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NGARUAWAHIA BRIDGE.

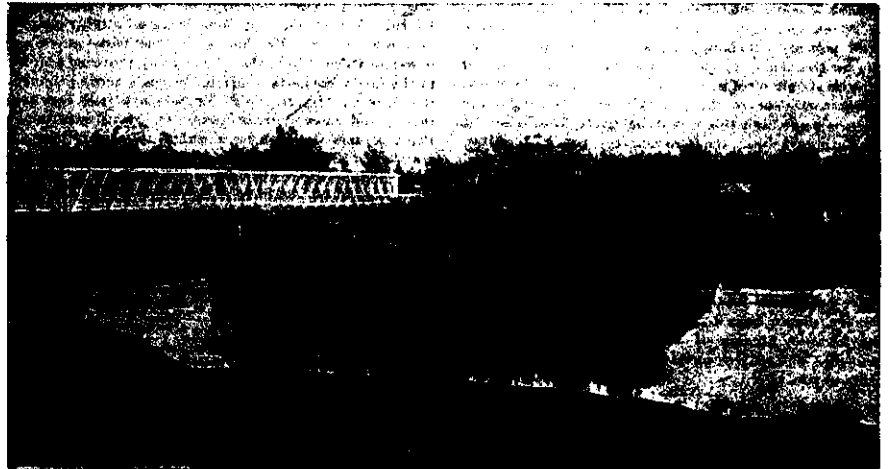
RATHER more than an hour after leaving Mercer, which is forever connected in the mind of the traveller with the bustle and broil of hurried lunch and ravenous lunchers, the Waikato train 'up' approaches a place whose natural beauties surpass anything to be seen on the Auckland rail roads, which are singularly uninteresting along the line from a scenic point of view. There are glimpses of pretty river scenery round and about Mercer for half an hour perhaps but they are rare, and do not prepare the eye of the listless traveller—wary of reading, yet with so little to attract him to look out of the window—for the beauties of that picturesque, but to English lips, utterly unpronounceable township, to wit, Ngaruawahia. The wise new chum attempts not to hopelessly a jaw-breaker, having learnt the folly of attempting these luxuries of names in Wales, where words absorbing a couple of alphabets or so are common as blackberries. Others make wild shots at the pronunciation, and there is at present, in Auckland, a gentleman who habitually calls the peaceful and healthful Waikato township Nigaragus, and who must presumably imagine that there are riotous proceedings up there at present, as per cable.

Seventy-four miles from Auckland Ngaruawahia is an oasis of loveliness in the desert of flat, uninteresting swamp and fern land, which characterise the monotonous railway journey from Auckland to Te Aroha and Oxford. Not a few tourists break the journey here for one day, and it is a matter for wonder that more do not avail themselves of the privileges allowed by the tourist ticket.

There are two large hotels facing the station, at either of which the traveller will be made as comfortable as thoughtful minds and willing hands can make him. The station is almost invariably crowded with folk come to see the train arrive, which is presumably one of the daily excitements in the Arcadian life of the townfolk. It is a peculiarity, by the way, of the Northern New Zealand railroads

that even the most desolate and out-of-the-way stations along the line have invariably the crowd of sight-seers, Maori and European, to see the train come in. Apparently they are not, in the majority of cases anyway, expecting anyone or anything, but no matter how late the train is—

that it was their first sight of a locomotive, etc. To return, however, to Ngaruawahia. The crowd here is justified, for there are usually milk cans to be loaded or unloaded, and considerable shunting is also done, for the railroad officials, ever anxious for the comfort of passengers on



J. Martin

THE BRIDGE NGARUAWAHIA.

photo., Auckland.

and lateness is a thing they understand on the up-Waikato trains—the crowd is always there patiently awaiting its arrival. During the stoppage, generally unaccountably long, since no one is getting in or out, they stare with such absorbed attention at the train and its occupants that the unsophisticated would imagine

this line, combine the delight of slow goods with slow passenger traffic, there being usually more goods trucks on the train than passenger carriages. Ngaruawahia is the tap for Raglan bush, and 'tis here are embarked stock, etc., from that district.

Invariably, therefore, a good many passengers disembark here, and, as has been hinted, the tourist might do worse than follow suit.

In his excellent publication, 'Rural New Zealand,' Mr Houghton thus does justice to Ngaruawahia:

'At Ngaruawahia (which is Maori for the meeting of the waters) the slow flowing Waipa and the swift Waikato join hands on their road to the sea.

'We leave our traps at a comfortable hotel, and take a stroll through the little township to see the dairy factory, the Ngaruawahia Central Creamery and Butter Factory, belonging to Messrs Reynolds and Co. (Limited), whose head office is at 30 Borough, London. This firm has been established six years, and at first had all the difficulties to contend with which those who establish a new enterprise generally have to face, and the benefit of which the successors of the bold men who first attempt to subdue difficulties so often get. However, that is not the case here. The firm have triumphed over all difficulties, and the industry of butter and cheese making in New Zealand for the English market has now passed through the experimental and is in the thoroughly practical stage, with ample room for extension.

We look at the revolving churns—just great square wooden boxes swinging on a pivot they are—and then go into the room where the butter is worked up, salted, and put into casks ready for shipment to England. It lies on the floor in hundred weights, with a golden hue as of sunshine on it, and a fragrance as of many flowers. It is just our sunshine they are exporting in casks; there will be plenty left, that is a comfort.'



THE HEADLAND, MARANA.
(From an amateur photo. by Mr Walrond.)

Topics of the Week.

SOCIETY'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Mothers' Union meeting held in Wellington at the Wesley Church was very largely attended, there being about three hundred ladies present, with Lady Glasgow presiding. The following gentlemen also attended:—The Ven. Archdeacon Stock, Rev. W. Powell and J. J. Lewis, Archdeacon Maclean, and Rev. J. K. Elliott. Lady Glasgow delivered a very practical and able address on the subject, and pointed out how good work might be done by mothers for the benefit of their children. The members of each church should elect committees to carry on the work, and report each year to the general committee regarding the progress made, and this would be made known at the public meetings held in the different centres. Miss Hallows was with Lady Glasgow, and played the harmonium.

THE Fillis Circus Company left Wellington on Queen's Birthday for Palmerston North. They have been very popular here, as was shown by the good attendance every night. Lady Glasgow and her family attended more than once, and seemed to be greatly amused. Since their arrival there have been an unusual number of visitors in town from the country, drawn here to see the wonderful circus, and there have been a number of Maoris also attracted by the same charm. The natives certainly are very fond of entertainments of this kind.

THE Wellington Boys' Institute has made great progress since it was opened some six months ago. It is a splendid thing to have such a place as this for the boys of the town, and deserves liberal support. Sir James Prendergast, who takes a great interest in the Institute, opened an Industrial Exhibition at the rooms on the Queen's Birthday. The articles shown were chiefly exhibits made by the boys themselves, illustrating the different branches of trade they follow. There were also on loan exhibits, including pictures, photographs, etc., and of course music. Such gatherings as these are invaluable to the boys, imparting as they do a taste for art, literature, and all that is refined, and the boys in our towns sadly need softening down.

THE Wellington people are following in the footsteps of Auckland, Dunedin, and Christchurch by starting sixpenny popular concerts. The shilling Thursday concert has succeeded so well that they are induced to try how similar entertainments will answer at the Skating Rink, at the Te Aro end of the town, with the smaller charge of sixpence. It is proposed to start them under the patronage of the Early Closing Association, and hold them on Wednesday evenings, and so make a pleasant ending to the half-holiday. Mr Salvatore Cimino is to be conductor.

SMALL evening parties are the fashion just now in Picton. Miss Duncan had a few friends one evening, and entertained them with music, singing, and card-playing. In addition to the home party, which comprised Mrs Duncan, Mrs Smith, and Mr John Duncan, there were Mrs Dobson (Blenheim), Mrs and the Misses Allen (two), and Messrs Hallett, H. Baillie, and T. Baillie. Mrs Andrews also had a few friends on Wednesday, Mrs Allen on Friday, and Miss A. White on Thursday evening, the amusement being table-turning, when some extraordinary revelations in regard to absent friends were rapped out by the eccentric piece of furniture, which waltzed and polka'd about the room at the bidding of a young lady medium.

ALL the whalers of Queen Charlotte Sound are gone into partnership this season, and three whaleboats are waiting—fully equipped—for the signal from Look-out-point, to start on the exciting chase after the monsters of the deep. The watchers play marbles or cards on the point to pass away the time during the long watch from daylight till dark, in sunshine or rain, whatever the weather may be. They dearly earn what they get.

MRS MACKENZIE'S dance given at 'The Chalet,' Dunedin, was a delightful little affair. Several of the officers of the Kingdove were present, but very few married ladies, as it was given more particularly to girls, being a farewell to Miss Backhouse, who, after a six months' visit to Dunedin, is returning to Sydney. The dancing was in the dining-room, and all the cosy nooks and corners about the house were utilised, as the season was too far advanced to make use of the pretty grounds. The hostess received her guests in the drawing-room, and looked remarkably well.

A VERY enjoyable concert was that given by the members of the Nelson Pro-Cathedral in aid of the funds of their church. Perhaps not a little was added to the enjoyment by the fact of there being three performers who were new to the Nelson public. It was certainly a real treat to hear Mrs Felix Levien's rendering of the song 'Schusucht' by Kjrull, this soft German song being admirably adapted to her sweet voice. Mr Johnson is the possessor of a very powerful voice, which should certainly prove an acquisition to the future concerts. Mr Kirkwood's accompaniment on the flute to Mrs Howie's 'La Serenata' was very sympathetic, and showed great taste. Of Mrs Howie's and Mrs Percy Adams' singing it is needless to say anything; they are always listened to with great pleasure. The hall had been slightly decorated, the mantelpieces looking particularly pretty with banks of chrysanthemums, as did also the wide window-sills.

THE Mikado Social Club held their first dance of the season in St. George's Hall, Auckland, last Thursday evening. A most enjoyable evening was spent, about thirty-five couples being present.

THE first of the Ponsonby Social dances took place on Friday night in the Oddfellows' Hall, Ponsonby. An unusual, but we have no doubt very agreeable feature to the fair sex, was exhibited in the attendance, there being a considerable preponderance of gentlemen over ladies. Owing to the zeal of Messrs and Mesdames Rees, Hanna, Bartlett, and other members of the committee, the floor and supper were excellent. Dancing was begun at eight and continued till about half-past twelve.

AT St. Patrick's Hall, Christchurch, Messrs E. W. Seager and G. R. Hart, by invitation of the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, gave their interesting lecture, 'Old Canterbury Illustrated,' to an immense audience. This was followed by a musical programme. The vocal soloists were Mesdames J. P. Kelly and W. T. Cronin, Misses Bryant and Hayward, and Mr F. S. Funston. Miss M. Loader played a harp solo, and Mr A. C. Nottingham a cello solo. Miss Funston acted as accompanist. The proceeds, which were between £30 and £40, are to be devoted to the Catholic schools.

OWING to the unfavourable weather the attendance at the annual exhibition of the Elam School of Art, Auckland, was smaller than might have been anticipated from the estimation in which this useful educational institution is held. The studies on the walls gave evidence of skill and patience on the part of both master and pupils, and were unanimously agreed to be a decided improvement on the work of the previous year. The students availed themselves of this opportunity to present Mr Peyton, their art master, with a slight and suitable tribute of their gratitude and esteem, in the shape of a gold engraved pendant and a tastefully illuminated address mounted as a palette and framed.

GOLF and Gaiety have been the order of things last week in the City of the Plains. But golf has considerably outrun gaiety, for early every fine morning a few enthusiasts are to be seen in the park. The two days a week hitherto devoted to practice has been found quite insufficient. The ultimate goal of this hard work is, of course, Captain Hunter-Blair's proffered medal.

ALL are not on gaiety bent in Christchurch, and a few of the working 'women' keep the distresses and ills of their fellow citizens before them. At a meeting of the economics department of the Women's Institute last week some important business was got through. The Rev. Isitt's proposal, re judicial separation when drunkenness interferes with home happiness, was discussed at length, and great sympathy expressed with it. Mrs Grossman and Mrs Wells were deputed to draw up a letter to be forwarded to the Hon. E. C. J. Stevens and Rev. Isitt on the question, and the next meeting will be looked forward to with great interest.

A 'GORDON HOME' for boys has been opened recently in Christchurch something on the lines of the Boys' Brigade, which, after a short life, fell through. Mrs Packs takes great interest in the homeless youths of the town, and her absence, through illness, on the opening night was very

much regretted. Mrs Newton, with one or more members of the Prohibition League, sailed down on one of our hotel-keepers the other day for selling drink to a man who was already drunk, and eventually got him fined £10; while Mrs Cannington confined them all in Court with many tears, pleading for some boys who were first offenders.

'If I really thought that the women of the colony wanted the suffrage all my opposition would cease.' One after another the opponents of woman suffrage have risen in the House of Representatives and given utterance to the above remark. Well, we think they ought to be getting pretty well convinced by this time. The efforts of the women of New Zealand to make them realise the fact have been too much in evidence during the past year or two for them any longer to plead, with any pretence of sincerity, the rather remarkable ignorance affected by them in the past. Day after day we hear of progress in the women's cause. Week after week comes news of the formation of new societies whose sole *raison d'être* is the determination among women to prove to all the world not only that they want the franchise, but that they mean to have it. The latest news comes from Wanganui where a Suffrage League has just been formed under most encouraging auspices. Canvassing for signatures to the monster petition designed for presentation to Parliament next session is also going on vigorously in that thriving little town, and so general has been the interest shown on the subject that it is estimated that ninety per cent of the adult female population will affix their signatures.

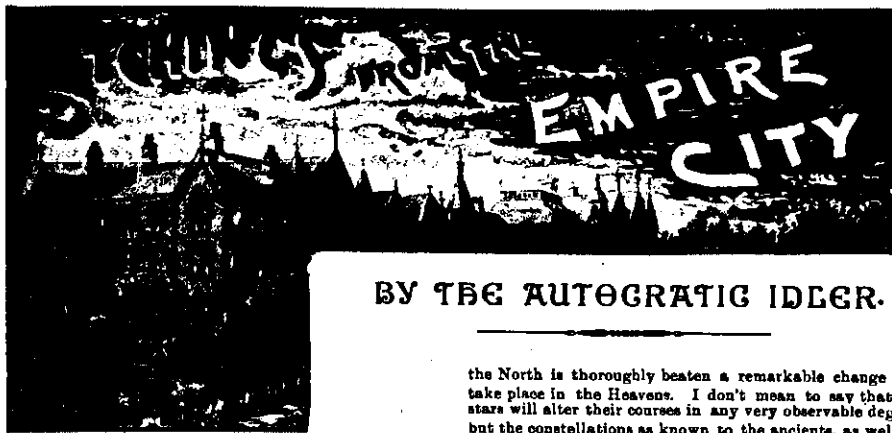
THE Ponsonby 'At Homes' began with a most triumphant opening last Friday. The weather was dry, clear, and sharp—an ideal night for dancing. Thanks to the energy of the Committee—Messrs and Mesdames Devore, Hanna, Macindoe, and Tole—the floor and supper were all that could be desired. More particularly is credit due to Mrs Devore, who tastefully decorated the windows for the occasion with red curtains and gold bands. Mr Adams and his band of efficient musicians supplied music almost unequalled in the annals of Auckland dances. The position of M.C. was ably fulfilled by Mr Macindoe, who seems more popular every year. Dancing was kept up with spirit until about half-past one, when the last strain of the last encore died away, reluctant good-byes were said and friends walked home in the bright moonlight, talking of the enjoyment they had had. This account would be incomplete without a word of praise to Mr F. A. Clarke, the honorary secretary, who has worked and is working with indefatigable energy and goodwill to make the season a complete success. Judging from the first night's result, we are confident his efforts will be rewarded.

JUVENILE parties are always interesting because the young people seem to enjoy themselves so thoroughly, the *bliss* state being, as a rule, unreachd. Mrs Waller (Mount Eden) has rather a reputation for a successful method of entertaining the younger generation. She has a genuine sympathy with them, and displayed it at her charming little dance the other night. Everything that could conduce to the enjoyment of the juvenile guests had been provided. The verandah was covered in, and really formed an excellent ball-room, the floor was in capital order, the music—furnished by clever amateurs—all that could be desired. The Chinese lanterns shed a soft light, the night was fine, and the supper good. With plenty of partners of both kinds, what more could young people want?

AT the Tuam-street Hall, Christchurch, the sixpenny concert was more crowded than ever, the promoters having it on the holiday night instead of Thursday. It is said 2,800 people were in the hall, and numbers could not even find standing room. Miss Marguerite Johnson, of Wellington, again delighted her hearers with her sweet singing. Miss Spensley, Messrs Woodhouse, Roberts and Weir besides other attractions were all good. The limelight views exhibited by Mr T. Crook of events connected with the Royal Family during the reign of our Queen were very interesting.

It is said that Bishop Julius, who is enjoying his well-earned rest and change in England, proposes to bring out with him a deaconess from Mildmay. This order of ladies in London, has been productive of an immense amount of good, and the Bishop hopes to establish a similar order in this colony. The lady whom he is introducing to the colony, has been very reluctantly spared by the Bishop of London, who speaks very highly of her services. There is evidently no fear that the very popular Christchurch Bishop intends to resign his see. He says that Bishop Cowie, of Auckland, will be the next Primate.

WE are getting somewhat tired of Benefit Concerts as a general rule. Beg-a-Bits they ought often to be called, but an exception must be made in favour of Mr W. H. Webbs, who takes a well-deserved benefit next Monday. Mr Webbs has been good nature itself in supporting others; we hope he will now reap his reward and have a bumper house.



BY THE AUTOGRATIC IDLER.

Art and Ice. Long before this present autocrat could comprehend how incomprehensible this world was (not to mention the starry firmament at all), he chanced to see Firth's great picture of the Derby Day, then on exhibition in Dublin. There is the history of an era of English life crowded into that not very extensive bit of canvas: it is the 'Vanity Fair' of the artist; and just as Thackeray never wrote a truer story in fiction than 'Vanity Fair,' so Firth never painted anything more life-like than the Derby Day, in all his subsequent efforts. However, I am not going to speak now of the portrait of Miss Gilbert in the left hand corner of the picture, nor of the straw that seemed ready to be blown away by any chance breath from the just opened hamper, but of a lump of ice in the foreground which appeared to be melting away in the heat and crush of the Academy. My raw intelligence could not realize that that bit of ice was part and parcel of the picture: it was ice, surely; it was real ice, cold ice, melting ice, transparent, colourless, sparkling ice! Since then a few years have rolled away, and I have learned not to be mystified—having observed far more curious things, hardly explainable, although perfectly real. I have seen a fly in amber and wondered how it got there. So has everybody else. I have seen fish, without eyes, in the water, at the 840 foot level at the bottom of a gold mine. I have seen Fisher Georgius with a double set of opinions, at the top of the poll and on the right and left side of the House at the one moment. Only last night, going along Lambton Quay, I saw almost as inexplicable a thing as any of these—except, perhaps, the last mentioned. Nobody seemed to think it at all wonderful, and yet, twenty years ago it would have been thought impossible, and a few years still further back would have been deemed by our unsophisticated forefathers absolutely miraculous; the work, perhaps of an omnipotent Creator, perhaps of the devil, who, naturally, would much like to manufacture ice for his own personal use, although having, of course, an intense abhorrence of it as a cooling and refreshing aid to human enjoyment.

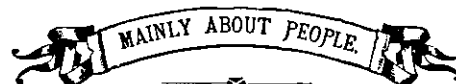
Cold Chry-
santhe-
mums. All the way from Mr Tate's garden on the river Thames they came—chrysanthemums as large as breakfast plates, each in the centre of a block of beautifully-transparent ice, no smaller than a Stilton cheese. There was the 'Elsie,' the most lovely canary yellow ever seen; the 'G.O.M.,' red and fiery like the planet Mars; the 'Empress of India,' a very pale blue; the 'Golden Empress'; the magnificent and glittering 'Sunflower,' and a host of other beautiful specimens representing all varieties of this exquisite flower, of every conceivable hue and tint, and of all sizes, from that of a small daisy to a circumference of eighteen inches. There would, indeed, appear to be no limit to the power of cultivation in developing this plant, which blooms in the garden in winter time, and brightens up the bare grounds as the smile of a friend, and his outstretched hand, in the time of adversity—cheers the despairing heart! It is to Japan that we are indebted for what is most gorgeous and striking in the chrysanthemum, and the patient, industrious Jap was the first to discover its capabilities. It was curious to note, at the Chrysanthemum Show, that the thing which, a quarter of a century ago, would have been the great feature of the exhibition attracted no notice whatever. Nobody asked by what queer process the flowers got into the ice, or the ice got around the flowers. Nobody saw anything at all wonderful in it: no one seemed amazed that these blooms had opened on the Thames; had been admitted by great personages in the home country, and had crossed the ocean in a very cosy and comfortable ice bank! No man, woman, or child expressed any amazement, and yet I don't think very many in the crowd were at all aware how it was done.

the North is thoroughly beaten a remarkable change will take place in the Heavens. I don't mean to say that the stars will alter their courses in any very observable degree, but the constellations as known to the ancients, as well as other celestial objects, will be known—as through countless ages they have been known—no more. There is a good deal of 'known' about this last sentence, but it is true, all the same. The first point of *Aries* will be shifted into *Taurus*, and *Taurus* will, thenceforward, be known as *Taurus Hibernicus*, or Irish Bull; *Orion* will be appropriately named O'Brien; and *Sextus* will very readily become Sexton. In fact a fitting Irish nomenclature can be quite easily invented for a considerable number of stars, planets, and comets, as is but fitting when Ireland becomes a nation. Even the Atlantic Ocean will undergo a slight renovation, and be known in the future as Atlantic O'Case—who was a very celebrated Kerry chieftain in the year 1122. All this sounds very like prophecy. Very well—I know of no reason whatever why I should not make astronomical prophecies that possibly may come true. Dean Swift was a great many terrible things; but he wasn't much of an astronomer; and yet he went far beyond me, and made veritable astronomical prophecies which have proved to be precisely true. Just listen to this from 'The Voyage to Laputa':—'They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodic times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars, which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences other heavenly bodies.' Now this was written in Queen Anne's time, when very little was known about Mars, and when nothing at all was known of any moon attending the planet. Yet it almost precisely expresses what has been since, and very recently discovered. When that prophecy came to be realized, surely *Taurus*, in due course of time, may become an Irish Bull? However, all these great changes depend on the granting of Home Rule and the licking of the North. It may, of course, happen that Home Rule will not be granted, and that the North will not be licked. In that case *Taurus* will remain *Taurus*, and the Atlantic will be the same melancholy, turbulent, placid, troubled, peaceful ocean that it has been for millions of years—and Mr A. O'Case will have to remain in his present obscurity—wherever that is.

The Star of
Bethlehem. There is no more beautiful story in all the Sacred writings than that of the Star and the Magi, as told in St. Matthew's Gospel, and no doubt countless persons in many Christian countries feltangry with Science, (as I did) when it was found that Science said that the story was but a legend, and, as a matter of fact, untrue. No star, or planet could, in point of fact, behave as this star is said to have behaved, and, although Proctor sought to get over the difficulty by suggesting that the star wasn't a star at all, but a comet, this doesn't in the least help us, for no comet could behave so. The Chinese have a record of the appearance of a comet about this time (whose visit was not recorded in the Western Hemisphere), but neither this comet, nor any celestial object whatever will fit in with the description of the movements of the star, as related by St. Matthew. The narratives of the evangelists were, none of them, penned until at least fifty years after the events recorded, and during that interval, in a poetic and legendary age, fancy—beautiful fancy, sometimes—usurped the plain, unvarnished throne of reality; giving us the simple, touching, legendary lore—herds who knew the night sky more familiarly than we do. Furthermore, not only is the story astronomically and scientifically untenable, but St. Matthew's account won't at all fit in with the account of St. Luke. If the account given by Matthew is right then Luke is wrong; and if Luke is right Matthew is all astray. Matthew relates the story of the flight into Egypt with the infant Jesus, of Joseph and Mary, and their stay in that country until the death of Herod the King. But on their return, they return, not to Bethlehem, but to Nazareth.

Astronomical. When Home Rule is granted to Ireland there will be a civil war in that country, and when

Luke, however, describes Joseph and Mary as returning to Nazareth immediately after the purification; and, if you carefully read the two accounts you will see that it is quite evident that one evangelist regarded Bethlehem as the birthplace of Jesus, and the other Nazareth. It would appear as though it were inevitable in the order of things, and what we call the progress of the world, that all poems, all that touches the heart in all literature, all delicate and innocent and emotional fancy, were ultimately to perish utterly, and to vanish from the earth. Nature, men always saw, was sometimes cruel; but her brooks have continued to ripple pleasantly throughout the ages, her oceans are eternal, her hills are everlasting. But science is cruel, and in no shape or form kind to man, except as regards his mere being: his eating, his drinking, his sleeping. There is a poem in every river; but truth has no metre: there is melody in every stream and even in the beating of the breakers, but no bar of music in any scientific investigation. Truth is as cold as a stone. She is cold as any icicle. But she is spotless and pure as Alpine snow; and we must still venerate her, because she is honest and true, even though she takes from us those dreams and fancies which were the delight of Christendom in its infancy, and its hope in its more advanced age!



MR MAUGHAN BARNETT's playing is taking the hearts of the Napier folk by storm; it is really magnificent. He played several selections on the organ (which has been thoroughly overhauled by Mr Aplin) on Sunday evening, nearly the whole of the large congregation remaining behind to listen to the glorious strains of music. Mr Barnett's execution is of a most brilliant character.

MR T. S. WESTON (jun.), of Christchurch, has resigned his position as Secretary to his Honor, Mr Justice Denniston, and Mr Blair, of Wellington, has been appointed his successor, and takes up his duties on the 1st of next month.

MR C. D. KIMBELL met with a very nasty accident while out riding at Barry's Bay, Christchurch, one day last week. He was thrown from his horse, and, as he fell, struck against a telegraph post, cutting his head and face severely. Mr R. Latter brought him in to the hospital where his wounds were attended to, and he is now on the way to recovery.

I HAVE much pleasure in heartily congratulating Mrs Donald McLean (nee Miss Alice Rowley), of Christchurch, who has passed the intermediate examination for the degree of Bachelor of Music. Mrs McLean is the first New Zealand student who has passed any section of a degree for music. As a pianist and composer Miss Alice Rowley was well known in Christchurch, and the residents of Aahburton, where she now lives, are fortunate in having Mrs McLean as one of their townspeople.

THE Dunedin prison staff presented Mrs Shirley, their late matron, with a tea and coffee service prior to her departure for Wellington, Mrs Shirley having been transferred to the Wellington prison. Mr Phillips, the gaoler, made the presentation with very kind remarks.

A LARGE number of gentlemen met at the Grand Hotel, Dunedin, to bid Mr Ashcroft farewell before leaving for Wellington. Mr Ashcroft has been nineteen years in Dunedin, and at one time was editor of the *Times*. Among the gentlemen present were the Hon. W. Downie Stewart and W. M. Bolt (M.L.C.), Hon. T. Fergus (M.H.R.), the Ven. Archdeacons Edwards and Fenton, Canon Howell, Messrs H. S. Fish, R. Wilson, G. L. Denniston, A. Maxwell Thornton, J. H. Park, Dr. Fitchett, Andrew Todd, W. Ibbotson, G. Fenwick, T. Brown, E. C. Reynolds, J. Ryley, J. Watson, R. H. Postlethwaite, T. Moodie, C. Butterworth, Lee Smith, and a number of others.

PICTIONIONS will mourn over the departure of Mr H. M. Haslett, who is leaving them for 'fresh fields and pastures new' in the rising district of Pahiatua, there to practise his profession. Mr Haslett, who has gone to Pahiatua to conduct an important case which is being heard there just now, will return to Picton to take leave of all his friends there ere settling down to work in his new district.

MR HAMILTON BAILLIE, of the Bank of New Zealand, Fielding, is visiting his old home in Picton for a month. Being an old footballer, his friends thought to see him playing on the side of the Waitohis in the recent cup matches, but the powers who reign supreme in the Rugby Union decreed otherwise, and 'Hammy' was fain to content himself with 'barracking' for his old club.

Mr and Mrs Oliver Samuel left last week on their trip to the Chicago Exhibition. A number of their friends met to wish them a farewell and a pleasant holiday, on the eve of their departure.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

THIS week we give three further instances of the perfection to which our artistic amateurs have brought the art of outdoor photography. Our pictures are reproductions of photographs by Messrs Walrond and J. Boulton, two well-known members of the Auckland Amateur Photographic Club.

HOW A CONJUROR'S CLOTHES ARE MADE.

MR ARTHUR STRODE, writing in the *Belgian News*, throws an interesting light on this topic. He says:—I suppose that everybody understands that a conjuror depends considerably upon his costumes for assistance in performing many of his most mystifying tricks. The old fashioned conjuror had an easy time of it. He was artful enough to appear in some fancy costume which enabled him to conceal anything from a frying-pan down to a five-shilling piece. But the modern public is too wide-awake to stand that sort of thing, and nowadays up to date artists must appear in the conventional evening dress of civilisation. Fortunately, the swallow-tail coat is so cut as to lend considerable assistance to one who has to hastily produce or conceal any article he may want at the moment, and, taking advantage of this, the conjuror provides himself with from nine to a dozen extra pockets.

ARRANGEMENTS OF POCKETS.

Two pockets are at the back of the trousers on a level with the knuckles, these, of course, carefully hidden by the coat tails. The swallow-tail is thus serviceable in concealing watches, cards, handkerchiefs, or anything it may be necessary to put away hastily. The tails of the coat themselves contain four little pockets, the left hand flap of the breast-coat contains a large pocket, used for what is known as 'loading' large objects, and such conjurors as still perform with live animals (an extremely cruel practice by the way) conceal them here. I have often been asked whether conjurors are not nervous lest the rabbit should kick or squeal, but, as a rule, fellow-conjurors tell me that in the case of rabbits, guinea-pigs, and doves they are very quiet when once accustomed to the work. Some conjurors have some invisible pockets on their sleeves, in which coins can be made to disappear in a most magic manner.

THE VANISHING HAND.

Attached to the front of the waistcoat is a piece of elastic, which passes round the body, and comes out of a little hole in the side of the waistcoat at the back. At the end of this elastic there is a small cylinder, conical at one end, in which the magician can put a handkerchief, or, if made a little larger, a bird. The conjuror holds the handkerchief before your eyes, appears to be rolling it up, while all the time he is ramming it into the cylinder, lets it go, makes a few passes with the hands, and you find that the handkerchief has disappeared. The vanishing bird trick (which I regret to say, kills a great number of canaries) is performed by means of accessories in which the costume plays a part. The birdcage itself is made to collapse into a cigar-shaped tube. The centre of the cigar shape is naturally fatter than the ends, and if the bird is fortunate it is secreted there, and may come out of the ordeal alive. Should, however, the bird get at either end, it is crushed to death, or should the legs get through the bars, they are almost certain to be broken. A conjuror once told me had done the trick 200 times with one bird, but I should very much doubt it.

HOW IT IS DONE.

What happens is this. The birdcage is rapidly hooked to the end of a piece of whipcord, which passes up the sleeve and across the body of the performer, and then down the other sleeve, where it is tied to the wrist. It will thus be

is dragged up the sleeve at lightning speed by the simple process of extending the two arms. This very simple trick has puzzled millions of people. It is performed so rapidly that even if you closely watch the conjuror I doubt if you will know what he is doing. Afterwards the conjuror usually pretends to find the bird among the audience. As a matter of fact, he takes another bird out of his pocket, and, by one of the simple dodges of conjuring, appears to take it from someone's neck or head, or some other convenient place. Every conjuror has his own clothes made according to his own design. Most of the leading performers go to a well-known city tailor, and the task of making the suit is by no means an easy one. The clothes have to be frequently seen during the process of making, and tried on many times before they are complete.

THE CONFEDERATE.

There are two popular notions in the public brain. One is that everything which disappears goes up a conjuror's sleeve, and another that every conjuror has a confederate. Personally, I have never had a confederate in my life, nor need any conjuror resort to clumsy dodges of the kind. If any confederate were required it would be quite easy to delude any ordinary spectator into doing the work of one, and in this case he would be a confederate without knowing it. The principle of deceiving the audience before they expect it is the secret of many tricks. The larger conjuring tricks, known as illusions, are almost always produced by the aid of mirrors, or what is known as 'black magic'—that is to say, black velvet. Everyone understands that if mirrors are arranged at certain angles they can be made to deceive the public vision in a most remarkable manner. For example, I have a table on a stage. I wish to conceal something underneath it, and to give my audience the impression that they can see clear under the legs to the back of the stage. I do it by arranging the mirrors artfully, and making them reflect the sides of the stage. In that case, of course, the stage has to be arranged appropriately. When you come to know anything about it, conjuring is, of course, a ridiculously simple thing. Nevertheless, there are few great conjurors, and not many who are even moderately good.



SECOND FALL, NIHOTAPU (AUCKLAND).
(From an amateur photo. by Mr R. B. Walrond.)

seen that the cord is considerably shorter than will be required to stretch from each end of the arms if they are extended. The cage being in the performer's hand is rapidly compressed and made to assume its cigar-shaped form, and

be arranged appropriately. When you come to know anything about it, conjuring is, of course, a ridiculously simple thing. Nevertheless, there are few great conjurors, and not many who are even moderately good.



LOWER WAITAKERIE FALL (AUCKLAND).
(From an amateur photo. by Mr R. B. Walrond.)



GREAT FALL, NIHOTAPU (AUCKLAND).
(Amateur photo. by Mr R. B. Walrond.)

Railway Reform and Reformers.

THE VAILE PRESENTATION.

TAKING the world at large, there is probably no public question that of late years has commanded so much attention as railway administration. In Great Britain the question of the day is Home Rule; in America, Labour v. Capital; in France, the Panama scandals; in Germany, the Army Bill; in Russia, the famine; in Australia, the financial crisis; but in all these countries a more or less active agitation has been going on, having for its object the securing a better and more popular system of Railway administration. There seems to be a growing feeling among the nations of the world, that somehow or other its railways are largely responsible for the existing social and commercial troubles.

A few years ago railway matters excited little or no attention; now, however, the case is different, and during the last five years a large number of books, and review and newspaper articles, dealing with this subject, have issued from the press. It is, however, curious to note that none of these writers deal with the question of railway *policy* as distinguished from railway *management*, and they all, or nearly all, seem to think that the whole matter is summed up in the words, 'give us *cheap* transportation.' To show how little this great question has been considered we give the following quotation from one of the best writers on railway subjects, Mr W. M. Ackworth, who in 1891 in his work, 'The Railway and the Traders' wrote thus: 'With us railway literature of a serious kind is, with the single exception of Mr Grierson's admirably temperate but necessarily

This created a favourable impression, and Mr J. P. Maxwell who was then General Manager was ordered to report on it. His report forms Parliamentary Paper, D-3-, 1885. It is rude, untruthful, and scurrilous in tone, and has been spoken of as a disgrace to the colony and to



Martin, photo, Auckland.
MR SAMUEL VAILE.

the Minister who produced it. It is interesting as showing to what lengths the railway men will proceed to prevent any interference with a department they consider their own. Mr Vaile had drawn public attention to the heavy differential rating which then existed against the North Island, which placed its producers at a disadvantage of from 17½ per cent to 37½ per cent, as compared with the South Island.

In October, 1884, Messrs W. Conyers, late Commissioner of South Island Railways; J. Stoddart, of the Great Western; R. W. Moody, of the Great Northern; T. D. Edmonds, of the Great Western and Hurunui-Bluff, all signed and published statements that they had carefully examined Mr Vaile's proposals, and that they were satisfied his system would increase the passenger traffic at least 200 per cent without making any perceptible increase in the working expenses. This according to their estimate would mean an addition of £200,000 net per annum to the railway revenue. As they are all railway men of large practical experience, they are not likely to be far out.

In December, 1884, in response to an invitation from the settlers Mr Vaile went to the Waikato and lectured in all the towns there, carrying his audiences entirely with him. In March following Mr Vaile proceeded South, and starting at Napier lectured in every chief town right down to Invercargill. Everywhere he was well received, the Mayor of the city in each case presiding at the meetings held.

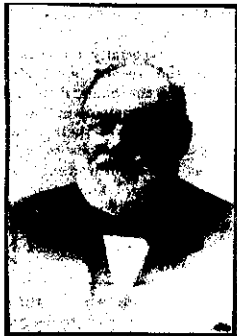
As a result of the interest excited by these lectures, and the pressure of the numerous petitions presented to Parlia-

ment asking for a trial of the new system, in the session of 1886 a committee consisting of the Hon. Major Atkinson, Hon. Mr McAndrew, Hon. E. Richardson, Hon. E. Mitchellson, Hon. Mr Ormond, Mr Gore, Mr Hatch, Mr J. B. Whyte, Mr O'Connor, and Mr Walker was appointed to investigate Mr Vaile's proposals. This committee sat for nearly ten weeks, Mr Vaile conducting the case on his own side. All the chief officers of the department were examined and the committee finally reported that the system ought to be tried. Another committee was appointed in 1890, but for some reason this committee refused to allow Mr Vaile to attend in person, and nothing was done.

In August, 1888, a number of leading Auckland citizens joined Mr Vaile in making an offer to the Government to lease the Auckland lines for the purpose of testing the new system. They offered to give substantial guarantees that the Government should receive an *increased* revenue, that the lines and rolling stock should not be injured, and that they should be handed back in good order at any time on receipt of six months' notice. This offer was somewhat curtly refused.

In January, 1889, the present Railway Commissioners were appointed for a term of five years. This was a heavy blow to the reform movement, indeed for their term of office it has killed it, as they are all firmly wedded to the old system, which they maintain cannot be improved upon. Mr Vaile, however, continued his efforts, and towards the end of 1889 started the Railway Reform League, which brought fresh pressure to bear on the Government but without success, as the Commissioners, of course, refused to do anything. In the same year the Hungarians started their 'Zone' system, which is thought to be an adaptation of Mr Vaile's stages system; this has been worked with marked financial success.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the Railway Commissioners Mr Vaile continues his efforts, and by numerous letters to the press all over the colony, keen criticisms of the Commissioners' reports, and public discussions one very possible opportunity, keeps the railway question well to the front.



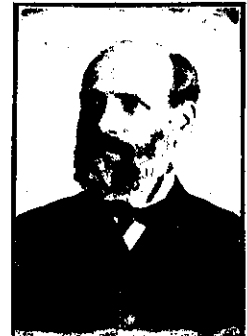
Hansen, photo, Auckland.
CAPTAIN W. C. DALDY.
(Chairman Railway Reform League.)

partisan work on "Railway Rates," *absolutely non-existent*, and this single exception deals with railway rating only.

As in some other matters it has fallen to the lot of New Zealand to lead the world in this great question, for in this city originated the first serious attempt to reform the *policy* of railway administration. We propose to give a brief sketch of the rise and progress of this movement.

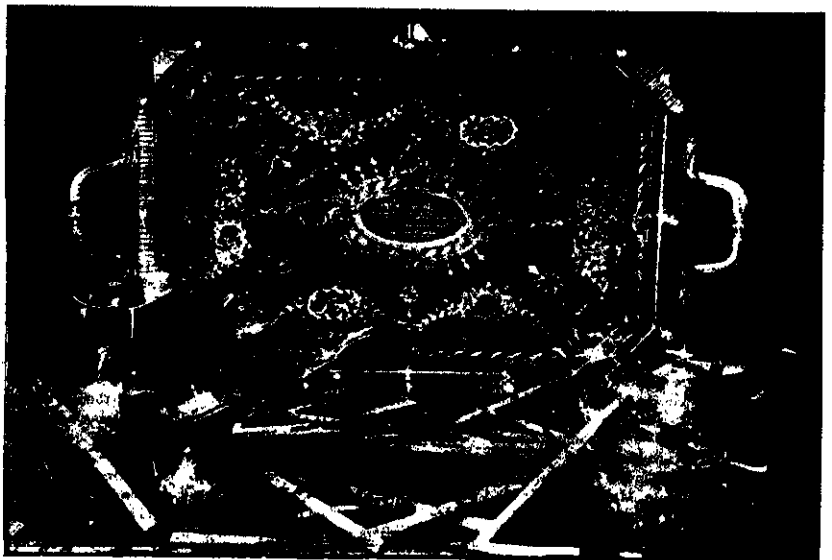
In 1882 Mr Samuel Vaile devoted his attention to the study of the railway problem. For many years previously he had been considering the poverty problem, and had arrived at the conclusion that poverty mainly arose from the overcrowding of cities, and the fact that it was impossible for labour to live on land. His study of the railway question led him to the conclusion that this again was due to the faulty, or as he puts it, 'vicious' system of railway transit. Having made this discovery, he determined that nothing should be wanting on his part to bring about such a revolution as would enable the toilers to live on one or more acres of land, while at the same time they should have easy access to the great centres of industrial operations. He believes he has discovered a method by which industrial centres may be created throughout the length and breadth of the land, and that thereby the wealth, comfort, and happiness of the community will be enormously increased. In short, his idea is, by practically annihilating distance as regards cost of transit, to render it possible for industrial operations to be carried on at any distance from a seaport. This he claims he can do not only without loss to the revenue, but with very great advantage to it. He says that at present railway finance is based on an utterly wrong principle.

Mr Vaile commenced his crusade by letters to the press in January, 1883, and in November of that year read a paper before the Auckland Institute on 'The Railways of the Colony,' which commanded great attention, and was reproduced in all the leading papers in the colony. He gave his first lecture in July, 1884, in the Lorne street Hall.



Bartlett, photo, Auckland.
MR ANDREW BELL.
Chairman of the Executive Committee, Railway Reform League

Mr Vaile has always taken a deep interest in the 'Poverty Problem,' which he contends can only be favourably solved by altering the present railway transit system, which is practically the same all the world over. He points



C. H. Clemens, photo, Auckland.
PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO MR. S. VAILE.

out that as railway fares and rates are always charged at so much for every mile passed over, the practical effect is to erect a *turnpike at every mile*. This it is, he says, which has not only compelled the people to crowd into the great cities, but has also caused the depreciations which have taken place in land values throughout the civilised world. When we remember how carefully turnpikes are avoided we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that he is not far wrong.

To remedy the evils complained of he invented his stage system. We have not space to describe it here, but briefly we may say that he proposes to abolish all mileage and differential rating, and to substitute a system of stages of varying lengths, these lengths to be determined by the density of population they pass through. This



Hanna, photo.

F. G. EWINGTON.

Auckland.

(Hon. Sec. Testimonial Committee.)

would be accompanied by a great reduction in the charges Mr Vaile has been subjected to very severe criticism, but it is now generally admitted that his finance is sound, and that the most beneficial social results would follow the adoption of his system.

A number of his fellow colonists, believing that his services deserved public recognition, subscribed for and presented to him the handsome service of plate of which we give an illustration. The presentation took place at the Chamber of Commerce, and was made by Sir George Grey, K.C.B., who, with the other speakers, referred in very eulogistic terms to the ability, energy, and self-sacrifice Mr Vaile had displayed. This should, and no doubt will, encourage Mr Vaile to continue his efforts.

HUNTING.

THE hunt came off last week at Ashcote, Napier, the weather being fine. The master and whips came over the night before with the hounds. A start was made about half-past twelve, when everyone had lunched. A great number of people attended the hunt, some following, others simply going to see the meet. Amongst the latter were Messrs Sydney Johnston and Mr Price, each with a family party, and Mr Rechab Harding. A good view was obtained from a high hill behind Ashcote. Capital runs were afforded, the paddocks being large. People wended their way home about four o'clock. Some of those who were there were the master, Mr R. F. Mason, on Wi Parata, Messrs Jackson and Hassell, whips, on Royston and Explorer; Mrs Rhodes on a bay; Mrs Giblin on Barbarian; Miss Grooms on Moe; Miss Miller, on Desmond; Miss Mackersey, on Wallace; Mr H. H. Bridge, on Lurline; Mr S. Bridge on the Skipper; Mr J. Rhodes, on Arkwright; Mr W. E. Grooms, on Tip-top; Mr T. Grooms, on Zoe; Dr. Godfrey, on No Name; Mr G. Miller, on Heslop; Mr W. K. White, on Donovan; Mr McGreevy, on Zetland; Mr F. White, on Grey Mornus; Mr G. White, on Nanki Poo; Mr Goring Johnston, on Batteredly; Mr Bennett was also there, and Messrs A. K. Howard, and Thornton, from Te Aute.

The Wellington Hunt Club held a very successful meeting at Miramar on Saturday. Unlike the Saturdays we have had lately, the weather was very pleasant and suitable for such sport, and the result was an unusually large muster, especially of ladies. The following were some of the ladies who followed or were present as on-lookers:—The Countess of Glasgow and her two sons, and the Ladies Alice and Dorothy Boyle, Miss Wauchope, Mrs S. W. Johnston, Miss E. Johnston, Miss Izard, and Mrs Gillon. Those who actually took part in the hunt were Lady Augusta Boyle, Miss Hallowes, Miss Malcolm, Miss Longden, Miss Skerrett and others. The gentlemen were Captain Clayton, Mr Hawke, Hon. James Boyle, Mr Wells, Mr A. Cooper, Mr Skerrett, Dr. Gillon, Dr. Cahill, Mr J. Mills, Mr McTaggart, Mr Sackling Barron, and many others. It proved altogether a most enjoyable outing, and after the sport was over Mr and Mrs Crawford entertained a large party at their residence at Miramar with afternoon tea.

ATTRACTIONS.

WITH such a perfect day for football and the prospect of at least two exciting matches to be played, it was not to be wondered that a large crowd found their way to Potter's Paddock on Saturday last. A larger number of ladies made use of the grand-stand than at any time previously during the present season, the stand being very comfortably filled. City and Suburbs met on the ground immediately in front of the stand, but the game did not prove as interesting as was anticipated, and during the second spell the match on the neighbouring ground between Parnell and Ponsonby deservedly attracted greater attention.

THE Committee of the Union are to be congratulated that their efforts to start the game punctually had such a happy result. The ball was kicked off sharp at a quarter past three, and the usual fifteen minutes' tedious waiting and consequent grumbling from the spectators were avoided.

CITY V. SUBURBS.

SUBURBS were considerably weakened through the absence of Peace and Rab McKenzie, and the want of these two sterling players was felt by their club all through the game. City had their full strength but played very loosely and half-heartedly at times, and had Suburbs anything like the combination they should have had City would have found it a hard matter to beat them. Suburbs played very well all the first spell, which ended in their being two points to nil, but immediately the second spell opened by City scoring a try from the kick off, the country boys became completely disorganized. Of course, one cannot expect the combination in Suburbs that is shown by town clubs, but looking at the team on paper one would not expect to find the City forwards push their opponents about as they pleased, and the City backs so outdo the Suburbs'.

HERROLD was a tower of strength to his side, doing far more than his share of work, dribbling and tackling to perfection. Marshall did not show up quite so conspicuously as he has done this season, perhaps because Herrold rather neglected him, but on several occasions he gained well deserved applause for his clever play. It would have been to his club's advantage, however, had he remembered that Absolum was playing wing three-quarter, as on two or three occasions he lost a lot of ground through kicking instead of passing to the Otahuhu representative.

ABSOLUM is very fast and punts extremely well. The way he got out of several difficulties was a treat to see. He will yet be seen on the representative field if he improves as he has done lately.

BRANSON and Noakes were, undoubtedly, the greatest blemishes amongst the Suburban backs. Neither could hardly have played worse. Rhodes did a lot of work, but there is still room for much improvement. Of the losers' forwards very little can be said in praise; handicapped as they were by the inclusion of several juniors, Dacre, Williams and Leighart had a hard task to hold up the scrums, and towards the end of the second spell, especially, City completely vanquished them, and to a great extent this accounts for the mess the Suburbs' half-backs got into on occasions.

THE City forwards played well to a man, very useful work being done by Stone.

OTWAY uses his great weight and strength rather against his side at times by pushing wildly, and thus disorganizing the City scrum. Buff Caradus played as usual a very good game, and started all the passing runs made by Cole, Pilkington, Hales, and himself. He passes very straight and low, and is up to all the finer points of the game. City should congratulate themselves that they have secured such a captain.

PILKINGTON has wonderfully improved, and takes his passes in much better style than formerly. Peter Mackie would have been one of the most useful men on the ground did he not pass so wildly. He takes the ball better than most, and is very fast and sharp at getting away, but he invariably loses all the valuable ground he has made by throwing the ball back when collared, regardless of whether friend or foe is behind him. After remedying this great fault Mackie will be amongst our two or three best half-backs. Cole played his usual off-side game at times, but at others was all that could be desired, and materially assisted in getting several scores. By blocking Herrold, the opposing half-back, Cole was the means of Suburbs being allowed some five or six free kicks, and had these been nearer the

goal line probably the Suburbs score would have been increased by sundry goals.

HILL was very clever and gained two out of City's four tries, and was always well to the fore in any passing run. Stone had some three attempts at goal and Cole two, and yet not a goal was scored. On a dry day and with a dry ball it was expected that Stone would convert almost any try, but he made wretched attempts. Cole failed also, but only by a foot or so from a place very near the touch line, and it would have been more satisfactory had Cole taken the last try also. Hill was very safe at full back, and did the little that was desired of him very well.

GREAT praise is due to Mr J. C. Webster for the efficient way in which he carried out the duties of referee. Hardly a single breach of rules escaped his eagle eye, and as breaches of the rules were very numerous on Saturday he had plenty to do.

It is quite probable that the well-known warrior, Hugh Poland, will support Suburbs forwards against Parnell next Saturday, and that he will be returning to town permanently in August next.

RHODES' try against City was very cleverly obtained. For a man fourteen stone weight Rhodes is very active and quick, and keeps his feet extremely well.

PARNELL V. PONSONBY.

THE Parnell v. Ponsonby match resulted as was anticipated in another Parnellite victory, the combination and form of the Parnellites proving too superior for their opponents. This was especially noticeable in their passing, which during the second spell was very clever. During the first half of the game Ponsonby looked as if they were going to hold their own, but Parnell played a good defensive game whenever their opponents put them to it. Ponsonby seemed too anxious to indulge in a rough game, but even that could not prevent Parnell from continually running over them. The game throughout was very fast, the Parnell backs passing splendidly, the leather going through half a dozen hands on several occasions, which was a perfect treat to the spectators, and Parnell thus won by 12 points to 4.

JERVIS again proved himself a great three-quarter. He had a tremendous amount of work to do, but he performed it almost without a fault. His running was, as usual, very clever, but his kicking was not quite so good as it has been this season. He missed one or two rather easy goals.

THOUGH Jervis played a really good game he held on to the ball at times when passing would almost certainly have resulted in a score. He is the best three-quarter we have, but he might remember he is not the whole of the Parnell team. Selfish play has spoilt many a first class man ere now, and Jervis would do well to guard against this almost isolated fault of his.

ELLIOTT played his usual dashing game, and his passing and tackling leather was very clean.

MASEFIELD was a tower of strength to his club, and he seemed to have the major portion of the work. His running and kicking were both good, and I am glad to see that he is inclined to desist his 'bumping' game.

BRAUND did not get much show last Saturday, the Parnell men invariably smothering his passes. He might, by the way, take a lesson in the science of passing from Buff Caradus, who would doubtless tell him that it is not necessary to hold the ball high above the head before passing. It can be done more smartly and surely in the one action straight off the ground.

SPEIGHT played a splendid game. He was continually on the ball, and was running and passing out to his backs in good style; in fact he was everywhere he was wanted.

WRIGHT was in great form, and the try he scored was from the best run of the day. The way he went through his opponents, both forwards and backs was a caution, and he planted the ball clean behind the posts. Jervis, of course, landed an easy goal.

COOKE and Scott played their usual game, shining occasionally, and Langford did some very useful work.

EDMONDS was responsible for nearly all the passing on

his side. He was very quick in getting the ball out and making the play open.

CRUICKSHANK, Drummond, and Flynn worked hard and made some good rushes.

WHYTE, as three-quarter, shaped very well for the first time in that place. His picking up was very clean, and he made a very good pot at goal.

ANDERSON and Mellis showed conspicuously in the forward rushes.

STITCHBURY played a good defensive game, collaring his opponents and kicking well. His pot at goal was a splendid feature, and it was the only score for Ponsonby—it deserves special mention.

NEWTON V. GRAFTON.

THE former had a win for the first time this season, nor did they have much difficulty in running up a good score. As far as the winning team was concerned the game was confined chiefly to the forwards, who gave one of the best displays of this season. Newton were, by the way, without the services of Donald and Beamish. Although it was a forward game it was very fast and open, and scrums were conspicuous by their absence. The Grafton backs were rather careless in their passing, and on two occasions the ball was intercepted by Newton men, with the result that the latter scored each time.

WALTON, at three-quarter, played a good game, especially while on the defensive. He was very nimble with his feet, and by judicious punting he saved his side several times. He found a valuable help in G. Murray. The latter is rapidly developing into a first-class player. He scored his tries very cleverly, and his place kicking could not be improved upon, as on no less than three occasions he added to Newton's score.

GAUDIN made his first appearance this season, and, entered upon the work very auspiciously by potting a goal, this being the only score for Grafton.

FREEMAN as full-back was the best man Newton have had in that position this season. His kicking and tackling were especially good.

PARSONS and Moore both accomplished useful work. The former received quite an ovation when he traversed the whole distance of the field and secured a try.

WHITESIDE did not play with anything like his old brilliancy, but he put in some useful defensive work.

BINNEY was most conspicuous among the Grafton vanguard, and it was surprising how uttiringly and quickly he followed the ball all over the field. Teddy must have great wind.

It would be hard to mention any special individual play on the forward division of the winning team—all played consistently and well. Brown, Murray, Williamson, and Mills, were very prominent.

THERE is a general opinion expressed amongst footballers that Ponsonby and Grafton will fight it out for last place in this season's contest. I hope both teams will *Graft on* to the finish.

JUNIOR FIFTEENS.

PARNELL II V. GRAFTON II.

THE former won this match in the first spell by 17 points to nil.

CITY II V. PONSONBY II.

THIS match fell through as no referee could be secured.

HAMILTON V. HUNTLY.

HAMILTON won the toss and defended the eastern goal with the sun in their eyes. B. Marshall kicked off for Huntly, and the ball went out shortly after at the half way flag. From the line out Wright got the ball and ran, passing to Hill who punted it, and the Hamilton forwards swept on to the Huntly line, Seddon singling himself out, and scored. Cassidy failed to convert. From the drop out play centred in mid-field where from a good rush the Huntly men got over the Hamilton line for the only time during the game, and Cassidy cleverly saved. The play after this was in mid-field and was uninteresting. From a throw in Gillett got a good dribble on, and Seddon again distinguished himself with a try. Peacock was entrusted with the kick but failed. Kicks between the backs were exchanged, and Connolly made a splendid run for Huntly and was thrown out by Hill.

THE play for some time after this was uninteresting. Several good passing runs were made, play centring on Huntly's side of half way. T. Clarkin made a good run, fending in A1 style, and passed to B. Hume, who ran in behind the posts. Peacock converted. A series of scrums now resulted, and B. Marshall made a good run. Huntly were shortly after again toroed; half-time was called soon after in Hamilton ground. The scores were Hamilton, 9; Huntly, 0.

HAMILTON kicked off, and the game was interesting, some good passing being indulged in. One in particular when Hume passed to T. Clarkin, who re-passed to J. Clarkin, who ran in behind the posts. Peacock's attempt was a failure. During this run C. Smith, a Huntly man, collided with B. Hume, and the former's head striking the latter's hip he was laid out, and play stopped for quarter of an hour. Huntly finished with only fourteen men; they were now making a game fight for it. Gillett and Harrison got a good dribble on, and the former scored. The try was not converted. From half-way W. Hume passed to B. Hume, who made a splendid run and scored. Cassidy converted. From a throw in immediately after J. Clarkin secured the ball and ran straight in, scoring the seventh try. Cassidy did not convert. Gillett scored again almost at once. Cassidy did not convert. Play was now wholly in Huntly's 25, and soon after Hill ran in, securing the ninth try, but the kick at goal was not successful. Huntly now made frantic efforts to score, but it was not to be, for, by some good passing between the three Clarkin brothers, Jack ran in and scored the tenth and last try for Hamilton, which was not converted. Play ceased soon after, the ball being in Maroons' 25.

CHRISTCHURCH.

MATCH RESULTS—Merivale beat Linwood by 20 to 5; East Christchurch beat Sydenham 13 to nil; Kaiapoi beat Canterbury College 9 to nil.

THE East Christchurch-Sydenham game was a terribly slow affair to watch, and especially so during the first part of the first spell. There was no pleasure to be had in watching the game at any time in fact. The play on all sides was poor; no one showed up brilliantly; all were sleepy, slow, and most unprofitable. There were frequent displays of bad play, but Page distinguished himself in this line, his passing being villainous to the last degree. The only man who did really good senior work was Barr, of the Sydenham, who promises to be a first-class forward.

ALTHOUGH Kaiapoi beat the Collegians so easily they have no special reason to be proud of their Saturday's play, which, though good, was a distinct falling off from that displayed in the match against Sydenham. The forwards did good work, gaining all the tries, but the backs were not at all up to form.

WHAT is the loss of Christchurch is the gain of Wellington. Morris, the crack forward of the Canterbury College team, will be a distinct gain to whatever Wellington club he joins.

THERE was a rare boil over in Christchurch last week when the black and green banner of Linwood went down before the Merivale blue and white. 'Twas all a case of splendid combination on the part of the Merivale forwards, who not only completely baffled their opponent forwards, but crippled the best efforts of the younger club's backs.

LINWOOD made one or two desperate rallies, but were beaten fairly and squarely by not only a stronger but a cleverer team. No faster game has been seen in Canterbury, though we will say there was no 'temper' shown, but there was considerable feeling, and once or twice temper was not far off.

O'BRIEN, of Christchurch, is spoken of as being about the most promising 'three quarter' in the Canterbury district. He is about as fast as they make them, and plays with his eyes open. He is as full of tricks as a French poodle, and as one Merivale backer remarked, 'slippier than greased lightning.'

IN F. Hobbs, who is shortly leaving the City of the Plains, East Christchurch will lose one of the most famous full-backs not only in the province but in the colony. He particularly distinguished himself in the last Otago-Canterbury contest.

NELSON.

CONSIDERING the defeat they met with on the eve of their departure, the Albion Club of Nelson must be congratulating themselves heartily on the success of their tour down the coast. They were only defeated once, by Hokitika, and scored several decisive victories.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POOR Hargreave, who was seriously injured in the Hokitika-Albion match, is still on his back, though by latest advices his condition is not so critical as before; still, concussion of the spine is a very nasty thing, and we shall rejoice to hear that the unfortunate fellow is out of danger.

THIS and other accidents surely point to the absolute foolishness, nay viciousness, of not insuring against football accidents. A card from the Standard Accident Company, forwarded by Mr Gould, of Auckland, is before me. The terms are certainly reasonable, and show that for a trifle pecuniary loss from accident can be avoided. Insurance is always a virtue, in the footballer it is assuredly a duty.

THE Waitarapa boys are notoriously rough, but the Masterton v. Greytown match last Saturday was a record in this respect. On several occasions play resembled a free fight rather than football. There was no attempt at combination; each member seemed to play his own game, and against some individual opponent. Not by any means an edifying exhibition.

THE following from the *Sportsman* gives the English Rugby Union's new system of scoring:—

SCORING BY POINTS.

'Mr A. L. Bill (Coventry) proposed, and Mr G. Hogg (Rugby) seconded, that in section 4, which relates to the system of scoring, the paragraph should read "A try equals 3 points."

'In supporting this, the Chairman (Mr W. Cail, the President) stated that he thought that it was the feelings of footballers in general to have the present value of a try increased. The proposal before the meeting was one which had been tried in Wales with great success. He hoped the meeting would accept it, as it would then enable England and Wales to bring the matter before the International Board in order, if possible, to get both Scotland and Ireland to adopt it, so that they would once more have a universal system of scoring.

'Mr J. Pearson (Halifax) proposed and Mr R. J. Hodgson (Middlesex) seconded, as an amendment, that a "penalty goal equals two points and a try three points." Mr Pearson thought that a penalty goal should not equal a try in point of merit, as it was very often obtained by strategy. A penalty goal had undoubtedly done a great deal toward improving the style of play, but he thought that it ought to be reduced in value. On being put to the meeting the amendment was lost.

'On the suggestion of the Chairman, a proposal by Mr H. E. Steed (Lennox) with regard to the duties of the referee and touch judges was left over until the next September meeting, as the matter is being now considered by the International Board.

'A proposition by Mr Robert Bell (Barrow) to the effect—"That when a scrummage is formed the ball shall be placed in the scrummage from the side on which the referee is standing," was not put to the meeting, as the Chairman explained that this was invariably done at the present time. He, however, thought that the motion had better stand over until the September meeting, as Scotland had a proposal before the International Board to the effect that the referee should have the opinion of ordering the ball to be placed in the scrummage on whichever side he chose.

'It was carried unanimously—"That any resolution passed at that meeting should not take effect until next season."

C H O R A L H A L L

MONDAY, JUNE 5th.

FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY MUSICAL EVENING

TENDERED TO—

MR W. H. WEBBE.

Mrs Kilgour, Misses A. Rimmer, Lorrigan (2), L. Warren, Prada Marsden, M. Maxwell, Thompson, McLaurin, Spooner, Messrs A. Towsey, R. Leslie Hunt, A. J. Tappin, A. L. Edwards, F. Charter, A. Barley, Thompson, W. Davico, H. Stebbing, Herr L. Tutschka, Herr R. C. Zimmerman; Mr A. Eady's Orchestra, Mr Webbe's Piano Quartet Class.

TICKETS, 2s. and 1s.

Programme in Saturday's STAR.

JUST RECEIVED,

A beautiful assortment of BALL PROGRAMMES, CARDS, and PENCILS, also MENU, WEDDING, INVITATION, VISITING and other CARDS at the GRAPHIC Office.

ALL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

DRESSMAKING ROOMS, WELLINGTON

MRS WINIFRED MALE,

(LATE DRESSMAKER AT THE D.I.C., WELLINGTON),

Having secured rooms in the ATENEUM BUILDINGS, LAMBTON QUAY, is now prepared to execute orders in the LATEST STYLE, at REASONABLE CHARGES, and solicits the patronage of her former customers and the general public. DRESSMAKING CLASSES have also been started. Ladies can join at any time.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

TEMPERANCE and labour are the two best physicians of man.

The duration of a man's friendship is one of the best measures of his worth.

There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

We never know the true value of our friends. While they live we are too sensitive of their faults, when we have lost them we see only their virtues.

Words of praise are almost as necessary to warm a child into genial life as acts of kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea.
That sleeps at anchor on the ocean's calm;
But, when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill and majesty.

Verily it is not deep words that make a man holy and upright; it is a good life which maketh a man dear to God. I had rather feel contrition than be skilful in the definition thereof.—Thomas à Kempis.

To be heroic in danger is little; to be heroic in change and away of fortune is little; but to be heroic in happiness, to bear yourselves gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning; not to forget the God in whom you trust when He gives you most; not to fail those who trust you when they seem to need you least—this is the difficult fortitude.

GOLD NUGGETS.—One of the largest and most remarkably shaped nuggets ever found was discovered in an Australian mine in 1887. It was flat, and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was twelve and a half inches, and its greatest breadth eight inches. It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering (mostly between the 'fingers'), and weighed six hundred and seventeen ounces. The famous 'Lady Brerley,' also found in Australia, weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold, worth two hundred and twenty-five dollars per pound. In 1891 a nugget of fifteen pounds' weight, shaped exactly like a cross, with the exception of the right arm, was discovered in the Burias mine, near the same place.

BALD HEADS.—It is maintained by a physician who has studied the subject, that plenty of hair on the head means plenty of brain; that the hair is a sure index of one's mental staying power. 'I always look on a bald-headed man,' he says, 'as deficient, not only in hair, but in actual brain power. You know each hair is connected with the brain by a tiny nerve, and the loss of all these nerves means loss of powers. Indeed, though the effect may not be at first so apparent, a man may as well lose his hand or his foot as his hair. If you doubt this, the next time you hear of a man who has all his life been clear-headed and practical suddenly doing some foolish and inexplicable thing, or breaking down in a crisis which demands all his energies—just look at his head. In nine times out of ten he is bald. Half the men who drop dead suddenly are bald. In almost every case, however, there is a hope of cure for baldness if the head be regularly submitted to a gentle "scratching," and occasionally to a thorough doing of a suitable stimulating soap.

FREAKS OF SOMNAMBULISM.—While at college, a young man apparently of a hale constitution was habitually subject to somnambulism. His fits came on regularly every night. He ran about violently, romped, wrestled and boxed with his room mates, who enjoyed the sport at his expense. While running he always held his hands before him, with his fingers stretched out. He was remarkably agile, and easily distanced pursuers. The general belief that somnambulists see by means of the points of their fingers, as well as by the observation that, while running, our somnambulist always carried his hands and outstretched fingers before him as if these were his organs of sight, suggested to his companions the idea of putting gloves upon his hands. One night this was done while he slept. At the usual time he rose and sprang out of bed; but although his comrades began to tease and provoke him, he did not move from the spot, and groped and tumbled about like a blind or drunken man. At length he perceived the cause of his distress, and took off the gloves. Scarcely were his hands uncovered when he started up in a lively manner, and threw the gloves with ironical indignation upon the floor, making a judicious observation upon the means taking to blind him; and then began to run about the room as usual.

THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.—In the first place, on entering the Casino, you apply at the office to the left for a ticket. There is a counter against which you lean, and behind it are a number of police officials. One asks your name and where you live and a few other particulars, which you answer truthfully or not just as you please. He writes your name on the ticket and also numbers it. Then he requests you to inscribe your autograph on the back of the card. The ticket I have before me at the moment of writing is about four by three inches, and is coloured green, a delicate compliment, I take it, to those who expect to make a fortune at the tables. There is no undue haste in the making out of the ticket, and I presume some diligent official looks up the name given in a book to see if there is any record against it. On the right-hand side of the entrance are cloak-rooms, where you leave hat, umbrella, stick, or other impediments, and from there you enter a large and lofty hall, where well-dressed men and women are strolling about, most of the gentlemen smoking, no indulgence in that vice being permitted in the pure precincts of the tables. Opposite the entrance are the doors leading into the concert room, where a band, composed of eighty players or more, give afternoon and evening performances of music, classical and popular. The band is said to be one of the finest in Europe. The concert-hall is large, and very richly decorated. The seats, most of them, are luxurious armchairs, covered with crimson velvet. Upstairs is a comfortable reading-room, containing many papers from all lands. There are writing and smoking-rooms, and a refreshment-room. Except for refreshments, there is absolutely no charge for anything, and no tips are allowed. Concert, writing-paper, journals, everything is free.

ART AND ARTISTS

IT is strange that the current numbers of the *Art Journal* just now being distributed to the multitudinous colonial subscribers should contain a photograph of perhaps the finest picture painted by Mr Vicat Cole, R.A., whose untimely death leaves a terrible gap in the ranks of



MR VICAT COLE.

British artists. He was born at Portsmouth in 1833, his father, Mr George Cole, being a well-known member of the Society of British Artists. He was still living at Portsmouth when, at the age of nineteen, he sent his first exhibited pictures to the Society of British Artists. One was 'Scene on the Wye, Tintern,' and the other 'From Symonds' Yacht on the Wye.' In 1853 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a view on the Moselle and 'Ranmoor Common, Surrey.' For the last thirty years he has been a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and sunshine and storm, field and fallow, have been limned by his master hand. He was not a mere studio artist, it was in the fields and the woodlands that he painted his pictures, which were finished in his library. Throughout his career he had a great liking for the county of Surrey, which, with its varied scenery, within a short distance of London, afforded him that variety of colour and type that was indispensable. A scene near Leith Hill, Dorking, which he called 'A Surrey Cornfield,' and exhibited in 1860, was universally admired, and exhibited in the international Exhibition of 1862. In 1870, he became an associate of the Royal Academy, and ten years later a Royal Academician.

The general dissatisfaction expressed by artists during the past few years at the wholesale reproduction of their pictures in illustrated papers and handbooks to the Royal Academy, has resulted in a scheme whereby Royal Academicians receive an honorarium of £5 each for the right of reproduction of their works. It is understood that this arrangement only includes members of the Royal Academy, but it will doubtless also be extended to the chief 'outsiders.'

The Continental method of showing in the metropolis a statue intended for the colonies has been followed in London. A statue of the Queen, seated, has been temporarily erected opposite the Horse Guards, prior to its despatch as a jubilee memorial for Hong Kong. This statue is by M. Raggi. Although art knows no nationality, yet it would be good news for English artists if Her Majesty could be persuaded to give native talent more recognition. At present the Court is quite out of touch with the Royal Academy, or any other group of British painters.

ARTISTS of all kinds are determined that Japan shall not grow slack for want of artistic visitors, and, whereas we have had to chronicle Mr Phil May's immediate journey to Japan, the name of Mr Louis Fagan is now to be added to the list of Japanese artistic visitors. He left England about a month ago, having for his object the study of Japanese art and the preparation of a series of drawings which he himself will subsequently etch. He will spend six months in Japan.

The Archbishop of Westminster, but recently created Cardinal, has, it is whispered on the highest authority, determined to open a very elaborate exhibition under the name of 'Christian Art.' The title is vague enough, in all conscience, and what may or may not be included in the exhibition it passes, from the mere name, the wit of man to conceive. We understand, however, that it will include the different forms of Christian life in the past as exhibited through the art that apparently was inspired by Christianity. Thus there would be models of churches and basilicas, paintings by masters old and new concerned with Christian and religious subjects. Replicas of shrines, of cathedrals, of scenes in the past will be included, and the whole is to be temporarily housed in the great open space opposite the prison-looking building in Carlisle Place where the Archbishops of Westminster reside.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A NEW cigar tray for use on pianos has recently been placed before the public. Its object is to save the keys from being burned and the veneer blistered by lighted cigars being placed upon them. It is a laudable purpose, but as it is by no means one of the useful customs of the country to rest burning cigars on pianos, the utility of the invention is not so good as its object.

For the greater number of photographic uses the graduated measures, which are now being made of transparent celluloid instead of glass, should answer well, but they are obviously not suitable for strong alcohol or ether. To the tourist the new measures should be very acceptable, on account of their lightness as well as on the ground of freedom from risk of breakage.

Filter manufacturers are said to be anticipating a profitable year. It is predicted that cholera will visit us again, and there are other diseases, as fatal and more infectious, that proceed, like it, from the same conditions, i.e., foul drinking water. Hardly any water supply is so pure that it cannot be immeasurably improved by filtration, and there is none that is entirely free from traces of organic contamination.

An automatic railway carriage door lock is said to have been invented which catches automatically when the door is shut, and the handle inside the door will not then accidentally open by pressure, and any pressure so given would only tend to keep the lock more secure. It is said to be a colonial invention, and has been brought under the notice of the Railway Commissioners by Messrs C. Atkins and Co., of Melbourne, as agents for W. S. Busby's patents. Its construction is said to be simple and it is effective in action.

INGENIOUS BUT NOT EFFECTUAL.

A new and powerful lamp, which, by means of a great reflector, is said to distinctly illuminate objects over half a mile distant, is to be adopted in the French army. It will be carried on a light waggon, behind the soldiers, and shining above them, will leave them still in obscurity, and throw its light forward on an enemy or whatever happens to be in front of them. The drawback seems to be, however, that the enemy will know they are under the light, although invisible, and thus be able to take measures accordingly.

A MODEL HOUSE.

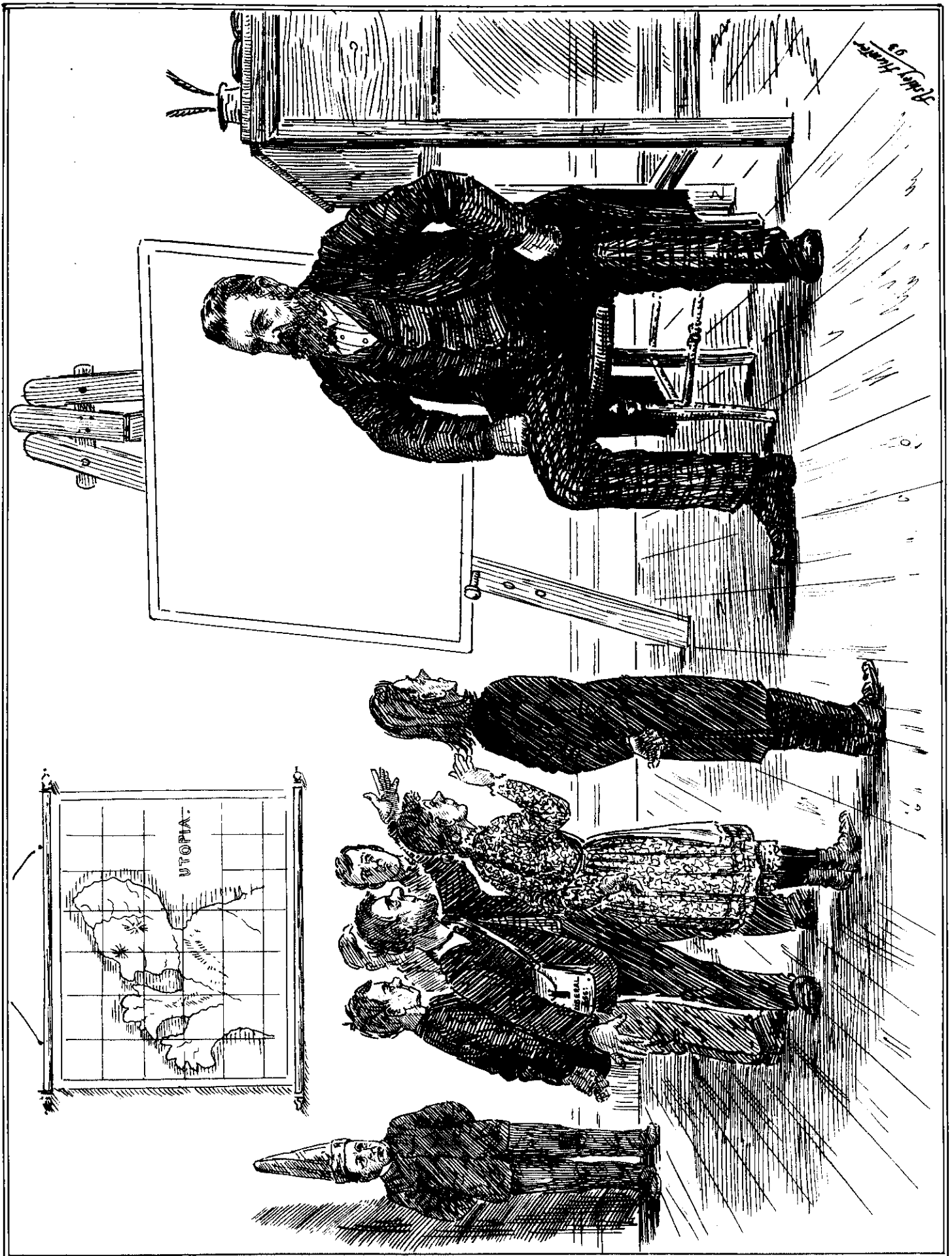
Professor Morse has built a model house at Salem, which is so constructed that all its apartments face due south, the corridors alone looking north. The frontage of the building is of glass, with reflectors to 'repeat' the power of the sun. This, the professor believes, is the most wholesome form of house heating extant, and, indeed, we do not feel inclined to contradict him on this head, but in countries, of say, uncertain sunshine, remarks the *Hospital*, this heating would surely be a question more of theory than of fact, and in depending on an exterior source for heat the inmates would be likely to perish in the attempt.

TWO BRAINS.

Dr. B. W. Richardson holds that every man has two brains—separate and distinct, which are sometimes so very different that they seem almost to belong to two different men. Dr. Richardson sums up as follows:—(1) That all mankind is dual in mind by natural construction, so that a congregation of human beings, large or small, a family circle, a private meeting, a parliament, a nation, must always be reckoned as twice its individual number before its mental constitution and strength can be properly appraised; (2) That the efforts of all should be directed to the proper construction of the basket of the mind, and the physical powers working it; (3) The mental work should be for progress in ways of unity of purpose, towards greatness of life and character.

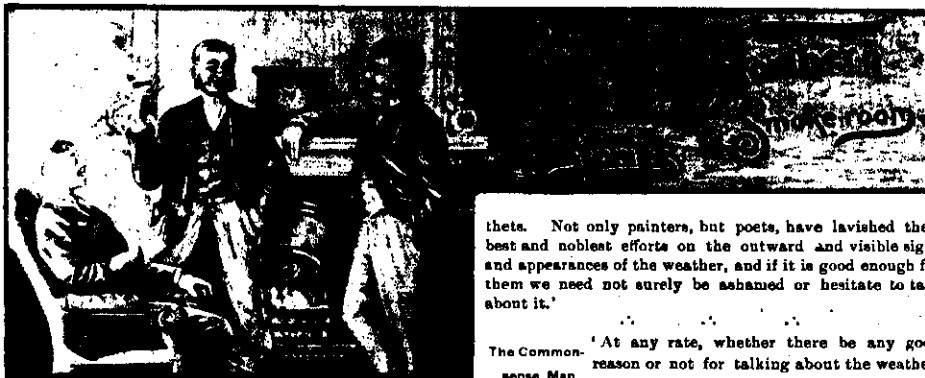
WHY OIL CALMS THE SEA.

It has long been known that oil poured upon the surface of stormy water has a wonderful effect in calming it. Many vessels have probably been saved from destruction by this simple method, and every month the United States Hydrographic Bureau publishes along with its 'Pilot Chart' dozens of letters from ship captains describing the results they have obtained by the use of oil in soothing the waves of an angry sea. The reason of this curious effect of oil upon water is, in a general sense, perfectly apparent: It depends upon the viscosity, or adhesiveness, of the oil, which causes it to act somewhat like a skin drawn over the more unstable surface of the water, so that the tendency of the latter to break into spray as it is driven by the wind is restrained. The danger to ships from a high running sea arises from this breaking of the waves. As long as the surface of the waves is smooth and unbroken the ship rides easily upon them. But while the principle upon which the oil acts is thus evident enough, the real method of its action is not so apparent. This has recently been subjected to a mathematical investigation by Mr A. B. Basset in England. He shows that the viscosity of oil is so much greater than that of water, being in the case of olive oil more than 250 times as great, that the water may be regarded as a frictionless liquid in comparison with the oil. The surface tension between the oil and the air is also shown to be considerably greater than that between the oil and the water. With these data he finds that the motion will be stable, or there will be no breaking of the waves unless the latter vary in length between two certain fractions of a centimetre, namely, nine-elevenths and six-fifths. The result would, of course, vary a little with different kinds of oil, and as a matter of fact the reports of mariners show that there is a considerable difference in the effect produced upon the waves, depending upon the sort of oil that is used. Petroleum and various kinds of fish oils have been employed. The effect is always found to be beneficial, though in varying degree.



PREPARING FOR THE GENERAL EXAM.

NEW MASTER TO FIRST CLASS IN GRAMMAR. "Now in the sentence 'We shall have a majority at the next elections,' what governs 'Elections'?"
GENERAL CHORUS.—"Prohibition." "Female Franchise." "Single tax." "Eight hours bill." "Catholic vote." "Publicans' interests" (etc., etc.).



Speaking of the Weather. It was inevitable that the weather should have formed the main subject of our converse when we met in the ordinary man's smoke-room last week. For one thing we had most of us got wet through on the way round, and were now picturesque clothed in our host's garments while our own were drying and steaming in the kitchen. Some indignation was expressed by the Mahatma (a new member) at the introduction of such a worn-out subject, and this roused the ordinary man to retort, the Mahatma having cast the blame on him.

The Defence of the Topic Opened. 'It is all very well,' he remarked, 'to slate the weather as a subject for small talk, but it has often been remarked that if an edict were promulgated and could be enforced prohibiting all discussion of the weather, conversation would languish, and people would sit and look at each other even more dumbly than they do at present. When all topics fail, it is always safe and easy to fall back on the weather, and while the conversation may be lacking in originality, it seldom is in interest. There is a sound philosophic reason, or rather more than one, for the universal discussion of the weather. In the first place it is common ground on which all may meet. The profoundest scientist and the most unlettered rustic are alike interested in the weather, and the man of science has no advantage over the peasant in the discussion, whether it be of conditions present or of future possibilities. Indeed, when it comes to speculating on what the weather will be, the ignorant man, that is, ignorant of book-learning, if he be a keen and shrewd observer, can more than hold his own with the scientist. As to present conditions one person can obviously tell as well as another whether the sun is shining or the rain falling, and whether there is a chill in the air or not, and as the physical sensations caused by atmospheric changes are common to all, the topic of discussion is ready to hand.'

The Doctor's Opinion. 'But there is another and better philosophic reason for speaking of the weather,' said the doctor. 'We are so constituted that not only our bodies but our brains and nerves respond to changes in the weather, with different degrees of quickness and intensity to be sure, but still practically universally. With all modern discoveries of science, all the explanations of physiologists and anatomists, all the researches of psychologists and students of the problems of the mind and nerves and intellect, it is yet to be explained why a grey, drizzly, sad-looking day gives most of us the "blues," while a bright, clear, sunny day seems to arouse hope and ambition, and make us believe there is something valuable and pleasing in human existence after all. We recognise the fact so clearly as to put it beyond the domain of controversy, and because we recognise it, and because the most interesting subject to everybody is his or her personal feelings at the moment, the weather holds triumphantly its long-established rank as the chief and foremost thing to talk about.'

The Politician also Offendeth it. 'Moreover, too, the weather, as a subject for discussion, possesses an immense advantage in being purely impersonal. This is a great comfort, especially to a man like myself, who hears nothing but personalities during session, or even now when preparing for the fray. Two persons conversing about the weather are in no danger of blackguarding each other. There is not even the peril of bestowing unwise flattery or undeserved censure on a third, which is not unlikely to be the case when people are under discussion. We can bestow on the weather commendation or disparage as we see fit, and the order of nature is not changed in the slightest. Nor do the sun and moon resent the aspersions cast upon them by censorious critics. The cosmic arrangement is perfectly impervious and indifferent to praise and abuse, and therefore the weather may be in one case a safety valve for spleen and bad temper, and in the other a canvas for the display of gorgeous word-painting and deftly chosen epi-

thets. Not only painters, but poets, have lavished their best and noblest efforts on the outward and visible signs and appearances of the weather, and if it is good enough for them we need not surely be ashamed or hesitate to talk about it.'

The Common-sense Man Closest the Subject. 'At any rate, whether there be any good reason or not for talking about the weather, you may be sure matters will go on in the future as they have in the past. When the bashful swain goes to woo his Dulcinea he will break the ice and launch the conversational ship by some allusion to that universal topic the weather. All the arguments, and all the high falutin' things that can be said about the stupidity and unintellectuality of the custom will not alter it one iota. The children of this world are wise in their generation. They know when they have got a good and a sage thing, and will not willingly consent to surrender it.'

Ghosts of Sermons. The question of sermons is one which has long haunted me said the Mahatma, abruptly. In the absence of the chaplain we can discuss it freely. I may say that on gloomy nights in my astral smoke-room, with feet arranged at a most comfortable angle on the mantel-piece, the sermons themselves—or ghosts of sermons from dead preachers—have haunted me. But few men have the gift of uttering in the pulpit words which will so impress themselves upon their hearers that the echoes thereof never die. I have heard so many preachers, Ritualists and extreme low churchmen, Dean Stanley, and the Mr Spurgeon, with others of all denominations, including Roman Catholic priests and Rabbis. In some few instances the sermon has been a distinct treat, a dessert after dinner. And, strange to say, I have noticed that it is not only the intellectual, clever sermons which afford the most pleasure to thinking, reasoning listeners. Some of the simplest in doctrine, the most unpretentious in literary expression, composed mainly in good Saxon phraseology, have attracted the most interested and attentive congregations. Wherein then lies the power of a sermon, and what can be done to prevent its remembrance from vanishing like smoke wreaths? Of course, I am quite aware that rank outsiders like myself and my snarling confreres are not supposed to be in a position to decide why a sermon is or is not a success. Clerical gentlemen, as a rule, decidedly object to outside interference in their special domain of preaching. They like to have it all their own way. They stand up and deal out mild platitudes to their hungry flocks, or they take a piece of Biblical history, and laboriously deduce from it a snippet of Sunday-school moral precept. It would not do to make the story too interesting, for fear the hearers would not keep their attention fixed on that most important part of the narrative, the 19th century moral aspect of the very ancient event. I must just digress to remark that if only these grey-powder morals were more deftly mixed in with the historical jam, they would go down so much better. As a rule, in the silver spoon—the sermon, the nicest part—the jam story—comes first, and at the last, the medicine moral is plainly revealed by the stereotyped question: 'And now, dear brethren, what do we learn from all this?' I know I am listening to the sermon to get what good I can from it, but, like many another grown-up child, I don't like to see the powder so clearly.

Live Sermons. The fact is, few sermons are live sermons. A man in the position of preacher too often fails to look upon his congregation as men and women. He regards them as souls, and he knows it is his duty to save these souls. So, with the best intentions in the world, he takes his Bible on Saturday and prepares discourses for the morrow which have this result in view. He usually sits in his study, surrounded by the works of living and dead divines. No sound from the outside world reaches him. He shuts his door—sports his oak, in fact—and begins his difficult task. He has written so many sermons himself, other people have also written so many—what can he find to say? It is against the tradition of sermons to go to the everyday world for inspiration as to what will most interest and profit everyday listeners. Little wonder, then, that few sermons are live sermons. To be an effectual preacher the parson must keep in touch with his congregation; as a man to men must he speak. He must break loose from the conventional, old-fashioned sixtily or seventily discourses. He must present Heavenly truths in an earnest, sympathetic,

attractive way. He must forget he is preaching, and, to a certain extent, with all reverence, talk to his people. He must not say 'You and I, brethren, are sinners, I, as much as you,' he must say 'we.' He must not place himself on a platform above his listeners, looking down from his superior goodness with an obvious condescension on the numerous sinners before him. Some men have the faculty of doing this in a most aggravating, pharasaical manner, which considerably riles even the publicans in the audience. And if a man feels he has nothing to give his people from himself next Sunday, for Heaven's sake don't let him give them of his nothingness. They are obliged to listen that once—it is hardly decent to walk out during the sermon (looks like shirking the collection, you know), but the wearied hearers do not come again, that is unless they are women whose duty it is to go to church to represent the family or see the neighbour's new bonnet. Any preacher is justified in reading—but let him read well and do his subject justice—a good discourse from some one who has had more leisure or brains than he. No one would think the worse of a man for saying: 'My friends I was unable to prepare a sermon this week, but I am going to read you one by Archdeacon Farrar or Mr Spurgeon.'

Abusive Sermons. Some preachers have a deplorable habit of abusing people from the pulpit. Of course they do it in an unctuous, clerical sort of way. They may not use cuss words as such, but they do condemn those who have offended them, or who venture to differ from them, to Sheol. They make it warm for them, too. Now I think it's awfully hard lines to sit still and be preached at. You can't retort. It's not civilised or Christianised to get up, hurl a hymn-book at the sermoniser, and say 'You're a liar.' But it gives one decidedly un-Christian feelings to have to grin and bear the reproaches, innuendos, and condemnations which come whirling through the consecrated air in your direction. A preacher is quite right to hit out straight from the shoulder, and he is respected for it. But he should always remember he is hitting men who can't hit back.

Sermons and Coughs. Why should the beginning of a sermon be the signal for those who want to cough to get to work? They will remain with throats quiet and will apparently show no desire or necessity for a thorough throat clearing until the clergyman announces his text, and then every man, woman and child who can feel the slightest inclination of a sneeze, goes to work and makes up for lost time during the rest of the service. When the old woman on the south side of the aisle coughs up, the old man on the other side seems to think that it will never do in the world to let a woman get ahead of him, so he coughs, and thus warned his wife thinks that she ought at least put in a slight 'shen' as her share, and to show her husband that her cold is really no better. Of course the small boy must get in his cough, and as he coughs he looks at his sister, and she coughs because he did, and then he coughs to show her he had to, and probably as a sort of challenge to match his cold if she can. And then comes some throat exercise from that old fellow who has had a cough for thirty years; he never knew why, never could tell why he coughed; thinks this damp climate has something to do with it. He would be pained if a physician told him that there was no earthly use in his coughing; he coughs because he has always coughed and because it is not good form to spit in church, he must do something, and on top of all these come coughs of various styles that are contributed to the general fund because some people cough when they do not know exactly what else to do. There is no exaggeration in this. Watch when next at church and see how one cough will start a lot of people on that line who would not have thought of coughing if they had not heard the signal. Some persons seem to think that they cannot settle down for the hearing of gospel truth until they have just a little coughing spell; it seems to put them in the proper frame of mind to listen to the preacher.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know
The land that ends our dark uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost cowl
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?
Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear—
Ah! who would fear?
Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were loveit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

PARLIAMENTARY SILHOUETTES.

(BY 'BIRD'S EYE.')

BACK of the European Representatives, and just under the Ladies' Gallery, sit three of the Native Members, with their respected interpreter, Captain Mair. The fourth, by virtue of his position of Native Adviser, occupies a seat in close proximity to Ministers. To the critical eyes which, from the regions above, take stock of Members' behaviour, that of the Native Representatives is well-nigh irreproachable. At all events, they could give points in this respect to a good many of their pakeha confreres. They never obstruct, they never barrack, they never bounce; they never wax abusive when their pet schemes 'gang agley'; they never try to circumvent the Speaker, for the simple reason that they never have to be called to order; nor do they appear to find it necessary at frequent intervals to adjourn to Bellamy's, for the purpose of 'wetting their whistles.' And yet they by no means act the part of dummies in the House. Of course their chief concern is with matters affecting the native race, but they also, evidently, take an intelligent interest in all the proceedings, and, as they understand English perfectly, they know all that goes on. They all speak English, conversationally, very well, but, as they probably think in their own language, they usually address the Speaker through an interpreter. In the case of T. Parata, however, this is wholly unnecessary, as he proved to the House one day when, during the temporary absence of Captain Mair, he himself became the medium through which Mr Taipua communicated his thoughts.

I have already, in a former paper, alluded to the Hon. Mr Carroll's rich musical voice, a delightful possession by which his colleagues are also distinguished. Spite of the



Kinsey, photo. Wellington.
MR. TAME PARATA, M.H.R.

fact that I don't know a dozen words of Maori, I always find pleasure in listening to the melodious accents of the dusky representatives, and in watching their dignified, yet expressive gestures. Their style of oratory is simple and direct. All three are fluent in speech, Messrs Taipua and Parata particularly so, and in their calm, deliberate way they select with evident care the words and phrases which will best express their meaning. Mr Te Kapa, the junior, is a very modest man, sensible, withal, and pleasant to listen to, and possessed of that innate nobility which can, without loss of dignity, own to a mistake, or error of judgment. This was exemplified during the course of the Woman's Franchise debate, session before last. On a division being taken, Mr Te Kapa, having previously expressed disapproval of the proposal, voted against it; but next day he very ingenuously craved permission of the House to explain that he had changed his views on the matter. 'I thought it would not be a good thing for women to vote,' said he, 'but when, this morning, I went out for my usual walk, I met a large number of ladies, and as I studied their intelligent-looking faces, I felt ashamed of my action, and I now wish to make what amends I can by saying so. 'Bravo, Te Kapa,' thought we in the gallery. 'How many of your pakeha contemporaries would have had the courage to make such a speech?'

The trio crack their own little jokes in their retired corner, too, but it is in a decorous way; and their low guttural laughter is in striking contrast to the strident cacophonies which follow the interchange of choice *nocturnes* between European members. Between themselves the native members style the present House the 'hairy' one, in contradistinction to the last, which, owing to the predominance of bald pates, they denominated bald-headed. It is also the 'married' assembly, bachelors being so few. For the following particulars relating to the parentage and past history of Messrs Parata, Taipua, and Kapa, I am indebted to the courtesy of Capt. Mair.

Mr Pratt (Tame Parata) was born on Ruapuke Island in 1837. His mother was a member of the Ngaitaha and Ngatimanoa tribes, also of the *hapus* of Ngatirangiamoa, Ngatihuirapa, and Ngatikaweriri. His father was Captain Pratt, of a whaler which frequented the Bluff. Mr Pratt is descended from the great chiefs Tuhawaiki, Tangata,



Connolly & Herrmann, photo. Wellington.
MR. HOANI TAIPUA, M.H.R.

Naereroa, and Te Matehaere. He married Miss Elizabeth Brown, of Stewart's Island, whose father, a trader, was afterwards drowned while crossing Foveaux Straits in a whaleboat.

Mr Pratt has eleven children and seventeen grandchildren living. He was for some years in the pilot service at Otago Heads under Pilot Driver. From this place he came to Waikouaiti in 1856, and has resided there ever since, having adopted agricultural pursuits. A large number of Mr Pratt's people live at this flourishing settlement, and heartily follow the excellent example of thrift and industry which he affords them. He was the first to get sheep and threshing machines in the district.

Mr Pratt is deeply sensible of the importance of educating the rising generation, and ever since 1874 has taken a leading part in establishing Maori Schools. When Mr Taiaroa was called to the Upper House in 1884, Mr Pratt was elected to represent the Southern Maori district, and he continued to fill that onerous post ever since with much benefit to his people. Owing to his untiring efforts much has been done to remedy long standing grievances, settle the South Island natives and half-castes on their lands, and have them individualised etc., whilst a final settlement of the Middle Island native claims is now in a fair way of being realised. Mr Pratt has consistently supported the party now in office, but always loyally upholds his Maori colleagues in all matters of benefit to the North Island natives.

Hoani Taipua Te Puna-i-rangiriri was born at Otaki in 1839. He is a Ngaitoa on his mother's side, and closely related to the great chief Te Rauparaha; and a Ngatiraukawa through his father. He was educated at the Rev. (now Bishop) Hadfield's Church of England Native School at Otaki. During the war (1861-63) he assisted in carrying the overland mail from Wellington to Auckland, a somewhat difficult service to perform in the days when the route lay through hostile territory most of the way, and the safe arrival of Her Majesty's mails at their destination often depended on the rank (in Maori eyes) of the carrier than in the divinity which doth hedge round the gracious lady upon whose empire the sun never sets. On the death of his near



Wrightonworth & Binna, photo. Wellington.
MR. EHARAIMA MUTU KAPA, M.H.R.

kinsman, Puke Te Ao, M.H.R., in 1886, Mr Taipua was elected by a large majority (over 1,700) to represent the western Maori district. Twice since then he has been elected, on both occasions polling double as many votes as his six or seven opponents combined, and I have no doubt, whatever, but that he will be again returned at the next

general election, so great is the confidence which the sixteen or seventeen thousand natives in his electorate place in his integrity and ability. Simple and retiring in manner, animated by the single desire of benefiting his race, there is not a more conscientious or upright man in Parliament. Though generally opposing the party now in power, he is always reasonable in his views, and ready to support any party which will deal fairly with the native race. He is not a brilliant speaker, but his speeches are always sound and practical, and he rarely addresses the House save on matters affecting the natives.

Eparaima Mutu Kapa was born 1842 at Kaitia, Mongonui. He lives at Parengarenga, and is a chief of the Aupouri tribe. His ancestor was Mirupokai, whose son was Paru, whose son was Tauraroa, whose son was Tutemahoe, whose son was Kuri, whose son was Kuraheke, whose son was Te Awa, whose son was Te Ikanui, whose son was Tekaka, whose son was Patuone, whose son was Kapa, whose son was Mutu Kapa. His tribe, the Aupouri, who lived at the North Cape, were remarkable for their bravery. They were attacked by Te Parawhau and Ngapuhi, under the famous Hongi, and being but a small tribe were unable to hold all their country. Mr Kapa was educated at the Church of England Mission School at Kaitia under the Rev. Mr Puckey, and was selected to represent the northern Maori district after the death of Hiriri Taiwhanga, and beat all the other five candidates. Since his advent to the House he has consistently supported the present Government.

THE OTIRA GORGE.

I STOOD on Arthur's Pass! Above my head
Towered to heights sublime, uncrowned in red
By rays of setting sun, the mountains grand.
'Twas eve; and in that wild, majestic land
I paused entranced! The rugged ridge, rock-strewn,
With blunders huge, fantastically hewn,
Or torn, perchance, from off those summits vast.
By tempest dire, by lightning's dash and blast,
Lay at my feet. The wildness of the scene
Too awe-inspiring and intense had been
But for the hardy mountain-shrubs and plants,
Which drew scant sustenance from the rocky slants,
Yet cheerfully essayed the graceful task
With hues of every verdant shade to mask
The bare unsightliness of stone on stone,
Rough-piled. Amid them all bloomed one alone,
In peerless beauty and surpassing grace;
The snow-white Alpine lily here found space
To rear its spotless head and leaflets green,
Encircling with a fringe of glittering sheen
The silent waters of a small morass
Which slept in rocky basin on the Pass.

From out the Gorge, which cleft the hills hard by
Rose filmy mists in columns to the sky,
Far-famed Otira I down thy depths profound
My path in curling zigzags sharply wound.
At every turn fresh beauties did arise;
At every curve I met some glad surprise.
Trees with dense foliage, even now, replace
The mountain plants upon the steep cliff face.
From drooping fern tree to the graceful pine,
All, all are there, and branch with branch entwine.
Their clinging roots, with many a sinuous coil,
Find out each rift in that stern rocky soil.
Nourished by countless silvery white cascades,
Which bound from rocks o'erhead to darker shades;
Waking the echoes of the wide expanse
With the sweet music of their gleeful dance.
While, from unfathomable depths below,
Rose rumbling roar of mightier torrents' flow;
The unceasing ever onward splashing
Of waters, over rocky barriers dashing!

Snow-born Otira! through thy mazy gorge,
Thy troubled waters, e'er increasing, forge
Their foaming way. More than all other streams!
Thou mak'st me muse on Man, and his wild dreams!
Through life he rushes with thy blindfold force;
Dashing 'gainst rocks, which scarce retard his course—
In strange mysterious depths. He shows his wrath
Impetuously by bubble, foam, and froth,
He blunders on to reach—he knows not what;
But deems it bright—superior to the lot
Of other men! nor halts the beauteous scene
To enjoy, spread out in all its glorious sheen,
As in thy bosky cloud-capped gorge. His end he gains,
Perchance—but at what dread infinity of pains!

THOS. COTTE.

Auckland.

WEDDING CARDS! WEDDING CARDS!!

A large variety of WEDDING and INVITATION CARDS—
Latest Designs, just landed per 'Olarana' and 'Ituapehu'
from London.

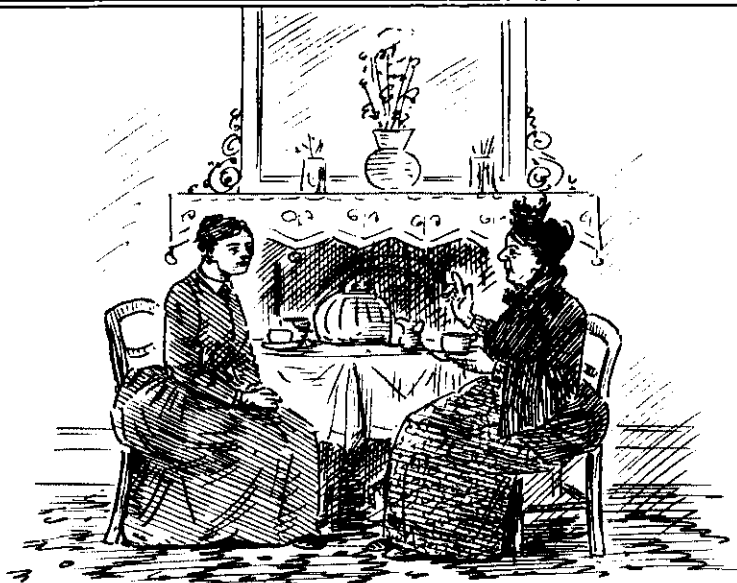
50 VISITING CARDS FROM PLATE FOR 2/6

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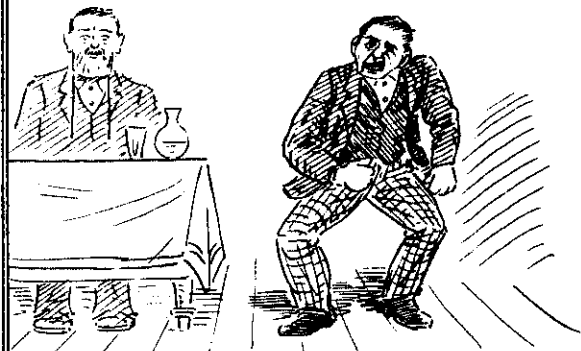
ADDRESS,

MANAGER, GRAPHIC PRINTING WORKS.

AUCKLAND.



"And she says to me, 'M^{rs} Brown, she says, 'are you a believer in 'Omehopathy or Hallypathy' she says; and says I 'M^{rs} Jones, I says, 'I'm appy to say as I don't believe in neither,' I says, 'and what's more, I says, 'I'm glad to see as the parsons, a'beginning to put their feet down on all these ere new fangled 'eresies.' And would you believe it, she acthelly ad the impidence to laugh in my face!"



(PUBLIC ORATOR) — Let us recognize the Brotherhood of Man; Let the land be free to ALL; and let all men 'ave equal right and privileges; (etc. etc.)

5 minutes later!



(PUBLIC ORATOR) "And are we to see the land overrun by 'ordes of Horsesmen? Men as sars money and don't drink! men not can 'live where you and me would starve! NO!!! Let us get Government to pass a law," (etc etc)



Owing to Professor Garner's success in interpreting the language of the Monkey tribe in Africa, the Professor, in the interests of science, intends paying an early visit to the N.Z. Parliament.



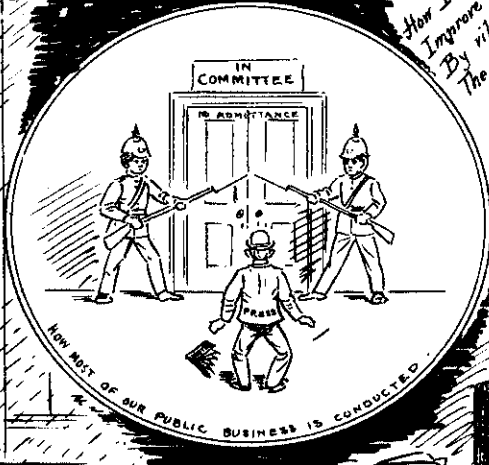
How Duffie's little busy men Improve the passing hour, By nitifying all he can, The Government in power.

Blacking

Ashley Hunter 93



The Refinement of Barbarism (overheard on Sunday night, May 21st) "They surely won't hang the poor man in weather like this!"



ABERDEEN DOCTORS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WE have recently received for review, from Messrs Blackwood and Sons, a work entitled 'Aberdeen Doctors at Home and Abroad: The Narrative of a Medical School,' by Ella Hill Barton Rodger. As the title sufficiently indicates, the book does not treat of a subject which can have very much interest for the general reader, and the more closely definitive sub-title certainly does not suggest scope for the play of a witty pen and a graceful fancy. Wit and fancy are not precisely the qualities that are to be got out of the dry records of a medical school. If the 'Humours of a Medical School' ever came to be chronicled, we strongly suspect they would be found to have a strictly physiological reference. Yet, notwithstanding, Mrs Rodger manages to introduce a large amount of humorous matter into her work, though the Medical Society records are not accountable for it.

The most popular chapters in the book will, no doubt, be those on the 'resurrection days.' There is a gruesome attraction about this subject for most people, and Aberdeen had her own resurrection 'sensations,' though they were happily not of the kind by which Burke, of the infamous 'firm' of Burke and Hare, enriched the English language with a new word.

It must be apparent to all who read Mrs Rodger's work that the author can have had no easy task to perform in acquiring, selecting, and arranging the minute information with regard to Aberdeen doctors, in the far and near past and in the present, which makes the material of her book. She is to be congratulated on the creditable manner in which she has done her work, and her publishers on the excellent guise in which they have presented it to the public.

Medical men generally will, doubtless, take an interest in the record of the rise and progress of a medical school, and Aberdonians all over the world are sure to look with favour on a book dealing with the vicissitudes and successes of an institution most creditable to their native town. It has been remarked, more than once, we believe,—that the Scotch are patriotic. They are. Even when they are flourishing better in other countries than in their own—which they have an ingenious habit of doing—they will persist in regarding themselves as exiles while out of

Scotland. The more narrowly their patriotism is localised, the more perfervid does it become, so that their native town or village appears, to a good few of them in distant lands, a sort of Jerusalem to which, if they spoli the Egyptians with sufficient thoughtful pertinacity, they hope kind heaven may permit them to return some day. Even here in this benignly-placed young city on the Waitomata, with its Italian skies and soft, caressing climate, it is more than probable that some Aberdonian exiles are 'hankering after' that grey old granite seaport beyond the Scottish Grampians, where sleet, and hail, and snow, and roaring north-easters are not unknown. To many of these the names of the people and places appearing in Mrs Rodger's book will likely be 'familiar in their mouths as household words,' and recall pleasant reminiscences of the auld lang syne passed in 'the silver city by the northern sea.'

The author's account of the Aberdeen Medical Society shows that, like most things destined to endure and wax strong, it was not a special creation from without, inaugurated by processional marchings and the blowing of trumpets, but a spontaneous natural growth. Towards the end of the last century twelve young medical students from Marischall College—some of whom afterwards highly distinguished themselves in wide spheres of medical activity—feeling sorely the need of a medical school in their native town, founded the Aberdeen Medical Society in the form of a sort of debating school for mutual benefit. It grew slowly but surely as the years went on, and gained, inch by inch, a standing ground of distinction for itself.

Mrs Rodger describes to us, in simple, unornate language well suited to her subject, the doctors and students connected at different times with the Medical Society, and she never seeks to give a fictitious colour to the naturally sober-toned hues of her pictures of them and their environment.

Those Aberdeen doctors, who seem generally to have more than made up by native ability for what little they might lack in the way of professional education, were apparently a long-headed, clear-seeing race, plain and direct in speech, and as strong to endure and repel the buffets of adverse fortune as the grey granite crags of their birthplace the might of the wild North Sea. It would seem, too, that there must have been few of their kind across the

border, from the almost certain success which appears to have attended those worthy men, who, forsaking the narrower possibilities of a medical career in the bleak north, tried to push their fortunes in London. We discover—will Aberdonians forgive us if we add 'with some surprise?'—that the owners of many names, familiar to us as those of widely-celebrated medical men, come from the old University town on the Dee. Most prominent among those names is that of Sir James McGregor, who, as Medical Director of the Allied Forces in the Peninsular War, set Wellington's sick army on its legs again.

What strikes one most pleasantly and forcibly about those same successful medical men is their strong attachment to Aberdeen. Though when in quest of fortune they turned their backs on their birthplace, they were ever ready, when fortune had been found, to let their 'ain toon partake of their prosperity by bestowing gifts of money on her colleges and other institutions. But they were sometimes woefully clannish, and it used to be told of one highly distinguished Aberdeen medico that, when he was First Director of the British Medical Board, he had two lists, one for members of the Aberdeen Medical Society, and another for 'other Aberdonians.'

Money endowments to their university could not fail to be most acceptable to Aberdonians, for everywhere in Scotland learning, like literature, has generally had to be cultivated on a little oatmeal—though the condition of learning and literature in that country does not make by any means a bad advertisement of oatmeal. After all, the frugal way of living, which seems to have been characteristic of the Aberdeen student, at least of a generation or two ago, did the lad no harm. It was, indeed, a sort of inoculation against dire poverty, and gave him advantages over more luxuriously-bred men when he and they had to cope with that evil on the lowest rung of the ladder which they had to fight their way up.

As a truthful and kindly written record of the medical community of Aberdeen in past and present times, Mrs Rodger's book is well worth being read, and the anecdotes, which enliven its sober pages, tend to make one think very pleasantly of human nature—especially of human nature as it is made on the banks of the Dee and Don.

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Miss Taylor

PROGRESSIVE WELLINGTON.

THE WELLINGTON-MANAWATU RAILWAY.

ITS INCEPTION—CONSTRUCTION—PROGRESSION—By 'INDEX.'—No. IV.

IT is estimated that the Company have settled fully one thousand persons upon these lands. It is significant of the immense strides which have been made in the districts in which the Company have sold lands that since the building of the railway the settlers in these districts have, through their County and Highway Boards, constructed upwards of some 137 miles of main and district roads. That the Company has done its share in this work of development may be gauged from the fact that between the years 1882 and 1893 it has contributed close on £12,000 in rates towards the funds of these local boards.

Hunting by train is a form of amusement occasionally afforded Wellington residents, and one they generally very largely take advantage of. A low, narrow, and comparatively level stretch of country commencing at Tawa Flat, the fourth station on this Company's line, and eleven miles from Wellington, is where the meet takes place, the drag being laid thence for a distance of several miles almost parallel with the line of railway which runs at a considerably higher elevation, thus affording to those on board the train (which steams along a little in the rear) an admirable view of the whole proceedings from start to finish, and enables them to be in at the death, also, with far greater certainty than those who are well mounted and ride straight throughout. The first of these special train-hunting excursions took place in the winter of 1890, and was largely availed of, between 800 and 1,000 people witnessing the excitements of the chase by a means at once so novel, safe, and economical. Since then, however, several similar outings have been given, on each occasion being well patronised. The last took place only a few weeks back, viz., on Wednesday, May 10th, on which date a party from Government House were amongst the passengers, and evinced a keen interest in the proceedings throughout, whilst His Excellency and others from Government House were amongst the mounted ones present at the meet.

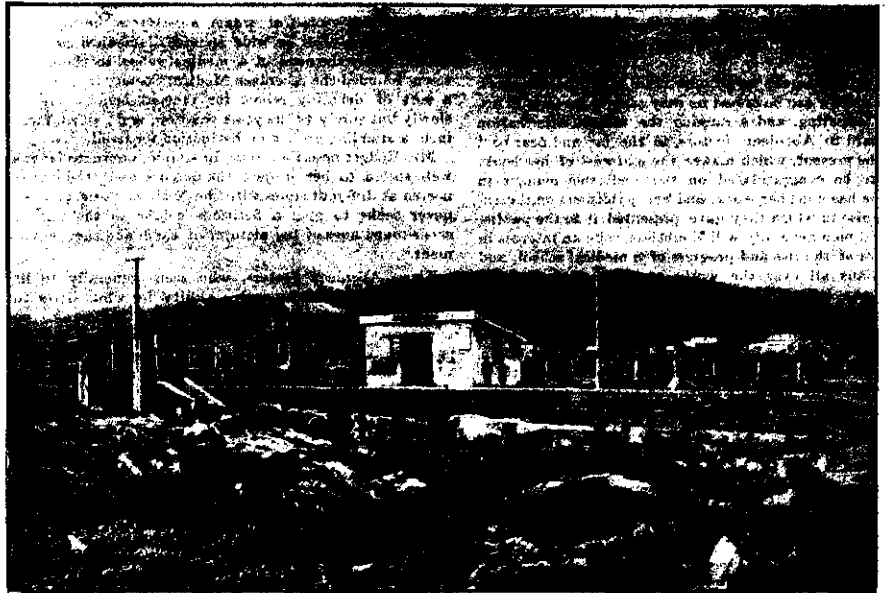
To those hailing from the Old Country, who have there enjoyed the pleasures of the chase in true orthodox fashion, the proceedings would necessarily appear comparatively tame, and yet withal prove very acceptable as the best substitute available, and make the blood course faster through their veins as they joined in the run or viewed the same from a railway carriage, in either case recalling pleasant days of yore—the brilliant sight of those meets at Home where the Squire and yeoman, successful city merchants, representatives of Her Majesty's Army and Navy, and numerous fair equestriennes assemble together to enjoy this ancient and honoured pastime. Plimmerton and Paikakariki, eighteen and twenty-seven miles from Wellington, respectively, are both pleasant seaside resorts, largely patronised by Wellington residents.

From the summit of the hill, which rises very abruptly at Paikakariki to a height of about a thousand feet, and look-

ing north, a most extensive and magnificent view is obtained of splendid country stretching away as far as the eye can see, bounded by the sea beach on the one hand and by bush and mountain scenery on the other; the Tararua Ranges forming the background. The snowy peak of Mount Egmont can also be seen from this vantage point.

still largely in the hands of the native owners, whereby the progress of the district is necessarily much retarded, although the local governing bodies have opened up the surrounding country by means of roads, etc., in every direction, thereby immensely adding to the value of these native lands, the owners thereof thus largely reaping the benefit of the unearned increment, as, under existing law, they are not liable to taxation, although it is difficult to see why they should not bear a fair proportion of the local rates, as well as their white brethren, seeing they are so benefited by the expenditure that has been incurred.

Between Otaki and Longburn there are several sawmills turning out large quantities of timber ready for the market. Additional sawmills are now in course of being erected in this district, whilst flaxmills are also numerous, these industries finding employment for a large number of hands; close on 5,000,000 superficial feet of timber being carried over the Company's line during the past financial year, and 2 000 odd tons of flax.



Wrigglesworth & Binns. photo., Wellington.

TOWNSHIP AND STATION OF SHANNON, 69 MILES FROM WELLINGTON.
An important and rising township, with a well-settled district in its neighbourhood.

The island of Kapiti lies about twelve miles distant from Paikakariki and immediately opposite thereto. It covers an area of some two thousand five hundred acres, and under its friendly shelter coasting vessels often take refuge in heavy weather. The splendid beach at Paikakariki is one of its great attractions. This beach extends some eighty miles in a northerly direction to the mouth of the Rangitikei River at Scott's Ferry, and, in the old coaching days, constituted the great highway for travellers to and from Wanganui. Twenty miles further on, the township of Otaki is reached, celebrated for its Maori church. The land in the vicinity is

Manakau, Leven, and Shannon are now each townships doing a considerable trade, and the work of developing the natural resources of the surrounding districts is proceeding



Wrigglesworth & Binns. photo., Wellington.
MR JAS. WALLACE.
(General Manager of the Company.)

Mr JAS WALLACE has been identified with the Company from its earliest inception, as may be gathered from the part he took in connection with its formation as related in another portion of this article. He volunteered his services as hon. secretary to the very first committee appointed to take the matter up, and has been secretary since its incorporation. In his present capacity he has proved himself very efficient and painstaking officer, whose uniform courtesy and kindly disposition has made him hosts of friends.



Wrigglesworth & Binns. photo., Wellington.

KERERU WATER TANKS AND WINDMILL
For the supply of engines. The largest tank holding 28,000 gallons, the smallest 5,000.

with great rapidity, and Associations on an extensive scale have recently been formed for the introduction of creameries and butter factories, etc.

Midway between Leven and Shannon is Kereru station, twenty miles from Longburn. Here the traveller for Foxton can alight and complete the journey thither by coach, the distance by road from this point being only about ten miles. Recently the Company constructed at Kereru what I believe to be the largest wooden water tank in the colony for any similar purpose, its capacity being over 28,000 gallons, the timber utilised being totara. The supply of water is maintained by means of a windmill 80 feet high specially erected for the purpose.

Longburn, the terminus of the Company's line, is also the site of very extensive and complete freezing works, the establishment of which has proved a great boon to the farmers for many miles around, providing a ready outlet for their fat stock at prices far in advance of those obtainable prior to its establishment. A siding has been laid down to the yards and freezing chambers for the conveyance of live stock thereto and frozen meat therefrom. By arrangement with the Railway Company they, at intervals, as required, run special meat trains (generally at night) from the freezing works to Wellington. The frozen meat is loaded direct from the freezing chambers into specially constructed insulated cars (the property of the Freezing Company), which, on arrival at Wellington, are transferred to the Government railway line, and thence to the Railway Wharf, where delivery is taken on board the direct steamers.

The Company have a very efficient plant for working their railway. They have special consolidated engines for the heavy grades between Wellington and Paikakariki, which consist of five tank and two American tender locomotives. The tank engines weigh about 30 tons each, and have six wheels coupled, 3 feet in diameter with a pair of leading bogie wheels. The tender engines have eight (3 feet) wheels coupled, and 18-inch cylinders. These were made by the celebrated Baldwin Company of Philadelphia. The tank engines draw a load of 90 tons on a grade of 1 in 40, and the large Baldwin engines a load of 130 tons up the same grade.

For the level and straight portion of their land between Paikakariki and Longburn the Company have large tender locomotives with wheels 4 feet in diameter. On this part of the line the trains run much faster, being timed for twenty miles an hour, including stoppages at their numerous stations.

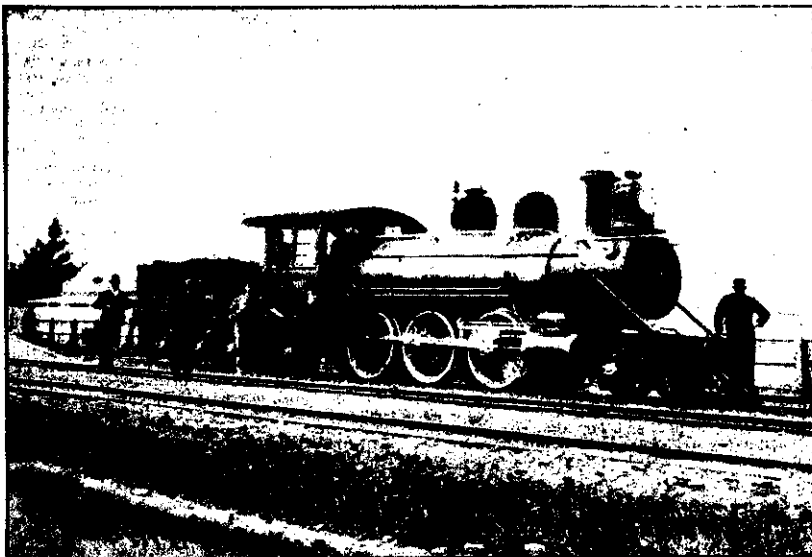
The pleasure of the journey is greatly enhanced from the fact that the line has been laid down in an exceptionally perfect manner, and that the railway carriages have been built on the best American models, running with very marked smoothness and comfort. The journey from Wellington to Longburn, or vice versa, with mixed passenger and goods trains, usually occupies about four and a half hours, but if necessary can be accomplished with passengers alone—when the traffic will justify it—in much less time.

Formerly passengers had to alight at Longburn, change carriages, and procure fresh tickets ere they could proceed

on their journey. All that inconvenience has been done away with for some time, and, by arrangement between the Company and the Railway Commissioners, passengers do not change until they reach Palmerston North, the Company's carriages running thus far, a distance of four miles over the Government line, in charge of Government guards and drawn by Government locomotives.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error crept into our last week's article on this subject. In an extract from the yearly

more than once written out to New Zealand for hints on the production of some special beauty. No less a personage than the President of the National Association of Professional Photographers, Mr Thomas Fall, whose name in connection with photography will recur familiarly to expatriated Cockneys, has written to Mr Hanna, of Auckland, as follows:—'I have just had entrusted to my care for a few days some choice specimens of your photography. They are amongst the finest specimens of art photography I



Wrigglesworth & Binna.

ONE OF THE BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVES.

photo., Wellington

These engines cost £2,5000 each, and are equal to a load of 130 tons up a grade of 1 in 40.

report we printed the following passage:—'This year the working expenses are 44 per cent.' It should have read 41 per cent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW ZEALAND PHOTOGRAPHY.

THERE is one art, and a very beautiful art, too—photography—in which New Zealand can hold its own with any country in the world. Not only can our local photographers successfully compete with the very best and most costly houses at home, but the magnates of the profession have

have seen.' The writer then asks, 'if not a secret, how you secure the colour which so nearly resembles a platinum type?' If not asking too much will Mr Hanna give him the method. The letter apologised for the liberty of asking. Doubtless Mr Hanna appreciates the admiration of the fine effects he obtains. Readers of this journal are aware of how good Mr Hanna's pictures are, since he is one of our most constant and generous friends. The large shield of colonists at the entrance of his studio still continues to attract many visitors, and will doubtless do so for some time to come. It is a veritable work of art, and well repays study. Photographic copies (copyright) are, we understand, on sale.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

THE fascination exercised by the game of progressive euchre

is shown by the number of parties at which it is now the event of the evening. Major and Mrs George fell victims to the euchre epidemic, and gave a most charming party on Friday at their residence, Wapiti, Auckland, when really excellent play was enjoyed. Mrs George is a capital hostess, and attended assiduously but unobtrusively to her guests, a most successful evening being the result. Eight small tables were scientifically arranged round two rooms. The players drew their numbers and started operations, when the fun became fast and furious, especially for the one who was blessed with an exceptionally bad partner. About half-past eleven the bell rang to close the game. It was found that Miss Stevenson (of Christchurch, who is staying with Mrs George) had won the tea set, and Miss Von Sturmer the booby prize, a handsome silver candlestick. Amongst the gentlemen, Mr J. C. Hanna won a small alarm clock, and H. Lockhart the booby prize, a globe of the world. When such good trophies are given for booby prizes who would not try for them? Many of the ladies and gentlemen came to the conclusion that progressive euchre was better than dancing.



Wrigglesworth & Binna.

OTAKI STATION, 47 MILES FROM WELLINGTON.

photo., Wellington.

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

A WOMAN'S ESCAPADES.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



HERE, Mr Gosnell, look sharp,' cried the reception warden at Hawksfield Prison one fine morning. 'There's something precious odd about this chap.'

It was a prisoner just brought in for horse-stealing: a small, slightly-built slip of a boy, dressed as a groom, in short jacket, cords and gaiters, but who wore them with a curious mixture of awkwardness and want of practice.

Strangest thing of all, when the brown 'bowler' hat was removed, a mass of dark ringlets came tumbling down upon his shoulders.

'I don't know what to make of him,' said the first speaker.

'Him?' replied Gosnell. 'You mean Aer.'

'Eh, what? Why, so it must be. But surely now—here you, whatever you call yourself, speak out—what are you, a boy or a girl?'

Any further doubt as to the sex of this new arrival was now removed by the prisoner, who then and there burst into a torrent of tears—a woman's unfeeling resource in trouble.

'Well, here's a run start!' cried one officer. 'You must not stop here. Run, Gosnell, and fetch the matron over.'

'It'll be better for us to take her straight across to the female side,' said the other, with prudent anxiety to be rid of the inconvenient charge.

The news spread rapidly that a woman, disguised as a groom, had been detected in the male reception ward, and the governor himself stepped over to the female wing of the prison to hear the rights of the story.

There she was, answering now to the name of Josephine Winter; and openly avowing her sex, although the name on her commitment was Joseph Smith, and the offence for which she was arrested—horse-stealing—was decidedly masculine. A roguish, not ill-favoured damsel, with a clear complexion, bold, wide-open, black eyes, and a sturdy, self-reliant air as she stood up, in the blue and white check dress, with its white collar and mob cap, and answered the governor's questions coolly and off hand. She had regaled her natural effrontery with her proper attire.

'What's the meaning of this? How do you come to be masquerading as a man?' she was asked.

'Mayn't I wear what clothes I choose?' she replied insolently.

'You know you mustn't. And the idea! A little chit of a girl like you to run off with a horse sixteen hands high!'

'They dared me to it. No one liked riding it, so I up and did it. Rode twenty miles on end—there!'

'Stole it, in fact, and the clothes as well?'

'I didn't steal them. They're my brother's. I've as good a right to them as he has. Father paid for them.'

'Who is your father? Where do you belong to?'

'Crewkerne Hall. Father's coachman there to Lady Sarah Furnival. It was her horse.'

When all the facts came out it was found that the girl's account was right in the main. Among the horses under her father's charge was a wild, fierce brute, bought by Mr Furnival as a hunter, but which it was no pleasure for him to ride, and which he was anxious to be well rid of, but no one would buy.

Her brother, who was one of the helpers, looked after this brute—a tall, watery chestnut, with a switch tail—and both hated and feared it. One day, after a more than usually ignominious adventure with the horse, in which he had been kicked off three times in quick succession, the lad was unbearably chafed by the girl in the presence of the other helpers and his companions. It was in the saddle-room where she was wont to join the men of an evening and sharpen her wit at their expense. They bore her chaff with equanimity, as a rule giving back as good as they received, but her sarcasm had on this occasion maddened her brother, who dared her to ride the brute herself.

The same night, without one word, she crept out of the house dressed in her brother's best suit; abstracted the stable key, saddled the horse herself, mounted him without assistance, and, bold as a Mexican horse-thief, galloped gaily away. She took the road to Harchester, ten miles distant, and, reaching the old cathedral town too early to dispose of the horse, pressed on another ten miles to Hawksfield.

There she sought some livery stables, and offered to sell him for a song. The price she asked was so ridiculously low—five pounds—that the dealer guessed what was wrong. He detained the horse, and sent for the police.

Lady Sarah Furnival was a kindly, philanthropic woman, who took deep interest in the people around her, especially the Winter family. When she heard of Josephine's escapade she was greatly concerned for the girl, whom she thought guilty of nothing more than flightiness and bravado.

So when the stolen horse was safely sent back to the Crewkerne stables she urged her husband to let the silly child off as easily as possible. There had been no real intention to steal, and now restitution had been made. Surely the matter might be dropped.

But Mr Furnival took a sterner view of the case. He was a magistrate, and bound to uphold the law—to see that those who broke it met with their deserts. So Josephine was sent for trial at the Assizes, where the judge was also rather hard on her. In spite of the extenuating circumstances, he felt it his duty to sentence her to three months' imprisonment.

Gallic life is not always improving. Prisoners are kept as much as possible apart, but they must meet and communicate at times. Josephine, after the first month, passed according to the Act of Parliament in the strict privacy of her cell, went to one of the work-rooms, where she found herself at the same table with a gipsy girl, Maimie Popple.

The two speedily became fast friends. There was a strong bond of sympathy between them—they had similar temperaments, similar tastes. Both were wild, harum-scarum, reckless creatures, full of exuberant life and spirit, equally affected by the irksome restraints and prolonged confinement. They were like a couple of caged birds, mad to flap their wings in freedom and take a bold flight anyway.

Maimie had no particular loyalty to her gang or family. They had deserted her, left her to bear the blame of a series of depredations while they hastily decamped. She said she had taken no part in the thefts, and had received no sort of benefit from any of them. Nothing would induce her to go back to her people. If only Josephine would join with her, and stick to her as she vowed she would to Josephine they might have a splendid time. Why, they could wander through the whole country, attend fairs and race-meetings, tell fortunes, sing songs, give entertainments and be free as air.

'No one will touch us or interfere with us,' went on Maimie, to silence Josephine's apprehensions. 'You shall be my Ro; put on your boy's duds and boss the business. You'll find me a true pal, s'elp me, I swear.'

As Maimie was released first, she was to make all the arrangements. She was clever enough for anything, had money enough to buy a bano for Josephine, and she herself owned a tambourine. These would be the properties, the stock in trade of the firm. The question of the male costume was more serious; if Maimie had any luck she would get some clothes, but she urged Josephine to claim those she had brought in with her. No one had a better right to them; the prison authorities could not stop them, and if they did what was Josephine to wear?

This matter was happily disposed of by the kindly forethought of Lady Sarah Furnival, who sent a neat dress and all necessary articles of female apparel to be worn by Josephine on the day of release.

'I'll be waiting for you at the gate when you come out,' said Maimie on her departure. 'You come straight along with me. We'll spout your smart clothes and buy you a new rig out. I know where to get it.'

When the day arrived for her release Josephine found, to her great disgust, that there were others awaiting her. Her mother and a young brother had come to receive and



It was in the saddle room where she was wont to join the men of an evening, and sharpen her wit at their expense.

escort her back to Crewkerne, and for a moment she thought her plans were frustrated. Then she caught a glimpse of Maimie in a side street, and with a brief salutation:

'Morning, ma. That you, Ted? How's pa? Give him my love. Ta-ta!' Josephine took to her heels.

The movement was so sudden that she was out of sight before mother or brother realised what had happened. Under Maimie's pilotage she safely reached a place of concealment. Later in the day this precious pair sallied forth, like modern troubadours, to perambulate the world.

After that, in spite of a hue and cry, nothing was seen or heard of this madcap girl for some months. At last she was recognized and arrested on Harchester recesses. There was nothing against her or her companion, but the male disguise warranted Josephine's committal to Harchester Castle until her friends were summoned to take charge of her. Her father came this time, but she gave him the slip and again joined her partner to resume their wandering life. She was now on the downward road, and, as it seemed, beyond all hope of reclamation. Her relations gave her up—only Lady Sarah Furnival continued to take a sorrowful interest in her, which culminated on hearing that she was in custody in the gaol nearest Crewkerne, Hawkepool, on a very serious charge.

The gipsy family to whom Maimie belonged had come upon her by chance, and tried hard to win her back to their caravan. They used every argument in vain, and at last a young Romany, who had long been an admirer of the truant girl, determined to secure her by force.

Josephine, in her rôle of male protector, resented this and a fierce struggle ensued, in which she stabbed the gipsy lad, inflicting several serious and, as it was a long time feared, mortal wounds. She was taken red handed, and, as her story was by this time pretty well known through Hawkepool, she took up her quarters on the prope-side of Hawkepool. There she was soon visited by Maimie, who was in a state of wild, hysterical distress.

She had been the true cause of the quarrel; the blame and the punishment, whatever it was, should fall upon her. No doubt Lemuel (the wounded gipsy) lay in great danger of his life, but then he might recover; and, after all, why did he come between the two friends? Was there nothing she could do, no one to help them, in this sore strait?

Josephine had not forgotten Lady Sarah Furnival's kindness to her on other occasions. Perhaps her ladyship would intercede for her now. Maimie snatched at the suggestion thus offered, and declared she would go straight to Crewkerne Hall with an appeal.

A few days later, Lady Sarah Furnival came in person to call at the Hawkepool Gaol. She did not come in her own carriage, but in a fly from the station, and on arrival at the prison gates she sent in her card to the governor, with an urgent request that she might be allowed to see Josephine Winter, her coachman's daughter.

'There is no objection, I hope,' said Lady Sarah, when the governor came out in person, hat in hand, and helped his aristocratic visitor to alight.

She was richly dressed in a long sealskin, with a smart bonnet and brand new gloves. Only she kept her veil down and spoke in rather a mincing affected voice, which the governor attributed to emotion.

'Oh, no objection. She is still awaiting trial and entitled to see her friends, for the *bona fide* purpose of her defence.'

'That is why I wish to see her. I should like to secure her a good counsel to defend her. I suppose it is a bad case.'

'If this gipsy boy dies, as seems most probable, it will be brought in murder, I feel sure.'

'How horrible! and I have always liked the girl so much. But can I see her alone, please? Time is rather pressing.'

Lady Sarah was at once admitted into the prison, and shown into the governor's office while they went to fetch Josephine to the 'visiting boxes.'

'But surely I may see her in her own cell?' Lady Sarah said, protesting vigorously. 'I want to speak to her, reason with her, console her as I best can, and for that I must be alone with her.'

'It is against the rules, I am afraid,' began the official apologetically, yet not wishing to disoblige her ladyship.

'Stuff! Not in my case,' was the energetic reply. 'I will go and get a positive order from a magistrate. My husband, or my uncle, Lord Crewkerne—'

'Well, my lady, we may strain a point with you; we should be sorry to offend your ladyship,' said the governor, when the question was referred to him. 'Will your ladyship come this way?' and Lady Sarah was led into the female wing.

The matron in person received her. It was the first occasion on which the great Lady Sarah, the principal personage in the neighbourhood, had visited the gaol, and every effort was made to do her honour. She was shown with much pomp, a great noise of unlocking and running back bolts, into the cell where Josephine cowered sulkily in a corner, and the prisoner was called sharply 'to attention' like a soldier.

'Now, you Winter, make your manners!' but the girl would not curtsy till the order was repeated, and then did so ungraciously.

'Never mind, pray. Do not be cross with her. Josephine's she continued, as she approached quite close, 'my poor girl, you are in very great trouble; but keep your courage up. I have come to help you.'

An extraordinary change came over the prisoner at the very first sound of her visitor's voice. She started, coloured, then looked terribly frightened, and turned ghastly pale.

'Who is it? What do you want with me—?' she began, stammering and in a great confusion, when she was interrupted by a sharp, peremptory whisper, which only reached her own ear.

'Don't be a fool. I am Lady Sarah. Recognise me at once.'

'Oh, my dear good lady!' cried Josephine, recovering herself instantly, as she threw herself on her knees and, seizing the other's hands, kissed them amidst tears and little sighs of gratitude.

'Can't be alone? For just five minutes! Quick! Invent some excuse,' whispered my lady, who was no other than Maimie.

Next moment Josephine fell back in simulated convulsions, and was kicking full length upon the floor.

'Run, run, all of you, get the doctor some one; fetch things,' cried Lady Sarah, as she bundled matron and assistant warden out of the cell, and, as they left, gently closed it after them.

The two within were now alone, and free to act.

'Quick, Josephine, throw off your skirt and now your shoes. Put on mine, they'll fit you easily. Change your cap for my bonnet. I'll tie the strings. Now my seal-skin. It will reach to your heels. There, tidy yourself up while I put on your things.'

The whole transformation was performed in less than three minutes, and was completed long before the warders returned. As they found the cell door locked there was a further delay, during which a few last words were exchanged.

'What does it all mean?' asked Josephine.

'Escape.'

'I cannot go and leave you here.'

'You must. I don't mind. Go out directly they open the door. Say you've had enough of it. They'll let you through safe enough, and right out of the gaol. Take the fly, drive to the station, and get away.'

'And you—you—what will you do?'

'Hurry, dear; no more jaw. Now's your chance. Imitate my voice. You've done it before now.'

The stratagem was as successful as it was boldly conceived and carried out. Josephine was bowed out most civilly; her explanation that the recent scene was too much for her was accepted as quite natural and satisfactory. She found money in the pocket of the seal-skin and a few lines scribbled by Maimie of notes and instructions.

'I broke into Crewkerne Hall last night. The family are all away. After what you told me I got hold of some of my lady's things, enough to make up like her, and you'll understand why, if ever you get this. I was bound to get you out of the "str." It was all through me you went, and that paloot Lemuel. Well, now you are free. Lie close till they've done with me. I shall be copped, of course, and they'll bring the business of Crewkerne against me too. But I shan't get more than six months for the job, with this helping you to escape as well. So you go your ways, Josephine, and wait at the old place till I come out, and we'll have a high old time yet, never fear.'

Maimie was not much out in her calculations. Six months was the sentence awarded her, and when that was concluded she sought out her friend; but the cleverly executed escape had benefited Josephine very little. She had been recaptured after being a month at large, and obliged to stand her trial for wounding with intent.

The award was penal servitude, and at the end of her time, when she hoped to recover touch with the friend who had really sacrificed herself for her, it was too late. Maimie had disappeared—gone back to her gang probably—but Josephine never saw her again. She herself returned to her friends, and eventually, through Lady Sarah Furnival, was sent to Anstralia, where she married, and, when last heard of, was entirely reformed.

CHARACTER IN NOSES.

MR MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his 'Friendship's Garland,' pictures one of his minor characters, Mr Job Bottles, a stockbroker, as a man 'with black hair, a fleshy nose, and a camellia in his button-hole.' We have often mused on the completeness of the portrait given in so few words. How is it, we have asked,

that the personality of one whom we know only as the younger brother of that eminent Philistine, Mr Bottles, senior, is present so vividly to our consciousness? Black hair is common to other professions than that of the stock broker; the camellia is certainly no index to taste. But if we discard both as non-essentials, the nose alone remains to account for this confidence in our ability to realise, not only the outward appearance of Mr Job Bottles, but the probable play of his not too complex mind. If anyone is disposed to question this argument, we would ask what other single feature is there from which alone we could infer as much? Not from the eyes, or mouth, or forehead, much less from the ears or chin. We surmise, in consequence, that

THE NOSE HAS NOT YET BEEN ACCORDED ITS DUE PLACE IN RELATION TO INTELLECT.

We are encouraged to state this conclusion by the opportune reprint of a witty treatise on the neglected subject of 'nasology,' which, under the title of 'Notes on Noses,' really contains an earnest plea for the discernment of character by reference to the most prominent feature of the human countenance. The author believes that 'there is more in a nose than most owners of that appendage are generally aware of; and that besides being "an ornament to the face, a breathing apparatus, or a convenient handle by which to grasp an impudent fellow, it is an important index to the owner's character; and that the accurate observation and minute comparison of an extensive collection of noses of persons whose mental characteristics are known, justifies a Nasal Classification, and a deduction of some points of mental organisation therefrom." It is

NOT, HOWEVER, CONTENTED THAT THE NOSE MAKES THE MAN,

like the bumps of the phrenologist, but rather that the man's nature being what it is, the form of the nose is its inseparable concomitant. The advantages of this fact, if once ascertained, in forming our opinion of our fellow-men, is obvious. The permanence and immobility of the nose forbid hypocrisy to mould it to any artificial feelings, as the eyes and mouth may be. The nose cannot counterfeit a smile, or feign out to recognise an old acquaintance. Nor can the sinister warnings which its contour may convey to the initiated, be hidden, like bumps phrenologically bad. The story told by noses is clear, simple, and unmistakable, if only the key to the science of 'nasology' be once mastered.

This is to be found in the correspondence of the physical classification of noses with certain marked mental traits. The list of types is, in part, well known and long established. The Roman, or aquiline nose; the Greek, or straight nose; the Jewish, or hawk nose; the snub nose; the Celestial, or turn-up nose, are all old acquaintances; but to these the classifier adds a sixth, and, as we shall see, a most important type.

THE COGNITIVE NOSE.

Almost all these admit of crosses or confusions, but each will be found to carry with it the qualities of which it is an indication, in exact proportion to the degree in which one type modifies the other in the same features. But before

considering these compounds, we must recapitulate the mental qualities indicated by the dominant types of noses. The Roman shows great decision, energy, firmness, absence of refinement, and a disregard for the *bien-séances* of life. The Greek, or perfectly straight, shows refinement of character, love for the fine arts and literature, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect, rather than direct, action. When associated with the Roman nose, and distended slightly by the cognitive, it indicates the most useful and intellectual of characters; and it is the highest and most beautiful form which the organ can assume. Alexander the Great, Constantine, Cardinals Wolsey, Nimenens, and Chelician, Lorenzo de Medici, and Napoleon are relied on as instances of greatness which are accompanied by this enviable type of nose. We should have been disposed to class the profile of Lorenzen among the pure Greek models. If so, his superiority in his taste for fine arts and literature over characters like Napoleon can be accounted for, according to rule, by the greater purity of the Attic outline.

THE JEWISH, OR HAWK NOSE,

is a 'good, useful, practical nose, very able to carry its owner successfully through the world—that is, so far as success is measured by weight of purse; nevertheless, it will not elevate him to any very exalted pitch of intellectuality.' It is a mistake to suppose that this nose is confined to Hebrew owners, though the persistence of the qualities which it indicates makes it most frequent in the race which it principally adorns. A pictorial addition to the history of these noses was recently discovered in a graphic caricature drawn by the Clerk of the Court on the edge of a fifteenth-century record, of a plaintiff whose nationality the least expert 'nasologist' would have at once detected without the legend, 'Aaron, *filius diaboli*,' which the artist had been at pains to inscribe beneath it. But the 'hawk nose' is at least equally the possession of the Syrian and the Syrian Arab, as it was of the Phœnician of old,—all shrewd, money-getting, races. Veaspan possessed it in perfection, and though it is new to us that when young he 'retrieved his ruined fortune by horse-dealing, a science always notorious for its unscrupulous dealing and sharp, dishonest practice,' he was descended from a thoroughly business parent, and bequeathed his carefulness in money matters to his son Titus. Not the least

CHARM OF THE NEW SCIENCE

is the chance which it offers to the historian of testing the characters of eminent men by its rigid and unbending standard. The historical value of gems and engravings cannot fail to be enhanced by their bearing on this most interesting subject; and the moral value of axioms and actions whose spring has long been doubtful may be solved by reference to the nasal developments of their authors. Apologists for the money-making impulse, which it pleased Adam Smith to ascribe to human action will, for instance, no longer be able to urge that some such theory was necessary to a logical system of political economy. Adam Smith possessed the Jewish nose in its highest development; the nose is the reflex of character; and the 'nasological' political economist will brush aside apologies, and estimate the bias of the father of the science, not by the necessities of the theory, but by the hard facts of his Semitic profile.

OWNERS OF THE SNUB AND THE CELESTIAL NOSE

will find little comfort in the *dicta* of 'nasology.' They indicate 'natural weakness; mean, disagreeable dispositions, with petty insolence and divers other characteristics of conscious weakness, which strongly assimilate them.' Nevertheless the 'celestial' is, by virtue of its greater length, decidedly preferable to the snub, and is not without some share of small shrewdness, and fox-like common sense; on which, however, it is apt to presume, and is therefore a more impudent nose than the snub. We will leave the 'celestial' to derive what comfort they can from this doubtful superiority, and turn with far different feelings to the consideration of the cognitive nose. This type is to some extent

A DISCOVERY OF THE 'NASOLOGIST.'

and as such demands a more careful notice than the older types. Moreover, it is a nose which can be consciously developed; and, if that is any recommendation it can be appreciated by the eye from more points than one. The cognitive, or wide-nostrilled nose, is what may be termed in the language of sport, a 'good all-round' nose. It demands scrutiny from in front, as well as in profile. It expands with expanding thought. For this reason it is a laudable ambition in a young man to cultivate a cognitive nose, for he can only do so by cultivating his mind. Moreover, though he cannot see his own nose in profile, he can enjoy the satisfaction of contemplating this lateral growth every time he looks in the glass. Mere reading will never do this. Reflection alone will give the cognitive nose in perfection; and when that is attained, he can qualify, from the nasologist's point of view for entry in

THE LONG LINES OF DIVINES, STATESMEN, PHILOSOPHERS, AND PHILANTHROPISTS,

the width of whose noses corresponded with the breadth of their views of moral and scientific truth. This nose is particularly noticeable among those who have adorned the walks in life which have been enumerated above. But it is a mark of the highest power in so many departments of thought, that it appears a common attribute of minds which, however employed always excel. The facial comparisons necessary to establish this fact, which is hailed as 'one of the beautiful harmonious truths, which spring up from time to time to attest the accuracy of a system,' may be supported by instances dating from Wycliff to Wesley, from Hunter to Humboldt, from Homer to Shakespeare, and from Oliver Cromwell to Lord Salisbury.

THE craving for liquor is a disease which is not confined to ignorant men only, nor bad men, nor weak men; but men of good understanding, of rare gifts, of the loftiest aspirations, and of will sufficient for any purpose but the one—they cannot break the drink habit. There are men who have been trying for thirty years to abstain, and still they drink. One or two bottles of Dr. Booth's Golden Remedy No. 1 will cure the worst case in the colony.—Adv't.

The Birthday Ball at Government House.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

WELLINGTON, MAY 24.

THIS was the largest and most brilliant ball ever given at Government House in Wellington, and everything passed off with great success. The decorations were beautiful. The ballroom mantelpieces was a mass of maiden-hair fern on the lower part, and the upper part was filled with the lovely blood-red flowers of the poinsettia plant drooping over. At the far end of the large ballroom there was a red cloth shield with a wreath of laurestines round it, and in the centre was the crown and V.R. in white chrysanthemum. This beautiful piece of work was arranged by Lady Glasgow herself. Indeed, most of the floral decorations were done by the clever ladies of the household. All along the lengthy corridors were large pots of ferns, bamboo, palms, and other lovely plants, and the walls and lounges were all draped with red and flags of all sorts. The verandah, too, was most enticing; it was all draped with flags and lighted with coloured lanterns, and soft red carpet underfoot. The conservatory was cleared of most of the large plants, thus making room for sofas, lounges, etc. At the top of the broad staircase quite a little drawing-room was arranged with a couple of large high screens to shut off the ends of the upstairs corridors, and with a few plants, sofas, chairs, and illuminated lanterns, the effect was very pretty.

Now for the supper-room, for which the dining-room was used, and as the room is only supposed to hold about fifty or sixty people, the difficulty was to manage to make between six hundred and seven hundred people satisfied. A large horseshoe table was arranged with all sorts of dainties (which I will not attempt to describe, but will send the men), and steps were taken so that only a certain number of guests were in the room at once, which was an excellent plan, and everything passed off without a hitch. The tables were beautifully dressed with hot-house plants, and at one end of the room hung the Royal Standard, and at the other was the 'Split Eagle,' the crest of the Boyles, besides various Union Jacks, etc. All the gas globes had tinted shades over them, and the effect of the pretty soft light was splendid. The Earl and Countess did not, as usual, receive the guests, but as the clock struck nine the band played 'God Save the Queen,' and they entered the ballroom, accompanied by the Ladies Augusta, Alice, and Dorothy Boyle, Miss Hallows, Miss Wauchope, Miss Holroyd, and Captain Hunter-Blair.

His Excellency opened the ball with Mrs Grace. The others who danced in the 'set' were Lady Glasgow and Mr H. D. Bell (Mayor), Sir James Prendergast, and Mrs Bell, the Hon. C. Johnstone and Lady Alice Boyle, the Hon. Dr. Grace and Lady Augusta Boyle, Captain Hunter-Blair and Mrs C. Johnston, Sir James Hector and Miss Wauchope, Mr W. T. Traversa and Mrs W. Johnston.

THE DRESSES.

Lady Glasgow wore her lovely dress of thick pearl satin brocaded with pale blue and terra-cotta flowers, the sleeves were terra-cotta velvet lined with blue, and round the hem was a vandyke pattern of pale blue and terra-cotta velvet, she wore her coronet of diamonds, and diamonds on her low bodice. The Ladies Augusta, Alice, and Dorothy Boyle wore pretty white spotted muslin frocks with pink silk sashes tied at the side, tan shoes and stockings; Miss Hallows wore lemon-coloured silk covered with Russian net; Miss Wauchope, pale blue silk spotted with black, black satin sleeves and bound with black round the hem.

Miss Holroyd, salmon pink silk draped with black lace; Mrs Grace wore a lovely grey brocade and diamonds; Mrs Bell, a pretty pale yellow silk with a front panel beautifully embroidered; Mrs Walter Johnston wore black brocade trimmed with white; Mrs C. Johnston, a lovely gown of black velvet and jet; Mrs Levin, deep pink merveilleux with large sleeves of clear velvet, the same trimming the skirt; Mrs G. Beetham, lemon-coloured brocade trimmed with beautiful silk lace; Mrs (Dr.) Adams wore black brocade and lace; Lady Prendergast, crimson satin trimmed with light coloured lace; Mrs Hatfield, black; Mrs (Judge) Richmond, a rich black brocade trimmed with jet and lace; Mrs (Judge) Williams (Dunedin), yellow silk draped with black lace; Mrs (Dr.) Collins, pale green silk with large yellow velvet sleeves; Mrs Castendyke, black lace relieved with mauve; Mrs Rhodes, black velvet; Mrs T. C. Williams, also black velvet; Mrs Newman, rich brown satin the front part being coffee-coloured lace; Mrs Eberle, pale pink silk and lace; Mrs (Captain) Rose, handsome grey satin; Mrs Parfitt, pink sarah silk; Mrs Gore, black brocade; Mrs L. Pharrasin, a handsome gown of pink and grey satin; Mrs Arthur Pearce, a pretty dress of mauve coloured silk slightly trimmed and trimmed with broad white lace; Madame de Lombard, cream silk gown trimmed with narrow black ribbon velvet; Mrs Robert Hart, rich black silk; Mrs Pysant, black, relieved with white; Mrs (Dr.) Anson, white silk; Mrs E. Richardson, handsome gown of black and white striped satin; Mrs Fulton, Mrs Elgar (Fonthornton), lavender silk and tulle; Mrs Maxwell, black lace and watered silk, sleeves of violet velvet; Mrs L. Reid, cream sarah gown with orange velvet sleeves and facings; Mrs T. Wilford, lovely dress of deep crimson silk and black lace, shoes to correspond; Mrs Sprot, black and

sage green; Mrs Maxwell (Auranga), black; Mrs Elliott, rich gown of moss green satin; Mrs (Dr.) Gillon, very striking gown of grey velvet, made very plainly, and bordered with silver; Mrs Green, rich red corded silk with long train and trimmed with gold embroidery; Mrs Firth, blue velvet dress relieved with deep pink and jet; Mrs Bristowe, pale yellow silk with white lace; Mrs M. Richmond, sea green velvet trimmed with thick ruffles of yellow chiffon; Mrs Vannelli, black satin; Mrs Seed, black; Mrs Harry Crawford, very handsome gown of cream striped corded silk and satin trimmed with black velvet and cream silk lace; Mrs Barron, black velvet handsomely trimmed with jet; The Hon. Atkinson, pale lemon silk with quantities of chiffon; Mrs Holmwood, very pale, pink lace; Mrs Graham, black, relieved with white; Mrs W. Crawford, pretty white silk gown; Mrs Hudson, pink corded silk; Mrs G. Hutchinson, black and white; Mrs Samuel, very pale pink; Mrs Low, pale blue brocade covered with net; Mrs Alfred Brandon, black; Mrs H. Rawson, handsome gown of blue figured silk; Mrs Page, black; Mrs Barclay, black velvet and white; Mrs J. Turnbull, black; Mrs (Dr.) Chapple, black gown, big sleeves of pale blue silk; Mrs Heywood, Mrs Edwin, brown silk trimmed with coffee lace; Mrs Jackson, black. I noticed three brides present, namely, Mrs Field, Mrs Biss, and Mrs Anson, who all wore their wedding gowns, the latter wearing hers high to the throat; Mrs Allen also somewhat recently married, looked extremely well in a pure white merveilleux gown with huge puffed sleeves. Among the debutantes were Miss M. Wilson who wore a pretty frock of white sarah silk, the skirt slightly trained; Miss A. Gore, very simple but pretty dress of white brocade; Miss Q. Elliott, white merveilleux softened with chiffon about the bodice; Miss A. Vennell, soft white silk falling from the neck, draped with green tulle and round the hem was a frock of white silk; Miss Holt, white pongee silk and lace; they each carried pretty bouquets with long streamers. Miss Richardson wore a very pretty gown of white silk trimmed with turquoise blue velvet to the waist; Mrs (Dr.) Weston, an effective gown, prettiest gowns in the room, it was lovely white silk made very full in the skirt, which was trimmed with tiny flounces, huge puffed sleeves to the elbow, and broad white lace falling over the bodice, the skirt being draped with green tulle and round the hem was mauve merveilleux draped with black and mauve net and ribbons; the Misses Moorhouse, black and yellow; Miss Reid, sea green brocade, with huge sleeves of green and pink, the skirt being also trimmed with pink; Miss E. Leed, black; Mrs (Dr.) Gordon, magenta silk trimmed with the same colour velvet and silver; Miss Elliott, dark blue velvet; Miss I. Johnston, very peculiar frock of white silk with bright rose coloured sleeves, the back of the skirt being draped with green tulle and round the hem was sprays of green and red grass; her sister wore white silk and lace with light yellow sleeves; Miss E. Barton (Wairarapa), white silk prettily trimmed with yellow velvet; Miss M. Gore, pretty gown of pale primrose watered silk; Miss Douglas, light grey silk; Miss L. Izard, white net, the skirt and bodice being trimmed with pale pink silk; Miss Turnbull, red satin partly covered with black net; Miss Graham, a brown velvet gown; her sister, handsome black and white; Mrs (Dr.) Black, black lace trimmed with narrow white ribbon and violets; Miss A. Grace, white silk and net; Miss Rose, pale mauve gauze; Miss Kock, white silk relieved with sage green; Miss Fairclough, white watered silk; Miss Holmes, a pretty combination of grey and yellow; Miss Barron, pale pink net; Miss E. Barron, red gauze; Miss Hatfield, black and pink silk; Miss Percy-Smith, black trimmed with emerald-green chiffon; Miss M. Pharrasin, blue featherston, grey brocade trimmed with pink silk; Miss Burnett, cream gown with brown sleeves; her sister, green and pink silk; Miss Hart, black dress relieved with white flowers and ribbons; her sister, black and red; Miss Harding (Melbourne), pink satin; Miss Noske, black brocade and lace; Miss Hamilton, Miss N. Barron, maize-coloured sarah with white lace; Miss Gillon, black; her sister, pale blue prettily trimmed with brown velvet; Miss (Mrs) Taylor, white, pink silk; Miss (Mrs) E. Johnston, combination of black and red satin; Miss Lingard, green net with large pink sleeves; Miss Jackson, pretty shade of heliotrope with dark velvet sleeves; Miss Menzies, blue silk and net; Miss Heywood, pretty dress of blue and white, trimmed with cream tulle; Miss Low, black relieved with blue chiffon; Miss D. Harding, soft white silk; Miss L. Kennedy, black velvet, broad yellow sash tied at the side; Miss Halse, black and white lace; Miss L. Halse, black net and red; Miss E. Halse, cream; Miss Harper (recently from England), pale blue brocade; Miss Quill, pink satin trimmed with bands of green ribbon and fur tails; Miss Webster (Dunedin), bright yellow corded silk; Miss Messenger, pale blue and cream striped silk; Miss M. Kennedy, black; Miss Allen, cream; Miss Stowe, white sarah silk; Miss Trimmell, Gobein blue; Miss R. Blundell, pale lemon silk; Miss Hoggard, pink silk trimmed with black lace; Miss Tolhurst, white sarah silk; Miss (Mrs) White, white silk; Miss (Mrs) Skerrett, mauve velvet trimmed with pink watered silk; her sister, a very pretty gown of white silk with broad bands of deep pink velvet on the skirt, the sleeves also being pink; Mrs Barclay, pink, and her sister, blue; Miss Lashley, bright pink satin with pink sleeves; etc., etc.

Of course it would be impossible to describe all the dresses at the ball, as it was so crowded. A band of eight performers provided the music, which was unusually good. The floor was also in splendid condition.

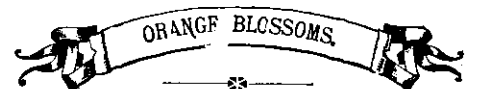
OPHELIA.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.

THE Queen's Birthday was not favoured with Queen's weather in Christchurch, for out-door amusements were completely spoiled, rain setting in heavily about 11 a.m. for several hours. The volunteers turned out in great force for parade in Hagley Park and to fire the salute. The excursion train from Timaru brought a number of visitors almost all on Gaiety bent, fully four hundred seats being booked for the matinee in the Team-street Hall, when 'Miss Esmeralda' was staged. A picnic organised by the athletic section of the Women's Institute took place at Sumner. The members of the Atalanta Club and of the Kingsley Club were invited, and several members of both were present. Most of the party journeyed down by train, but some rode their bicycles, the lady members appearing in reformed dress, one wearing a short skirt and blouse, and several others knickerbockers and tunics. The Hon. J. E. Jenkinson was present as a member of the Kingsley Club. The Pioneer Bicycle Club had its closing run of the season leaving Cathedral Square at 10 o'clock, proceeding over the hills to Governor's Bay, where they dined, thence round the road to Lyttelton, and after a short spell over the hill to Sumner, back to town, the rain having made the roads very soft and slippery, and considerably marring the pleasures of the trip.

THE Queen's Birthday opened well in Auckland, and numerous excursions were planned and carried out, racing, of course being a feature of the day. About four o'clock, however, heavy rain fell and somewhat marred the day's pleasure.

A VERY jolly little dance was held on the Queen's Birthday in the Heretaunga (Napier) Schoolroom, which had been kindly lent for the occasion by Messrs J. A. Fraser and Robinson. The dance was really given by the bachelors and was a tremendous success, everything going with great éclat. The schoolroom was a perfect bower of beauty, and the supper was truly delicious. Newbould, from Napier, supplied the music. Some pretty gowns were worn, Messdames J. N. Williams, Loughnan, Vickerman, and the Misses Williams, Miller, Russell, St. Hill, and Logan are spoken of as having looked exceedingly well. Some of those who were there were Messdames Russell Nelson, the Misses Nelson, Fitzroy, Galwey, Kettle (Napier), and the Misses Nelson, Russell, St. Hill, Cotterill (Napier), Baker (Napier), Beamish, Gleeson, Lascelles (Clive), etc., etc. The bachelors are to be congratulated upon the great success of the dance. The committee, which consisted of Messrs F. Nelson, Fenwick, J. A. Fraser, Robinson, H. B. Williams, Cooper, and H. Warren, worked like Trojans, and must have felt gratified at the pleasing results of their labours.



BUCKLETON—GRAHAM.

WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., at Hamilton, a fashionable and evidently popular wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, the contracting parties being Mr Harry Buckleton of the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, and Miss Alice Australia Gertrude Graham, eldest daughter of Mr William Australia Graham, and granddaughter of Mr George Graham, one of Auckland's oldest identities. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. O'Biggs, incumbent of St. Peter's, and was a choral one, Miss Newell presiding at the harmonium. She was assisted by a good choir, and the effect was nice and much appreciated. On entering the church the hymn, 'The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden' was capably rendered, and the 'Wedding March' was really well played.

The bride was dressed in a handsome trained gown of rich ivory merveilleux, trimmed very handsomely with old family Limerick lace, tulle veil, and a neat wreath of orange blossoms.

The bridesmaids were Miss Ruby Graham and Miss Inez Sandes, each wearing a dress of cream serge trimmed with white fur, and pearl and gold brooches the gift of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was attired in orthodox fashion, and was assisted through the trying ceremony by Professor Pond, of the Auckland University, who acted as best man.

The church was crowded to its utmost holding capacity, and over a hundred people could not obtain entrance at all, but remained outside during the ceremony. After the service was concluded the wedding party drove to 'The Lodge' (Mr Graham's residence) and between forty-five and fifty people sat down to breakfast; the room and the tables being beautifully draped and decorated with flowers, etc. A most enjoyable time was spent, the usual speeches being made, that by Mr J. A. Pond being particularly interesting, the more so as Mr Pond had acted as best man to the bride's father some twenty years ago or more.

The whole party adjourned to the Hamilton West Railway Station at 2.35 p.m. The happy couple (and they looked it) started for Okoroire Sanatorium by train, where they spend a short honeymoon. As the train moved out of the station their friends gave three hearty cheers, and wished them 'good luck.' The bride was attired in a neat navy blue serge travelling dress with Eton jacket and cream vest embroidered with gold, and a small blue hat with fashionable tartan trimmings. No less than twenty-seven relatives were present at the meeting, including the bride's grandmother, Mrs Coombe. In the evening, after all the excitement was over, the party enjoyed a family tea together.

The church was beautifully decorated by the bride's young friends and others, and one noticeable feature was a 'Wedding Bell' composed of white flowers, which was suspended near the rails over the heads of the bride and bridegroom, the artistic work of Mrs James Hume. This bell was afterwards taken home and hung over the wedding cake, together with a large heart composed of pink camellias, the effect being very pretty. Not being one of the weaker sex, I cannot undertake to describe the robes, etc. Suffice it to say that they were all nice, and in many cases handsome, as were many of the wearers. The bride, by general consent, was voted the bonniest that ever stood in front of the rails of St. Peter's altar, and all her friends wish her and her husband God speed.

The engagement has been announced between Mr Cooke, third master at the Boys' College, Nelson, and Miss Morgan of the Girls' College.

HASTINGS.

(Delayed.)

DEAR BEE, Things are looking up in the dancing line. I have heard rumours of two or three balls, which I believe are to come off in the near future...

A great number of people mustered at the 'Brow,' the residence of Mr Heale, from which place a start was to be made. The weather was perfect. The course was from the wood-shed to near Hampden, finishing not far from the starting point...

MAONI-LIFE.

Parliament at Waipatu Pah is to be dissolved to-morrow, consequently there were great doings to-day, and for the last time a haka was danced, which seemed to afford great amusement to the on-lookers...

NAPIER.

(Delayed.)

DEAR BEE, Progressive eucure seems to be as popular as ever this winter. Mrs J. W. Carlie gave a MOST DELICIOUS EUCURE PARTY, which was much enjoyed...

DOLLY.

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

It is a fact dreadful to contemplate, but true, notwithstanding, that commonplace men make the best husbands. Your genius generally thinks too much of himself to think much of anyone else.

But your plain nobody, who doesn't pretend to talent, takes woman as he finds her. He has never had any expectation of mating with an angel, and he is not disappointed by the earthiness of his fair one.

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes.

Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured by few simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of 2d stamp by

A. HUTTON DIXON, 43 & 45 EAST BLOOM STREET, TORONTO CANADA.

Scientific American

"KEATING'S LOZENGES." "KEATING'S LOZENGES."

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them."

"A TERRIBLE COUGH." "A TERRIBLE COUGH."

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED. UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

The above speaks for itself. From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using Keating's Cough Lozenges is understated. The operation was a specially severe one, and was performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Hutlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Since the operation the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD. WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Under date Sept. 8th, 1891, Mr. Hill again writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

Keating's Cough Lozenges, the unrivalled remedy for COUGHS, HOARSENESS, and THROAT TROUBLES are sold in time by all Chemists.

BATTLE OF THE TEAS! BATTLE OF THE TEAS!

The EMPIRE TEA COMPANY stands pre eminent as the largest importer of FINE TEAS in the colony.

BATTLE OF THE TEAS! BATTLE OF THE TEAS!

The Tea that is cheap and nasty detracts from the sum of human happiness.

BATTLE OF THE TEAS! BATTLE OF THE TEAS!

Life is not long enough to be nauseated for a single day with bad Tea.

BATTLE OF THE TEAS! BATTLE OF THE TEAS!

The EMPIRE TEA COMPANY make Quality the first consideration, Quality the last consideration; and Quality always. Purity and Quality combined with Value.

BATTLE OF THE TEAS! BATTLE OF THE TEAS!

With these honourable weapons we win

BATTLE OF THE TEAS! BATTLE OF THE TEAS!

EMPIRE TEA COMPANY, W. & G. TURNBULL & CO., PROPRIETORS, WELLINGTON.



"GRATEFUL RESULTS" Mrs. Lydia M. Tarbox, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

A Life of Suffering and Misery, without Sleep, without Appetite, with Bowels always Out of Order.

Restored to Health by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Last Spring, I was grievously afflicted with Biliousness and Liver Complaint. My mouth was in a terrible condition every morning, my tongue thickly coated, my breath was offensive, food distressed me, I suffered much from headache, my skin was sallow, and my bowels were always out of order. Sleep did not refresh me, nor did the many remedies recommended do me any good. At last I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and my improvement began almost from the first dose. It relieved the distress about my liver, regulated my bowels, caused food to set well on my stomach, cured my headache, improved my complexion, and restored my appetite. These unlooked for, but grateful, results were accomplished by only two and a half bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. LYDIA M. TARBOX, Altoona, Pa., U. S. A.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. Has cured others, will cure you.

COCKER'S FAMILY HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND

PATRONISED BY HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ONSLOW Five minutes from Rail and Post.

The most moderate first-class Hotel in Australasia. Inclusive tariff per day ... 10s 0d Ditto per week ... 23 3s 0d

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

Advertisement for PIESSE & LUBIN PERFUMERY FACTORS. SWEET SCENTS LOXOTIS OPOPONAX FRANGIPANNI BORONIA. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE GENUINE IS SIGNED.



LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.—THE NEWEST EVENING DRESSES.

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.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—A recipe for this would be gratefully received by—SHELLAC.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

CARROT PUDDING ('Patience').—I have a recipe for this. I wonder if it will suit you? Take equal quantities of grated raw potato and carrot, sultanas (washed, picked and dried), treacle, and beef suet finely chopped, and flour—a quarter of a pound of each would make a good family pudding—add one half-teaspoonful of baking powder, and mix all well together; tie the mixture in a cloth, allowing room for it to expand, and steam for three hours. This is a good pudding when milk and eggs are not at hand, as it requires nothing to make it really nice. Personally, I never boil puddings in a cloth. I always fancy they taste of it. A tallish tin, lined with buttered paper, half-filled with pudding mixture, well covered (and securely tied) with a piece of greased paper, then put into a pan of boiling water, the lid put on, and boiled for two or three hours, makes these puddings a delicate brown colour all over, instead of a nasty, sticky, pasty white. They always turn out well, and taste nice.

RECIPES.

SALMON PIE.—Boil some potatoes in the usual way, mash them with butter adding a little pepper, half fill a pie-dish, add your salmon and mix, flatten down into a pie, cover with a coating of bread crumbs and put little bits of butter over the top, bake a delicate brown and serve hot. I should say tinned salmon would be nice treated in a covered dish and then a sauce made with boiled milk and thickened with flour, parsley cut up fine could be added, not forgetting pepper, salt, and a lump of butter, boil for say ten minutes, serve in a sauce boat or over fish. Care should be taken not to burn the sauce, yet cook sufficiently to prevent a raw taste.—SUBSCRIBER.

ALL ABOUT TABLES.

As we are always willing to accept something new, especially in house-furnishing, I shall try to give ways in which tables may be constructed at a very small outlay.

Procure a board, 18 x 24 in a very nice size, and nail four legs to it. Pad the top with cotton, and cover the top with plush to harmonize with the room in which it is to be used. The next step is to purchase twenty-five or thirty feet of clothes-line rope. Double a length which reaches from the table to the floor, cut and unravel. Take a small wisp, double it, and stitch it to a narrow strip of cloth, which is long enough to reach around the table. Take wisp after wisp until your strip is full, then tack around the table. For a heading take rope, tacking it on in diamond design with brass-headed tacks. These rows will be quite sufficient, and the end of the rope can be concealed under the table. Trim the unravelled rope a few inches from the floor. The legs may be wound with rope or left in the plain wood.

Another table, which will be a reminder of long strolls and leafy delis, and is a good imitation of inland work, is made as follows: Gather leaves, green, and at different stages in their autumnal glory, and press with a moderately hot iron upon which spermaceti has been rubbed. This preserves their tints and prevents their wrinkling, which they will do if placed between the leaves of a book.

The table may be oblong or round, and as the writer prefers round, we will deal with it accordingly. Stain it black or cherry. Arrange your leaves in a wreath or two half-wreaths, sticking them tightly to the table with glue. Purchase a half-pint of white varnish. Varnish your table, letting it dry, and continue to varnish it until your leaves are varnished in and your table is quite smooth.

A pretty one may be made by using pansies instead of leaves. The varnish brings out the colour, and if neatly done is quite effective. Another can be made by using a cheese-box lid and three broomsticks. Secure the sticks in the middle, crossing them; wrap with wire and fasten with screw nails. Fasten the top on with screws; stain, and when draped with a dainty scarf, it is charming; use for holding a card tray or a bookish plant. Tie a bow of ribbon to hide the wire which fastens the legs together.

Still another suggests itself to my mind, not so substantial perhaps, but quite a novelty. Three broomsticks are used fastened together as just described, and for a top use three plain palm-leaf fans, one for each rod. Secure in place with screws. Decorate with bows of ribbon.

Old stands and tables that have subserved their usefulness or those bought at an auction very cheaply, can be made to out-ride the expensive ones in furniture stores, by sandpapering all roughness off and applying two coats of white paint, and touching up here and there with gilt, and then varnishing.

B. HOLLAND WILSON.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

THE NEWEST EVENING DRESSES.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 525.)

THE illustrations this week are very tasteful, which is more than can be said for all the newest evening dresses.

The first is a party dress for a girl. It is made in lemon satin arab. The short skirt is edged with a double frill, and a trimming of ombre-green velvet, and bright green moiré ribbon, enriched with iridescent green sequins, spangles, and baby ribbon. The bodice has an ombre-green and black velvet corset, edged with sequins, and a broad sash of the lemon satin with a puffed bow. A similar bow in velvet finishes the waist behind. Full chemisette of ivory crêpe de Chine, with band of sequins round the throat. The sleeves have upper puffs of velvet, with lemon close-fitting cuffs bordered to match the skirt. Chiffon ruffles, edged with sequins.

No. 2, child's evening frock, with straight sides and Watteau back of chartruese-green crêpon. Full front of deep cream Bengaline tucked across the chest. Square collar of Bengaline, edged with deep frills of guipure, and sleeves to match.

No. 3, young lady's dancing dress in pale blue mignonne silk with a pin spot. Skirt, with narrow silk frill and deep flounce of silk lace and lace insertion, festooned with bows of ribbon. Full bodice with Swiss belt of ribbon, with five little bows drawn through a paste buckle. Round the neck rich frills of Brussels lace, and ribbon bows on the shoulders. Full elbow sleeves.

No. 4, evening dress in semi-Empire style. The under part of pale pink silk is close fitting, Princess shape, with full yoke of pale blue velvet, confined under the bust with narrow velvet band, edged with tinsel braid. From this falls an Empire overdress of transparent écaré reticella net, bordered with guipure, and edged with narrow blue velvet and tinsel. Large Empire sleeves of pink silk, covered with net, and enriched with ruffles of guipure, and bows of pale blue velvet, edged with gold. This dress would also look remarkably well in black net over gold satin. The lace should be black, with the design outlined in gold thread.

A very lovely and elaborate trousseau has been prepared for the private wedding of Josephine, Baroness Kingswaten. The young lady is marrying without her father's consent, but by the Vienna law, he is obliged to provide for her according to his rank and means, and give her an outfit in proportion. He is immensely rich, and this is part of the trousseau. Picture to yourselves, fair readers, twelve dozen chemises of the finest linen and Brussels lace, all embroidered after they are made up—by hand, of course—for there is not a single machine stitch in the whole outfit. Nearly a hundred petticoats, flannel, batiste, muslin, and silk, each differently worked and differently trimmed, with jackets to match half of them; bed linen embroidered to the depth of a yard, with monograms so finely and clearly worked that the enameller could not do them with more exactness. The pocket-handkerchiefs are a separate work of art each—some with tiny bunches of lilies, or lilies of the valley, worked in colours—or inserted and edged with lace, the embroidery so fine that it should be viewed with a magnifying glass. There are about twenty toilettes, all in a noble, simple style, seldom in more than one colour, and if in two, most harmoniously blended.

HELOISE.

AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

Under this heading I am very pleased to reply to all queries that are genuine and helpful to the querist and others. Kindly write on one side of the paper only, and address to the Lady Editor.

IN answer to the question—Should women preserve their good looks artificially?

Mrs Belton writes:—'Most assuredly they should. There are many good women, moving in the best circles, who do not hesitate to avail themselves of every possible means of beautifying themselves. A lady I know every morning splashes about in a warm bath, laving herself with a small bag filled with almond meal, fine soap in powder, and sometimes some grated roots. This produces a perfumed lather, and imparts a soft milkiness to the water, and a flexibility and whiteness to the skin. Brisk rubbing removes the moisture, and then Madame goes to work, pummeling, kneading, and pinching, with perfumed hands, until she is a mass of delicate pink, and as fresh as a rose. The art of removing superfluous hair, of preventing and concealing wrinkles, of tightening up flaccid muscles and imparting plumpness to thin necks and arms, is in daily request in Mayfair, and some of the dodges for effecting these purposes are anything but pleasant. The Jersey Lily's discovered that fresh beef steaks placed over the face at night serve to ward off wrinkles has been tried in several cases, but whether with satisfactory results I do not know. A pretty burlesque actress retains her fresh complexion by performing her ablutions in warm milk and glycerine mixed. Her rosy lips are the envy of her sisters, and the admiration of her male friends. How she maintains her freshness is a mystery. She doesn't paint nor apply those terrible poisons such as were used by the famous Ninou de l'Enclous, who was beautiful almost until her last moments.'

I fancy that Mrs Langtry's beefsteaks were not a success, for I read in an English paper some time ago that her complexion is nothing like what it used to be, and is quite a source of trouble to her.

'Bessie' says:—'Do please agree with me that a little powder and a little rouge are quite allowable? I live in Auckland where it is very warm, and I am really obliged to use a little colouring when I go out. My friends say it is a great improvement, and that I am quite right to make myself look as nice as possible. A girl I know always powders before she goes to a dance, as she gets flushed and does not look at all nice then. How I should like to know what cosmetics that wonderful "She" in Mr Haggard's book used? I suppose it was all action, though.'

'Old Maid' is very emphatic. She writes: 'Certainly not! Woman is as the Creator made her, and He never intended her to use anything but clean water for her complexion or skin. Those filthy abominations of paints and powder and creams and oils are just delusions of the men who work on weak women's minds and try to sell their own goods at any cost to the purchaser. Pray do not land the countenance of such a sensible paper as the GRAPHIC to any nonsense about beautifying women by artificial or false means. It makes me sick to read of singers who "only wash their faces on a long journey with a little drop of eau-de-Cologne, or wipe them over with a little salve." Ugh!'

'Miss Fun' says: 'Why should we not be as beautiful as possible in every possible way? If I were a Maori I'd tattoo tremendously, because that is awfully becoming to me. As I am a white girl I don't mind confessing I do a little in the civilised way of improving my, ahem! good looks myself. These things were given for us to use, and I think we should be extremely stupid if we didn't avail ourselves of them.'

'Home Lovem'—Thank you very much. You are splendid!

'Inattentive Bill.'—I am sorry, but really I cannot print your verses. They are very complimentary, but they are not particularly poetical. This one, for instance, is not built in accordance with the lines laid down by true poets.

'Dear heart that lives on the blue Waitamata,
My love that I'm always after,
A smile won't you throw
(Captain Edwin's right, it does blow)
To your most admiring Graphite reader!

I think I am doing right in advising you to refrain from any further attempts at poetry. The other verses are in the waste-paper basket. They are even worse.

'Molly Bawn.'—Your story is fair, but the spelling and the punctuation would disgrace a child in the first standard. You write: 'She sat in a tring position with the head thrown back and a crnell branch, cacing her golden hair with a tinte of sunlite in its folds. Waving litlely in the breeze.' It would take me six months to correct it for you. Your writing is also bad.

Appropos of the recent articles in this paper on the folly of tight-lacing, I should like to call the attention of all fair readers to a sad case which has just occurred in Australia. A young lady there died in a railway-carriage quite suddenly, a direct victim, so said the doctor who conducted the inquest, to tight-lacing. Her poor lungs were so compressed that she could not breathe. Verb. sap.

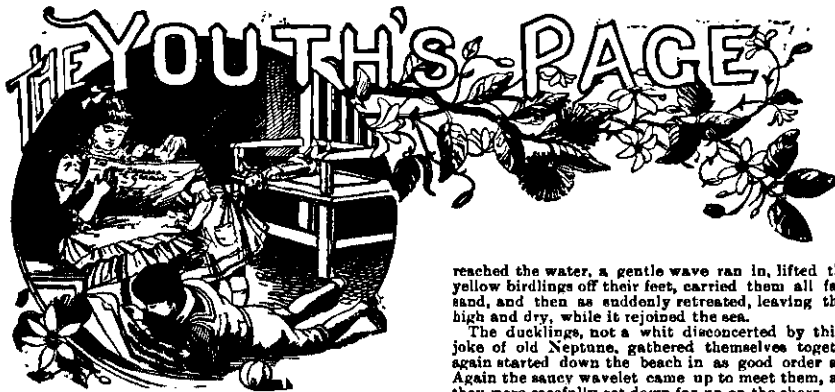
'Henrietta Maitland.'—I trust this will catch your eye. Thank you for your article. I regret that after consultation we have decided the subject is one of which for the present at least, we have had sufficient. Your article is also rather long, though well-written. You see it does not answer to have too much about one subject, and I recollect thanking you some little time ago for an essay on a similar subject. How shall I return it to you? Do you know anyone in Auckland who would call for it? And shall I put Miss H. Maitland on it? Will that be sufficient? Many thanks for the offer of it.

To an unknown correspondent: A very neatly-written note reached me this morning containing neither name nor address. I am always very pleased to receive any genuine account of social festivities, but, unless I know the writer, they must always be accompanied by the real name of the sender. I can assure you that this will be kept strictly to myself, and on no account disclosed to anyone. The little paragraph is nicely worded, too, and so delightfully clearly written. Many thanks for it; fair unknown, though, as you would see, it is exactly three days too late. All society news must reach me on Monday, and as early as possible. Of course anything happening on Monday night is received early on Tuesday morning. To ensure this, I have usually to make special arrangements for someone who has brothers in town to report for me, though all other reports, coming in time, will be added if they contain any fresh items.

'Daisy Diddle.'—A good wedding-dress, with good lace, always comes in afterwards, so it is money well-spent. Yes, I quite agree with you, silk will be more useful, it will always dye. Do not skimp your skirt; they are being worn so very much fuller, and if they are again reduced, you have always a spare breadth with which to make a fresh bodice, or add new sleeves. I like your ideas very much. Why should you feel obliged to go away for a honeymoon? If you wish to make some change, go off by train after the ceremony, take dinner and sleep at some place, within thirty miles, then come back quietly next day, and take possession of your new home. Your husband need only lose a day and a half from his business in this way. No, correspondents asking questions need not give their full names unless they like. Write again if I can help you at all. I wish you every happiness. My advice to newly-married people always is, 'Bear and forbear.'

HOW TO PEEL AN ORANGE.

IT is easy enough to peel an orange without staining the hands if one knows how to do it. The fibres of plants, including the fibres of oranges, all fork from the bottom upward, and it is in the attempt to split anything against the grain which makes splitting difficult. If one wants to peel an orange all that is necessary to be done is to cut with a knife a very small circle around the stem end, and then mark dividing lines from the stem to the summit—at points on the surface of the orange. The skin can then be drawn off as easily as one may draw a finger from a glove. This suggestion may not only apply to the peeling of an orange, but also to the splitting of a stick. Those who make hoops for barrels split the hoop in order to make them, but they do not begin with the top or slender portion of the pole and split downwards. They could not do this; but by taking the thicker end and working from the thick to the thin no trouble is found—the pole splits easily.



A NEW VERSION.

THE merry school-girls on the street,
Do oftentimes remind me,
Of the girl I never more shall meet;
'Tis 'the girl I left behind me.'

I once was young and very gay,
I nothing knew of sorrow;
I well enjoyed each happy day,
Nor thought I of to-morrow.

I thought that life was one sweet song,
Nor heeded timely warning;
To sorrow then I thought it wrong,
The world is fair at morning.

But, oh, amid the city's strife,
Where weary toil doth bind me;
Could she but cheer this lonely life
'The girl I left behind me!'

But time must pass, 'mid toil or pain
And bitter thoughts remind me,
I never can go back again
To the girl I left behind me.

And when this life shall have an end,
And toil no more shall bind me,
It may be I shall meet again
The girl I left behind me.

OPAL ESTERBROOK.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

- (1) Because there is not a single person in it.
- (2) Car-pet.
- (3)

	N	O	N	
A	R	R	O	L
B	R	O	W	N
A	L	L		
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BITS ABOUT BIRDS AND BEES.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

UNLESS we take the trouble to study closely for ourselves the ways and manners of the furred and feathered creatures that help so much to make our world attractive and interesting, we are apt to have the idea that everything 'comes natural' to them—that they do not have to learn things in the laborious way we have.

It seems that a pretty little wren built a nest for herself on a farm in such a position that the occupants of the house could watch what was going on without disturbing the proceedings. When her downy brood had arrived at the proper age, they did not take to singing of their own accord, so she set about teaching them.

Placing herself in front of them, as any other music-teacher would do, she sang her whole song slowly and distinctly. One of the little fellows immediately attempted to imitate her, but after getting out a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The little mother thereupon commenced where the learner had failed, and went very carefully through the remainder. The young one tried again, beginning where it had left off, and continuing as long as it could, and when the notes were once more lost, the mother patiently took up the tune and finished it. Then the other resumed where it had broken down, and persevered, until in its turn it reached the end. This accomplished, the mother sang over the whole series of notes from the start with great precision, her pupil following her carefully, and so they kept it up until the little thing had the whole song by heart. The same course was followed with the other occupants of the nest until each of them had become a perfect songster, and the proud mother's task was finished.

Now that little incident shows clearly how patient and persevering even a bird can be, and the same point is illustrated by what another observer saw on the sea-shore one summer afternoon. It was a lovely day, and the tide was gently making its way up the beach, sending glistening wavelets on ahead that advanced and retired with musical murmurings. Presently a party of callow ducklings came waddling soberly into sight. They were evidently very young, but they had a mind for a swim, and made no doubt of being able to enjoy it on a body of water so large and tempting as the Atlantic Ocean.

With all the dignity of ducks this party went down the beach. They were in no haste. The whole afternoon was before them, the sun was warm, they had just had dinner, and they were ready to enjoy themselves. Just as they

reached the water, a gentle wave ran in, lifted the pretty yellow birdlings off their feet, carried them all far up the sand, and then as suddenly retreated, leaving them there high and dry, while it rejoined the sea.

The ducklings, not a whit disconcerted by this shabby joke of old Neptune, gathered themselves together, and again started down the beach in as good order as before. Again the saucy wavelet came up to meet them, and again they were carefully set down far up on the shore.

Were they discouraged by this or did they go off in a huff at the ocean's aggravating behaviour? Not a bit of it! They wanted a swim, and a swim they would have. So once more they made the attempt, just as dignified, just as amiable, just as earnest about it, as if they had not hitherto been provokingly thwarted. Of course they met the same fate, but as long as the observer had time to watch them, this amusing game went on—the wavelets carrying the ducklings back, and the ducklings renewing the charge patiently and persistently during the long lovely afternoon.

What a lesson may be learned from them, if we will only take it!

An even more curious performance, and one that we would like to have the opinion of Sir John Lubbock upon, was witnessed near Falkirk in Scotland on a Sunday morning not long ago. While walking near a bee-hive, a gentleman observed two bees coming out bearing between them the body of a dead comrade, with which they flew a distance of about ten yards. He followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel-wall, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they put over it two little stones, apparently 'in memoriam.' Their task ended, they buzzed about the tiny grave for a minute, as if reluctant to leave, and then flew back to the hive to report what they had done.

Have any of my readers met with similar experiences to these? There is much yet to be learned about both birds and bees.

MR GLADSTONE'S FAVOURITES.

THE great English statesman, Mr Gladstone, has a little grandchild to whom he is devoted, and her name is Dorothy Drew. Dorothy is a frequent companion of the Grand Old Man (as his admirers affectionately call him) when he is at his country seat in Wales, and an even more constant attendant upon him is the Pomeranian dog Petz.

A correspondent of the London *Daily Graphic* says: 'Every morning the dog will wait outside the door of Mr Gladstone's dressing-room in order to accompany him on his daily walk to morning service at the church. Petz's favourite diversion is running after sticks—a game that never seems to tire him—and no one is fonder of joining in the game with him than Mr Gladstone himself. Nearly all the ex-cabinet ministers, when visiting Hawarden Castle, have had to contribute in this way to Petz's amusement.'

'Mr Gladstone often tells a pretty little story of the dog's pertinacity. Engaged in tree-felling one day, with Petz as his companion, Mr Gladstone paid more attention to his favourite recreation than Petz deemed consonant with his own claims to notice. Whereupon he kept picking up chips, and carrying them to Mr Gladstone's feet, as a hint that he wanted them thrown for him to fetch. Determined to tire him out if possible for once, Mr Gladstone continued at his task. He was, however, unable to resist Petz's final move, when he brought up a larger chip, and dropped it right on to his master's boot, accompanying the action with a most distressful and appealing glance into his face.'

TOOTS AND TINY.

TOOTS and Tiny did not always live in the pretty brass cage that hangs in our window. They were born in a home among the alder-bushes along the bank of the sparkling river, where their brilliant father sang all the bright day to their patient dusky-brown mother as she brooded them under her wings.

There were four brothers and sisters in the nest with them, the soft blue sky above them, the green branches around them, and the winds to rock them to sleep.

It was there that Sister Nell found them one day when the father and mother were searching for food to stop their hungry cries.

All the frightened birdlings escaped but two when Nell's hand closed over the nest. Those two were our Toots and Tiny. Nell brought them home and put them in the pretty brass cage. She fed them on nice seed and egg paste, and soon they forgot their wild home, and were as contented and cunning as only goldfinches can be.

Toots soon wore a beautiful gold and black coat like his father's, and Tiny's wings became the exact colour of her dusky mother's.

They have learned all sorts of cute tricks, and the funniest thing of all is to bear them sing when Nell holds a hemp seed up and says,

'Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper.'

Then Toots swells his little throat and sings impatiently, watching her sharply with his bright eyes, while Tiny chirps loudly, until they both get the coveted dainty. They will ring a tiny bell when the seed-box is empty, and kiss us when they're told.

Oh, money cannot buy our Toots and Tiny from us, and yet—perhaps they are longing for their home among the alders.

Sometimes there is a flash of gold and black in the lilacs outside of the window, and a song wilder and freer than Toots ever sings. Do you think it is the father hunting for his children? And do they want to fly away with him? I wish I knew.

WHAT THE CAT THOUGHT.

ONE night, because the clouds were thick and hid the world completely, the little star-children cried to each other, 'Come, let us give a party, for the curtain is drawn, and the stupid earth-people cannot watch us with their long eyes.' Now this same night little Robin went into his garden to see if the cat had come home from hunting, and when he looked up through the hole the south wind had made, there were all the stars smiling and winking and dancing about; but as soon as they spied him, they ran away and hid.

Then Robin hurried into the house to tell Cornelia. Cornelia was hemming dusters, and she tied a knot in her thread—quite a large knot—before she said:

'The stars, Robin, did not run away, as you wrongly imagine. Those were meteors. To-day is the twelfth of August; from the tenth to the thirtieth of August inclusive meteors abound. If you would pay more attention to such facts you would have fewer foolish notions.'

Then Robin winked very hard and went out of the door, and there was the cat; so he sat down beside her and whispered all about it, and the cat snatched her ears, which meant: 'Of course the stars ran away. They often do. I wouldn't take any notice of Cornelia.' But perhaps she said this because Cornelia was so very particular about the cream pitcher.

How can I tell?

'IMPORTANT.'

A FRENCH gentleman, engaged upon a profound scientific work, rang for his valet. Then he sat down at his table and wrote a note: 'Kindly send someone to arrest the cook. She has stolen my pulse.' This he directed to the chief of police.

The valet appeared, and while waiting for his master to finish writing he picked up something that was lying under the table. As he took the note he said, 'Monsieur, here is your pulse. I found it under the table.'

'Ah, just in time. Give me the note, Jean.' He added this postscript: 'I have found my pulse. It is unnecessary to send anyone,' and handed the letter to the valet, saying, 'Deliver this at once. It is important.' Then he went back to his work.

THE BAT.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

INSTANCE OF TRUE GRATITUDE.

IN London there is a street stand called the 'Donna' where, in winter, hot, nourishing food is sold at half-cost to unemployed London Labourers. One lady who serves at the Donna counter gives in *Longman's Magazine*, the following touching instance of true gratitude on the part of a man who, almost penniless, yet wished to make some return for the kindness of those who had enriched him by sympathetic speech and act.

'One cold, windy day, I saw among the men a poor fellow whose miserable appearance made him noticeable even among so many sad-looking creatures. The way in which he shuffled up to the counter, laid down a half-penny and asked for a slice of "pudden" showed that he was utterly out of heart. I gave him what he asked for, and an extra slice as well, saying, "I'm sure you could eat this, too."

'He looked up thoroughly surprised. I fancy it must have been a long time since any one had spoken a kind word to him. Then with mumbled thanks, he went away to eat his dinner. Presently, while still busy cutting up pudding, I saw my poor friend hastily approaching. He just glanced at me, and hurriedly laid a pair of boot-lacings on the counter at my side.

"That's for you, lady," he said, and walked off without another word.

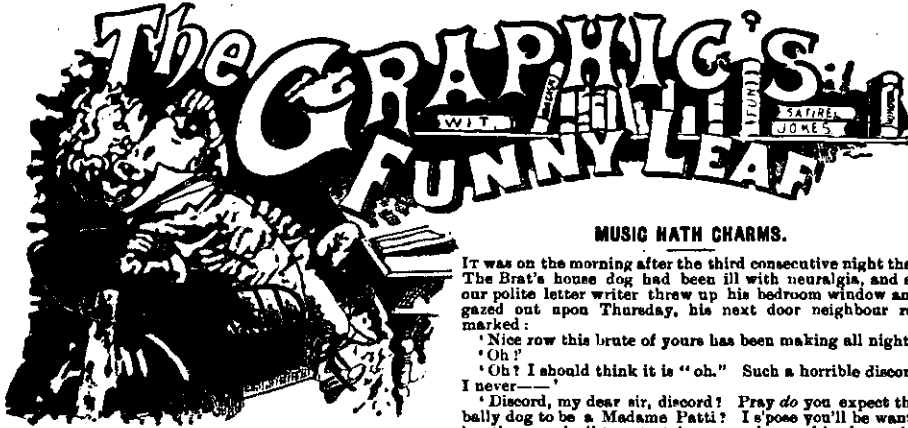
'I am by no means a sentimental person, but I really think I must keep those shoe-lacings always as the most touching gift I ever received.'

Come, let's to bed, says sleepy-head.
Tarry awhile, says slow.
Put on the pot, says greedy-got,
We'll sup before we go.

**Mrs. S. A. Allen's
World's
Hair Restorer**

Quickly changes gray or faded hair to its natural colour. A perfect hair dressing, delicately perfumed.

It is not a dye.



A BAD TRUTH.

We loved her for her witching ways
(She always acted so discreetly),
And won my lady mother's praise,
By drawing quietly and neatly.
Her occupation, as we guessed,
Was governance to low-bred City
People with oof, and all the rest,
And voted 'twas an awful pity.

Each Sunday twice she went to church
(And so did I, but that's digression),
I left all pleasure in the lurch
To watch her Quaker-like expression.
And really I can recollect
The way I lingered, thrilled with pleasure,
At thoughts of walks with her. Reflect,
I thought her quite a perfect treasure

Until the fatal moment when
My blissful moments found dispersal.
We met one morning (just on ten),
And she was going—to rehearsal.
'Rehearsal where?' I asked, agitated,
Without a feeling of frivolity.
'The theatre,' she said at last,
'I'm in the first row at the "Jollity."'

DIDN'T WANT TO BE RUDE.

At a cricket match played in the park of Lord Sheffield during the past season there was a scarcity of available talent. It was necessary, in consequence, to secure the services of one of the footmen of the hall as umpire. In due course Lord Sheffield, his master, went in, and the village bowler was put on. The second ball his lordship stopped with his leg, and the cry of 'How's that?' was raised. It was the footman who had to answer, and, turning to his master he exclaimed, in a half-apologetic tone—
'I'm afraid I must say "Not at home," my lord.'
'Not at home?' cried his lordship. 'What do you mean?'
'Well, then, my lord,' Jaemes made answer, 'if you will have it, I mean that you're *hout*!'

SOMEWHAT EGOTISTICAL.

BISMARCK: 'Is the emperor troubled with ophthalmia?'
Herbert: 'Not that I know of. Why?'
Bismarck: 'From his remarks, I should say he had some "I" disease.'

A STUDY IN HEREDITY.

EFFIE'S MOTHER: 'I am surprised, Effie—surprised and ashamed—to see a big girl like you crying over a broken doll. Why, you are nothing but a great calf.'
Precocious Damsel of Ten: 'Mother, ear, recall—recall that epithet! Think—think of that little word of three letters which is the only one I can use in describing a calf's mother!'

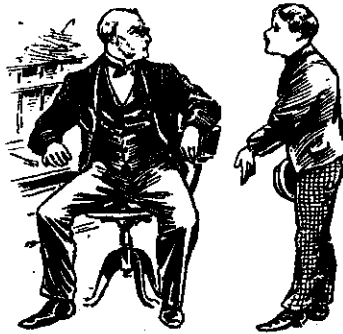


A LITTLE WENT A LONG WAY.

BOY: 'Please give me twopennyworth of castor oil, and give me short measure, too.'
Chemist: 'Short measure? Why?'
Boy: 'Cos I've got to take it myself.'

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

It was on the morning after the third consecutive night that The Brat's house dog had been ill with neuralgia, and as our polite letter writer threw up his bedroom window and gazed out upon Thursday, his next door neighbour remarked:
'Nice row this brute of yours has been making all night.'
'Oh.'
'Oh! I should think it is "oh." Such a horrible discord I never—'
'Discord, my dear sir, discord! Pray do you expect the bally dog to be a Madame Patti? I s'pose you'll be wanting the poor devil to entertain you and your friends on the flute or the fiddle, or something next!'



COULD FILL THE PLACE.

CITY MERCHANT (to applicant for post of office boy): 'Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office?'
Boy: 'Know enough, sir? Why I left my last place because the gov'nor said I knew more than he did.'

'MELIAR HANN AGAIN.

BY OUR OFFICE BOY.

I NEERLY fainted! I reely neerly did! Wot do you think? The other nite, wen I had left the offfis, and was walkin' down Queen-street, feelin' very miserabel about nothink, who should I run into but 'Meliar Hann? I was so taken abak that you could have noked me down with a life preserver. Yea, it was 'Meliar Hann, owaly growed so stouter that I should hardly have knowed her but for her luvly orburn here.
'Meliar Hann? I reclaimed, 'is it reely yu?'
'Yea, Munkey!—Munkey was always her pet name for me, tho' I karn't say I like it much—she sed, coolly; 'and I see it's yu by yure ugliness.'
'Take my arm, 'Meliar,' I offered, not noticing the insult.
'No me! Yu'll have to grow taller, and get a new nose, and new clogs, afore I do that, Munkey, she sed.
'I'm afraid it will take yeers for all that to kum to pass,' I sighed; 'but how are yu, 'Meliar?'
'Bloomin'.'
'Yu look it. Yu've blossomed out since I larst saw yu!'
'Melia,' I remarked; 'I s'pose yu ain't marrid yet?'
'The idear!' tosin' her orburn heid.
'Thank 'eaven!' I breathed to myself, for I felt all my old lav tromblin' in my buzzum like a jelly; and then I thort of my rive.
'Wot's bekum of that feller wot used to stand on his bed in sirkus, 'Meliar?' I asked.
'Oh, he's gone off his hed, now; he's konfined in a loonetic asylum.'
''Meliar,' I sed, gravely; 'I hope yu didn't drive him there?'
'No, he went by train.'
'I mense, did yure kondukt drive him mad, the same as it neerly drove me to kommit secesside?'
'Oh, no; a horse kicked him on the hed, and it afected his brane. They say it's lucky to find a horse's shoe, but it ain't lucky to find it on sum part of yure body, is it? she sed with a lite larf.
'And wot are yu doin' now, 'Meliar?' I asked.
'I'm in service, and I must be off, or I shall ketch it. Ta-ta, Munkey!'
'Wun moment, 'Meliar!' I cried, seizin' her hand; 'are we to part like this? Won't yu give me a look of yure luvly—'
'Now, look here,' she sed, angrily; 'if yu dare to make fun of my here, just becaws it's—'
'Orburn, 'Meliar,' I murmured.
'Well, orburn; I'll box yure cabbage-leaves of ears! So there!'
'I wasn't makin' fun of it, 'Meliar,' I sed reproachfully.
'I think it's butifal; and it looks so warm and cheer'ful this kold wether, and—'
'Oh, my ear, 'Meliar!'
'I told yu I woud!'
'Well, 'Meliar,' I sed intensely, 'yu kno yu re the owly girl I ever loved. Give me jist wun littel kiss, darlin', afore—'
'Oh, go and eat koke!' she reclaimed, rudely, tearing her hand away, and vanishing from my yurning gaze.
'Oh, it's too bad! To think that the only girl I ever loved should tell me to 'Go and eat koke!' Go and eat—
Go and —!!! Go —!!!! Oh!!!!



A BAD CASE.

LAWYER (meeting friend in the street): 'I'm sorry for you, Short; but Snipps the tailor has put his account against you in my hands for collection.'
Short: 'And you're going to try and collect it, eh? Well, I'm sorry for you. Ta, ta, old man; you know my address.'

TRY TO SMILE.

SCENE: Kent-street, Sydney. Two rival mobs of larrikins meet, the leaders each held back by their respective factions. Captain of the 'Rocks' Push (foaming at the mouth): 'If yer let's me go, strikes me pink if I don't bash in' bloomin' 'ed in!' Captain of the Riley-street Talent (gnashing his teeth): 'Ere, *down!* 'old me back. Let me paralyse 'im with me sciance!'

HUSBAND: 'I never saw such a woman as you, Mary, you are everlastingly reading books.'
Wife: 'Yea, I find them very interesting.'
'It's a pity I ain't a book, then you might take some interest in me.'
'I wouldn't object if you were the right kind of a book.'
'What sort of a book do you think a husband ought to be?'
'An almanac; so that I could get a new one every year?'

That's not a bed yarn they are telling about a couple of burglarious gentlemen who 'cracked a little crib' not far from Wellington the other evening. They had made rather more noise than they bargained for in getting in at the kitchen window, and one of them heard a voice.
'D'ye hear that, Jim?' said one, catching the other by the sleeve, 'that's a lady's voice.'
'Grandmother!' ejaculated the other; 'that aint no lady, it's a parrot—I spotted it this arternoon.'
Just then an angry female voice was heard down the staircase—
'Who the — is down there? Stay where you are, you — son of a gun, you're in the wrong — box this time! I've got a revolver.'
The cracksmen who had first spoken turned to the other in disgust—
'See? I know a lady when I 'ear one—I told ye it was no bloomin' parrot!'

BETWEEN THE AC'S.

MR TIPTEL: 'I'm—er—just going out to see a man my dear.'
Mrs Tittel: 'Well, I wish you'd bring a little of him back in a bottle with you—I feel thirsty!'



THE RULE REVERSED.

BLUFFINGTON (writing his name in the hotel register): 'I pay as I go.'
Lady Clerk: 'Gentlemen without luggage pay as they come in this hotel, sir.'