, navy blue dress, hat of navy and apricot colour; Mr and Mrs Jos. Lawry, the lady wearing black satin, black and white bonnet; Mrs Lyons, black silk, black and gold bonnet; Mr and Mrs Watts, the latter in black and mauve; Mr and Mrs White; Mrs Carr, cornflower blue gown, with white design, black mantle, black and pascamenterie bonnet, pretty bouquet; Mr and Mrs Upton, the lady in black silk, velvet collar, white lilac and lace bonnet, white tips, white and yellow bouquet; Mrs Corrie, black silk, jetted black bonnet relieved with a band of orange; Miss Corrie, red merino, white satin and openwork hat, trimmed with yellow flowers and green foliage; Miss Reeve, grey costume, mauve grey trimmed hat; Dr. and Mrs Challinor Purchas, the latter in sage green, bonnet

to match, dainty pink chiffon bow, an effective contrast, at the throat; Mrs Hamlin, handsome velvet mantle almost concealing the dress, smart jetted bonnet with pink velvet and white lace; Miss Hamlin looked pretty in lilac veiled with white lace, tiny bonnet to match, bouquet; Mrs W. Wilson, black silk, dark green shaded bonnet; Mr and Mrs J. Wilson, the latter wearing an electric blue silk dress, blue and grey velvet and feather bonnet; Mr and Mrs Whitney, the lady looking well in mignonette green with dark green velvet trimmings, bonnet *en suite*; Mrs Robertson, black and gold hat, black jacket; Miss White, fawn dress, brown hat; Mrs Dixon, mourning costume; Miss Ada Dixon, lavender pongee silk spotted with white, grey hat. Most of the dresses were trained, and many ladies carried bouquets.

MR AND MRS BATTLETT entertained about fifty guests at their residence, Laurel Bank, after the ceremony, which took place at 2.30. Heavy rain came on about half-past four, and the guests returned to town in closed carriages. The bride's travelling costume was of navy, cloak and hat to match. The many friends of the newly married pair wish them all happiness.



At Hastings: Mrs Gillman (Christchurch), is on a visit to her sister, Mrs J. R. Lamauze; Miss Vallance (Masterford), is staying with Mrs Morrison at 'The Nest', Hastings; she is wearing a dark gown, jacket and stylish hat; Miss Russell has gone to Wellington for the session. — At Auckland: The Misses Morley are in town, wearing navy blue skirts, red blouses, and black hats; Mrs Chas. Stone looks nice in a striped brown rough cloth dress, trimmed with brown velvet, navy blue Tyrolaise hat; Mrs Gillmore is wearing a fawn cloth costume, hat *en suite*. — Mrs Hessel (Timaru), has been visiting Mrs Rutherford at Pictou. — Mrs Grimstone (Blenheim) has also been visiting Pictou for some weeks, and is staying with her daughter, Mrs Vaddy, at Bank House. — At Christchurch: Mr and Mrs Albert Kaye returned last week after a two months' visit to Australia, taking in Melbourne, Adelaide, Western Australia, Sydney, Brisbane and Hobart. Bishop Julius has gone over to Melbourne for a few weeks to recruit his health, and Mrs H. R. Webband Miss M. Webb are up at the Hammer Plains.

HUNTING.

THE weather has been most unfavourable for hunting here lately (says a Blenheim correspondent), but last Saturday Mrs T. H. Hanna on Robin, and Mr Hanna (Auckland) on Mangana, succeeded in crossing the river, which was in high flood, and were rewarded by a good day's hare hunting, the hounds meeting at Mr Crowden Sopers. Mrs Jackson and Miss Weber were also out.

THE Pakuranga Hounds met this week at Avondale, over a hundred people were present. One hare was caught and then a drag was laid by Mr A. Kelly, on Ima, from the racecourse in a circle over the steeply pitched course. The crowd rushed the ladies so that their jumps were spoilt. Amongst those present were Mesdames Billborough, Bloomfield, Kerr-Taylor, Misses Gardler, Hesketh (two), Kerr-Taylor, Firth, Ball, Percival, Forbes, Messrs Colgrove, Martin (two), Percival, Garrett, Bloomfield, Ware, Col. Dawson, and Dr. Forbes, etc. There were a great many falls; Mrs Billborough hurt her horse and had to give up hunting for that day; Mr Bloomfield took a neat header over a four-railed fence, and another person on a grey, was seen to disappear horse and all, over a wall, but they got up unhurt; Mr McCaw had a nasty fall over an awkward slip-panel, the horse jumped and caught its hind legs in the fence and both rider and steed came to grief on the other side, but, unfortunately for him, a careless man jumped over while Mr McCaw was on the ground, and struck him on the collarbone. Dr. Forbes, who was happily present, went to his assistance, and found his collar-bone was broken. The next drag was laid from Mount Albert to Morning-side by Mr Martin and brother, and Mr Kerr-Taylor and sister. Some of the jumps were very awkward, so that the hounds got away completely, but the whole crowd of hunters, not knowing where to go, took a wrong direction, and went across country to Three Kings, while the draggers were waiting patiently with the hounds at Morning-side. The only lady who followed was Miss Percival. There were a great many people present who were driving. Mr Cottle was driving Misses Rookes and Bursill; the Misses Firth, Misses Percival, Mr Stubbings, Mrs Mahoney, etc.

THE Christchurch meet on Saturday was well attended, being such a delightful day, and within reasonable distance. It was fixed for Cowlishaw's Corner, Avonside. Among the riders were the Hon. and Mrs E. W. Parker, the Misses Helmore, Stratton, Gerrard, Mrs and Miss Nedwill, Mrs Osteron, Mrs Alan Scott, Miss Robinson and Miss Delamain, with a large number of vehicles on the road.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

NOTHING is so distressing and ominous in the lives of men as their aimlessness.

One of the hardest things to prove to man is that he is a fool and don't know it.

The less a man amounts to the prouder he is of his ancestors being big people.

Man is not merely the architect of his own fortune, but he must lay the bricks himself.

There are people who pray for showers of blessing who want them to come without any clouds.

Chemist's bell rings violently at 2 a.m. Chemist: 'Well?' Angry voice yells back, 'No, you idiot—ill!'

It is sometimes hard to tell the difference between the man who is too good to fight back and the man too cowardly.

The truest test of civilisation is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

What health is to the body, cheerfulness is to the mind. Indeed, cheerfulness is not only a good sign of physical health, but a great aid to it.

Everything comes and goes. To-day in joy, to-morrow in sorrow. We advance, we retreat, we struggle; then the eternal and profound silence of death.—VICTOR HUGO.

A HINT.

He was a lover dilatory,
And had delayed to tell love's story
It might have been a year or so;
Impatient grown, she said, with sigh;
'If I were you, and you were I,
I would have married long ago!'

A woman whose great beauty eclipses all others is seen with as many different eyes as there are people who look at her. Pretty women gaze with envy, homely women with spite, old men with regret, young men with transport.

The first book in which musical characters are known to have been printed in England is Higden's 'Polychronicon,' the production of Wynken de Worde, in the year 1495, some eighteen years after the introduction of the art of printing into this country.

Passions are strong emotions of the mind occasioned by the view of approaching good or evil. These emotions are planted in man by Providence in order to give him activity and fit him for society. The directing of our passions to improper objects or suffering them to hurry us away with them is the great danger in human life.

The people of Paris consumed during last year 21,221 horses, 229 donkeys, and 4 mules, the meat weighing, according to the returns, 4,615 tons. At the 180 shops and stalls where this kind of meat is sold, the price has varied from 2d to 101 per lb, the latter being the price of superior horse steaks.

Great students have generally extreme sensibility of nerves, consequently much irritability of temper; they are necessarily more liable to the attacks of disease, and their complaints are also more difficult of cure than those of others less keen to distinguish themselves. Over-study, besides, often defeats its object; it causes a kind of dulness of brain, and, as Rousseau remarks, 'returns man to his original stupidity.'

NOTHING WORTH HAVING IS EASY.

'There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
A rich prize to take,
Yonder the fruit we crave:
Under the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.'

Some people are born freckled, and others have freckles thrust upon them. The former class might as well accept their freckles as a dispensation of Providence, for nothing can be done for them. The latter can always get rid of their affliction by using a couple of drachms of sal ammoniac with an ounce of German cologne, the solution mixed with a pint of distilled water. Applied two or three times a day it will cure the worst case of acquired freckles on record.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.—It is not possible for everyone to be interested and active in all the questions of the day. Some will attract one, and some another; but it is incumbent on each one to obtain a knowledge of some of them at least, to cultivate an interest in them, and to form some intelligent and reasonable opinion upon their merits and their methods. While a general acquaintance with public affairs is extremely desirable, both for the sake of the individual and his influence, the special interest that he can take in one or two will be of still greater value.

VENEER FOR PIANOS.—The veneer used for the higher decorative work in cabinet making and piano cases is made from the great burrs or warts that are seen on old misshapen trees. Falstaff boasted of turning diseases to commodities; that is what the cabinet-maker does with trees that are knotted with abnormal growths; and very costly commodities they are. When a sufficiently large burr is found it is cut away and shaved by a wonderfully ingenious and powerful paper into sheets about double the thickness of ordinary card-board. The ebullition of the sap that has been going on for many years produces that floral like figure which you see in the finest piano cases. The sheets of wood are of exquisite colour, rich in browns and fascinating in varied tones of smoky-looking greys, the figures curiously matching each other as the knife shaves down to the tree itself. At first the veneers are brittle, but softened with water and a slight mixture of glue they become as pliable as leather, and in many respects as strong. The fibre running in every kind of eccentric way gives exceptionally great binding strength, so that when it is amalgamated with other wood the combination is strong as iron. Veneering in the old days, when it was difficult to obtain mahoganies and other expensive timbers, was more or less of a disguise; but to-day it is adopted for decorative purposes, and so complete is the modern method that the veneer practically becomes part and parcel of the underlying wood.

THE Book of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.' Price, One Shilling. All Booksellers.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

MISS EAMES, whose portrait we give this week, is said to be second only to Melba, and has been creating a *furor* in London by her magnificent singing in Isidore de Lara's opera, 'The Light of Asia.' This composer is known fairly well throughout the colony as the



MISS EAMES.

composer of the 'Garden of Sleep,' and other popular songs. He is, moreover, one of the finest drawing room tenors living.

SINCE no amount of remonstrance has availed, and the Auckland Amateur Opera Club are staging 'Pinafore' next Monday, there is only one thing to be done—make the best of it. It is undoubtedly a great disappointment to many that, after such a brilliant past, the Club should have been satisfied with a work that has been going the rounds of second-rate amateur clubs, and schoolroom entertainments for years. Nevertheless, if Aucklanders want the Club to continue to exist, and to give a more ambitious work next year, they must face the inevitable and support the club right royally. It is earnestly to be hoped that they will do so. The Club spends more in the city, and it is in every way fitting that the city should have a good Amateur Opera Club. It is urged by those responsible for the staging of 'Pinafore,' that its revival in London was successful; this is no criterion to go by. London is not Auckland, and though the rising generation, the youngest of them that is, may not have seen 'Pinafore,' yet the vast majority of play-goers have, and do not care particularly about seeing it again. Still everyone should go. So far as one is able to judge, the performance should be up to the average of such things. Mr Percy Dufaur, Mr Cotterill, and Miss Warren are tolerably sure to show up well. Mr Reid will doubtless be vocally excellent. As for the others, time will show.

MORE than 20,000 persons visited Shakespeare's birth-place last year, and of these, roughly speaking, three fourths inscribed their names, with indications of their nationalities, in the visitors' book. From the analysis, which it is the custom of the trustees to make on these occasions, it appears that the British Isles contributed to these figures 9,549 persons, America 5,385, Australia 174, Canada 121, Germany 91, and Holland 24. Then comes Africa 23 Austria 4, Belgium 3, Brazil 4, China 10, Denmark 2, Fiji Islands 2, France 41, India 28, Italy 31, Japan 1, New Zealand 24, Norway 4, Roumania 1, Russia 9, Spanish Islands 1, Spain 5, Sweden 2, Switzerland 6, and West Indies 21.

MANY Maorilanders will remember Mr Bradley, who was over here with Bentley, and rejoice to hear that the young man's most ambitious drama is now in the hands of a London manager, and is likely to be produced shortly; and among his other works are 'A Queen of Scarlet,' which will shortly be placed before the public, 'Mr Bradley,' and a comedy entitled 'The Lord Mayor.' The Mayor is also known as the author of that wildly sensational novel, 'The Belgrave Case,' which has run through several editions in Melbourne, and, in addition to his many other avocations, is a successful theatrical manager. He is now managing Walter Bentley's season at Sydney Garrick, and next year intends going to America in search of new successes. His age is only 28 years.

A MUSICAL piece, called 'Scylla,' failed in one of the Paris theatres a few weeks ago, and the tenor, M. Gersald, was hissed. His wife was in the chorus, and dropped down dead on returning to her dressing-room.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ON LAYING LINOLEUMS.

WHILE it is difficult to follow a system in fitting oil-cloths and linoleums, a few cardinal rules must be observed, and we venture to suggest them. In cutting linoleum from a diagram allow an inch at the ends. If it is not to be laid at once allow also a fraction on the width, for shrinkage is probable both ways. Get the diagram correct to the fraction of an inch, so that if cutting must be done for centre pieces or register holes it can be done before the cloth is laid on the room. Tack linoleum after butting the edges evenly with an invisible brad, say four inches apart, and if possible line the edges with an adhesive paste. Get the floor smooth by dressing the planks. Do not try to even it up by laying strips of paper lining over sinks in the floor. Nothing but a jack plane will serve. The future service of the cloth will depend upon the floor being perfectly smooth. A nicely laid linoleum needs no binding, but should binding be desired for sake of appearance, use one-half inch brass binding. Let linoleum, like oilcloth, lay face down several days in the store before fitting it. Another reason for having the cloth made perfectly ready for the apartment is to avoid scratching the pasteboard with surplus cloth, and the certainty of cutting the ends untrue. The balance of the detail must be left to the skill of the layer. We offer no antidote for blisters and puffs which appear in the centre of the sheets of linoleum or oilcloth. The manufacturer comes in there. The seller had better lie low and hope that Mrs Jones will not put much stress on that 'little well,' for he is powerless to help it.

A TWELFTH CENTURY STEAM ENGINE.

An extraordinary archaeological find is reported from Heisingfors, in Finland. It consists of a huge chest with complicated fastenings of iron, which, together with the other details of its structure, point to a date early in the middle ages. On being opened it was found to contain a quantity of ancient ironwork and a large roll of parchments, which were at once placed in the custody of M. Nicolas Ilizeff, one of the chief magistrates of the town. The manuscripts begin with the following words:—'Suger, presb. abb. S. Dion dixit.' Then comes a complete and detailed treatise in Latin on steam considered as a force and on its applications—in short, a very accurate discourse on modern physics. It is stated that the ironwork forms a rudimentary steam-engine, the cylinders, pistons, and other parts of which had been taken to pieces, but are wonderfully fashioned considering their antiquity. Each piece bears the inscription, 'Suger parens Gallie fect.' Suger was the well-known administrator under both Louis IV. and Louis VII. During the absence of the latter in the Holy Land he acted as Regent, and for his able services received from the King the title of 'Pere de la patrie.' He himself died in 1152, when on the point of starting on a crusade. It will indeed be a great triumph for France should it be proved that the Marquess of Worcester, Savery, Newcomen, and Watt were anticipated by a Gallican monk of the 12th century.

CHEMISTRY OF COOKING.

Matthew Williams, in his admirable book with the above title, gives the reason, based on scientific experiments, for a number of rules to be followed by all cooks. In boiling meat or fish, place them in boiling water for five or ten minutes to coagulate the albumen on the surface and imprison the juices; the remainder of the cooking should be in water at 180deg. to 199deg. Fahr.—just below simmering (boiling) point. Eggs should be cooked eight or ten minutes in hot water, not hot enough to boil (or placed in boiling water that is then allowed to cool). In frying fish or meat, use enough fat or oil to nearly cover them and allow it to simmer. Boil all milk before using. In grilling, better burn the chop with too brisk a fire than dry it up with too slow a one. In roasting meat in an oven, use a dish with double bottom, or one dish within another, the bottom one to contain water; the evaporation of the water prevents the drying-up of the roasting; frequent basting accomplishes the same end. Water that boils violently is no hotter than that boiling very quietly. Three pounds of potatoes are about equal to one of bread in food value. Bread should be baked at from 280deg. Fahr. to 330deg. Fahr.; beef and mutton, at from 240deg. Fahr. to 220deg. Fahr.; pork and veal, from 250deg. Fahr. to 230deg. Fahr.; and puff pastry at 300deg. Fahr.

A SUBMARINE SENTINEL.

A new invention called the submarine sentinel is attracting much attraction in nautical circles in England, and is honoured by a column and a half description, with an illustration, in the London Times. It is an inexpensive device, simple in action and to look at, but it seems to contain a potency for good which it would be difficult to exaggerate. A written description would be difficult to understand, but the instrument consists of two pieces of three-quarter-inch board screwed together at right angles and sharpened at one end. To the sharpened end a catch and bar are attached. When this contrivance is suspended at a certain angle from a wire attached to a ship in motion it immediately takes a header toward the bottom and follows the course of the ship at any desired distance below the keel, according to the length of the wire given to it. Supposing, for instance, that it is set at twenty fathoms, it goes quietly along until the twenty-fathom limit is reached. The sharp end always travels first, and as soon as the bar into which it touches the bottom a spring is released which detaches the sentinel and permits it to rise to the surface, while at the same instant a warning bell is rung automatically on deck. The invention has been tried under various conditions and has always worked to perfection, and it is claimed that no ship provided with this apparatus could get into shoal water without the officer of the deck being instantly aware of it. The importance of this, if true, is something that can be readily appreciated by the 'veriest landman.'

A STRANGE DOG STORY.

THE man with the shiny coat! He needs no introduction; you all know him. Well, last Tuesday afternoon he gave us a look in. It was his first visit to the GRAPHIC Office, and he found the dramatic critic, the society editor, and your humble servant—the religious reporter—congratulating each other on going to press so early.

"Good afternoon, gentleman," said the Shiny Man in a hollow voice, as he opened the door of the sanctum and glided in, closely followed by a mangy-looking cur of the terrier tribe.

"The same to you, Mr S." replied the Editor.

"By "the holy smoke" of Scazzle where did you get that mongrel? This from the critic.

In my capacity of R.R. I clasped my hands on behalf of Dramatics and turned my eyes upon Shiny.

He too was strangely affected, and giving the critic a look that made him tremble, said: "Su you don't see anything particular about that dog, eh? If you had half the intelligence of that canine, sir, your notes would be read. I had a wash-house once that needed painting, and had not time to attend to it personally, and was moreover, then as now, "hard pushed." Scrub, there, was a pup at the time, very frisky and for ever wagging his tail. See it now, gentlemen, with what grace it moves from side to side. Well, do you know, I believe that dog knew what I wanted, as one morning, prior to going to business, I stood in the back-yard surveying the shed. He came along and looked me full in the face with his knowing little eyes and ran towards the corner of the shed where the paint-pot stood ready, and dipping in the tip of his tail, began painting the wall. I comprehended him in a moment, and saw he was willing to work. Improving upon Scrub's plan, however, I tied a light brush to his tail, set him to work, and believe me, gentlemen, when I returned from the city that night, not only were the lower boards of the shed beautifully painted, but the sagacious animal had mounted a ladder leaning against the wall, and completed the whole work."

Shiny Coat stopped speaking for Dramatics was in a faint, and the society editor looked pale. The "sagacious" Scrub had made an invasion of the adjoining office of the *New Zealand Farmer*, and was wrestling dogmatically with a mutton ham. As for me I had heard such tales before from the "funny men" at church socials, so looked carelessly up at Suiny and said interrogatively, "Well, what next?"

When Dramatics had partly recovered, the Shiny Man continued: "Not only is he an accomplished painter, but in a thousand ways is he useful to me. But one example more will suffice, eh?" said he, turning sharply upon Dramatics and smiling grimly.

"It will!" gasped the critic, faintly, "make it short."

"Most people when they go out of a dark night in the suburbs carry a lantern. I don't, I simply take Scrub. You observe how thinny the hair grows upon his body. Well—"

"You put a candle inside him," I broke in.

"No, I do not. Well, as I was just going to remark, when this gentleman so rudely interrupted me, Scrub is

very fond of fish, which article of diet, as you know in New Zealand is very cheap. Fish, then I get for Scrub, and thus kill two stones with one bird, so to speak, for not only does it serve to keep him in the robust state of health which you see at the present moment he enjoys (he had just returned from the mutton ham), but the phosphorus of the fish illuminates his tender skin, and he is in very truth, "a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen, good afternoon!" and whistling the brush and lantern prodigy, the shiny Man vanished, leaving me speechless, for had he not encroached upon my domain, and stolen one of my most treasured phrases.

THE R.R.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

THERE is an old belief of the masenline Anglo Saxon mind that a woman, to be loving, should have no marked individuality. But with this world's rapid advance through the Victorian age, woman has become more than ever perplexing to the male atom, who poses himself for a second to make a study of her. She no longer needs man's apparel to practise a profession or to journey forth on foot under the green leaves of Arden. She has grown self-reliant and cosmopolitan, equally at home in the White House or on the banks of the Neva. She never plucks daisies and buttercups nowadays, to test her lover's affection by pulling apart their petals. You find her, instead, arranging orchids in a glass and making cynical reflections upon the worthlessness of the entire race. Individual love or hate in the opposite sex is apparently all one to her.

Half the marriages in this world are nothing but bubbles and barbers. A man wants a wife. He casts about for an even exchange. In a year he is tired of his bargain. In five years love is dead, and cold-browed tolerance inherits love's cast-off garments. In twenty years tolerance is in its grave and hate reigns supreme. The wife is naggy and prickly and peckish; the husband is dogmatical and reticent and mean. But there they hang together, on the bough, like two gnarled and frosted apples, until the winds of death dislodge them, and away they go!

The only way to rid the world of bubble marriages—marriages that turn out emptiness with one drop of water as the residuum and that drop a tear—is to educate our girls and boys to something higher than playing with pipes and soapy water. Give them something more earnest to do, and see that they do it. Compel men and women to choose their life companions with at least a tittle of the solemnity they bring to the selection of a carriage horse or ribbon. Legislate laws against early marriages. "I can't tolerate children," said a little idiot the other day, "but I adore dogs!" And yet that idiot had an engagement ring on her finger. There should be a special seclusion for such girls until they develop some instinct of womanliness, and they should no more be allowed to marry than a Choctaw chief should be allowed to take charge of a kindergarten.

THE PROPOSAL.

I.

It's purty hard fer fellers when they gets to twenty-one, Fer then the time's arrived fer solid work to be begun, A boy can be right smart 'n' slick when he is in his teens, But when he comes of age he's got to show 'at he knows beans:

'Nd of the problems as is sot before him in this life, The hardest to solute, I think, is who's to be his wife.

II.

It's that what's bothered me of late—it's bothered me right bad—

Which one of six young ladies is the best that can be had? There's Sarah Ligges; she's mighty smart at bakin', so they say,

But ain't a bit o' use when't comes to tossin' up the hay.

'N' Marthy Pollock knows too much—she's been to boardin'-school—

'N' thinks unless a man can read 'thout stumblin', he's a fool,

'N' Sadie Peter's mighty sweet to look at, 'nd all that,

But there is them as says when Sade gets mad she's like a cat.

III.

'N' Polly Hankey's party fine; but I'm afear'd o' her;

She's kind o' flirty; that's a trait in wives I don't prefer,

'N' Marthy Pollock knows too much—she's been to boardin'-school—

'N' thinks unless a man can read 'thout stumblin', he's a fool,

'N' Sadie Peter's mighty sweet to look at, 'nd all that,

But there is them as says when Sade gets mad she's like a cat.

IV.

'N' Susan Jones is rather nice; but say, she's kind o' queer.

She's of the kind to squeeze yer hand, 'n' wink, 'n' call you

'dear.

'N' somehow when I meet Sue Jones, I kind o' want to run

For fear 'at she'll propose to me—'nd I don't call that fun—

Although I'm fond o' Susan—that's a fact I can't deny;

But 'twouldn't hurt her, not a jot, to be a bit more shy.

V.

Them six I can't decide about, 'n' seein' 's that's the case,

I've called on you, Miss Perkins—or, if you'll allow me,

Grace—

To say 'at what upon the hull I think's the style fer me

'S a kind o' quiet, modest girl sech as you often see—

The kind 'at ain't afear'd o' work, knows how to cook 'n'

sew,

Don't sing or play planners, 'nd ain't allers on the go.

VI.

Ain't stuck on literary work, is allers clean 'n' neat;

Don't know so awful much she knocks a feller off his feet;

'N' though she's plain, has looks enough, 'n' looks she's like

to keep,

'N' with her talkin' isn't like to kill a feller's sleep—

That there's the kind, Miss Perkins, as I think 'll do for

me;

'N' do you know, I sorter think—I sorter think you're she!

THE HABIT OF HEALTH.



CIVILIZATION by Soap is only skin-deep directly; but indirectly there is no limit to it.

If we think of Soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then **PEARS' SOAP** is a matter of course. It is the only Soap that is all Soap and nothing but Soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to? It leads to a wholesome body and mind; to clear thoughts; to the habit of health; to manly and womanly beauty.

PEARS' SOAP

Has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come; if a burden, a sad one. The Soap that frees us from humours and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come; let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by Soap, pure Soap, **PEARS' SOAP**, that has no alkali in it—nothing but Soap—is more than skin-deep.

AT HER MAJESTY'S SHRINE.

EMOTIONS OF A DEBUTANTE IN VICTORIA'S COURT AUTOBIOGRAPHICALLY LAID BARE.



IKELY enough, when you read in the next day's paper that 'Her Majesty the Queen held a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace yesterday' at three, it doubtless seems a small matter—a mere interlude in the day—to 'drop in' at the palace, walk up to the presence chamber, make eleven courtesies with a kiss for Her Majesty's hand, and having gracefully bowed yourself from her presence, to hurry back to your victoria and roll on to the next afternoon tea.

Alas! no. The preparations for that one reception began weeks in advance and continued up to half-past the eleventh hour.

The young debutante a month before the royal function is introduced to Mme. Lovelace, the court dressmaker, who during the next thirty days is to be her companion, her guardian and chief.

She spends long hours of the morning in consultation with Lovelace; in the afternoon she shops with mamma in Bond-street, buying little satin slippers, long, soft kid gloves, temptingly suggestive of marshmallows, a gauzy, lacy, pearly fan and a handkerchief—such a handkerchief as grows only in Bond street; a delicate mist, a fairy breath, a mere phantom of the every day *mouchoir*.

Perhaps she goes to a dancing master to learn the courtesies, and spends the evening before her cheval glass making deep reverences to the young lady on the other side of it, and then she goes to bed to dream that she is at court at last; that she is tripping over her train, treading on the princess' foot and in her fright turning her back upon their royal highnesses.

But, as the old story books are constantly impressing upon us, all things have an end. And finally the copious preparations are over, the white flower-strewed gown hangs ready to be donned on the morrow, white feathers and veil beside it, and that wonderful train is piled up yonder on the shelf. We will leave here Mile. Third Person dreaming of queens and princesses, leaf eaters and court trains and follow to the palace Miss First Person Singular.

Before a young woman is presented at court she herself holds a levee of subjects. First in order is the court hair dresser.

The last vassal having been dismissed, my mother and I, with our trains over our arms, passed to the victoria. I have a vague recollection of a crowd of gazing, gaping bystanders, through which the footman ploughed a path for our advance. And then we settled ourselves in the carriage, or, perhaps, I should say we settled our trains and disposed ourselves in the room they left us.

CUMULATIVE EXCITEMENT.

The excitement grew greater and greater, like the snow-balls children roll up a hill, as we neared the park. We passed other drawing-room carriages, into which the mob was looking, catching only a fleeting glimpse of the faces within, over a maze of silk, satin, illusion and flowers.

And now we had entered the park and were slowly pacing to our station in the rank of gaily-decked carriages in that dazzling procession, twinkling with jewels and flowers. Flowers! flowers, everywhere! They bubbled over the carriages, they danced across the park, they decorated the coachmen and footmen with bright-coloured nosegays. It all formed a brilliant picture, sparkling with life and light and colour. The park in its court dress trimmed with 'laburnum blossoms, and gay with flowing veils of waving plumes and regal trains of green; the long line of carriages brave with flowers; the stately horses prancing with the excitement of the day; the stately ladies inside gleaming with satins and jewels; the motley throng of curious onlookers, and the swift flowing stream of hansom, cabs and traps carrying young men and bright-faced girls who had come to see the panorama.

PRELIMINARY CARRIAGE RECEPTION.

One of the most charming acts of that comedy of a day's pleasure was the carriage reception held for an hour and a half in the park before entering the palace gates. Our friends, in groups of twos and threes, came up to offer their congratulations and to chat gaily with us. Even at court one must hear talk of the weather, but one cannot have too much of such a good thing as that bright, laughing spring day. We all praised it, and blessed it, and commended the sun for his rare good taste—very rare in England—in wishing to be present at Her Majesty's drawing room.

My mother, who had been to court a number of times before—I was the third daughter presented—amused us with reminiscences of former drawing rooms, which were caught up and answered by Lord S—in accounts of the prince's levees. It thrilled me to listen to descriptions of the royal present, knowing that I myself was soon to witness it—like a child drinking in a tale of fairyland with the assurance that as soon as it is finished he shall be transported to that realm of wonder.

But when at last the line of carriages began slowly to move, shedding at the palace doors its showers of splendour, and our horses with becoming state and solemnity passed under the great arch, I was suddenly seized with the terror of majesty.

COURT STAGE FRIGHT.

My heart went down, down, and I only wished that I might go with it, instead of up the lofty stairs to the presence chamber, where the Queen and all the Royal Family were waiting to see one make those dreaded courtesies. I felt sure that I should lose my balance and fall at the terrible moment when I was to kiss Her Majesty's hand, and, oh, if I knew I should touch her hand with my nose! A few evenings before, when I had been practising my *rele*, I had insulted my sister Queen and a small brother, Lord High Chamberlain, begging them to see that I went through my part with propriety. The proxy queen graciously extended her hand, I doubled mine into the prescribed list, I made a deep courtesy, and was kissing the hand of her proxy majesty with what I thought bewitching grace, when she snatched it from me, crying:

'(W-w!) How could your nose be!' All this came back to me as the carriage door was thrown open, and I lounged—

but there stood a palace official in smart livery, who was deferentially saying: 'Allow me to take your train, madam,' and on the other side my mother, in brisk, business-like tones, cried:

'Come, First Person Singular, you get out first, please. So out I went, rather shyly. But as I stepped foot on the palace threshold and the scarlet official put my train over my arm and my bouquet in my hand, the stage fright vanished as suddenly as it had come, and I found as I swept up the great stairway, through the files of sentries and guards, to the apartment where were assembled the highest and noblest ladies of the land, in a glittering, shimmering, sparkling array of gorgeous colours and dazzling jewels, that, instead of trembling and quaking, the simplest, most rational thing to do was to hold my head high and sail into this sea of splendour as if I had been used to meeting such 'small craft' every day of my life.

You have heard of unaccustomed strength being given in a great emergency, and if one ever has need of such courage it is at a Royal drawing-room!

WHERE EVEN ENGLISHWOMEN DRESS.

We were ushered into the vast room hung with portraits, but the portraits in which I was most interested were the living ones before me. I held my breath at the blinding vision; duchesses, countesses, viscountesses in gowns more wonderful than the most nimble fancy could picture. This, at least, is a function regal enough to inspire the noble ladies of England to an enthusiasm of dress. For, I must confess, that upon ordinary occasions they do not dress, they merely wear clothes.

We had the good fortune to find seats, but I accounted it a greater happiness that we had half an hour to wait while the occupants of the other 'saloons' were passing on to the presence chamber.

When those rooms had been emptied and it came our turn to move, I was sorry to have the beautiful tableau dissolved, although the curtain went down upon it only to rise upon the third act climax, the most brilliant, thrilling scene of the play. The moment of which I had dreamed vaguely all my life, and during the last few months with a flutter of mingled dread and delight, was drawing near. My presentation at the Court of England was but a few minutes distant.

ARISTOCRACY IN A SCRAMBLE.

We rose to our feet and pressed forward, my mother whispering me to keep close to her. Up to this time all had been conducted with becoming dignity and state, but to my amazement the great ladies now began to jostle and crowd like children scrambling for pennies.

I felt that Touchstone should have been there to admonish them like so many Audrey's to 'bear their bodies more seemly.' This was only, however, while we were passing through the door; after that we walked decently and in order through two long rooms, from the last of which a door on the right led to the presence chamber.

As I neared it my heart beat a lively tune, I saw two officials spreading out my mother's train, heard the Lord High Chamberlain call forth her name, and then—then, as in a dream, I felt those same officials take my own train from my arm, heard my own name called, and the moment had come.

FIVE BACKWARD COURTESIES.

A long line of royalty, a line of officials facing them, through which my mother was courtesying her way, and I was to follow; a dazzle, a dazzle, a flash of crown jewels, and I had taken the plunge. Five courtesies, and there was the Queen in all her glory. A deep reverence, a light kiss on her hand—I had not touched my nose to it. With that my courage rose. The most awful moment was over. I might look the other royalties in the face, see what it all really was like, if only the lady who followed me would not come on so fast.

Five more courtesies, my train once more put over my arm and I had started upon my career of backward courtesies. Back! Back! Would that long room ever come to an end! I asked myself with the first courtesy. With the second came courage, and as I made the third I felt that it would be possible to find pleasure even in this trying performance if the energetic lady in front would give me leisure for enjoyment. But on she came as swift as time, and on I must go.

It seemed a short lifetime between the first courtesy and my mother's whisper:—'It is over; you may turn around now.'

'I thought it would never be over, mamma; but the presentation itself did not last a minute.'

Indeed, glad as I was that the long dreaded presentation had been so easily and quickly accomplished, I was at the same time disappointed. I felt cheated. It had been but a twinkle; I had not half seen the royal family. I wanted to go back and do it all over again. Now that I had the practice, what a pity not to use it!

I compromised by begging my mother to allow me to stand behind the guards and watch the next presentations, and at her 'yes' stationed myself where I could peep between the shoulders of two of them and see the Duchess of This and the Countess of That making their courtesies and going through the grisly ordeal of backing out of the long room.

HOW THE TRAINS ARE MANAGED.

It was only then that I saw how the six yard trains were managed while their wearers were passing through the aisle I have spoken of. As a lady enters the presence chamber the pages, who take her train from her arm and spread it

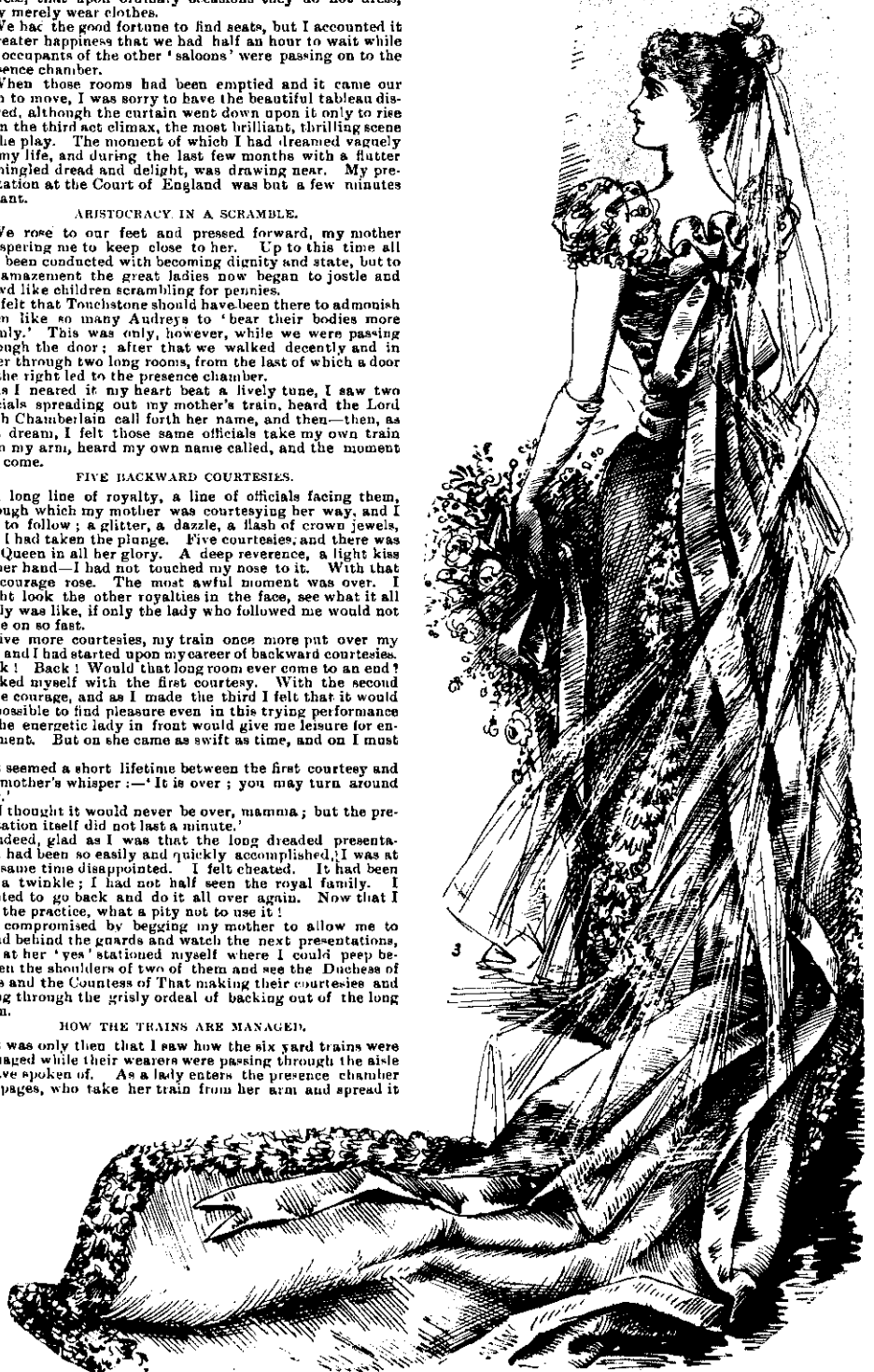
out, give it to the official opposite the first royalty in the line. The lady makes her courtesy to this royalty, her train held out by the official. When she passes on to the next royalty the train is passed to the next official and so on to the end of the line, where it is once more put over her left arm. From the distance at which I stood the sight was a very amusing one, the ladies bobbing up and down, their trains tossed behind them from man to man like a ball.

About the room stood the gentlemen ushers, Silver Stick in Waiting, Silver Stick Adjutant in Waiting, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting, Captain of the Queen's Guard, Ambassadors and Ministers and the Lord Chancellor.

A pretty custom has sprung up during the last few years of calling upon ladies after their return from Court, and the ladies themselves may be seen late in the afternoon driving from Belgravia to Mayfair in their brocades and laces, their jewels and flowers.

That day of glorious visions had yet one more to spread before us. As we waited for our carriage at the foot of the great stairway we had a view of the debutantes and dowagers floating down in a gleaming, radiant throng, a royal pageant of beauty and splendour.

That was the end; the play was over, the lights put out. The end, and yet the beginning, for I have only to look at the flowery gown in my closet, the feathers, the veil and fan, and instantly all the pomp and magnificence, the glory and majesty of that regal day are conjured up; I have only to close my eyes to go to Court every day of the year.





Pack Horses on the Track.



Way-side Cabins.

The Route to the Mines.

UPPER THAMES SKETCHES.

1. Pack Horses on the Track. 2. Way-side Cabins. 3. The Route to the Mines.

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though, owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

QUERIES.

WILL you oblige me with a recipe for bottling green peas; also kindly let me know how salads are eaten—with cold meat alone, or in what way?—IGNORAMUS.

FOUDUR OF CELERY.—Kindly put in the next number of GRAPHIC a recipe for this and oblige—MARIE.

FISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Can you give me an inviting way of cooking flat fish for breakfast.—MONSIEUR.

MERINGUES.—I cannot get mine right. Should I use icing sugar?—MAUDE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'La Belle.'—I send with pleasure the following recipe for *éclair*s with chocolate icing:—Put about a pint of water on the fire in a nice saucepan, and add 2 tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a pinch of salt, and 2 oz. of fresh butter. When the water boils, stir in as much flour as will make a stiff paste, work it on the fire till it does not stick to the sides of the pan. Remove it from the fire, and stir in one by one, three well beaten eggs. When perfectly smooth, put the paste in a biscuit bag, and squeeze out in four-inch lengths on a baking tin. Bake in a slow oven till quite done, and when the *éclair*s are cold, slit each one at the side, and insert a little whipped cream, then glaze with chocolate icing and serve cold. For the icing, put into a saucepan half a pound of loaf sugar, 2 ounces of grated Vanilla chocolate, and a gill of water. Stir over the fire till the mixture is like thick cream. Add 20 drops of essence of Vanilla, off the fire; cover the cakes with the icing, and put them for a few minutes in the oven to set.—ELLA F. [Many thanks.]

'Miss Margot.'—Pot au feu should be made from the rump of beef, and the meat used should be perfectly fresh. Four or five pounds will be quite large enough a piece for you to buy. The meat must be tied up with tape into a nice shape. Some fresh meat bones must be placed in the pan the pot au feu is made in, and also a dessertspoonful of salt, and the meat must be placed on the bones, and six quarts of cold water poured into the pan. The water must be brought to the boil gently, and any scum which may rise to the top should be carefully removed. A little cold water added from time to time will help the scum to rise. When it is quite clear the vegetables, consisting of two carrots, a turnip, two leeks, a little celery, one parsnip, four onions (in one three cloves must be placed), a good bunch of herbs, and about two dozen peppercons, black and white mixed, must be added. The vegetables must only be added one at a time, so that the temperature of the soup is not lowered too suddenly. The soup must cook very gently for about six hours with the pan partly covered. The meat must be taken out of the soup and the tape removed, and in France some of the vegetables which were cooked with it, after having been cut in neat pieces, would be served round the dish. The soup should be a pale amber-colour if it has been properly cooked, and only requires the fat removed and a little salt added before being served, and the crust of a French roll cut in pieces about the size of a shilling, and baked until crisp, can be served in it or handed. Very few cooks use enough vegetables when making soup. Of course, in the hot weather in summer, vegetables will make the stock become sour quickly, but I don't think that is the reason always that they are omitted.

'La Tosca.'—I do not know if the following method of cooking a cauliflower will suit you. I have taken it from an English recipe. You can have the cauliflower either dressed whole or divided in pieces, whichever you prefer. If it is to be dressed whole, the green leaves should all be removed from it, but the stem should not be cut off; the outside skin of it must be cut off, and the cauliflower should be placed in a saucepan with plenty of cold water and a little salt in it. The pan containing it should be placed on the fire and brought quickly to the boil; as soon as the water boils the cauliflower should be taken out of the pan and well rinsed with water; then it must be put into boiling water and cooked until tender. After this it must be drained, and can be cut in small pieces or only into quarters, and then must be arranged in the dish it is going to be served in, which should have been previously buttered, and about two tablespoonfuls of sauce placed in the dish also. The sauce is made by frying two ounces of butter and the same quantity of flour together in a saucepan. In another pan put one pint of milk, with a blade of mace and an eschalot; let the milk boil for ten minutes, and then pour it on to the butter and flour, season the sauce with a little nutmeg, pepper and salt, and stir it over the fire until the sauce boils; then add a quarter of a pound of freshly grated Parmesan cheese, and a tablespoonful of Gruyère or Cheddar cheese, also grated, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and a little cayenne pepper; mix well, and then wring the sauce through the tammy cloth. The cauliflower must be entirely covered with this sauce, and to spread it you will find a palette knife the best thing to use, and it must be dipped into boiling water from time to time to prevent it from sticking.

Some browned crumbs must be sprinkled over the top of the sauce, and a little butter placed here and there on the crumbs.

RECIPES.

DINNER MENU FOR A PARTIE CARRÉE.

Soufflé purée of Cauliflowers. Fish, mullet à la salmon.
Pork cutlets with sauce Robert.
Roast lamb (or haunch of mutton and jelly). Swiss roll.
Chocolate ice. Macaroni au gratin.
Dessert.

PURÉE OF CAULIFLOWERS.—Boil two large white cauliflowers in salt and water till quite tender, chop them fine; put into a stewpan four ounces of butter, one leek, one head of celery sliced, four ounces of ham, and a bay leaf; pass this mixture ten minutes over a quick fire; add the cauliflower and two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix well, add three pints of white stock and a pint of boiled milk; stir it till it boils; rub it carefully through a tammy, boil and skim, well season with a teaspoonful of sugar, and finish with a liaison of two yolks of eggs and a gill of cream. The liaison is only for high days and holidays; a purée moistened only by the white stock and the boiled milk will be quite as succulent as the more luxurious preparation.

SAUCE ROBERT.—Though made with onions, it is not at all vulgar, but a very dainty and piquant sauce. Peel and cut up four middling-sized onions into very small cubes, which place in a stewpan with two ounces of butter; stir over a moderate fire till slightly brown, then add a table-spoon and a half of the best malt vinegar and let it boil; add half a pint of brown sauce with half a pint of consommé; simmer by the side of the fire for ten minutes; skim well; stir over a brisk fire, reduce it until it is as thick as the apple sauce usually served with pork; finish with two tablespoonfuls of made mustard and a little sugar and salt if Mrs Cook thinks them requisite.

MACARONI AU GRATIN.—Take a quarter of a pound of macaroni and cook it in boiling milk and water for about twenty minutes. The milk and water should be seasoned with salt. When tender strain the macaroni, and cut it up in lengths about one and a half inches long. Butter the entrée dish in which it is going to be served, and in the bottom place a layer of sauce, which has been made in the following way:—Fry four ounces of butter and the same quantity of flour together, taking care that they do not become discoloured. It is necessary to stir the butter and flour with a wooden spoon while it is frying. In another saucepan put a pint of milk with a blade of mace and an eschalot in it, bring the milk to the boil, and then let the milk simmer for about five minutes, then pour it gradually on to the butter and flour, and mix it into a smooth sauce, season it with pepper and salt and a dust of nutmeg, and stir it over the fire until it boils, then strain it through a tammy cloth, and add a quarter of a pound of freshly grated Parmesan cheese. On the layer of sauce place the macaroni, and then cover it entirely with more sauce, and smooth the sauce with a warm wet knife. Sprinkle some browned crumbs over the top, and place here and there on the crumbs some small pieces of butter to keep the top moist. Place the dish in a tin containing some hot water, and cook it in a quick oven for about twenty minutes. Sprinkle a little Parmesan over the top, and serve very hot.

TO MAKE SHOES LAST LONGER.

SOME SUGGESTIONS WHICH, IF FOLLOWED, WOULD SAVE US ALL SOME SHILLINGS.

IN the first place as soon as you come in from bad weather take off your shoes and fill them with dry oats, which will quickly absorb all the moisture and prevent the leather from losing its shape. Be particularly careful not to put your shoes near the fire.

The next day take out the oats, which may be dried and made to serve again. If you do not like the idea of using oats, stuff your shoes with fine paper, which answers the same purpose.

Paraffine will soften leather which has been hardened by water and restores its suppleness. A mixture of cream and ink is an excellent thing to rub on ladies' fine kid boots.

To keep your shoes from creaking rub the soles with linseed oil. You may do this more thoroughly by letting the soles rest on a dish containing a little of the oil, which will be absorbed by the leather, and, in addition to stopping the creaking, will make the shoes impermeable to snow and water.

Another way to keep out water is to heat the soles slightly, then rub them with copal varnish and let them dry. Repeat this operation three times and you can go into the wet with impunity.

ALL ABOUT THE HOUSE.

THE RIGHT WAY TO WASH A SHETLAND SHAWL.

FIRST shake it well and let it soak in tepid water. Boil a bit of white soap till dissolved, and beat it up in a tub with more tepid water till it is all froth. Put the shawl in folded, and press and unfold it, but never rub or wring it, or open it out till finished. Rinse it in warm tepid water, and again in cool tepid water, till there is no soap left. Melt two teaspoonfuls of gum arabic in boiling water, and stir it to a quart of clean tepid water. Let the shawl soak for an hour, then wring it folded in flannel, and lastly wring it folded in a sheet. When as dry as you can get it, open it carefully, tack it on a clean tablecloth, and dry on a clear day out of doors. The shawl should then look like new, and this plan is equally good for all woollen articles, omitting the gum arabic.—ELLA F. [Many thanks.]

A DELICATE HINT.

'THERE is but one thing I desire,' she sighed.
'Tell me,' he pleaded, 'and you shall have it. What is it?'
'Rest,' she answered.

FOR STOUT PEOPLE.

'SOME years ago,' said a remarkably stylish woman, 'I became absolutely wretched and morbid on the subject of stoutness.

'I was getting stout very rapidly, and my dress had to be changed, and it worried me so that I was reluctant to make my clothes as large as they should have been, so I squeezed myself in and laced myself until I was the most uncomfortable, miserable mortal imaginable.

'And the worst of it all was, the tighter I laced the more out of shape I seemed to look.

'I began to think that I was losing my figure altogether, and half resolved to give up society and good dresses entirely.

'About this time a good friend of mine came to me for a few days' visit.

'I was one day bewailing the situation when she gave me a bit of advice on which I have acted ever since with the most satisfactory results.

'She was fairly plump herself, and her instructions were the result of experience.

'From that time on I have never put on a dress in which I was not absolutely comfortable. My waists are resoundingly short with some arrangement of drapery falling from the bust below the waist-line, whenever the style of dress permits it.

'I have just the least possible suggestion of a bustle, and the sides of my dresses are as nearly flat and without gathers or pleats as possible.

'My sleeves are set well up on the shoulders, and any fullness is arranged in rather long, drooping lines.

'Fortunately my neck is not so very short, and I wear my collars as high as possible.

'I find V-shaped fronts more becoming, and these are filled in with soft, black net, and inside of this is a narrow line of white.

'My sleeves are opened at the outside of the wrists and buttoned over, but not so closely as to make my hands look large.

'My house dresses are long as I can conveniently wear them.

'For my ordinary dresses when I have certain things in the household to look after, I have a heavy cord which I knot around my waist.

'Inside of this, I draw up the skirt of my dress at the sides and front, and sometimes at the back also.

'This keeps the lower edges from becoming soiled, and permits me to go about much more easily than I could were I burdened with the long skirts about my feet.

'I think the secret of becoming dress for stout women is a look of comfort and smoothness. Of course, there is just so much flesh. If you squeeze it in one place it must stick out in another, and this merely accents and calls attention to the surplus. The prettiest and most becoming dress I ever had was a tea-gown arrangement with a pointed yoke. The general effect was that of a Mother Hubbard with the pointed yoke extending almost to the waist-line front and back. A sash of sewing-silk grenadine was drawn around the waist, and knotted about one-third of the distance down the length of the skirt in front. I wore that dress one day when some friends dropped in, and they immediately asked me what I had been doing to get thin. Soft, clinging, light-weight fabrics, without lustre, are unquestionably more desirable for ladies with too much avoirdupois than any other material. Black and dark blue are the most desirable colours for stout women.'

THE SAINT AND THE ONIONS.

A PAINTER had been commissioned to paint the image of a saint on the refectory wall of a convent. The price stipulated was very low, but it was agreed that the painter should have his meals provided at the expense of the convent until the work was finished. But the only food supplied to the poor artist was bread, onions, and water. The day for unveiling the fresco at length arrived. The friars stood round the artist; the curtain was removed. It was no doubt a very fine picture, but the saint had his back turned towards the spectators. 'What does this mean?' shouted the indignant prior. 'Padre (father), I was compelled to paint the picture as you see it, for the saint could not bear the smell of onions.'

A HAPPY MEMORY.

(TO A DRAWING BY PERCY TARRANT.)

I HAD not hoped for this. He writes,
In words whose charm through life shall last,
A grateful letter that unites
The present with a vanished past;
An act of kindness long ago
I did for him, and straight forgot,
Had strength and grace from God to grow
To cheer the darkness of his lot—
And this dear letter thanking me
Recalls a happy memory!

Oh! precious is the task we take,
Though but in feeble human hands,
For simple love and mercy's sake;
Upon the seas, in distant lands,
Or by the hearth, glad heart may yearn
With gratitude for word or deed;
And to the sower may return
Some flower of beauty for the seed
Dropped and forgotten—as to me
Comes back this happy memory!

I sit and muse upon the past
While twilight shadows gather round—
The bread upon the waters cast
After these many days is found!
In joy and thankfulness to-night
My prayer would rise to heaven above:
O God may other lives be bright;
I ask alone Thy grace of love—
That, looking back, my life may be
Henceforth a happy memory!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

(SEE FASHION PLATE PAGE 773.)

WINTER MANTLES AND COSTUMES.

WINTER mantles are invariably handsomer than summer ones. They are generally composed of materials which lend themselves better to rich trimmings than do summer goods. Fur, velvet and brocade, plush and heavy broché are all delightfully cosy and handsome—say, and very expensive too.

The first figure in the illustration wears a new three-quarter cloak in plush and matelassé, trimmed with coque feather and silk passementerie. The back is stylishly arranged, and is fastened to the figure at the waist.

The second figure is also sketched wearing a cloak of the fashionable three-quarter length. It is made of silk matelassé, with plush front and collar. The handsome turndown collar and revers are of black fox fur.

The third figure is depicted in a very stylish wavy fancy cloth gown of a soft grey shade. The skirt has corded seams. The collar, cuffs, revers, and waistcoat are of plain heliotrope cloth trimmed with jetted velvet and large jet buttons. The muff is of heliotrope cloth and grey plush. The hat is of grey felt trimmed with heliotrope feather and plush.

The fourth figure is magnificently dressed in rich sunset brocade, and dark green velvet. The sleeves are made in the latest style, and combine the two materials. The brighter hues of the costume are effectively toned down by a quantity of jet passementerie. The bonnet is very chic. Green velvet is its foundation, whilst shade sunset strings, to match the brocade, are tied under the chin. A little feather trimming, terminating in an ostrich tip, completes the chapeau.

'Heloise' has sent me rather an elaborate description of gowns worn at the Queen's Drawing-room. I do not think a long list would be of much interest to New Zealand readers, so will merely quote a few of the prettiest. I note first that the English papers pride themselves on having prophesied a majority of brocade trains, and now rejoice that the ladies, or their dressmakers, have proved them correct. A great number of the brocades were woven in England. The Duchess of Montrose wore a splendid brocade in tones of rose and carnation, deepening from pale pink to a tint bordering upon orange. Her bouquet was a beautiful and artistic composition of white and gold orchids, tied with ribbons matched exactly to the tints of the brocade.

Lady Carew wore a very becoming dress of pink satin trimmed with fine lace in a soft tone of cream colour. The train was a cream brocade with a design of miniature roses. A garniture of pink feathers formed a dainty finish about the shoulders, and clusters of similar feathers were introduced as a trimming upon the skirt. The train was arranged in a new way, being brought round and across the front of the bodice with a sash-like effect. It will be remembered that Lady Onslow's gown of buttercup yellow brocade and gold-starred white muslin was somewhat similarly arranged for this same Drawing-room.

Mrs Arthur Wilson's magnificent dress of pale green brocade with floral sprays in amethyst and gold was accompanied by a train of green velvet lined with amethyst and trimmed with priceless old Venetian point. Mrs Wilson's bouquet was composed of dark crimson roses, each with a lordly length of stem which made these lovely flowers almost unique. Her daughter, Miss Muriel Wilson, in white and silver with Court train of some transparent white material, carried a bouquet of lilies and calladium leaves. Lady Mosley's beautiful green velvet train, lined with white satin, was worn over a white feather brocade on a ground of moiré, with a jewelled belt of gold and silver. The Duchess of Bedford's tall figure looked its best in a dress of pale mauve satin, the front embroidered very handsomely in silver. The train, of bright mauve velvet, was lined with satin matching that of the dress.

Princess Heinrich of Pless, presented on her marriage, wore her beautiful wedding train of white and silver brocade, lined with quilted satin and trimmed with white lilac and lovely lace, over a perfectly plain white satin Empire dress covered with a single veil of the new 'raindrop' tulle, which is scattered over with round silver dots, looking exactly like rain on glass. Falling straight from the neck and unconfined at the waist, to which it is fitted by invisible seams and by no means tightly, the effect of this underdress is extremely beautiful.

One of the most striking dresses was that worn by Miss Madock, all cardinal brocade and velvet embroidered with gold, the brilliant tints being carried out in a bouquet of scarlet anthuriums and yellow orchids.

Lady Alice Pecke wore one of the most beautiful dresses present. The train was in mauve brocade with a design of shaded pink and yellow roses over a dress of the palest green moiré, veiled with fine lace. She carried a lovely bouquet of shaded roses, and presented her daughter in a train of white brocade, the design showing daisies brocaded on white. This was worn over a petticoat and bodice of the softest white silk muslin, trimmed with clusters of lily of the valley. Her bouquet was all lilies of the valley.

Wool costumes are *de rigueur* for street and travelling wear, and one can readily see the consistency of Fashion's decree, that banishes jewellery from out-door toilettes. It is considered an indication of vulgarity to mix the flash and glitter of jewels with the plain street costumes of to-day, say a good authority on the subject of dress. Jewels are reserved for indoor and evening wear, and the only pieces permissible for out-door wear are small inconspicuous brooch and earrings—the very fashionable woman does not even wear the latter—and the watch, with a small chain and tiny ornament attached. The stick pins now used for fastening the narrow velvet ties that adorn wools, I might safely say, all of the hats and bonnets are correct, but bangles, bracelets, etc., are not in good form. The usual number of rings can be worn, as the hand is supposed to be gloved when on the street; but good taste demands that working women shall wear only one or two plain rings, at

most, during business hours. Stick pins are one of the season's fads, and several of them are worn at a time, to hold in place the ruffles and lace that adorn the neck and bodice of indoor gowns. Fancy hairpins are another fad, and, like the stick pins, are used in any number that suits the wearer's fancy, and style of hair dressing. They are also reserved for indoor wear, and may be just as fancy or elegant as one's purse will permit. Gold beads, worn around the neck or twisted around the arm for a bracelet, are very modish; and brooches when worn, are round, with little stick pin and tiny chain attached. Watches are often tucked inside the collar, the pendant chain serving in place of a brooch. This is a very handy place to carry these little affairs, if only one fastens the pendant chain, so the watch won't slip down out of reach.

USEFUL NOTES.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES FOR WOMEN.

LIGHT gymnastics embrace the use of dumb-bells, barbells, Indian-clubs, wands, hoops and exercises without anything whatever in the hands. Marching, deep-breathing movements, posing, stretching and equilibrium exercises, all of which have, in a great measure, grown out of the Delsarte system, also come under the general term, light gymnastics.

The beneficial results of all these are many and varied. Hardly any one is too weak for gymnastics. Gentle massage will start the muscles and send the blood into healthy circulation. Then the patient should help herself. One of the advantages of light gymnastics is that the sick and convalescent can make what appear to be trifling efforts, and by them, in time, be restored to active health. If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep-breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed, slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for ten minutes. Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After awhile, attempt the same sitting up. These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day, several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.

From this step to the use of light apparatus in the dumb-bells is a short one. But the mistake is too often made in trying to be too muscular and using bells of too great a weight. Attempt nothing above your strength at the start; it is even better at first to go under it than over it. Above all things be methodical and regular in these exercises. Irregularity in anything—habits, expenditure, diet—brings its uncomfortable reward. Exercise must be constant and systematic to be effective.

If a beginner, purchase wooden dumb-bells of a pound each in weight.

Stand with the heels together, body erect and head up. Place the bells on the shoulders and push up that in the right hand to a count of eight or twelve; then the left, then both together at the same time.

Place the bells on the chest. Push the right-hand bell out in front eight times, the left hand afterwards, then both.

Push the bell in the right hand out from the chest to the right, the left the same, and next both.

Put bells under the armpits. Curl them out alternately and both at the same time.

With bells on the shoulders roll out as in the movement about described.

Strike the bells quickly over the head and under the right leg; then the left leg, then again behind the back.

With the right-hand bell extended from the right side at right-angles with the body, strike it, as if it were an anvil, eight times with the bell in the left hand as a hammer. Do this in the same manner to the left and in front, holding the bell, that acts in lieu of anvil, on the right and left knees.

These are but simple movements. A teacher in the gymnasium will give you dozens more. But just after the morning bath, in a cool room, before the corset is put on, if tried for five or ten minutes daily, will end in sending a glow through the body and bringing a rich tint to the cheeks. Beauty is not always born; it can be made. Not with cosmetics; try light gymnastic exercises and you will prove to your own satisfaction that a light step, a bright eye, a clear, good-coloured skin without the faintest hint of rouge or powder, makes a woman truly beautiful as well as 'healthy, wealthy and wise.'

Approves of this last assertion, that a woman can grow wiser, yes, actually know more, from regular gymnastic exercise is an established truth.

The greatest practical result of both light and heavy gymnastics is the fact that the mind grows in proportion to the muscle. The muscles need a will, and a strong one, to control them. The moving to exact time and to music demanded by these exercises when taken in the class of the gymnasium, has its effect on the brain and is as important as the resulting physical gain. Dr. W. G. Anderson, the specialist, states that those women who by reason of undeveloped will-power cannot compel their servant to aid them in works they must perform, are greatly benefited by light gymnastic exercises; and that those women who are sensible enough to adopt the methods that make men the stronger, the healthier sex, who expect to be known as the mothers of healthy children, and, above all, women who wish to aid in the realization of the ideal human being whether mentally, morally or physically, are able to be all that they would be, by gymnastic exercise.

It is a constant source of complaint that many women are not graceful. And the dancing-school has been, until recent years, the refuge for the awkward and unbalanced-muscled young or old woman. But much more valuable is the gymnasium in its education of the feet, and of the poise and carriage of the body.

To this end, fancy-step movements are given, and grace and ease of self result. Then, too, dexterity in a quality the elegant, slow-by-nature girl and woman needs to get on in this busy work-a-day world, where she who moves the quickest and thinks the fastest, keeping her mind clear and steady on what she has in hand, puts to rout the moral of that ancient fable of the hare and tortoise, in reaching the goal long before her slower and more deliberate neighbour.

ELLEN LE GARIE.

HATS ON AT FUNERALS.

RECOMMENDED BY TWO BOARDS OF HEALTH ON SANITARY GROUNDS.

As is frequently the case, the enterprising Americans are those who are making the first real efforts to effect what public opinion has long pronounced a much-needed reform. The retaining of hats on the part of the male attendants at a funeral has long been considered extremely advisable. Lately in this colony, during the prevalence of influenza, more than one funeral has followed from the foolish custom of leaving a church or chapel, heated by the presence of a large number of spectators, and standing bare-headed in the raw air exposed to the cold wind.

The following paragraph is worth reading: 'Since the prevalence of la grippe the risk of out-of-door exposure has multiplied. Many cases of illness and not a few deaths have been noted from this cause. The most common occasions of danger have been during attendance on funerals, either as pall-bearers or mourners. In well-conducted funerals undertakers nowadays frequently furnish skull-caps to be worn by pall-bearers. . . . All reflecting persons will agree that it requires a stretch of the imagination to detect the difference in the effect between the wearing of an ordinary hat and the wearing of a skull-cap on such occasions. Baring the head at funerals is a mere convention that serves no useful ceremonious purpose. Wearing a skull-cap is no compromise; it is a surrender. The custom of taking off the hat in wet or cold or stormy weather while the remains are carried from the home to the hearse, or from the hearse to the chapel or lodgeroom, and again when the last rites are performed at the grave, is fraught with danger. Ten, fifteen, and twenty minutes are not infrequently consumed, during which pall-bearers and mourners remain uncovered while a chill wind laden with damp diminishes the vital resistance of the weak and lays the foundation for a decline.

'The intelligent and masterful influence of the ministry and chief officers of lodges and societies having the burial in charge may be exercised in the beneficent advice to remain covered, and avoid discomfort and danger. This can be done with neither injury nor disrespect to the dead, but with great kindness and benefit to the living—speaking with authority, and themselves setting the example by remaining covered, they administer comfort, relief and protection, and certainly less apprehension for the results of the necessary exposure incidental to the interment. . . . That the efforts to prevent disease shall at least equal, if it does not exceed the art of cure, is one of the possible triumphs of modern civilization.'

Two American Boards of Health have agreed to recommend that the custom of removing hats at funerals during the service at the grave be abolished in the interest of health.

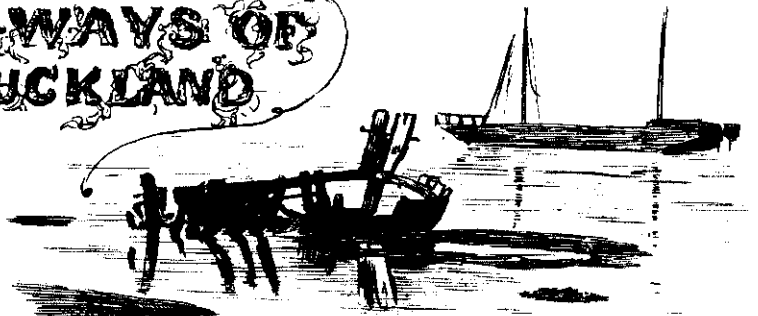
When shall we see this extremely sensible and wise plan not only recommended, but adopted in New Zealand. Who will be the first to make a request that the shall be added to his notice of death in the papers? By special request of deceased, hats will not be removed during the funeral except for the service in church. Also, we might all stipulate that very slight, if any, mourning should be worn when our loved ones have to carry us to the grave.

AMATEUR GARDENING.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

THE raising of chrysanthemums from cuttings is extremely simple. They require pinching back, and the pots must not stand too close together or too near the light. Take the cuttings in July. Put plenty of drainage in the pots, pans, or whatever you grow them in, also mix sand with the soil to keep it open. Don't be too free with the water, or you will have the cuttings damp off; in case of this, or other accidents, it is well to take more cuttings than you actually need; if all should grow you can easily dispose of surplus plants in corners of the garden, or exchange them for something else. I think if you want some plants to make the greenhouse or conservatory look nice, you may like to try the new system of dwarfing on some of them; it makes better looking plants, but they do not flower so freely when treated in this way. When the cuttings are rooted and have begun to grow, pot them out separately in the usual way, but you need not pinch them back; re-pot again when necessary, and in November stand the pot out of doors. The first week in December cut down the latest flowering kind to within three inches of the soil, the intermediate varieties next week, and the early flowering kind about the fourteenth of the month. To win a fortnight of cutting down you may give manure water once a week, then stop it and give less and less water every day till, when the time of cutting-down has arrived, the plants go quite dry; they should have none for two days previously. Before cutting bring them again under glass, wait till they have begun to grow again, then re-pot for the last time into 7in pots. Keep them under shelter till they have quite recovered from this 'shift'; then they may go out again and be liberally manured. They will never again grow tall and straggly, but will begin to form their flower-buds when at a moderate height. Take out any side growth which you think spoils the shape of the plants, and before they come into flower tie them out to short sticks to keep them from getting broken. If properly tied, you will get a small bush-like appearance, very much more satisfactory than the ordinary tall, thin pot chrysanthemum. If it is only for cutting you want your flowers, you might as well cut down your old plants when quite faded. Winter them under the stage or some place where they will get protection, but no forcing. In spring divide the plants, putting as many as you want into 5in pots; they must be re-potted again later on as required. Pinch out side growths, and some of the buds when they appear, because if too crowded they will be poor and imperfect. These old plants will, of course, require manure water. In the spring give weak root-water once a week; it improves the foliage. From these you will get more flowers with less trouble than by growing fresh from cuttings. Grow young ones again next year.

BY-WAYS OF AUCKLAND



In Freemans Bay



Nelson St



Clifton



A bit of Mt Eden Road.

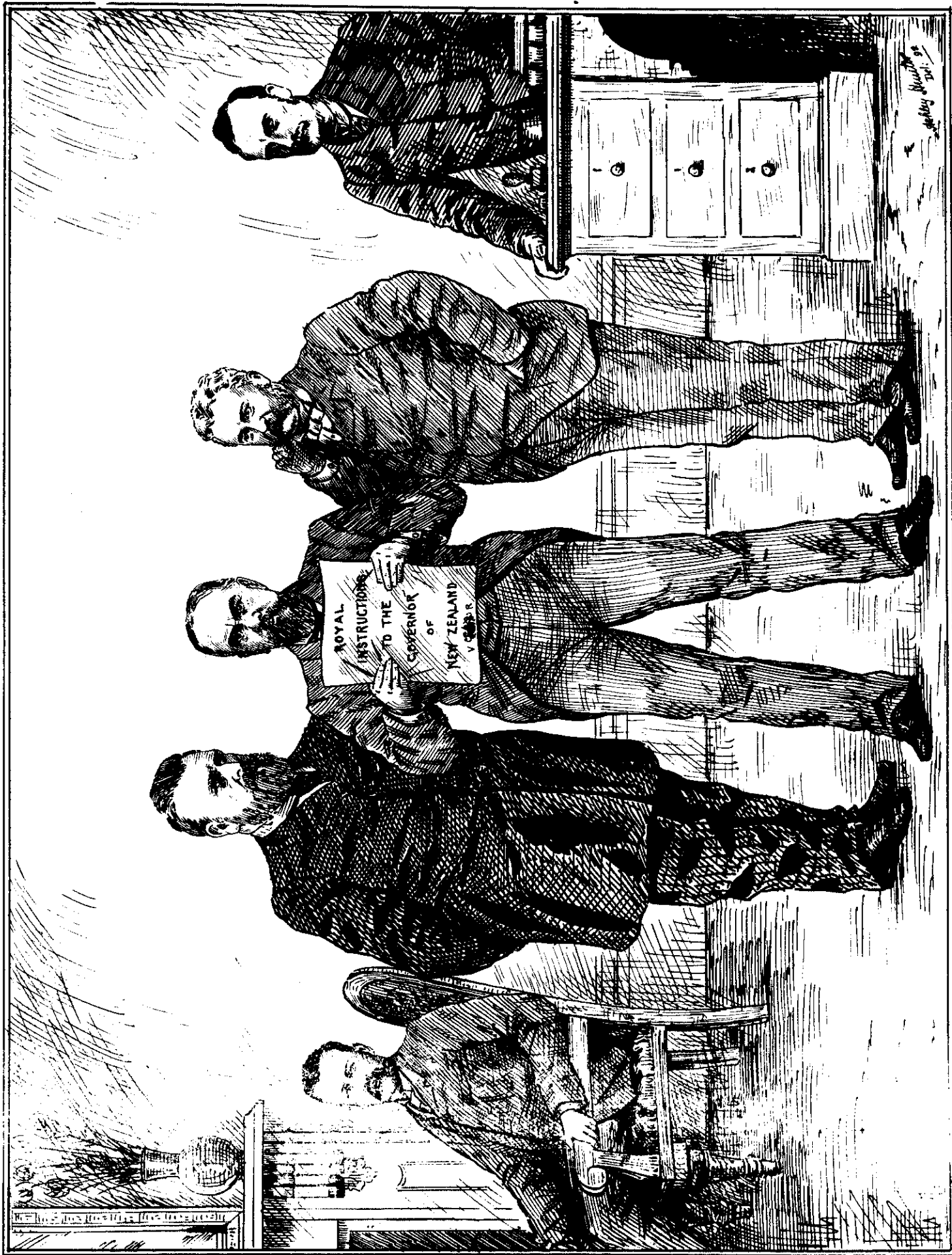


at the foot of Mt Eden

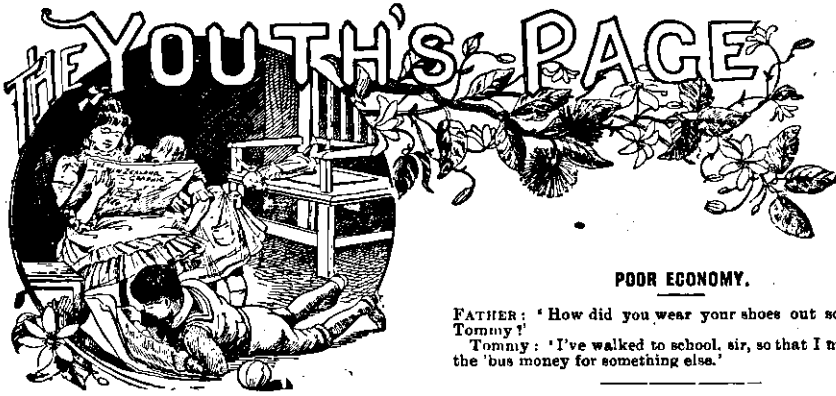
One of Aucklands Landmarks
The old Windmill.

In the Cemetery Symonds St

Old cottage at Mt Eden



"THE VOICE IS 'THE CROWN'S' VOICE BUT THE HAND IS THE HAND OF 'THE ABSENTEE'."



TOMMY'S REPORT.

ON Chestnut-street I saw to-day
A very lovely sight—
A poodle and a tabby-cat
Got almost in a fight.

The poodle showed his shining teeth,
While war glowed in his eyes,
The pussy clawed and spat and swelled
To twice her natural size.

When she was tread the sunshine glowed
On her unruflled fur;
She smiled to see the poodle jump
As though to gather her.

He barked and pranced, while on a limb
Contentedly she sat—
Paps, which would you rather be,
A poodle or a cat?

R. K. M.

REVISED VERSION.

LITTLE Kate was one of those children who furnish their parents with interesting and amusing anecdotes. One Sunday afternoon she came to her mother and begged for a Bible story. Her mother was reading, but Katie begged hard, and at last said, 'If you will tell me a Bible story first, mamma, then I will tell you a real good one, too.'

Her mother related the story of Samson and the lion, and of the bees which came and stored their honey in the lion's carcass.

'And now what is the Bible story you are going to tell me?' she asked.

With perfect gravity Katie began at the beginning and repeated the story which had just been told to her, using almost the same words. Her mother let her go through it, and then said:

'But that is the very story I told you. Do you think that is fair?'

'Oh, mamma!' the child answered quickly, 'this isn't the same story at all, for my bees were bumble-bees.'

TOD LATE.

THERE is a time for everything, and the secret of success in life lies in doing things at just the right minute.

A veterinary surgeon has occasion to instruct a coloured stableman how to administer medicine to an ailing horse. He was to get a common tin tube—a bean-blower,—put a dose of the medicine into it, insert one end of the tube into the horse's mouth, and blow vigorously into the other end, and so force the medicine down the horse's throat.

Half an hour afterward the coloured man appeared at the surgeon's office, looking very much out of sorts.

'What is the matter?' inquired the doctor, with some concern.

'Why, boss, dat hoss, he—he blew fust!'

UNEXPECTEDLY SMALL.

TWO little boys of my acquaintance, writes a correspondent had been invited out to tea at the house of a third little boy, and their mother had told them to take but one cookie each if there were cookies for tea.

Sure enough a plate of tiny fancy cakes was passed at the table.

Freddy, the older boy, looked at the diminutive 'baby cakes' a moment and then took two, saying as he did so to his little brother of four years:

'You may take two, Willie; I'm sure mamma had no idea they would be so very small.'

JUST THE PERSON.

'ARE you the boots?' inquired an Englishman at an American hotel, on meeting a frowny individual who seemed to correspond to the British factotum with that title. 'No,' was the reply, as the man lost his balance on the marble floor, 'I'm the slipper.'

It is said that there are strange chambermaids at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. A traveller declares that the one who waited on her room and attended to all the duties of the calling, even to making the beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner-party, with white waistcoat and dress-coat, and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity.

One lady, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid, and this gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor, at the very least, she said, 'I wish to see the chambermaid.'

'Madam,' said he, politely, in the very best English he could muster, 'Madam, she am I!'

POOR ECONOMY.

FATHER: 'How did you wear your shoes out so quickly, Tommy?'

TOMMY: 'I've walked to school, sir, so that I might save the 'bus money for something else.'

THE MELBOURNE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

FOR THE 'NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC' YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEAR CHILDREN,—You have been told many charming stories about some animals, and I am quite sure you like to hear about wild ones too.

Once upon a time a little girl named Sybil went to Melbourne with her mother. One of the first places she went to see was the Zoological Gardens. First, she and her mother took a tram, not like a New Zealand tram, which makes such a noise and is drawn by horses, but one that glides swiftly and silently along, drawn by a cable underground, which is worked by machinery in great buildings called tram-sheds.

Now the tram into which Sybil went has 'Royal Park' painted on the outside, and away they go, along a lovely road, with trees and houses all the way. Presently the conductor cries, 'Royal Park!' and all the little children and their parents jump out, and the tram glides on. They soon reach the Gardens. It is a holiday, and little Sybil is surprised to see a line of cabs as far as the eye can reach each way along the road. These cabs have brought passengers to the park and are waiting to take others back to Melbourne. They pass through the great iron gates, and Sybil sees that thousands of children are there already, some holding their parents' hands very tightly as if afraid, and others running here and there, quite at home among the wild animals (which, of course, are caged), treating them like old friends.

Sybil is saying, 'Let us go to the lions and tigers first, but, oh, mother! what is that lovely bird?' It is a splendid parrot, with a long blue tail and blue and yellow plumage, and comes from Brazil, that land of lovely birds. Again Sybil stops, 'Mother! here is the monkey-house! What a splendid house it is, and how merry the little monkeys are!' Sybil throws a biscuit through the bars. One little fellow seizes it, and a number of others dash at him and try and get it from him. He pops it into his mouth and darts to the other end of the room; the others follow, and slap and pinch him. Suddenly he opens his mouth; the biscuit is gone; the little fellow has swallowed it. He gives those near him a few nips, and they all scamper to the bars to see what else their visitors will give them.

Once a mischievous boy gave a baboon a large piece of tobacco, which he ate, and became so sick that he died. It was very naughty of the boy, for it cost a great deal to bring a baboon to Melbourne. Here is a drill monkey; he walks to and fro like that nearly all day, looking as grave and marching in as good time as a sentry on duty. The drill monkey is not pretty.

Mamma says 'Come' for a gentleman says 'The lions are in their play-ground.' Sybil is just in time to see the old lion spring from the rockery. What a noble-looking animal he is! Not long ago he was very sick. The keepers could not make him eat; he refused all food. Soon they noticed his face much swollen, and thought he had tooth-ache, but what could they do? Someone suggested giving him chloroform, so the doctors went out one morning and put him to sleep, and then extracted the tooth. How frightened they would have been if he had awakened!

Next Sybil looks at the tigers. How they glare at her with their sulen, angry eyes, and keep on walking round and round the cage. The tiger is very beautiful, but it is a treacherous and cruel beast.

Sybil must go home now, but another day she will visit the wild animals and you shall hear what she sees.

H. M. H.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

BOBBY: 'I'm afraid, papa, that you will have to get me a new suit or a new pair of skates.'

FATHER: 'Why so, my son?'

BOBBY: 'Because the skates I have now are so old that I'll fall with them and tear my clothes, and I won't if I have a new pair.'

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PRESENCE of mind is an excellent quality, but not many would have the presence of mind of the soldier of whom this story is told.

During a long and arduous siege water became scarce and difficult to get, and one day this soldier, making a lucky find, attempted to gain some advantage from his good fortune. He carried a couple of buckets of water through the camp crying: 'Fresh water! fresh water! threepence a bucket!'

Just at this point a rifle ball came whistling through the air. It carried away the fingers of one hand. The bucket it held fell to the ground, and the water was spilled.

But unwilling to lose his profit, without an instant's pause the water-bearer cried out, 'Fresh water! fresh water! sixpence a bucket!'

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I always read the letters from our cousins so I thought I would write too. Will you please put this letter in the GRAPHIC. It is very cold here just now. It was snowing all last night, and it was so cold when I got up this morning. I have a nice little pussy cat and a canary. I am very fond of pets, aren't you, Cousin Kate. I have one brother but he is away, and I miss him very much. I hope to see him at Christmas. I must conclude this short letter as mamma says it is bedtime. May I write again?—Your loving cousin, MONA. Dunedin.

P.S.—Will you please give me a name for my pussy.—MONA.

[What a very nice little letter! Yes, please do write again. My little boy calls his dog Kewi Maniopoto. We had two kittens, one called Punch, the other Judy. The old cat was Opossum. She always came when we called her because it sounded like Puss. Another we called Te Kooti. He was a lovely, long-haired Persian. How would any of these names suit you?—Spot, Dot, Pet, Fluff, Muff, Rubbish (this is a boy's suggestion), Molly, Cuba, Pops? Write and tell me which name you take, or if you choose quite another. Snowball is pretty for a white kitten.—COUSIN KATE.]

SCHOOLMASTER'S WIT.

PUNS are not the highest kind of wit, but now and then one is good enough to be a credit to its author.

The story told in 'Butler's Book' of the pupil who, required by Master Hopping to render into simpler language the line,

Eyes in a fine frenzy rolling,

answered 'Hopping mad, sir,' has its parallel in an anecdote related of Master Barnes of the old Hacker School.

The teacher one day noticed an idle pupil staring out of the window, and asked him what he saw there.

'Houses, sir,' was the reply.
'Very well,' said the master, sternly. 'Look here and you'll see Barnes.'

THE THISTLE.

THE origin of the national badge of Scotland—the Scotch thistle—is not at all associated with the donkey. According to tradition, when the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of night, instead of in a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his foot upon a superb prickly thistle. He gave a howl of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland. This famous plant was of old sacred to Thor. Its colour, it was said, was derived from the lightning.

USEFUL BIRDS.

THERE is a well-authenticated account of an English barber, who trained a starling to say, 'Gentleman wants to be shaved,' and hung the bird in his outer room to warn him of the coming of customers.

The same bird, the story goes, soon learned to call out, 'Gentlemen, pay your money!' when the barber's work was done, and never got the two speeches mixed.

A milliner of Paris has, according to a French journal, put a parrot to a much better use even than this English barber made of his starling. She has trained the bird to call out, whenever a customer enters her shop:

'Oh, isn't she pretty!'
It is asserted that the milliner's business was very soon doubled.

NO RISK.

A SERVANT-GIRL living with a lady in Iowa came to her mistress one day, and said:

'I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'll have to leave you next month. Me and my young man are going to git married then.'

'Very well, Mary,' replied the lady. 'I hope, however, that you have given the matter careful consideration, and counted the cost in case one makes a mistake in marrying.'

'Ie, ma'am, it ain't going to cost me anything!' was the immediate reply. 'He has to buy the license his own self, you know.'

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

MAMMA: 'Johnny, see that you give Ethel the lion's share of that orange.' JOHNNY: 'Yes, mamma.' ETHEL: 'Mamma he hasn't given me any.' JOHNNY: 'Well, that's all right. Lion's don't eat oranges.'

THE Book of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.' Price, One Shilling. All Booksellers.



BWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE GENUINE IS SIGNED





LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—SEE PAGE 769.



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

MISTRESS: 'What have you marked that "T.M." on all your pies for, Norah?'
 Norah: 'Sure, ma'am, that's to tell th' mince pies from th' apple pies. "T.M." on the mince pies is "Tis mince," and "T.M." on th' apple pies is "'Taint mince" — so I kin tell 'em, ma'am, widout cuttin' 'em.'

THE MILLENNIUM.

WHEN sermons are ten minutes long, and never stale or flat;
 When congregations rise and pay before they pass the hat;
 When silence jingles everywhere, and banks go not to smash;
 When bill collectors are to spare, and people buy for cash;
 When politicians join the church and cease to plot and plan;
 When there are fifty offices to every blessed man;
 When orators know when to stop; when poets cease to caper;
 When whole communities admit they cannot run the paper—
 Then will the great millennium dawn brightly; but alas!
 You'll die while you are waiting for these things to come to pass!

SMITH WAS OUT.

A HIGH-STREET lawyer was sitting in his office the other week when a stranger appeared at the door and said:
 'Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?'
 'Yes, sir—next door.'
 The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed:
 'Smith seems to be out!'
 'Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so.'
 The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer:
 'How much will you charge for a verbal opinion in a little matter?'
 'Oh, about eighteen shillings.'
 The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away when the lawyer said:
 'My fee, please.'
 'I haven't a cent to pay you!'
 'You haven't?'
 'Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir!'

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

LADY VISITOR: (who is being entertained by Tommy):
 'And who are you named after, my little man?'
 Tommy: 'Dunno.'
 Lady Visitor: 'After your papa, I suppose. What is his name, dear?'
 Tommy: 'Dunno.'
 Lady Visitor: 'Nonsense; what does your mamma call him?'
 Tommy (promptly): 'Donkey!'



A POOR RULE, ETC.

AGITATOR: 'I tell you this eight hour work-day is going to do a lot of good to the mass of unemployed people. By the way, Sarah, is supper ready?'
 Agitator's Wife: 'No; my eight hours was up at half-past five to-day.'



CHOLLY: 'Bah Jove! That wine is not half bad, uncle.'
 HIS UNCLE: 'You young buck, it ought to be good. It's as old as I am, and, like me, sir, it has improved with age.'
 CHOLLY: 'Don't see how it's much like you.'
 HIS UNCLE: 'What do you mean, you young scapegrace?'
 CHOLLY: 'It has never been drunk.'



HIS FIRST HAIR CUT.

BARBER: 'Shampoo?'
 Robby: 'I—I don't know how, sir.'

OUT OF HIS LINE.

RAO-MAN (at the door): 'Got any rags to sell, sir?'
 Facetious Resident: 'Only what I've got on. If you want them you'll have to buy me, too.'
 Rag-Man (backing down the steps): 'I'm only buying rags. I'm not the garbage man.'

IN A SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

LOVE HIM!

SHE said she 'couldn't,' but she thought she 'could,'
 At which he smiled.
 He thought she 'couldn't,' but he said she 'could';
 Both were beguiled.

MARRY HIM!

SHE said she 'wouldn't,' but she thought she 'would,'
 At which he sighed.
 He thought she 'wouldn't,' but he said she 'would'
 Both were belied.

LEAVE ME!

SHE said he 'should,' but she thought he 'shouldn't,'
 At which he rose.
 Saying, he thought, he 'couldn't, wouldn't, shouldn't,'
 Again propose.

A POINTER.

ERNEST: 'Dearest, do you think I could succeed in becoming a minister?'
 CLARA: 'I feel doubtful, Ernest.'
 'It don't require much ability.'
 'N—no; but it requires some, you know.'



DOCTOR: 'Why Pat, you ought to know better than have the pigs so close to the house.'
 PAT: 'An' phwy not, sor!'
 DOCTOR: 'It's unhealthy.'
 PAT: 'Unhealthy is it. An' the pigs never been ill a day in their loife. Be away wid your nonsense.'

TRY TO SMILE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (sadly): 'I'm afraid, Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven.'
 Johnny: 'Why? What have you been doing now?'
 'You must be a quarrelsome fellow,' said a phrenologist to a man whose bump he was examining. 'Say that again, and I'll knock you down,' was the response.

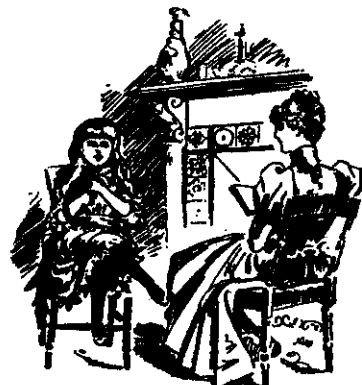
FREDDY HADN'T BEEN FIGHTING. — Fond Mother: 'Freddy, where did you get that black eye? Have you been fighting again?' Freddy: 'Oh, no, ma'am. I've only been trying to defend myself. The other fellow did the fighting.'

CATCHY PHRASES are very fashionable among advertisers. The Eastman Company started one with their well-known 'Kodak' photographic camera: 'You press the button; we do the rest.' An undertaker somewhere down Wellington way has adapted this to his own purpose. His motto runs: 'You kick the bucket; we do the rest.'

MR SPURGEON himself gave the following instances of quick Irish retort: When the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington was being built Mr Spurgeon happened to pass. He inquired of one of the workmen what was the building in course of construction. 'A Catholic cathedral,' replied the man, who was Irish. 'Ah, I am very sorry to hear it,' said Mr Spurgeon, earnestly. 'So is the devil, sir,' promptly replied the man.

THE 'FIELD' — THE FRIEND! — She: 'Oh, yes, I'm awfully fond of my little dog. You see, I've had her ever since I was quite a little girl.' He: 'Dear me! Why don't you write to the Field? Quite a phenomenon. She: 'What?' He: 'Dog living half a century!'

METHODS AND RESULTS: 'Traveller: 'When la grippe spread through China, the Chinese doctors marched through the streets with drums and trumpets, trying to stop it.' Physician: 'Ha, ha, ha! What hopelessly ignorant barbarians those Chinese are! Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho! Funniest thing I've heard in a long time.' 'Did you have la grippe in this country?' 'Yes, indeed. Everybody had it.' 'What did you do?' 'Everything that the profoundest researches and latest discoveries of modern science could suggest.' 'Did that stop it?' 'N-no.' 'Neither did the drums and trumpets.'



ETHEL: 'Mamma, can you give me some moth powder?'
 Mamma: 'Whatever do you want it for?'
 Ethel: 'Well, I want to powder my pusey. All her fur is coming off.'