

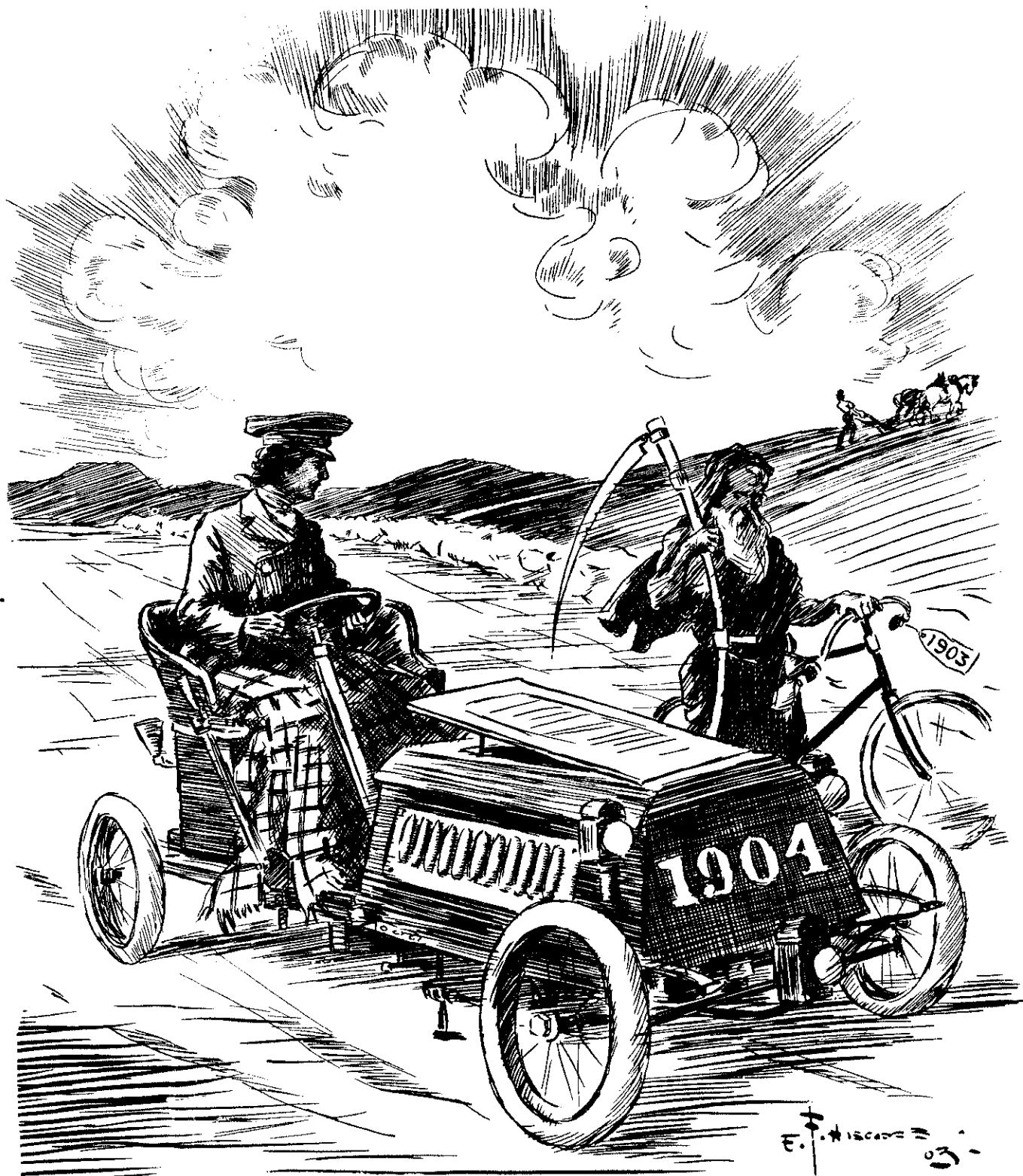
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXXII. - No. 1.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1904.

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**ENTER 1904.**

FATHER TIME: "There Miss New Zealand, is a machine with which I expect to see you beat all previous records."

# People Talked About

## A Venerable Methodist.

The oldest Methodist preacher in the world—the Rev. T. N. Hull, of Dalkey, County Dublin, passed away on December 5th last, full of years and honour.

Many of the facts of Mr Hull's career are of peculiar interest. He was born at sea on August 14, 1806. His father was an officer in the army of H.M. King George the Third, and was on his way to Egypt with his regiment when his son first saw the light. Countermarching orders were, however, received, and the squadron returned to Plymouth, where the infant was baptized, receiving the name of Neptune to commemorate his marine birth.

During his childhood Mr Hull resided with his mother at Donaghadee, co. Down. In 1826 he entered the ministry, and after eleven years' service in Carlow, Wexford, Sligo, Dublin, and Belfast, sought a foreign appointment, on account of the delicate state of Mrs Hull's health. He was sent to Malta, where he spent two years, and a like period afterwards at Gibraltar. Then, after serving for two years under the direction of the Missionary Committee, Mr Hull was sent, in 1849, to Australia, where he spent five years in Adelaide, and another year at York-street, Sydney. In 1855 he returned to the Home work, and was appointed successively to Dublin (Centenary), Cork, Belfast (Frederick-street), and Dublin (Rath-mines), spending the full term of three years in each of these important circuits. In 1867 Mr Hull retired from the



THE LATE REV. THOMAS T. NEPTUNE HULL.

active work, and settled in Dalkey, co. Dublin.

Mr Hull's term in Australia coincided with the great rush to the gold-diggings, and he did good service both among the older colonists and the crowds of immigrants, gaining great favour with the people, and being presented with fine oil-paintings of himself and his wife. Mr Hull was a very able preacher, and a fine, tall, handsome, courtly gentleman, of imposing presence. Possessing private means, he was in all his circuits a most generous giver. Among his brethren he was always held in the highest esteem as a man of spotless character. For some years he had been incapacitated for regular work.

## A Strange Little Island.

Half-way between Samoa and Fiji, on the steamer-route, lies an atoll named Niou-Foon, the most outlying island of the Kingdom of Tonga. Perhaps one man in the proverbial thousand knows that there is such a spot on the map, and the proportion of those who know anything more definite about it is considerably less. Still, small as it is, there are several facts connected with it that make it very interesting. There are two settlements on this island, which may be best described as an extinct volcano, the principal one being on the northern coast, where there is a gap in the rocks. This is the only spot where boats can enter, and even here they have to wait for suitable weather.



MR. E. STEVENSON, OF THE SLAPOFFSKI CONCERT CO., NOW TOURING N.Z., PLAYING ON THE REMARKABLE "STROH VIOLIN."

Cargo is lightered either to or from the steamers or trading vessels, and worked ashore by a gibbet crane. The inhabitants—about a thousand in number—are Tongans, and there are only two or three trading stations, one of them being a branch of the big German firm of Samoa, the D.H.P.G. Like all the Paci-

fic Islands, Niou-Fou is very fertile, and is specially noted for the great size of its cocoa-nuts. Ornithologists know it as the only habitat of the Matau Magopodius Britchardt, a bird re-

markable for laying an egg large out of all proportion to the size of its body. The method of delivering ocean mails to the islanders is decidedly out of the common. The photograph on this

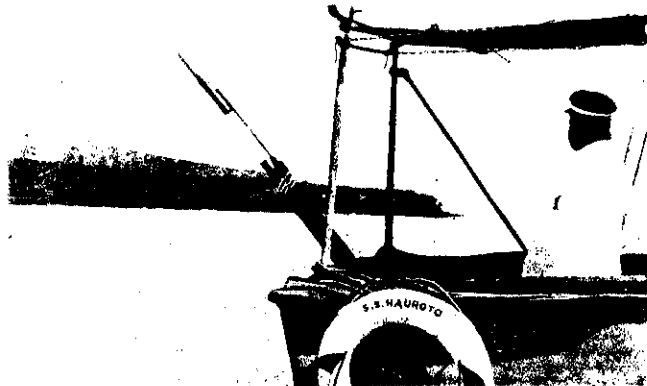
page explains the process. If any of the steamers running between Samoa and Fiji have anything in the way of mail matter for Niou-Fou they run in close to the rocky shore, and without reducing the speed of the engines the mail is sent ashore to the settlement by a rocket fired from the bridge, the package being made fast to the stick. The natives watch the flight of the fiery mailman, and when they have captured it they fire a gun to let the steamer people know that the mail has arrived in good order and condition. As an instance of the promptness of this unique delivery, Mr. Bond, of the Union S.S. Co. (to whom we are indebted for these facts about the island), tells that when the newspapers containing the news of the death of the Emperor Frederick II. were shot ashore the islanders had their flag lowered to half-mast before the steamer had passed. In the photograph we publish Captain Newton, of the Hauroto, acting as postman.

A peculiar feature about the island is a brackish lake, situated in what might be called its crater. In the centre of this sheet of water are three very small islets, where there are signs of thermal action, and, strangely enough, they contain springs of fresh water, which is somewhat surprising, as the lake right alongside is distinctly brackish and unfit to drink. Like many of the islands in those latitudes, Niou-Fou is subject to seismic disturbances at intervals.



THE LATE MR HUCKERIDGE,

who was killed by a fall on the deck of the two-and-a-half ton yacht Kia Ora, in which he and a companion named Sowden were attempting to sail round the world. The fatality occurred during the first week in December, about 300 miles off the Chatham Islands.



DELIVERING THE MAILS AT NIOU-FOOU.



THE VERY LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, PRINCESS VICTORIA, THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT, AND THE PRINCESSES MARGARET AND PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

THERMAL SPRINGS, WONDERLANDS, SCENIC EXCURSION ROUTES, AND HEALTH-GIVING SPAS.

## TE AROHA.

A beautifully situated health and holiday resort at the foot of the Aroha Mountain, 115 miles South of Auckland; accessible by rail direct or by steamer and railway via the Thames. It has several good hotels and boarding-houses. There is a large supply of hot mineral water, with excellent public and private BATHS. The hot waters are efficacious in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Eczema, and other Skin Diseases, and in Disorders of the Urinary Organs, Liver and Spleen; also in ailments due to excess of acidity. Dr. Kenny is the Government Resident Medical Officer, and may be consulted. Male and Female Attendants in charge of the Baths. There are two Tennis Courts and a Bowling Green in Public Domain adjoining the Bathing Pavilion.

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

**ROTORUA**, on the shores of the lake of the same name, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles South of Auckland, with which city it is connected by a daily railway service. It is the Centre of New Zealand's Thermal Wonderland, and its unequalled natural Hot Mineral Waters are sure remedies for many painful and distressing ailments. The climate is healthy and temperate; there are several large and comfortable hotels and many boarding-houses. Easy facilities for side-trips are provided by steamer, coach and buggy. **Spouting Geysers** (including WAIMANGU, the largest in the world), boiling springs and lakes, miniature volcanoes and other thermal marvels abound.

**The Government Gardens** cover 250 acres of the lake-side. Lovely flowers; artificial geysers; ornamental shrubberies; winding walks; lakelet covered with native water fowl. Pleasant recreation grounds; afternoon tea; music. Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns, and Bowling Greens are provided.

### PARTICULARS OF THE BATHS.

**THE HOT SPRINGS OF ROTORUA** are beneficial in a very large number of cases of Chronic and Subacute Disease; more especially in cases of Chronic Rheumatism and in Convalescence from Acute Rheumatism, in Gout, in Rheumatoid Arthritis, and in such local manifestations as Sciatica and Lumbago, in Peripheral Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when of central origin, in Neurasthenia, and in certain cases of Hysteria, and in certain Eterine complaints; in many diseases due to failure of excretory organs such as the Liver or Kidneys, and in many skin diseases.

**THE PRIEST'S BATH.**—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and albuminous sulphur nature, acting as a powerful stimulant to the skin, relieving pain and stiffness, and stimulating the circulation. Hot douches and cold showers are provided for use after the bath.

**THE RACHEL PUBLIC BATHS**, supplied by the Rachel Spring, are immersion baths like the Priest, but the water is of a bland, alkaline nature, and distinctly sedative in its effects.

**THE RACHEL PRIVATE BATHS** are also supplied by the Rachel Spring. In addition to privacy, there is the advantage of obtaining a bath at any desired temperature. Special baths and towels are reserved for those suffering from skin diseases.

**THE POSTMASTER BATH** is similar in nature to the Priest, but the waters are even more acid and stimulating.

**THE SULPHUR VAPOUR BATH.**—This is a natural hot vapour, highly charged with sulphur gases, conducted into a properly constructed box, in which the patient sits, while Sulphur in an impalpable form is constantly deposited on the skin.

**LOCAL SULPHUR VAPOUR BATHS**, for treatment of a single limb or a part of a limb, are available.

**THE MUD BATHS.**—A part or the whole of the body is immersed in hot mineral mud. These baths are especially useful in cases of stiff joints and localised pain.

**THE AIX MASSAGE BATHS.**—These baths, only recently opened, are in charge of trained operators. Various kinds of powerful douches, under high pressure, play upon the body, while at the same time massage and various manipulations are employed. The installation, though at present comparatively small, is very complete, while the Rachel water possesses in a very high degree the "glairy" quality which makes the waters of Aix les Bains so peculiarly fitted for massage purposes. There is no bath in the Southern Hemisphere to compare for a moment with this.

**THE DUCHESS BATHS.** These consist of a large hot, covered Swimming Bath and two sets of private baths. For those who desire a luxurious bath at a reasonable price there is no better bath in the world than the Duchess. In addition to the Duchess Swimming Bath, there are

**THE BLUE BATH**, an open air hot swimming bath, fed by the Manfrey Geysers, and furnished with cold shower baths; and

**THE LADIES' PAVILION SWIMMING BATHS**, an open air hot bath, similar in arrangement to the Blue Bath, but fed by the Rachel Spring.

**THE NEW BATHS** now in course of construction will, in point of completeness and luxury of baths and appliances, rival the most famous baths of the Old World, and in the variety of Mineral Waters supplied they will completely eclipse any other baths in existence.

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters are obtainable at Rotorua.

### THE GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM

The charge for admission to the Government Sanatorium at Rotorua is 30/ per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. On leaving the accommodation being limited, and the great demand for beds, intending patients are advised to secure accommodation in advance. Patients recommended by Hospital or Charitable Aid Boards and members of duly registered Friendly Societies are admitted at 21/ per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

The Government Bacteriologist, ARTHUR S. WOLLMAN, M.D., B.S., London, M.B.C.S., L.R.C.P., Eng., is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by WILLIAM R. CRAIG, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.). Either of these medical officers may be consulted at the Sanatorium or will, on request, attend at visitors' residences.

### TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the mammoth Waimangu Geyser, which frequently hurls its water, mud, and stones a thousand feet into the air. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and lands passengers at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence, boats convey the visitors across Lake Tarawera. A short portage is crossed, and a boat trip is made across Rotomahana, a wonderful lake, where excursionists may be rowed over boiling water. The one visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. Government accommodation house at Waimangu.

### LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This fine lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest-clad mountains, is accessible from Wairoa (Hawke's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Wairoa. From Wairoa a coach leaves for Waikaremoana bi-weekly at 7 a.m., arriving at the Lake the same evening. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well-equipped house, established recently by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana, for the accommodation of tourists. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely, little neighbouring lake of Waikareiti. Oil-launch and rowing-boats are available for use of visitors at moderate charges.

**MOHERE** may be visited from Wairoa. It has hot mineral waters, but the baths are at present in a very primitive state. Hotel accommodation is available.

### HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

These hot mineral springs, at which is established a Government Spa, are situated on a healthy plateau of the North Canterbury Plains, 1218 feet above sea level. The climate is excellent, the air clear, bracing and invigorating. Hanmer is easily reached in one day from Christchurch by train to Culverden, thence by coach. Accommodation may be obtained at the Government Spa, Manager, Mr. James Barling Gould. Natural hot mineral private baths are provided; also, hot air and douche baths and massage. The springs are sulphuretted saline water, possessing valuable properties for both external and internal use in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, certain forms of Indigestion, Kidney Complaints, and Skin Diseases. Inhalation in certain forms of Bronchitis and Asthma is also found effective. Dr. Little visits Hanmer Spa on behalf of the Government. Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn, and Bowling Green are provided for the use of visitors.

### SOUTHERN ALPS. MOUNT COOK.

The Hermitage Hotel (under the control of the Tourist Department) is situated near Mount Cook (12,340 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (2500 feet above sea level) is reached by rail from Christchurch and Dunedin to Fairlie, thence by coach. On the coach journey a night is spent at Lake Pukaki, where there is a Government Hotel. Guides, horses, and Alpine equipment obtainable at the Hermitage. Alpine buses with bedding, etc., at elevations of 3400 feet and 5700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted at the Hermitage Hotel.

### LAKE WAKATIPU.

The Southern Lakes are unsurpassed for the grandeur of their surroundings. Wakatipu is the most easily accessible. Queenstown, on the shores of this lake, is reached in one day from Invercargill or Dunedin, by train to Kingston, thence by Government steamer 25 miles. From Queenstown the Government steamers run to the head of the lake, past scenes of majestic beauty. Meals are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mt. Earnshaw (8300 feet), Paradise, the Rouburn Burn Lake, and other places of remarkable scenic charm. Comfortable hotels in the district.

### LAKE TE ANAU AND MILFORD SOUND.

The overland route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is one of the finest scenic tracks known. Te Anau is reached from Dunedin and Invercargill by train and coach. The coach journey from Invercargill is 50 miles, thence a coach journey of 52 miles lands the traveller on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 38 miles long) is Glade House, available for the accommodation of visitors; here a guide is obtained for the overland Alpine trip. There are huts at convenient distances on the road to the Sutherland Falls, the highest in the world (1904 feet). Accommodation house at Milford Sound, in the midst of majestic and sublime scenery. Oil launch on Milford Sound. Lake Manapouri is easily accessible from Lake Te Anau.

## ALL INFORMATION

as to Charges, Fares, etc., in connection with the above and other Tourist Resorts in the colony may be obtained free on application to the GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT OF TOURIST AND HEALTH RESORTS, WELLINGTON, or on enquiry at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin, or Invercargill. Information is also supplied at the London Office by the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves), Westminster Chambers, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.; and by Mr. J. G. Gow, Commercial Agent for New Zealand, Durban, South Africa. For details as to routes, fares, and time-tables, see Tourist Department's Itinerary.

Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department,

The Hon. Sir JOSEPH Q. WARD, K.C.M.G.

Superintendent, T. E. DONNE, Wellington, N.Z.

Cable Address:—"MAORILAND."

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# ➤ A RACE WITH RUIN. ➤

By HEADON HILL.

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Author of "Guilty Gold," "The Queen of Night," "By a Hair's Breath," "The Peril of the Prince," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

Inspector Croal did not quit the pleasant riverside village immediately. It being Sunday, trains were few and far between, and finding on reaching the station that there was nothing to take him back to town for a couple of hours, he strolled up the street in search of refreshment.

There was only one inn in the place, the Angler's Rest—a snug, bow-windowed house fronting on the village green, with a lawn behind, running down to a little landing-stage, where a few punts and a skiff or two were moored. Croal walked into the low-ceiled coffee-room, and was there joined by a plump landlady who took his order for a chop and a pint of bitter with voluble affability.

When she had departed Croal walked to the window and looked out on the gently gliding stream, seeing but not thinking of the fussy steam launches and pleasure-boats that met his abstracted gaze. He was not at all disheartened by the result of his journey, having, as he thought, narrowed the inquiry to the time subsequent to the trial spin. And even in the anonymous telegram itself, abortive though it was for the moment, it might have its uses in directing his research into channels he would not otherwise have thought of. He was far too thorough in his methods to dismiss "Parker's" from the investigation because his first essay in that direction had led him to a mare's nest, and he promised an early call in Red Lion Court.

Having settled this point, he turned from the window, and to pass the time began to idly scan the pages of a "visitors' book," kept to record the signatures of guests and their opinion of their entertainment. Presently he came upon a blank sheet of notepaper between the leaves, which, though absolutely devoid of writing, filled him with a strange and sudden interest.

At the head of the sheet of notepaper was a crest stamped in red relief, the device being the fantastic figure known in heraldry as a "lion rampant."

Laying the sheet down, he extracted from his pocket-book two slips—one a written memorandum and the other a photographic print, so blurred and formless that to ordinary eyes it would have represented nothing at all. It was an enlargement from the original negative taken of the mark on the murdered woman's throat, and the written paper was the report of the Government specialist who had done the work.

"The enlargement is not satisfactory," he wrote. "The mark having failed to yield sufficient definition to enable one to judge of the design with any certainty. It proves, however, that the ring was engraved with a crest—not a monogram—and it was probably an animal of some kind. But whether a boar's head or a griffin, or a lion rampant it is impossible to say."

The inspector had scrutinised the photograph a hundred times already, and had come to the same conclusion. A comparison with the crest on the notepaper brought him no further, and he shook his head doubtfully.

"It might be a lion, or a dancing pig, or a poodle sitting up and begging," he muttered. "And when all's said and done there's not much of a clue in a rampant lion, that being about the commonest crest there is. When I was a youngster on point duty at Hyde Park Corner, getting the knack of noting things, about every other barouche that drove into the Row had one of those things on the panels."

All the same, when the landlady came

bustling in with his chop he drew her attention to the sheet of paper. He was struck at once by the change in her countenance from smiling complacency to unfeigned disgust.

"That must have been left by some people that stayed here in the spring of last year," she said gravely, as though the reminiscence were an unpleasant one. "I didn't know it was in the book, but they used paper like that."

"Howling swells, I suppose?" replied Mr Croal carelessly, as he seated himself before the smoking dish.

"Oh, dear, no, sir; I should say it was a butcher and his bride on their honeymoon," returned the landlady, lingering as though not loth to gossip. "It began all as sweet as treacle, and ended—well, I wished I'd never took 'em in."

"Ah, people often get a bit fidgety towards the end of a honeymoon, but it mostly comes all right afterwards," remarked the inspector, sousing his chop with tomato sauce.

"Fidgety wasn't the word for it, sir," said the landlady with retrospective indignation. "He was just a downright great hulking brute, seldom sober, and using language that I should be sorry to hear from the bargees on the tow-path yonder. He treated her like dirt after the first month, and at the end of the second bolted with all her jewellery. And she had a tidy lot, too."

"Poor creature! And how unpleasant for you, Mrs Timmins," said Croal persuasively. "And what might have been the name of this interesting couple?"

"They called themselves Smith; but, of course, that goes for nothing," was the landlady's answer.

"And the man had the manners of a drunken navy, you say, and the appearance of a journeyman butcher. Strange for such people to have a crest on their notepaper," Croal mused aloud. "Perhaps she was a lady, run off with some one below her in station?"

But Mrs Timmins promptly blocked that solution by asserting that the victim of the brutal husband did not come of gentlestock. "A rough, good-natured young woman, sir, of the London style; but nothing classy about her," was the landlady's verdict. "She was high-spirited when she first come to stay here, but she was a poor, broken thing when she crawled down to the station, with just five shillings in her purse, she told me, after he'd bolted. Yet, with it all, I believe she was fond of him, and was mad for him to come back to her."

The inspector attacked his plate vigorously, and Mrs Timmins took the hint and withdrew, leaving him to enjoy his meal. But it was really a "feast of reason" that engrossed the trained intelligence of Mr Croal during the remainder of his stay at the Angler's Rest, and when he quitted the old hostelry to go to the station a subdued fire burned in his deep-set eyes.

"I can go one better than my friend the Home Office photographer," he murmured, as he settled himself in the seclusion of a second-class carriage, "for I can put a name to that curious beast on the blurred picture. It's a rampant lion, sure enough, and the female honymooner at the inn was Billy Tidmarsh's sister. But who was the wearer of the rampant lion signet, who, by the way, must have been a curious sort of beast himself? When I can put a name to him—well, it'll be about time to apply for a warrant."

Mr. Inspector Croal put a handkerchief over his head and slept till his ticket was demanded at Vauxhall, but he must have been pursuing the same train of thought in his dreams, for he remarked softly to himself: "Funny

that I should have picked up this little clue all through being lumbered on to that nice aristocratic Miss Beauchamp. A tipping-office girl, ha! ha! Why, though naturally upset by the attentions of a gentleman from 'the Yard,' she looked fit to grace a Court Drawing-room. But where do 'Parker's Lightning Final' come in, I wonder?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE SKYLIGHT IN THE ROOF.

There need be no secret about this matter, Mr. Leopold Tannayee was the author of the anonymous telegram which inadvertently furnished Mr. Croal with the clue he was so pleased with. The object of the moneylender was to create a breach between Sir Charles Roylance and Nance Beauchamp by disclosing to the baronet, through the unwitting mouth of the detective, that Nance was engaged in the dissemination of turf advice.

He had carefully planned to send his information on Sunday morning, counting on Croal being in such a haste to verify it that, not being able to do so at the closed office in the court, he would go down to Bartfield to make inquiries of Sir Charles. But he had not foreseen

the check which Croal would get in a great measure owing to Nance's presence in the riverside village, of which he was ignorant. Still less could he have foreseen the chance discoveries the inspector was to stumble on at the Angler's Rest.

So it was that two days later Tannayee grew impatient to learn whether his mean artifice had succeeded, and when Hooligan swaggered into his private room for instructions he tried to pump him on the subject. By a sort of tacit consent, no reference had been made between the two to the tragedy on the Downs, though in these days the confederates had taken to eyeing each other furtively, as if striving to fathom the mind of the other. Otherwise their outward relations were the same.

"You never told me the sequel of your little game with Miss Parker. Did you find her more amenable when you went back to let her out?" Tannayee inquired carelessly.

"She got let out, confound her!" Hooligan snapped viciously.

"How is she behaving—down on her luck since you got the better of her?"

"If she is she doesn't show it. She just looks knives at me when I do a

**TWENCENT INCANDESCENT OIL LAMP**

WELSBACH LIGHT CO. OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

Agents: E. PORTER & Co., AUCKLAND.

lot of preaching to the old man about the way we're sending Starlight up in the landing."

"That doesn't look as if she had fallen out with Rorance," remarked Tannadye meditatively. "I think, Hooley, she went on after a pause, "that in view of future contingencies it would be well to knock on the head any friendship, past or present, between these two pretty dears. I should like you to run down to the place Rorance is staying at on the river and spend a few nights at the inn. You could get into conversation with him and blur it out that the girl he was talking to at the trial gave him away in the ordinary course of her vocation as a tipster. Barfield is the name of the village where he has a furnished cottage."

Lord Hooligan's coarse, red face flushed purple, and his thick lips quivered tremulously. "No, I'll be hanged if I do it. I'll be hanged if I'll go to Barfield-on-Thames," he answered with sullen rage that he should be expected to do this man's bidding—above all such bidding as that.

Tannadye regarded him with the critical gaze of a huntsman endeavouring to account for the mutiny of a usually obedient hound. Apparently he succeeded.

"I see," he said, slowly, keeping his heavy black eyes on Hooligan's face, "that I shall have to do it another way. It would be trying you rather too high if Barfield was the idyllic spot where

"Drop it!" cried Hooligan furiously, advancing to the table, where Tannadye sat unmoved, but with a warning finger hovering over the call-bell.

"Don't you think that the intrusion of the police into our affairs at this juncture would be more annoying to you than to me, my lord, if you force me to call them in?" said the financier, calmly, adding in a significant undertone, "Cruel was at Barfield on Sunday."

The two men stared at each other, with open enmity at first, then with a dawning comprehension of mutual interests. Finally Hooligan broke into a speechless laugh.

"I'm a bit below par," he grunted. "You mustn't take any notice of me, damn. But was that—that detective fellow really there?"

"Yes, but not with any knowledge that need alarm you," Tannadye consented him, persuaded to have brought his assistant round to heel. "He went to ask Rorance about that girl at Parker's, on the strength of an unassured wire I sent him. Of course I shouldn't have done it if I had known

"That'll do!" Hooligan interrupted. "You've put your foot in it quite enough. That ferret will come prying to the office now, and though the girl can't tell him anything I shall have the jumps all the time."

"Well, jumps won't hurt you, so long as you don't have to jump in the air," Tannadye responded cheerfully. "You'd better cut along there now. The fair maiden mustn't be trusted alone too long."

So parted the two allies, and while Hooligan was speeding eastward in a taxicab, Nance was feverishly busy at the office in Red Lion Court putting in to practice a project which she had

matured since her return from Barfield on Monday morning. Mr Beauchamp sat with unseeing eyes in his astonished Windsor chair, under the impression that his daughter's nimble fingers were folding into their enveloping letters of advice recommending Starlight for the New Century Handicap. The rustic and crake were certainly caused by the endorsement of printed matter, but it happened to be couched in an exactly opposite strain to what the blind man supposed.

"We have to record with sorrow that our previous advice agent that grand horse Starlight must be cancelled, private information having reached us that the colt is not doing well. There is plenty of time for our clients to be wise, and they had better do so by backing Minister, who now that our original selection has broken down, may be regarded as a good thing."

Such was the wording of the circular which Nance was striving with might and main to get done up, and, if possible, posted, before Hooligan's arrival. She had had it printed herself, not by the jobbing printer close by, but by another, and she pinned her hope to its knocking Starlight out to such a figure that its owner could back it to advantage. It was all she could do for "Charley," and she did it eagerly, dextrously—in spite of the risk she ran from the titled boor who might appear at any moment, and of the reluctance she felt to deceive that pathetic figure at the other side of the table.

"You are in a great hurry to-day," said Mr Beauchamp, his sightless eyes directed at the swift crackle of the paper.

"I've got to be, father," Nance replied, fastening down the last of the envelopes and rising for the twentieth time to look out into the court. Yes, there he came at last—the big, burly bully, with the strong clear dent between his coarse lips, swarming over the well-worn stones as though he owned them. It was too late now to run out and post the letters, and she trembled to think what he would do if his mistrust of her prompted him to open one.

Her first impulse, to sweep all the letters into a basket and thrust them into the cupboard, still he should have gone, she discarded at once. Her father's quick sense of hearing would tell him what she was doing, and he was aware that she had been emboldened to do all the writing. Hooligan would be sure to hear from him how busy she had been, and she would be unable to account for having nothing to show for her work.

There was nothing for it but to trust to luck to escape suspicion, and to her woman's wit to devise some expedient for turning it aside if necessary.

The heavy foot-steps clattered on the creaky stairs, and Hooligan appeared at the door, flinging it open in his usual unmanly style. Retaining her place at the window, Nance received his surly nod with a cold stare as he approached the table. The girl was quick to note a subtle change in him—not as to his speech, but in his looks and demeanour. The overbearing bluster was the same as ever, but it was accompanied by a curious furtiveness, a tendency to

stop and listen and peep over the shoulder, which was in queer contrast to the boisterous tone.

"Well, Parker, old boy, you've been going it, I see—you and the lady help," he began rudely, sitting down and frowning the pile of letters in a way that made Nance's flesh creep. "We shall have to cut up the spoils soon, with all the new subscribers my money has brought in."

"Your lordship's share is at your service whenever you wish," said old Beauchamp, who had much ado to curb his resentment at his partner's manner.

"There were fifty-seven fresh applicants this morning," interposed Nance quickly. "If you like, father, I will run across to the post-office and cash the orders, so that you can have a settlement with Lord Hooligan. I can post this lot of letters at the same time."

Hooligan looked at her with an evil grin. "Not much, you don't," he sneered. "I'd rather wait for the cash than have you dropping all that valuable advice down a sewer grating. That would never do, just as our worthy clients have got Starlight so talked about that they're backing him at the clubs. I wonder how the owner likes it, eh, Parker?"

"Our duty, my lord, as champions of the British thoroughbred is to the British public, and not to any owners," replied the old fanatic with a side-shot for Nance. "It is a source of gratification to me to have been able to give advice which I have reason to believe is really sound."

Nance bit her lips with mortification. Her first expedience for getting the spurious circulars posted had failed, and that another would become speedily necessary if she was to escape detection was apparent from the ominous scowls which Hooligan was casting at the pile on the table. The dull, benumbed, but cunning brain was working, and any moment it might break out in dangerous activity.

Taking up one of the envelopes, Hooligan scrutinised the address, abstractedly, and Nance, dreading lest a sudden impulse might prompt him to tear it open, was struck with an inspiration. Remembering her argument that Hooligan must either have been the murderer or the author of the anonymous information about her to the police, she hit on a plan which, while solving that question, might serve her present purpose.

Assenting to gaze down into the court, she turned from the window with a swift gesture, and a mirthless laugh. "Here is Inspector Croal of Scotland Yard, making for the door below," she said. "I wonder who he wants?"

The effect upon Hooligan was instant and complete. Kicking over his chair, he sprang up and looked at the door as though inclined to bolt, but realising that he would only be met on the stairs, he turned all flabby and quaking to Nance.

"The skylight on the landing—does it open?" he asked frantically. "That fellow must not see me here. He—he knows me by sight!"

His fright, and the flimsy excuse for it, sent a thrill of horror to Nance's heart, inasmuch as it answered the question as to the part he had played in the mystery of Epsom Downs. Yet, with

her purpose to achieve, she forced herself to reply calmly:

"Yes, it opens; I will show you how." In a twinkling they were both outside the door, and, standing on a chair she had snatched up from the office, Nance undid the catch of a small glass-paned square opening on to the roof. A second later the hulking frame of Lord Hooligan disappeared through the aperture, his movements accelerated by the sound of foot-steps ascending the stairs—an unheard-of effect in her programme for which Nance was duly thankful.

"Let me out when he's gone," Hooligan called down in a hoarse whisper that made Nance shudder, so suggestive was it of that whisper in the gorse-patch.

"Very well," she replied curtly, and secured the skylight in grim triumph at the success of her artifice. Then she retreated into the office where her blind father sat unmoved or the episode, grasping only the idea that Lord Hooligan desired to conceal his connection with tipsters. Nance had told him nothing of her suspicions, and he was quite prepared to aid in shielding his unpleasant partner from a disclosure which it seemed natural he should wish to avoid.

Nance had just finished sweeping the letters into the basket, when there came a tap at the door, and the individual who had added to Hooligan's alarm entered—a rough-looking man, with a lot of unkempt hair straggling over the greasy collar of a butcher's blue coat.

"Just popped down from Farrington Market to have a chat about that 'ad.' of yours, Mr. Parker," he wheezed. "There's my money for a subscription. Blind, are you? Sorry for that. I dote on a horse, I do." Suddenly his eyes rested on Nance, and drawing a deep breath he added: "Morning, Miss."

"Good morning," said Nance shortly, intent only on the completion of her stratagem. "I think, father," she added. "I will run out with this batch of letters if you will attend to the gentleman. It would be a pity to miss a post, and I won't be two minutes."

Mr. Beauchamp bowed his stately head, only too glad to be left alone with anyone with a weakness for horseflesh, and Nance passed out with the basket of letters, little thinking that she had practised no deception whatever on the nobleman at present crouching among the chimney-pot.

For the new subscriber in the butcher's blouse was none other than Inspector Croal, come to look up "the girl from Parker's Lightning Finals" on the spot, and more than a little astonished to find that his anonymous informant was right after all.

(To be continued.)



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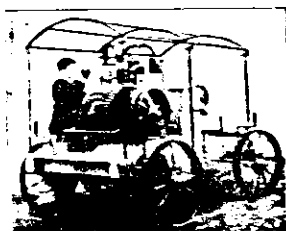
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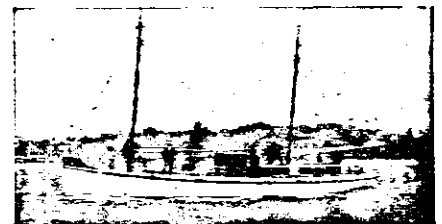
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# IN DOUBLE HARNESS

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AUTHOR OF "DOLLY DIALOGUES," "PRISONER OF ZENDA," "RUPERT OF HENTZAN," ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FLINTY WALL.

There was one point about Jeremy Chiddingfold's system of philosophy—if that name may be allowed to dignify the rather mixed assortment of facts and inferences which he had gathered from his studies: this point was that there was no appeal against facts. Nature was nature, feelings were feelings, and change was development. One thing was right to-day; it became wrong to-morrow without ceasing to have been right yesterday. Let there be an end of ignorant parrot-like chatter about inconsistency! Is evolution inconsistency? Inconsistency with what? He put this question and kindred ones quite heatedly to Mrs. Mumble, who did not at all understand them, and to whom they savoured of unorthodoxy; she had ever distrusted a scientific education. If Jeremy could have put his case in a concrete form he would have won her sympathy. But she did not know where such general principles would stop, and she had heard that there were persons who impugned the authority of Moses.

Jeremy did not much care about Mrs. Mumble's approval, though he tried his arguments on her as a boxer tries his fists on a stuffed sack (she suggested the simile). He did not expect to convince her, and would have been rather sorry if he had. In her present mental condition she was invaluable as a warning and a bait. But it was exasperating that Mrs. Hutting should hold antique, ludicrous, and (in his opinion) in the end debased views about social intercourse between the sexes—in fact to descend to that concrete which Jeremy's soul abhorred, about girls of seventeen taking walks with young men of 22. Mrs. Hutting's views on this point imposed on Jeremy's proceedings, which he felt to be unbecoming to a philosopher. He had to scheme, to lie in wait, to plan most unlikely accidents, on occasion to palter with truth, to slip behind a waggon or to hide inside a barn. A recognition on Mrs. Hutting's part of nature, of facts, and of development would have relieved Jeremy from all these distasteful expedients.

But Mrs. Hutting was an old-fashioned woman. She obeyed her husband—usually, however, suggesting on what points he might reasonably require obedience. She expected her daughter to obey her. And she had her views, which she had enforced in a very quiet but a very firm way. Modern tendencies

were not in favour at the rectory, that being established as a premise, it followed that anything which was disapproved of at the rectory was a modern tendency; therefore clandestine and spuriously accidental meetings between young men and young women were a modern tendency, or, anyhow, signs of one—and of a very bad one, too. No ancient instances would have shaken Mrs. Hutting on this point; the train of logic was too strong. Certainly Dora never tried to shake her mother's judgment or to break the chain. For Dora was old-fashioned, too. She, too, held that clandestine and spuriously accidental meetings were wrong. But sometimes the clandestine character or the spuriousness of the accident could be plausibly questioned; besides, a thing may be wrong, and yet not be so very, very bad. And the thing may be such fun, and so amusing, that—well, one goes and tries not to be found out. On these ancient but not obsolete lines Mrs. Dora framed her conduct, getting thereby a spice of excitement and a fearful joy which no duly licensed encounters could have given her. But she had no doubt that Mrs. Hutting was quite right. Anna Seford's critical attitude towards her parents was not in the rectory way.

"Suppose she'd seen us!" Dora whispered behind the barn, as the rectory pony-chaise rolled slowly by.

"We're doing nothing wrong. I should like to walk straight out and say so."

"If you do, I'll never speak to you again."

"I hate this—this dodging!"

"Then why don't you take your walks the other way! You know I come here. Why do you come if you feel like that about it?"

Thus Dora dashed her maiden sword. It was an added joy to make Jeremy do things which he disliked. And all this time she was snubbing him and his tentative approaches. Lovers! Certainly not—or of course she would have roid manna! Accepted Jeremy! No—she liked to think that she was tripping with him. In fine, she was simply behaving shamefully, badly, in a rapturously delightful way; and to see a pretty girl doing that is surely a refreshing and rejuvenating sight!

Well, the word pretty is perhaps a concession to Jeremy. The only girl in the place is always pretty. Dora was at any rate fresh and fair, lithe and clean-limbed, gay and full of fun.

A dreadful peril threatened, with which Dora appalled her own fancy and

Jeremy's troubled heart. At seventeen school is still possible—a finishing-school. Mrs. Hutting had brandished this weapon, conscious in her own mind that the rectory finances would hardly suffice to put an edge on it. Dora did not realise this difficulty.

"You remember that time we were seen? Well, there was an awful row, and mamma said that if it happened once again I should go—for a year!"

Jeremy felt that something must be done, and said so.

"What could I do?"

"That was a little more difficult for Jeremy."

"You must take pains to avoid me," said Dora, schooling her lips to primness. "You don't want to get me sent away, do you?"

Certainly these spring months were very pleasant to Miss Dora. But, alas! calamity came. It happened in Mill-dean just as it might have happened in the West End of London. The school-

teacher said something to the post-mistress. There was nobody much else to say anything—for the wise-eyed yokels, when they met the youth and the maid, gave a shrewd kindly nod, and went on their way with an articulate but appreciative chuckle. However, the school-teacher did say something to the post-mistress, whence the something came to Mrs. Hutting's ears. There was another "row," no doubt even more "awful." The finishing-school was brandished again, but, after a private consultation on finance, put aside by the rector and Mrs. Hutting. Another weapon was chosen. Mrs. Hutting dictated a note, the rector wrote and sealed it; it was sent across to Old Mill House by the gardener, addressed to "Jeremy Chiddingfold, Esq." In fact, no circumstance of ceremony was omitted, and Dora watched the messenger of tyranny from her bedroom window. In the note (which began "Sir"), Jeremy was plainly given to understand that

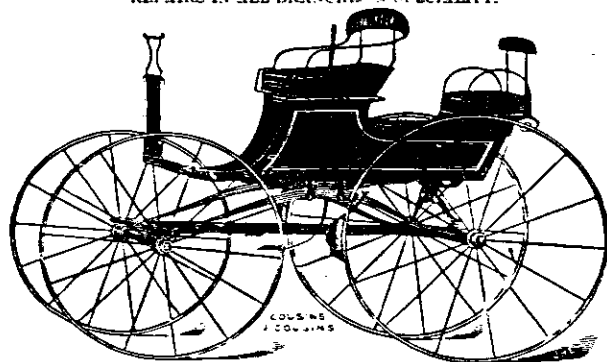
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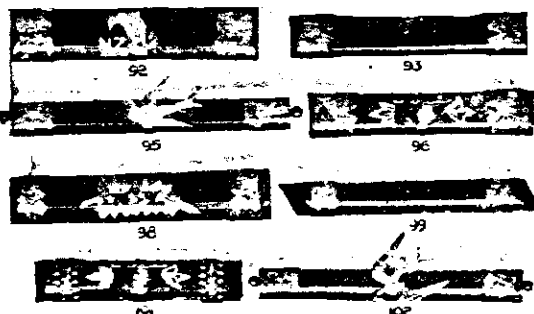
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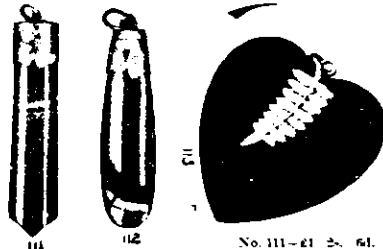
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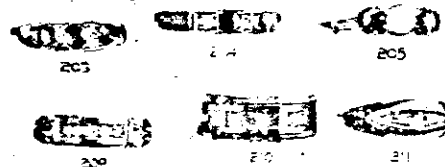


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he was no gentleman, and that all relations between the rectory and himself were at an end.

Jeremy stamped up and down the room, furiously exclaiming that he did not care whether he was a gentleman or not. He was a man. That was enough for him, and ought to be enough for anybody. Mrs Mumble was positively frightened into agreeing with him on this point. But however sound the point might be, relations with the rectory were broken off. What was to be done? Jeremy determined to go to town and lay before Grantley and Sibylla the unparalleled circumstances of the case. But first there was—well, there would be—one more stolen meeting. But it was not quite of the sort which might have been anticipated. Dora's levity was gone; she played with him no more. But neither did she follow the more probable course, and, under the influence of grief and the pain of separation, give the rein to her feelings, acknowledge her love, and exchange her vows for his. The old-fashioned standards had their turn; evidently the rectory upbraidings had been very severe. Every disobedience, every trick, every broken promise rose up in judgment, and declared the sentence to be just, however severe. Jeremy was at a loss how to face this. He had been so convinced that nature was with them, and that nature spelt rectitude. He was agnostic at a quasi-theological and entirely superstitious view that no good or happiness could come out of a friendship. Dora adhered obstinately to this world initiated in such a way. He refused to recognise her wickedness and even his own. When she announced her full acceptance of the edict, her determination to evince penitence by absolute submission, he could only burst out.

"They haven't been cruel to you?" "Cruel! No! They've been most—most gentle. I've come to see how wrong it was." "Yet you're here!" He could not resist the retort. "For the last time, to say good-bye. And if you really care at all you must do as I wish." "But—I may write to you?" "No, no; you mustn't." "You can't stop me thinking about you."

"I shan't think of you. I shall pray to be able not to. I'm sure I can be strong."

She had got this idea in her head. It was just the sort of idea that Sibylla might have got. She wanted to immolate herself. For such views in Sibylla, Jeremy had always had denunciations ready. He had a denunciation now—a only a despairing puzzle.

"I can't accept that, and I won't! Do you care me?"

"I'm going to keep my promise to say nothing. I've told you what I must do and what you must. I made up my mind—and—and then I went to the Sacrament to-day."

Jeremy rubbed his wrinkled brow, eyeing this determined penitent very ruefully. A sudden return to rectitude is disconcerting in an accomplice. He did not know what to do. But his bulldog persistence was roused, and his square jaw set obstinately.

"Well, I shall consider what to do. I believe you love me, and I shan't sit down under this."

"You must!" she said. "And now, good-bye."

He came towards her, but her raised hand stopped him.

"Good-bye like this? You won't even shake hands?"

"No, I can't. Good-bye."

Of course he was sorry for her, but he was decidedly angry, too. He perceived a case of the selfishness of spiritual exaltation. His doggedness turned to surliness.

"All right, then, good-bye," he said, sulkily.

"You're not angry with me?" "Yes, I am."

She accepted this additional cross, and bore it meekly.

"That hurts me very much. But I must do right. Good-bye."

And with that she went, firm to the last, leaving Jeremy almost as furious with women as in the palmiest days of his youth, almost as angry with her as he had ever been with the long-legged rectory girl.

Pursuing (though he did not know it) paths as well trodden as those which he had already followed, he formed an instant determination in his mind. She should be sorry for it! Whether she should sorrow with a life-long sorrow or whether she should ultimately, after much grief and humiliation, find forgiveness, he did not decide for the moment; both ideas had their attraction. But, at any rate, she should be sorry, and that as soon as possible. How was it to be brought about? Jeremy conjectured that a remote and ill-ascertained success in original research would not make her sorry, and his conclusion may be allowed to pass; nor would a continuance of shabby clothes and an income of a hundred a year. This combination had once seemed all-sufficient. Nay, it would suffice now for true and whole-hearted love. But it was not enough to make a cruel lady repent of her cruelty; nor to convict a misguided zealot of the folly of her zeal. It was not dazzling enough for that. In an hour Jeremy threw his old ideal of life

to the winds, and decided for wealth and mundane fame—speedy wealth and speedy mundane fame—speed was essential, because Jeremy's feelings were in a hurry. Such laurels and fruits were not to be plucked in Mildean. That very night Jeremy packed a well-worn leather bag and a square deal box. He was going to London, to see Grantley and Sibylla, to make them acquainted with the state of the case, and to set about becoming rich and famous as speedily as possible. His mind overleapt the process and saw it already completed—saw his return to Mildean rich and famous—saw his renewed meeting with Dora, the confusion of the rector and Mrs. Hutting, the unavailing—or possibly at last availing—regret and humiliation of Dora. It cannot truthfully be said that he went to bed altogether unhappy. He had his dream, even as Dora had hers; he had his luxury of prospective victory as she had hers of unreserved and accepted penitence; and they shared the conviction of a very extraordinary and unprecedented state of things.

So to town came Jeremy, leaving Mrs. Mumble alone in Old Mill House. She was not idle. She was counting months now—not years now, but months, and she was knitting socks, and making flannel shirts, and hemming big red handkerchiefs, and picturing and wondering in her faithful old heart what that morning would be like for whose coming she had waited so many, many years. Great hopes and great fears were under the ample breast of her unshapely merino gown.

In the Imason household the strain grew more intense. With rare tenacity, unimpaired confidence, and unbroken pride, Grantley maintained his attitude. He would tire out Sibylla's revolt; he would outstay the fits of sulks, however long it might be. But the strain told on him, though it did not

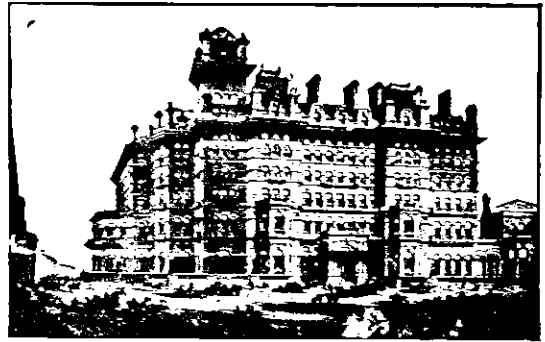
break him; he was more away; more engrossed in his outside activities; grimmer and more sardonic when he was at home; careful to show no feeling which might expose him to rebuff; extending the scope of this conduct from his wife to his child, because his wife's grievance was bound up with the child. And Sibylla, seeing the attitude, seeing partially only and therefore more resenting the motives, created out of it and them a monster of insensibility, something of an inhuman selfishness, seeming the more horrible and unnatural from the unchanging, if cold, courtesy which Grantley still displayed. This image had been taking shape ever since their battle at Mildean. It had grown with the amused scorn which was on his face as he told her of the specialist's judgment, and made her see how foolish she had been, what an unnecessary fuss she had caused, how dangerous and silly it was to let one's emotions run away with one. It had defined itself yet more clearly through the months before and after the boy's birth, as Grantley developed his line of action and adhered to it, secure apparently from every assault of natural tenderness. Now the portentous shape was all complete in her imagination, and the monster she had erected freed her from every obligation. By her hypothesis it was accessible by no appeal and sensitive to no emotion. "Why, then, labour uselessly! It would indeed be to knock your head—yes, and your heart, too—against a dinky wall. As for trying to show or to cherish love for it—that seemed to her prostitution itself. And she had no tenacity to endure such a life as Grantley, and her image of Grantley, made for her. In her headlong fashion she had already pronounced the alternatives—death or flight."

And there was the baby boy in his helplessness; and there was young Blake

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with his ready hot passion, masked by those aspirations of his, and his fiery indignation seconding and applauding the despair of her own heart. For Blake knew the truth now—the truth as Sibylla's imaginings made it; and in view of that truth the thing his passion urged him to become a holy duty. His goddess must be no more misused; her misery must not be allowed to endure.

Knowing his thought and what his heart was towards her, Sibylla turned to him as a child turns simply from a hard to a loving face. Here was a life wanting her life, a love asking hers. She had always believed people when they said they loved and wanted her—why, she had believed even Grantley himself!—and was always convinced that their love for her was all they said it was. It was her instinct to believe that. She believed all—aye, more—about young Blake than he believed about himself, though he believed very much just now; and she would always have people all white or all black. Grantley was all black now, and Blake was very white, white as snow, while he talked of his aspirations and his love, and tempted her to leave all that bound her, and to give her life to him. He tempted well, for he offered no pleasure, but the power of doing good and bestowing happiness. Her first natural love seemed to have spent itself on Grantley; she had no passion left, save the passion of giving. It was to this he made his appeal; this would be enough to give him all his way. Yet there was the child. He had not yet ventured on that difficult, uncertain ground. There was where the struggle would be; it was there that he distrusted the justice of his own demand on her, there that his passion had to drown the inward voices of protest.

It might have happened that Jeremy, with his fresh love and fresh ambitions, would have been a relief to such a position; that his appeal both to sympathy and to amusement would have done something to clear the atmosphere. So far as he himself went, indeed, he was irresistible; his frankness and his confidence were not to be denied. Trusting in the order of nature, he knew no bashfulness; trusting in himself, he had no misgivings. Without doubt he was right. They all agreed that the old ideal of original research and a hundred a year must be abandoned, and that Jeremy must become rich and famous as soon as possible.

"Though whether you ought to forgive her in the end is, I must say, a very difficult point," remarked Grantley with a would-be thoughtful smile. "In cases of penitence, I myself favour forgiveness, Jeremy."

"But there is the revelation of her character," suggested Sibylla, taking the matter more seriously, or treating its want of seriousness with more tenderness.

"I'm inclined to think the young lady's right at present," said Blake. "What you have to do is to give her ground for changing her views—and to give her another ground for changing hers too."

Jeremy listened to them all with engrossed interest. Whatever their attitude, they all confirmed his view.

"You once spoke of a berth in the City?" he said to Grantley.

"Not much fancy there; but perhaps you may as well take things by instalments."

"I don't like it, you know. It's not my line at all."

Blake came to the rescue. The Selfords drew their money from large and important dyeing works, although Selford himself had retired from any active share in the work of the business. There was room for scientific aptitude in dyeing works, Blake opined rather vaguely. "You could make chemistry, for instance, subserve the needs of commerce, couldn't you?"

"That really is a good suggestion," said Jeremy, approvingly.

"Capital!" Grantley agreed. "We'll get at Selford for you, Jeremy, and if necessary we'll club together and send to Terra del Fuego and buy Janet Selford a new dog."

"I begin to see my way," Jeremy announced.

Whereat the men laughed, while Sibylla came round and kissed him, laughing, too. What a very short time ago, and she had been even as Jeremy, as sanguine, as confident, seeing her way as clearly, with just as little warrant of knowledge!

"Meanwhile you mustn't mope, old chap," said Grantley.

"Mope? I've no time for moping. Do you think I could see this Selford to-morrow?"

"I'll give you a letter to take to him," laughed Grantley. "But don't ask for ten thousand a year all at once, you know."

"I know the world. When I really want a thing I can wait for it."

But it was evident that he did not mean to wait very long. Grantley said ten thousand a year; a thousand would seem riches to the Middleman retort folk.

"That's right. If you want a thing, you must be ready to wait for it," agreed Grantley, with smiling lips and a pucker on his brow.

"So long as there is any hope," added Sibylla.

These hints of underlying things went unheeded by Jeremy, but Blake marked them. They were becoming more frequent now as the tension grew and grew.

"There's always a hope with reasonable people."

"Opinions differ so much as to what is reasonable."

"Dora's not reasonable at present, anyhow."

Jeremy's mind had not travelled beyond his own predicament.

The contrast he pointed, the mocking memories he stirred, made his presence accretate and embitter the strife, confirming Sibylla's despair, undermining even Grantley's obstinate self-confidence; while to Blake his example, however much one might smile at it, seemed to cry "Courage!" He who would have the prize must not shrink from the struggle.

That night Sibylla sat long by her boy's cot. Little Frank slept quietly (he had been named after his godfather, Grantley's friend, that Lord Caylesham who was also the Fanslaw's friend), while his mother fought against the

love and the obligation that bound her to him—a sad and fearful fight to wage. She had some arguments not lacking speciousness. To what a life would he grow up in such a home as theirs! Look at the life the Courtland children led! Would not anything be better than that—any scandal in the past, any loss in present and future? She called to her help, too, that occasional pang which the helpless little being gave her, he the innocent cause and ignorant embodiment of all her perished hopes. Might not that come offener? Might it not grow and grow till it conquered all her love, and she ended by hating because she might have loved so greatly? Horrible! Yes, but had it not nearly come to pass with one whom she had loved very greatly? It could not be called impossible, however to be loathed the idea might be. No, not impossible! Her husband was the child's father. Did he love him? No, she cried—she had almost persuaded herself that his indifference screened a positive dislike. And if it were not impossible, any desperate thing would be better than the chance of it. But for Grantley she could love, she could go on loving the child. Then why not make an end of her life with Grantley—the life that was souring her heart and turning all love to bitterness? Grantley would not want the child, and, not wanting it, would let her have it. She did not believe that he would burden himself with the boy for the sake of depriving her of him. She admitted with a passing smile that he had not this small spitefulness—his vices were on a larger scale. She could go to Grantley and say she must leave him. No law and no power could prevent her, and she believed that she could take the boy with her.

Why not do that? Do that and let honour at least stand pure and unimpeached!

The question brought her to the issue she had tried to shirk, to the truth she had sought to hide. Her love for the boy was much, but it was not enough, it did not satisfy. Was it even the greatest thing? As it were, with a groan, her spirit answered, No. The answer could not be denied, however she might

stand condemned by it. Of physical passion she had acquitted herself—and now she was in no mood for easy self-acquittal; but there was the greater passion for intercourse of soul, for union, for devotion, for abandonment of the heart. These asked a responsive heart, they asked knowledge, feelings grown to full strength, a consciousness with an intellect adult and articulate. They could be found in full only where she had thought to find them—in the love of woman and man, of fit man for fit woman, and of her for him. They could not be found in the love for her child. Christine Fanslaw had asked her if she could not be wrapped up in the baby. No, she could embrace it in her love, but hers was too large for its little arms to enfold. She cried for a wider field and what seemed a greater task.


And what was wrong, distasteful, disastrous in the conclusion? She had the old answer for this. "It's not my fault," she said. It was not her fault that her love had found no answering love, had found no sun to bloom in, and had perished for want of warmth. Not on her head lay the blame. So far as human being can dissolve human being from the commands of God or of human society, she declared that by Grantley's act she stood absolved. The contract in its true essence had not been broken first by her.

All! why talk? Why argue? There were true things to be said, valid arguments to use. On this she insisted. But in the end the imperious cry of her nature rang out over all of them and drowned their feebler voices. Come what might, and let the arguments be weak or strong, she would not for all her life, that glorious life Heaven had given her, beat her heart against the flinty wall.

(To be continued.)


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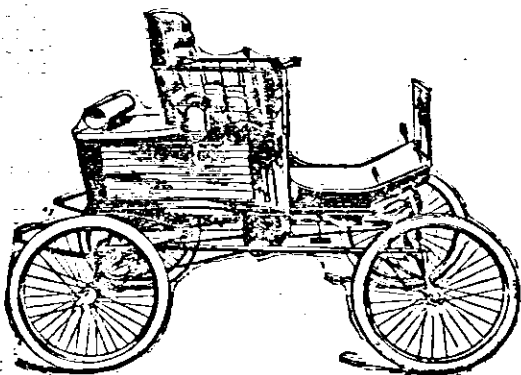
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# Snap, the Bull-terrier:

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DOG.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, Author of "Wild Animals I Have Met," "Two Little Savages," Etc.

It was late on Christmas Day when I saw him. Early in the morning I had received a telegram from my college chum Jack: "Merry Christmas. Am sending you a remarkable pup; be polite to him; it's safer." It would have been just like Jack to have sent an infernal machine as a Skunk rampart and called it a pup, so I awaited the hamper with curiosity.

When it landed I saw it was marked "Dangerous," and ther came from within a high-pitched snarl at every slight provocation. On peering through the wire top I saw it was not a baby Tiger, but a small, white bull-terrier. He snapped at me, and at anyone or anything that seemed too abrupt or too near for proper respect, and his snarling growls were unpleasantly frequent. Dogs have two growls—one, deep, rumbled and chesty; that is meant for polite warning the retort courteous; the other mouthy and much higher in pitch; this is the last word before actual onslaught. The Terrier's growls were all of the latter kind.

I was a dogman and thought I knew all about Dogs, so dismissing the porter, I got out my all-round jackknife-tooth-shevel—a specialty of our firm—and lifted the netting. Oh yes! I knew all about Dogs. The little fury had been growing out a new kind of growl for each tap of the tool, and when I turned the box on its side, he made a dash straight for my legs. Had not his foot gone through the wire netting and held him I might have been hurt, for his heart was evidently in his work; but I stepped on the table out of reach and tried to talk to him. I have always believed in talking to animals. I maintain that they gather something of our intention at last, even if they do not understand our words; but the dog evidently put me down for a hypocrite and scorned my approaches. At first he took his post under the table and kept up a circular watch for a leg, trying to get down. I felt sure I could have controlled him with my eye, but I could not bring it to bear where I was, or rather where he was; thus I was left a prisoner.

I am a very cool person. I flatter myself—in fact, I am a traveller for a hardware firm and we are not excelled by any but perhaps the most gentlemen that sell wearing apparel. I lit a cigar and smoked cross-legged on the table while my little tyrant below kept watch for legs. I got out the telegram and read it. "Remarkable pup; be polite to him; it's safer." I think it was my coolness rather than my politeness that did it, for in half an hour the growling ceased. In an hour he no longer jumped at a newspaper, cautiously pushed on the edge to test his humour; possibly the irritation of the cage was wearing off, and by the time I lit my third cigar he waddled out to the fire and lay down, not ignoring me, however. I had no reason to complain of that kind of contempt. He kept one eye on me, and I kept both eyes, not on him, but on his stumpy tail. If that tail should swing sideways once I might feel sure I was winning; but it did not swing. I got a book and put in time on that table till my legs were cramped and the fire burned low. About ten o'clock it was chilly, and at half-past ten the fire was out, and my Christmas present got up, yawned and stretched, then walked under the bed, where he found a fur rug. By stepping lightly from the table to the dresser, and then on to the mantel-shelf, I also reached bed, and, very quietly undressing, got in without provoking any criticism from my master. I had not yet fallen asleep when I heard a slight scrambling and felt "thump-thump" on the bed; then over my foot and legs. Snap evidently had found it too cool down below and proposed to have the best my house afforded.

way that I was very uncomfortable and tried to readjust matters, but the slightest wriggle of a toe was enough to make him snap at it so fiercely that nothing but thick woollen bedclothes saved me from being maimed for life.

I was three hours moving my feet—a hair's breadth at a time—till they were so that I could sleep in comfort, and I was awakened several times during the night by angry snarls from the Dog—I supposed because I dared to move a muscle without his approval, though once I believe he did it simply because I was snoring.

In the morning I was ready to get up before Snap was. You see I call him Snap—Gingersnap, in full. Some dogs are hard to name and some do not seem to need it; they name themselves. I was ready to rise at seven. Snap was not ready till eight, so we rose at eight. He had little to say to the man who made the fire. He allowed me to dress without doing it on the table.

As I left the room to get breakfast I remarked: "Snap, my friend, some men would whip you into a different way, but I think I know a better plan. The doctors nowadays favour the 'no breakfast cure.'"

It seemed cruel, but I left him without food all day. It cost me something to repaint the door where he scratched it—but at night he was very ready to accept a little food at my hands.

In a week we were very good friends. He would sleep at my feet then and allow me to move without snapping at them with intent to do me serious bodily harm. The "no breakfast cure" had worked wonders; in three months we were—well, simply man and Dog. Snap seemed to be without fear. If a small Dog came near he would take the slightest notice; if a medium-sized Dog, he would stick his stub of a tail rigidly up in the air, then walk around him scratching contemptuously with his hindfeet, and looking at the sky, the distance, the ground, anything but the Dog, and noting his presence only by frequent high-pitched growls. If the stranger did not move on at once the battle began, and then the stranger usually moved on very rapidly. Snap sometimes got worsted, but no amount of sad experience could ever inspire him with a grain of caution. Once, while driving in a cab during the Dog show, he caught sight of an elephantine St. Bernard taking an airing. Its size aroused such enthusiasm in Snap's little breast that he leaped from the cab window to do battle and broke his leg.

Evidently fear had been left out of his make-up and its place supplied with an extra amount of ginger, which was the reason of his full name. He differed from all other Dogs I had ever known before. For example, if a boy threw a stone at him he ran, not away, but toward the boy, and if the crime were repeated Snap took the law into his own hands; thus he was at least respected by all. Only myself and the porter at the office seemed to realise his good points, and we only were admitted to the high honour of personal friendship, an honour which I appreciated more as months went by, and by midsummer met Carnegie, Vanderbilt and Astor together could have raised money enough to buy a quarter of a share of my little Dog Snap.

## CHAPTER II.

Though not a regular traveller, I went on the road in the autumn, and then Snap and the landlady were left together with unfortunate developments: contempt on his part, fear on hers—and hate on the part of both.

I was placing a lot of barb wire in

the northern tier of States. My letters were forwarded once a week and I got several complaints from the laudably about Snap.

Arrived at Mendosa, in North Dakota, I found a fine market for wire. Of course my dealings were with the big storekeepers, but I went about among the ranchmen to get their practical views on the different styles, and thus I met the Penroof brothers' Cow outfit.

One cannot be long in the Cow country now without hearing a great deal about the depredations of the ever wily and destructive Gray Wolf. The day has gone by when these animals could be poisoned wholesale and they are a serious drain on the rancher's profits. The Penroof brothers, like most live Cattlemen, had given up all attempts at poisoning and trapping and were trying various breeds of Dogs as Wolf-hunters, hoping to get a little sport out of the work of destroying the pests.

Foxhounds had failed; they were too thin-skinned for fighting; Great Danes were too slow, and Greyhounds could not follow the game unless they could see it. Each breed had some fatal defect, but the Cowmen hoped to succeed with a mixed pack, and on the day when I was invited to join in a Mendosa Wolf-hunt I was much amused by the different Dogs that formed the pack. There were not a few mongrels, but there were also a lot of highly-bred Dogs, in particular some Russian Wolf-hounds that must have cost a lot of money. Hilton Penroof, the oldest boy, "The Master of Hounds," was unusually proud of them and expected them to do great things.

"Greyhounds are too thin-skinned to fight a Wolf, Danes are too slow and heavy, but you'll see the fur fly when the Russians take a hand."

Thus the Greyhounds were there as runners, the Danes as heavy backers, and the Russians to do the important fighting. There were also a couple of Foxhounds, whose fine noses were relied on to follow the trail if the game got out of view.

It was a striking sight as we rode away among the Badland Buttes that December day, the ground bare of snow. The air was bright and crisp and, though so late, there was no frost. The horses were fresh, and once or twice showed me how a Cow-pony tries to get rid of his rider.

The Dogs were keen for sport, and on the plains we did start one or two gray spots that Hilton said were Wolves or Coyotes. The Dogs trailed away at full cry, but at night, beyond the fact that one of the Greyhounds had a wound on his shoulder, there was nothing to show that any of them had been on a Wolf-hunt.

"It's my opinion yer fancy Russians is no good, Hill," said Garvin, the younger brother. "I'll back that little black Dane against the lot, nongrel an' all as he is."

"I don't un'erstan' it," growled Hilton. "There ain't a Coyote, let alone a Gray Wolf, kin run away from them Greyhounds; them Foxhounds kin follow a trail three days old, an' the Danes could lick a Grizzly."

"I reckon," said the father, "they kin run, an' they kin track, an' they kin lick a Grizzly, maybe, but the fact is they don't want to tackle a Gray Wolf. The hull darn pack is scart—an' I wish we had our money out o' them."

Thus the men grumbled and discussed as I drove away and left them.

There seemed only one solution of the failure. The Hounds were swift and strong, but a Gray Wolf seems to terrorize all Dogs. They had not the nerve to face him, and so each time he got away; and my thoughts flew back to the fearless little Dog that had shared my bed for the last year. How I wished he were out here; then these lubberly giants of Hounds would find a leader whose nerve would not fail at the moment of trial.

At Baroka, my next stop, I got a batch of mail and two letters from the landlady—the first to say that "that beast of a Dog was acting up scandalous in my room," and the other, still more forcible, demanding his immediate removal.

Why not have him expressed to Mendosa. I thought. It's only twenty hours; they'll be glad to have him. I can take him home with me when I go through.

## CHAPTER III.

My next meeting with Gingersnap was not so different from the first as one might have expected. He jumped on me, made much vigorous pretence to hate and growled frequently, but his stumpy wagged hard.

The Penroofs had had a number of Wolf-hunts since I was with them and were much disgusted at having no better success than before. The Dogs could find a Wolf nearly every time they went out but they could not kill him, and the men were not near enough to learn why.

Old Penroof was satisfied that "that wasn't one of the hull miserable gang that had the grit of a Jack-Rabbit."

We were off at dawn the next day. The same procession of fine Horses, superb riders, the big blue Dogs, the yellow Dogs, the spotted Dogs as before; but there was a new feature, a little white Dog that stayed close by me, and not only any Dogs, but Horses as well, that came too near were apt to get a surprise from his teeth. I think he quarrelled with every man, Horse and Dog in the country with the exception of a Bull-Terrier belonging to the Mendosa hotel man. She was the only one smaller than himself, and they seemed very good friends.

I shall never forget the view of the hunt I had that day. We were on one of those large, flat-headed buttes that give a kingdom to the eye, when Hilton, who had been scanning the vast country with glasses, remarked: "I see him. There he goes, toward Skull Creek. Guess it's a Coyote."

Now, the first thing is to get the Greyhounds to see the prey; not an easy matter, as they cannot use the glasses, and the ground was covered with sagebrush higher than the Dogs' heads.

But Hilton called: "Hu, Hu, Dander," and leaned aside from his saddle, holding out his foot at the same time. Dander sprang lightly from the ground, touched the foot and reached the saddle, and there stood balancing on the Horse, while Hilton kept pointing. "There he is, Dander, sic him! sic him! down there." The Dog gazed earnestly where his master pointed; then seeming to see, he leaped to the ground with a slight yelp and sped away while the other Dogs followed after, in an ever-lengthening procession, and we rode as hard as we could behind them, losing time, for the ground was out with gullies, spotted with badger holes and covered with rocks and sage that made full speed too hazardous.

We all fell behind, but I was last, of course, being least accustomed to the saddle. We could see the Dogs flying over the level plain or dropping from sight in gullies to reappear at the other side, and we could see that the procession lengthened out. Dander, the Greyhound, was the recognised leader, and as we mounted another ridge we got a glimpse of the whole chase—a Coyote at full speed—the Dogs a-quarter of a mile behind, but gaining. When next we saw them the Coyote was dead and the Dogs sitting around panting—all but two of the Foxhounds and Gingersnap.

"Too late for the fracas," remarked Hilton, glancing at the two Foxhounds. Then he proudly petted Dander. "Didn't need yer purp after all, ye see."

"Takes a heap of nerve for ten big

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Dogs to face one little Coyote," remarked the father sarcastically. "Wait till we run on to a Gray."

Next day we were out again, for I made up my mind to see the hunt to a finish.

From a high point we caught sight of a moving speck of grey. A moving white speck stands for Antelope, a yellow speck for Fox, a grey speck for either Grey Wolf or Coyote, and which of them is determined by its tail. If the glass shows the tail down it is a Coyote; if up, it is the dresded Grey Wolf.

Dander was shown the game as before and led the procession—the ever-lengthening procession—Greyhounds, Wolfhounds, Foxhounds, Danes, Bull-Terrier, horsemen. We got a brief glimpse of the pursuit; a Gray Wolf it surely was, loping away ahead of the Dogs. Somehow I got the impression that the first dogs were not running quite so fast now as when after the Coyote. But no one knew the finish of the hunt. The Dogs came back to us and we saw no more of that Wolf.

Sarcastic remarks from the various Dog-owners and the father followed.

"Pah—acaint—plumb scart," was the father's disgusted comment of the pack. "They could catch up easy enough, but when he turned on them they lighted out for home—pah!"

"Where's that thar onsurpassable, fearless, scarted-o'-morts 'arrier?" asked Hilton scornfully.

"I don't know," said I. "I am inclined to think he never saw the Wolf, but if he ever does I'll bet he sails in for death or glory."

That night several Cows were killed close to the ranch, and we were spurred on to another hunt. It opened much like the other. Late in the afternoon we sighted a Gray fellow with tall up, not half a mile off. Hilton called Dander up on the saddle. I acted on the idea and called Snap to mine. His legs were so short that he had to leap several times before he made it, scrambling up at last with my foot as a half-way station. I pointed and he gazed earnestly, for he always was a serious little Dog; but I "siced" for a minute before he saw the game, and then he started out after the Greyhounds, already gone, with energy that was full of promise.

The chase this time led us not to the rough brakes along the river, but toward the open upland country, for reasons that appeared later, and we were close together, as we rose to the upland and sighted the chase half a mile off just as Dander came up with the Wolf and snapped at his haunch. The Wolf turned to fight and we had a fine view. The Dogs came up by twos and threes, barking at him in a ring, till at last the little white one rushed up. He wasted no time barking, but rushed straight at the Wolf, and seemed to get him by the nose; then the ten big Dogs closed in, and in two minutes the Wolf was dead. We had ridden hard to be in at the finish, and though our view was distant we saw at least that Snap had lived up to the telegram as well as to my promises for him.

Now it was my turn to crow, and I did not lose the chance. "Snap had shown them how," and at last the Mendoza pack had killed a Gray Wolf without help from the men.

There were two things to mar the victory somewhat: first, it was a young

Wolf, a mere cub, hence his foolish choice of country; second, Snap was wounded; the Wolf had given him a bad cut in the shoulder. As we rode home in proud procession I saw he limped a little. "Here," I cried, "come up, Snap." He tried once or twice to jump to the saddle, but could not. "Here, Hilton, lift him up to me."

"Thanks, I'll let you handle your own rattlesnakes," was the reply, for all knew now that it was not safe to meddle with his person. "Here, Snap, take hold," I said, and help my quirt to him. He seized it in his teeth, and by that I lifted him to the front of my saddle, and there carried him home. We cared for him as though he had been a baby. He had shown those Cattlemen how to fill the weak place in the pack. The Foxhound may be good, and the Greyhound swift, and the Russians and Danes fighters, but they are no use at all without the crowning moral force of grit that none can supply so well as a Bull-Terrier. On that day the Cattlemen learned how to manage the Wolf question, and now they have little trouble, as you will find if ever you are at Mendoza—for every successful Wolf pack there has with it a Bull-Terrier, preferably of the Snap-Mendoza breed.

CHAPTER IV.

Next day was Christmas Day, the anniversary of Snap's advent. The weather was clear, bright, not too cold, and there was no snow on the ground. The men usually celebrated the day with a hunt of some sort, and now, of course, Wolves were the one object. To the disappointment of all, Snap was in bad shape with his wound. He slept as usual at my feet, and bloody stains now marked the place. He was not in condition to fight, but we were bound to have a Wolf-hunt, so he was beguiled to an outhouse and locked up, while we went off, and I, aghast, with a sense of impending disaster. I knew we should fail without my Dog, but I did not realize how bad a failure it was to be.

Afar among the buttes of Skull Creek we had roamed when a white ball appeared bounding through the sage-brush, and in a minute more Snap came, growling and stump-wagging, up to my Horse's side. I could not send him back; he would take no such orders, not even from me. His wound was looking bad, so I called him, held down the quirt, and so jumped him to my saddle.

"There," I thought, "I'll keep you safe till we get home." Yes—I thought—but I reckoned not with Snap.

The voice of Hilton, "Hu, Hu," announced that he had sighted a Wolf. Dander, and Riley, his rival, both sprang to the point of observation, with the result that they collided and fell together sprawling in the sage. But Snap, gazing hard, had sighted the Wolf, not so very far off, and before I knew it he leaped from the saddle and bounded zigzag, high, low, in and under the sage, straight for the enemy, leading the whole pack for a few minutes. Not far, of course—the great Greyhounds sighted the moving speck, and the usual procession strung out on the plains. It promised to be a fine hunt, for the Wolf had less than half a mile start, and all the Dogs were fully interested.

"They've turned up the Grizzly Gully," shouted Garvin. "This way, and we can head them off."

So we turned and rode hard around the north side of Hulmer's Butte, while the chase seemed to go around the south.

We galloped to the top of a cedar ridge, and were about to ride through when Hilton shouted: "By George, here he is. We're right on to him."

He leaped from his Horse, dropped the bridle and ran forward. I did the same. A great Gray Wolf came lumbering across an open plain towards us. His head was low, his tail out level, and fifty yards behind him was Dander, sailing like a Hawk over the ground, going twice as fast as the Wolf. In a minute the Hound was alongside and snipped, but bounded by as the Wolf turned on him. They were just below us now, and not over fifty feet away. Garvin drew his revolver, but in a fateful moment Hilton interferred. "No, no, let's see it out." In a few seconds the second Greyhound arrived, then the rest in order of swiftness. Each came up full of fight, determined to dash right in and tear the Wolf to pieces, but each in turn swerved aside and leaped and barked around at a safe distance.

Then the Russians arrived—the big Dogs they were. Their distant intention no doubt was to go straight at the old Wolf, but his fearless front, his sinewy frame and death-dealing jaws averted them long before they were near him, and they also joined the ring, while the grizzly giant in the middle faced this way and that, ready for any or all.

Now the Danes arrived, huge-limbed creatures, any one of them as heavy as the Wolf. I heard their heavy breathing tighten into a threatening sound as they came plunging, eager to tear the foe to pieces; but when they saw him there, grim, fearless, mighty of jaw, tireless of limb, ready to die, if need be—but sure of this, he would not die alone—well, those great Danes—all three of them—were stricken, as the rest had been, with a sudden bashfulness—yes! they would show him presently, not now, but as soon as they had got their breath, that they were not afraid of a Wolf—oh, so. I could read their courage in their voices. They knew perfectly well that the first Dog to go in was going to get hurt, but—never mind that—presently they would bark a little more to get up enthusiasm. And as the ten big Dogs bounded

around the silent grizzly monster there was a rustling in the sage at the far side of the plain; a small white rubber ball, it seemed, came bounding, but grew into a little Bull-terrier, and Snap, slowest of the pack and last, came pasting hard, so hard they seemed like gasps—and over the level open, straight to the changing ring around the Cattle-killer whom none dared face. Did Snap hesitate? Not for an instant. Through the ring of the yelping pack, straight for the old despot of the range, right for his throat, he sprang; and the Gray Wolf struck with his twenty simitar. But the little one, if foiled at all, sprang again, and then what came I hardly know. There was a whirling mass of Dogs. I thought I saw the little white one clinched on the Gray Wolf's nose. The pack was all around; we could not help them now. But they did not need us; they had a leader of dauntless mettle, and when in a little while the final scene was done, there on the ground lay the Gray Wolf, a giant of his kind, and clinched on his nose was the little white Dog.

We were standing around within fifty feet ready to help, but had no chance till we were not needed.

The Wolf was dead and I hallooed to Snap, but he did not move. I bent over him.

"Snap—Snap, it's all over; you've killed him." But the Dog was very still and now I saw several deep wounds in his body. I tried to lift him. "Get go, old fellow, it's all over." He growled feebly, and at last let go of the Wolf.

The rough Cattlemen were kneeling around him now; old Penroof's voice was trembling as he muttered: "I wouldn't had hurt him for 20 steers."

I lifted him in my arms, called to him and stroked his head. He snarled a little, a farewell snarl it proved, for he licked my hand as he did so—then never snarled again.

That was a sad ride home for me. There was the skin of a monstrous Wolf; but no other hint of triumph. We buried the fearless one on a butte back of the ranch house. Old Penroof, as he stood by, was heard to grumble his first good word for a Dog: "By glory, that was grit—clar grit—ye can't raise Cattle without grit."

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Complete Story.

# The Divided Note.

I.

## THE DEAD MAN IN THE SANDS.

A hot sandy beach, the flat expanse broken here and there by weather-worn pinnacles of rock, some ringed with surf, others high and dry in the sand billows. Seaward, the Pacific, blue as a jewel, pouring its waters at regular, deep-sounding intervals and thereafter spreading silently across the sands. Nothing in sight save the blue, dim sea and the blue, dim sky, the sea curved at shore and horizon as a pool of mercury. Shoreward, a desert of sand, all but vegetationless, stretching away to a pale horizon in ripples and billows as the last strong wind had left it.

In the narrow shadow of a towering rock sat two men, their faces turned to the sea, their eyes watching the ocean rollers as they somersaulted musically on the shining sands. Their gaze was on the sea, but their minds were otherwise occupied.

"Speak on, Billy," said the Doctor, dreamily. "We are alone—as they observe in melodrama."

"Gum-diggin's a slow game," said Billy Jones, digging a forefinger viciously into the sand. "It's 'and to mouth all the bloomin' time. 'Wot's thirty bob a week to a bloke like you, Doctor? It's a shine an' a disgrace, that's wot."

The Doctor lifted his shabby hat and punched out the crown with a rounded fist. "And so?" he said.

The little man wriggled nearer. "Know a bloke called Sandy George?" he whispered.

"Keep off, you little viper," said the Doctor, with a notion of repugnance. "You may shriek yourself hoarse here and no one hear you but the gulls. What about Sandy George?"

"Wot's the good of goin' on?" said Billy morosely. "You ain't gine to chip in. It's keep huff an' stan' back till I'm fair sick. An' ere was I hofferin' you a chanst, a—"

"What about Sandy George?"

The Cockney reflected. "There was grit in Patsy Briggs," he said. "I didn't expect 'im to pass in 'is cheeks like 'e done. 'Wot did 'e die of?"

"Consumption—a case of long standing."

"They 'ad a hospital fur that at 'Amstead," Billy said musingly. "Once my sisters was took there."

The Doctor looked him over with an inquiring eye. "Briggs," he said, "had only a portion of one lung left, and when the wind and the sand got up yesterday he coughed it away. I told him how it would be before he started, but he reckoned the weather would hold up till we got across, and he took the risk." The Doctor looked idly at a high rock further up the beach.

"Will 'e stop there?" Billy asked in a whisper, his gaze following the same direction.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Till the winds shift 'im. 'What about Sandy George?" he asked again.

"It was me and 'im and Patsy what planned it," Billy said evasively. "An' Patsy is dead—dead and buried."

"Don't lay too much stress on the burying, Billy. Death, however, is a thing man clings to even better than he does to life. So it's dead men's shoes, then."

"There's more'n 'is shoes," said Billy, with nervous cunning. "But blimey if I know 'ow to take yer."

"When dealing with a better intelled than your own, William," the Doctor advised kindly, "speak straight out the thing you desire to say. It saves time."

"I was a educated bloke since as you," grumbled Billy, "but there was no gyver about 'im. If 'e'd been settin' alongside me now there wouldn't be no need of me to spin this 'ere yarn. Two words was enough fur 'im."

"It is the multiplicity of your words, Billy, which befogs me. Give me the two that would have satisfied your friend yonder."

Billy's eye reverted to the rock. "Al-

mighty 'ot 'e must find t'lyin' there with two foot er sand on his chest, Doctor," he said, thoughtfully.

"We put 'im on the shady side."

Billy nodded eagerly. "We done 'im decent, Doctor; we couldn't 'ave done 'im no decenter than we done."

"We buried him as he stood, clothes and all; if he had any money or documents in his possession, he has them still."

The little man's gaze veered suddenly to the sea. Presently he laughed. "It was a ratty devil, Doctor," he said, with returning uneasiness, "allus quarrelin'. The las' thing 'e 'ad in 'is mind, the very las'—'e's a 'uggin' the thought of it now—was murder."

The Cockney's face whitened as he spoke, and he rose to his knees and then to his feet, looking inquiringly down at his companion. The Doctor lay motionless, regarding him through half-closed lids. "Go on with it, Billy," he said; "you are through the ice now."

"Sandy and 'im reckoned the thing couldn't be got without, an' they meant to 'ave it, whether or no," Billy said, moistening his loose lips, "and it looked dead promisin' the way they got it planned."

The Doctor sat up and leaned his back against the rock. "What was his part?" he asked, nodding towards the resting-place of the dead man.

"'E'd got the fattest of it. 'E was a 'andy man with 'is digits fur all 'is skin and bone. But I was thinkin', Doctor, you might do better amongst the ladies if it comes to sortin' up the parts afresh."

"Women in it," remarked the Doctor, frowning. "Sit down, you little beggar, and speak out."

Billy obeyed. "There's a 'ouse," he said, "about nine miles from 'ere on the East Coast, a white 'ouse with gum trees around it, lookin' art across the sea. You come up from Sodoranvisky's store a ten long mile over the sand; 'is till you get to a green 'eadland, and there it stands. It's a lonesome place, Doctor, an' 'eight days art of the seven you can't 'ear yerself speak cos of the wind. You might scream there most times an' the wind would blow the sound of it dahn yer throat, an' 'shoke yer, and nobody'd know yer spoke, not even yerself."

"Marsden's," said the doctor, briefly. "I slept in the shed there one night last summer."

"Wot's 'e doin' art there on 'is lone, Doctor? That's wot I should like to get at. It's a 'ell of a place fur a white man to live. And there's another curious thing. Patsy 'ah a fancy fur this country, too. Te Reinga, Spirit's Bay, Parengarenga—'e was allus 'ankerin' after 'em, and you couldn't drag 'im into a decent country. Blarst me if I can fathom it. Then there's another thing, a blimey funny thing. Did you ever see Marsden 'isself? Well, who was 'e like?"

"He was more like our friend than anyone," the doctor answered, after a moment's reflection. "He was curious-ly like him," he added a moment later.

"There y'are," said Billy eagerly; "they was as like as the peas in a pod. There was the same cut of the job to them, the same eyes, a sorter 'in red, the same kinder voice. If they'd said they was brothers, I'd a believed 'em. But they never said it—leastwise, 'e never"—and Billy nodded towards the rock. "If they was brothers, Doctor, they kep' it mighty dark."

The doctor nodded. "Go on, Billy," he said. "You develop your mystery well."

"There's nothin' abart that 'ouse to make you think it'd be worth stickin' up, Doctor, s'posin' you was in that line of business," Billy suggested, after a pause. "You didn't catch sight er no jewels nor bags er coin that time you was sleepin' in the shed. A bit er plite, may be—anythin' at all, Doctor?"

"Nothing, Billy. Moreover, the evidences were all in the other direction. If that is the place I am afraid the

dear departed was proposing to waste his energies."

"Yet fur all that there's somethin' there. It mayn't be jewels er plite, or even 'is Majesty's photographs, but wot it is, it's as good."

"Did he afford you no information on that point?"

"'E never said more'n 'e could 'elp abart anythin', didn't Patsy. But 'e said there was a thing there wot 'e wanted, and 'e said that if we 'elped 'im to get it, 'e would divide a 'undred golden quids between the two of us."

"Did he mention where the money was to come from?"

"We see that pint, Doctor, an' we put it to 'im. Eyes was: 'Patsy, you ain't got no 'undred quids now. Is it money the old boy's got?' An' 'e eyes: 'No, as it wasn't'. Then, eyes we, nat'rally: 'Then wot abart our quids?' And Patsy eyes: 'It's as I tell you, mites. If I get my fingers on the thing I wants I shall be worth a bit more'n a 'undred'. So, as there wasn't nothin' else to do, we took 'is word fur it."

"A most unbusinesslike arrangement," commented the doctor. "Well?"

Well, said Billy with a gulp, "I put it to you, Doctor; if there was a 'undred in it to give away, there was a bloomin' sight more to keep. Wot was good fur 'im ain't goin' to do us no 'arm, and if you're on fur carryin' it through, eye the word."

"Your proposition is that I should go a-burglin', then, Billy," said the doctor, mildly, a curious far-away, partly amused, partly desperate gleam in his eyes. "Well, putting aside for the moment the question you have raised as to whether burglary is or is not in my line, has it occurred to you that there are certain difficulties and a considerable amount of speculation attached to the venture?"

"As how?"

"Taking the speculative element first, it by no means follows because the thing, whatever it is, was worth a considerable sum to our friend that it would be worth anything at all to us. Then the difficulty arises that we do not know what we are after. It strikes me, William, that in the absence of fuller particulars, your proposition is more suggestive of the humorous than the profitable."

"Wot was 'e after?" mused Billy.

"My present impression is that he was after vengeance, and there is no profit for us in that. Briggs was a very likely man to go for vengeance."

"'E wanted a bit er that, Doctor, but there was more in it. There was money in it. And if there was money fur 'im, why not fur us?"

"I have already suggested why not. But before we go any further, let me hear your plan of campaign."

"'E ad it all mapped art," said Billy. "There's four of 'em in the 'ouse to deal with—Mrs Marsden, the gel, Marsden 'isself, and a bloke—a Zionist, Patsy

called 'im—that's been 'angin' round there fur the last three months, ketchin' flies an' such. Patsy reckoned, 'e'd be some time gettin' on to wot 'e wanted, and the first thing, eyes 'e, is to get the 'ole lot of 'em quiet."

"How did he propose to do that?" the Doctor asked.

"Well, we adn't got no firearms, so 'e reckoned it would take three of us to make a satisfactory job of it. 'E'd been watchin' 'em pretty close and 'e said that every night, reg'lar as clockwork, the two men took a walk down to the edge of the cliff to 'ave a squint at the sea. Sometimes if the weather was decent, they 'ad a smoke there, and if it wasn't they just took a look round and come back. The weather was goin' to be fair when we tackled the job," continued Billy, "and it was goin' to styve fair."

"Which of you were to deal with the men?"

"Me and 'im," said Billy, encouraged by his companion's sincerity; "and Sandy was to go up to the 'ouse and entertain the ladies till we come. Patsy said the part of the cliff where the men mostly went to was a good un fur doin' the job quick and clean. 'E was a devil 'un doin' things clean was Patsy, but I dunno."

"You mean they were to be murdered?"

"They was to meet with an accident," said Billy with a sinister grin. "If they 'ad luck, they would fall abart thirty feet; if they 'ad none they would go dahn p'raps two 'undred. Patsy reckoned that was givin' 'em a fair chanst, but I dunno. Wot do you think?"

The Doctor lifted his eyebrows and gasped. "Why kill the poor devil of a scientist?" he asked presently. "Why?"

"It wasn't so much the killin'; it was gettin' 'im art er the road. The Zionist's a young bloke and fairly active. Patsy said 'e seen 'im one time 'argin' on the side er the cliff, pickin' weeds or lookin' fur bird's eggs, and 'e said 'e was a good man."

"Exactly—a good man. Now, listen to me, you reptile," said the Doctor with sudden fury. "If one hair of his head comes to harm you shall swing for it. Great God, I would as soon think of offering that creature an injury as I would of trampling the life out of an infant. And to think that you and your brother devil yonder should propose in cold blood—Billy, I'm a stronger man than you; if I was to put my hands round your throat and choke the venomous soul out of you, I believe it would be counted to me as the one virtuous deed in a mis-spent life. Ah, would you! Drop it, or I'll break your wrists."

The long, pointed pig-knife fell gleaming into the sands.

"I ain't strong, Doctor," said Billy, white and cringing. "I got to protect myself. Don't you do me no 'urt."

The Doctor's savage hold relaxed, and

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his face, from a dark red, paled slowly to grey. He picked up the knife and buried it far into the advancing rollers. "You have taught me," he said, in a lower voice, "that even murder is not an impossibility to me. Sit down and don't disturb me. I want to think."

For a quarter of an hour the doctor remained motionless, gazing steadily far out to sea. Occasionally his brows contracted, but for the most part the lines of his face were expressionless. Billy sat by, drawing figures in the sand with his forefinger, now and then glancing nervously or vindictively at his companion.

At length the latter stirred and turned. "Where and when were you to meet this man, Sandy George?"

"On 'Arding's gum-field, between the fourth and the tenth," Billy replied sulkily.

"And this is the third." The doctor straightened himself, and, folding his arms, regarded his companion with restored amiability. "Listen to me and listen respectfully, for a better intellect than your own is speaking. To begin with, you and Sandy George are fools. You were proposing to despoil the wrong man, and you were prepared to risk the gallows to do it. And all the while the man you ought to have robbed, the man who was worth robbing and deserved to be robbed, was walking about with you, egging you on. He's lying there under the rock, Billy, with, as you remarked, two foot of sand on his chest."

Billy moved uneasily, regarding the speaker with a look of cunning inquiry. "It ain't too late to put that right, doctor," he said, tentatively.

"There again, unfortunately, William, you touch the nerves of my decaying sensibilities. Against robbing the dead I have a prejudice, illogical perhaps, but insuperable. Our friend, no doubt, deserved to be robbed, but God forbid that we, any of us, should get our deserts. No, we must take some other way, and the first thing to do is to drop Sandy George."

"Drop the 'ole blimey thing, it seems to me," said Billy, morosely, making a movement to rise.

The doctor put forth a restraining arm. "No," he said, "there is a mystery of some kind here, and if only for curiosity's sake we will try to get to the bottom of it. Possibly there may be rewards also, and why should we call in a third to share in them? Take a square look at the facts, and you will see that burglary is a very clumsy expedient. Our friend knew what he was going for, and it was all straight sailing with him. We don't, and a needle in a haystack would be simple to the task you were proposing to attempt. But we do know something. We know that there was a connection of some kind between Briggs and Marsden. We know that Marsden's death was a circumstance desired by Briggs, and possibly the opposite was true also. Finally we know one thing which is known to nobody but our two selves, and that is that Briggs is dead. There's our chief card. There's the circumstance that gives us a right to a say in the matter, or if not the right then the power. We know that Briggs is dead, and we can produce his body. They may want his body; they may want it pretty badly; I rather fancy they will. Well, there it is—at a price."

Billy regarded his companion hopefully. "And 'ow're we goin' to find art wot they want?" he asked.

The doctor rose to his feet, and, shaking the sand from his clothing, picked up and began to adjust his swag—the Cockney rapidly following his example.

"A way will probably disclose itself," he said. "But in the meantime, instead of going to 'Arding's field, we will make straight across for Marsden's shed."

II.

THE GIRL OF THE CLIFFS.

"Coo-ee."

The sound of the fresh young voice rang clearly across the wastes of sand and water, and reached the ear of the Scientist on the rocks below.

His eyes softened, and at some pleasant recollection, and, raising his head, he scanned the hills till the object of his search was discovered. Then he drew out his handkerchief and waved it in answering signal.

Winnifrid Marsden stood erect on a sandhill, blazing like a pyramid of gold, in the last rays of the setting sun. The wind, sweeping up from the ocean, eddied round her, loosening the strands of her brown hair, till they, too, caught

in their curls the glitter of gold. Her golden-brown eyes watched the man's figure smilingly; saw him stand to look at her, then move forward till the rising ground hid him from view. His easiest route lay along the beach, and so, by a gradual ascent, to the headland, but that was not the course he followed.

The girl's eyes still smiled as she sat down, and, resting her chin in her hands, looked meditatively out across the dunes at the unquiet sea. Every rock and point, every tone and colour of the wild scene, was familiar to her, reminiscent of the past, prophetic of the future. There, where the water glistened palely green above the shelving sands, she took her daily swim, but as far as that dark shadow which marked the beginning of the reef, a black rock brooding on the ocean's bed. Every greenish purple shadow marked a rock, and she knew them all. Off yonder point, where the white surf rose in clouds, she had hooked and landed her first shark; but there was no surf that day. On that pool below, surf-riding also, she had found the *Cypraea*—something or other—which Mr Haslett had spoken of as a prize, and been so glad to get. Near there, too, they had been cut off by the tide, not seriously, but sufficiently to enforce the alternative of taking off her shoes and stockings, or permitting herself to be carried. She remembered, with a slight shrinking, how like a baby she had felt in his arms. She had not realised what a man's strength was until she had felt herself swung lightly into the air and transported apparently without an effort to the shore. Across the sand dunes westward they had gone together, shooting plover, and she remembered gleefully that she had not shot him by a brace and a half, a fact of which she still reminded him on occasions. It was aggravating, however, that he did not seem to care, being apparently possessed of an unshakable good-humour, when she would have dearly loved to see him in a temper. He had called her Diana from that day, on account, he explained, when interrogated, of the way she shot plover. He had once very nearly called her Winnifrid, but that was before he invented Diana. A man might, presumably, call a girl by a Christian name that was not hers, though her own special name was barred him. Nobody else called her Diana.

Presently the Scientist came into view, toiling heavily up the hill through the deep, loose sands.

Winnifrid watched him steadily, the woman in her delighting in the resolute, though ungainly, display of strength. "Why did you come up this way?" she asked, as he drew near.

"Why did you call me?" he retorted.

"Because tea is ready."

"Then, there are two of us ready." He lay down on the sand, and, resting his head in his palm, regarded her face in profile.

"An treasures to-day, Mr Haslett?" she asked, without turning.

"A nautilus shell, a whole one this time; a *Strutimolaria* I can't identify; new species, I think; a few specimens, vegetable and animal."

"I heard the kuaka just now," she said, presently.

"What! *Limosa baueri*—the godwit," he responded, eagerly, sitting up.

The light faded from her eyes, and she rose to her feet. "Yes," she said. "Listen."

The sun had sunk behind the sparsely grassed hummocks, leaving the land and parts of the neighbouring waters in shadow. Over the dunes the wind moaned like a creature in pain and up in the zenith the blue of the day melted visibly, letting through the first pale star points.

"I hear the wind in the rushes."

"Forget the wind," she said impatiently; "that you can always hear. Listen through it, as you would look through a clouded glass."

"Yes," he said presently, and they both stood intent, their unseeing eyes on one another.

"That is the beginning of the end, then," he said at last, with returning consciousness.

"Shall you never come back?" she asked, wistfully.

His face clouded. "Never is a long while," he said, slowly, "and I have not exhausted the possibilities of this place, even after I have seen the migration of the godwits; but there are many lands, and science is long, and life is brief, and the chances are that I shall not come here again."

She said nothing, but, turning, moved

away across the dunes in the direction of the house.

"Diana," he said, presently, with a sober return of his old playfulness, "I look back upon thirty years of life, spent in many parts of the world, its lonely places and its resounding cities, but I do not recall the equal of the three pleasant months I have spent here. That is mainly owing to you, and my only unhappiness is that I do not see a prospect of offering you any return."

"There is no indebtedness. My father was well paid for what he did."

"I am glad to be assured that is so, but that is only by the way. I am alluding to the true kindness which money is unable to purchase, the comradeship and sympathy you have shown me over many delightful days, such as I have previously received from no woman and but few men."

She averted her face quickly that he should not see the tears standing in her eyes.

But he was looking meditatively into the gathering night. "I suppose," he said, "it is impossible that men and women, whatever their natures, should live together for any length of time without developing an interest in one another. Would it be an impertinence to say that three months has convinced me of its impossibility so far as I am concerned?" He paused, and, apparently giving a favourable interpretation to her silence, continued: "Then, also, I would hope that what is true in my case may be true in that of others, and, not least among those others, your own."

"Be satisfied, then," she said, huskily, "for it is true."

His firm step checked momentarily, then came steadily on again.

"What will such an interest, excuse me! The question a friend might put from friendly motives may seem an impertinence on my lips, yet it is friendship and not curiosity inspires me. Shall I speak on or be silent?"

"Say what you will," she said. "I know already what you will say."

"Look," he exclaimed, arresting his steps and waving a hand over the expanses of land and water, rapidly withdrawing into the obscurity of night. "This is a lonely spot, wind swept, all but uninhabited, desolate. In many of its aspects it is even terrible, with the terror that warns men back from the waste places of the world. Then, tell me—if you will—how it happens that you are condemned to spend your life in the midst of it?"

"Ask my father," she said. "He may answer you. I do not know."

"Again, why every evening does your father search the cliffs and beaches and bolt and barricade the house, apparently against nothing but the wind? Why do I hear him at all hours of the night

rising from his bed to try the locks afresh?"

Her face was invisible, but against the pale sky he saw her figure droop dejectedly. "Ask him," she said again. "I do not know."

He stood silent awhile, then moved slowly forward. "I will, Diana," he said. "I will ask him."

She breathed quickly at this sudden acceptance of words spoken at random and without hope. "Why should you wish to know?" she asked.

He hesitated. "I have a passion for understanding things, Diana," he said lightly at last. "That is the scientific spirit. I am not of a romantic disposition. I try to avoid mistakes. Nevertheless when I desire a thing I desire it with all my strength. I am afraid you will hardly see the relevance of these statements, but they are relevant."

They had left the thinly grassed ridges of the sand hills and were walking over a continuous turf, the straggling branches of a group of gum trees outlined against the sky in front of them. "There is a light in the shed," said Winnifrid suddenly. "That means gun-diggers."

"I have wondered how the shed was to be interpreted."

"We could not refuse them shelter, and father disliked admitting them to the house, so he built the shed."

"There must be nights in the year when they have reason to bless his hospitality."

She made a sudden movement towards him. "Will you tell me what you hear?"

"If it is good for you to hear it—yes."

"Not otherwise?"

"Not otherwise."

III.

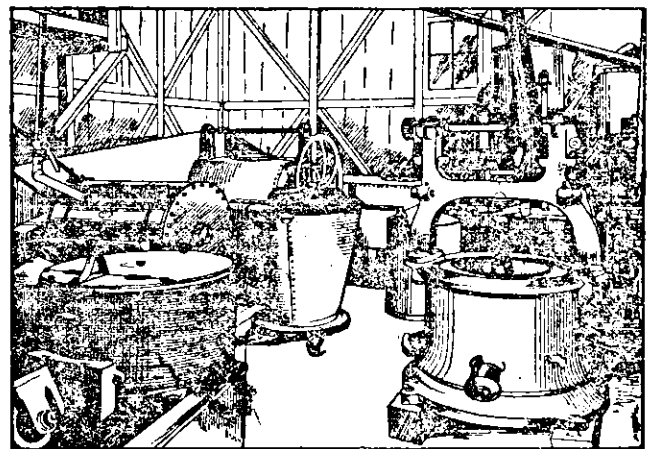
THE HOUSE ON THE HEADLAND.

"Do you know them, Horace?" Mrs Marsden asked, with an anxious glance at her husband. She was a pretty, delicate-looking woman, in whose countenance the lines of a perpetual fear seemed indelibly stamped. "Yes," he replied, "one of them is the man they call 'the Doctor'; you remember he was here one or two summers ago; the other he introduced to me as Billy Jones, a Cockney, to judge by his voice."

Mr Marsden rose from the tea-table, and, taking something from a locker in the wall, slipped it in his pocket and buttoned his coat. "Coming, Mr Haslett?" he asked with a glance.

The scientist got up cheerfully, without speaking, and the two men went out together into the darkness and the roaring wind.

For awhile they moved up the headland in silence. "No good trying a smoke to-night," Haslett said at last.



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"A good sailing breeze," Marsden replied. "We might try a whiff as we come back, perhaps. By the way, the kuaiks are beginning to arrive."

"Yes, Miss Marsden called my attention to them to-night."

"That means that you also will migrate shortly."

"Before the end of the month."

"I shall miss you, Mr Haslett. Permit me to say your companionship has been very pleasant to me."

"Thank you. I am by no means glad to go."

"It is 20 years since I looked my last upon England, and 15 of those years have been spent here. You have gathered, perhaps, that I am an educated man."

"Assuredly."

"I gained the highest degrees of my year. I am a Doctor of Science, Senior Wrangler, a Fellow of — College."

The scientist paused with a feeling of shock and amazement, yet he recognized the statements were true. "It has always seemed to me that the light of your daughter's understanding was gathered from no mean source," he said.

"She would be considered an educated girl in any station, I suppose, Mr Haslett?" the elder man said, his step arrested.

"Indoubtedly."

"And with regard to her manners—pardon my continuation of the topic—is there anything of a wild and outlandish nature about them?"

"Not to my eyes. Miss Marsden is in every respect completely charming."

"Was that your first impression?"

"Yes and my last."

The elder man sighed as though some weight had been lifted from his mind and continued on his way in silence. Arrived at the beach, he began an apparently aimless ramble from point to point, Haslett following idly behind. Now and again he paused, looking intently into the shadows, his hand in the pocket of his short coat.

"Why do you carry a revolver, Mr Marsden?" the scientist asked suddenly, in matter-of-fact tones.

The other paused and withdrew his hand guiltily. "I have enemies, Mr Haslett," he replied uneasily.

"Would you use firearms on them?"

"In self-defence—yes."

"May I exhibit the interest of a friend in so surprising a statement?"

It was a long while before any reply came. "I feel moved to tell you the story, Mr Haslett, but I ask myself what good end would be served—unless it were my own momentarily relief in the telling."

"That is a good argument, sir."

"Perhaps."

Neither of the men spoke again, and Mr Marsden, almost immediately, led the way back to the house. Near the door he paused. "I am going to the shed for a few minutes," he said, "but perhaps your walk has been sufficiently extended."

Haslett chose to interpret this into a desire for his company, and joined him.

The shed was a rough building some fourteen feet square, fitted with bunks and sleeping mats. A fire of charcoal smouldered in native fashion in a brazier, and a couple of candles guttered on a small table in the centre. There was a smell of cooking in the air, but the men had finished their meal and were lying down.

Mr Marsden advanced into the building followed by his guest. "Well, gentlemen," he said cheerfully, "is there anything you are in need of? If so, say the word."

The Doctor raised himself and stood up. "Nothing, sir, thank you," he said. "But I am glad you looked in, because there is a matter—a private matter," he added with a glance at Haslett—on which I desire to ask your advice."

Billy Jones coughed and sat up with a look of expectant interest.

"Don't go, Haslett," said his host, as the scientist made a motion to withdraw. "I would rather you remained. This is my friend, Mr Haslett. Doctor; you need have no hesitation in speaking before him. What is the subject?"

"We want to know what is the proper course to pursue in the case of a man who has died while in our company. He was a feeble creature, in the last stage of consumption, but the immediate cause of his death was a sand storm. We were unable to transport his body, but we buried him at a spot which can be found again, and now we desire to know what it is incumbent on us to do in the matter to avert any suspicion which might fall on us on account of his sudden death."

Haslett noticed that the face and hands of his host were twitching nervously.

"What was the man's name?"

"Briggs."

"His appearance?"

"He was a man of about your height, if you will excuse the comparison, not unlike you in feature. But for the effects of a wasting disease he might be said to resemble you."

Marsden seated himself on the edge of a bunk, trembling violently, and for awhile the occupants of the shed regarded one another in silence.

"Dead!" said Marsden at last, in a strained, unnatural voice. "Dead! Where is the evidence?"

"There is no immediate proof, of course; merely my word that it is so. We took nothing from him; we buried him as he was."

"What?" exclaimed Marsden violently, springing to his feet. "You buried him as he was! Man alive, I would have paid you in gold for one atom of evidence that he was dead at last!"

Billy Jones let his feet down to the ground. "Wot would yer give, gurnor?" he asked.

"What not. Fifty, a hundred pounds."

"Then shell out," said the little man, eagerly, "for I've got the blimey evidence in my pocket. Now, you keep your hands off me, Doctor. I'm goin' to wind up this 'ere little affair meself. You've had your eye, now I'm goin' to 'ave mine. I see as Pasty 'ad these 'ere pipers in his pocket, and while you wasn't lookin' I nabbed 'em. Cos w'y? I knoo that they'd be wanted, and there was no sense in buryin' 'em. Dockments with a corp. Pasty set great store by these pipers, gent; many's the time I've seen 'im sortin' of 'em over, like as you mve eye a labour of love. So 'and over the shinies, gurnor, and they're yours."

"I have not such a sum in the house," said Marsden, "but I pledge myself, in the presence of these others, to find you the money, or give you a cheque on my bankers in Auckland. Hand me the documents, I have a right to them. I can establish that right. The man Briggs was my brother."

Billy looked at the impassioned countenance, and covered as though he saw a ghost, but he still clung fast to the little faded bundle, secured with an elastic strap, in his hand.

"Give them up," said the Doctor, sharply.

Billy looked from face to face, and read determination in all of them. "Ere

you are, then, gurnor. I like your word."

"You are safe in doing so," said Marsden, and, taking the packet, walked straight out into the night.

Haslett following, found him waiting at the door of the house. "Pardon my forgetfulness," the elder man said. "The news I have just heard has agitated me greatly, and until it is confirmed I must continue to be a prey to doubts and fears. If you can conceive what freedom must be to one who has been a prisoner, and worse than a prisoner, for twenty long, weary years, you can form an idea of the state of mind with which I receive the first intimation that the evil thing has at length passed from me for ever. Put come inside, and I will tell you what is known to no living soul, saving only my wife and myself."

He led the way into a small room, and, lighting the lamp, invited his visitor to a seat. One end of the apartment was lined with shelves, thickly crowded with books, and towards this the host immediately turned, the Scientist watching his movements with curiosity.

First, from the centre of the middle shelf he removed an armful of volumes, disclosing the wooden lining at the back. Next he inserted a knife between the cracks of the boards, until a small portion fell forward, revealing a yellow stained envelope in the receptacle between the lining and the workwood of the house. With this he returned, and, seating himself at the table, drew forth from the unsealed cover an oblong of crisp, white paper, which, after a glance, he passed in silence to his guest.

In silence Haslett examined it. That it was a genuine document he had no doubt, even though the large sum for which the Bank of England note was

drawn, and the necessary rarity of notes for £10,000 might well have aroused suspicion.

"Waste paper, Mr Haslett."

"Yes, I am not highly conversant with commercial matters, but I presume that the absence of these two or three inches at the right-hand bottom corner renders the document entirely valueless."

Marsden inclined his head, and, lifting the soiled packet given him by the tuckney, slipped off the elastic band and spread its contents before him. There was one article, a fat packet, carefully secured in a waterproof covering, on which his attention was immediately fixed. With trembling fingers he removed the wrappers and separated the two squares of pasteboard which enclosed the precious content, and from the corner of an old envelope finally drew forth a triangular scrap. For a moment his feelings appeared to overpower him. He put his hand to his throat as though to still some nervous disturbance. Anticipating the finale, the Scientist had arisen, and now, with firm finger tips, bending over the seated man, he brought the two portions of the divided note into juxtaposition.

"And now?" asked Marsden, hoarsely.

"The integrity of the Bank of England is beyond question. They received value for that note. They will pay value for it."

"And God is my witness," said Marsden, rising to his feet, "that it is not the wealth which this man's death brings to me which counts with me now. No doubt it must seem to you an awful thing that a man should rejoice in the death of his only brother, but before you charge me, even in thought, with inhumanity, hear my reasons."

He took a few steps up and down the room and continued. "The story, strange

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as it is, is soon told. We Marsdens have ever been noted for the violence of our tempers, though by many years of self-repression I have to a great extent subdued its more diabolical manifestations in myself. It was not so in my youth, nor was it ever so with my brother Edward. Almost from our infancy we quarrelled, and often over the merest trifles. But the great disagreement which finally parted us arose over this lady who is now my wife. He knew her first, and it is to be presumed, loved her, but she disliked him, and, in the end, married me. From that hour my brother swore vengeance on us both, and he registered in my presence and in that of my wife and our father an oath, that he would never, while he lived, speak one word to me again. That oath he has kept. Our father tried to reconcile us, but in vain. I was incensed against my brother, yet I would have met him half-way, had he shown the desire, but I was determined, as the party offended against, not myself, to take the initiative. "It was within a year of this rupture that our father died. He had never fully understood the causes of our enmity, and, acting, no doubt in good faith, he confirmed by his last act the bitter estrangement which has lasted up to this day. Aware of his approaching death, he made arrangements for the disposal of his estate, some fifteen thousand pounds in all, which remained unknown to us until after the event occurred. By his will he divided a sum of between five and six thousand pounds equally between us, and at the same time the lawyer who communicated the facts handed to each of us a sealed letter. I have that letter still, and will show it to you by-and-by, but I may say in the meantime that it contained that portion of the bank note I handed you first, and it stated in effect that since the bond of blood was powerless to reconcile us, he had trusted to a community of interest to prove more effective. How terrible was the mistake he made, even I myself did not at that time contemplate. I instructed the lawyer to communicate to my brother my willingness to effect a reconciliation, but without result, and for some months nothing was done.

"Then began a series of attempts on my person, and burglarious entries of my house, which I was forced by their peculiar character to attribute only to one source. I changed my residence frequently, without putting an end to these attempts, and at length, yielding to the entreaties of my wife, I threw up a good position, and fled to Australia.

"For five years I breathed freely, then again the same persecution began. Again I sought refuge in flight, and it was here, in the midst of these solitudes, that I finally came to rest. For ten years no whisper of my brother's existence reached me. Then at length I heard of him again, and for the last five years I have known that he was lurking in my vicinity.

"But my patience was exhausted. I knew of no spot on the face of the earth to which I could fly in the assurance that he would be unable to follow me, and I armed myself to meet him in his own way. This house, you will have noticed, is in its defences little short of a fortress, and there has not been one hour of the day or night for five years and more when the means of inflicting death has not lain within reach of my hand. And, as I would have killed a wild beast that sprang at me or mine, so I would have shot down the man who by all the ties of blood should be little less dear to me than my wife and daughter. To such a condition of mind has twenty years of torment brought me."

Marsden ceased speaking, and for several minutes there was complete silence in the room. At length the Scientist sat up briskly and looked steadily at his companion.

"It would be a terrible disappointment if this good news should prove to be without foundation," he said quietly. "Our first act must be to communicate with the police—if there are any in this benighted land—and have the body exhumed and identified. Personally I have no doubt the unhappy wretch has carried his evil passions to another, if not a better world, and I should like to congratulate you, as a man more sinned against than sinning, that such is the case." And Haslett held out his hand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MIGRATION OF THE GODWITS.

A bare ridge of sand; a waste of storm-tossed waters, grey and red in

the light of the setting sun. A flowing tide and above it, on the beaches and higher yet on the sand dunes, wherever the eye rested, a grey carpet of moving life—the kuaka, awaiting the signal that should launch them on their voyage to Siberia.

On the ridge Winnifrid Marsden and the Scientist stood together.

"And you claimed that you were not romantic," she said, smiling.

"You have seen it before," he objected, "and can thus look with indifference on one of the wonders of the world. Not so with me. I confess that my pulses registers more than the normal, and if that indicates romance, I am convicted."

"Not with indifference. It is only your excitement which enables me to wear an appearance of calm."

"Now," he cried, his eyes brightening. The kuaka rose with querulous cries, circled in the air and after awhile returned again to the beach.

Winnifrid laughed merrily. "Think of something else," she said, "and the suspense will be less harrowing."

"Impossible. This is one of the marvels of creation. Can I watch it unmoved? Surely this time!"

But again, and yet again the birds returned to the beach.

"It will be dark soon," he said anxiously. "We shall miss the sight after all."

"They will go when they have selected their leader. Sometimes the election takes them into the darkness, but usually they have the matter settled before sundown."

As she ceased speaking there rang out above the melee of voices a loud, clear, summoning call. No trumpet that ever sounded in battle had more of the inspiration of a beginning in it than that one clear note. And, on the instant, from sand and rock, from the beaches and sand dunes the birds rose with the rushing sound of a mighty wind. High and higher, forming themselves into a huge bow, they soared into the sky; and higher yet into the blue spaces, where only the unswerving gaze might follow them; and higher still into the clear, cold altitudes that lifted them above the petty considerations of earthly inequalities, and there, steadying themselves, as if that mighty host were but one soul, the arc turned and passed like the shadow of a shade into the northern sky.

They turned to one another by one impulse. "Are you satisfied now?" she asked.

He roused himself, as from a dream, and, looking into her eyes, read there the kindred emotions that made her for him the one woman in the world.

"No," he said, and put his arms round her. "Not yet. Not until I know that when I also shall migrate, there will be one at least to keep me company. I am possibly twelve years older than you Winnifrid, but I come of a race that clings well to its youth."

"I love you," she said, simply. "I am glad that you are no younger."

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Here and There.

The new fashionable game of golf was put down as a nuisance by an Act of Parliament in Scotland in 1641. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interfered with the practice of archery, as men preferred wielding the club to pulling the bow.

Dean Pigou's "Odds and Ends," just published, contains a Goldwin Smith anecdote. "Few who do not know him better would credit Goldwin Smith with anything but grave thinking. He was apparently wrapt in thought one morning at breakfast, and one would suppose he was contemplating writing a brilliant essay. His father, somewhat impatient of his silence, said, 'A penny for your thoughts, Goldwin.' To this challenge I heard Goldwin reply, 'I was just thinking what an awful thing it must be for a giraffe to have a sore throat; what an amount of gargle it would have to swallow, and what length of bandage it would require!'"

The hat raffle at the Veterans' Home Bazaar, Auckland, provided an amusing incident as a sequel. One pessimistic competitor, who knew how highly improbable was a win, bet with a friend that he would wear his prize in Government House ground and on the way home—if he got it. He proved to be a winner, and, having plenty of capacity for a joke, carried out all the conditions of his bet, the journey home being performed on a double-deck tramcar, where his admiring friends surrounded him and helped to "liquidate" the proceeds of the bet.

Reminiscences of a club dinner with Charles Reade are given by Mr William A'Beckett, in his book "The A'Becketts of 'Punch.'" "After we had got to the first entrée, I took the bull by the horns. 'Please, sir, I say to my surly guest, in the tone of a would-be condisciple schoolboy speaking to an unreasonable schoolmaster, 'it is not my fault. Please, sir, I am a nervous young chap, trying my best to make up for Mr Charley Stephenson's absence. Please, sir, you are a big and famous author, and I am only a young journalist, just quit of the civil service. Please, sir, don't be too hard upon me.' Charles Reade looked at me for a moment, then he holds out his hand, shakes mine, bursts into a loud laugh, and from that moment becomes the most charming companion imaginable. He stays at the Hatched-house Club (then the Civil Service), telling me amusing stories, and drinking cold tea until 3 in the morning. I have never had a more delightful evening."

The ancient custom of the "Trial of the Faggots," was performed one day last month in the King's Remembrancer's room at the Law Courts, London. The event is the survival of a very ancient custom. In years bygone the City Corporation owned a forge in St. Clement's Inn, the annual quit rent for which was paid to His Majesty by the tender of six horseshoes, with a proportional number of nails. The Corporation also occupied a piece of land in Shropshire which they held as tenants of the Crown, and the quit rent for this was paid with a sharp axe and a dull billhook. The actual circumstances under which the quit rent was actually paid have long since passed away, but the ancient ceremonial of tendering the quit is still kept up. The city solicitor, taking two small bundles of faggots, demonstrated thereon the bluntness of the one instrument, and the keenness of the other, the chips flying in showers all over the room as Sir Homewood chopped. Next he counted out the six horseshoes and to each its ten nails, tendering in all sixty-one nails, being one over. "Good measure" commented the Remembrancer (Lord Dunboyne) and the ceremony was at an end.

The New Zealand Tourist Department has issued an edition of 10,000 booklets on the "Itinerary of Travel in New Zealand." It is an interesting booklet, full of information that is valuable to all who travel—and who in this country does not—in a concise tabulated form. The information is not wrapped up in more or less turgid descriptive writing, and is clearly comprehensible at a glance. There are numerous pictures of our chief spots of interest. The booklet is distributed free of cost, being obtainable at the Government tourist offices in the colony. It is a bright example of the energy of the department and its usefulness.

Many are distressed by the way in which a cat "plays" with a mouse before killing it, says a "Nature Notes" writer. That the mouse does not suffer so much as might be expected is proved by certain facts told me by a friend. Her cat, after catching a mouse, and "playing" with it for some time, left it to go and eat some meat in a plate on the floor. To my friend's surprise the mouse followed, in spite of a broken leg, and fed for a while out of the same dish, the cat occasionally pushing the mouse aside when it came too close. When both had finished the cat ate up its companion.

"Yes," she said, "there is no doubt the old songs are very beautiful." "Beautiful!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "They are well, compared with them, the songs of to-day are trash—the veriest trash!"

"I agree with you. Yet the old songs sometimes contain sentiments of which one cannot wholly approve." "I think you are mistaken."

"I will give you an illustration. There is 'Home, Sweet Home,' for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments it contains?" "Why not?" he asked warmly. "Why not?" "Because," she said, glancing at the clock—"because there is a line in it which says, 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?" Then he coughed a hollow cough, arose, and went silently out into the night.

By a pleasing coincidence the Archbishops of Canterbury and York both celebrated their silver weddings on the same day—November 12. Dr. Davidson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, married a daughter of Archbishop Tait, to whom in his younger days he was chaplain and private secretary. Both Dr. and Mrs. Davidson were highly esteemed by Queen Victoria. The Archbishop, then Bishop of Winchester, was one of the group at the bedside of Queen Victoria in the solemn chamber at Osborne when she passed away. Dr. Davidson is a young man, as archbishops go, being only 55. He succeeded the late Dr. Temple as primate in January last. He has done many good works, but he is perhaps proudest of being the author of the Incubates Act. One who knows the archbishop well describes him as belonging to the "Order of Happy Saints." "His is one of the sunniest dispositions in the world, and it is the result of his saintliness." He is a man of middle-height, with a kindly, homely face and deep-set eyes, which survey the world with a thoughtful gaze through pince-nez. His eyebrows are noticeably heavy, and his appearance is somewhat homely. He was at a meeting in his diocese once when a speaker, alluding to the Archbishop, who was then a bishop, said: "In these days, when the activity of the church is so much in question, our reverend diocesan could never be called an ornamental bishop." Everyone, including the bishop, saw the point, except the unfortunate speaker, till it was forced upon him by the inexplicable laughter of his audience. But the Archbishop's face, though homely, is a fine one; and he is distinctly a useful archbishop. Dr. Maclagan, the Archbishop of York, was 77 last June. He married first in 1860, but be-

came a widower in two years. Ten years later he married his present wife, the Hon. Augusta Ann Keppel, daughter of Viscount Barrington. He belongs in a sense to the order of the church militant, for he was a soldier before he became a clergyman. His father was an army doctor, who served in the Peninsular war. The future archbishop joined the army as a cornet in 1844, and served several years in India. He attained the rank of lieutenant, and then he sold out and exchanged the gay uniform of the secular forces for the sombre garb of a soldier of the church. In 1878 he became Bishop of Liefield, and in 1891 Archbishop of York. In that high position he has worked very hard. Among other admirable aims he has sought to promote a closer union of Christendom, especially between the English and the Greek Churches. To this end he made a private visit to Russia in 1897, and fraternised with many high dignitaries of the Greek Church. Mrs. MacLagan has worked as hard in the interest of the archdiocese as has the archbishop himself, and has taken a leading part in the conduct of girls' friendly societies, mothers' unions, and such like excellent organisations.

"It was the ghost ship *Hesperus*—at least, we may let the name of H.M.S. in question go at that, although it is christened otherwise in the Navy List. And the captain of the *Hesperus* (the "owner," as the wardroom irreverently called him) had been entertaining certain distinguished officers of a foreign Power overnight. He had even seen them on shore in his gig, and given them an hour or so of his company at their quarters before returning, rather deviously, along the quays of the Mediterranean port to where his boat's crew half-slumbered at their oars. He reached the *Hesperus*, with a steadiness born of long immurement to such incidents of life in the R.N., and none would have been the wiser had not a salute been fired just as his man was calling him early next morning. Then he smiled gently as the big guns boomed overhead, and, doubtless with memories of the effervescent explosions of yesterday, very courteously remarked: "Not all the soda, please!"

The gentle art of prevarication and equivocation is always present in the feminine mind. An instance came under the writer's nose by accident quite lately. A lady, writing to another body concerning her domestic unhappiness, could not find it in her conscience to send the letter off without first showing it to her husband. Needless to say, he found no fault with it. Part of it ran as follows: "I am convinced that my husband loves nothing more."

"Than he does me," she writes me more. Then a glass and his intention. "Oh, so I must call the excess of his love often makes me blush for the unworthiness."

"Of its object, and I wish I could be more deserving."

"Of the man whose name I bear." This looks as if it could be read by the light of the honeymoon; but, skip the second, fourth and sixth lines—a matter the recipient will understand—and it becomes a very different thing.

A pen-and-ink portrait of the rival federal leaders is given in the Australasian "Review of Reviews" for November. Both are speakers of very fine quality; but they belong to different schools, and in their methods are in very picturesque contrast with each other. Mr Deakin is tall, good-looking, unflinching, ornate. He soars in the expression, and seldom touches the homely earth. His speeches, as one critic has said, might be set to music, or rendered as a solo with pianoforte accompaniment. Mr Deakin has too much respect for his own oratory, moreover, even to descend into the familiarity of humour. Mr Reid, on the other hand, is round, easy, familiar. He buttonholes his audience, and talks to good people with what may be called street-corner directness and ease. He is an artist in speech, but he carefully conceals his art. His talk is rich in humour, a humour which gains a new flavour from the orator's build, his broad features, his eyes, and the drawl in his voice. But Mr Reid's humour is only logic lit up with laughter; and for platform purposes it is highly effective.

The startling condemnation by Canon Glazebrook, head master of Clifton College, of the use of certain psalms in the church service has caused something like consternation in clerical circles, remarks a recent Home paper.

Canon Glazebrook's own experience, as related before the meeting of the Church Congress at Bristol, went to show that the singing of psalms which breathed a spirit of hatred and malice was totally incompatible with Christianity, and was positively harmful to the boys under his charge. Canon Glazebrook refers to what are known as the "imprecatory psalms," and in the dioceses of Salisbury and Lincoln, both Bishop Wordsworth and Dr. King have altogether eliminated them from the church service. The "imprecatory psalms" proper are the 35th, the 69th, and the 109th, but there are some others into which the spirit of vengeance is infused with hardly less emphasis. Thus in the 58th Psalm David sings of the ungodly:

"Break their teeth, O God, in their mouths; smite the jawbones of the lions, O Lord; let them fall away like water that runneth apace."

"Let them consume away like a snail, and be like the untimely fruit of a woman; and let them not see the sun."

"The righteous . . . shall wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly. 67, 9."

But in the first of the "imprecatory psalms"—Psalm 69—he appeals for fierce vengeance upon his enemies:

"Let their eyes be blinded that they see not; and ever bow Thon down their backs."

"Let their habitation be void; and no man to dwell in their tents."

"Let them fall from one wickedness to another; and not come into Thy righteousness."

"Let them be wiped out of the book of the living. 24, 29."

The last and most terrible of the "imprecatory Psalms"—the 109th—is directed against some individual leader of the Psalmist's enemies. This is the psalm described by St. Chrysostom as "prophecy under the form of imprecation."

"Set Thon an ungodly man to be ruler over him; and let Satan stand at his right hand."

"When sentence is given upon him, let him be condemned; and let his prayer be turned into sin."

"Let his days be few; and let another take his office."

"Let his children be fatherless; and his wife a widow."

"Let his children be vagabonds, and beg their bread; let them seek it also out of desolate places."

"Let the extortioner consume all that he hath; and let the stranger spoil his labour."

"Let there be no man to pity him; nor to have compassion upon his fatherless children."

"Let his posterity be destroyed; and in the next generation let his name be clean put out. 5, 12."

"But deal Thon with me, O Lord God, according unto Thy Name; for sweet is Thy mercy. 20."

One frequently reads that an ocean liner crossed the Atlantic by "the northern lane" or by "the southern route."

To the man in the street who has been accustomed to think of the "trackless sea" this seems somewhat paradoxical, but consultation with the charts of a steamship manager will prove that there are four well-defined highways across the Atlantic, as clearly marked to the navigator's perception as is a weather-beaten sign on land to the eyes of the pedestrian.

It is over these great ocean thoroughfares that the Atlantic greyhounds with their thousands of passengers pass on their voyages between England and America.

They are closely kept by all fast steam vessels, and just as carefully avoided by sailing ships and by fishermen who ply their trade off the Grand Banks.

The situation of a small craft on the liner's route would be comparable to that of a man driving a light engine along a railway line cleared for the express, for these main ocean lines have been set aside by custom and agreement for the Atlantic's "lightning express." Nobody is delayed at sidings, however, for the rest of the ocean is left to the ordinary warner. It is only within the past few years that these lanes of the ocean have been clearly defined.

Ever since the commence of the North Atlantic assumed important proportions sailing-masters have followed, in a general way, the great circle that curves southward from the west coast of England and Ireland until it reaches about 40deg. north latitude in mid-ocean, then bears south-westward past the coast of Newfoundland and Cape Race. Early experience proved that this was the shortest, and so, of course, the quickest, route between England and such ports as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Steam navigators in general kept fairly near this course, but it is natural enough to suppose that individual captains followed theories of their own. With the great increase of steamships and speed the very fact that all the largest and swiftest vessels kept to one particular part of the ocean increased the danger of collision between them. When 40 or 50 swift steamers were crossing the Atlantic at the same time in one direction or the other, all keeping to the same general course, irrespective of the direction in which they were travelling, it was obvious that the possibility of two of them coming together in thick weather was too great to be contemplated pleasantly.

There is no doubt that the adoption of these lanes has been of the utmost importance in increasing the safety of ocean travel, and possesses distinct advantages. Extra precautions are taken to keep the great highway clear of derelicts and other floating dangers, or to give warning of their presence. Masters of sailing vessels, knowing the sailing routes, look to their own safety in avoiding them, or, when it is necessary or cross them in either direction, keep a sharp look out. The Newfoundland fishermen, instead of being in constant dread of the leviathans, know that they are comparatively secure when out of the tracks of the liners, while vessels disabled know where to look for help.

Extreme delicacy of the lines of the finger tips, not weakness, but threadlike casions, especially on the third finger, denotes an artistic talent. When studying finger tips, or phalangiology, as it is called, the length of the tips above the ball of the finger must be noted. Unusual length shows that a woman covets power, and she usually gets it.

Very jolly and gay at times is the woman with the tips of her first fingers showing lines extending from one side to the other, absolutely unbroken, except by the cushion.

The pointed or tapering first finger usually indicates one who is quick to grasp an idea and receptive of new impressions.

The pointed second finger, with fine lines, shows one decidedly optimistic; if very pointed, frivolous, fond of gossip, and on whom snarrows make but little impression. She is as irresponsible as a butterfly.

The fourth finger, if ringed with lines near the tip, and quite pointed, indicates one quick at repartee, witty, and diplomatic. If the finger is smooth, or not lined with marks, or if it is square-tipped and rather heavy, the possessor is

fond of praise, nor is flattery unwelcome. The square little finger shows one who would rather do a thing herself than try to show others. She finds it difficult to put the knowledge into verbal expression, and is prone to say the wrong thing at the wrong time.

That woman loves luxury and is most extravagant whose thumbs show straight markings.

With a long and narrow palm, a skin of milk and satin, and blue veins, a refined nature is shown, but no deep affections. Warm affections and deep feelings are indicated when the "mount" at the base of the thumb is pronounced.

If the mount is quite flat, coldness and selfishness are shown. If it is crossed by many lines, the affections point in as many ways as the rainbow has lines.

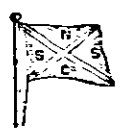
The mount of Jupiter, under the first finger, if well-developed, indicates noble ambition and love of nature, and foretells a happy marriage.

From finger nails also is a character foretold. Small, round nails are associated with an affectionate nature, filbert nails denote refinement, narrow nails incline to mischievous, broad nails are indicative of a gentle, dependent nature, crooked nails belong to quick-tempered people, long nails to those of a temporising disposition, one who would hesitate "to name the day." These are nails of persons who hate scenes.

Pink nails show indolence, red nails good temper, and nails abnormally pale, a weakness that is both physical and mental.

In reading character from the finger tips, the proper way is to study the fingers of the left hand, and to prove the reading by the right. A magnifying glass, by the way, is needed for this study of phalangiology.

A correspondent of a London journal, who was attracted to the Balkan provinces by recent events, gives some picturesque details about the town of Plevna, famous enough, but about which many people could tell one very little beyond the fact that it was the scene of a world-renowned siege in the Turco-Russian war of 1870. A visit to Plevna, says the correspondent, cannot be commended to the usual traveller with a small stock of linguistic knowledge. Nobody speaks English here. As in Roumania, English trade has left the country. There are half a dozen men in the town who speak a little broken French, and a dozen others who speak a little German. Everybody speaks Turkish. Strangers, however, are not unknown here. Austrian and German commercial travellers are constantly coming and going, sometimes also French, Swiss, and Russian business men, but never English. A few Russian, Roumanian, Austrian, German and French officers come in small parties to study the battlefields and the old Turkish fortifications, which are preserved by the Bulgarian Government. American officers have also been here. Before the Macedonian rebellion Turkish officers came frequently to undergo systematic courses, and last year two Japanese officers created a sensation by paying their visit of State to the officers commanding the troops in full



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uniform. British officers never come this way. The cuisine of my hotel is curious, and of its kind good, but it is purely Eastern—Bulgarian, Turkish and Greek. One takes coffee and dry bread for breakfast, generally in the bedroom, immediately after rising; dinner at twelve or one, and then nothing until supper at eight. This was my fare at yesterday's dinner: (borba (Turki-h) soup, the word is used all over the East), very fat bouillon with macaroni; piloff (meat) boiled in rice, tomatoes filled with highly-spiced minced meat, fillet a la Turque (with olives and pickled cabbage), pancakes diled with rose-leaf jam, kash-kaval (ewe's milk cheese). Before the meal, mastica (a locally-made anisette), during the meal excellent red Plevna wine (fourpence a large bottle), with piesshubber, a Hungarian mineral water, slightly but not unpleasantly sulphureous, and exceedingly wholesome. After the meal, Greek cognac and Turkish coffee. At supper there is no soup, but one or two dishes of meat, highly spiced, and a sweet. Before going to bed, tea, without milk or sugar, but with lemon, is drunk out of tumblers. Many customs are curious. For instance, mastica is served with slices of cucumber, the juice of which you add to the beverage. Shivovitz, the famous plum brandy of Servia, is served with olives. Here, as in Turkey, butter is never eaten. I have not seen any either in Rustchuk or in Plevna. Plevna is a prosperous little town. As the centre of the Bulgarian wine trade, it is famous all over the East. The vine is grown under most scientific modern principles, and there is a college of viticulture here, also one of agriculture. Phylloxera has proved havoc of recent years, but they have now imported American stock. The soil is magnificent and the climate glorious. The produce of any country and any climate will thrive here, almost without care. There is a weekly cattle market, and considerable export of fruit and grain. Arts and crafts, however, left the town when the majority of the Turks left it after the war. The once celebrated manufacture of gold and silver filigree work is extinct, and genuine specimens of Plevna or Widdin handicraft fetch now high prices as antiquities. The town is, however, not without some of the graces of life. Cafes are numerous—there must be a hundred or more here—to suit all tastes and purses. They are generally well conducted, and, though even in the best the accommodation is unpretending, the stuff sold—coffee, tea, wine, beer, liqueurs—is excellent, and the tariff low. Here, as in Bucharest, you have your refreshments in the streets on cane chairs and small marble-topped tables. There are several beer gardens, where gipsies play beautifully on stringed instruments, and a small public park, in the centre of the town, where the fine band of the 4th Infantry Regiment performs on Sundays free of charge. I made my entrance into the town on Sunday last to the strains of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin," played with splendid dash and a fine volume of sound.

No doubt thousands of people who are familiar with his early career on the American frontier believe "Deadwood Dick" dead, and many others think there never was such a man outside a yellow-back novel. After the red border days Dick laid aside his Sharp rifle, his Colt's pistol, and his buckskin suit, and donning the garb of civilisation, engaged in railroad work, and for several years he has been a yardman at Lead. He is known now as "Dick Clark" rather than as "Deadwood Dick," and to see him in his suit of blue working clothes the stranger never would suspect that he used to be the terror of all the "bad men" in the Black Hills. He is now a middle-aged man of middle height, with brown beard and hair, clear grey eyes, and a pleasing smile. Speaking of the "shotgun men" he said:—"There were just nine of us in that shotgun brigade, but I suppose we were able to lick any eighteen men on the face of the earth if given any sort of a show. We carried short, breech-loadings hotguns, and always went loaded with slugs. We guarded the Wells-Fargo treasure coach to the railroad at Sidney, Neb., about two thousand miles from Deadwood. The road-agents tried to hold us up only twice. We contrived to kill all but two of them, and those two were sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years as soon as they had sufficiently recovered from the wounds we gave

them to stand trial. We had a reputation for shooting pretty straight, and after that the coach could go anywhere in this country and never be molested. The road agents seemed instinctively to recognise the rattle of the wheels, and never came near. But we had many fights with the Indians."

In an article in "The Gentleman's Magazine" on "Literary Forgeries" Mr Gordon Goodwin remarks that the secret of the real authorship of the "Eikon Basilike" is revealed by the correspondence of a certain Dr. John Gauden, "a churchman," says Mark Pattison, with one of his keen touchés, "whom his friends might call liberal, and his enemies time-serving." Gauden had been rewarded by the Parliament for an attack on the policy of Land; he had afterwards adopted the royalist cause, and during the Commonwealth had again turned his coat and signed the Covenant, thus retaining all his benefices. The claims of such a record upon the Court party could not be great, but upon Restoration in 1660 Gauden received the Bishopric of Exeter. With this he was not content, and in the course of the next year he began to write to the Lord Chancellor (Clarendon) and the Secretary of State (Nicholas), dwelling upon his services to the late king, and demanding further recompense. His early letters are filled with hints of some extraordinary "service and merit," and with veiled threats to apply personally to Charles II. Presently he becomes more explicit. On January 21, 1661, he definitely claims to have written the "Eikon"; "this book and figure was wholly and only my invention, making, and designe." He asserts further that it was conveyed to the King in the Isle of Wight by the Duke of Somerset and Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Winchester; that Charles II. knew of the fact through the Duke of York; and that Dr. Morley, Bishop of Worcester, had imparted the "arcana" to Clarendon himself. In his reply Clarendon practically admitted the truth of Gauden's assertion, and in May, 1662, Gauden was translated to the see of Worcester. He had hoped, however, for the wealthy bishopric of Winchester, and it is said that vexation at having missed the aim of his ambition brought on a violent attack of illness, to which he succumbed in the following September. There can be no doubt that Gauden's story is the true one. The evidence in support of the royal authorship is mainly hearsay evidence, and was first produced some forty years after the Restoration.

The new book just published recently by Sir Francis Burnand, the editor of "Punch," includes several most interesting stories. Of Tanniel's famous cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," which shows Bismarck leaving the ship of State to his young master, we are told that it was entirely due to Gilbert A'Beckett. "I do not remember any other instance of the suggested subject for the cartoon being at once unanimously accepted without argument, contradiction, or discussion. Its applicability, its power, pathos, and simplicity struck everybody at once. It was an inspiration: there was a pause, and then 'That's the cartoon' was the verdict of us all." The original is one of the prized possessions of Lord Rosebery. The book contains glimpses of famous figures—of Thackeray wild with anger over an attack in a Sunday paper; of Sir Augustus Harris asleep at the theatre, waking up to say, "That'll do. Dismiss the rehearsal. Everybody to-morrow at 11 sharp. Good-night;" of old Mrs Keeley, who, on being told by her daughter in Piccadilly that she had married Montagu Williams, exclaimed, "Good God!" and straightway sat down, flop on the pavement; of Burnand and Sothorn, who had quarrelled, and who, forgetting their quarrel, shook hands fervently in the street, and then, remembering their quarrel, parted abruptly. There is a good story in the book of Sir Arthur Sullivan's mother, who was dining with the Duke of Edinburgh, when she startled him by saying, "Sir, your family name is Guelph!" "My dear mother!" began Arthur, remonstrating. "But it is, isn't it?" she persisted. "Certainly," replied the Duke, much amused. "What's the matter with Mrs Sullivan?" "Oh, nothing," returned the excellent

old lady, musingly, "only I don't understand why you don't call yourself by your proper name." "There's nothing to be ashamed of in the name of Guelph," the Duke said, gravely, and the old lady assured him that there was "nothing whatever as far as she knew."

Sir Francis Burnand was always a punster. It was at the first great crisis of his life, when he was driven from home because he had become a Catholic, and he was sitting with Cardinal Manning in his "ascetic" little room. He had determined that he had "no occasion for the priest-board," and it was, said Manning, "a solemn thing; very solemn." Almost with trembling Burnand declared that there were "other vocations," and that he had resolved to go on the stage. "Way, you might as well say—that to be a—cobbler—is a vocation," Manning said. The young man, nervously inspired, blurted out, "Well, er—a—a—cobbler has a great deal to do with the sole."

The cudgels are taken up for Sir Redvers Buller (in Macmillan's Magazine) by his consistent champion, the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. That writer, in reviewing the disclosure of the War Commission, puts a new interpretation upon the Lady-smith telegram, which deserves attention, especially as General Buller's words are quoted presumably from the official records:—"Sir Redvers telegraphed home, that not being strong enough to relieve Ladysmith, he thought that he had better let it go and take up positions for the defence of Natal. He received, as he expected, an answer that the fall of Ladysmith would be considered a national disaster, and that he was at liberty to use the troops then existing, as he thought best. 'Many thanks, exactly what I wanted,' replied the general. 'I was in doubt as to weight I should attach to financial considerations at Kimberley.' The Government have characterised this famous telegram as a 'dumy threat.' A threat, it undoubtedly was, but, unfortunately, it is too often only by threats that generals in the field can prevail over the timidity and inactivity of Governments. 'I dare say,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'that I may have said to the Government as often as 50 times, d---n it, if you don't do this or that you may as well give up the war at once. Incidentally Mr. Fortescue declares that Cecil Rhodes, who controlled the majority of the Kimberley defenders, put pressure on the Imperial authorities by threats to surrender the town. Hence Buller's message quoted above. Hence also another passage in his correspondence with Lord Milner:—"In dealing with Kimberley we must put De Beers out of the question. . . . All we have to do is to keep the Union Jack flying over South Africa, and I trust Methuen and Kitchener to do that without favour to any particular set of capitalists."

"Blackwood's" has a new Charles Lamb story, said to have been related with much artlessness by Warren. The latter, who had met Lamb at a breakfast, was asked if he had said anything good. "Not that I remember," answered Warren. "Very odd," rejoined the host, "Surely he must have said something worth recalling!" "Well," responded Warren, after a pause, "now I come to think of it, he did say something, though I don't know that it's worth repeating." "Never mind," was the answer. "Let us hear what it was." "Well," resumed Warren, "I had been telling some story in French; it was a really good story, but somehow it didn't come off, probably because, the French wasn't quite up to the mark, so when nobody laughed, by way of getting over the failure, turning to Lamb, who was sitting next me, I added, carelessly, 'Not

that I know much French for a gentleman?' Ah!" expectantly exclaimed the warbling for a treat, "and what happened then?" "Well," answered Warren, "there's very little in it, but when I said that I didn't know much French for a gentleman, Lamb, who hadn't uttered a word the whole of breakfast, suddenly stammered out, 'Nor—nor—I—for a—a—a—black-guard!'"

How many people imagine that a familiar word "Admiral" is anything but a thorough English word? Probably the last origin any would give it is Eastern. Yet its derivation is simply "Emir el Bahri," which is Arabic for Lord of the Sea.

There is hardly a language that we have not put under contribution for sea terms. The names of the various officers of a ship illustrate this most vividly.

"Captain" comes straight from the Latin "caput," a head; but "mate" owes nothing to any dead language. The word is almost identical with the Icelandic "mati," which means a companion or equal. The derivation of "coxswain" would never be suspected. "Coxswain" was originally the man who pulled the after-oar of the captain's boat, then known as the cock boat. "Cock boat" is a corruption of the word "coracle," and as most people know, the coracle is a small round boat used for fishing on some of the Welsh rivers, such as the Wye and Usk. So coxswain comes to us from the Welsh. Other languages are also pressed into the service.

"Commodore" is simply the Italian "Commodatore," or commander, and "naval cadet" was originally the French "cadet," which, going a step further back, has the same origin as the word captain. The reason of this apparent anomaly is that originally all naval cadets were younger sons of noble families, who served as privates previous to obtaining their commission.

There was never such a person as "Davy Jones," though we frequently hear of his locker. One ought to talk of "Duffy Jones's locker." "Duffy" is the West Indian negro term for spirit or ghost, while "Jonah" refers to the prophet of that name.

"Dog watch" is another curious case of a term gradually corrupted out of its original form. Originally it was "Dodge Watch," so described because it lasts only two instead of the usual four hours, and thus makes it possible that the same men shall not be on duty every day during the same hours. "Dog watches" are called, are from 4 to 6 and 6 to 8 in the evening.

Sailors call meat "junk." It is not a complimentary term, for junk is nautical for a rope's end. Some 3000 years ago ropes were made out of bitul-hens, for which the Latin word is "juncus."

Again, "jury mast" has nothing directly to do with a law court jury, though both have come from the same original word, "jurat," the French for day. Jury mast thus means a mast put up temporarily for a day—just as jury in the legal term applies a tribunal summoned for a short period only.

References throughout Great Britain and Colonies.

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"Hunyadi János Bitter Water, besides being an excellent general aperient, has proved specially efficacious in the treatment of chronic constipation, venous obstruction and congestion, haemorrhoids and obesity."

AVERAGE DOSE:—A single glassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a little warm water.

**CAUTION.**—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDRÁS BAKLAKNER, and the Medallion on the Red Colour Bar of the Label.



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New Scientific Treatment and New Infalling Remedies of the very best and purest are honestly and faithfully used. Moderate Charges. Call and see me or write full details of your troubles in your simple, homely language, and I will treat you with the strictest confidence, success, and fairness.

ENCLOSE A FEE OF 5/-

In their first letter to ensure immediate attention and prompt dispatch when possible, of remedies necessary for their case. As my remedies are sent direct from Wellington, my patients save heavy carriage duties and avoid the inspection of packages. All correspondence is held strictly confidential. Consultation hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

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SUBJECTS OF MOST DREADFUL EXHAUSTION CURED AND MADE HAPPY.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, I have no hesitation whatever in saying "Yes" in reply to your beautiful and kind letter, in which you ask me whether I am willing to let the public know the benefit I received at your hands. When I saw you upon the recommendation of Mr. Griffith (whom you had previously cured) of a similar complaint, I think I was in about a state of misery and depression in both mind and body as any human being could be in fact. I thought life was not worth living, and my future was a blank. You told me plainly and honestly that you could and would cure victims of weakness, so that I should no longer be benefited and studied in society, and could take my part and interest in the amusements and sports of others, and have an ambition in my business. At first I thought your promise was too good to be true, and I thought to say I tried your treatment, I swear solemnly I feel a different man to-day. I have put on flesh and muscle and have any amount of confidence in myself. I am perfectly healthy and quite contented, and I am enjoying myself as others do, and I don't doubt about by myself and then society. I earnestly recommend all my fellow sufferers to put their confidence in you, as your treatment is so perfect and your charges are small—I am, yours truly, LACHLAN CAMERON.



TURF FIXTURES.

December 29th and 30th and January 1st and 2nd—Auckland R.C.
December 29th—Ashurst-Pohorua R.C.
December 31st and January 1st—Grey-mouth J.C.
December 31st and January 1st—Hawke's Bay J.C.
January 1st—Opunake R.C.
January 1st and 2nd—Rangitikei R.C.
January 1st and 2nd—Waikarapa R.C.
January 2nd and 4th—Southland R.C.
January 4th and 5th—Westland R.C.
January 7th—Hororata R.C.
January 8th and 9th—Whangarei Annual
January 29th and 30th—Wellington R.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.H. Avondale.—Ochello won the big Steeplechase, Bombardier second, Moret third.

TURF NOTES.

Mr A. Kidd has sold Tahae to a Waikato resident.
W. Olive is training Garnet and Bloodstone at Avondale.
The Whangarei Annual Meeting has been fixed for January 29th and 30th.
S. Howie, a horseman from Adelaide, is at present in Auckland and can ride at 9.0.

Mr B. R. McDonald, president of the Geraldine R.C., is on a visit to Auckland.
The Hobart Cup is worth 500sovs this year.

Whatawhata Racing Club's privileges were sold for about £20 by tender.

Mr A. E. Whyte, secretary to the Wellington Racing Club, is a visitor to the A.R.C. meeting.

Mr Evelt will frame the handicaps for the Wellington Jockey Club's meeting, to be held the second week in January.

Vanquish is voted a sure starter in the A.R.C. Summer Steeplechase. She is trained by G. Barnes out Avondale way.

It is rumored that a prominent New Zealand horseowner may turn his attention to racing in Australia in the spring of the year.

The Avondale racecourse is looking a picture just now. The grass has been cut and the hay stacked, and the willow trees round the paddock and lawn are growing nicely.

Muddle, by Explosion from Miscellaneous, is one of the best efforts at commemoration we have had of late, and that kind of the Hon. H. Masman's has been so named.

Up to November 2 Sir J. Miller was at the head of the winning owners' list for this season in England. Seven of his horses had won 14 races, of a total value of £24,882.

After doing a gallop over hurdles with Up-to-date, Faubus showed signs of soreness again, and this is the explanation of her absence from the hurdle race on the first day of the A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

The four-year-old gelding, Outlander from Flahag, has been leased by Mr J. Marshall to an Ellerslie sport. The three-quarter brother to Cannagoate is in J. Chaeff, Junr's hands.

Someo has been talked of as a doubtful starter in the Auckland Cup, but judging from the work he is doing, and that Lind's services have been retained, he can be put down as one that will make the final payment.

The "Special Commissioner" of the London "Sportsman," though very strong on the "figure system," says he has always held the figures, as a more guide, subservient to the individual merit of a horse.

Mr Fabian, who for some years carried on business in the Waikarapa, has recently purchased a property near Avondale, and has had four horses both there, and has several horses in training.

Quartermen does not appear to be fit enough to do himself justice at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting. If his track work gives any indication of form, it may be a better horse at the end of the meeting than he will be this week.

The Philadelphia horse, Philadelphia, who, both in the Old Country and India, earned the name of being a perfect stayer, according to the "Referee," has quenched down since being added to the list. Lots of Indian racing men, it is deplored that such a course should have been adopted with him, as he is looked a horse who would have made a name for himself at the stud, and they believe his temper was only due to bad handling.

The programme of the Taranaki Jockey Club's Summer Meeting appears in this issue. The date of nominations has been fixed for January 8th. The Taranaki Cup is worth 500sovs, and there are races to suit many Auckland-owned horses.

In times gone by, says the Sydney writer, "Mirror," the Summer and Tattersall's Cups were mediums of spirited speculation, but they are gradually going out of fashion as auto-post betting races. On many of the past Cups the ring operated very largely.

The American Jockey, Tatal, has wound up the Anglo-Hawaiian season with 28 victories, or one less than Bonta's total last year. If his three German successes at Hamburg are included he has topped the century by one point.

The black pony Chieftain failed to go less than 14.11 when measured after his arrival in India. However, in a country where they managed to get Indabhis down to 14.1, there should be no trouble in reducing Chieftain a quarter of an inch.

Old Kanaka is the shonele block in the Whatawhata Cup, with 2.8. The brothers, Aka, Ika and Tahae, have 5.8 and 7.8 respectively in that race. Tahae is thus recording 2st from Kanaka; and in the Flying St from Kingman, who has 10.2 top weight, in that event.

From America comes word that Ormonde has signed the Anglo-Hawaiian season with 28 victories, or one less than Bonta's total last year. If his three German successes at Hamburg are included he has topped the century by one point.

Mr H. A. Tinker, who has been in New Zealand a few months attending to dental troubles in horses, and has been largely engaged by leading owners and livery stables in the South, is on a visit to Auckland, and can be consulted at the Harp of Erin Hotel, Ellerslie.

Recently in England Mr R. S. Slerck complained of the way two of his horses were treated by the committee of handicappers, but the stewards of the Jockey Club, after going into the matter, found that he had no very serious cause for complaint.

Twenty three horses were working during the week on the Avondale course, and in view of the midsummer meetings at the Thames and Dargaville, where some are engaged, and the A.R.C. Summer Meeting, training operations in that quarter have been busy for some time past.

Thus early the conditions of the Doncaster Handicap and Sydney Cup are published, and though the autumn meeting of the A.R.C. at which these events will be run, do not take place until the beginning of April, nominations must be made not later than January 4.—"Referee."

Mr J. Marshall's Six Pearl Saddle, by Haut Brom, while racing in Victoria recently, got galloped on, and did not in consequence show expected form, and her owner has requested information that she will not be ready to race again before the autumn. Bad luck this.

I have rarely seen so many horses before a midsummer meeting at Ellerslie looking so healthy and well as the big contingent in work there. As a rule they are drawn much fiercer, and look more dry about their coats. We have had less hot trying weather this summer than in many preceding ones, and therein lies the explanation, in part, at least.

A Home authority says that Ard Patrick would have been re-purchased for England if the German Government had been desirous of selling him. The would-be buyer offered a substantial advance on what was given for the horse, but almost needless to say the Germans did not wish to get rid of him.

Lady Kren is among the entries for the 141 races at the coming big meeting at Caversham. If she strips in anything like her best form, says a Sydney paper, she should be equal to beating everything that meets in that class, notwithstanding there are some good ones from Australia engaged.

Count M. Kinsky, who was the Liverpool Grand National in England on his own mare Zedone in 1883, is evidently one of those men who never seem to grow old. Although in his 60th year, he still gets up in cross country races, and at a meeting in Austria about six weeks ago, won a steeplechase on Hannah, whom he owns.

The Phoenix Apollo—Market Maid colt, half brother to Waikato, Rawiri, and Okara, is about the biggest but at the same time, evenly proportioned of the sixty six yearlings to be sold at the midsummer sales, but will not be so big a colt as Rawiri, being closer to the ground than that commanding son of St. Lezer, but will be bigger than Waikato and quite as massive.

In the Wairua Cup, 11 mile, the commitment of handicappers gave Tiptoe 10.7, and Kingman, who won, 11.0, a difference of 30ths. In the Flying, which Kingman also won, they made a difference between the two horses of 20ths. In the Whatawhata Cup, 11 mile, Kingman has been set by Mr Knight to give Tapawera 5ths, in the Flying 20ths, the differences being all the other way.

Racing at the Thames is in progress to-day, and will be continued on Tuesday. More Auckland horses are said to have gone there this year than has ever been the case before, from which it may be inferred that the meeting is not losing in popularity. The improvement effected since the last meeting held in March are such as to make the Parawai racecourse one of the most up-to-date of country clubs in the North.

After bringing his jumper Athalar all the way from South Canterbury it was hard luck for Mr McDonald to be deprived of his services for the Thames meeting through an accident. When schooling in company with Pipi on Tuesday he rapped one of his joints, and Mr McDonald would not risk riding the horse so soon after the mishap, though he is hopeful that he will be able to start in the Auckland Summer Steeplechase next week.

There are not many stud masters who would risk so much in one season as to send all their mares to an untried stallion, the first year of his taking up stud life, and those who bred for sale cannot afford to do so. In the case of Kingman he has had a better chance given him in his first season at the stud than Mr Omond's Birkenhead, who will have 23 representatives as the result of his first season at Kivimaa, seventeen of the number being colts.

Commenting upon my note pointing to the fact that such a large proportion of our champion ponies, but for being mares, "Martindale" in the "Town and Country," says:—I have noticed the same at Kensington. Take, for instance, the entries for to-day's (Wednesday) meeting at our pony headquarters. For the six races there are 51 entries, and of these considerably more than half are mares. In the past the champions have been mares, the best without a doubt, being Cinder Ellen and Manera.

An English writer, in touching on Sceptre's deeds, says it is curious that Ormonde, grandly as the sister to Ormonde is bred, by Herd Or, out of Lily Agnes, would have proved a comparatively failure at the stud, but for the late purchase of Sceptre, whose courage is in marked contrast to that displayed by her preceding relatives, and it was indeed a happy speculation which led to her being mated with the King's champion in his first season at the stud.

I cannot call to mind any midsummer meeting in Auckland at which so many visitors from all parts of New Zealand had assembled as have done so far for the Auckland Racing Club's meeting this year. For some days past all the leading hotels have been full, or accommodation engaged, and this is a sure sign of a successful time in store for the Auckland Racing Club, who are fortunate, as they invariably are, in having the best of weather for their fixtures at this season of the year. Ellerslie never looked prettier than it does to-day, and many of the visitors who are with us for the first time are simply charmed with the surroundings at headquarters.

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There will be considerable disappointment felt by spectators at the absence of Golden Lily from the classic events of the A.M.C. Summer Meeting owing to influenza having attacked her on her way North. It has been hoped that this beautifully modelled filly will be well enough to be brought on to the course one day when racing is in progress next week, as scores of racers are anxious to see Multiflorus's fine daughter, who has been out every day in the paddock since her arrival here a week ago.

The "Los Angeles Times" describes a prize-winning hack thus: "All eyes centred on Dr. Francis Woodland of Pasadena, who rode his magnificent mare Della De La Paz, as pretty a high school performer as may be found in the length of a many-days' ride. Care-taking to the music of the band, sidestepping, crossing the finish with safety hoof poised in air to the strains of a march, neck arched haughtily, the handsome aristocrat bore her rider past the stands, while round after round of applause rang out."

Lady Deborough failed to pass under the 14.5 mark at Ellerslie last week. This means that she will not be able to race at the Thames or the A.M.C. Summer Meeting, and that the stake won at Takapuna will go to Billy Horner. It is the second time that she has failed to meet the second to her at the recent meeting. How efficient is the pony race that Lady Deborough has won? This year's measuring business was fixing on proper lines as the writer had occasion to remark over two years ago, when some of the so-called ponies were racing at meetings hereabout.

An ingenious method for dealing with horses that are refractory at the post has been invented by M. Richard Figeat, and is the French Jockey Club. It consists of a hood, having two small plates, worked by a spring, covering the eyes. A ribbon, worked by pulling a string, raises the plates, which remain open all the time. In La Draconne, a troublesome mare, wore this hood at Paris races recently, and made an excellent start. The invention is most successful, and is likely to be generally adopted.

Looking over our country exchanges (says a Sydney paper), and noting the reports published from time to time of the various racing clubs, leads to the belief that our affairs in the country clubs are in a more prosperous state than they were at this time last year. Very few of our country clubs but what can now show a bank balance. What is better still, there is all-round improvement in the way of entries. This is the best sign of all. Good entries mean an increased attendance. If racing is at a low ebb in the country districts, we cannot expect it to be flourishing in the metropolis.

"Do you know my reason for securing Council as my speaker?" asked the American horseowner, John K. Madden, at Morris Park. "No! Well, I'll tell you. In the first place, he is of Irish blood. Second, he doesn't part his hair in the middle. Third, and best, he does not smoke cigars. Besides these three virtues Council has many qualities to recommend him. The boy has plenty of nerve, which is most desirable in the makeup of a successful jockey. It is an absolute winning trait when, as in the case of young Connell, that self-assuredness is added to good hands, a capital seat in the saddle and a level head."

With a view to stopping horses breaking through the starting machine, Mr Gray has constructed a barrier consisting of four strong ropes, about the thickness of iron clothes line, which will replace the tape which was so easily broken (says the Sydney "Mail"). The new barrier, which was in use at Kensington on Wednesday, and again at Forest Lodge yesterday, worked quite as quickly as the tape, and its construction is such that once a horse or rider comes into collision with it he will not want to do so a second time.

The New York Jockey Club is making a strong set against doping, and next year a veterinary surgeon will be one of the officials at all meetings held under its rules. The growth of the "doping" evil has been very marked in America during the past few years, and a bad case, in which the horse died in convulsions, as a result of an overdose of a drug, determined the authori-

ties on dealing very severely with offenders. The penalty will be expulsion from the track, and where the offence is aggravated the civil authorities will be asked to act. Quite a number of American trainers have been hauled over the coals lately, and it is safe to say that the English jockeys, having over them, they will be very careful in future.

It has been the custom to keep the entrance gates to the Ellerslie Racecourse closed on Sunday mornings, and on a very good one too; but on the Sunday before important meetings it has invariably been the practice to open them, the same as on week mornings. Several visiting trainers were out as usual waiting about for the gates to be opened, and their horses had to be exercised on the roads. A few early tents on the course had concluded that the trainers had over slept themselves, when they did not arrive with their charges.

The action of the V.R.C. in reducing the stake money for the autumn meeting, is being much discussed in racing circles, according to "Milroy," and the general opinion appears to be that it would be better to reduce the number of days from four to three instead of cutting into any of the stakes. Four days' racing at Melbourne Cup times is quite sufficient for most people, and two Saturdays and a mid-week meeting should be enough for them during the autumn. The reduction of Zosovs in the All-aged and Besford Stakes is a very serious one, and, considering the position of the racing, it is quite unnecessary. Certainly, the members might be consulted before any such drastic changes are determined upon.

Mr W. T. Goodwin, who has made Suva, Fiji his headquarters for about 13 months past, returned to Auckland on a visit during the week, and informed me that a few horses are in training in Suva for the Christmas meeting, to be held on Boxing and New Year's Days. The principal race is the Governor's Cup, a trophy presented by Sir Henry Jackson, Governor, who takes a great interest in the racing. The likely competitors are: Bother 10.12, Gaetle 10.3, Morna 9.8, Fairy Bower, My Lord, Cannonball, and Little Jim, with Lord Impossi. Sid Hodze is training Goeblir and Barchas. The meeting is expected to be a successful one.

A writer in the Perth "Sunday Times" says of their new handicapper: "In face of a few mistakes since making his debut in public, Mr Geary has done fairly well under unfavourable circumstances. He came amongst us an entire stranger, with little knowledge of local forms, and rather does he deserve praise for the manner in which he set about the arduous task of fixing him. It is no easy matter to bring a band of horses together when one has to be guided by more or less inaccurate records. Now that Mr Geary has seen for himself, and drawn his own conclusions of local form, he will come out in his true colours, in criticising our leading weight adjudicator. I am influenced by no mean motives, and attach the minimum of blame to him for recent blunders."

A report has appeared in an Australian paper that some difficulty is being experienced in training the Hotchkiss-Formosa, which brought 1300 guineas at the Wellington Park sale last year. The report is incorrect, as it is considered advisable to give the colt time, and he is daily being worked at Ellerslie, and there is nothing at all amiss with him. A number of the high priced and other of the youngsters that were sold last year are actually in the same position—their owners wisely waiting with them. They will make all the better horses, and in time we may know that there will be more good two-year-olds out this season than some people imagine.

A gallop race appears on the programme of the Whangarei Racing Club, and half a dozen horses have been nominated, including one whose name figures also in pony races. Our so-called pony races are really what are known in some parts of the world as gallop races. At one time the standard height in Auckland for ponies was 14 hands. Then 14 hands 1 inch, and later on 14.2; but for a considerable time 14.5 has been the recogni-

ed standard, and out of compliment, or the convenience, every registered racing machine that can get under the standard so fixed by racing rules, is deemed a pony. There is no rule bearing on gallopway events. Clubs can call their races what they like, and make special conditions as to the racing description of the term gallopway, but many of the half dozen entered for the gallopway race at Whangarei are such.

It has been a common practice amongst some sporting writers to hazard opinions before the sights have been looked, or important handicaps as to what would be certain horses would receive, and on a few occasions intemperate handshakes have been heaped, and allowed to see the light of day by the trainers days before. An exchange says that in English racehorse owners are taking exception to the prospects of their horses being discussed by sporting scribes immediately after the entries are made for big races, believing that handicappers are influenced to some extent by what they see in print, and when particular attention is drawn to a horse before the weights are issued it more often than not means a pound or two extra on him, says the writer. This may be so, but sometimes handicappers overlook horses and treat them as if they are from the back blocks.

The Continental correspondent of a London paper says that a "century" as to heavy weight has been made by a certain race maidens him of the selling race which was run at the Frankfurt August meeting in 1890, when Mr Oberbachler sent the favourite, Annapoli, to the post, and she found an opponent in Seestera, although the conditions of the race stipulated that there should be at least three starters. He had luckily entered Gossafarstia, and, according to the conditions of the race, she was to carry 110 kilos (about 135 lbs). She was to be ridden by Harry Milne, attached as light weight to the stable. Every possible cloth was collected and filled with lead, and it took a couple of men to carry the staggering load to the saddling paddock, while Milne, his pockets and boots filled with lead, had to be hoisted into the saddle to go out and pace himself under the starling's orders. Milne had to be hoisted like a circus rider, but was fortunately not compelled to go over the course.

When I stated some few weeks ago that Mr H. Friedlander might be selling some of his horses in training about midsummer time, I did not anticipate that that gentleman would offer all his horses in training in Auckland. It is announced that the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company (Mr H. O. Nolan, auctioneer) will submit the lot on Wednesday at the Harp of Erin Hotel stables. This looks very much like a breaking up of Mr Friedlander's large Auckland racing stud, which for some time it has been reported might eventuate. Mr Friedlander has had a good deal of hard luck in his racing experiences up this way, and losing the services of such fine sires as Sans Peur and Rose Shield, and of the great Kolbarz trained in the South, must have been disheartening, to say nothing of other misfortunes of a minor character. Should Mr Friedlander dispose of his stables, which is announced for absolute sale, the clubs hereabout will miss a great number, and an owner who has been one of their best supporters for the past three years, during which time he has also purchased largely at the blood stock sales in Auckland.

Referring to the commencement of the cross-country season in England, a London writer says that several influential owners have promised to devote more attention to the "leaping" game. Some records of fair claim from the flat are anticipated; they will help to increase the general excitement which the general public and the favourite looks like being besting, whilst many trainers are fond of all-the-year-round racing because they like all-the-year-round profit. It is bad for them, as far as ordinary citizens, when a great horse of importance is suddenly dried up. It is, so to speak, like plucking a man in one place and putting him in another; he does not know whether to throw up his hat or his sponge. Handicappers, too, continue their wag-

ging throughout the winter season, and the result is that just as well as he is not better than in summer. They pick out the choice goods with equal care, following brilliant inspiration, and the jumping does not even to be a difficulty so far as their interests are concerned. It is these great (Gemen) put the matter thus: "Horses are not backed until they are properly schooled, and it is very bad luck that brings them down—when the money is on."

What sort of field we shall have for the Great Northern Derby remains to be seen, but with Tera milk, Nelson, Ocean, Brave Heart, Quarryman, Gladstone, Hebeur, and Ropa to draw from, there may be a fair field as these events go after all. Quarryman was last year work the show day, and may not see the post. Ocean, whatever he may have accomplished in the interval, is expected to do better by Derby Day, as he is believed to be all the better for racing, and is a colt that takes some riding, like his three-quarter brother Explosion. Treadmill, if he comes through his prior engagements all right, may be hard to beat in the Royal Stakes also, but that particular event should be interesting, as the best of the visiting and local two-year-olds and the visiting and local three-year-olds are engaged, and there are twenty lots in all told. Machine Gun being specially trained has an advantage over others trained for longer courses, but six furlongs is believed to be quite the length of his tether; indeed, just a little further than he might get with something of his own speed, his wind impedimenta being a serious one. As for foreign weight for age terms, he would be capable of doing something good with the best of any age. Whether any of the two-year-olds will be able to give him a race it will be of interest to note. All things considered, he may take his own in the Royal Stakes, which would be the way, as he was by Mr Stand seven times in eight years.

In time to come it may be admitted says the "Special Commissioner" in the "London Sporting Life," the world over that no more judicious deal was ever effected than when on a dull, damp March day, Mr E. Hinge gave 500 guineas at Kingsclere for Flying Fox. While writing these words I have in mind the phenomenal career of Stockwell, whose rank was champion of the nineteenth century, and whose record, as may be said, before this, ten thousand pounds' came in, and other stakes were freshly endowed, remains unbroken—even by St. Simon as the year end leading sire. The late Mr R. C. Naylor, of Hove, Hants, and Kilmish, Northampton, happily saved for England this marvellous line of excellence by purchasing at Kirby Leasdale, the embryo emperor of the whole world's stud, for less than one eighth of the price at which Stockwell's fifth male line descendant, Flying Fox, was translated to France. Even then Stockwell had a lower winner to back him, "The Druid," whose brilliant descriptions have got many a turf writer out of difficulty before my time. However, the West Australian, brought the former valiantly up, and the 1900 seen became 4/00. We never heard such a price bid in a ring before, and yet there was no apparent enthusiasm. All of it was reserved for "The West." The latter was to France, and that he was a loss to England was beyond argument, whereas Stockwell, who did through a fearful fall on dirt, founded the Doncaster-Bond Ormeau-Geme-Flying Fox line. He got winners of the Derby (three), of the St. Leger (six), and was as robust to the last as when he galloped away from Kingston for the Whit-100 each, over the Beason course. He died, moreover, in the week West Australian died. But if the French did not then get out King of the Stud, another story may now have to be told. Anyhow, certain it is that M. E. Blanc already has been reimbursed the, at first sight, huge price he paid for Flying Fox with the 100,000 in his ownership riding eight years old, and with average fortune a dozen more profitable years before him.

In an article in the "Badmington Magazine" for November on "Judges and Judging" in the racing world, some stories are told. "In bygone days racing was conducted with less order than it is at pre-

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After the hurdles the stewards and committee met and received the Hon. Jos. McCowan, who congratulated the club on the success attained, and the many improvements effected. He deprecated buying fine animals for short distance running, and expressed the opinion that the importation of English hunters was doing a good deal to keep up the standard of colonial horses.

Hawaki Handicap of 4000s, four furlongs. Millie, 7.11 (Bird), 1; Mary Seaton, 6.7 (Pinker), 2; Maarlaid, 7.8 (Milne), 3. Also started: Della Ross, Lady Deboragha, Seaton, 4 (Sped), Garner, Mary Seaton. Use of the first to show in front, with a long delay at the post, for which Della Ross was responsible. Millie, however, shot to the front and won comfortably by two lengths. Time 1.1 2-5. Dividend, £1 16/.

Goldfields Cup of 1000s, 1 1/2 miles. — France Lovejoy, 6.7 (Milne), 1; Cavalry, 1.7 (Bird), 2; Dor, 6.7 (Spark), 3. Also started: Swagman, 8.9; Mataatiahara-keke, 7.7; Maroucu and Gold, 7.2. Mataatiahara-keke fell and injured her rider, Barron, but not seriously. The joy took the lead in front, and the course, and Cavalry came away at the same time. After an interesting finish Frances Lovejoy won by three lengths. No official time. Dividend, £2 5/.

First Steeplechase of 1000s, about 2 1/2 miles. — Incecap, 8.1 (Hart), 1; Star, 10.8 (Schy), 2; Origo, 11.5 (Noble), 3. Tani and Pullack also started. This was an exciting race, between Star and Incecap. The latter led for the major part of the distance, when Star came at him, and led the field. Incecap, however, was sent to the front, and made the pace very fast, and an exciting finish resulted in a win for Incecap. A protest for interference was dismissed. Dividend, £2 8/.

Stewards' Handicap of 400s, seven furlongs. — Grey Seaton, 6.7 (Langdon), 1; Mary Seaton, 6.7 (Pinker), 2; Greyfish, 7.8 (Milne), 3. Also started: Cavalry, Sir Mrs. Cavalry and Sir Mrs. were ahead after the flag fell, but Grey Seaton took the lead near home, and won a good race. Dividend, £3 7/.

Hack Race of 1000s, six furlongs. — Stepper, 8.0 (Tredy), 1; Brookly II, 7.4 (Langdon), 2; Kitty, 8.10 (Snowgrass), 3. Also started: Omali, 7.9; Tol, 6.12. Tuzatu, 6.9. Stepper was singled out as a likely winner, and showed more pace than the other starters, staying off all opposition. Brookly came with great rush at the finish. Time, 1.21 2-5. Dividend, 19/.

MANAWATU RACING CLUB MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

PALMERSTON NORTH, Saturday.

The Manawatu Racing Club opened its new course at Awapuni to-day, in the presence of 10,000 spectators. £16,400 was passed through the totalisator, as compared with £12,100 for last year. The results were as follows:—

Awapuni Stakes of 1200s; 6 furlongs. — The Ganger, 1; Livonia, 2; Westgard, 3. Also started: Golden Crown, Regulation, Maruku, Asteroid, Wind, Bowman, Anchorite, Lass of Gowrie, Larvate, Warwick, Mangel, and Tally. Won by a couple of lengths. Time, 1.17. Dividend, £21 1/2, and £2 18/.

First Hurdles of 1200s; 2 miles. — Aroha, 1; Killarney, 2; Midia, 3. Also started: Evening Echoir, Comfort, Otalo. Time, 3.32. Dividend, 28 4/ and £1 7/.

Manawatu Cup of 1000s; 1 1/2 miles. — Blagman, 1; Couvey, 2; Guocka, 3. Also started: Cannie, Chief, Tradewind, Roushshor, Gold Dust. Won all out by three lengths. Time, 2.40. Dividend, £4 10/ and £1 3/.

First Hack Race of 1000s; 1 1/2 miles. — Fair, 1; Naddor, 2; Roer, 3. Also started: Tom Flynn and Stimpede. Won by two lengths. Time, 3.23. Dividend, £2 7/.

Maiden Hack of 600s; 7 furlongs. — De-light, 1; Spill, 2; Manawatu, 3. Also started: The Gift, Cavalry, Chatterbox, Queen Bee, Palma, Natarua, Vigora, Netherby, Campion, Waiwero, Lady Wonder, Victoria Park. Won by about three lengths. Time, 1.31. Dividend, £2 18/ and £1 1/.

Narvey Handicap of 1000s; 5 furlongs. — Wet Reef, 1; Solution, 2; Norgard, 3. Also started: Meritrication, Compacien. Wet Reef won a slinging race by half a length. Time, 1.23. Dividend, £2 16/.

Hack Flat of 600s; 1 mile. — Armistice, 1; Jeanne d'Arc, 2; Kulu, 3. Also started: Good Spec, Handsome Rose, Black Squall, Motoropuku, Fesneau, Peshful, The Romany, Goldora. Won by half a length. Time, 1.46 2-5. Dividend, £18 2/ and £1 7/.

Grandstand Handicap of 1200s; 1 mile. — Sexivity, 1; Handicap, 2; Rawiri, 3. Also started: Westward, Perfection, Betsy, Benben, Lady's Link, Hobbe. Won by a length. Time, 1.44. Dividend, £4 12/ and £36 10/.

DUNEDIN JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

The best day's racing of the Dunedin Jockey Club's Summer Meeting was held at Wingatui to-day. The totalisator receipts amounted to £3947 10/ as against £4564 10/ for the corresponding day last year. The following are the results:—

Hurdles—Catherin Gordon, 1; Rolley, 2; Itall-Tigger, 3. All started. Won by half a length. Time, 3min 30 3-sec. Dividend, £1 12/ and £3 14/.

First Hack—Fairy Rose, 1; Narcissus, 2; Koptual, 3. Beratched—Almanac. Won by three lengths. Time, 1min 40sec. Dividend, £3 4/ and £1 2/.

82-sec. Dividend, £1 8/.

Otago Handicap.—Canteen, 1; Terrapin, 2. Won in a canter by two lengths. Time, 2.41 2-5. Dividend, £1 6/.

Maiden Plate of 5000s, one mile. — Trenchbridge, 1; Roseman, 2; Brython, 3. Also started: Avenue. Won by a length. Time, 1.48 2-5. Dividend, £1 1/.

Federal Handicap, 7 furlongs. — Red Crown, 1; Lee-Field, 2; Flower of Clutha, 3. Also started. — Stanz, Secret Society, Crown Imperial, Casque. Won by five lengths. Time 1.32 4-5. Dividend—£2 8/; £2.

Hack Handicap of 5000s, 4 furlongs. — 1. Muses, 1; White Whistle, 2; Alamaia, 3. Also started.—Nautifield, Happy Home, Quango. Won by a head. Time 1.22 4-5. Dividend £4 2/.

Fifth Welter Handicap of 1000s, one mile.—Sirius, 1; Arkhat, 2; Secret Society, 3. Also started.—Ratler, Transpire. Won by two lengths. Time 1.18. Dividend £6 10/.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

Christmas time in Christchurch is invariably one of the duller periods of the year as far as sporting matters are concerned, and this year is no exception to the rule. With teams away at Auckland, Manawatu, Dunedin, and the West Coast, very few horses remain at Riccarton, and of those stopping at home the majority are taking things easy. Lewis' three horses—Lee-Field, Nautifield, and Roseman—had engagements at both Palmerston North and Dunedin, and are going to the former place; whether Connie Chiel was shipped on Saturday, Magnificat, Ashburton, The Meister, and Delatey have left for the West Coast; and Catherine Gordon, Narcissus, Royal Crown, Terrapin, and Secret Society have either left or are under orders to leave for Dunedin. My families for the first day's racing at Dunedin are: First Hurdle Race, Rover and Catherine Gordon; First Hack Race, Royal Crown and Secret Society; Maiden Plate, Trenchbridge and Sycamore.

The attempt to train Kubrum has been abandoned, and the son of Hotchkiss has been sent down to his owner's stud farm at Ashburton to be turned out for a lengthy spell.

The Auckland-bred Lawlette dropped dead on the West Coast last week. The son of Seaton Delaval was a great track horse, but he could not be induced to reproduce his private form in public. Probably his internal organs were weak, which caused his death was against him.

The Bill of Portland fully to-morrow, who was operated on a few months ago for a nasal trouble, has had to submit to a fresh operation, which it is hoped will completely cure her.

Sir Geo. Clifford left for Auckland on Monday to see his horses run at the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting. Treadmill is still a strong favourite locally for the Auckland Cup.

A.J.C. SUMMER MEETING.

SYDNEY, December 28.

At the A.J.C. Summer Meeting the Villiers Stakes, one mile, was won by Air Motor, 9.7; Possum being second, and Sir Leonard third. Time, 1.3 1/2. The December Stakes, five furlongs, resulted: Vitula 1, Lord Fitzroy 2, Zythos 3. Won by three lengths. Time, 1.34. The Summer Cup, one mile and five furlongs, was won by Bridgeman, 7.11; Long Tom second, and Fanfare, third. Bridgeman won by half a length. Time, 3.52.

V.A.C. SUMMER MEETING.

MELBOURNE, December 26.

The Hopton Cup was won by Clmster. Another being placed second. Clmster won by two lengths, the time being 2.26. Sea-fort ran second, but was disqualified, owing to failure to draw the correct weight.

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NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Ordinary General Meeting of the NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY will be held at the Registered Office of the Company, Queen-st., Auckland, on WEDNESDAY, the 13th day of January, 1904, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of receiving the Directors' Report and the Balance-sheet for the twelve months ended November 30th, 1903, for the Election of Two Directors in room of MESSRS MATTHEW ANDERSON CLARK and HENRY HORTON, who retire by rotation, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election; and for the Election of Two Auditors.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS of this Company will be CLOSED from the 31st inst. to the 13th prox., both days inclusive, preparatory to payment of Dividend.

Mr A. D. Lybeck, a shareholder, has given notice that he will propose at the above-mentioned meeting the following resolutions:—That the following words be added to Article 70:

"It is provided always that in case he shall have held office for six consecutive years immediately preceding such retirement, he shall not be eligible for re-election until the expiry of one year from the date of such retirement, but this proviso shall not take effect until on and after the First Day of January, 1904."

And that the following words be added to Article 70, after the word "Directors" in the third line:—

"Unless such vacancy shall have occurred within three months prior to a General Meeting, in which case it shall not be filled until such Meeting, when the Shareholders shall elect some qualified person who has given the notice required by Article 70."

And after the word "chosen" in the fourth line that the words "or elected" be added.

By order of the Board,  
JAMES BUTTLE,  
General Manager.  
Auckland, 21st December, 1903.

FARMERS!

WHAT IS ALL THE COMMOTION ABOUT?

One would infer that Auckland was without Freezing Works, WHICH IS NOT THE CASE

We have much pleasure in stating that the AUCKLAND FREEZING CO.

The Most Up-to-Date Plant in the North Island,

and its position is unique for receiving and shipping, being connected by railway from works to ship's side, thus avoiding bruising and thawing through excessive handling. There is also ample paddock accommodation, with good water supply attached to Slaughterhouse, Outhouse, on Railway Line, for receiving and drafting stock.

We are prepared to ship mutton or beef to leading London firms, on Farmers' Account, producing original Account Sales, and if required will advance 75 per cent. against Shipping Documents.

Our Rates for Freezing and Shipping to London will be reduced, as we are determined to leave no stone unturned to give satisfaction.

But if Farmers should prefer to sell stock at their farms, or delivered in Auckland, they will find us equal to the occasion, as we are here and mean to stay.

For full particulars apply to—

Auckland Freezing Co., LIMITED,  
J. B. WEST, Manager,  
RAILWAY WHARF, AUCKLAND

OH, THAT BACK!

HOW KIDNEY TROUBLE IS CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

That back will never stop aching till you set your kidneys right with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. You don't know how ill you are! Look in the glass: your tongue is coated; your eyes are dark-rimmed; your skin is dry and pasty. You're always weary, never hungry, often peevish—and you always have that deadly dragging pain in the back. All that means kidney disease—and kidney disease means a horrible poisoned death. But there's hope, healing and health for you in the great blood remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make new blood—and that pure rich red blood flushes the kidneys clean and sweeps out all the painful poison. You can have no doubt about that when you read the words of Mrs. J. Sinton, Brigham's Creek, Riverhead, Auckland, "About eighteen months ago," says Mrs. Sinton, "I had such a terrible dragging pain across my back that I could hardly walk. I was afraid to bend, for the agony of straightening up was simply awful. For three months I treated myself with common tonics, blisters, plasters, and backache medicines—but none of them did me the least good. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I heard that they had cured the very worst cases of kidney trouble and backache here in New Zealand. I was careful to get the genuine N.Z. kind, packed in wooden boxes with the Wellington address on the wrapper. And, indeed, they are wonderful pills! The second box eased my back a lot. I could feel them filling my veins with rich red blood, and driving out the pain from my inflamed kidneys. Ten boxes didn't leave me an ache or pain. Now I am as active as a girl of sixteen. I have a good rosy colour in my face instead of that dry, sickly yellow. Nothing in the world can cure sick kidneys or lame backs, half as quickly or as surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People could not have cured Mrs. Sinton's backache unless they actually made new blood. That is just what they did—and in the same way they cure all other blood diseases like anaemia (bloodlessness), indigestion, biliousness, bad complexion, eczema, scrofula, rheumatism, lumbago, general debility, spinal weakness, disappearing powers, and the special secret ailments of women. The new blood, of course, soothes and strengthens the nerves, and so Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike straight at the cause of nervousness, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, headaches, neuralgia, sciatica, paralysis, and locomotor ataxia. But you must be sure to get the genuine N.Z. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—always in boxes, never in bottles. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent unaid paid at 3/ a box or six boxes for 16/4, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington.



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ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

UNSURPASSED. UNEQUALLED.

Use it for your own and your Children's Hair and you will find it Preserver, Nourisher, Restorer and Enricher in more effectually than anything else. Golden Colour for Fair or Gray Hair. Sold by Stores and Chemists. Ask for Rowland's Macassar Oil of 67, Hatton Garden, London.

## Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs and Miss McMaster are staying at the Kamo Springs Hotel.

Dr. Pigeon, of the cable steamer Iria, went South by the Takapuna last week.

Mr Tomhemaker, of South Canterbury, is staying at the Northern Club.

Mrs and Miss Malfroy, of Rotorua, are spending the holidays in Auckland.

Sir George Clifford, of Christchurch, is in Auckland for the races.

Mr. A. M. Ferguson and party spend the Christmas season at Okere fishing.

Mr E. G. B. Moss, M.H.R., is spending a holiday in Rotorua.

Mrs. Cridland (Australia) is in Christchurch visiting her relations.

Mr. G. G. and Miss Stead, Christchurch, are in Auckland for the races.

Mrs. Derry Wood (Ashburton) paid a short visit to Christchurch recently.

Captain and Mrs J. V. E. Neale were passengers to America by the Sonoma.

Mr F. Belling, R.N., was a passenger by the Sonoma for 'Frisco.

Mr A. T. Pittar returned to Auckland from Sydney by the mailboat.

Dr. W. E. Thomas was a passenger by the Sonoma from Sydney to Auckland.

Mr H. F. Norris, of Waipawa, spent the Christmas holidays in Auckland.

Captain Horne, R.N., Wellington, is visiting Auckland.

Miss Rose Wilson, Napier, is at present visiting Wellington.

Miss Ledger, Nelson, is the guest of Mrs Ward, Wellington.

Mr A. S. Biss, Wellington, has gone on a trip to Sydney.

Miss Winnie Griffiths, of Wellington, is spending her vacation in Wanganui.

Mr and Miss Izard, of Wanganui, are visiting relations in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Moss, of Wanganui, are at present on a visit to Greytown.

Miss Abbott, of Wellington, is at present in Wanganui, on a visit to friends.

Mrs Gouville Saunders, of Wanganui, is on a visit to Napier.

Miss Page, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs John Lethbridge, Pahiatua.

Mr F. M. Wallace (Christchurch) has gone to Wanganui for Christmas.

Mrs Wylie (Wellington) has gone to Lawrence, Otago, for a visit.

Mr Sydney Woolf (Dunedin) is on a visit to Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Beere are back in Wellington after a trip to Sydney.

Mrs and Miss Fulton (Wellington) are in Auckland for the holidays.

Mr Turnbull, S.M., of Napier, is at present in Nelson on a short vacation.

Sir William Russell left for Napier last week.

The Hon. J. Carroll spent Christmas at Gisborne.

Mrs. G. G. Stead has gone to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Stead, at Macdonald Downs, Waikari.

The Hon. J. T. and Mrs. Peacock have taken rooms at Mrs. Sawtells, Cashel street, Christchurch, for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, "Te Karaha," Christchurch, are leaving on a visit to England early next year.

Miss Wilder, "Nempara," North Canterbury, has returned from an enjoyable visit to Dunedin.

Major Alexander, private secretary to the Governor, left for Wellington last week.

Mr. C. F. Lindeman, of the Cawarra Wine Manufactory, arrived in Auckland on December 23.

Mr. George George, director of the Technical School, spent his Xmas holidays at Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dunnett returned to Auckland from a visit to Melbourne and Sydney by the Sonoma.

Mr. J. F. Bennett, organist of Knox Church, Auckland, has gone to the Southern lake district for his holiday.

It is believed Mr Hawkins, S.M., of Westport, intends to go to South Africa after he returns from the bench.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Parsons, of Kai-koura South, are at present in Gisborne.

Mr G. H. Swan, who was in Napier during the illness of his late son, has returned to Wanganui.

Mr G. Robertson, of the Government Life Insurance Department, has been visiting Napier.

Dr. Goldie has left Auckland for a three weeks' tour around Taupo and Rotorua.

Mr G. Lawrence, a member of the Dunedin City Council, and a prominent builder, is visiting Auckland.

Commissioner-General Green, of the St. Louis Exposition, left for America in the Sonoma.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Campbell (Christchurch), with their family, are on a holiday trip to Auckland.

The Hon. C. Mrs. and the Misses Louison, Christchurch, are in Auckland on a visit.

Miss Downum Fox (Christchurch) has been staying in Ashburton with her sister, Mrs. P. H. Cox.

Dr. and Mrs. McArthur (Wellington) have gone to Christchurch for the holidays.

Mr F. Townsend is back in Wellington after a nine months' absence spent in visiting England and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Prouse and Miss Prouse (Wellington) are expected back from England early in March.

Mrs and Miss Little, wife and daughter of the chief engineer of the Sonoma, left for 'Frisco' last week.

Miss Bathgate has arrived from England, and is staying with her sister, Mrs. Denniston, Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wood, Christchurch, are in Auckland for the holidays.

Messrs S. D. Bowers and Mayo, of New York, were passengers by the outward mail boat.

Professor Brigam and Mr Acland Wansley will be passengers to Sydney by the Ventura.

Miss Dransfield and Miss Helen George, Wellington, are going the Sounds trip.

Major St. Leger Moore is back in Wellington after a round of inspection in the South Island.

Miss Mackay, of Stratford, is the guest of Miss Bella Duncan, River Bank, Wanganui.

Mrs E. B. Heywood, of Wanganui, has gone to Christchurch on a visit to friends and relations.

Mrs and Miss Brown, of Wanganui, have gone to Dunedin to stay with Mrs Vennell.

Miss Ross, of the Marlborough High School, has gone home to spend her holidays at Taiki.

The Vicar and Mrs Sedgwick, who had been down the Sound for a few days, returned to Picton for Christmas.

Mrs Dyer, of Wanganui, and her children are spending the holiday in Timaru and Waimate.

Mrs Gill-Carey, of Hawera, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs Earle, in Wanganui.

Miss Stewart, of Wanganui, is visiting friends and relatives in Feilding, Wellington, and Christchurch.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Barnicoat, of Wanganui, are spending a few weeks at New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs James Watt, of Wanganui, have left on a driving tour to Taupo, returning home via Napier.

Mr and Mrs W. R. Haselden are in Wellington at present. They return to Christchurch early in the New Year.

The Rev. E. M. Cowie, of St. Mark's, Te Aroha, is suffering from a nasty fall which he had from his bicycle. His injuries were painful but not serious.

Mr A. Herdman (Wellington) has gone South on a visit to his constituents at Mount Ida.

Mr and Mrs D. Sinclair, Blenheim, recently spent a few days in Picton with Mrs Macalister.

Miss Nina Greenhill, of the Maori Girls' School, Auckland, is spending the holidays with her people in Picton.

Mr Justice and Mrs Edwards and the Misses Edwards are staying at Glenalvon.

Mr Parker, manager of the Bank of New South Wales at Gisborne, spent Christmas in Auckland.

Mr. J. B. Reed, of Auckland, and Mr. V. Reed, of Kawana, have gone to Moturua.

Misses Ida and Zoe Thorne - George were passengers from Sydney to Auckland by the Zealandia last Sunday.

Mr. H. Horton and party went up to Rotorua last week for a season of fishing.

The Premier will probably be present at the opening of the Hawera Industrial Exhibition in February next.

The Hon. C. H. Mills and Mrs Mills (Wellington) have gone to Taranaki for the holidays.

Mrs and Miss Elworthy, of Christchurch, are guests at the Kamo Springs Hotel.

Dr. Moir and his family (Auckland) have gone down to Waiheke for the holidays.

Colonel-General Dillingham went up to Cambridge this week with his family to spend the Christmas vacation there.

Mr and Mrs Lambourne are visiting Kamo with their family. They are staying at the Kamo Springs Hotel.

Mrs J. Wellford and Mrs H. Baillie, Carterton, were in Picton for Christmas, staying with Dr. and Mrs Scott.

Mr and Mrs Tolhurst and Mr and Mrs T. Young, of Wellington, have gone to Titahi Bay for Christmas.

Mr G. G. Stead, the well-known race horse owner of Christchurch, arrived in Auckland last week for the racing season.

Miss McLean (Queensland) who has been spending some time at Rotorua, is paying a flying visit to Auckland this week.

Mr and Mrs Stewart and family, of Park-road, Auckland, left on Sunday last to spend their 'Xmas-tide in Stratford.

Mr. F. S. Falkner, wool-grower, of Riverina, N.S.W., accompanied by his wife, arrived in Auckland from Sydney on Christmas Day.

Justice Reel, of Queensland, wife, son and daughter, came over from Sydney in the Sonoma on a holiday visit to New Zealand.

Mr W. Hill, of Te Aroha, has been appointed to discharge the duties of district agent for the Tourist Department as well as those of Domain Clerk.

Dr. C. E. Marsden (Sydney), who has been on a trip to Japan, is visiting Wellington, and will probably settle in New Zealand.

Mr and Mrs Embling (Wellington) and Miss Louise Kettle (Napier) are to arrive in the Paparua at Wellington on Boxing Day.

Mr and Mrs J. Kirkealdie and the Misses Kirkealdie (4) are among the passengers from Wellington for the Sounds trip.

Miss Buchanan, of Timaru, who has been visiting friends in Wanganui and Hawera, has returned to the South Island.

Mr and Mrs S. T. Fitzherbert, of Wanganui, have left home for a holiday in Wellington, and from there they intend to go on to the South Island.

Mr and Mrs J. P. Firth (Wellington) have gone to Nelson for Christmas, and will probably make the overland journey to Mount Cook.

The Hon. J. McGowan arrived in Auckland last week, and spends the vacation at Thames. He will be in Auckland early in the new year, and he will visit the Whangarei coal deposits before going South.

Mrs Macchane, Blenheim, is in Picton at present, taking care of Mr A. G. F.C.'s house during his absence from home.

Mrs. E. P. Houghton and her little girl have returned to Dunedin after a pleasant month's holiday with friends in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. De Zeeuw Fraser, of Gisborne, arrived by the Talme on Sunday to spend a short visit in Auckland. They are staying at the Royal Hotel.

Miss Phoebe Parsons, of Wellington, and Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Wilson, who were recently in Christchurch, have gone on to Dunedin and the Southern Lakes.

Mrs. G. Goske and her niece, Miss Wells, who have been to Dunedin on a visit to Mrs. Sinclair Thomson, have returned to Christchurch.

Mr F. H. Wood, managing director of Wood and Sons Co., Ltd., Masterton, returned home last week from a holiday trip to Rotorua and the Hot Lakes.

Mr and Mrs Peter Wood (Christchurch) arrived in Auckland last week to spend the 'Xmas season with Mr and Mrs Brett, at Lake Takapuna.

The "Gazette" announces the appointment of Lieut. William E. Gillespie to a commission in the Huntly Rifles.

Miss Blundell, of Wellington, who has been visiting friends in Auckland for the last few weeks, has returned to Wellington.

Miss I. Vuglar, the pianiste of the Paeroa Choral Society, has been presented by the society with a gold brooch in recognition of her valuable services during the past year.

Mr Walcott Wood, of Christchurch, arrived in Auckland last week to join his wife, who has been staying with her mother (Mrs Brett) at Lake Takapuna for some time.

Mr F. S. T. Little, a well-known member of the Otago University, arrived in Auckland from the South last week. Mr Little has just returned from a trip to England.

Among the passengers by the mailboat from Sydney was Dr. H. Dean Bamford, a distinguished Auckland student, who has just completed a tour to England and the Continent.

Miss S. Montgomerie, of "Eglesham," Wanganui, spent Christmas with Mrs John Lethbridge, Pahiatua, and from there intends visiting friends in the Waikaiti.

Mr and Mrs Alexander Scott (England) are spending a month in Masterton prior to leaving on the Waikare's trip to the West Coast Sounds on January 16.

Major-General Sir H. Chermiside, Governor of Queensland, went up to Rotorua last week with Lady Chermiside, who already has spent a considerable time there.

Rev. T. H. and Mrs Sprott, Wellington, have taken a house at Pahautau for a few weeks. Later on Mr Sprott comes to Auckland for the General Synod.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wallace, Christchurch, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, Waverley, and visit their two sons, who are now settled on land in that district.

Mr H. Hill, of Napier, has been appointed to represent the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute on the Council of the New Zealand Institute, which was reorganised under the Act of last session.

Mr Edwin Hosking, who was well-known in musical circles in Auckland some years ago, but is now in the legal profession, has arrived in Auckland to spend his holiday vacation.

Mr D. J. McGowan, Acting Dairy Commissioner, who retires from the Government service this month, has accepted an important position with Messrs J. B. MacEwan and Co., dairy produce exporters, Wellington.

The annual Christmas tea and entertainment given to the inmates of the Cowley Home, Auckland, by the Romuera ladies, was a great success this year. Mrs. Pritt wishes to thank all who so liberally contributed cakes, fruit, jelly, etc., etc.; also the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the musical portion of the entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Courtney Jenkins, of New York, who stayed at the Central Hotel, left for Wellington last week, after a trip to the Lakes. They return to Auckland in time to catch the February mailboat to America.

The Rev. S. and Mrs. Hawthorne left Auckland on Monday for England. Mr. Hawthorne has been presented with a framed photograph of the teachers of the Sunday School by the staff of that institution.

Mr C. E. Suisted, formerly of the Union Company, and of the Christchurch Meat Company engineering department, has been appointed additional inspector of machinery. He is at present engineer on the coastal steamer *Acrore*.

Dr. Huchto, the German scientist who travelled through the colony some three years ago in order to investigate on behalf of the German Government the conditions of agriculture in this colony, is making a second visit with the same object in view.

Mr F. A. McKenzie, war correspondent for the London "Daily Mail," passed through Auckland in the mail boat. He proceeds as far as Honolulu, there joining the Japanese mail steamer for the East, where he will report on the political crisis.

Dr. Neligan has appointed the Rev. Mark Sutton as his domestic chaplain. He has been in South Africa, and pending his arrival Miss Burdett acts as secretary, Mr M. Neligan having resigned.

Mr T. M. Wilford, M.H.R., for Hutt, is spending a holiday at the Hot Lakes. He is a keen fisherman and will take full advantage of the fine angling to be got there. Mrs Wilford accompanies him.

Mr A. Selby, huntsman of the Pakuranga Hounds, has been presented with a hunting crop by the Waiuku followers of the Hunt Club. The presentation was made at a dinner given in his honour at Waiuku.

Mr J. H. Kinnear has returned from Christchurch to commence practice in dental rooms in Wyncham-street, Auckland, recently occupied by Mr G. Zinzen Harris. Mr Kinnear is thoroughly familiar with all the latest methods in dentistry.

Mr and Mrs Heywood Chapman, of Auckland, are to be passengers by the *Waikato* on her West Coast Sounds trip in January, as also are Mr and Mrs Elliott Oliver. Mr S. Morgan is another Auckland who has signified his intention to make the trip.

Constable Dart, of the Auckland Police Force, was among those who passed their final law examination last week. He has already proved himself a keen and capable officer, and he does not intend to leave the service. A sound knowledge of law is an absolute necessity with an administrative police official, and there should be a good future for the solicitor-police-man.

Mr Boyd Bennie, a Waihi miner, who won Mr T. Gilmour's gold medal last year at the Waihi School of Mines, and passed his examination as mine manager, has been appointed mine manager of the Mokau Coal Company. He has left Waihi to take up his new duties. Mr Bennie had considerable experience as a coal miner in Newcastle.

Mr John O'Shea, the new City Solicitor for Wellington, is an old Otago University student, and is only 26 years of age. He obtained his legal degree at the Southern University at a very early age. At the same time he attained a considerable celebrity as an all-round athlete, and in football has represented the province frequently.

Dr. Huckle (Sydney), who is the Attaché for Agriculture to the Consul-General for Germany in Australasia, is visiting New Zealand. He is now on an overland trip through the Otago and Buller Gorges to Mount Cook and the Cold Lakes. He is also going the West Coast Sounds trip.

Mr C. P. Skerrett, Wellington, is leaving for England, travelling with Mr R. H. Turnbull, who is also on a holiday trip. Miss Skerrett is going on a prolonged visit to her brother, who is farming in the Argentine, and Miss India Skerrett is taking a trip to England with Sir Joseph and Lady Ward early in January.

Miss E. Keith, of the Rintoul-street School, Wellington, has resigned her post on account of her coming marriage. Her pupils presented her with a gold chain, the pupils with a handsome gold watch, and her fellow-teachers with a palm and a large Doulton bowl, and the School Committee with a handsome set of carvers.

His Excellency the Governor and Viscount Northland were present at All Saints Church (Penrose) on Christmas morning, and in the evening they dined with Dr. Lenihan (Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland). The Governor attended the Ellerslie races on Boxing Day, and in the evening he was present at the first performance of "Mistakes Will Happen."

Mr L. M. Hancock, the Californian hydraulic expert, who has been in the colony some time investigating our sources of water-power, passed through Auckland to San Francisco. In a chat with a "Star" interviewer he said he had sent in a provisional report to the Minister for Public Works, and his detailed report would be forwarded from San Francisco.

Prior to the breaking up of the Onehunga District High School the pupils forming the several scholarship classes presented their teacher, Miss Helen Robb, with a very handsome pearl-mounted hair brush and silver-mounted comb, as an appreciation of the care she had bestowed in preparing them for the examinations. Out of two pupils competing in the Foundation Scholarships one was successful in securing a scholarship.

Judge Mair, of the Native Land Court, returned to Auckland from Tauramanui. His next sitting will be held at Otorohanga. Judge Edger is also in town, and reopens his Court at Tauranga after the holidays. Judge Dunbar Johnson has arrived from Taupo, and after spending his holidays at Te Aroha (his home) he reopens the Court at Tukaanu.

The Rev. Joseph Clark, pastor of the Auckland Baptist Tabernacle, will leave shortly with Mrs. Clark upon a month's visit to Brisbane, where he will fill the pulpit of the City Tabernacle during that period. The pastorate of this important church, formerly held by the Rev. William Whale, is now vacant, and an effort is being made to secure one of the leading English or American ministers. Meanwhile the leading Australian pastors are being invited to conduct the services.

Mr. Adams, choirmaster of the Waihi Wesleyan Church, was presented with a purse of sovereigns at a social last week in recognition of his valuable services. Rev. C. Harrison presided, and made the presentation on behalf of the members of the church. Mrs. Boyd Bennie was the recipient of a handsome album from the teachers of the Bible class on the occasion of her departure from Waihi.

At a recent meeting of the Paeroa Choral Society, the conductor, Mr H. L. Harston, was presented with an address by the committee. The text contained an appreciation of his three years of excellent work for the society and an expression of regret at his departure from Paeroa. Mr Harston was also presented with a silver-mounted ebony baton by the officials of St. Paul's Church, of which he had been organist and choirmaster.

Visitors at the Waiwera Hot Springs include:—Mr and Mrs Balin and family, Mr Jackson and family, Miss Meens, Mr and Mrs Wilson and family, Miss Corrie, Mrs Proud and family, Mr and Mrs Blair, Mr and Mrs Swanbrick, Mr L. Nathan, Mr and Mrs Davis and family, Misses E. Jones, Miss E. Atkinson, Mr Travers Maclean, Mr Frost, Mr Connolly, Mr and Mrs Somerville and family, Mr and Mrs C. Phillips and family, Mr and Mrs Pierce and family, Miss Boorman, Mr Ulrick, Mrs Dargaville, Miss M. Dargaville, Mr G. S. Wallis, Mr J. Edmiston, Mr P. A. Edmiston, Mr and Mrs Kennedy and family, Mr John Mowbray, Mr Richardson, Mr John Mowbray, junr., Mr Douglas Mowbray, Mr and Mrs A. Hanna and family, Mr and Mrs T. Hutchinson and family, Mr and Mrs Walker and family, Mrs St. Paul and daughters, Mr Owen, Mr and Mrs Counts and family, Misses Cottor, Mr family, Mr and Mrs Pnyton and family, Mr and Mrs Robt. Foster.

A pleasant ceremony took place at the Government Valuation Office, Auckland, last week. Mr Dumosa, supervising valuer, on behalf of the officials, presented Mr G. W. Hyde and Miss Malcolm, members of the staff, with a handsome over-natal on the occasion of their approaching marriage. In making the presentation Mr. Bunton referred to the pleasant way in which the staff had worked together, and hoped the young couple would have a prosperous future.

There died recently at Hapuku pa, Waitotara, a last connecting link between the old and the new Maori, named Kemp. He was the last of those who took part in the treacherous massacre of the Taupo natives, who came down to raid the Waitotara district in about the year 1840, which caused great enmity between the Wanganui river natives and the Waitotara people. Kemp's people were always good friends to the pakeha until they joined the King Movement. On the introduction of the Gospel Kemp became a convert and was appointed a lay reader. He was about 85 years of age.

Dr. H. M. Wilson, son of Mr H. C. Wilson, of Napier, who has been absent from New Zealand for more than eight years, reached Wellington on Saturday week by the Tokomaru. He is spending the Christmas holidays at his home in Napier, prior to taking up a position on the staff of the Wellington Hospital.

The following visitors have been stopping at the Masonic Hotel, Napier, lately:—Messrs. Meek, Manning, A. B. Cameron, H. Chase Morris, H. G. Anderson, A. H. Hurton, Penhry, Mrs and Miss Meek, Dr. Perry (Wellington), Messrs. Peacock, Bigg-Wither, Vaile, Dr. Trotter, Mrs Vaile, Misses Gorrie (2), (Auckland), Mr Lockhead, Mrs K. Keith-Ramsay, Miss Glendinning (Dunedin), Mr Beauchop (Port Chalmers), Mr and Mrs R. Johnson, Miss Johnson, (Wanstead), Dr. Glendening, Messrs. J. P. Drake, R. Galloway, T. H. Sandel (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs Jimson (England), Mr and Mrs Watson (Wanganui), Mr Evans (Gisborne), Mr H. A. Munson (San Francisco).

General regret is expressed in Paeroa at the early departure of Mr and Mrs H. L. Harston, so long and favourably known in musical and other circles. Mr Harston has been conductor of the Church of England choir for many years, and also conductor of the Paeroa Choral Society for the last three years. It was to Mr Harston's energy and ability that the Paeroa Choral Society owes not only its existence, but its prosperity and present efficiency. Mr Harston is also conductor of the Paeroa Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, and his loss from this and the other societies will be keenly felt. Recently Mr Harston was presented by the church choir with a very handsome silver-mounted baton, and on Sunday week after the performance of "The Messiah" by the Choral Society, he was presented with an illuminated address by that body. On Saturday week a representative gathering of Paeroa ladies tendered Mrs Harston a most successful farewell at an afternoon garden party at Mrs McAndrew's place, which was kindly lent for the occasion. Mrs Harston was presented by the leaders present with a set of afternoon cake forks and a pair of silver salt spoons, with greenstone handles.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MOUNT KIDEN COLLEGE.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, 1903.

The lady principals of the Mount Eden College established a happy precedent some two years ago when they first decided to make the distribution of prizes for scholastic work at an open-air gathering on the Domain (Cricket ground).

Parents and friends of pupils take a very keen interest in the annual event, and regard the sports as a notable feature of prize-day. The many guests of the college enjoyed a most pleasant afternoon, and the excellent manner in which the girls went through evolutions and maze-riding on bicycles, musical drill, Maypole dancing, and other events, evoked general admiration. The spirited way in which the programme was carried out was in itself evidence of the esprit de corps which is a feature of the school, and showed that physical culture, as well as mental advancement, receives attention at the college.

The Rev. W. Beatty, M.A., who presented the school prizes to the fortunate winners, alluded to the methods, conduct and aims of the college in terms of high praise, and in the course of his remarks commented very favourably upon several essays, written by girls in the senior forms, which had been submitted to him for adjudication.

As evidence of the comprehensive nature of the college routine, we may instance the fact that a number of the pupils lately gave a very creditable rendering of a cantata, under the able conductorship of Mr H. Connell.

The Misses Bees are supported by a particularly efficient staff of resident and visiting teachers. Extensions have recently been made to the buildings and grounds of this popular college, and principals and pupils alike look forward to a pleasant reunion after the holidays.

The Season's Greetings.

We have received greetings for the festive season and the New Year from many kindly and complimentary readers. To all these we cordially reciprocate, wishing all our readers and friends the happiest and most prosperous of New Years.

From the Northern Steamship Company we have a handsome card, with a fine engraving of their handsomest ship. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mills send a prettily designed card specially arranged to recall the pleasures of the Mapourika trip.

From the Native Minister comes another kindly souvenir, and the firm of Macdonald, Wilson and Co. forward a very convenient and useful present in the shape of a pocket match box, with enamel portraits of the two senior members of the Wellington firm.

BAD HANDS REMEDIED.

ZAMBUK A PROMPT CURE.

"Your Free Sample of Zambuk has done my hands more good than anything I have yet tried," says Miss M. J. Rowland, of Sunny Side, Wynyard, Forth, N.S.W. "They had been bad for over three months, and I tried several so-called remedies, but without effect. Although I have only used the small sample you sent me, I have received more benefit from it than all the other treatments put together." Zambuk, the Great Herbal Healing Balm, is a certain cure for Blows, Ringworm, Eczema, Bites, Erysipelas, Sore Legs, Burns, Rheumatism, Nerve Pain, etc. As an Embrocation for Strained Muscles and Tendons, Zambuk is unequalled. As a household Balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Itch heads, Scalds, Frocks, Prickly Heat and Rough Skin, Zambuk is invaluable. From all medicine vendors, price 1/6 per pot, or direct from the Zambuk Co., Pitt-street, Sydney. A FREE TRIAL POT will be sent on receipt of a Penny Stamp for postage.

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The Best FOOD

Refuse all imitations

Satisfying Strengthening Soothing for Infants

Agreeable Digestible, Nutritious

AGENTS FOR AUCKLAND AND WELLINGTON—

**Sharland & Co. Ltd.**

RIDGE'S FOOD MILLS, LONDON, ENG.

Inter-provincial Cricket.

WELLINGTON V. AUCKLAND.

WELLINGTON WIN BY 90 RUNS.

The representative cricket match between Wellington and Auckland was completed on Saturday and Monday. A crowd numbering several thousands of people gathered to witness the opening of the match. The weather was excellent, the light good, and the wicket hard and true. The spin of the rain went in favour of Uplam, the captain of the visiting team, who put his own side in to bat. Taken on the whole the batting of the visitors was not very attractive, and scoring was very slow, particularly after the first two wickets had fallen. Very few of the men opened out, and a lot of loose stuff that should have gone over the boundary was left unpunished. Hlosson and Redgrave were given the task of opening the innings.

N. B. Lusk commenced the attack for Auckland at the Pavilion end. In the first over Hlosson got one through the slips for a single, and when Stenson took the ball at the hospital end, he knocked another single, while Redgrave scored six off the over, neatly pulling the fourth ball for a couple and getting the fifth over the boundary with a similar stroke. Hlosson drove Lusk along the carpet, and Mason missing, three runs were scored. Redgrave following this with a clean stroke, which sent the ball across the boundary. The bowling then improved on Lusk, and the next two overs only brought half a dozen runs between them. Hlosson then sent Stenson over the boundary with a nice leg pull, and 35 runs were signalled as the result of 20 minutes play. Stenson then took the ball from Lusk, and the batting quietened considerably. He was leg glanced for a single by Hlosson, who also drove Stenson's next ball for one. The second ball proved fatal, and in stepping across to get his favorite pull, he missed the ball, and getting his foot in front retreated after making eleven, with the score at 30.

Staples filled the breach, his evident duty being to fire the bowling. He played a slowball game throughout the afternoon, and in three hours scored 47. Though from a spectator's point of view his play was, to say the least, uninteresting, he played a valuable innings to his side, for besides making top score he took a good deal out of the bowling and kept the wicket up at the end. He played very cautiously throughout, never attempting to hit anything that was on the wicket or was likely to rise. Most of his runs were scored on the leg side with a glancing hit. He gave a possible change in his first over, but the catch was a difficult one and was not accepted. Redgrave played the first two balls of Stenson's next over, and the third pitched well up, he tried to lift over the boundary. The ball came in a bit, however, and sent his fingerboard when he had made 25. Two for 35. Williams followed next.

Auckland's fielding, which had been a little loose at the start, now improved, and Lusk having retired, ordering three successive maidens were bowled. At 38 W. Mills was given a turn, and the field spread out. After Staples had knocked a single, Mills sent down a loose ball on the off. Williams lifted it to the boundary, not knowing that Hlay was posted there, and the local skipper made a good catch. The retiring batsman had made 12, and Hlay with the score at 38, then came next, and after a maiden by Stenson sent Mills over the boundary twice. Stenson then changed ends, Offi going on at the hospital end, and at the end of an hour and a half the score was 60, of which Staples had made 10 in a hour. Play became slower than ever, five successive maidens being scored down. W. Mills then went on in place of Stenson, and at 98 Gore in stepping back to one from Offi knocked his wicket down with his score at 28. Four for 88.

Hutchings came next, and with a three off Stenson put up the hundred after nearly two hours' play. Hutchings binned the game up a bit until Stenson, coming on after a rest, beat him with his third ball

and found his wicket with the fourth, which was a bit from the leg. He scored 13. Five for 127.

Briee, who followed, played some pretty strokes, scoring at a fair rate with a nice driving hit to the off. He got in one or two pretty square-leg 4's. He then cut one and was caught in the slips by W. Mills. The boundary broke a little in a dozen or so minutes, the score being 144 for six wickets. Gore followed, and gave a hard chance to Mason in the slips which was not accepted. He knocked up 14 quickly, and then the end came. He drove Stenson to the boundary with a nice stroke, and in attempting to repeat this just touched the ball, which went into his wicket. Seven for 161. S. Hlosson joined Staples, and was still in when stumps were drawn for the day with the score at 177 for seven wickets.

Play was resumed at 11.20 a.m. on 8.1. Today, Stenson and N. B. Lusk taking up the bowling. Scoring started slowly, the first overs only producing three runs. Staples then brought up his half century with a leg glance for three, and the boundary broke again. Hlosson brought up in place of Lusk, who was being hit to leg by both batsmen, Offi bowling a maiden over to Staples. Each batsman got a couple of singles off Stenson's next over. He was then replaced by Mills, and the boundary broke again. Hlosson brought up the 250. Staples then got Offi away for four and turned Mills for a couple. Hlosson drove the same bowler to the boundary, and the score reached 230. Stenson was then put out and scoring again became very slow. Hlosson drove Offi for a single and then the Parnell bowler took Staples' wicket with a ball that came in a lot from the off. He made 67 and left with the score 222 for eight wickets. Uplam, the Wellington captain, filled the breach. The next ball, which came from Stenson, Hlosson tipped, and Schmol took it in smart style. The retiring batsman had made 32. Stephenson was last man in. He made one, and then lifted Offi into W. Mills' hands, and the catch was accepted, the innings closing for 224.

I. Mills and Sloman opened Auckland's innings. Uplam commencing the attack at the Hospital end. Mills scored a single off the first ball, but the rest of the over found Sloman's wicket, a fast straight ball scattering his numbers. One wicket for one run. R. Mason followed, and Stephenson took up the bowling at the pavilion end and bowled a maiden over to Mills. Mason knocked a boundary off his first over, fast ball from Uplam caught Mills on the knee, but he went in after a brief spell. Scoring was slower than in the visitors' innings, the bowling being of a very high quality at both ends. Mills gave a possible chance to Uplam with his score at eight, but the ball was just beyond the reach of the bowler. At the luncheon adjournment, at the end of 25 minutes' play, the score had only reached nine for one wicket.

With three wickets down for 50 Hlay pulled Hutchings' second ball for a single, and H. B. Lusk placed the next to leg for one. Hlay drove the same bowler for a single, and then put Uplam nicely through the slips for four. Lusk made an upish stroke to the off from Hutchings, but scored a single off the next. A smart return by Gore was the cause of Lusk's retirement, the board showing—58—4—2. Schmol now took the crease, played very quietly to Uplam, whose analysis read four for 13. Play continued very quiet until Stenson hit Hutchings into S. Hlosson's hands and retired without scoring. Six for 61. Play was very slow, seven maidens being bowled in succession.

N. B. Lusk followed Stenson, and broke the monotony with a single off Uplam. His first stroke off Hutchings was an upish one, but it fell clear of the field. After hitting two he lifted the ball clean over the boundary for five. He and Schmol each scored a single off Uplam, and then the fast bowler found Lusk's wicket, after he had made 9. Seven for 71. Uplam had now taken five wickets for 10 runs. Offi filled the breach, and after a couple

of singles put Hutchings over the line with a clean drive. Schmol drove Uplam for a couple of two, 20 runs having been made off the Wellington skipper in 22 overs. Stephenson replaced Hutchings, and Offi drove his first ball for three, while Schmol cut him through the slips for a couple. In his next over Schmol brought 50 up with a two and a single, two hours having been occupied in the compilation of this total. Schmol flicked Uplam over the boundary, following this up with a cut for two. With a three off Uplam and a brace off Stephenson, Schmol brought the hundred up. Briee then took the ball from Stephenson and bowled a maiden to Schmol. In his next over Schmol tipped one, and Williams effecting a smart catch, dismissed him, after he had compiled a useful 28. Eight for 105. McCormick took his place, and after a couple of maidens broke his "duck" with a pretty leg glance for three, bringing up 108 after two and a-half hours' play. Offi hit Briee for a couple, and then McCormick drove Uplam for three. At 113 a double change in the bowling was made, Hutchings relieving Briee, who went on at the hospital end, relieving Uplam. McCormick drove the newcomer for four, and Offi cleverly cut Briee for two. Hutchings was only given two overs, and then Uplam put himself on again at the pavilion end, bowling a maiden over to McCormick, who next over cut him to the boundary for four, and then drove him nicely for three. The next ball was fatal to Offi, who cut it into the hands of Briee, after having made 10. Nine for 130. McCormick opened Briee's next over with a cut through the slips, which travelled over the boundary, and then turned him round to leg for three. After hitting a couple of singles Mills drove Briee across the boundary, bringing 143 up. Hutchings was then given another trial in place of Briee, and in his second over McCormick got his leg in front, and the innings closed at 5 p.m. for 146, of which McCormick had made 27 and Mills 7.

C. Hickson and Redgrave opened the visitors' second innings, Stenson bowling a maiden to the former from the southern end. Sloman bowled from the hospital end, his first ball being hit for one. After several more singles, Redgrave lifted Stenson over the leg boundary, but two runs later he retired leg before.—One for 12. Gore filled the vacancy, and scoring was very slow, 22 runs being scored when the stumps Play was resumed on Monday, when Wellington brought their second innings total to 113. Auckland were disposed off for 113, the visitors thus winning by 90 runs.

Following are the scores: WELLINGTON.—First Innings. C. Hickson, lbw, b Stenson ..... 11 W. L. Redgrave, b Stenson ..... 25 Staples, b Offi ..... 67 A. Williams, c Hlay b W. Mills ..... 12 C. Gore, hit wkt, b Offi ..... 28 Hutchings, b Stenson ..... 13 Briee, c W. Mills b N. B. Lusk ..... 15 Quee, b Stenson ..... 14 S. Hlosson, c Schmol b Sloman ..... 32 E. Uplam, not out ..... 0 Stephenson, c W. Mills b Offi ..... 6 Extras ..... 6 224

BOWLING ANALYSIS. O. M. R. W. Avg. N. B. Lusk ..... 20 6 47 1 47 W. Stenson ..... 33 12 63 4 17.75

A. E. Sloman ..... 5 1 9 1 5.0 D. Hay ..... 1 0 2 0 — W. Mills ..... 15 3 62 1 32.0 C. Offi ..... 2 6 43 8 15.0

Auckland's first innings closed at 146—78 behind Wellington's first innings.

Sloman, b Uplam ..... 0 Mason, b Uplam ..... 31 Mills, c and b Uplam ..... 15 H. Hay, c Uplam ..... 8 H. B. Lusk, run out ..... 2 N. B. Lusk, b Uplam ..... 9 E. F. Schmol, c Williams, b Briee ..... 28 MacCormick, lb.w., b Hutchings ..... 27 Offi, c Briee, b Uplam ..... 16 W. Mills (not out) ..... 7 Extras ..... 3 Total ..... 146 Uplam took six wickets for 45 runs; Hutchings, two for 33; Briee, one for 22; Stephenson, none for 20; Redgrave, none for 13.

WELLINGTON.—Second Innings. W. S. Redgrave, lbw, b Stenson ..... 7 C. Hickson, b Offi ..... 37 C. Gore, lbw, b W. Mills ..... 42 A. Williams, lbw, b Mills ..... 0 S. Hlosson, c N.B. Lusk, b Offi ..... 0 Staples, c and b W. Mills ..... 1 Briee, c McCormick, b W. Mills ..... 2 Quee, c Schmol, b Offi ..... 1 Hutchings st. Schmol, b W. Mills ..... 11 E. Uplam, b Offi ..... 6 Stephenson, not out ..... 0 Extras ..... 7 Total ..... 113

AUCKLAND SECOND INNINGS. D. Hay ..... 6 H. B. Lusk ..... 1 I. Mills ..... 33 Mason ..... 0 C. Offi ..... 5 W. Stenson ..... 18 Schmol ..... 8 N. B. Lusk ..... 5 A. Sloman ..... 19 MacCormick ..... 2 W. Mills, not out ..... 0 Extras ..... 4 101

A Christmas Night's Thanksgiving.

ANOTHER OF MR JENKINSON'S BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF CHILDREN.

On the opposite page appears a very pretty and seasonable picture by Mr. Jenkinson, of Karangahape road, Auckland, several of whose wonderfully clever studies of children have beautified the pages of the "Graphic" during the past year. Coming over to New Zealand from Ballarat and Sydney scarcely more than a year ago, and then utterly unknown, Mr Jenkinson has, by sheer hard work and originality of posing, lighting, and idea, won himself a foremost place amongst the photographers of New Zealand, than whom, it is the opinion of the "Graphic," few better exist—as a class—in any part of the world. Mr Jenkinson has, as patrons of the "Graphic" know, a special aptitude for the taking of children, and it is hoped to give further interesting examples of the art during the coming year. The present picture, founded on an incident which occurred, in fact, is one of the best photographic studies which have ever been reproduced in this part of the world.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF U.S.

(HENRY BALDWIN HYDE, FOUNDER.)

C. CARLISLE TAYLOR - - - General Manager for Australasia

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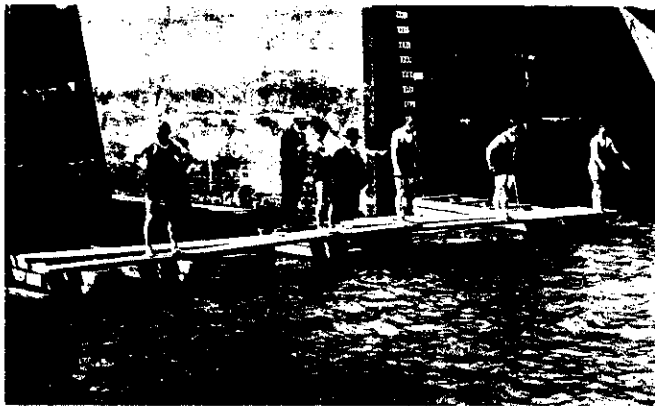
## A Christmas Night Thanksgiving.

(THIS PICTURE IS FOUNDED ON FACT.)

"PLEASE BLESS DEAR SANTA CLAUS, AND PAPA AND MAMMA FOR SENDING ME SO MANY LOVELY PRESENTS, AND SEND THEM ALL A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR."



ON THE LAWN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RUNNING OF THE AUCKLAND CUP.



THE THIRD HEAT IN THE 100 YARDS BRACELET.



FINAL OF THE LADIES' BRACELET.



75 YARDS VETERANS' RACE.



50 YARDS SCHOOLBOYS HANDICAP.

Valle, photo.

**Auckland Swimming Club's Carnival.**



THE HON. COLONEL PITT MAKING THE OPENING SPEECH.



THE HON. COLONEL PITT CALLING FOR THREE CHEERS FOR THE MAYOR.

Alfred Brusewitz, photo. Nelson.

# Opening of the New Municipal Buildings, Nelson.



THE PUPILS.



DUMB BELL EXERCISES.

C. 22 203

Valle, photo.

# Mount Eden College Sports.

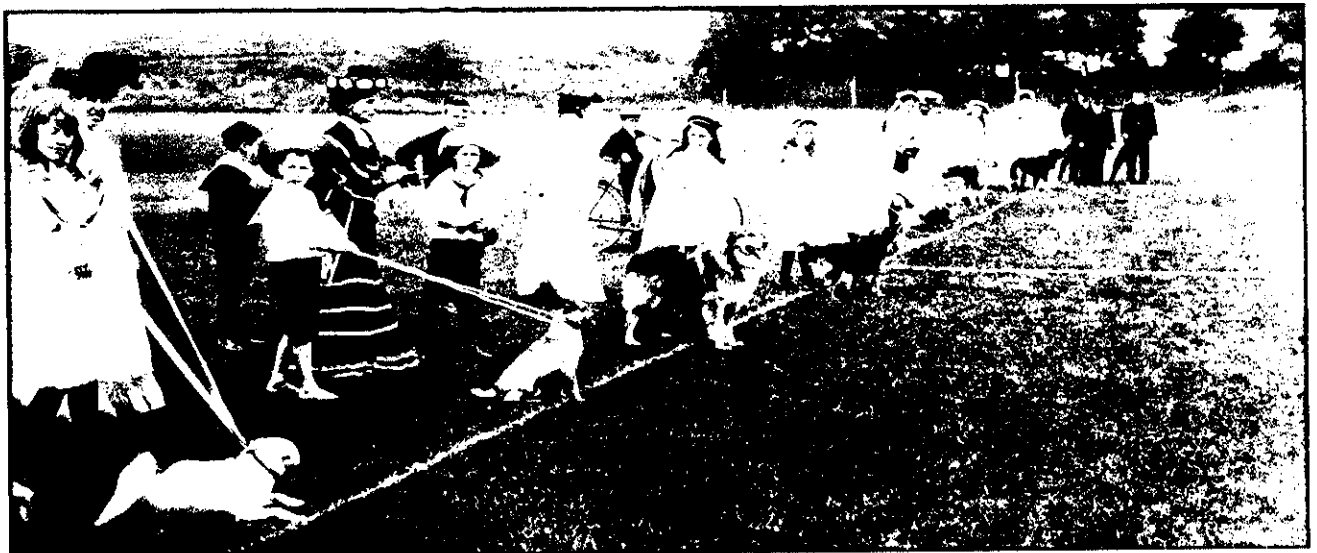


THE TUG OF WAR.

*C. 25/10/04*



BICYCLE DRIVING COMPETITION.



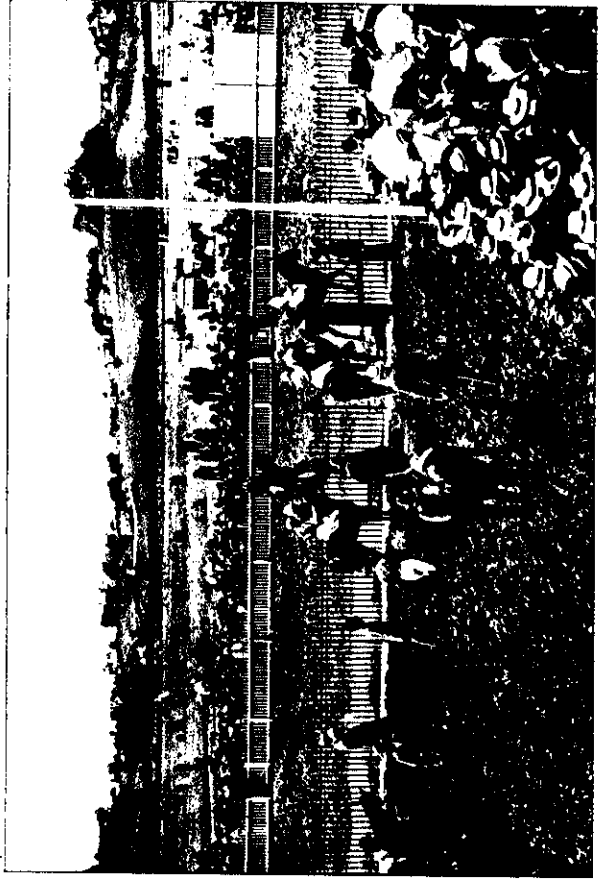
DOG DRIVING RACE.

Vaile, photo.

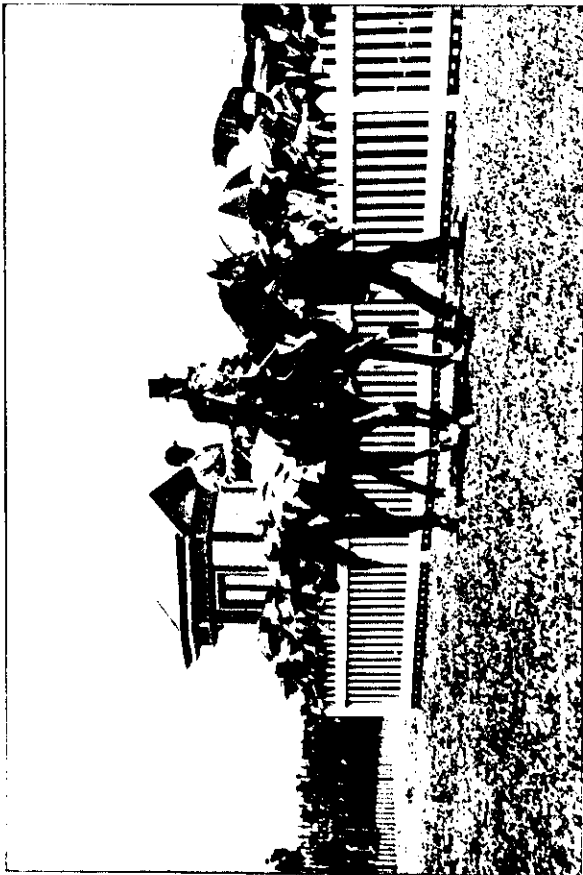
## Mount Eden College Sports.



SOLO RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING THE TREAL HANDICAP.



HORSES GOING OUT FOR THE AUCKLAND CUP.



BRINGING IN MR. G. G. STEAD'S SULKWOOD, WINNER OF THE GREAT NORTHERN FOAL STAKES OF 500 GUINEAS.



HOBORO, WINNER OF THE RAILWAY HANDICAP.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

**Clever Men Do Not Enter the Army.**

A man has got, say, two sons to provide for in life (so says Lord Wolesley) he has not the means of giving them fortunes; he says to himself, "Jack is a stupid fellow, and Thomas is a very clever fellow." He will start Thomas, the very clever fellow, in some profession where talent will come to the front, and where great emoluments and great positions and great rewards are in store—take the law, take any great profession you like, the medical profession, or any other; whereas in the Army the inducements for young men to en-

ter are very small indeed as regards their future. Take the London clubs here—they are swarming with officers of about the age of 40, 50 and so on; they are poor people who have perhaps served in the Indian Army, and have retired on perhaps some £150 to £200 a year, or £300 a year at the outside—and they are very fortunate if they get £300. In what profession is an ordinary hard-working gentleman so badly paid? Therefore, the clever men really do not come into the Army. I do not say there are no clever men in the Army, because there are many; but the great bulk of the young men of ability in England do not come into our badly-paid profession, the Army.



THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE COLLISION OCCURRED. Taken at 6 a.m. next morning. Gangs of men worked at night, removing all the larger debris and cars, but small pieces of wreckage may be seen in the foreground.



AN AUCKLANDER IN JAPAN.

Mr A. E. Caro (bow) and Mr L. Serkis (stroke) who won the Junior and Senior Double Sculls at the Yokohama Amateur Rowing Club Regatta. Mr Caro was formerly a member of the Auckland Rowing Club.



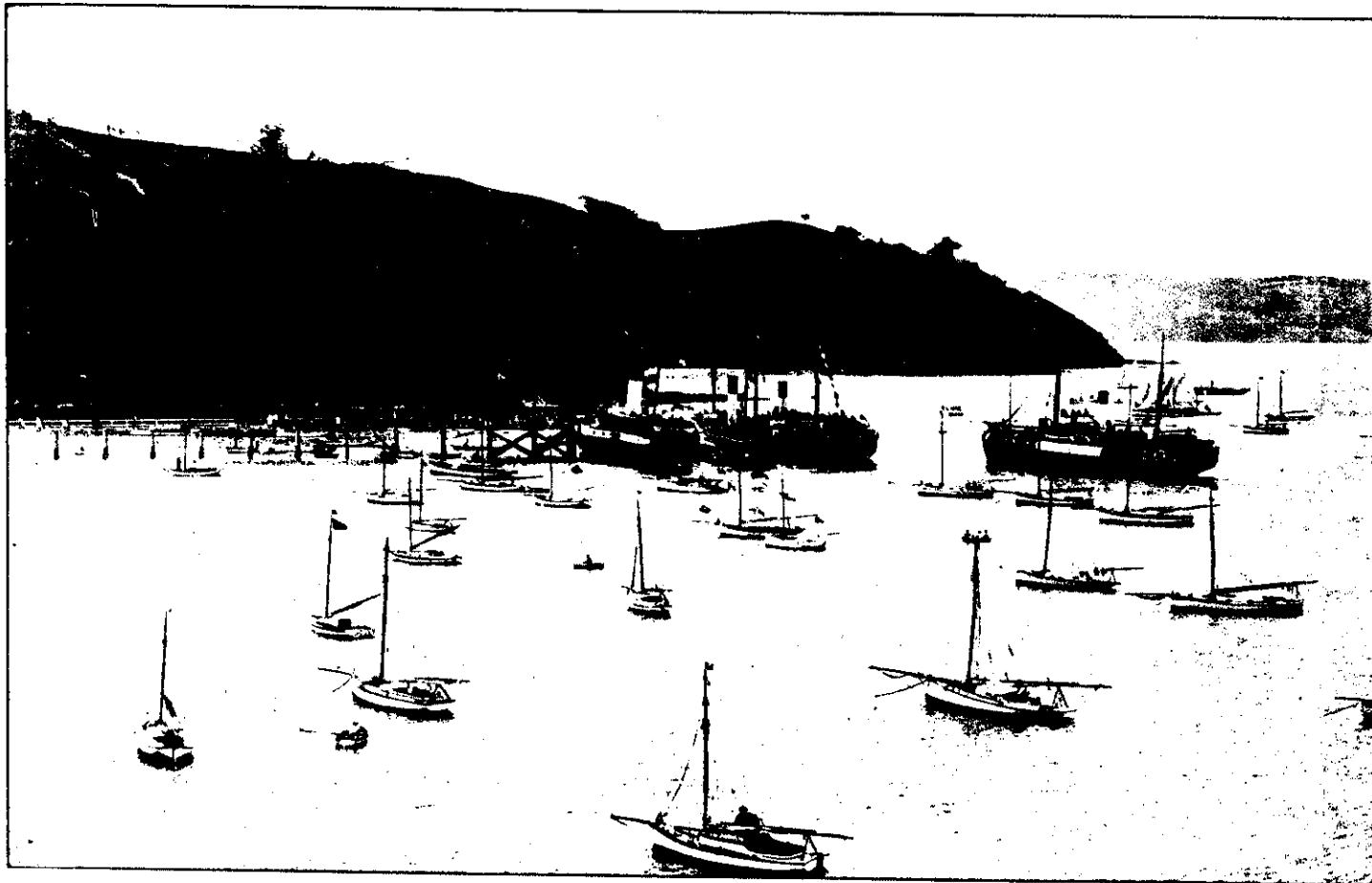
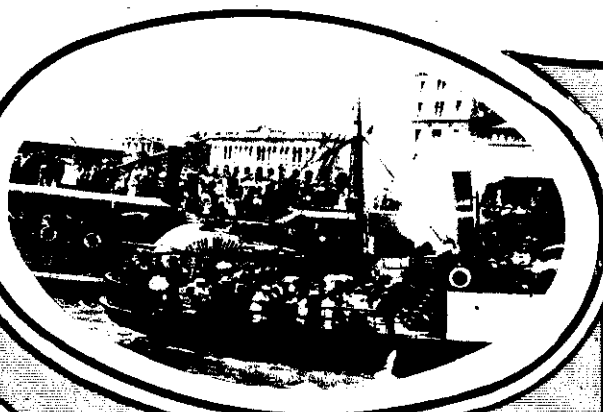
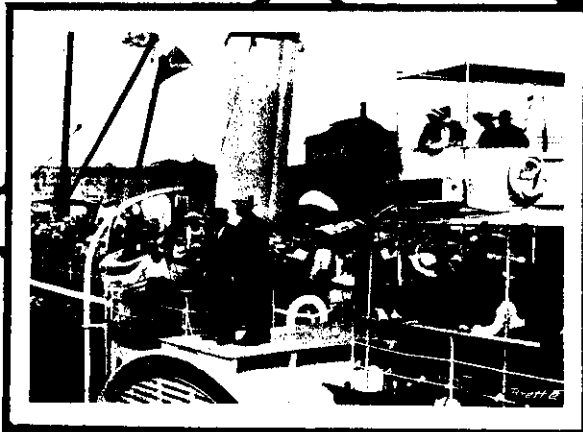
MR. WILLIAM CALEY, WHO SUCCUMBED TO FRIGHTFUL INJURIES RECEIVED IN THE COLLISION. Bartlett, photo.



MISS HOGARTH (sitting), ONE OF THE VICTIMS KILLED BY THE TROLLEY-ARM. Morton photo.

**The Christmas Eve Electric Tram Fatality, Auckland.**

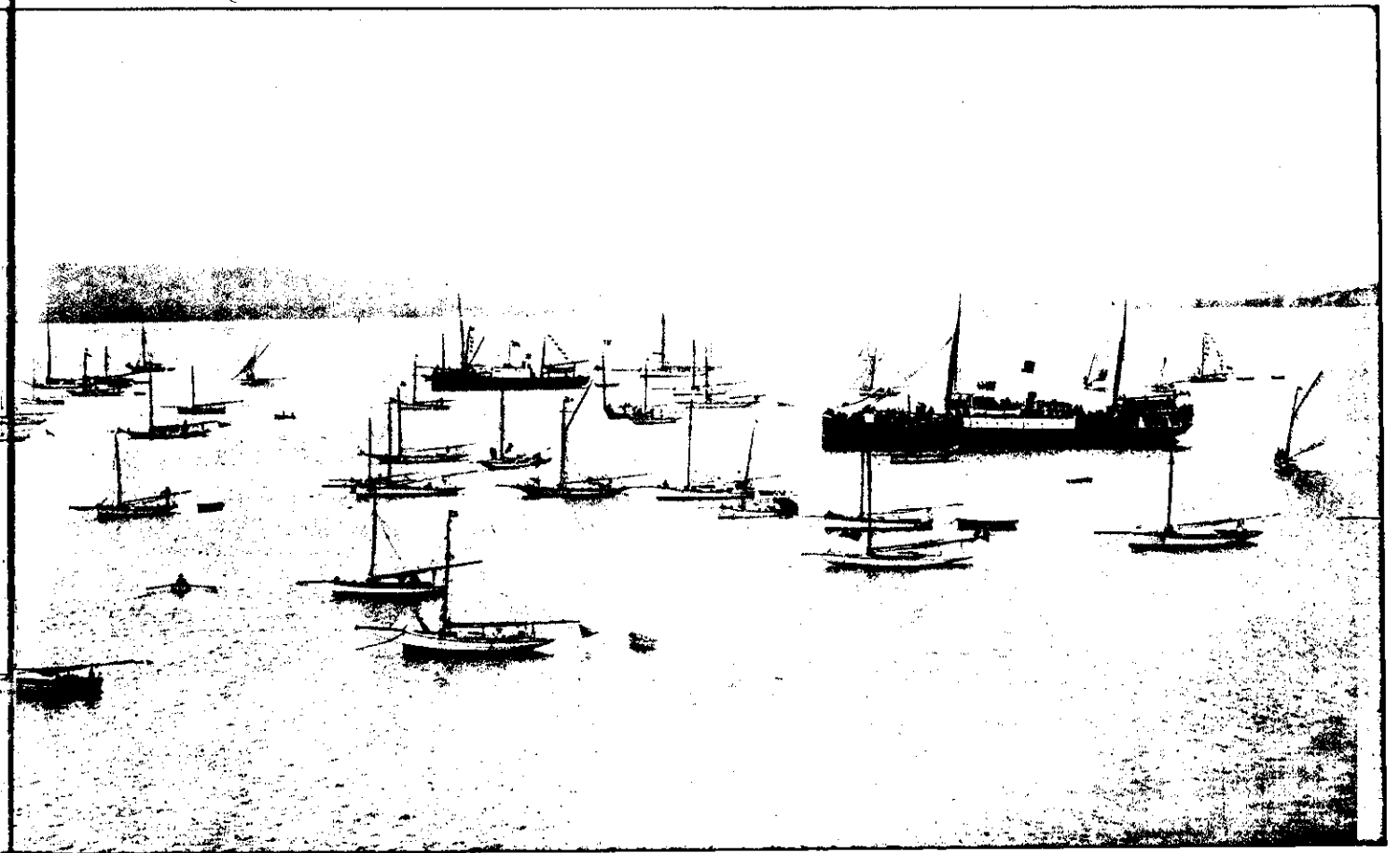
# SUMMER HOLIDAYS



Snapshots at the Auckland Wharves and Round



# IN NEW ZEALAND



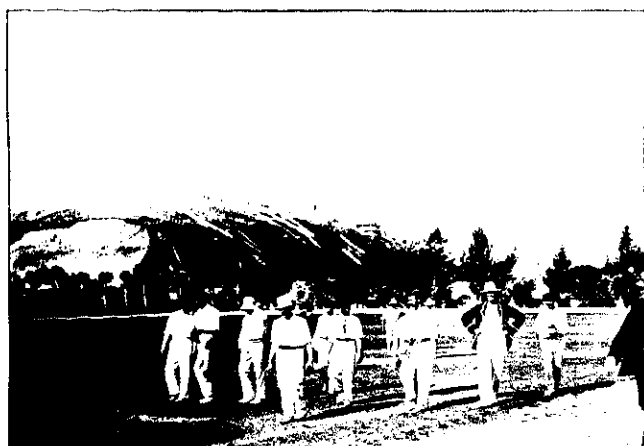
the Auckland Harbour during the Holiday Season.



THE HAWKE'S BAY TEAM.



THE WELLINGTON TEAM AT HAWKE'S BAY.



THE WELLINGTON TEAM RETURNING FROM THE FIELD.



MR. McCASSEY, WHO GAVE A BRILLIANT BATTING DISPLAY, KNOCKING UP 75 FOR HAWKE'S BAY.

Hawkes Bay v. Wellington.



E. UPLAM, whose bowling proved too much for Auckland.



F. R. MASON, who was the only man to make a show in Auckland's first innings.



WILLIAMS AT THE WICKETS.



STAPLES, who made 67 for Wellington.

INTERPROVINCIAL CRICKET—Auckland v. Wellington.



THE WELLINGTON TEAM.

STANDING (Left to Right): W. S. Hickson, J. Hutchings, W. Quee, A. Staples, F. C. Stephenson, W. Lawson (Cupler), W. Hutchings.  
 SITTING: C. S. G. Gore, W. Redgrave, W. A. S. Brice, E. F. Upham (capt.), A. B. Williams, C. Hickson.

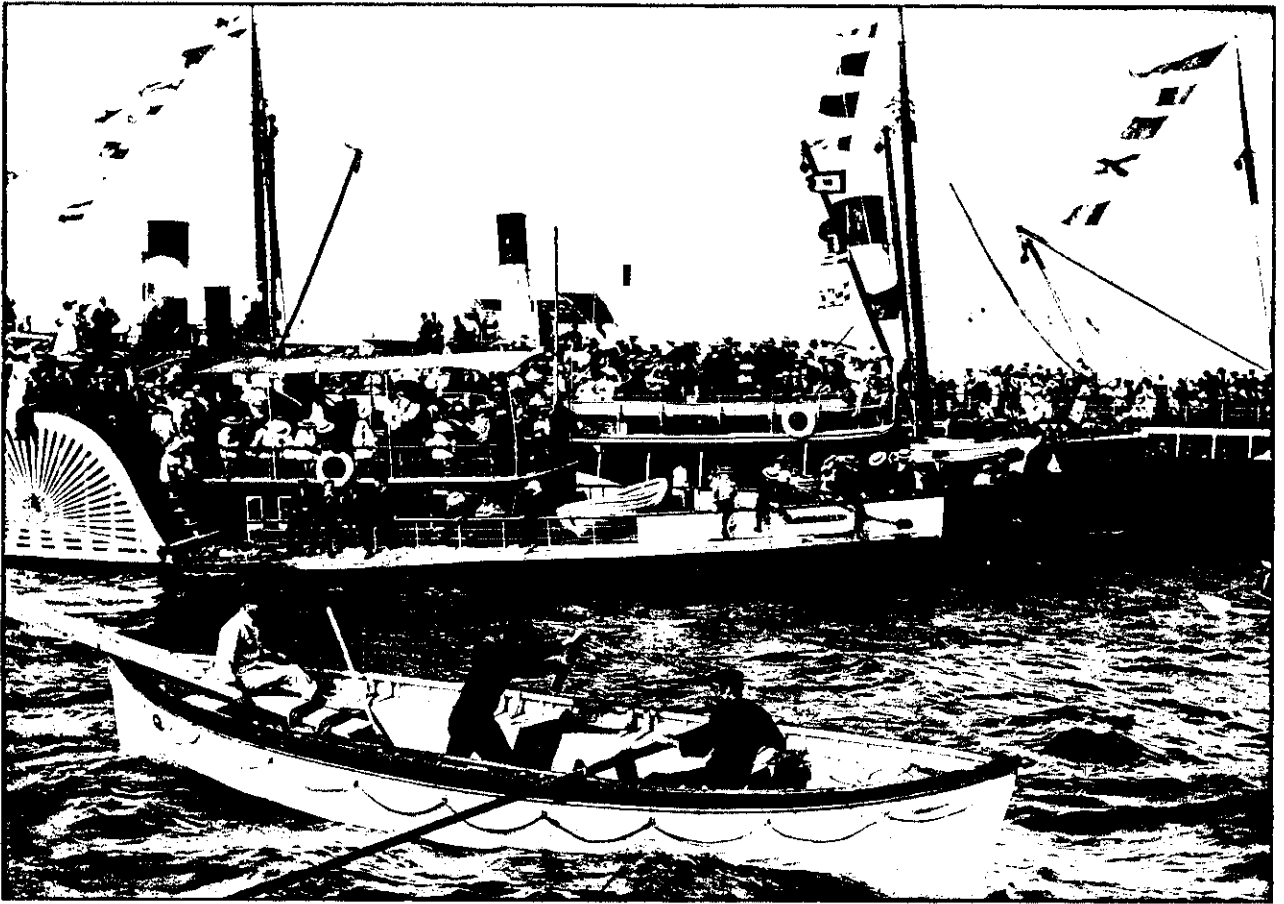


THE AUCKLAND TEAM.

BACK ROW—W. Mills, F. R. Mason, N. B. Lusk, H. B. Lusk, E. McCormick, A. Sloman. FRONT ROW—Schmoll, D. Hay (capt.), W. Stenson, I. Mills, C. C.

INTERPROVINCIAL CRICKET—Auckland v. Wellington.

Ponsonby Annual Negative.

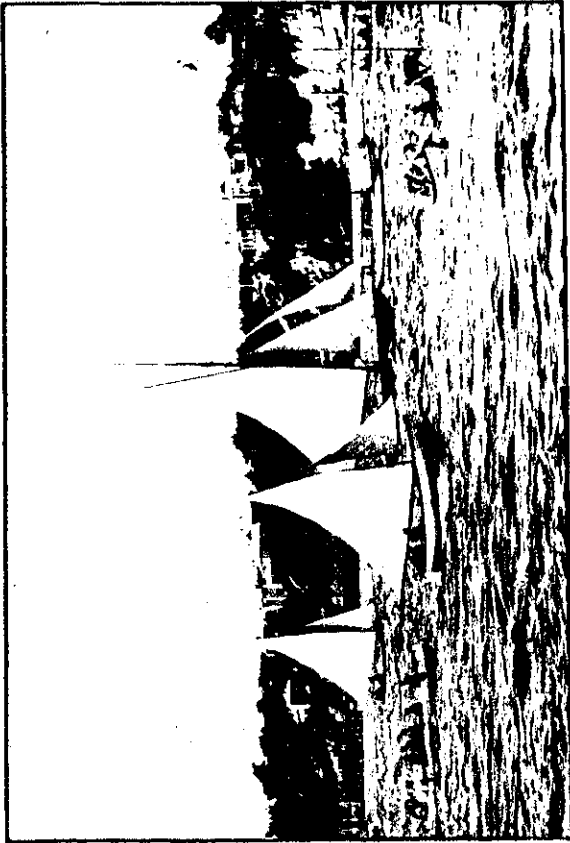


THE FLAGSHIPS WAKATERE AND WAIMARIE.

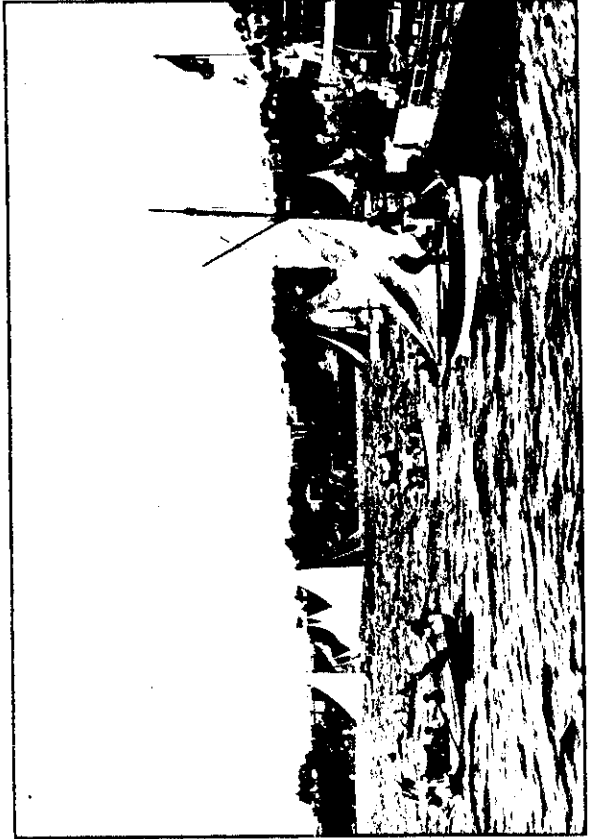


AMONGST THE SMALL CRAFT.

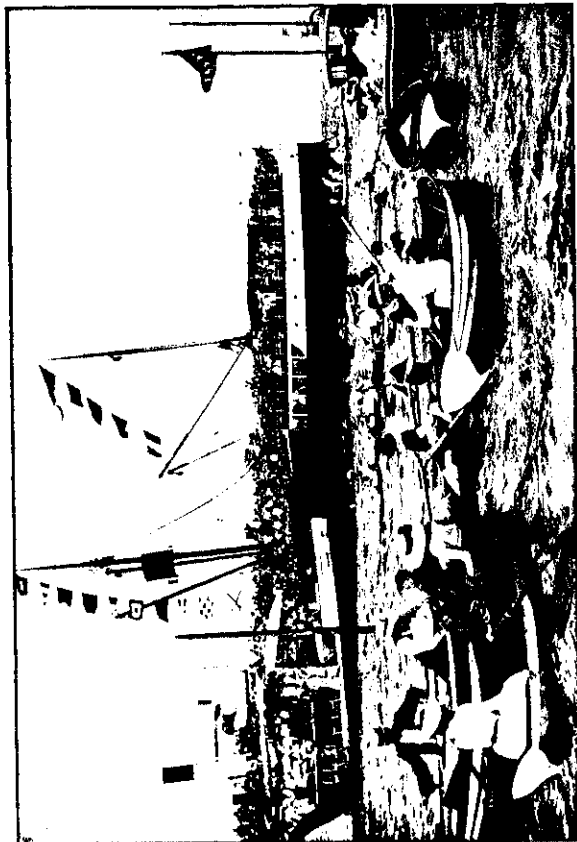
**Ponsonby Annual Regatta.**



THE LARGE DARK BOAT IS THE THETIS, WHICH WON THE FIRST-CLASS YACHT RACE.



FINISH OF THE 20-FOOTER CHAMPIONSHIP. EMERALD WINNING BY HALF-A-SECOND FROM OKERE.

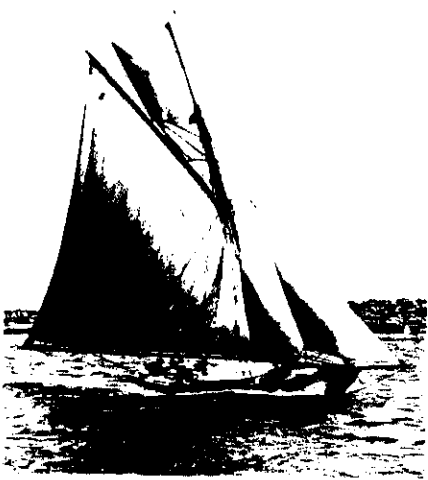


ROUND. THE FLAGSHIP.



HULA AND CYNISCA. COMPETITORS IN THE SECOND-CLASS YACHT RACE.

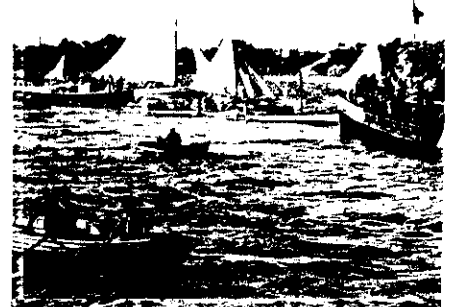
# Ponsonby Annual Regatta.



THE PERL.



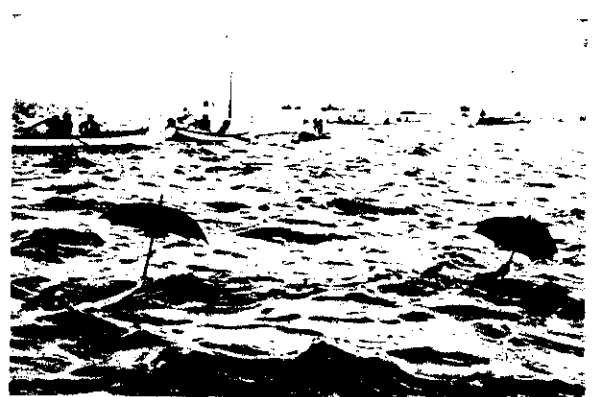
A VENTURESOME "LADY."



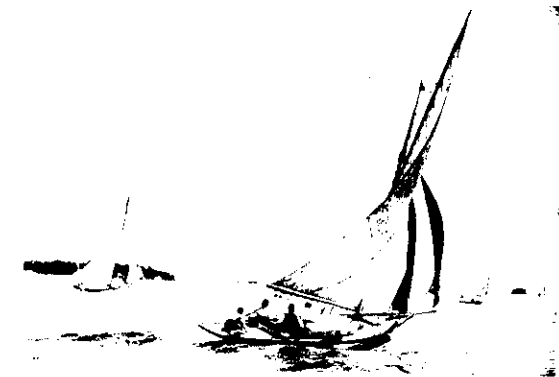
COMPETITORS IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.



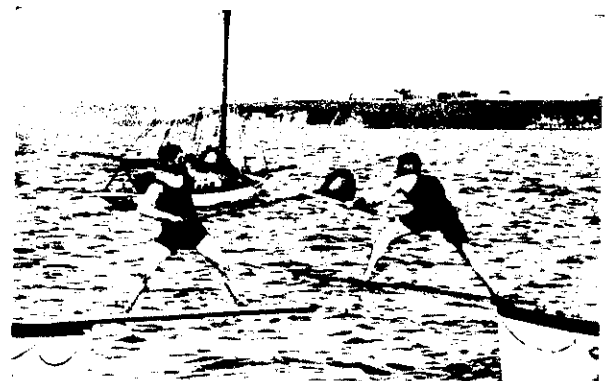
SOME OF THE PLEASURE CRAFT.



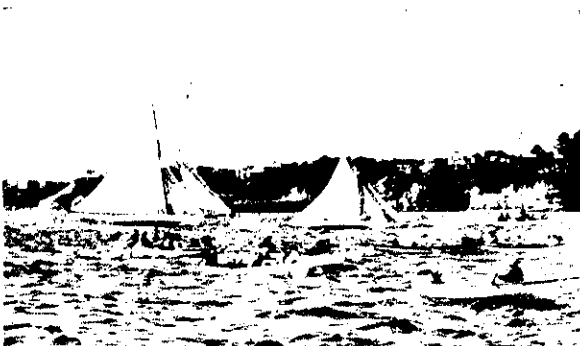
CIGAR AND UMBRELLA RACE.



A LEADING WIND.



A BOUT IN THE WATER TOURNAMENT.

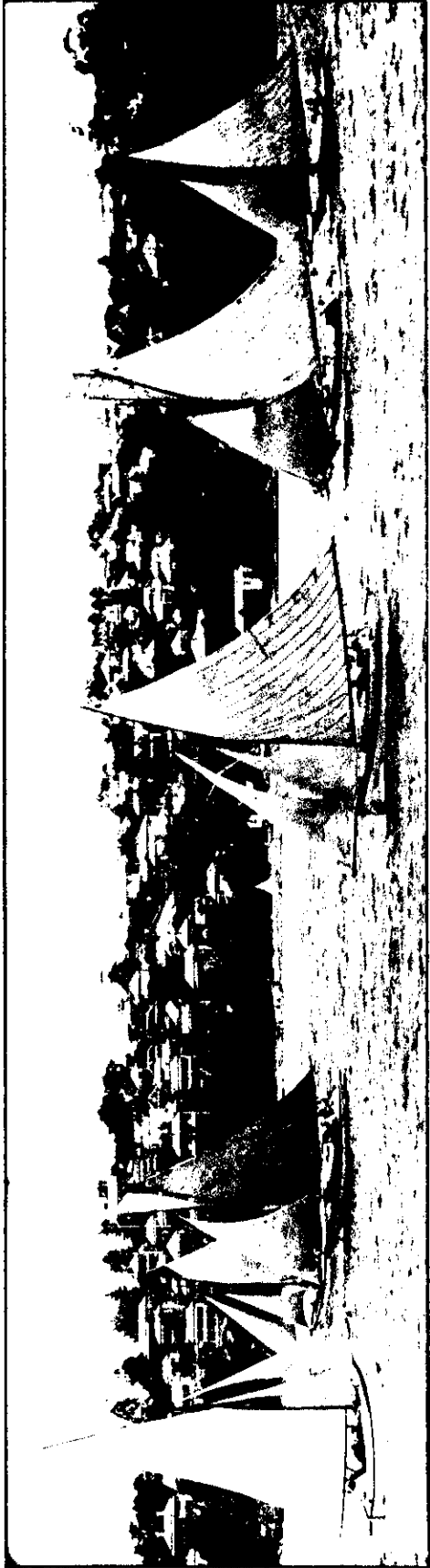


THELMA AND KOTIRI.

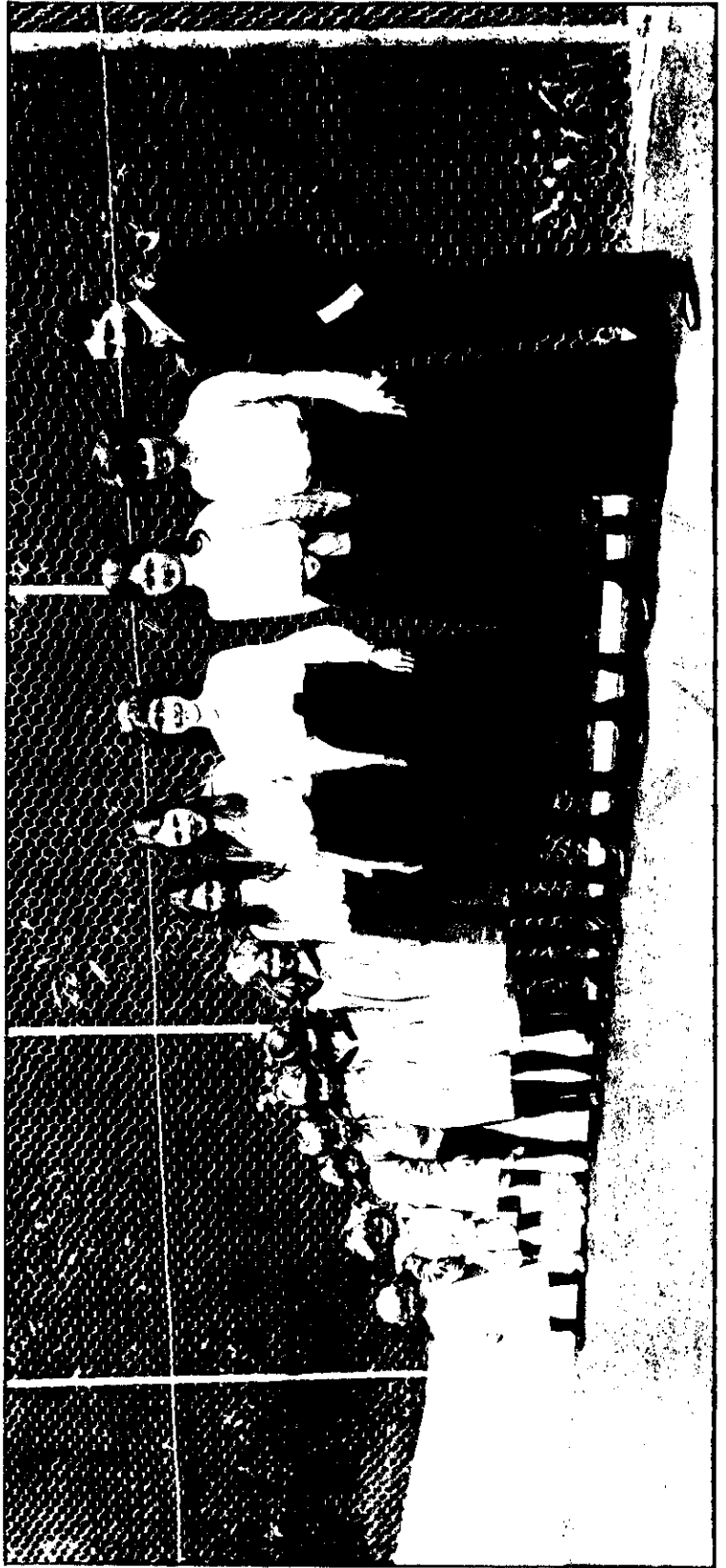


TUB RACE.

# Ponsonby Annual Regatta.



AT THE PONSONBY ANNUAL REGATTA.



"A BAKER'S DOZEN"—THE CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN HINDMARSH, NAPIER.

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Such graceful and light looking styles are the New Belts, yet strong and good for years of wear. There are always occasions when you can make good use of a Silver Belt, and our prices help you considerably. In Best Plates, with Soldiered Rings, 11/6, 13/6, 14/6, 16/6, 18/6, Solid Silver, £1/15/-, £2/5/-, £2/15/-, £3.

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Cream Jugs, 12/6, 13/6, 14/6.

Tea Sets, full size, £3, £3/10/-, £4, to £10/10/-.

**No Plate Wears Like Ours.**

A New Set of Silver-plated Spoons and Forks, such as our All Quality, would be a welcome and useful gift to your wife or mother.

Table Spoons or Forks, 35/ per doz., 2/11 each.

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Tea Spoons, 15/ per doz., 1/3 each.

**Does All Jewellery Look Alike to You?**

Then our prices will suit you to buy it; but if you want Reliable Goods of Standard Quality, at Reasonable Prices, then you must come here.

This 9-ct. Gold and Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooch is a Striking Style, Price 21/6. Other designs in Gold and Greenstone, 13/6, 14/6, 17/6, 18/6, 21/-, 22/6.

**A Gift to Grandmother.**

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# Music and Drama.

## FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE GOOD, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE TRUE.

DRAMATIC AND VOCAL RECITALS. FEDERAL HALL, WELLESLEY-ST. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13th, 1904. THURSDAY, 14th JAN., 1904. FRIDAY, 15th JAN., 1904. SATURDAY, 16th JAN., 1904. MR KABER HARRISON, of the Haymarket, Comedy, and Adelphi Theatres, London. MISS FAITH GARNETT, of Miss Sarah Thorne's London Repertoire Company. MISS LILLIE LARGE, of the Queen's Hall, London. Doors open at 7.30. To commence at 8 P.m. Tickets for the Course of Four Recitals (Reserved), 5/-; Single Tickets: Front Seats, Reserved, 2/6; Back Seats, 1/-. Box Office will open at Messrs Whitman, Lyell, and Arey's at 9 a.m. on THURSDAY, January 7th. ORGANISER: MR HAROLD LARGE, Late General Manager of the Benson Shakespearean Seasons at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, London.

Both pantomimes running in Wellington, are well spoken of by local critics. Mr. Dix's show is specially highly praised, and is said to be well up to the standard of imported shows of the same class.

Mr Geo. Musgrove and Miss Nellie Stewart passed through Auckland on the Sonoma, bound for America and Europe. They will be away for about eight months, returning via Suez probably.

Mr Lawrence Hanray, who was a prominent member of the "Are You a Mason?" Company, will join the Willoughby-Geach Company in "A Boy from Buffalo" on New Year's night.

Howard Chambers, the Auckland baritone, so long with Harry Rickards, is now starring as Romero in "The Serenade" at New York with the Bostonians. He made his first success with them as Friar Tuck in Robin Hood.

"Pinafore," always popular, was exceedingly well done at North Shore last week by the Devonport amateurs. The whole performance was above the amateur average, but it was noticeable above this for the really exceptionally good work of Miss Ivy Alison as Josephine. Her impersonation was really capable, both vocally and histrionically, and the unstinted applause she gained was well deserved. Moreover, the opera was well staged, and a capital orchestra and chorus, under Mr. Alf. Bartley, gave an excellent account of themselves. Space will not in this issue permit of a longer notice, but those concerned in the production have every reason to be satisfied, and may rest assured of warm support on their next appearance.

"Mistakes Will Happen," produced by the Willoughby Geach Company at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Boxing Night, hit the vast holiday audience where it lived, as the Yankees say, and the farce was received with uproarious and unbridled laughter and applause. The play is now so well-known throughout New Zealand that it is needless to go further into details, or to say much more than the enormous success of the farce in the South was more than repeated in the Northern capital. The capital work of Mr Willoughby and Miss Roxy Barton met with the warmest approbation: as well it might, for nothing better of its class has been done in New Zealand. Miss Watts-Phillips, as usual, scored a triumph, and unquestionably her Mrs Hunter Chase is as fine a piece of comedy character acting as one could hope to see in any part of the world. Miss Watts-Phillips is perhaps the best and most finished comedy actress we have at present in the colonies, and her impersonation of this cleverly-conceived character is worthy of her reputation in this respect. That "Mistakes Will Happen" will draw huge audiences for just as long as the very astute management keep it on the boards there can be little doubt.

The passion for melodrama in Auckland, always strong, rose to an unprecedented height in Auckland on Boxing Night, when that clever actress and manager, Miss Fitzmaurice Gill, produced a highly exciting play, yeapt "The Bank of England," which kept one of the vastest audiences ever gathered into the Opera House hugely interested for upwards of three hours. The situations in the melodrama are novel, and are neither more nor less improbable or ultra-sensational than one is accustomed to in this always and deservedly popular form of entertainment. After all, why should one go to the theatre for improbabilities? One gets a surfeit of that outside, and it is often overlooked that the improbabilities of melodrama are never greater than those of farce. There is plenty of opportunity for forceful acting in "The Bank of England," and the leading members of Miss Gill's company take full advantage of it. The Sherlock Holmes of Mr. Blake is an excellent piece of work, and Miss Gill herself, as an expansive and explosive American lady, has not been seen to greater advantage. The plot of the melodrama is original in many of its ideas, and it has an abundance of good and telling situations. Theatre-goers in Auckland and elsewhere—for the company go South after Auckland—who are fond of stirring melodrama, will find "The Bank of England" very much to their taste.

An interesting experiment in the direction of fostering and furthering a taste for Shakespeare, and the highest class of modern drama, is to be inaugurated in Auckland on January 13th at the Federal Hall. Mr Kaber Harrison, of the Haymarket, Theatre, London, with Miss Faith Garnett, another well-known London and provincial performer, will give a series of recitals from "Romeo and Juliet," "King John," "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," and also from such masterpieces of modern drama as "The Hunchback" and the more recent but still brilliant "Pair of Spectacles." They will be assisted by Miss Large, a songstress of repute, who, it will be remembered, sang in Auckland during the Exhibition. Mr Harold Large, for years with Mr Benson's famous Shakespearean Company, as manager, is in Auckland arranging preliminaries.

It may be said at once, and with all emphasis, that the concerts given by the Slapoffski Concert Company will prove amongst the most enjoyable of any high-class musical entertainments that have ever visited this colony. Madame "Slap," if one may give her the familiar short name by which she is known wherever the Grand Opera Co. appeared in New Zealand is too well-known to music lovers to need any praise from this or any other journal. It may be said, however, that Madame is in magnificent voice, and is as successful on the concert platform as she was on the operatic stage. So what can one say more save that the first concert of the tour given in Auckland on Christmas night proved that Madame has brought with her a company of remarkable excellence. There is really no spot that one can point out as weak, there is no "tail" as they say in cricket, and the principals are of quite exceptional merit. The performances on the Stroh violin, a picture of which appears in another part of this issue were certainly a feature of the first concert, and will be eagerly looked forward to in future. Mr Stevenson is a player of marked ability, and it was amply and incontestably proved by him that the "Stroh" is no mere freak in the manufacture of musical instruments, but of an orchestral value, hard to over-estimate. A picture and short description of the instrument appears elsewhere, and it may safely be said that the Stroh violin is destined to take a leading position both for solos and orchestras. The resonance and volume of sound produced are extraordinary, and the richness of tone is more that of a cello than a violin.

Fitzgerald's Circus is doing exceedingly big business in Dunedin, where it remains over the New Year holidays. The big show arrives in Wellington about the end of January, and then works gradually, and one need scarcely add, profitably northwards, to Auckland, where the children are already beginning to talk of it as one of the last best best treats of the long summer holidays.

There has been a big run on beautiful ladies, and stalwart suppers for the holiday weeks productions in Dunedin. The following "ads" were in one issue of the "Otago Daily Times":—Ten young ladies and ten gentlemen wanted for Mr. J. G. Williamson's forthcoming dramatic season, "Fitzgerald Bros. Circus"—Wanted, ten tall, handsome young ladies, for ring dolls. Wanted 100 young ladies and gentlemen for Cinderella pantomime. "Pasquin" ungalantly doubts if Dunedin could cope with this demand.

One of the members of the Daniel Frauley American Dramatic Company which toured New Zealand is responsible for the following contribution to the "San Francisco Dramatic Review" of November 7:—"The Frauley Company, after giving Sydney playgoers a glimpse of Arizona, Mizoura, and Paradise, has gone to Queensland. Some critics object to the 'American twang' where English gentlemen, as in 'Brother Officers' are represented. It is difficult to see, however, how the situation could be improved by substituting the mongrel cockney accent and twang of the colonies, which prevails on both sides of the footlights, and chills the marrow of every well-bred American when he finds himself in the company of equally well-bred but lamentably un-English Australians."

From "genial George" Tallis comes a packet of Ada Crossley post cards, with compliments for the season. The reasonable wishes are reciprocated, both to Mr Tallis and Mr Williamson and all the members of his advance and business staff. They make the duties of the press both agreeable and interesting, and are ever courteous in the way of information.

One wonders, by the way, what Tallis' nickname would have been had his Christian name been anything but George. "Genial George" is alliterative, and trips as easily off the pencil as from the tongue, and it fits the man to a marvel, but had his name been Ebenezer, or Theophilus, or even Ethelbert, what would one have dubbed him? Doubtless the name might have killed the geniality, for names have more to do than we wot of with success in life; but somehow one imagines the spontaneity and charm of Tallis' manner, his absence of over-effusion—the curse of so many of his profession—would have triumphed over even Ebenezer; but he would have had to go without an adjective, complimentary or otherwise.

Allan Hamilton is another charming personality, to whom one's thoughts turn very naturally at this season, for it has been at Christmas or thereabouts when one has usually come across him with the Broughs. It seemed strange this year to meet him in other company, for it seemed as if Brough, with his quick, nervous utterance and slight characteristic

twitch of feature, must be somewhere about, and presently walk into the office, while that most incommensurate servant of his, Mr. Harde, who took so magnificently the servants' parts for many years, brought in theiced soda. Well, Brough is gone, and Hamilton is piloting comic opera. It seems incongruous to us of the older generation of playgoers and play critics, but Hamilton finds it all right evidently, for he grows no thinner on it. And yet, and yet, one would like to see him on the rounds with our old friends again. Brough, Dot Boucicault, Anson, Titheridge, Ward, Miss Romer, Emma Temple, Brenda Gibson, Miss Noble—what memories do they not recall, and shall we ever see such a comedy company again as the "B. and H." was at its best, before troubles, dissensions and other secessions followed? I fear not; life runs on apace, and I fear not.

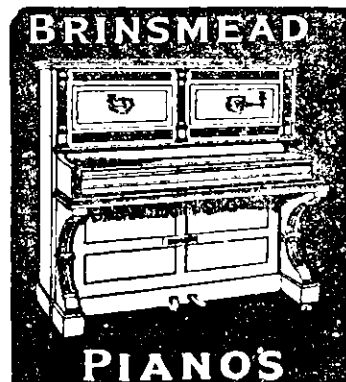
Nor, when recalling the advance guard, at this season, must one forget little Cris Simonsin, faithfullest of henchmen, to Bland Holt, and urbane Harry Ashton. Who having known the keen inspected eyes and keen humour of "Cris," or the maculate get up and fragrant cigar of Ashton, could leave them out? May both have a full measure of success, likewise. Joe St. Clair, not to mention the booming Barnes, who is, however, never likely to be forgotten in New Zealand, since he is never long away, and is always busily to the front wherever he may be.

## THE BREAD-BASKET COMEDY.

Two men—one a well-known artist and the other a critic who is celebrated for his seriousness—were discussing J. M. Barrie's enormously successful London comedy "Little Mary" between the acts. "It's a jolly embarrassing subject," said the artist. "Yes," agreed the ordinarily unpolished critic: "It's a J. M. Barrie-ing subject." This little pun from so sober a source made a great deal: not as a pun, but a sign, it showed how quickly and how thoroughly the writer of the "bread-basket" comedy had won his audience over to his own larky mood. At any other time and under any other circumstances the critic would have seemed to play about with a name. But so far from seeming to commit the offence, he didn't even blush to do it. He had completely caught the joking spirit of the author of the new name for stomach—"Little Mary"—and there was no stopping him. Asked by his friend if he intended to have a smack at "Little Mary," he at once answered twinklingly, "Dear me, no! That would be hitting below the belt!" The play had left him in a perfectly light and irresponsible humour, and all the men and women around him were the same. They had had a joke sprung upon them by a serious author—not a mere comic writer—and they were elated at his condescension. And they were agreeably surprised, too, like the people in the famous Bab Ballad who cried, in enthusiastic acknowledgment of a notable achievement, "A time frae the happiest! Beat that if ye can! Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus Mc-Clan!"

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All kinds of Musical Instruments Tuned and Repaired.  
VIOLIN STRINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

# Society Gossip

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee. December 29.

Let me confess I stand appalled at the almost hopeless magnitude of the task of attempting to describe for you the scene at Ellerslie on Boxing Day, or the hundreds upon hundreds—I might say thousands—of exquisite dresses worn on the occasion of

### THE FIRST DAY'S RACING.

To give anything like an adequate impression of the beauty of the lawn when thronged with its enormous crowd of brightly-frocked women and well-dressed men, I confess, beyond me. It was a spectacle not easily to be forgotten, and brilliant as have been many of the displays I have seen at Ellerslie, there has never, so far as I can remember, been anything to approach the gathering of Saturday last. The lovely course looked its very best and the many improvements have unquestionably made this the most convenient as well as the most beautiful in the colony. The attendance, favoured by the perfect weather, was a record one, and it is estimated that there were, at least, 12,000 to 13,000 persons present. The paddock was certainly far more crowded than I have ever seen it and the hill and course had vaster masses of people than have ever gathered there before. The arrangements were all good, and afternoon tea was served far better than last time. But it was the glorious weather and the boundless enthusiasm of the crowd over the result of the Cup that will ever mark Boxing Day, 1903, as a red letter day, both in the annals of colonial racing and the history of the Auckland Racing Club. Nothing approaching the cheering which greeted Wairiki has ever been heard on the course at Ellerslie and Mr Sam Bradley, the owner, must have felt a proud man, indeed, at the wonderful ovation his great horse received. Those who had gone down on Treadmill, or some other trier, cheered with as much enthusiasm as those who had won, and it was a memorable exhibition of true sportsmanlike feeling. As for the dresses, what shall I say? They seem to get more elaborate every year, and smarter people appear to attend the races. Moreover, the number of visitors from the South grows yearly. Under the circumstances, I can only pretend to give you my descriptions of a few of the lovely frocks worn.

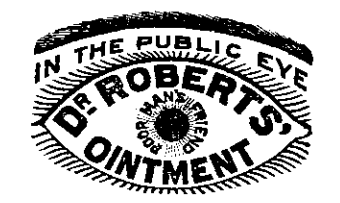
### THE DRESSES.

Mrs. Morrin wore an exquisite toilette of navy blue canvas voile, with faggotted seams over glaze silk, lovely cream vest, relieved with touches of heliotrope, black hat wreathed with sprays of lilac; Miss Donald, dainty cream canvas voile costume, with Paris lace insertion, old gold ceinture, pretty blue picture hat; Miss Alice Donald, cream cologne gown, with ecru insertion, transparent yoke and modish hat to match; Miss Heather looked sweet in a lovely white embroidered muslin frock, large white picture hat with long ostrich feathers falling over the brim; Mrs. Edmonson wore an extremely handsome gown of black canvas voile, white satin vest and collar over-spread with exquisite black lace applique, black chiffon Victorian hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Rosenthal (Sydney) wore one of the most noticeable gowns on the lawn. It was composed of exquisite white silk chiffon, with tracery of delicate pink rosebuds, elaborately shirred and trimmed with Paris tulle insertion. A knotted white chiffon sash and a dainty French sailor hat swathed with pink poppies and ribbon, completed the costume, which was admittedly a triumph of the dress-maker's art. Miss Ching, pretty white muslin frock, with ecru ribbon sash, white hat wreathed with flowers, and finished with ecru lace of black velvet; Mrs. Edward Russell was prettily gowned in a soft white silk, tucked and frilled and finished with Paris lace, pretty coral toque of violets; Mrs. Savage wore a very dainty

white tucked silk frock, with pale blue picture hat wreathed with small black flowers; Mrs. Gordon, pale grey tucked voile over glaze silk, pretty black hat, relieved with cream; Mrs. Dufour, grey shock voile costume, cream vest, and lovely Maltese lace shoulder caps, small black hat swathed with cream lace, and pink roses; Mrs. Devore, black silk voile gown over glaze silk, with medallions of cream lace, pretty black and cream bonnet to match; Mrs. Buddie, very effective white and black silk gown, elaborately shirred, white chiffon vest, black and white French sailor hat, with black and white spotted wings; Mrs. Louison (Christchurch) wore a most superb toilette of peach pink silk voile, with medallions of Paris lace, large black picture hat swathed with chiffon and black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Hayman (Christchurch), beautiful cream silk voile inset with Paris lace medallions, lovely black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Gould (Christchurch) wore a most striking costume of white satin, figured with black, and trimmed with black and white silk embroidery, an exquisite cape collar of Maltese lace fell from the yoke, and she wore a lovely black plumed hat; Mrs. P. Campbell, rich black silk voile over glaze silk, trimmed with jet, ecru lace vest, and small black hat; Mrs. Elsworthy (South) wore a very handsome black silk tucked costume, pretty black bonnet; Miss Elsworthy, beautifully fitting black voile costume, strapped with bands of same material, piped with white, lovely collar, inset with hand-painted medallions, pretty black and cream toque; Miss E. Elsworthy wore an exquisite gown of white chiffon, with a cloudy design in pale pink and heliotrope, transparent lace yoke and large black picture hat; Mrs. E. J. O'Rorke, distinguee white and black silk toilette, handsomely trimmed with black Chantilly lace, pink folded ceinture and pretty pink toque; Miss Shepherd, black-canvas voile over apple green silk, finished with cream lace applique, black toque with pink crush roses; Miss —, Shepherd, simple white muslin frock, with pretty Country Girl hat, wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. George, lovely black Louisiane silk toilette with cream lace and chiffon vest and Paris lace collar, dainty black and cream toque relieved with green leaves; Miss George wore a very effective English costume of deep champagne tinted voile, with transparent yoke of Paris lace, and collar and ceinture of chine ribbon, white chip straw hat garlanded with lilies of the valley; Miss Zoe George, looked sweet in a cream canvas voile over cream silk, large black straw hat with drooping ostrich feathers; Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, cream silk voile gown inset with Paris lace, pale blue folded belt, black picture hat; Mrs. Duthie, wore a charming gown of cream canvas voile tucked and inserted with Paris lace, cream lace-straw hat lined with crimson tulle, and finished with two large choux of straw and tulle; Miss Mitchellson was prettily gowned in a pale salmon pink crepe de chine elaborately shirred and trimmed with cream insertion, pretty pink hat wreathed with roses and foliage; Miss — Mitchellson wore a very dainty costume of white mousseline de soie, with pale pink sash, white chip straw hat swathed with pink; Mrs. Alison, exquisite gown of white Louisiane silk over-spread with a design in pink rosebuds, the skirt elaborately shirred and trimmed with rich lace, floral toque of violets and green leaves; Miss Alison wore a very dainty white embroidered muslin frock, with transparent yoke, large black plumed hat; and her sister also wore white with a pretty white muslin hat; Mrs. Ernest Blomfield, exquisite gown of pink silk chiffon over pink silk, deep transparent yoke of Paris lace, white chip straw hat wreathed with blue poppies and blue ribbons; Mrs. Stagg, dainty gown of cream voile tucked and inserted with lace, lovely black picture hat; Mrs. Hope Lewis, wore a most effective gown of white and black spotted silk, ceinture and stock of heliotrope silk, large burnt straw hat with black ostrich feathers; Miss Lewis, lovely skirt of cream sunray pleated voile, cream silk blouse with overall green belt, white tulle hat with tiny white roses, and green velvet ribbon; Miss Ida Thompson, pretty blue floral muslin frock with Paris lace insertion, ribbon sash, pretty white hat trimmed with leaves and wheat; Mrs. Markham, pale blue crash coat and skirt, modish green toque; Miss Birch, dainty white muslin gown with mirror green silk belt, black hat swathed with white; Miss Gorrie, pretty grey floral muslin

frilled and inserted with lace, stylish hat to match; Miss Nora Gorrie, white linen coat and skirt with collar of black and white spotted silk, black hat; Miss Owen Gorrie, pretty spotted grey and white voile with bordered frills, large black picture hat; Mrs. W. E. Bloomfield, lovely gown of azure blue silk voile tucked and inserted with Paris lace, pretty Prince Charlie hat to match; Mrs. Beaumont, handsome striped silk in two shades of champagne, large black hat; Mrs. Shannon was beautifully dressed in a pale pink voile gown with saddle yoke and wide bands of cream insertion, corset belt of pink velvet ribbon, pink chiton Victorian hat with sprays of pink roses; Mrs. Myers, rich black silk voile gown sprigged with white, Paris lace vest, black bonnet; Mrs. Leo Myers, pink glaze silk veiled in lovely white crepe de chine, chiffon yoke and sleeves, and deep flounce of sunray pleated chiffon on skirt, dainty white and black hat; Miss Riche (Sydney), pale blue shirred crepe de chine gown with Paris lace applications, pretty pale blue hat; Mrs. Coleman was attired in a pale grey blue crash coat and skirt inset with wide white insertion, the coat faced with blue and green, white vest, and black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Cheeseman, pale green and white striped silk costume over pink real lace applications, pretty hat to match; Miss Kossing, brown and white spotted foulard gown, with Paris lace vest, rustic hat with sprays of pink roses; Miss E. Kossing, white voile gown with black hat; Mrs. Stewart Reid, electric blue jacket and skirt, with stitched bands of navy glaze silk, white vest, black and white hat; Mrs. Younge (Melbourne), beautifully fitting pale grey striped voile costume, with Paris lace encrustations, black plumed hat; Miss Dunnett was gowned in brown silk voile with applications of deep cream lace, relieved with pale blue, brown hat with large blue satin bows; Miss Muriel Whitson wore a very pretty frock of white lawn, inset with wide insertion of pale pink glaze silk, lovely lace collar and large white hat; Mrs. Ware, well-cut black canvas voile costume, with large black plumed hat; Miss Ware looked very well in a white muslin gown over glaze silk, black picture hat; Miss Cameron, striking costume of deep crushed strawberry crash, with lines of wide yak lace insertion on skirt and collar, large black hat; Mrs. Friend, navy blue silk muslin, with pin point white spot, handsome ecru insertion inset in bodice and skirt, rustic straw hat wreathed with cornflowers; Mrs. Hill, very dainty Persian lawn gown inset with narrow Valenciennes insertion, black plumed hat; Mrs. Harry Marsack was gowned in a stylish cream voile coatee and skirt, cream glaze silk vest with transparent lace yoke and myrtle green ceinture, white hat trimmed with pink crush roses and myrtle green ribbon; Miss Hardwick wore a navy blue canvas voile gown with cream lace vest, pretty hat en suite; Mrs. Ruck, navy blue figured voile gown, with Paris lace vest, black and cream bonnet; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, dainty grey French muslin frock, frilled and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, Country Girl hat swathed with leaves and poppies; Mrs. Goodhue, dark spotted voile costume, with cream lace vest, black and cream toque with pink roses under the brim; Mrs. Anseme, white duck skirt, with pretty pale green silk blouse inset with white insertion, hat en suite; Miss Hay, green linen Russian costume, with white pipings, black hat; Mrs. Sellars, handsome black broadened silk gown, black bonnet; Mrs. Jones, black silk voile costume, large black hat with black plumes; Miss Jones, pretty Tussock silk frock, tucked and frilled, black hat; Mrs. Scene Taranaki, smart white Liberty silk gown relieved with touches of turquoise blue, large black hat; Mrs. MacDonald, black voile gown with white vest, black tulle bonnet with cream lace and pink banksia roses; Miss MacDonald, white voile gown, with Paris lace trimmings, smart white hat adorned with blue and green; Miss Mowbray, pale grey orchid voile gown, with cream lace applique run with narrow black; Miss Daisy Mowbray, very pretty pale grey costume with Paris lace vest, peach pink hat with tulle and flowers of same shade; Miss Edith Mowbray, reseda green costume, with white vest, pretty pink hat; Mrs. A. V. MacDonald, black voile costume with white vest, black and cream toque; Mrs. Wallace Lawson, pretty green cloth cos-

tume with cream lace applications, hat en suite; Miss Nelson, dainty white embroidered muslin frock with large black picture hat; Mrs. Harry Brett, very pretty eau de nil green tucked silk blouse, black satin skirt, "Country Girl" hat wreathed with black and green daisies; Miss Ruddock, white muslin frock inserted with lace, pretty hat to match; Miss Helen Fenton wore a dainty pink faked gown with transparent pink yoke, "Country Girl" hat wreathed with roses and green leaves; Miss Winnie Lewis, pretty white frilled muslin frock with lace insertions, black French sailor hat; Miss May Dawson wore a charming costume of cream voile with Paris lace insertion, pale green ceinture, large black hat; Miss Muriel Dawson, also wore a pretty cream voile, turquoise blue waistband, black picture hat; Miss Vera Bell wore a very pretty shirred sunray pink crepe de chine with cream lace applications, black picture hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Masfield, stylish gown of pale grey tucked voile with deep yoke of Paris lace, pretty hat to match; Miss Dormer, Eton grey voile costume, with lace yoke, large black hat; Miss Douglas looked charming in a dainty white box muslin gown with pale lettuce green sash, white and green picture hat; Miss Thorpe, cream serge coatee and skirt, with lace vest, relieved with touches of crimson, black hat; Miss — Thorpe, cream linen costume, with transparent lace yoke, pretty hat to correspond; Miss Luak, black sunray pleated Monte Carlo coat and skirt, with cream lace vest, cherry coloured ceinture, black hat; Miss Olive Luak, black tucked voile, inserted with black lace, Paris lace vest, collar relieved with pale blue, black hat; Mrs. Bob Luak, black voile coatee and skirt outlined with black lace applique, worn over pink chiffon blouse, black plumed hat; Mrs. Roberts was wearing a very handsome black silk gown with lovely black lace trimmings, cream lace vest and pretty black and cream toque; Miss Gillian, pretty cream voile costume with Paris lace trimmings, heliotrope sash and white hat with sprays of lilac; Miss Dagmar Gillian, white linen coat and skirt, the collar of coat inset with lime insertion, pretty "Country Girl" hat with pink roses; Miss Rimney, stylish cream cologne costume, inserted



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with cream lace, large black hats; Miss Kathleen Hill, white Persian lawn frock, with Tussock hat trimmed with turquoise blue ribbon and pink roses; Mrs Lincoln Rees, white linen coat and skirt, with white vest, black hat; Mrs Forbes was wearing a pretty cream voile gown, with ecru lace applications, black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Mason, pretty black and white striped Japanese muslin frock, white and black hat; Mrs Marshall, rich black and white silk costume, toque to match; Miss George, tucked and frilled Tussock silk gown, with green sash, black picture hat; Mrs Bell, handsome black mercantile silk frock, with black lace encrustations, small black hat; Miss Alice Boney, pale green lawn costume, with white vest, rustic hat adorned with leaves and green velvet; Miss Tinsie Boney, cream voile skirt with pretty tucked white silk blouse, inserted with lace, white and green hat; Miss Percival, smart grey voile costume, with green corselet belt, and Maltese lace collar, white hat trimmed with leaves and green velvet ribbon; Miss Edith Percival, pretty tobacco brown voile gown, faced with pale blue, black and ecru; Miss Eva Percival, champagne coloured linen costume, with white vest, "Country Girl" hat trimmed with autumn leaves; Miss Ida Percival, dainty needs green linen costume with white embroidered vest, "Country Girl" hat; Miss W. Lays, lovely russet green voile, with embroidered silk flower in deeper shade, inset with wide cream guipure lace, white picture hat with chiffon sweeties and strings; Mrs Waller, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, with stitched glass silk collar and cuffs, white vest and black and cream toque; Miss Hesketh, pretty cream frock relieved with touches of yellow, "Country Girl" hat with wreath of yellow daisies; Miss Towle, dainty black and white sprigged muslin frock, tucked and frilled, pretty "Country Girl" hat adorned with green leaves and sprays of lilac; Mrs Crow, pretty grey voile costume, large black hat; Mrs Percy Hadley wore a smart black silk voile costume, with large black picture hat; Miss Stead wore a charming gown of pale green crepe de chine, inset with Paris lace, lovely hat to match, with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Ching, handsome cream voile costume of the new champagne tint, inset with Paris lace, green sash, cream hat trimmed with green silk and berries; Mrs Basley, handsome black silk costume, black and cream bonnet; Miss Basley, azure blue silk gown, with wide guipure lace insertions, pretty hat to match; Miss Mabel Basley, cream voile costume with pale green sash, white and green hat; Miss Brown (Wellington), cornflower blue costume with white vest, hat en suite; Miss Kempthorne, white Liberty silk gown tucked and frilled, black picture hat; Mrs Pittar, very stylish black silk voile costume; Mrs Hart, black voile gown, with white satin yoke veiled in cream lace, pink floral toque; Mrs Henry Nolan wore an exquisite gown of Renaissance lace over cream glace silk, very pretty toque, in pale shades of heliotrope and pink; Mrs Ranson, very pretty pale blue figured silk gown, with encrustations of cream lace, lovely white chiffon toque, with delicate tracery of black; Miss McLaughlin, white embroidered muslin frock, with country girl hat; Miss Deniston was prettily gowned in a cream lace skirt, with deep lace pleated chiffon flounce, white silk blouse, inserted with lace, and dainty blue and white hat; Mrs Carrick, handsome black silk crepe de chine gown, adorned with lovely black lace, black toque; Mrs McLaughlin, Royal blue Louisiane silk, with open work seams and deep accordion pleated frill, cream lace applications and vest, black toque, with green leaves and berries; Miss Davy, dainty flowered muslin frock, with black hat; Mrs Jones, black voile costume, with cream vest, black and cream toque; Miss Torrance, pretty white muslin frock, with lace and insertion, rustic straw hat, wreathed with shaded roses and leaves; Miss Prece, blue and white spotted lawn costume, with country girl hat; Miss Atkinson, white Persian lawn frock, tucked and inserted with lace, white hat with black silk choux; Miss —, Atkinson, dainty white frock, with black mesh, pretty black and white hat; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, grey voile costume, with pink silk collar and medallions, veiled in black applique, pretty pink and grey

hat; Mrs Nicholl, champagne tinted muslin gown, tucked and inset, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Butler, handsome black silk gown, with net over, black hat with feathers; Miss Butler, pretty white embroidered muslin frock, with black picture hat; Miss —, Butler, dainty white muslin, with large black hat; Miss Maud Howard, distinctive toilette of soft white silk, with medallions of black Chantilly lace, black picture hat; Miss Draper, pale blue linen Russian costume, with cream vest, country girl hat, with splash bow of black velvet; and her sister wore a pale pink linen, with white vest and pretty hat to correspond; Alra Wright, stylish black voile costume, with bands of cream guipure, lace applique, large black Victorian hat, with black ostrich feathers and black chiffon strings; Miss Parsons, champagne tinted lawn costume, hat en suite; Mrs Reckless, black silk net, faced with satin ribbon over white glass silk, white straw hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Johnstone, cream silk tucked frock, with insertion and lace, black picture hat, with a profusion of black ostrich feathers on one side; Mrs (Dr.) Grant, cream canvas voile costume, tucked and generally, pretty country girl hat; Miss (Dr.) Owen, very attractive costume of tucked tussore silk, finished with insertion, lovely floral toque of violets; Mrs Charlie Brown, cream voile costume, inserted with Paris lace, hat en suite; Miss Williams (Wellington), pretty white gown, with lace and insertion, white hat wreathed with pale blue; Mrs Bob Gibbes, very smart costume of navy blue canvas voile, with cream vest and green sash, blue and green hat; Mrs Bodle, handsome blue voile toilette, with Paris lace applications, dainty hat to correspond; Mrs Tonks (Hawera), gauged Royal blue voile costume, inset with Paris lace applique, black plumed hat; Mrs W. Churton, cream costume, finished with embroidery, white hat, trimmed with swathed silk; Miss J. Alison, cream net over white silk; black picture hat; Miss E. Alison, bicuit coloured canvas over rose pink, pretty hat to match; Miss Mair, dainty cream muslin frock and pretty hat to match; Mrs Coyle, cream serge gown, with black cluny lace applications, black picture hat; Miss Ragnall, pale grey gown, with white net and lace yoke, pretty grey hat to match; Miss Sage, blue canvas voile gown, hat en suite; Mrs Martelli, salmon pink linen costume, with white vest, large black hat, lined with folded pink chiffon and trimmed with ostrich feathers.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee,

The Anglicans held their sale of work on December 8, at which they raised close upon £60, which must have been very satisfactory for those who worked so hard towards its success. The plain work stall was in charge of Mesdames Willis, Skeet and Payne; the fancy work stall, Mesdames Wells and Richardson; the produce, Mrs McCullagh, assisted by Misses Taylor and Peterson; refreshments, Mrs James Hally, assisted by Mesdames Price and Runciman; fishpond, Misses Willis, sweets, Misses Skeet and J. Brooks; cake-guessing and buttonholes, Misses Williams, Hill and Richardson.

The Cambridge District High School scholars gave a most successful entertainment in the Alexandra Hall on Wednesday, December 16, at which they realised £17 towards a piano which they are desirous of procuring for the school. The way in which each item on the programme was gone through reflects great credit on the teachers who brought them to such perfection. The children were treated to an excursion to Te Aroha on Friday, before breaking up for the Christmas holidays, which was greatly enjoyed by children and adults.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs W. Wright, of "Laloma," gave a most enjoyable tennis party; the grounds so lovely with shady trees and shrubs and flowers, make just an ideal place for a garden party. The day was beautiful, and the scene was very gay with all the bright summer dresses dotted here and there about in the gardens. Mrs Wright received her guests in a black silk blouse, black voile skirt with silk strappings and black and

white bonnet; she was assisted by her daughter, Mrs Arthur Herrold, of Waiuku, who looked charming in a white muslin frock tucked and inserted and a lovely white Victorian hat trimmed with chiffon and white sweeties and strings; Miss Wright was wearing a most becoming white frock and tennis hat; Miss M. Dunne, in white muslin, black "Country Girl" hat with pink roses, also assisted in entertaining the guests. A most delicious afternoon tea was served, also sweets and fruit. There were a great many players who kept the court occupied all the time. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Skeet, black and white silk, bonnet to match; Mrs John Hally, black silk, cream silk and lawn front, black and cream bonnet; Mrs R. J. Roberts, black voile dress, much tucked, pale blue pointed yoke, black hat with pale blue; Mrs (Dr.) Roberts, white lace dress over white glace silk, black picture hat; Mrs Price, handsome black silk, cream vest, large black hat with plumes; Mrs Richardson, bicuit coloured muslin with white spot, black hat; Mrs James Hally, black silk, large black hat with plumes; Mrs A. Gibbons, tussore silk, white "Country Girl" hat trimmed with roses; Mrs Mainie, mourning costume; Mrs J. Ferguson, black silk, black crepe de chine boa, black hat; Mrs Earle, black costume, cream bow, black hat; Mrs R. Couper, pink blouse with cream cape collar, dark skirt, large black hat; Miss Dunne, pale green figured delaine, black skirt, burnt straw hat trimmed with black; Miss O'Halloran, black silk blouse, black skirt, large cream lace cape collar, black hat; Miss Willis, white silk blouse, white pique skirt, white tennis hat; Miss C. Willis, white and blue muslin blouse trimmed with ribbon to match, black skirt, white hat trimmed with roses; Miss Williams, tussore silk frock, sable muff, pale blue hat; Miss Hill, holland dress trimmed with white, large burnt straw hat; Miss Richardson, pale green crash dress, "Country Girl" hat trimmed with green ribbon and roses; Miss Ferguson, tussore silk frock, hat to match; Miss K. Skeet, white muslin, large black hat with berries; Miss Brooks, tussore silk frock, white hat trimmed with cream silk and cherries; Mrs F. Gane, pink silk blouse, lace cape collar, grey skirt,

white hat with roses; Miss Gwyneth, grey muslin trimmed with black medallions, black and white hat; Miss Clarke, blue muslin, white hat trimmed with pale blue. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Wright, Williams (2), Bush, Maddison, Richardson, Couper, Matchless, Mainie, Farnall.

On Wednesday evening, the 23rd inst., Mr Marvya Wells gave a most successful little dance at his parents' residence, "Oakleigh." The splendid large dining-room was used for dancing, and the drawing-room and hall for sitting out. Excellent music was provided by Mrs Lowe. The rooms were decorated with carnations, and Christmas lilies, etc., with which their gardens abound. A most dainty and delicious supper was served. The decorations of the supper table were carried out as shades of yellow, principally nasturtiums and nandina. The evening was perfect, and beautifully cool for dancing, which was fortunate, as the weather had been so exceedingly close for some days before, and everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy it. Mrs Wells received her guests in a handsome black broche silk with cream silk front, and under sleeves, and crimson cactus dahlias on corsage. Amongst those present I noticed—Mrs Arthur Herrold, who looked charming in white muslin tucked and bunched with pink roses on the bodice and in her hair; Mrs Arthur Gibbons, a lovely white silk trimmed with string-coloured insertion, and very handsome crimson silk opera coat; Miss Willis, white silk, pale blue ribbon in her hair; Miss Richardson, an exceedingly pretty white silk blouse much gauged and with hanging sleeves, crimson roses in her hair, and black skirt; Miss Wright looked sweet in a pretty white frock with pale blue bow on bodice, and in her hair; Miss Dunne, white silk with tucks and insertion, and pale blue bow on bodice; Miss Buckland, black evening frock with silver trimming on bodice; Miss Hill, black evening dress with yellow ribbon on corsage; Miss Clarke, white silk; Miss M. Skeet, white silk evening dress with pink bow on bodice and in her hair; Miss Shera, pretty white evening dress with pale blue on bodice; Miss Perry, white silk blouse, much tucked and trimmed with insertion, black skirt; Miss Margery, white silk blouse with

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transparent yoke, grey voile skirt; Miss Brooks, pink and white broche silk blouse, cream voile skirt; Miss J. Brookes, a very pretty white silk evening frock; Miss Gwyneth, crimson silk blouse trimmed with black lace, black skirt; Miss Hay, white muslin; Miss Kingstord, white silk. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs. Wells (2), Buks (3), Richardson (2), Farnall, Bockert, Watchorne, Williams, Rush, Buckland, Stewart, Falls, Peak, Conch, Clarke.

ELSIE.

## WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, December 24.

I have not much news to tell you this week as there has been a great dearth of social functions, and a general exodus of Wanganui people for the Christmas holidays. On this account there was not a very large attendance at the tennis courts on Saturday. Afternoon tea was provided by Miss Griffiths, assisted by Miss Winnie Griffiths from Wellington.

On Thursday, December 17, the first review of the battalion of cadets in connection with the Wanganui schools took place on Victoria Park. The corps paraded under Major Aitken, and were inspected by the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon and Colonel Lovelady, who arrived that afternoon from Wellington. The turn out was a very creditable one. The march past to the music of the drum and bugle band was executed in a faultless manner, and showed that a great deal of time and trouble must have been devoted to their drill. In the evening the annual prize giving took place in the Opera House under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Premier, who distributed the prizes and gave an address. The entertainment concluded with a concert.

On Saturday afternoon a most enjoyable time was spent by some of the members of the Old Girls' College Association. A party hired the steam launch and went up the Wanganui River. It was a perfect day for a picnic.

The Wanganui Ladies' Club has been closed owing to the premises having been let to the newly-formed Commercial Travellers' Club. Its loss will be felt by its many former members, particularly the country ones, who in the past have found it a very great convenience. I am very pleased to say we are not losing Miss Cameron, as she has taken that commodious residence of Mr Parker's opposite the Collegiate School as a boarding-house, which she has aptly named "Wharenihi" (large house). It contains over 22 large rooms, all beautifully furnished.

HUCIA.

## WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, December 24.

Wellington theatre-goers were very sorry when Mr Musgrove's Shakespearean season came to a close. During their visit here we have been treated to the most excellent evening entertainments, both instructive and charmingly pretty, and we can only look forward to the visit of such another company. On the final night the principals were recalled time after time, and beautiful floral tributes were presented to the ladies. The Company has left for Sydney.

The weather promises well for the holidays, and let us hope it will be satisfactory everywhere.

Mrs Alfred Brandon and family have gone out to their country house at Pahurangi, where they intend spending most of the hot weather.

Miss Nuncheley passed through Wellington on her way to Napier to attend the Tennis Tournament.

Mrs Biss, Mrs Marchbanks, and Miss Gore have gone up to Napier, also for the tennis, and we hope they will bring back honours to Wellington.

Bishop and Mrs Wallis, who have been up North, returned home last week.

The marriage of Miss Zoe Johnston and Mr W. H. Levin (England) is arranged to take place on the 12th January.

Miss Rattray, of Dunedin, has been paying a round of visits to friends in Wellington.

OPHELIA.

## MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, December 22.

Once more our hopes of seeing things settled in regard to the Flaxbourne Estate, and the commencement of the railway down South are relegated to the bright future, when the needs of the West Coast are supplied, and there remains a little money in the Government coffers to help Marlborough and Marlborough people. Our patience—unlike the proverbial mercy—is strained and resentful at last. The Judge and Commissioners and Council, and all their following have come and gone leaving us just as we were before ever they visited our shores, to raise our expectations high, and then to do nothing after all.

Concerts, to celebrate the end of the year's work, were given by Mrs Lucas and Mr Cheek's pupils in Blenheim and Picton this week.

The teachers of the Blenheim Borough School presented the headmaster, Mr D. A. Sturrock, with a handsome clock as an acknowledgment of his instructions in drawing.

The excursion from Seddon and Blenheim on Thursday last was well patronised, and accompanied by the Garrison Band, a large party spent an enjoyable day in Queen Charlotte Sound.

The distribution of prizes at the Marlborough High School was a distinct success. Several of the visitors made speeches congratulatory on the advance of education in the district, and the number of pupils attending the school.

Hyland's Circus had its need of support, although so many other functions during the week, in which the public were interested drew large numbers who would otherwise have attended the ever-fresh circus.

In Picton no one need complain of dullness—the circus, two concerts, and the annual distribution of prizes in connection with the Misses Allen's Collegiate School. The function this year was held in the Public Hall, and quite a large and fashionable audience attended, all of whom were charmed and delighted with the proficiency of the pupils. The Mayoress (Mrs Redman), who was presented by one of the youngest pupils with a handsome shower bouquet of white flowers, and variations, presented the prizes, after the principal, Miss E. M. Allen, M.A., had made a speech in regard to the year's work, and the exceedingly pleasant year with beginners, those studying for Civil Service exams, and also her teachers' classes. After that the youngest children in the school went through quite a long programme, which elicited praise and admiration both for the pupils and teacher. Miss Belle Allen, who had instructed them so carefully and efficiently. The following is the programme:—Song, "The Old Black Cat," pupils; "The Sleeping Camp," solo by Alex. McNab, the rest joining in the chorus; "Indian Club Drill," Bebe Stuart, Doris Thompson, Charles Taylor, and Albert Skerten; recitation, "Strategy," Constance Thompson; song, "Polywog," Constance Thompson, May Braddock, Daisy Burlase, and Edith Kenny; "dubbel drill," Bebe Stuart, Katherine Braddock, Doris Thompson, Constance Thompson, May Braddock, and Daisy Burlase. This item was so beautifully performed that a repetition was asked for, and when the little ones were rested the request was complied with. Piano solo, Marion Stuart; recitation, "The Loss of the Birkenhead," Katherine Braddock; song, "The Cats' Concert," with bones and tambourine accompaniment; song, "The Dolls," Daisy Burlase, Constance Thompson, May Braddock, and Edith Kenny; recitation, "The Fairy King," May Braddock; "The Hen Convention," adapted to local wants, by all the young pupils, and the play, "Alice in Wonderland," which the audience declared was the best play ever performed on the Picton stage. Miss Allen wore her academical robes; Miss Belle Allen, black skirt and white bodice with lace yoke; Mrs Allen, who was assisting her daughters, was in black relieved with white; Miss Nora Allen, black skirt and pink blouse; Mrs Redman wore a handsome white

milk gown with lace coat; Mrs Wolf, white silk; Mrs Riddell, pink. Others present were: Mrs and the Misses Chaytor (2); Mr Henry Chaytor; Mrs Scott; Dr. Redman; Mr and Mrs John Duncan who had hired a steamer to be present at the function, and whose presence added not a little to the enjoyment of it; Mr and Mrs Stow; Misses Harris (2); Misses Greenhill (2), Miss Western, Misses Speed (2), Misses Greenhill (Waikawa) (3); Mr and Mrs Stuart; Mrs Thompson; Miss Pawley (Nelson); Mr and Mrs Taylor; Miss Card; Mrs Skerten; and Mr — Skerten; Mrs and the Misses Fuller (2); Mrs and Miss Miles; Misses Macalister (3); Mrs Maushane (Blenheim); Miss Card; Mrs Esson; Misses Smith; Miss Williams; Mrs and the Misses Nash (3); Mr and Mrs Le Cocq; Mrs and the Misses Lloyd (2), Misses Cragg (4), Miss McCormick; Mr and Mrs Swanwick; Mrs Howard; Messrs. Robertson, Smith, McIntosh (2), McCormick, Jeffries, William etc. The older pupils assisted the Misses Allen in preparing the stage as a supper-room, and very soon the guests were enjoying one of Picton's perfect suppers. Afterwards dancing amused everybody till twelve o'clock, when "Sir Roger de Coverley" was joyfully danced, and all joined hands in "Auld Lang Syne," and three cheers for the Misses Allen. The piano and "bones" played by the Misses Nora and Belle Allen, made capital dance music.

The Misses Allen gave afternoon tea on the tennis grounds on Saturday, and a good long afternoon was spent in practising for the tug-of-war on Christmas Day.

MIRANDA.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, December 23.

A pleasant day was spent at Plumpton Park last Saturday by some of our racing people, though this is looked upon as quite an off morning. The weather was lovely and the outing much enjoyed. Among those present were Mr, Mrs, and Miss Stead, Mr and Mrs P. Campbell, Mr and Mrs J. D. Hall, Mr and Mrs Woodroffe, Mr G. Gould, Misses Cleveland and Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs C. Dalgety, Mr and Mrs Harris, Mrs Stevens, etc.

Another delightful excursion was that made by a large party to Pigeon Bay to call on Mrs T. O. Hay after her dance. A launch was chartered, and between thirty and forty availed themselves of the opportunity of the little trip on such a fine afternoon. Among the party were Mrs Morton Anderson, Mrs R. Anderson, the Misses Wilson, Garforth, McClatchie, Mr and Miss March.

Mrs H. P. Hill had a very pleasant tennis afternoon during the week at her residence, Leinster-road, when among the guests were Mrs Wardrop, Mrs and Miss Lee, Mrs J. C. Palmer, Mrs Blunt, the Misses Cowlishaw, Stead and several more.

Mrs P. Campbell, "Ham," had a hay party for children, a number of grown-up friends being also present. The grounds are looking lovely just now, and a delightful time was spent by all. Mrs Archer, Fendleton, had a similar gathering, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent, while the Misses Williams, of Riccarton, entertained quite a number of their friends in a hay field. A sort of mock cricket was played for a while, but the adjournment for tea and other refreshments in the shade of the trees on mounds of lovely springy sweet smelling hay was much appreciated. Some of those present were, Mrs R. Scott, Mrs Winter, Mrs Beckett, the Misses Bowen, Prins, Hoskins, Miss Medley (Wellington), Miss Harcourt (Wellington), Miss Josephs.

At the Musical Union Concert on Thursday, a very successful performance of the "Messiah" was given in the Canterbury Hall to an immense audience, seats being arranged in every available spot. Miss Phoebe Parsons (Wellington), who was in a lovely gown of turquoise blue Roman satin trimmed with medallion insertion, sang her solos dramatically, but was evidently very nervous. Miss Maud Graham looked well in all black, and gave a very fine rendering of the alto soli. Mr Vincent (tenor) and Mr Jago of Dunedin (bass),

both did exceedingly well in their solos. The choruses went splendidly, and the orchestra accompanied in a more subdued manner than usual, which was a great improvement. The Pastoral Symphony was re-demanded. Mr F. M. Wallace (conductor) merely bowed his acknowledgments. Among the large audience were Bishop and Mrs Julia, the Misses Julia, Mrs and the Misses Denniston, Mr and Mrs Albert Kaye, Mrs F. M. Wallace, Mrs and Miss Wilding, Mrs A. and the Misses Anderson, Professor and Miss Cook, Dr. and Mrs Crooke, Mrs Chilton, Rev. and Mrs Tait, Mr and Mrs R. Struthers, Misses Devenish, Messrs, Mrs F. Graham, Mrs Mc Bride, Mr and Mrs A. H. Turnbull, Misses Pratt, Mrs Guthrie Moore, Mr and Mrs Loughnan, Mrs Pritchard, and Miss Godfrey (New Plymouth), Mrs Houghton (Dunedin), Mrs Mathias, Misses Gardner, Misses Heywood, Mrs Kirkpatrick, Mrs and Miss Kettle, Misses Hodgson.

The Misses Freeman and Fodor, of Girton College, entertained a number of their friends and parents of their pupils at the College on Friday afternoon at a breaking up party when some interesting work was done by a few of the pupils, and some idea of the methods was given.

Mrs Bowen, Armagh-street, had a breaking-up party on Saturday night, when a number of friends and old girls were invited to be present, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

The Girls' High School had their breaking-up the same evening, and in the course of the evening, Miss Gibson, the lady principal, in an eloquent speech, paid a high tribute of respect and esteem to their late lady principal, Mrs Macmillan Brown. A brass tablet will shortly be erected in the school to her memory.

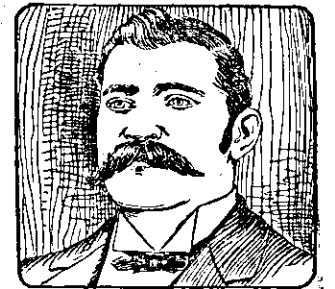
The Misses Gibson, of "Rangiruru," had a very successful breaking-up party on Monday afternoon.

Quite a number of families are going out of town for Christmas this year, in fact the custom in Christchurch seems to be growing, and it certainly is more sensible than being cooped up in a dusty town. The weather is summery in the extreme—more so than it has been for years, and let us hope it will last. Before closing I must wish you a joyous Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

DOLLY VALE.

## Can't Eat

You certainly don't want to eat if you are not hungry. But you must eat, and you must digest your food, too. If not, you will become weak, pale, thin. Good food, good appetite, good digestion,—these are essential.



Mr. Robert Venus, of Launceston, Tasmania, sends us his photograph and says: "I suffered greatly from loss of appetite, indigestion, pains in the stomach, weakness, and nervousness. Several doctors tried in vain to give me relief. A friend then induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for it had done him much good. The first bottle worked wonders for me. Soon my appetite came back, my indigestion was cured, and I was strong and hearty."

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**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS**

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 1/ for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

**BIRTHS.**

**BANKS**—Dec. 17, at Shirley, near Christchurch, the wife of Leonard Banks, a daughter.

**BENANT**—Dec. 14, at 34, Ellice st., Wellington, the wife of James Benant—a son.

**BRADY**—Nov. 31, at Coal Creek Flat, Otago, the wife of Henry Brady, a daughter.

**BRUCE**—Dec. 11, at Fernside, Canterbury, the wife of Arthur S. Bruce—a daughter.

**CALDWELL**—Dec. 9, at Karori, Wellington, the wife of R. Caldwell—a daughter.

**DODD**—Dec. 14, at Makaraka, Gisborne, the wife of H. H. Dodd, Patutahi Valley—a son.

**DOBSON**—Dec. 9, at Shunter, Lohura, Canterbury, the wife of J. Dobson—a son.

**DONNELLY**—Dec. 14, at Allcotton, Wellington, the wife of O. B. Donnelly—a son.

**FRETHERY**—Dec. 15, at Lower Hutt, Wellington, the wife of W. H. Frettery, a daughter.

**HADFIELD**—Dec. 8, the wife of E. F. Hadfield, Wellington—a daughter.

**HAIHAI**—Dec. 9, at Linwood, Christchurch, the wife of T. Haihai—a daughter.

**HAWKE**—Dec. 10, at Kaitianga, Otago, the wife of A. J. Hawke—a daughter.

**MURRY**—Nov. 29, at Christchurch, the wife of R. J. Murry, a son.

**MURRAY**—Dec. 14th, at Waiapu, Southland, the wife of R. C. Murray, Conical Hills, Southland, a son.

**MYERS**—At "Hawarra," Hobson crescent, Wellington, the wife of P. Myers, a son.

**PALMER**—Dec. 16, at Christchurch, the wife of E. V. Palmer, of Burnham, a daughter.

**PEARCE**—Dec. 13, at Karori, Wellington, the wife of A. C. Pearce, of twins (boys).

**PIERCE**—Dec. 14, at Hamilton road, Ponsonby, Auckland, the wife of E. E. Pierce—a daughter.

**SANDBY**—Dec. 15, at 6, Nelson-st., Wellington, the wife of F. J. Sandby, a daughter.

**SCOTT**—Dec. 15, at Salisbury-st. West, Christchurch, the wife of Andrew P. Scott, a daughter.

**TOOGOOD**—Dec. 11, the wife of A. J. Toogood, Wellington—a son.

**WALTERS**—Dec. 18, the wife of J. A. Walters, Nelson-st., Auckland, a son.

**WICKHAM**—Dec. 12, at 8, Hobson Crescent, Wellington, the wife of J. L. C. Wickham—a son.

**WILLIAMSON**—Dec. 15, at Napier, the wife of Jas. F. Williamson—a son.

**WISER**—Dec. 12, at Sydenham, Christchurch, the wife of H. T. Wisser, a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

**BACHELOR-BUTTERWORTH**—Dec. 8, at Dunedin, Ferdinand Stanley Bachelor, F.R.C.S., son of F. C. Bachelor, M.D., Dunedin, to Florence Junie Marguerite Butterworth, daughter of the late J. L. Butterworth.

**DISS-BROWN**—Dec. 3, at Epsom, Auckland, Raymond S. Diss, third son of the late H. B. Diss, to Edith Marie Bizarand, elder daughter of John Brown, "Glenary," Epsom.

**COWLEY-OLIVER**—Dec. 5, at Papamou, Canterbury, Isaac John Cowley, Mauritiu Civil Service (retired), to Mary Jane, second daughter of the late Fredk. Oliver, of Brookside.

**GEORGE-BUTTERFIELD**—Nov. 26, at Christchurch, Sinclair Munro, second son of Sinclair Mackay George, of Rotorua, to Edith, eldest daughter of Thomas Butterfield, Christchurch.

**GILLIES-NEVILL**—Nov. 26, at Dunedin, James Gillies, third son of the late John Gillies, Glasgow, to Emily Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Edmund Herry Nevill, and niece of the Bishop of Dunedin.

**HARRISON-SWEDE**—Dec. 1, at Wellington, J. W. Middleton, second son of J. J. Harrison, of London, to Catherine M. Swede, eldest daughter of the late Captain Swede, Wellington.

**HARRAWAY-WATTERS**—Dec. 10, at Burnside, Harroway, Herert, eighth son of Mr H. Harroway, Burnside, to Mary Blackadder, eldest daughter of Mr D. Watters, Burnside.

**MACDONALD-PAYMERSON**—Dec. 3rd, at Woodend, Christchurch, Ronald, third son of Thomas Macdonald, to Alexandra Agnes (Nan), only daughter of the late H. B. Paymerston.

**MELBOY-MEWING**—Dec. 10, at Dunedin, by the Rev. Father Murnhy, Alexander Joseph Melboy, M.B., C.M., (Edin.), Ophir, to Margaret Agatha (Ois), daughter of Nell McEwen, Queens-town.

**MOODY-JOPSON**—Dec. 2, at Dunedin, Benjamin Moody, eldest son of George Moody, Kericho, Melbourne, to Mary Jane, third daughter of Edwin Jopson, Idaburu, Otago.

**MOUAT-WILLIS**—Dec. 8, at Awatere Valley, Marlborough, Kenneth P. Mouat, of Ahimerech, Awatere, to Florence May, daughter of A. J. Willis, Johnsonville.

**PAPWORTH-ANDERSON**—Dec. 8, at Wellington, David Bynthia Papworth, to Laura Evelyn, seventh daughter of the late Henry ("Jock") Anderson, journalist.

**REID-MENZIES**—Dec. 9, at Christchurch, William Reid, third son of George Reid, Burnside, Elgin, Scotland, to Margaret Boyd, eldest daughter of Adam Menzies, Christchurch.

**ROBERTSON-HOWLETT**—Dec. 16, at Pimborough, Wellington, Ernest George, second son of the late J. C. Robertson, of Bulbute, Scotland, to Sylvia Urnes, second daughter of the late James Howlett, of Norwich, England.

**SMITH-LINGARD**—Dec. 1, at Christchurch, Frank Percival, only son of Francis J. Smith, to Constance Eleanor, younger daughter of the late Archdeacon E. A. Lingard.

**WALKER-STUART**—Dec. 18, at All Saints, Ponsonby, Auckland, Maxwell Walker to Frances M. Stuart.

**WATERS-NICOLSON**—Dec. 1, at Roslyn, Dunedin, James, son of the late Edward Waters, of Auckland, to Annie Simpson, daughter of Jas. McLeod, Newlyn, Roslyn.

**WINSLADE-TAYLER**—Dec. 17, at Masterton, W. T. J. Winslade, eldest son of J. Winslade, Wanganui, to Marie Taylor, second daughter of Mrs P. Taylor, Masterton.

**DEATHS.**

**BAIRD**—Dec. 9, at Ravensbourne, Otago, Robert, the dearly beloved son of Charles and Catherine Baird; aged 10 years.

**BLUNDELL**—Dec. 4, at New Brighton, Canterbury, Emily, beloved wife of Thomas S. Blundell, in her 43rd year. Deeply regretted.

**CANNON**—Dec. 12, at Gisborne, Henry Cannon; aged 65 years.

**CHAPMAN**—Dec. 4, at Palmerston South, William Arnott Chapman; aged 71 years.

**CLARK**—Dec. 13, suddenly, at Union st., Dunedin, Margaret Muro, widow of Rev. James Clark, formerly of Palmerston.

**DIAMOND**—Dec. 10, at Franklin road, Auckland, Mary Ann, relict of the late John Diamond; aged 50 years.

**DOUGS**—Dec. 16, at Sydenham, Christchurch, Madeline Annie, the dearly beloved wife of John Dougs, and third daughter of J. W. and C. Murritt; aged 22 years.

**KELLY**—Dec. 18, at Fitzroy, Taranaki, Charles Thomas Kelly, the only son of the late Thomas Kelly, M.L.C.; aged 35 years.

**KEAST**—Dec. 11, at Kuri Bush, South Canterbury, Jonathan Keast, late of Weston.

**KENYON**—Dec. 12, at Merton, Otago, Jane, relict of the late James Kenyon; aged 94 years.

**LANE**—Dec. 12, at North road, Otago, Annie, fourth daughter of Norman and Caroline Lane, in her 18th year.

**LITTLE**—Dec. 5, at Roxburgh-street, Wellington, George Little; aged 40 years.

**LYNCH**—Dec. 15, at Palkakariki, Wellington, Catherine, relict of the late Captain Henry Lynch, in her 81st year.

**MITCHELL**—Dec. 17, at Kare Kare Bay, Auckland, Mary, the relict of the late Charles Mitchell, of Lee, Kent, in her 84th year.

**MORRIS**—Dec. 19, at Marr-st., Mt. Eden, Auckland, James Alexander, the dearly beloved youngest son of J. W. and E. Moor; aged 17 years.

**PAULIN**—Dec. 14, at the Manse, Knapdale, Otago, Isabella Young Paulin, beloved sister of the Rev. Thomas Paulin; aged 85 years.

**PHILLIPS**—Dec. 13, at Lower Hutt, Wellington, Catherine Phillips, relict of the late G. S. Phillips, formerly of Surrey Hills, Sydney, N.S.W.; aged 81 years.

**RYNE**—Dec. 16, at Christchurch, Thomas Valentine, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Tyne (suddenly), in his 70th year.

**ROBERTS**—Dec. 18, at Berhampoor, Wellington, Jessie Mary, second son of Henry and Jane Roberts; aged 9 weeks.

**RUSSELL**—Dec. 11, at Test-st., Oamaru, Edmund Webster, beloved infant son of William and Maggie Russell.

**SAIL**—Dec. 12, at Papamou, Canterbury, Agnes, the beloved wife of James Sail, Papamou, in her 87th year.

**STANSBURY**—Dec. 9, at Kimbolton, Wellington, Leonard Stansbury, second son of the late William Rex Stansbury, of the late Hampdenshire, England; aged 32 years.

**SWAN**—Dec. 17, at Raffles-st., Napier, James Henry (Harry) Swan, second son of Mr G. H. Swan; aged 26.

**WATERS**—Dec. 14, at Wellington, Margaret, relict of the late Robert Waters; aged 55 years.

**WALKER**—Dec. 14, at Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, Janet Jane, second daughter of Mrs and the late James Walker; in her 29th year.

**WHITE**—Dec. 8, at St. David-street, Dunedin, John, beloved husband of Christina White; aged 69 years.

**WETHERILL**—Dec. 17, at Ponsonby, Auckland, Edgar Wetherill, son of George Wetherill, Inspector of machinery, aged 22 years.

**WENDELBOHN**—Dec. 12, at Titchurst road, Lyttelton, Frederick Charles Wendelbohn, in his 20th year.

**WINTER**—Dec. 14, at Brabant, Queensland, Ernest Winter, youngest son of the late Mrs Elizabeth Winter, of View road, Mount Eden, Auckland.

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**ENGAGEMENTS.**

The marriage of Mr W. H. Levin and Miss Zoe Johnston (Wellington) will be celebrated on January 12th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fanny Parker, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Parker (Wellington), to Dr. Pidgeon (Auckland).

The engagement is announced of Miss Maling, daughter of Mrs. Maling, Arnaugh street, Christchurch, and Mr. Orford, of Wanganui College.

Mr. Frank Brodie, of the Bank of New South Wales, Auckland, to Miss Kathleen Witchell, daughter of the late Mr. Witchell, of St. George's Bay Road, Farnell.

The engagement is announced of Miss Vivian Antuaw, of Grafton Road, Auckland, to Mr. John Currie, Ponsonby, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Mr Reg. Collins, of the firm of Johnston and Company, Wanganui, to Miss Ada ("Len") Curtis, also of Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eva Furlong, third daughter of Mr Gordon Furlong of Wanganui, to Mr Hancock (Dunedin).

The engagement is announced of Miss Muriel Waldegrave, younger daughter of Mr Frank Waldegrave (Wellington), to Mr Sidney Fitzherbert, son of Mr H. S. Fitzherbert (Palmerston North).

**Orange Blossoms.**

**OSBORNE-YOUNG.**

A pretty wedding was solemnised at St. George's Church, Thames, on Saturday, September 19, at two p.m., between Miss Osborne, of Turua, and Mr. Arthur Young, also of Turua, the Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan officiating at the service. The bride was given away by her father, whilst the bridegroom was supported by his brother, Mr. C. Young, of Stratford, and Mr. H. Osborne. Very charming and dainty did the bride look, attired in white China silk, the bodice having a transparent yoke of flowered chiffon, outlined with cape collar, with stole ends of string guipure, and shirred and tucked handkerchief sleeves. The skirt en traine had a shirred yoke and front panel of tucks, the flounce much tucked and frilled, and was finished at its head, with string applique lace. Over a coronet of orange blossoms she wore the orthodox veil, and carried in lieu of bouquet a white vellum prayer book, with satin streamers.

Her bridesmaids, the Misses Read, of Parawai, were prettily gowned, and carried baskets of blue cornflowers and maiden-hair fern. Miss Read's frock, of deep cream Oriental silk, was made with transparent yoke, gauged handkerchief sleeves, tucked handkerchief frill, edged with Paris insertion, round corsage. The skirt was gauged at hips, and also (in frill, and had a tucked front panel. Her "Gardiner's daughter" hat was trimmed

with ribbon rosettes, and cream roams under brim.

Miss Ivez Read's frock was made in much the same manner, but was of deep cream voile, and her large Tuscan hat was trimmed with chiffon rosettes and cream ribbon.

After the ceremony the guests were driven to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Read, Parawai, where afternoon tea was dispensed on the cool verandah and in the dining-room.

Mrs. Osborne (mother of the bride) wore black spotted voile, string-coloured medallion trimmings, black chiffon hat; Mrs. Young (mother of the bridegroom), black silk, dainty bonnet, relieved with blue; Mrs. Read, black silk voile, guipure stole and collar, black hat, with Neapolitan violers; Mrs. Gillespie, black dress, staking collar, black hat; Mrs. McLaughlin, green crepe de chine costume, black hat, pink roses, and jet trimmings; Mrs. Wilson (Taranui), black silk and pretty bonnet; Mrs. West, black and white silk blouse, handsome black skirt; Mrs. H. Bush, wedding gown of shirred and tucked white silk, Dolly Varden hat; Miss Wilson, grey and white flecked voile, black hat, with tucked chiffon; Miss N. Wilson, rose-pink voile, white front, hat to match; Miss T. Wilson, pretty white frock, crease wash and trimmings on hat; Miss Strand (Auckland), grey check voile, trimmed with twine insertion, burnt straw hat, with pink roses; Miss Rees, tucked black crevasse voile, skirt, Trilby silk blouse, black chiffon hat, with pink roses; Miss A. Walker, smart cream serge, made with crease, crimson Melba hat; Miss E. Walker, cream silk, with complete overdress of embroidered chiffon, Simla hat, with spangled rosettes; Miss West, pretty green crevasse voile, shirred and filled, burnt straw hat, orange-tinted roses; Miss E. West, white tucked silk blouse, black skirt, white hat, with blue ribbon rosettes; Miss H. West, blue flowered muslin, cream hat, with blue ribbon trimmings; Miss Cora Gillespie, white silk blouse, black skirt, pretty and becoming cream hat, with pink roses; Miss Effie Read, cream crepeoline, Tuscan hat, silk trimmings.

I noticed, amongst the gentlemen, Mr. J. Read and his sons, Mr. Osborne and his sons, Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. A. Beale, W. Wilson, and C. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Young left for Waiwera, via Ta Aroha, by the afternoon train, taking with them the good wishes of many friends. Their future residence will be Luna. The bride's travelling costume was of green voile, strapped with oriental trimming, the bodice having a shirred chiffon front and twine transparent yoke. Platen hat, wreathed in autumn leaves, and blue silk.

**EAST-WILLIAMS.**

The marriage of Mr J. J. East and Miss Clara Williams, third daughter of Mr J. Williams, of Napier, was celebrated on December 21st at St. John's Cathedral, Napier. The bride, who was attended by two bridesmaids, was in a becoming costume of white silk trimmed with lace, long tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore dainty muslin gowns, with long sashes and trimmings of insertion, and picture hats with feathers. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Waiapu. Mr E. Crozman acted as best man.

**VAN ASCH-FISHER.**

One of the prettiest weddings which has ever taken place at All Saints' Church, Sumner, was solemnised on December 17th, when Miss Annie Van Asch, youngest daughter of Mr G. Van Asch, Sumner, was married to Mr. Warren Fisher, of Christchurch (writes our Christchurch correspondent). The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. J. Thorpe. The church was prettily decorated with white flowers and foliage by the girl friends of the bride. Very sweet looked the bride as she entered the church, leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She was attired in a simple, bridal gown of soft white tucked silk, trimmed with rich silk lace and insertion. She wore the usual tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by her sister, Miss Katie Van Asch, and Miss Olive Fisher (sister of the bridegroom). As bridesmaids they wore turquoise blue voile gowns, profusely trimmed with ecru lace, ecrued belts of

turquoise silk, and black tulle picture hats. They each carried shower bouquets of pale pink and white sweet peas. Mr. Edward Memlove acted as best man, and Mr. Henry Van Asch as groomsman. Amongst the guests were:—Mrs. Van Asch (mother of bride), handsome black brocade, black bonnet, with sequined crown, and trimmed with black tulle, shower bouquet of roses; Mrs. Fisher (mother of bridegroom), black poplin pale heliotrope vest, black tulle hat, and shower bouquet of roses; Mrs. Stevens (sister of bride), pale pink silk gown, trimmed with ecru lace, cream hat trimmed with tulle and pink ribbon, shower bouquet; Miss Emmie Van Asch, black flaked voile, cream hat with ostrich feather; Mrs. J. Hickerton Fisher, black gown, with black and white applique, black picture hat; Miss Nellie Fisher, cream voile gown, hat to match; Mrs. Foster, black satin and lovely Indian shawl; Miss May Foster, cream silk gown, white hat; Mrs. Collins, black coat and skirt, white vest and black and white hat; Miss Stiver, holland costume, green swathed belt, and burnt straw hat trimmed with blue and white floral ribbon; Mrs. Y. Donald, white silk blouse, black voile skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Preston, black gown, handsome black satin coat, blue and black bonnet with aigrette; Miss Preston, cream serge costume, pink vest, and black ostrich plumed hat; Miss Dora Preston, green silk poplin, and black and white hat; Miss Hargreaves, green costume, cream net vest, and black plumed hat; Mrs. Hugh Roberts, pale grey-faked voile, tucked and trimmed with ecru lace, black tulle hat; Miss Lucy Pender, cream voile coat and skirt, cream and blue hat; Mrs. Thorpe, black gown and lace mantle, black bonnet; Mrs. Wheeler, black satin, bonnet trimmed with pale yellow roses; Miss Wheeler, cream coat and skirt, blue and white hat; Mrs. Claude Sawtell, grey muslin, with Valenciennes lace insertion, black plumed picture hat; Miss Budden, green crash costume, cream hat; Mrs. Taylor, black gown; Miss Fanny Taylor, grey costume, black picture hat; Miss Fiona Stewart, cream voile, and swathed pink belt, cream and pink hat; Mrs. Fred. Johnston, old rose costume, cream net vest, and black plumed hat; Mrs. J. Haydon, handsome black gown, black tulle hat with white hydrangeas; Mrs. George Slater, white silk blouse, black skirt and cream hat, trimmed with daisies; Miss Battray, black gown; Miss Emily Wiggins, white silk blouse, black skirt, black and white hat. Amongst the gentlemen were:—Messrs. Fisher (2), Stewart, G. Slater, A. Van Asch, Collins, J. Haydon. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. Van Asch, at their residence.

#### TRENT—BISHOP.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, on December 15th, when Miss Gussie Bishop, only daughter of Mr. S. M. Bishop, was married to Mr. Frank Trent. The service was full choral, and the ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Julius, assisted by Archdeacon Averill. The church was prettily decorated by the girl friends of the bride with white flowers, flax and the usual wedding bell, which was composed of white daisies. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. H. Steele as best man, and Messrs. Alf. Bishop and L. Tribe acted as groomsmen. The bride, who was given away by her father, was met at the church door and preceded up the aisle by the choir, who sang "The voice that breathed o'er Eden." The bride's wedding gown was white crepe de chine, tucked and shirred, long angel sleeves edged with silk lace, and a yoke of ruffled chiffon. She wore the orthodox tulle veil and coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by three bridesmaids, and the yokes were composed of insertion and tucks; Victorian hats of white with tulle rosettes, and wreath of forget-me-nots and long tulle strings fastened with buttonholes of forget-me-nots. They all carried graceful shower bouquets, gifts of the bridegroom. After the ceremony the guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Bishop at their residence, Gloucester-

street. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Bishop (mother of bride), handsome black satin tucked and trimmed with ecru lace, black bonnet with steel passecenterie, shower bouquet; Mrs. Trent (mother of bridegroom), black voile, black and white hat, bouquet of pink roses; Miss Trent, cream silk trimmed with insertion, and cream hat with white tulle strings; Miss M. Trent, cream voile tucked and shirred, black hat; Mrs. Louisson, pink voile trimmed with coffee coloured lace, black plumed hat; Miss Louisson, pale blue crepe de chine, pale blue hat; Miss Mabel Louisson, cream tucked voile, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Waymouth, pale blue voile, blue and white hat; Miss Waymouth, cream figured voile, hat trimmed with coloured ribbons and fuchsias; Mrs. Julius, black accordion pleated silk trimmed with quantities of ecru insertion, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Julius, pale blue voile, black hat; Miss Ada Julius, pretty pale grey, with overskirt of embroidered chiffon, black plumed hat; Miss Fairhurst, black gown, hat of Parma violets; Mrs. Preston (Sunner), black gown, blue and black bonnet; Miss Preston, pink silk blouse, cream skirt, and black hat; Mr. and Mrs. Russell, the latter in bright blue voile, hat to match; Miss Hilda Russell, blue linen costume, cream and blue hat; Mrs. Brett, black gown, black and white hat; Miss Freda Brett, pale green costume, cream hat; Miss K. Thomas, pink crash costume, black hat; Mrs. W. Reece, black tucked voile, hat with ostrich plumes; Canon and Mrs. Dunkley, the latter in black; Mrs. A. Appleby, black voile gown, black hat; Miss Lightfoot, blue crash costume, black hat; Mrs. J. V. Ross, black grenadine, black and white bonnet; Misses Rosa; Mr. and Miss Hargreaves, the latter in cream serge and black hat; Miss C. Hargreaves, pale blue voile, collar of Maltese lace, black hat; Mrs. Berkeley, black gown; Miss Berkeley, blue gown; Miss Julia Berkeley, pink muslin and pink hat; Mrs. Guthrie, black voile, chiffon ruffle; Miss Guthrie, grass lawn gown; Mrs. Denniston, green voile, vest of cream net, black and white hat; Miss Helen Denniston, cream silk gown tucked and trimmed with insertion, cream hat; Mrs. R. Steele, blue voile and hat to match; Miss Dorothy Steele, cream voile gown. Later in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left on a driving tour, the bride's going-away dress being a grey coat and skirt, blue hat and long driving coat.

#### WEDDING PRESENTS.

Mother of bride, sewing machine, table covers, pillow shams, and Maori mats; father of bride, Doulton dinner service; mother of bridegroom, set muffineers; and shaving stand; father of bridegroom, Chesterfield couch; bridegroom to bride, gold watch and muff chain; bride to bridegroom, spirit case in oak; Mr. E. A. Bishop, silver hot water jug; Mr. A. W. Bishop, set muffineers; Miss Bishop (England), silver toilet set; Misses Gladys and Maude Trent, set carvers; Misses Doris and Mary Trent, silver jam jar; Mrs. M. E. Trent, cheque; Mr. W. Hutchings, case fish knives and forks and antique spoons; Bishop and Mrs. Julius, silver mounted hair brush and comb; Mr. Justice and Mrs. Denniston, easy chair; Miss Denniston, two cushions, clock, and cookery book; Miss H. Denniston, table centre; Mr. A. S. Denniston, silver scent bottle; Dr. and Mrs. Paterson, silver tea spoons; Dean of Christchurch and Miss Harper, silver toast rack; Dr. and Mrs. Paterson, jun., carved escritoire; Canon and Mrs. Knowles, silver serviette rings; Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Stringer, silver fish slices and fork; Mr. Williams, silver sugar scuttle; Mr. C. C. Jennings, carved work table; Rev. C. A. and Mrs. Tobin, greenstone bread fork; Mrs. and Misses Hall, silver entree dish; Mr. and Mrs. Waymouth, tea kettle and lamp; "28 Park Terrace," silver candlesticks, Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, Doulton jug; Mr. and Mrs. Hargreaves, silver cream jug and sugar basin; Mr. Hibbs, Kaipoi rug; Mr. C. F. Smith, photo frame; Mr. W. G. Walsh, silver butter dish; Mr. T. Reece, copper crumb tray and brush; Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, set table cutlery; Mr. and Mrs. Appleby, silver photo frame; Mr. R. Appleby, match stand; Mr. and Mrs. Blunden, silver butter knife and fork; Hon. C. and Mrs. Louisson, silver fern bowl; Rev. E. Jennings (Gisborne), cut glass pickle jar; Mr. and Mrs. A. Poulton, silver scent bottle; Miss Nan Light-

foot, silver butter fork; Miss Sellers, silver note book; Mr. and Mrs. Haseld, silver salt cellars; Hon. E. and Mrs. Townshend, china dish and fruit knife; Miss Twin Townshend, silver tongs and butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. Brett, Indian vases; Misses Nettie and Freda Brett, silver bread knife; Mr. Leslie Tribe, biscuit barrel; Mrs. and Miss Preston, table cover; Mr. and Mrs. McBeth, picture; Miss Maribel Webb, jug; Mr. Mirams, marmalade jar; Mrs. and Miss Worsley, Fijian mat; Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, china bowl; Mrs. Sellers (Auckland), silver cake dish; Misses Kempthorne (Auckland), table cover; Rev. W. and Mrs. Dunkley, cut glass jug and 12 tumblers; Mr. and Mrs. Neave, silver silver; Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, silver cream jug and sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. W. Reece, silver entree dish; Mrs. Skelton (Taranaki), afternoon tea set; Mr. and Mrs. George Brown (Auckland), Maori mat; Misses Adamson (Taipa), silver butter dish; the Ross family, picture; Mr. and Mrs. Steele, silver entree dish; Mrs. Whatman, skin rug; "Jennie and May," silver flower vase; Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Russell, silver manicure set; Miss Maunier, table cover; Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown, silver cruet; Miss Ruth Webb (Auckland), tea cosy; Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Williams, photo frame; Miss Ada Skelton, table cover and silver match box; Nurse Wiggins, set toilet mats; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Simms, cucumber bowl and servers; Dr. and Mrs. Chilton, picture; Mr. and Mrs. Todd, set carvers; Miss Estelle Wilson, hand-painted table cover; Misses Packer, silver toast rack; Mrs. Birch-Brown, Devonshire pottery; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Middleton, silver hairpin box; Miss Bessie Jones (Auckland), pair vases; Mr. and Mrs. Duder (Auckland), silver spoons; Mrs. and Misses Guthrie, silver toast rack; Mr. and Mrs. Graham Greenwood, Doulton bowl; Miss Una Greenwood, fancy jug; Mrs. Jones, old lace collarette and brooch; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bridge, hall stand; Mr. E. Cardale, pair vases; Miss Fairhurst, shaving cup and brush; Miss Williams, fancy jug; Mr. and Miss Strand (Oamaru), silver candlesticks; Mr. and Miss Paterson, bowl and plant; Mr. and Mrs. Barkas, hairbrushes in case; Mrs. Clark, table cover; Mr. and Mrs. Little, bowl and palm; Miss D. Fletcher, silver matchbox; Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy (Levin), salt cellars; Mrs. and Miss Sweet, Doulton plate and ornaments; Rev. A. D. and Mrs. Beavan (Riverton), Doulton jam dish; Mrs. Rosenthal (Sydney), table cover; Mr. and Mrs. Edmiston (Auckland), Oriental figures; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wilson, scent spray and photo frame; Mr. Hamish Henderson (Auckland), toast rack, napkin clip, and sweet dish; Miss Evelyn Webb (Auckland), silver salt cellars; Mr. and Mrs. Marchison, silver gong; Mrs. Thomas, carved hall chair; Misses Thomas, carved frame and pictures; Miss Daisy Brown (Auckland), table cover; Mr. George Humphreys, cheque; Mrs. and Misses Meares, book and cover; Major Hayhurst, statuery; Mr. and Mrs. E. McDougall, toilet bevelled glass; Mr. J. Brown, silver-mounted razor strap and matchbox; Mr. Genet, Doulton flower bowl; Mr. S. G. Stoyche, fish slice and fork; Mrs. T. T. Joynt, gilt oval mirror; Mr. Tom Joynt, silver serviette rings;

Mr. and Mrs. Theobald, silver cake dish; Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley, salad bowl and servers; Miss Annie Berkeley, Doulton jug; Miss Flo Berkeley, pin cushion and lace covers; Miss Julie Berkeley, Doulton plate.

#### SHREWSBURY—DAVIDSON.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Luke's Church, Remuera, when Miss Gertrude Davidson, only daughter of Mr. W. Davidson, Park Avenue, was married to Mr. Hugh Shrewsbury, M.A., LL.B., of the legal

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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firm of Baxter and Shrewsbury. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Munroe, the Wedding March being played by Mr Sharp. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming, wearing an elegant gown of ivory crepe de chine over glace silk, the bodice in early Victorian style, with deep yoke and cuffs prettily worked over net, and berthe of fine Brussels lace finished with high waistband softly folded. The skirt had a shaped founce edged with deep tucks, with net over to match the bodice, Brussels lace giving the whole a very light and dainty appearance; with this was worn a very elegant hat of the early Victorian shape, trimmed with ivory tulle, ospreys and a long Nouveaute buckle. She carried a lovely bridal bouquet of stephanotis and maidenhair fern. Miss Beryl Weymouth attended as bridesmaid, wearing a smart tuckered white silk frock, and white picture hat, and carrying a shepherdess' crook entwined with bridal roses and ferns. The bridegroom was attended by Mr E. Earle Vails as groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the residence of the bride's mother, where a reception was held, the usual toasts being honoured. The happy couple left for Waiwera. The bride's going-away frock was composed of a very handsome applique coat and skirt in pale biscuit colour, with stole collar of pale pastel blue faced cloth and Paris lace motifs; with this was worn a pretty point d'esprit net vest. The costume was completed by a "Country Girl" hat composed entirely of ribbons of pastel shades, and trimmed with wood violets and foliage. The bridegroom's presents to the bride were a gold chain and pearl pendant with crescent of pearls to match, and to the bridesmaid a gold bracelet set with diamonds and sapphires.

**KING—BURROWS.**

A very pretty wedding took place at Ahaura, West Coast, on Wednesday, November 18, when Miss Daisy Burrows was married to Mr. Alexander King, both of Ahaura. The church was pret-

tily decorated for the occasion by the friends of the bride. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. W. Stace, Miss A. Hargreaves presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a dress of soft white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. She wore the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet, the gift of a friend. She was attended by three bridesmaids: Miss Dolly Burrows, who wore white muslin, relieved with pale blue ribbon; Miss J. Dempsey, cream silk, with large picture hat to match; and Miss J. Holling, who wore blue cloth, trimmed with silk of same shade, and large picture hat to match. They all carried beautiful shower bouquets, and wore handsome gold brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. John Burrows, brother of the bride, who acted as best man. After the ceremony a few friends and relations were entertained at a sumptuous lunch at the residence of the bride's parents. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers to match the bride's bouquet. After a most enjoyable lunch the happy couple prepared to catch the 5.30 train to Heofon, where they intend spending their honeymoon. The presents were both numerous and costly.

**WALKER—STUART.**

A pretty wedding took place at All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, on the morning of Wednesday, December 16th, when Mr Maxwell Walker, M.A., Lecturer in Modern Languages at the Auckland University College, and Miss Frances M. Stuart, daughter of Mr Chas. Stuart, of Ponsonby, were married. The officiating clergyman was the Venerable Archdeacon Calder. The bride, who looked charming, wore a handsome ivory white dress of soft lacy material, trimmed with chiffon and embroidered silk, with the customary wreath and veil. The bridesmaids (Misses J. Worden and L. Jackson) were attired in very pretty white silk dresses, trimmed with ercu and chiffon. The bride and bridesmaids carried beautiful shower bouquets. Messrs Sinclair and Stuart acted as groomsmen.

After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Stuart (the parents of the bride) held a reception at their house in Ponsonby, where a number of guests were most hospitably entertained. In the afternoon Mr and Mrs Walker set out on their honeymoon trip through the Waikato. The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents.

**HUBERT—COOPER.**

The wedding of Miss Bertha Cooper, daughter of Mr. H. O. Cooper, of Waihou, to Mr. J. Hubert, of Karangahake, was celebrated at the home of the bride a few days ago. Misses S. Cooper and Hubert were the bridesmaids, the Rev. E. H. Taylor, of Thames, being the celebrant.

**PLUMMER—McNALLY.**

An interesting marriage was solemnized on Saturday at St. David's, Auckland, by the Rev. W. Gray Dixon, between Miss Sarah J. McNally, daughter of Mr. McNally, of Pukekohe, and Mr. George W. Plummer, junior partner in the firm of C. Plummer, straw-hat manufacturers. Misses H. and A. McNally and M. Plummer were the bridesmaids, and Mr. L. Hemus was groomsmen. Miss McNally, who was a teacher at the Sunday-school for many years, as presented with a teachers' Bible by her con-

federates, and she also was given a silver afternoon tea set by her late employers, Messrs. D. and J. Miller. Mr. Plummer was given a case of fruit knives by the employees of his firm. The honeymoon is to be spent on the West Coast.

**PRIMROSE—SMITH.**

The wedding of Mr James Primrose, of Kirikiriroa, and Miss K. A. Smith, of Waipukurau, was recently celebrated, and the couple have now gone back to the Waikato. Miss Smith was presented by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church Waipukurau, with a silver tea set, a silver-mounted oak tray, and a wickerwork table, in recognition of her many years' service as organist and Sunday-school teacher in the church.

**BUDD-BOLD.**

At St. Boniface Church, Gernistown, Transvaal, a quiet wedding was celebrated on October 21st, when Mr. William Eustace Budd, formerly of Governor's Bay, Christchurch, and Ethel Lonsdale, second daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Bold, M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E. (Inspector of Telegraphs, Auckland), were married. The bride, who was attended by her youngest sister Sybil, was given away by her brother, Mr. Chas. E. Bold. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of presents.



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**Terrible Tram Accident.**

**TWO CARS IN COLLISION.**

**THREE PASSENGERS KILLED.**

**MANY INJURED.**

A tramcar accident of a terrible description occurred near Kingsland, Auckland, on Christmas Eve, in which three people were killed, and a large number possibly a hundred—received injuries more or less severe.

The cars in question were No. 39, a double-decker, in charge of Frederick Humphrey, motorman, of Jerovis-road, Ronsonby, and Cathbert Carson and Hans Hansen, conductors, and a combination car in charge of Ernest Thompson, motorman, of Colburn-street, Arch Hill, and Colin Stichbury, conductor.

The double-decker was going up Eden Terrace, and passed into a loop to await another car. The current was shut off and the brake applied. The brake, however, refused to act, and the car began to go back. Finding the car unmanageable the motorman called to the conductor to apply the rear brakes and ran himself to the back of the car, but the brake failed to stop the car, which gathered an awful speed down the incline.

The car was almost full of passengers on both decks.

Soon the trolley pole doubled back and left the wire, and frequently as it struck against a cross wire or some other obstacle it lashed down with great force, striking the passengers sitting near. Some, with walking sticks, tried to steady it or guide it on to the wire, but did not succeed.

A great fear then appears to have possessed the passengers, and some cried out aloud. As the car rounded a bend near George street another car was seen to be coming up from Kingsland, not more than 100 yards away. The double-decker was almost in darkness, as only the oil lamps were burning. The motorman on the second car had barely time to reverse the current, when, with a deafening crash, the two cars telescoped.

Several passengers were hurled down from the top deck. Others, struck by the swinging trolley pole, lay insensible. Several had jumped from the car during its mad career before the impact.

When all was over it was found that the combination car had penetrated the double-decker quarter of its length, crushing the passengers in an awful manner.

Children were passionately thrust through the windows by brave but hysterical mothers. Men clambered out and helped the women, and a stream of people hurried down the main road to give the aid which they knew was bound to be needed.

When all who could be released were free it was found that two persons remained pinned between the cars. They were Miss Cassie Hill and Mr Benjamin Lindsay. Every able man on the spot heaved on the heavy cars to pull them apart, but they remained rigid. For ten minutes the crowd waited helplessly till another tram-car arrived, and then, with ropes attached to this, the two wrecked cars were parted.

Stretchers and vehicles were hastily procured, and doctors hurried to the scene in great numbers to give relief.

News of the appalling disaster was received in town with the utmost consternation, and large crowds instantly flocked to Kingsland to inquire after the safety of friends.

It will be noticed that nearly the whole of the passengers were residents or visitors in the neighbouring districts of Mount Eden, Mount Roskill or Kingsland, this being, of course, due to the fact that the cars had just loaded up in those districts and had not got beyond them. The occurrence struck a thrill of horror throughout the districts mentioned, and a feeling of deep natural sympathy arose, for, as one person remarked there was scarcely a household in the neighbourhood that had not a representative or a friend on one of the cars.

All day on Christmas Day persons visited the scene of the disaster, evidently expecting that the cars would be allowed to remain on the spot for official inspection. But the cars had been removed during the night, and nothing but a buckled tram apron and a large patch of broken glass remained to mark the spot.

**THE VICTIMS.**

The following are the names, so far obtainable, of those who were passengers on the ill-fated cars:

**KILLED:**

**MISS ANN YOUNG HOGARTH**, aged 23, resident of Mount Eden; broken neck.

**BENJAMIN LINDSAY**, aged 70, gardener, resident of Kingsland, several bones broken and other injuries.

**WILLIAM CALEY**, aged 49, accountant, resident of Rocky Nook; broken hip and injured spine.

**DANGEROUSLY INJURED:**

**Miss Cassie Hill**, resident of Kingsland; injuries to head.

**Hazel Blundell**, aged 17 months, parents live at Morningside; concussion.

**SEVERELY INJURED:**

**Joseph James Cumplin**, Reston road, Mount Roskill; scalp wound and collarbone broken.

**Miss Sophie Caley**; broken leg.

**Mr. Alfred Caley**, Waiti; injured foot and bruises.

**Mrs. Alfred Caley**; legs crushed.

**Miss Eastgate**, Mount Eden; wrist broken and leg injured.

**Mrs. Page**, Kingsland store; nose broken.

**Mrs. Hill**, Kingsland, cut on the head.

**Miss Lizzie Morrow**, Kingsland; teeth knocked out and lip cut.

**Mr. John Clark**, Waunganui, visiting his parents at Kingsland; concussion of brain.

**Mrs. John Clark**, Waunganui; lip and face cut and badly bruised.

**Mr. A. Diana Hewlett**, head and face injured, teeth knocked out, and general shreds.

**Mrs. McBride** (nee Miss Bendel); injured in the legs and back.

**Mr. Ernest Colson**, land agent; broken jaw, gash on cheek and bruises.

**Mrs. Davis**, Kingsland; dislocated thigh.

**Miss Emmie Hill**, Kingsland; nose broken.

**Mrs. John Coyle**, Mount Albert; broken rib, severely bruised and shaken.

**Mr. Cyril Booker**, View Avenue, Mount Eden, concussion of the brain.

**SLIGHTLY INJURED:**

**Mr. W. A. Eastgate**, Mount Eden; bruise on eye.

**Mr. William Morrow**, Kingsland; bruises.

**Mrs. William Morrow**, injured back and legs.

**Miss Morrow**; cuts on head and bruises.

**Miss Emily Morrow**, bruises.

**Mr. Alfred Williams**, Onslow road, Kingsland; sinews of leg injured.

**Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kayes** and **Miss Kayes**, Kingsland; bruises.

**Miss M. Kayes** and **Miss G. Kayes**; cuts and bruises.

**Mr. Charles Page**, Kingsland; bruises.

**Stanley Andrews**, View road; scalp wound and shock.

**Mr. Charles Morris**, Kingsland.

**Mr. Drumm**, Morningside; several minor injuries.

**Mrs. Drumm**, Morningside; injury to back.

**Mr. Drumm's children**; small injuries.

**Mrs. W. Billings**, Kingsland.

**Mrs. Cathall**, Eden Terrace; bruises.

**Mrs. M. Freney**, Kingstani; shock and bruises.

**Mrs. M. Freney** and child, shock and bruises.

**Miss A. Freney**, injured jaw.

**Miss P. Freney**, shock and bruises.

**Master Harry Graham**, Kingsland; sprained ankle.

**Mrs. James**, Kingsland; shock.

**Mr. J. King**, Glenmore; back hurt.

**Mrs. Lipscombe**, Mount Albert; bruises.

**Mrs. Margaret McQuoid**, Kingsland; leg slightly injured.

**Mrs. J. Nixon**, Kingsland; head cut and bruises.

**Masters Frank** and **Lewis Nixon**, slight injuries.

**Miss Ethel Nixon**, leg and mouth cut.

**Miss Ruby Sinclair**, Rocky Nook; face cut.

**Mrs. Storey** and two children, Eden Terrace; bruises and cuts.

**Mr. Kilduff**, Eden Terrace, injuries to head and face.

**Miss May Kilduff**, Eden Terrace, cut face.

**Sylvia Kilduff**, Eden Terrace, severely shaken.

**Ethel Kilduff**, Eden Terrace, severely shaken.

**Harry Kilduff, jun.**, Eden Terrace, severely shaken.

**Miss Coyle**, Mount Albert; bruised and shaken.

**Miss M. Sinclair**, Edwin-street, Mount Eden, bruises.

**PASSENGERS UNINJURED:**

**Mr. and Mrs. McIlwain**, Mount Roskill.

**Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Pollard**, Mount Roskill.

**Mr. George Heald**, Mount Eden.

**Mr. Arthur Hulme**.

**Mr. J. Regan** and family, of Kingsland.

**Mrs. McQuoid**.

**MISS HOGARTH.**

Miss Hogarth is a dressmaker, a daughter of Mr. Hogarth, employed by the Northern S.S.Co. She was sitting on the top deck of the big car, accompanied by a gentleman named Mr. William Hewlett. Miss Hogarth was struck by the trolley pole, which broke her neck, giving her a painless death. Mr. Hewlett was struck senseless. He received cuts about the face, and had two teeth knocked out. When he recovered his senses he found the lifeless body of Miss Hogarth lying at his side.

Mr. William Hewlett, interviewed after the accident, said he had just told Miss Hogarth to keep her head down, when he received a severe blow on the mouth, knocking several of his teeth out. He was dazed for a second or two. On recovery he found himself lying upon the upper deck of the car with Miss Hogarth lying over him. As she seemed to be insensible he made an effort to carry her down the stairway and succeeded in doing so for part of the way. At that moment the collision occurred, and he lost charge of Miss Hogarth. He afterwards took possession from the car and laid her on the footpath, where Dr. Porter made an examination and found life extinct. The deceased never spoke after being struck.

**MR LINDSAY**

Mr Lindsay was a gardener by trade, and lived in Mercer-road, Kingsland. He was 70 years of age. His injuries were very numerous. He had a broken leg, a smashed finger, a cut over the eye, and apparently internal injuries. He was pinned between the two cars, and for a time could not be released. He was conveyed to the Hospital, where he died. Mrs Ashby, wife of Mr Ashby, baker, of Mount Roskill Road, is his daughter.

**MR WILLIAM CALEY.**

Mr William Caley was an Auckland accountant, and brother of Mr Caley, of Wallis and Caley, saddlers, of Queen-street. He was well-known in Auckland. As organist of the Grafton-road Methodist Church, he would have been acquainted with most Methodists of the city. He had intended to take part on Christmas evening in this choir's performance of "The Messiah" at the Choral Hall. The Caley family suffered severely, William being killed and three others severely injured. Mr and Mrs Alfred Caley came to town to spend Christmas with relatives. Mrs Caley had both feet badly crushed. Mr Alfred Caley also had his right foot badly bruised and cut, while his sister, Miss Sophie Caley, had her leg broken, and is suffering from severe shock. The Caleys were on top of the double-decker.

**THE SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.**

The subject of catarrh is becoming of such universal interest that the following questions have been selected as a guide for those who think they are afflicted:

- Is the voice husky?
- Is the nose stopped up?
- Does the nose discharge?
- Is the breath offensive?
- Do crusts form in the nose?
- Do you have sneezing spells?
- Is the sense of smell leaving?
- Is there fullness in the throat?
- Do you have to clear the throat?
- Do you expectorate frequently?
- Do you sleep with the mouth open?
- Are you nauseated in the morning?
- Do you have aching pains in the limbs?
- Is there pain in the front of the head?
- Is there dropping of phlegm in the throat?

A further explanation of the causes of these symptoms, and a more complete description of the various forms of catarrh, can be found in the last issue of "The Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases." Those who are interested can obtain a free copy of this Medical Publication by addressing The Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, England.

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# THE MAJOR'S CHOICE.

It was quickly admitted in Wytham that the new owner of Shrublands, Major Edmunds (retired) was a great addition to the society of the place. Old Mrs Cullen thanked Providence openly that he was a man and a whist player, stating, with her usual frankness, that Wytham was overrun with women. There was certainly a large preponderance of them, the case in most country villages, and a good many were, to use the stately language of Spanish heraldry, "ladies of the half-blank shield"—that is to say, unmarried.

The four Miss Daltons headed the list, all with districts and a passion for early services; then there were the three Miss Falkners; the twin Miss McDougalls; Miss Alfreda Gregory, the curate's sister; Miss Harris, who acted as Mrs Cullen's companion; Miss Garnet, a bluestocking; and Miss Leroy. None of these ladies was particularly juvenile; Miss Leroy had a niece, Cecily, who was young, and a beauty; and there were the two Randal girls, but the latter were on the outer edge, so to say, of Wytham Society, and only got spoken to at working parties and school treats. Cecily Leroy was away visiting a good deal, for she found Wytham rather dull, and there could naturally be no dances where there were so few men.

The winter after Major Edmunds took Shrublands—a ridiculous name he promptly changed to Clovelly—was the liveliest season in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There were tea-parties and supper parties and mild festivities all up and down the village. The Major was felt to be delightfully unencumbered. He was a big, cheery man, comfortably off, with a cook-housekeeper, a son not often at home,

and a married daughter living in the North; just the sort of person to make a second wife of a suitable age very happy.

He became enormously popular; for besides whist, he played ping-pong, croquet, chess, cribbage, the piano—in a cheerful unemotional manner—and round games of any and every description. He helped with the church decorations, was the guiding spirit of the school-children's Christmas treat, and even recited a comic poem at the Penny Reading; asking the third Miss Falkner to sit in the front row with the book and prompt him. In fact, the new arrival bowled the curate, who was short and stubby, so completely over that the latter's winter cough was ignored by everyone except the faithful Miss Daltons.

One lady gave no parties, nor was the Major invited to call upon her, although it was known that the two had been acquainted in their early days. But this did not surprise people much, for Miss Leroy, whose father had been a Colonel, was of so retiring a disposition, that, in the absence of her niece, she seldom went anywhere or did anything. She was nominally Cecily's guardian, but that young lady had managed her aunt very successfully ever since she had been left a child of ten, in her charge. Miss Leroy was still nice-looking; her complexion was delicate, her figure slim, and her soft hair hardly tinged with grey. People wondered that she had never married, and perhaps the busybodies of Wytham might have scented a romance had they seen Miss Leroy's vivid blush the first time she caught sight of "Clovelly" in fresh white paint upon the Major's front gate.

Major Edmund's wife had been dead

about four years, but he did not convey the impression of being a confirmed widower. Clovelly was a substantial house, much too large for a single man, it was thought, and several hearts began to cherish vague and secret hopes as the winter wore away. The youngest Miss Dalton, affectionately called "Baby" by her sisters, took up singing again—she had given it up a matter of eight years or so—the McDougall twins blossomed out into floral toques of a giddy description; while the third Miss Falkner—Bessie—went up to town for the special purpose of getting a "really first-rate coat and skirt." What she gave for her costume she would never tell her sisters, but the Major gallantly complimented her upon its perfect fit, so that Miss Bessie might be said to have her reward.

For the matter of that, the good man was "gallant" and complimentary" all round; a way, no doubt, they had in the Army. He went to Mrs Cullen's Fridays, and the Daltons' Tuesdays, to Mrs McDougall's second Wednesdays, and Miss Alfreda Gregory's first and third Thursdays. Such was his apparent fondness for afternoon tea-fights that he was even overheard asking Miss Leroy, in a pleading tone, whether she did not include her friends with an At Home day. Whereupon Miss Leroy, in her nervousness, dropped her teaspoon, and a slice of home-made sponge cake, and somehow the Major's question did not get answered.

The latter's son came down for a week, and everybody said what a pity it was that Cecily Leroy was still in the South of France; they would have made such a handsome couple. But when Miss Cecily at length arrived, after stopping in Paris to buy two delectable hats and a dream of a frock, some of the Wytham spinsters would have subscribed handsomely to send her back again. For, alas and alack, the Major—the Major—with the weakness for a pretty face that characterised his sex, became Cecily's slave from the moment of their introduction to each other. For, oh, she was "sweet and twenty," dowered with a peach-bloom complexion, the figure of a sylph, and the most distract-

ing smile that ever turned a masculine brain.

Adorably young, she made other women look faded or dowdy beside her. Then Miss Cecily was a coquette, whose winter in gay San Remo had taught her the value of her own charms; she liked the incense of admiration to be burned at her shrine, and, in fact, expected it. There were sore hearts in Wytham before she had been at home a week, although feminine lips tried to smile as before. Three ladies at any rate felt that Fate had been unkind to them—the Major was "coming on" so nicely, and then pretty Cecily could marry anybody—was indeed certain to marry. And Jack Edmunds, for example, would be a much more suitable match for her than his father!

But it was of little use to talk, or rather to think. Cecily was beautiful, and beauty always has the whiphand. She invited the Major to lunch, and he went like a lamb. She monopolised him at the bazaar in aid of the coal fund, and she made him come in after dinner and teach her and her aunt poker.

"I think it is disgraceful of Cecily Leroy to flirt as she does with a man old enough to be her grandfather," said the eldest Miss Dalton, who felt sore on account of "Baby."

Mrs Cullen chuckled; she was rather amused by the little comedy.

"Oh, no; say her father," she answered, indulgently. "Major Edmunds cannot be more than fifty-five or six. Cecily is a very pretty girl, and you know what men are, my dear Miss Dalton."

Miss Dalton had never had much opportunity of knowing, so contented herself with shaking her head disapprovingly. "Miss Leroy lets her do exactly as she likes. Such a pity!" she continued.

And again Mrs Cullen's eyes twinkled, for she knew exactly where the shoe pinched.

"Well, I must say," observed the old lady, "that Miss Leroy has looked wonderfully well since that little puss, Cecily, came back. She is positively getting younger instead of older, like most of us. I regret to say, Miss Dalton, I met her the other day, and really she

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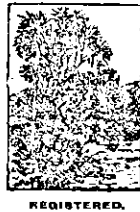
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quite surprised me. Perhaps it was because she had a new and becoming dress on."

"Miss Leroy has taken to arrange her hair in a different manner," said her visitor, with some asperity—"the latest style in Paris, I presume."

"Well, I don't object to Cecily trying to bring her suit up-to-date," remarked Mrs Cullen, with a smile. "Who is that going past? My eyes are not what they used to be."

Miss Dalton's thin lips set into a line indicating severe disapproval.

"Major Edmunds and Cecily Leroy," she answered stily.

If a look could have killed, the couple strolling along chatting so merrily would have been in a bad plight. Yet Miss Selina Dalton was a good woman, and her principles were high. She did not want the Major for herself, but he had seemed to enjoy poor "Baby's" society, and her rather feeble rendering of old English ballads; and it would have been so nice to have had her married and settled near them. The four sisters had never been separated in their lives for more than a few weeks at a time.

Cecily looked radiant; she was wearing one of her Paris frocks, the cunning simplicity of which was very different from the rural simplicity of the Wytham gowns. It fitted her lithe young figure like a glove, and she held the long skirt up with one hand, allowing a glimpse of a lace-trimmed petticoat to appear. The Major beamed upon her from his superior height, and Miss Dalton felt with a pang that poor dear "Baby" had not the ghost of a chance.

Time went on, but the expected engagement was not announced. Jack Edmunds came down again, and it was known in the village that the two Miss Leroy's had dined at Clovelly.

There was likewise a rumour that Cecily had chosen new wall-papers for some of the rooms. What this supposed fiancée were waiting for nobody knew, unless it was the return from America of Cecily's only brother, Gordon. More than one lady had tried to question Miss Leroy delicately upon the subject, but the latter seemed flustered by such attempts, and edged away from her interlocutor as quickly as possible. Cecily was usually at hand, too, to protect her aunt; and did it with a reguish look in her sparkling eyes.

Wytham had become fairly resigned to the idea that the girl was to marry the Major, when the latter, without a single adieu, departed from the village; nor could his housekeeper say for certain when he was likely to return. To add to this, the younger Miss Leroy had been seen walking in the lanes with a well-dressed man, a stranger, whom she appeared to know very well indeed.

This was somewhat staggering, and those interested in the matter began to wonder whether naughty Cecily had merely flirted with her elderly admirer pour passer le temps, and then heartlessly refused him when he came to the point. It was, of course, horrible of her, if this were the truth, but the thought had its consolations. Very little was seen of the Misses Leroy— aunt and niece—in those days, and presently they went away to pay a round of visits.

One sun-shiny afternoon the church bells rang out a merry peal, and continued to ring, while folks asked each

other continually what the meaning of it might be—a question which nobody seemed to be in a position to answer. The ringers themselves professed not to know what happy event they were celebrating. "Tis the Duke of Wellington's birthday," said one wag.

"Get along, it's for the downfall of hold Loneyparts!" suggested a second.

While the bells were still changing, the down train steamed into the station, and Cecily Leroy descended from a first-class compartment, beautifully dressed as usual, and looking very smiling and happy. She was alone, and, giving her luggage into the charge of an out-porter, the young lady started to walk home through the village. The first person she came across was old Mrs Cullen in her wheeled chair.

"Dear me, I thought the bells were ringing for your wedding, Miss Cecily!" the old dame called out briskly.

"Oh, no, Mrs Cullen, they are ringing for Aunt Evelyn's," answered the girl, her eyes dancing with merriment.

"What in the world do you mean, child?"

"I only mean what I say. The bells are ringing because Aunt Evelyn and Major Edmunds were married this morning in London. Won't you congratulate me, please Mrs. Cullen? It was I who made the match and ordered the bells to be rung." The speaker's voice was very demure.

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Cullen dropped into old-fashioned ejaculations when anything took her by surprise.

"You have been very shy about it, Miss Cecily. Why was it kept such a profound secret, pray?"

The girl laughed gaily.

"Oh, auntie was so desperately shy about it," she cried. "If it hadn't been for me I believe Major Edmunds would never have set foot in our house. You see he and Aunt Evelyn fell in love with each other at Clovelly, when they were young, but grandpapa made them separate—the old tartar! The Major had next to no money in those days, I suppose. However, he got auntie to promise to run away with him, but when it came to the point—he was actually waiting for her at the station with the tickets taken, poor dear man!—she hadn't the courage to do it, and left her lover in the lurch. She never forgave herself for being such a broken reed, and when Major Edmunds came to live here—though it was years afterwards—she could hardly bear to meet him."

"Quite a romance!" said Mrs. Cullen. "I am glad it has ended so happily. You acted as go-between, then, Miss Cecily?"

"Oh, I saw something was the matter directly I came back," was the cheerful reply, "and it's easy to put two and two together, you know. Aunt Evelyn told me long ago why she had never cared to marry, though she did not tell me her lover's name. Then the Major made a clean breast of it, and asked me to help him, and so, well—here the speaker gave a little laugh—"I took up the trade of matchmaker. Dear Aunt Evelyn, I assure you, didn't look more than eight-and-twenty when she walked down the aisle this morning. They are gone to Paris for their honeymoon."

"You have taken us all in finely, Miss Cecily," remarked the old lady, "and tricked us out of a wedding. But there

is one Miss Leroy left, and remember, we shall expect her to be married at Wytham. What do you say to that?"

The girl blushed prettily.

"Very well, Mrs. Cullen, but you must wait until the autumn, please."

"I knew there was somebody," said the other, smiling.

"Well, yes," confessed Cecily, "and he is coming to stay at Clovelly as soon as Major and Mrs. Edmunds are back from Paris."

### Other People's Weddings.

#### A CHAT WITH A MARRIAGE-REGISTRAR.

It was not with a matrimonial intent that the writer called on the registrar of marriages in an important and extensive district in London, but rather with a view of obtaining information about the wedding ceremonies of other people.

"A great many foreigners," said he, "come here to be married; and sometimes when I cannot speak their language, and they are unable to speak a word of English, it is extremely awkward."

"A year ago a Russian couple came to me to be married. Neither of them could speak a word of English, but they brought with them a third party—a Pole—who was supposed to act as interpreter, but whose English was apparently limited to the phrase 'married at once.'"

"Finally, I gathered that the couple wanted to be married without giving the necessary twenty-one day's notice. This can be done by paying £2 17/1, which is the price of a license, and entitles a couple to be married within twenty-four hours after having received it."

"The Russian duly paid for the license, and the following day I married the pair. Six days later the woman came in with another interpreter this time, who explained that both she and her husband were under the impression that they had only registered a promise to get married, and wanted to know when they could get the ceremony performed. When she heard that she was really married she seemed quite overjoyed, and clapped her hands."

"When a couple come to a registrar's office to be married, both the man and woman must separately make a solemn declaration to the effect that there is no reason why they should not be joined together."

"This declaration is the important part of the legal ceremony, and must be repeated in the English language by the contracting parties. If they cannot speak English it must be said to them by the registrar in the English tongue, even if the registrar could speak their language fluently."

"I have often married French and German couples who could not speak a word of English. As, however, I can speak both French and German myself, I have explained the meaning of the declaration to them in their own language, and then, in order to comply with the law, repeated the words in English. The strange part of the law, however, is that Welsh couples are legally entitled to repeat the declaration in their own vernacular, if they wish to do so; if not, they can repeat it in English. As a matter of fact,

out of 200 Welsh people that were married here in the past fifteen months, not one repeated the words in Welsh."

"Every notice of marriage must be entered in a book kept for that purpose, and registering to do so once cost me nearly £3. A couple had given me the usual twenty-one days' notice of marriage, but I forgot at the time to enter it in the notice-book, and the notice only dates from the day on which it is so entered. I discovered my error three days later, but it was three days too late, for on the day on which the twenty-one days' notice expired the couple came and informed me they wanted to get married the following day. Now, I could not legally let them do so until three days later, so I paid for a license for them out of my own pocket, which cost me exactly £2 17/1, but which entitled them to be married on the following day."

"Sometimes when a man comes to give me notice of marriage he seems to think that the registrar's office is also a bureau of advice on every domestic subject, and asks strings of questions about the cost of housekeeping. One man the other day wanted to know whether, if he gave notice of marriage, he could be legally compelled to get married. I told him the law in such a case compels no one to get married."

"I marry some very queer couples sometimes. A year ago a Russian couple came here to be married—the man was over sixty, and the woman close upon the same age. Both were exiles from their own country, and the man had been in a Siberian prison for twenty years, and then made his escape."



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**A Matrimonial Lesson.**

"Mrs Caperton confided to me this morning that she had had some trouble with her husband," said Mrs Von Blumer.

"That's not surprising," said Von Blumer, "and I presume it is an old story with them. They don't quite understand each other. He deceives her in his way, and she deceives him in her way. Result—acrapas."

Von Blumer got up and paced the floor nervously. The subject appealed to him.

"Two people cannot make their married life a success," he continued, "unless they tell each other the truth—the absolute truth. Think of what it would mean to understand each other perfectly—why, what's the matter with us at times—we conceal our feelings, we hesitate at the real unvarnished truth."

Mrs Von Blumer sighed. "I suppose that is so," she said. "Why, it would be perfectly ideal, wouldn't it, to share every thought together?"

"It would not only be ideal," said Von Blumer, "but it strikes me as extremely practical. What more easy in our case? I'll tell you every thought I have, without reserve, and you do the same to me. Let's begin at once."

Mrs Von Blumer clapped her hands in glee, like a child, so happy was the thought.

"When shall we begin?" she cried. "Right off," said Von Blumer; "that is—to-morrow morning."

Von Blumer was going out that evening, so he wanted twelve hours' leeway. "Good!" exclaimed Mrs Von Blumer. "We will begin to-morrow morning."

At the usual hour the next morning Von Blumer descended to the breakfast-table. His wife was before him, putting those fine wifely touches to the table that the best of waitresses is never quite equal to.

"You haven't forgotten our agreement?" she said, smilingly.

"No, indeed," replied Von Blumer. "I'm full of it. I'm going to begin right away. Do you know, I never liked that morning wrapper you wear. It isn't anything in the way of a decent apparel. It's neither a gown nor a robe."

"I knew you didn't like it," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "and to tell you the honest truth, I don't like it myself. But the only reason I have worn it at all is because I didn't feel that you could afford to get just what I wanted."

"How much will it cost?" "Well, I saw a morning house-gown the other day for £9, that is just what I want."

"You are right. That is too much." "But I'm going to get it, anyway. It's really more important that I should look well before you than it is to keep out of debt."

Von Blumer set down his paper and stared at his wife.

"You can't have a very good opinion of me as a man," he observed, dryly, "if you think that I prefer financial dishonour to simplicity of dress in my wife."

Mrs. Von Blumer looked at him sadly but truthfully. "I haven't a good opinion of you in this respect," she replied distinctly. "You have, of course, many

admirable qualities, but you are much the same as the ordinary run of men. As long as I dress well and look pretty you will work for me like a slave, and while you may grumble, you'll be secretly proud of me. Every man likes his wife to make a good show. It is really safer for her to run him into debt and do this, than to have his money and be dowdy."

Von Blumer, true to his bargain, nodded his head in acquiescence.

"That's true," he said, "up to a certain point, but only up to a certain point. You have fully decided. Have you, to get that gown?"

"Yes—I shall go right down this morning."

"Good! It will cost me £9, but in this instance it may be a good investment. I shall be glad to see you in something fresh at the breakfast-table."

Mrs Von Blumer coloured slightly, but kept her temper.

"You would probably see more of me," she said, "if you didn't sit there most of the time and read that horrid paper. It's a bad habit, that."

Von Blumer was silent a moment. This new process required more thought than usual.

"I don't know that it is," he said. "There is practically nothing that you could say to me at this hour of the day which would interest me as much as this paper. Now, this may seem a little selfish on my part. But, on the other hand, it is a habit with me; and you, on your part, have habits that I might criticise. For instance, you drag me out on the average twice a week to some social affair, just because the social world is, to this extent at least, a habit with you. And you do this knowing that I hate it, and knowing that I would be a great deal better off in bed. My newspaper reading seems innocent enough compared with that."

"You may not know it," said Mrs. Von Blumer, "but this little social life that you say I drag you into is really your salvation. Why, you would lapse into a veritable bear if you didn't go out occasionally. Besides, I notice you are always ready to sit up to any hour of the night when there is a stage party on hand."

Von Blumer winced slightly.

"I am bound to admit," he replied, "that you are right about that. But to be more than candid with you, I must say that I am just as well satisfied with my own manners, as I control them myself, as I am with the manners of Society which you seem to wish me to be an expert in. For instance, the other day you smiled and smirked at Mrs. Placer for an hour, and gave her the impression that you loved her ardently, when I know that there is scarcely an object in the world you dislike more than that same Mrs. Placer. What you term good manners is merely nothing but a species of polite hypocrisy."

The tears came to Mrs. Von Blumer's eyes—not at her husband's last remark, but the other cruel things he had said, in spite of her resolution, had just begun to strike in.

"I don't care," she sobbed, as her husband gazed at her uneasily. "The world couldn't live without it—and you know it."

Von Blumer threw down his paper, which rustled satirically underneath his

feet as he sprang forward and clasped his wife's hands.

"You are right," he cried. "Not only the world, but all the husbands and wives couldn't live without it. My dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"What is it?" "Promise me that you will go on and deceive me hereafter, and I will do the same, just as we have done before?"

Mrs. Von Blumer smiled through her tears. "I promise," she said.—"Life," N.Y. (Tom Masson.)

**An Old-Time Boxing Champion.**

The veteran Jem Mace, retired boxing champion of the world, who has for many years made his abode in Birmingham, is about to make a three months' tour in South Africa. He has accepted the invitation of the National Sporting tour of South Africa. He has accepted anted him a substantial sum. He will attend the various houses of sporting entertainment, and give exhibitions of the "noble art." Although 72 years of age, he is in vigorous bodily health, and still fairly smart on his feet—remarkably so for one of his age. It is generally believed that there is gipsy blood in his veins, and his dark skin and keen black eye would seem to support this belief. Mace himself, however, denies that he is a Romany of the old, pure race who never slept in a house. Nevertheless, he has been a wanderer from boyhood—a veritable Bohemian—and before the age of 20 he was proprietor of a travelling booth, with which he attended fairs, supplementing his duties as caterer by playing on the violin, and putting on the gloves with all corners. As a boxer, he earned great reputation, and all over the country he whipped men who had the temerity to tackle him. In the fifties, when Mace came prominently

before the public, the encounters were always with the bare knuckles. Indeed, Jem's principal battles were fought in it is no exaggeration to say that all this way. His hands are reminiscent of the past, and clearly testify to the desperate character of the old-time fights. The knuckles are all out of place, those at the back of the hand itself being in a position near the wrist. Mace's first great fight was in 1850, when he beat Bill Thorp, at 10st, in 18 rounds, lasting 27 minutes. He was afterwards defeated by Bob Brettell, but after this he had a long series of victories, the chief, so far, being with Bob Travers, whom he beat, after fighting 63 rounds, lasting 112 minutes. Subsequently meeting Brettell, he atoned for his previous defeat, and then, in 1802, the championship was at issue. This he secured with ease, beating all the best-known men, including the giant Tom King, and Joe Goss. Mace then went on a tour in America, giving sparring exhibitions, but in 1870, at New Orleans, he accepted the challenge of Tom Allen, a famous American exponent, whom he silenced in three-quarters of an hour. By this victory he pocketed 5000 dollars. Mace subsequently fought for the championship of Canada, meeting Joe Coburn. The men fought hard for 3 hours, but then heavy rain came on, and the match was declared a draw. Mace is in reality the last of the old-time champions of England, and the prize ring, as then understood, practically died in this country after a second fight with Joe Goss in 1866. During the past twenty years Jem has done lots of work with the gloves, having sparred with all the leading boxers, including such well-known men as Charles Mitchell, Dick Burge, Frank Slavin, and James Corbett. Interviewed, Mace was asked how many fights he had had. "Well, that's a poser straight away," replied Jem, "but in my time I should fancy I've beaten 500 men. Only my leading battles were recorded in the Press."

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**A Statesman's Helpmeet.**

Mrs Chamberlain is the daughter of an eminent American politician and the member of one of the oldest and best-known families in New England—the Endicotts of Boston.

It was in Washington that Miss Endicott first met Mr Chamberlain, who had gone to the United States in the autumn of 1887 to arrange a settlement of the long-standing fisheries dispute. The one treaty signed, Mr Chamberlain entered into another. How successful, how entirely happy has been that compact, was all-sufficiently attested by him in those few simple, touching words with which Mr Chamberlain acknowledged how much he owes to the charming and accomplished woman whom he won from her Washington home.

"She has sustained me by her courage and cheered me by her gracious companionship, and I have found her my best and truest counsellor." Higher tribute no man could pay his wife. Mrs Chamberlain has indeed been a true helpmeet to her statesman husband.

In accepting England as her future home, Miss Mary Endicott was but returning to the land of her ancestors. Two hundred and sixty years before one John Endicott left his Dorsetshire home, and sailed in the good ship Abigail away to the West. He founded the New England family. He became the Governor of the colony. He was a stern Puritan, but a just man and a wise ruler. Mrs Chamberlain's father was a Salem man, who studied law at Harvard, and became Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, a post which he resigned in 1882. At the time he became Mr Chamberlain's father-in-law he was Secretary for War in President Cleveland's Administration. On her mother's side Mrs Chamberlain is descended from the Peabodys, a famous Massachusetts family.

It was early in the new year of 1880 when Mrs Chamberlain was formally introduced to her husband's constituents, and the hearty Birmingham folks gave her an enthusiastic welcome home. There were lovely Oriental pearls strung into a beautiful necklace, and blazing diamonds and other material expressions of regard; but the warmth of the welcome was best expressed in the assurance that it was the lady's "happy lot to be dowered with that wealth of interest, sympathy, and kindly affection which Mr Chamberlain's fellow-townsmen offer as a marriage portion to his bride."

That interest and kindly affection have never been abated so far as the Birmingham people are concerned, though Mrs Chamberlain is probably not nearly so well known in the society of the midland capital as in London. She is her husband's constant companion, and both are to be seen at society functions and at theatres as frequently as the very scanty leisure of a Cabinet Minister permits.

At all his meetings which the right hon. gentleman from time to time addresses in Birmingham and elsewhere, Mrs Chamberlain has invariably been

at his side. Indeed, the first and practically the only time which she has missed sharing in this way his public engagements was when she had just lost her father in 1900.

The predominant characteristic of Mrs Chamberlain's personality is a singularly winning charm of manner. Effusive paragraphists in society papers often describe her as a beautiful woman; but it is this charm of manner rather than mere beauty of feature that most impresses one. A brunette, with fresh complexion, bright eyes, and laughing lips, Mrs Chamberlain combines dignity and vivacity, as well as the graces that shine in social life.

She was, by the way, a particular favourite of the late Queen, standing higher, probably, in Her Majesty's good graces than any of her countrywomen had ever done. The Sovereign's favour was particularly manifested at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, when she conferred on Mrs Chamberlain, not the silver, but the gold, commemorative medal, which, with this one exception, was only given to members of the reigning house and to families of foreign monarchs.

On the writing-table in Mr Chamberlain's library stands her portrait, and in the gallery above the big hall at Highbury hangs another painted by Millais. Beside it is the picture of old Governor Endicott.

The ex-Colonial Secretary's house in Prince's Gardens is situated in one of the most delightful spots in the West of London. It is quite close to the park, and has also in its immediate neighbourhood the beautiful gardens which lie at the back of the houses along Prince's Gate. There is no brighter nor airier part of London.

The house itself is externally plain, but it contains a good deal more accommodation than it appears to from the outside. A former tenant converted the stables, which used to be behind the house, into living rooms, with the result that besides the dining-room and a large sitting-room on the ground-floor Mr Chamberlain has at his disposal, without the fatigue of mounting the stairs, a business room for his secretary, and a large light, airy and altogether charming library for his own use.

**THE COSTLEY HOME INQUIRY.**

**PREMIER'S VIEWS ON THE COMMISSION'S REPORT.**

The following letter from the Premier was read at the meeting of the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board last week.

"I have the honour to forward you herewith a copy of the report of the commission of inquiry in connection with the Home. Not to use a stronger term, the condition of things thus disclosed is most regrettable. The Board must, I am sure, feel deeply concerned that such a state of things should have gone on in an institution under its control, and for which it must be held responsible. I beg further to intimate that the Government request that the recommendations of the Commission may be given effect to by the Board, and an in-

timuation to that effect will, I hope, be given to the Government at an early date; in fact, I would suggest that a special meeting of the Board be called at once to consider the report of the Commission. As the head of the Government, I feel constrained to say that it would be undesirable, reprehensible, and contrary to public policy that further public money should be granted in aid of an institution which has been so mis-managed. The comfort, health, and well-

being of the inmates should be the first care of all. Commending this letter to the Board for immediate action.—I have etc. (Signed) R. J. SEDDON."

On the motion of Mr Walters, it was decided to defer consideration of the report until the evening of Monday, January 4.

The resignations of Mr A. E. Skynner, manager of the Costley Home, and Nurse Mills, first assistant on the women's side, will be considered at the same time.

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In above Articles we offer you a selection which should enable you to place your requirements with us.  
Note Our Cash Prices well, and buy from us.  
**BUY EARLY! BUY EARLY! TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.**  
**MASON'S JARS, PORCELAIN TOPS—**  
1 quart, 4/6 dozen, cases extra; 33/ per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.  
2 quart, 9/ dozen, cases extra; 34/ per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.  
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1 quart, 4/0 dozen, cases extra; 35/ per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.  
2 quart, 6/0 dozen, cases extra; 37/ per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.

**EAGLE JARS, WIDE MOUTH, WIRE TOPS—**  
1 quart, 9/6 dozen, cases extra; 9/3 dozen by the crate, crate free.  
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**THE ATLAS SPECIAL, FRUIT JAR, 3in Wide Mouth, with Porcelain Lined Zinc Screw Top Cover and Rubber Ring—**  
1 quart, 6/6 per dozen; packing, 3d extra.  
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A New Sample Jar, only a small quantity to offer this season.  
Glass Jelly Jars, with Tin Covers—  
Small, Medium, Large, Extra large.  
Holding 7 10 12 14 ozs.  
1/10 1/0 8/8 4/ 4/6 doz.  
Special Price, per Nest of (2), 7 and 10oz, only 4/3 dozen nests.

Per Nest of (4), 7 to 14oz., only 11/6 dozen nests.  
White Earthenware Jelly Cans, in nests of 5, only 2/3 the nest. Largest one measures 6in high and 3in wide.  
Round Glass Jam Jars, Tipped Top (for paper covers), size 1lb, 3/ per dozen; 2lb, 4/ per dozen.  
(These are priced complete, each with Paper Jam Jar Cover)  
Now we come to the Necessaries for Preserving the Fruit, viz.—  
Porcelain Enamel Preserving Pans, with 2 handles—  
Size 12 14 16 inch diameter.  
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8 10 12 14 16 quart.  
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Sizes 10 12 14 15 16 inch  
4/0 6/3 7/0 10/3 10/0 each

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Sizes 10 12 14 15 16 inch  
5/3 8/3 11/3 13/0 20/0 each  
Light Enamelled Preserving Pans, with Bail Handle and Lipped—  
6 8 10 quart.  
4/0 5/0 6/0 each.  
Wood Spoons, for Jam Stirring, 3d, 4d, 6d, 8d each.  
**FRUIT JAR RINGS, New Stock, just arrived—**  
Atlas, 10d per dozen.  
Eagle, 10d per dozen.  
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Mason's, 6d per dozen.  
All Pure Rubber.  
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**Return of the Kia Ora.**

**MR. BUCKERIDGE DEAD.**

**A FATAL FALL.**

GISBORNE, December 23.

The yacht *Kia Ora*, which sailed from here for London on a cruise round the world, returned to port this morning in charge of young Sowden, who reported that his companion, Mr. Buckeridge, died when three hundred miles beyond the Chathams.

In the course of his story Sowden said:—I was almost inclined to give up hopes of ever reaching land, and even when I got to the coast I was battling about for days, trying to get into Gisborne. I lived solely on biscuits, honey and limejuice. It is wonderful to me how I got back. You might go there a million times and not return. No other ships come that way. The winds are always westerly, and I was right south of the Chathams, where it is bitterly cold.

Sowden added that Buckeridge had abandoned his idea of going to London in the *Kia Ora*. "It is not to be so," he added sadly "Until the last moment we were as happy as larks."

Buckeridge's accident happened at eight o'clock in the evening of December 2nd. Sowden had been struck on the head with a boom, and was lying below in a weak state. A gale was blowing, and they were running before it. Buckeridge commenced taking in sail, and was clearing the gear which had got foul, when he fell from aloft. He went below, and complained of a pain in the chest, and of being in agony. Sowden helped take off his wet clothes. The gale continued, and, says Sowden, we kept her head to it, and both lay down side by side in the small cabin, wedged together in order to keep the boat steady, as she was lurching heavily, with heavy seas sweeping over her. Next day Buckeridge complained of his chest being painful, and that night Sowden woke up and found him dead.

Buckeridge had no thought of dying, and Sowden did not dream that his end was near.

"We were sleeping side by side, and he died without making any movement or statement. I was much affected by his death. I was not able to make the Chathams, the wind not being favourable. I kept the body three days, and then found it necessary to bury it at sea. I had also to jettison a quantity of provisions. All the fresh food we had had gone bad owing to the stiffness of the cabin. Attaching several pieces of iron to the body with a block and tackle I lowered it into the deep. I endeavoured to reach Lyttelton, but failing to do this tried to make Gisborne or Auckland. Gisborne is about 800 miles from where I turned, and I travelled six times that distance in trying to reach here. I have had no sleep, and I have little recollection of each day's events. I was continually at the tiller.

Sowden is aged 20, and was formerly fourth officer on the *Niwaru*. He states that owing to the bad weather prevailing from the departure of the yacht from Gisborne no log was kept, but a rough reckoning was scribbled on the yacht's deck. A good run, averaging 100 miles a day, was made to the Chathams, which were passed four days out, and the voyagers were then sanguine of reaching London, the craft having proved a fine seaboat.

**A VENTURESOME SPIRIT.**

The history of Mr. Buckeridge and the *Kia Ora* to date, if brief, has been eventful.

Mr. Buckeridge was rather a quiet unassuming man, aged about 33 years, and his physique was of the most perfect. He was regarded as having the courage of a lion, and as reveling in danger. Mr. Buckeridge was an Englishman, and fought on the British side in the Boer War. While there he was sought out by persons concerned in the Antarctic exploration ship, the *Discovery*, and offered a position on her. The element of danger surrounding the expedition took his fancy, and when she reached South Africa he joined her. He took part in her expedition, and returned with her to Lyttelton. While there he came across Captain Voss, of the *Tilikum*, the little four-tonner which holds the record for dangerous ocean travelling. A nature such as Mr. Buckeridge's

could not escape being drawn into the destinies of the *Tilikum*, and he became Captain Voss's mate. Together they brought the little craft to Auckland, and exhibited her in a tent near the Public Library. Meanwhile, Mr. Buckeridge had been enquiring into the history of the *Tilikum*, and he discovered that she had never yet rounded Cape Horn, an omission which from his point of view was intolerable. It is said that he pointed out to Captain Voss the absolute necessity of performing this feat if the *Tilikum* were to maintain her reputation for hazardous work, but that Captain Voss disapproved of the venture. At all events, Mr. Buckeridge ceased to be mate of the *Tilikum*, and struck out a line for himself. He arranged for the building of a 23 ton yacht, with which he determined to outdo Captain Voss and his *Tilikum*. By way of celebrating the new departure, he crossed the terrible geyser at Waimangu in a small boat, accompanied by Guide Warbeck, and took soundings, emerging, safe but perspiring, out of the dense cloud of steam on the other side.

Mr. Buckeridge proposed to sail straight for London, via Cape Horn, calling only at Staten Island. The trip would occupy four or five months. In London he would exhibit the yacht for a month or two, and he would then cross the Atlantic in time to attend the St. Louis exhibition, where he intended to show something that Uncle Sam could not beat in the way of small ocean-going craft.

Mr. Buckeridge left Auckland in due course for Gisborne, where he was to pick up his mate, Mr. Isaacs, of Auckland, accompanied him, intending to go as far as Gisborne, and see him off for his voyage to London. In the attempt to make Gisborne, however, they encountered very heavy seas, and not having things in readiness for such rough weather the salt water played havoc with their provisions. They endeavoured to gain the shelter of the Barrier, but were foiled, and finally, missing stays near Point Rodney, went ashore. Both men got safely to land, and the yacht, which was only slightly damaged, was brought back to Auckland for repairs.

Another start was made. This time Mr. Buckeridge was accompanied by a young man whose friends, it seems, did not approve of his going. At the last moment they chartered the *Ferry Company's* fast launch, the *Ruru*, and made for Motutapu, where, the weather being rough, they expected to find the *Kia Ora* sheltering. But the *Kia Ora* was braving the elements on her way to Gisborne. This time she arrived in safety.

At Gisborne she picked up the permanent mate, Mr. Sowden, formerly fourth mate of the *Tysoer* liner *Niwaru*.

But now a new trouble arose. The Marine Department forbade the ocean trip, on the ground that Mr. Buckeridge did not possess an ocean certificate. This was a formidable difficulty, and Mr. Buckeridge obtained permission to proceed to Wellington and endeavour to induce the authorities there to remove the objection. Once in the open sea, however, he seems to have changed his mind, and have started for London. He was last heard of in the vicinity of the Chatham Islands, where the captain of the *Toroa* sighted him on December 2nd.

On December 3 Mr. Buckeridge was dead.

It is said that a relative once taunted him with being a coward, and he vowed that he would do everything in his power to prove that the accusation was untrue.

**The Prussians at Waterloo.**

The Kaiser Wilhelm is possessed by a colossal egoism which manifests itself in every act and fact of his public life. But it is doubtful if he ever gave a more striking exhibition of his sublime confidence in himself and his nation than when he publicly proclaimed that the Germans won the battle of Waterloo. In a recent speech to the army the Kaiser remarked that the German Legion, along with Blucher's troops, rescued the English army from destruction at Waterloo. Without claiming to criticise the Kaiser's profound knowledge of military history, we may suggest that it has always been hitherto understood that the German Legion formed but an insignificant part of the allied forces under Wellington, and that Blucher's army did not reach

the field till the battle was practically won. Napoleon's attack began a little after 11 o'clock in the morning; the advanced guard of Blucher's force did not appear till about 4 p.m. Up to 6 p.m. the British troops alone withstood the furious onslaughts of the French cavalry; and it was then that the certainty of the nearness of Blucher's main body drove Napoleon to risk all with the final charge of the Imperial Guard. This attack was in turn repulsed; and Wellington, now for the first time in touch with Blucher, ordered a general advance against the French. It would be unworthy to ignore or to depreciate the meritorious part played by Blucher and his troops during the Waterloo campaign. But they were badly beaten at Ligny two days before the great fight, and it was only by great exertions that they reached Waterloo in time to assist in the closing scenes of the battle. Strategically, the probability of support from Blucher helped Wellington to decide upon making a stand at Waterloo, while the knowledge of the proximity of the Prussians certainly affected Napoleon's movements; and the arrival of Blucher's troops at the close of the day completed the annihilation of Napoleon's army. Lord Wolseley, who is notoriously an ardent admirer of German military prowess, goes so far as to say that "it was the splendid audacity of the Prussian move upon the French right, due to the personal loyalty of Prince Blucher to Wellington, that determined the fate of Napoleon's army at Waterloo." But as far as the actual fighting round Mont St. Jean and Hougomont and La Haye Sainte was concerned, the brunt of battle was borne by the British troops almost alone; and it was their splendid courage and invincible resolution that won the fight. All this is ancient history, of course, to everybody but Kaiser Wilhelm; but it is a little hard that the Germans, after appropriating a large share of British credit and borrowing the British navy to collect their debts, should want to rob us of the credit of winning the battle of Waterloo.

The Premier says that nothing definite has yet been done with regard to the appointment of a State Geologist in succession to Sir James Hector. It is possible that the position will be offered to Mr. McLaurin, who occupies a similar position in India.

**HEALTH AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.**  
**READ WHAT**  
**Vitadatio**  
**IS DOING.**

**A CASE OF HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS.**

**10 YEARS A SUFFERER.**  
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Dear Sir,—  
I am writing to let you know what VITADATIO has done for me. Two years ago I had to give up my work, as I was suffering so severely with coughing and hemorrhage of the lungs. I could keep nothing on my stomach, and therefore became very weak. I went under treatment with both Melbourne and Auckland doctors. I have also tried all kinds of medicines, including Cod Liver Oil, but I found no relief until I tried VITADATIO, which has proved a thorough cure. I took six bottles before feeling any effect. I was suffering very much all the time and quite lost faith in it. However, I was persuaded to persevere with it, and I am very thankful that I did, for when I was taking the seventh bottle I felt the reaction, and from that time I have greatly improved. I have gained a stone in weight and am now quite strong and able to work. In fact, I have not felt so well for ten years. I have taken twenty six bottles in all. I will be glad to testify to the merits of VITADATIO to anyone who may call on me, or I will write to anyone on receipt of stamped envelope. You may use this testimonial in any way you please.

Yours truly,  
(Signed)  
WILLIAM MANTLE SMITH.  
Witness: E. A. SMITH, mother of the above.

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## New Lake at Rotorua.

ROTORUA, December 22.

A new lake has been discovered in the district by Mr Darcy Irvine, who has been surveying a block of land here. The land surrounding the lake was mostly subsided, and a large number of trees are submerged. There are two streams leading from the lake, which find an outlet in one of the earthquake fissures.

Although the discovery has just been made there is reason to believe the lake was formed when Waimangu was formed.

The particulars available at present describe the lake as being of great size, so much so that it is not possible to gauge its dimensions without measurement by surveys, and it appears to have a considerable depth. It seems to have been formed a very considerable time ago by a subsidence in the land over a large area, and there are partially submerged forests of rimu, rata and tawa visible in the water, their tops protruding out of the body of the lake. The depth also appears great, but there were no means at the time of the discovery of finding out the average or the greatest depth at any part.

The lake is fed by a bush stream, which has its origin far away in the bush in probably some spring, and the outflow comes from a break in the eastern side of the depression. It comes out in a considerable volume, only to disappear into a volcanic fissure, thence flowing underground in an unknown channel, and never again emerging within visible distance of the lake.

The lake, which is about fourteen miles from Rotorua, is to be surveyed

as soon as possible.

The newly-found lake, though a large sheet of water, does not seem to be known to the local natives at all. It is in the centre of the Mangarewa-Kahewa block, recently purchased by the Government from the natives for settlement, and it was in the course of his survey of the land that Mr D'Arcy Irvine, Government surveyor in the Rotorua district, discovered the lake. It is close by the famous Mangarewa Gorge on the road from Tauranga to Rotorua.

## The Navy League.

MR H. F. WYATT'S VISIT.

An enthusiastic meeting of the resuscitated Auckland branch of the Navy League was held last week to give a welcome to the envoy from the parent League in England. There was a good attendance of members. Mr Wyatt is on a world-wide mission as a special commissioner of the Navy League, and has nearly completed the circle of the globe. He began in Canada, and worked across to the East and Australia, whence he has come to New Zealand. It is his intention to address meetings here, and afterwards he will go South, visiting the four main cities, and probably Wanganui.

Mr W. J. Napier (chairman of the local branch) extended to Mr Wyatt a very hearty welcome to the shores of New Zealand. Mr Wyatt's reputation as an orator and an organiser had preceded him, had already reached the colony, and he would find himself heart-

ily welcomed in every part of the colony. There was every reason to feel that his mission in Auckland would be successful, for the soil here was rich, though undeveloped, the harbour itself was an Admiralty station, and it was one of the most important seaports in the colonies. He assured Mr Wyatt that he would have the hearty and enthusiastic support of the League members.

Mr Wyatt, returning thanks, said that he was glad to be in New Zealand, because he had heard so much of its patriotism, and he hoped his mission amongst them would result in reviving the interest in the local League and establishing other Leagues in the different cities, and also to lead people to see the supreme necessity there was for their taking an active interest in the Navy, which interest could be most readily exerted through the Navy League. He explained that the League was a non-party organisation, including the most progressive men in England, and its recommendations to Parliament were always the result of scientific and expert investigation, and were always seriously considered by Parliament as coming from a responsible body. He added that his mission in Australia had been very satisfactory, and he had secured the support of the leading politicians of all shades of opinion, besides enlisting the great bulk of the citizens' sympathies. The Leagues in Australia were adopting with the objects of the League the role of conservers of the naval interests of Australia and the Australian youth, and in such matters as the securing of adequate training ships for the colonies, so as to avoid the necessity of sending the boys Home at the early age of 12½ years for naval training.

## HAVE YOU A LIVER ?

It is a lucky individual who cannot answer with certainty on this point. Those who know they have a liver are everlastingly bemoaning the fact. The healthy liver never makes its presence known, but performs its functions in a most unostentatious manner. If you know you have a liver and suffer from the many ailments arising out of its defective action, you cannot do better than take a course of the world renowned liver medicine, Bile Beans. The especial purpose of Bile Beans is to act directly on the liver. They put this organ in thorough working order, when the many minor organs dependent upon it will receive the necessary assistance in performing their respective functions, and Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headaches, Debility, and the multitude of ailments a disordered liver sets up will be promptly and permanently cured. It is only by acting directly on the liver that these ailments can be permanently cured. Local treatments only relieve while being applied. The root of the trouble, defective liver action, must be reached and rectified. Bile Beans are obtainable from all chemists and stores, price 1/1½ or 2/7 large box. A FREE SAMPLE BOX will be sent on receipt of a penny stamp to cover return postage. Address, The Bile Bean Co., 38 Pitt-street, Sydney.

**HAVELOCK TOBACCO**

"Twas Havelock saved the Flag, a page  
That stirred old Hearts of Oak  
'Tis "Havelock" comes once more, a leaf  
We all delight to smoke  
Of pure Virginian growth, to all  
The virtues it's akin  
And each tobacconist there is  
Will sell it plug or tin.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate, — I am going to write you a short letter to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It was so kind of you to write to Cecil and me in the "Graphic." We both went to a lovely party at Opawa on Saturday, and Cecil had a row in the boat. I was out on the river Avon on Sunday morning, and we went to see the Victoria Lake. It is so full of weeds now that the yachts can't sail on it. On Friday mother took me to the station to say good-bye to some friends who were staying with us. They are to be in Auckland for a long time. I would like to live there. It must be a lovely place. Are there many nice flowers? I wish you, Cousin Kate, a very Merry Xmas. With lots of love to the cousins and lots to yourself, Cousin Doreen.

[Dear Cousin Doreen, — I was so glad to get your letter this morning, and thank you very much indeed, dear, for your good wishes. I have been waiting for a long time for Cecil to tell me what book he would like for a prize. He won the Puzzle Competition, you know. Will you ask him to tell me as soon as he can? Isn't it a pity the yachts cannot sail on Lake Victoria? I think the Avon is such a pretty little river. Auckland is a lovely place, and we have numbers of most lovely flower gardens. I hope you will come and see them for yourself some day. Now I must stop, wishing both you and Cecil a very Merry Xmas and Happy New Year, from Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, — I would be very glad if I could become one of your cousins, like my sisters Edith and Amy, and get a badge as well. I have got two lovely white pigeons. They laid four eggs, and they are sitting on them now. I do hope they hatch. I have not named them yet, so would you mind giving me names for them? I was just ten years of age on November the 5th, and I am in the fifth standard. I think the fifth standard sums are very hard to do. My sister Edith has got a dear little black pony, called Johnny Hoy. She put him into the show, and he got third, although there were thirteen other big ponies against him. I think that was good, don't you, being such a little pony? Amy, my sister, left me in charge of her young ducks, because she was going for a trip to Kaikora with mother and daddy. I have got a pretty little cat called Tube, and it has got a

little kitten called Toddlies. Dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, so it is near my tea time. So good-bye, Anne.

P.S.—I will give a riddle for you and the Cousins: "What is that that goes up a hill and down a hill, and yet never moves?"

[Dear Cousin Anne, — I shall be very pleased, indeed, to have you for one of my cousins, and I will send you a badge at once. I hope you will like it. It is very hard to find names for one's pets, isn't it? How would Snowy and Powder Puff do, as they are both white? Alba means white, if you think Powder Puff too long. I expect Edith was very pleased when Johnny Hoy won a prize, wasn't she? I expect your ducks are quite grown up now, aren't they? They seem to grow up so quickly. Will you tell me the answer to your riddle next time, as I am afraid I can't guess it? Is it a path or road?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, — Just a couple of lines to wish you "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." I suppose you went to the bazaar. What did you think of it? I took Desmond and Valerie on Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed it very much. Yesterday Wilma brought in a book each for Desmond and Valerie. Desmond's is "Blazing Arrow," by Edward S. Ellis, and Valerie's the latest "Chatterbox." They are both very nice. To-day she gave me two lovely boxes of chocolates. I am awfully fond of chocolates, aren't you, Cousin Kate? Last week was Wilma's birthday, and she is now two. They all went away to Stratford to-day, so you may be sure we will miss Wilma. I think she is going to stay down there a year. Last Wednesday, December 16, my Auntie Evelyn and I went round to the breaking up of the Ladies' College, Remuera, and enjoyed ourselves very much. Olga goes to the college, and got a prize. It was a book which she delights in looking at. They were very lucky in having a fine day, so that it made it all the more pleasant. When the prizes had been presented some of the little children did a very pretty fan and ribbon drill on the lawn. Some of the older girls did dumb-bell exercises, which were also very nice. When these were finished afternoon tea was handed round in one of the school-rooms. While we were having it we were entertained with singing and recitation. On the whole we spent a very pleasant afternoon. Wouldn't it have been lovely on the water to-day? I was invited out in a yacht, and we were to take our luncheon, but I could not go. On Friday a friend of mine lent me a book with "Narcissus" in it, and I am trying to learn it. I think it rather pretty. Do you know it? Have you ever read "A Twofold Inheritance," by Guy Boothby? Mother brought it home from the library the other day, so I think I am going to read it. I am very fond of Guy Boothby's books. I suppose I will read Desmond's when I finish this. Judging from the pictures I think "Blazing Arrow" will be very interesting. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude. Once more wishing you "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."—From Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel, — Thank you very much indeed for the beautiful card you sent me, and also, dear, for your good wishes. Will you give my love and best wishes to both Valerie and Desmond, and thank them very much for the cards they sent me too. I would have written them a short letter each to thank them myself, but really haven't time. I think the bazaar was a great

success. I went several times, and enjoyed myself very much indeed. You will miss Wilma very much, won't you? Is she going to be away long? You must have had a very pleasant afternoon at the breaking up of the Remuera College. Sunday was certainly a perfect day, but I think I prefer to spend it on dry land. "Narcissus" is a pretty little piece, isn't it? I learnt it a long time ago, and I heard it beautifully played on a piano the other day. Well, Muriel, I really must stop now. With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, — I was very pleased to see my letter in print. We are having very nice weather here now. Our school picnic was on Friday to Governor's Bay. It was lovely going over in the steamer. It is a very pretty place, and a lot of people go there. The bush about there is lovely, and there are all sorts of creepers. We hunted about and found a lot of creepers to trim our hats and our dresses with. Then we had races for all the classes and standards. I ran and I won and got a bottle of violet scent. My other sister got a doll, and my brother got some marbles. The following is the way to play "touch wood": "One of us goes 'be' while the others go away; then the one that is 'be' must try and catch them before they touch wood. It is a very nice game for a cold day, and we always play it. I must now close with love to you and all your Cousins, I remain your cousin, Ina.

[Dear Cousin Ina, — I am so glad you had such nice weather for your school picnic. We are having very nice weather, too, but it is very hot. How long did it take you to get to Governor's Bay in the steamer? You were very lucky, weren't you, to all three win races, and get such nice prizes? You must be able to run very fast. I used often to play "touch wood" when I was young, but we called it "tiggly" touch-wood. As you say, it is a grand game for making one warm on a cold day. Well, Ina, I really don't think I have any more to say just now, so will close.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, — Doubtless you will be very surprised to get a letter from me, but as I am very anxious to add my name to your list of cousins, I thought I would write and ask you to accept me. I hope you will not disappoint me, for I assure you that you will find me a regular correspondent. I board at the same Convent School as Cousin Gladys, in Pukekohe, and I like it very well indeed. I have been here since I was five, and I am now fourteen, so that is a very long time, is it not, Cousin Kate? We had a concert here yesterday, as it was our breaking-up day. We also had a very amusing drama, "Mrs Willise's Will." Have you ever heard it? I took the part of Lady Spindle. The people liked it very much, and I am sure you would have enjoyed it too, if you were here. After the concert was over we all got our prizes; mine were for point lace, fancy work, and painting; they are such lovely prizes too, really I am quite proud of them. I am going home on Saturday for my Christmas holidays, over to Lake Takapuna. I suppose you often go over there. I think it is such a pretty place, don't you? To-morrow I was going over to see Cousin Gladys, but as the weather is so unfavourable, I

think I will have to postpone my visit until some fine day. I am enclosing an envelope for a badge. Cousin Gladys was showing me hers the other day, and I think they are very sweet indeed. Now dear Cousin Kate, I think I have told you all the news at present, so Au Revoir.—With love from Cousin Maggie.

[Dear Cousin Maggie, — I shall be very glad indeed to add your name to my list of cousins, especially if you are going to be a regular correspondent. Fancy being at our school for nine years, it is a very long time; but I suppose you will soon be leaving school altogether, won't you? No, I have never seen "Mrs Willise's Will," and I should like to have seen it immensely. I am glad you got so many prizes, you must have worked very hard during the year to do so well. Lake Takapuna is a lovely place to stay in, especially in the summer time. I suppose you are looking forward to your holidays, aren't you? I am sorry I haven't time to write more to you this week, but we are very busy, as Christmas is coming so close. With very best wishes for the Christmas season from Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, — I am writing you a few lines to let you know that I have not forgotten you. I was very pleased to see my photo in the "Graphic," and I am sending you a larger one, as the photographer has not done the fancy dress ones yet. The flower show was a great success. There were some very beautiful flowers and pot plants. Mother gained two second prizes, one for variegated ivy and one for foliage begonia. I think "Jungle Jinks" are very amusing. Don't you? Well, I must tell you I had a terrible adventure the other evening. I and two other girls were playing up an elder tree, when two boys came along and would not let us get down. We were in that tree from half past six till half past nine. We were so frightened. We were crying all the time, and mother was wondering where I was. Don't you think it was mean of the boys to keep us there all that time? I don't think I shall go up a tree again in a hurry. I went to Mount Pleasant to a garden party. There were a great many people there, and I enjoyed myself very much. I went to Montgomery's cinematograph, and liked it very much. My sister with the long name, has gone to Dunedin for her Christmas holidays. I promised I would tell you my other two names. They are Elizabeth Helen. Father Christmas will be here. I am going to hang up my stockings. Are you, Cousin Kate? Now, I will close by wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. With love to you and all the Cousins, from Cousin Ruby. P.S.—Next time I will send you a photo of the house.

[Dear Cousin Ruby, — Thank you very much indeed for the pretty Christmas card you sent me. It was very good of you to remember me. I received your photograph quite safely, too, and think it a very nice one indeed. I expect your mother was very pleased at winning two prizes, wasn't she? Does she grow her plants in a glass house. I think those boys who kept you up a tree for three hours deserve a good thrashing. Don't you know who they were, so that they can be punished? I am glad you enjoyed

**TRUMAN'S**  
**NURSERY**  
**LOTION**

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effectually destroys all Parasites of  
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LOTION and no disappointment  
can occur.

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Colonies.

yourself at the garden party, and at the kineumatograph. What are you going to do with yourself all your Christmas holidays? I think your name is a very pretty one, and it isn't any longer than mine, for I have three names as well as my surname, too.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—This is the first letter that I have sent to you. I wish that you will have me for one of your cousins. I like reading the Children's Page. I would like a badge very much, Cousin Kate. We have got a little baby girl, and she is six weeks old on Wednesday. We have been taking the "Graphic" over twelve months. We are having very bad weather lately. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Standard, and I am ten years old.—From your loving Cousin Ada.

[Dear Cousin Ada. I am very pleased indeed to have you for one of my little cousins, and I will post a badge to you to-day, which I hope you will like. I am glad you like reading the Cousins' Page, because I want all my cousins to take an interest in it, and to like writing for it. Do you like having a little baby sister, and what are you going to call her? I suppose you are having your Christmas holidays now? I hope you will enjoy them.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you will be quite surprised to get a letter from me again. I know I haven't written for ages, and I haven't an excuse, so I suppose I had better fall back on the old proverb, "Better late than never." Just fancy, Christmas is not three weeks off from now. There is to be a school concert held here next Wednesday, and from all account I think it will be a success. I hope so, anyway. The weather down here has been anything but pleasant lately; I do hope it will clear up soon; it's miserable if it rains on one's holidays. Last Sunday morning I went for a long ride in the

country—it was lovely, and the weather was perfect when I started, but before the day was out it just poured. I wasn't the only one that went out and got wet through. Dear Cousin Kate, are you fond of riding? I see some of the little cousins have been putting their photos in the "Graphic," they look quite nice. Dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, wishing all the cousins and yourself a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.—Yours truly, Cousin Jessamin.

[Dear Cousin Jessamin.—It is a very long time since you wrote to me last, and I quite agree with you that "Better late than never" is very appropriate this time. Your letter seems to have taken a very long time to reach me, as you speak of it being only three weeks to Christmas, and to-day is the 21st. Did you post it directly after you had written it? I am very fond indeed of riding. It is my favourite amusement; but, of course, I don't get much riding in town. When I go into the country for my holidays I try to make up for it by going out riding every day. I hope you will enjoy your holidays, and have good weather.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very glad you accepted me as a cousin, and I liked the badge very much which you sent me. To-day I went to the Pomsonby Regatta, and greatly enjoyed myself. Yesterday was our school picnic, and we went to Home Bay, Motutapu. It was a beautiful day, and we went in the ferry steamer "Osprey." I think it is a nice place to hold a picnic, as there is a nice flat to run on. As I was coming home from the picnic I found a little kitten. We might go to Takapuna for our holidays. I have no pets now but the kitten; but a few months ago I had some pigeons, which I sold. We had a Maggie, but it died a few months ago. We have got a fine turkey for Christmas dinner. I have one brother, but no sisters, who is five years older than me. I expected to write a longer let-

ter, but as it is late, I will close.—Yours truly, Cousin Leslie.

[Dear Cousin Leslie.—I am glad you were pleased with the badge I sent you. They are pretty, are they not? You seem to be having a very nice time indeed just now. It isn't often one can go for picnics two days running. I heard that the Pomsonby Regatta was a great success, but I was not able to go. Motutapu is a lovely place for a picnic, I think. I haven't been there for a long time now, though. Are you going to keep the kitten, and what are you going to call it? I haven't very much time to spare this morning, as it is so near Christmas. Wishing you a very merry Christmas and Happy New Year, from Cousin Kate.]

**Managed It.**

During a cricket match between the boys of two large schools, a player with more reputation than skill was asked to bowl. His first delivery pitched about half-way up the wicket, and was despatched by the batsman to the boundary. The second narrowly missed the "willow-wielder's" head, a smart piece of dodging on his part only just proving his salvation, and adding two runs for a bye. The third went wide, and the fourth was hit to the boundary for four. At this the captain lost patience, and cried:

"What are you doing man? Are you blind, or mad?"

"Neither," was the reply. "I am bowling for 'run-outs'!"

Strange to say, immediately after his following delivery one of the batsmen was run out!

Lives of great men all remind us  
That it isn't only pluck;  
We would do as well, or better,  
If we only had their luck.

**A Wonderful Dog.**

JOHN RILEY ROBINSON.

Whilst we were dining at the Restaurant, a solemn looking man walked in and sat close to the window, followed by a dog. As solemn looking as himself, which sprang into a chair and squatted, with its head held in a serious, almost human way.

The waiter stared at both; the stranger said,

"Show me the bill of fare." He glanced it through.

"Give me some 'ox-tail soup.'" "Give me the same,"

the dog said slowly, and the waiter stood scarce crediting his hearing; when the man

continued, "And a cup of coffee—strong. With lots of cream, "Give me the same,"

said, slowly as before. The waiter turned and fled into the kitchen, shuddering at such an unexpected spectacle.

A keen, shrewd man was seated near and heard

the double orders of the man and dog.

Putting his paper down, he turned and said,

"It must have been a heavy piece of work to train your dog to speak like that." "It was,"

the man replied. "I think so, too," the dog

chimed in. Still more and more amazed the man

inquired its price. "That dog is not for sale,

I could not bear to part with it at all."

"You'd better not," the dog exclaimed, in deep

and solemn voice. "I'll give you twenty pounds."

He shook his head; thirty was offered; still

the man declined to part with it. At last, when fifty pounds were offered, with a sigh

the owner said, "I hate to part with him. But, as you seem to fancy him so much

departed with his bargain; but the dog

said, "He'll be sorry for it, never mind, I'll pay him off, I'll never speak again."

The money was paid down; the purchaser,

who was the owner of a travelling show,

kept to his word, and never spoke again. Whilst his late master, counting up the

cash,

chuckled in secret to himself, for he

was a professional ventriloquist.

# PEARS

## Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants

TO

### THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

# King and Queen





**Good News for Some Boys and Girls.**

A Berlin physician has just started a campaign against the widely-spread practice of giving pianoforte lessons to children. He asserts that this instrument is largely responsible for the alarming development of nervous affections which is steadily increasing. In his opinion a girl ought not to begin the study of music before the age of sixteen years, and even after that age not more than two hours a day ought to be devoted to practice. Out of two thousand girls who were put to the torture of scale exercises before the age of twelve, six hundred are doomed to some form of nervous disease, whereas out of the same number of girls whose musical education was neglected only one hundred turned out neuro-pathic.

**The Choice of Jeffy.**

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell.)

"There's five!" Jeffy announced at dinner. He had spent nearly all the morning with them, and he was in the "addition table" at school, so he knew.

"Five? What a lot!" mama said, interestedly. "Are they all pretty ones, Jeffy?"

"Yes'm, all 'cept just one. He's ugly. I guess it makes him ache, for he keeps a-crying. The other thr—four"—Jeffy had not got to the "subtraction table" yet, so it was not surprising he said three at first—"the other four," he corrected himself, "are puffy beauties, yes, sir! You ought to see 'em, mama!"

At tea-time there was another announcement. This time Jeffy's face was radiant.

"I can have one!" he shouted, in his excitement. "Mrs. Juniper says so! She says I can have first choice—there!"

"Why, isn't that beautiful, dear!" mama said. "Which one are you going to choose?"

"Oh, I can't tell yet—sir! I'm going over every day an' decide. It takes a great deal of time. There's a white-an'-black one, an' a black-an'-white one, and two little Malties ones all over."

"And the ugly one, Jeffy."

"Yes'm, of course, the ugly one."

"Does it still make him ache?"

Mama's voice was pitying and gentle. "It must be awful to be as ugly as that, Jeffy!"

"He keeps on a-crying," Jeffy replied. He did not care to talk about the ugly one.

Every day Jeffy went over to Mrs. Juniper's to decide. He decided differently every day. Monday he chose the white-and-black Kitty; Tuesday, the black-and-white one; Wednesday he decided on the Maltiest Maltie one. But on none of the days—Thursday nor Friday—did he choose the ugly one. Jeffy thought it grew, if anything, a little uglier.

Friday at dinner Jeffy announced his latest decision.

"I think the Maltie one that isn't

quite so Maltie," he said. "That one's got such a puffy beautiful little face! But I'm going to take one day more to decide."

Saturday there was no school, and Jeffy could spend all the time he liked up in the sweet, clovery haymow deciding. He lay stretched out beside the little scooped-out nest in the hay, and stroked one after the other of the tiny, soft kitties with his kind little hands—

all but the ugly one. Jeffy did not stroke the ugly one. He was a little afraid to, for fear—but of course there was not any real danger. The idea of choosing the ugly one! Still, the little forlorn crying kind of hurt; you could not help hearing it.

When Jeffy went home on Saturday he had his kitty snuggled up in his blouse. It was purring as if it was having a beautiful time.

"Why!" Mama took a peep. "Why, Jeffy, it's the ugly one!"

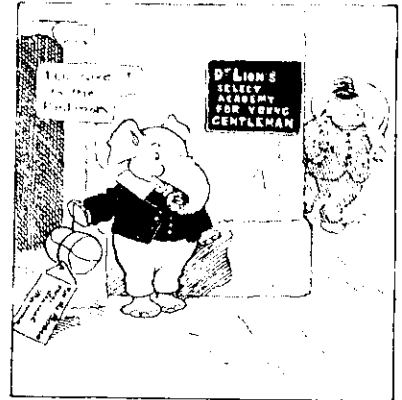
"He's a very nice kitty," Jeffy said, stiffly. Then he fell to stroking the warm ball of fur, and his kind little fingers were very tender. Then after a while he explained softly: "I took him up for a minute just to comfort him, because he was crying and so mis'ble, and I found out that he was the most loveliest one of all."

**X JUNGLE JINKS. X**

JUMBO SENDS THE BOARS A PRESENT.



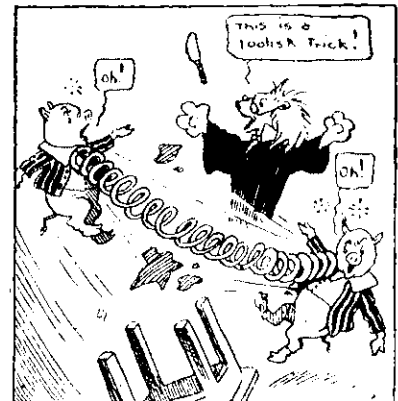
1. Those Jungle School boys are up to mischief again; I can tell by the naughty twinkle in their eyes. What is that parcel Jumbo is so busy fastening? Ah! that's what we all want to know. If we had only been a minute earlier we might have seen it!



2. The scene is changed, and now we see young Jumbo waiting to ask Postman Hippo if he will do him a favour and leave the parcel at the front door of the school, just as if it had come through the post in the ordinary way.



3. Now we see the two greedy little Boars waiting for Dr. Lion to cut open the parcel for them. Strangely enough, it is the same parcel that Jumbo gave to the postman. There is some mystery here! I wonder what is coming next?



4. "Bang!" Dr. Lion had no sooner cut the string than a great big spring jumped out of the brown-paper parcel like a jack-in-the-box, and lifted both the Boars off their feet. I'm so glad! It just serves them right for being so greedy in the third picture.

**Values that Amaze**

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Has imported NEW GOODS especially suited for

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ALL SOLID METAL.

Long Gold Muff-Chains from 32 6

A Large Selection of GEM RINGS New Designs, from 7 6

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Is Fear a Disease?

Being afraid is being ill. The specialists in fear can note its symptoms and follow their progress in our organisms just as the fever specialist notes the course of typhoid fever. It is as contagious as measles and as subject to epidemics as the "grip."  
Fear acts directly on the nerves and through them on all our faculties, commencing by that of movement. Sometimes it excites the motor nerves to such a degree that the victim must run and flee, no matter what comes; sometimes it makes them tremble convulsively. We are paralyzed, cannot budge.  
The capillary vessels which carry the blood to the skin contract or dilate, and the face either pales or blushes. The nerves no longer direct the motions of the heart, which strikes quickly like a clock out of order. A cry escapes your lips despite yourself, a sound which you wish to omit remains in your throat, because the nerves of the respiratory apparatus and those of the vocal organs are affected the same as the heart.  
"SCARED TO DEATH" LITERALLY TRUE.

Add to this the facial movements, the coming and going on the features of the grimaces which follow each other, or the strained masklike fixity with the cadaverous air of stupidity and you have the symptoms of fear.  
These physiological troubles can be so aggravated that death is the natural end. One man while passing a rough thought some one clutched at his feet. Instantly frightful images assailed his mind: he saw a figure rise from the grave trying to seize him; he died the same night. Another man expired from terror on the day that had been predicted that he would die. Many have fallen rigid while awaiting a death sentence; they die of the fear of death!

Surgeons know this better than any one else; how many times fear and not the knife has been the death of patients on the operating table. The famous Dussault traced on the skin of one of his patients the line along which he would make his incision; the patient exhaled one breath and expired.  
One can even die of a hypnotic fear. Some college youths determined to give an unpopular teacher a scare, and conducted him into a dark room, where they had arranged a block and a hatchet. He at first took all as a joke, but when they assured him that nothing could be more serious and that he was to be beheaded on the stroke of the clock, and, finally, when they laid his head on the block he grew serious enough. The appropriate motions were performed, his head was let drop from its rest, and when the handkerchief was removed from his eyes to notice the effect he was found dead.

**FEAR OF THUNDER MOST COMMON.**  
Medical dictionaries classify fear diseases as phobias. One of the commonest is the fear of thunder. The prof-

test example of this phobia is about Mme. Saint Hercur, a French dame who immediately made for the underside of her bed when it commenced to thunder, and ordered all her servants to pile on top of it, one above the other, so that should the thunder fall above her it would light upon the servants first and be softened in its descent.

The fear of water is another frequent phobia. There are people to whom it is a material impossibility to cross a bridge. This was the case of the Alsatian enrolled in the German army in 1870, who, rather than put his foot on the bridge, resolutely cast himself into the water, despite the orders of his officers and his subsequent punishment.

Two phobias, opposite in their nature, are equally common in extent—the fear of solitude and the fear of crowds. The latter is what is manifest every day by the country folk freshly arrived in town. The uproar in the streets, the passing of the vehicles startle them; they feel like beating a retreat to the railway station for the first train home.

## QUIET PEOPLE AFRAID OF ACTIVITY.

Others are afraid of travel. There are people even to-day who have never yet consented to enter a railway carriage. Men of studious habits, accustomed to live in the domain of thought, are often alarmed by every variety of action and by contact with reality. It is said of Carlyle that merely the thought of entering a shop made him unhappy. The idea of ordering a suit or of buying a pair of gloves prostrated him, while the thought of travelling alone with his wife after their marriage seemed simply inadmissible.

Perhaps the most curious form of the disease of fear is the disease of disease. A strange and numerous category is that of imaginary patients! They attack the doctors with their grievances and hold consultations without end. Everything to them is suspicious—the milk may be tuberculous, the water may be infected with typhoid germs. How can they enter a cab which might have held an infected person? In epidemics fear claims more victims than the malady proper.

There is a phobia familiar to actors, playwrights, and lawyers; it is stage fright, the fear of appearing before many people. Every dramatic author at his debut, every novice actor experiences it. One lawyer about to make his final grand appeal to the jury could only say: "Gentlemen of the jury, I recommend the accused to your severity!"  
**CONTAGION OF FRIGHT EXTENDS RAPIDLY.**

The disease of fear is contagious like all diseases that come from the nerves. It speaks in crowds with an unbelievable rapidity. How many times panics have altered the fate of battles! A cry suffices to displace ranks which bullets could not disband. There are examples of double fight. A Latin historian tells of a battle where both armies turned

their backs at the same time; the one fled, the other decamped.

There are veritable epidemics of fear in besieged villages in times of trouble, of revolutions, of famines. During the siege of Paris in 1870 every figure on the boulevards was a suspect, every candle in a window at night was the signal for an alarm; all was complicity, treason.

It is often said that in certain cases and in the presence of dangers which are real fear is not only excusable but natural and legitimate. It is nothing of the sort. Instead of yielding to fear, which deprives us of our means of defense, better redouble courage in order to defend ourselves; or, if all defense is useless, we can at least face the danger and look at it without lowering the eyes.

## ANTICIPATION WORSE THAN ACTUAL DANGER.

Besides, the idea of the danger is generally more frightful than the danger itself. Note the fact that the better we are acquainted with a danger the less we fear it. "Professional courage" develops in the miner in the mine, the guide on the precipitous mountain path, and similar vocations. Exchange their roles and each will be afraid.

The best time to conquer fear is in childhood. In many excellent families, on the contrary, fear is often actually cultivated in the children. When they are disobedient there is immediate talk of a "boggy man" or the police. Instead, any germs of courage should be encouraged with appeals to dignity, honour, duty, and self-respect.

## Jilted Girls.

A normal woman would not be soured by being jilted. She would only be a little wiser, a little better able to judge between the true and the false afterward. She would not be so ready to trust all men, but would have just as much faith in the one man as ever, should she love again. For faith, hope and love are the natural heritage of the normal woman. These qualities are as much a part of her life as life itself. There are girls, of course, whose natures never recover from the shock of being jilted. The wise girl, however, recognises that it is better to be jilted before marriage than neglected afterward. She may love him dearly, and yet willingly give him up on hearing that his heart has changed toward her. Probably the worst sorrow a girl can know would be hers, with the knowledge that his heart has gone from her to another. But even then, if she truly loves, she would not feel bitterly toward him. She would lose her child-like, gushy trust which led her to believe all men good and noble. She would be better able to distinguish between the false and the true as a consequence. And if she loved again, after time had healed the wound, it would be in the same blind, unreasoning, trusting way, if she was the normal woman.

## How Widows are Successful in Catching Men.

The widow is more anxious to please than to be pleased, and a man can stand the most copious draughts of adulation; in fact, he can be intoxicated by the widow's subtle glances, and in such an intoxication he reveals with a smile of ineffable content.

The widow caters to his whims. She is too wise to argue with him. She knows that arguments are the crypts of friendship and the everlasting doom of love. She understands that when a man leaves his business office he wishes to leave there all cares and perplexities. Consequently she does not try to force her opinions on him.

The widow does not object to tobacco; she knows that a man loves his cigar with a more slavish devotion than he could love any woman, whether it be sweetheart or wife.

The well-bred widow is always gracious. She may or may not care to marry again, but having grown accustomed to a husband's comradeship, she enjoys the society of other men. Her graciousness is charmingly apparent when greeting her friends.

The young girl fancies that indifference is a spur aggravating a man's fancy. The widow knows that a man's vanity is flattered by her gracious reception of him, and when either talking or listening she is animated and interested.

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**AIR-TIGHT LEAD PACKET.**

**Women Who Make Money Out of Motoring.**

The motor-car has opened up dozens of new industries and fresh ways of money-making.

But it is curious how few English women have taken up the motor from a business' point of view.

Let us turn to France and see what the smart business woman there is able to make out of the motor-car industry.

The oldest motor-car newspaper in France, "Le Chasseur," is owned and edited by a lady, M<sup>me</sup>. Lockert.

She is an elderly woman, with grown-up sons and daughters, but is still a famous motor whip, joins many long-distance races, and has had some terrible hair-breadth escapes while mountaineering 'mid snow and ice on her motor-car.

At the last Agricultural Hall Motor Show this enterprising lady was represented in a business sense by a feminine partner, who did very well for her principal.

M<sup>me</sup>. Lockert exhibited some interesting motor inventions and patent novelties of a most ingenious kind.

Then there is M<sup>me</sup>. Longuemare, in Paris, who will sell you a pair of automobile goggles or a motor-launch.

You can order from her establishment a magnificent motor-car, or a balloon fitted with the latest fashion of lunch-table for midair repasts, and a special cooking apparatus designed for culinary purposes at so many thousand feet up in cloudland. For you cannot boil water for your tea and coffee at some altitudes without a special scientific kitchen outfit.

Motor milliners, automobile tailors, mask makers, veil purveyors and inventors of myriad ingenious dust-protectors—all women—abound in Paris.

And then there is M<sup>lle</sup>. Dupre—or, as she prefers to be called, Miss Bob Walter, who is perhaps the most famous among the many French women who make money by motors.

She owns and manages, with the help of a large feminine staff, a huge garage and motor-car showroom in the Avenue de la Grande Armee, which in Paris is known as the automobile quarter.

"Miss Bob" is a real expert and a matchless business woman. You may generally find her at her big "shop" dressed in a faultlessly fitting white moleskin motor costume, and invariably wearing a big bunch of Parma violets and a white motoring toque.

Take her a second-hand car, and she will tell you within a few centimes exactly how much it will sell for. If you want a car repaired she will skilfully calculate the estimate for alterations, and for making old motors into new. You can store your car here or have it renewed or remodelled, for she has a staff of experienced mechanics on hand day or night.

Miss Bob will let you have a lovely car on hire at so much an hour. It was she who "let out" the car to the Paris doctor who was recently the hero in that famous motor-car elopement which took the world by storm.

It was the old story of cruel parents

spoiling love's young dream by wanting a richer son-in-law.

So the doctor took sympathetic Miss Walter into his confidence, and a high-powered, swift car enabled the eloping lovers to laugh at a stern parent's slower pursuit.

Here in England one or two ladies are slowly adopting giving lessons in motor-car driving as a profession. A few women ambitious of becoming skilful drivers prefer that their teacher should be of their own sex.

Some mothers, in the case of a young daughter wishful of driving the family car, like this instruction to come from a woman rather than from a foreign chauffeur.

It cannot be said at present to constitute a lucrative calling, since the demand is very limited.

But it is very pleasant work for a woman imbued with motor enthusiasm. It means, sometimes, visits to country houses while the instruction is being given, and if the instructress be a gentlewoman she receives social advantages and an average of three guineas a week during the teaching term.

No woman should undertake this unless she has a talent for mechanics and the skill to undertake minor repairs and the patching of punctured tyres.

It is easier work than a lady gardener's post, or than dairying, and in the future will become a recognised open-air profession for gentlewomen.

**Hints About Sausages.**

Sausages that are bought sometimes burst when being fried, even after they have been pricked. To prevent this, they should be blanched for five minutes in boiling water, to which a little salt has been added, and then fried. A very nice way of serving the ordinary pork sausage is as follows: Blanch the sausages as suggested above, fry two onions, cut two tomatoes in slices, and have ready some mashed potatoes. Now procure an ordinary piedish, and lay the tomatoes on the bottom, seasoned with the fried onions, pepper, salt. Arrange over them the sausages, and flatten each out till about half an inch in thickness. Now bake them in a quick oven, and, when cooked, dish up on a border of mashed potatoes, and on the top of each round place a lightly poached egg; sprinkle a little chopped parsley over them, pour a little sauce round the dish, and serve some in a boat separately. These medallions can be wrapped in a small piece of pig's caul (thin), dipped into beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fried. Serve tomato sauce with them.

**Household Hints.**

A little dry mustard rubbed on the hands will remove the smell of fish from them, or any other disagreeable odour.

When ironing linen, should it get scorched, rub it with a damp cloth and iron it again immediately, and the scorch marks will disappear.

The marks made by a black smudgepan on a scullery sink may be removed by sprinkling some common soda in the damp sink, and then scrubbing it with a hard brush till the black marks have vanished.

However damp boots and shoes may be, they will polish in a few minutes if a drop or two of paraffin oil is added to the blacking. This will also prevent the leather from cracking.

A good furniture polish is made by mixing together half a pint of methylated spirits of wine, half a pint of common vinegar, and half a pint of raw linseed oil.

Cheese may be kept from getting mouldy if the cut part is rubbed with butter and then covered with paper. It is needless to say that cheese should be kept in a dry place.

When the tongue of a boot gets old and rusty-looking, rub it with a little salad oil and ink mixed in equal parts.

To clean and renovate gilt frames, boil three or four onions in enough water to cover them, strain the result carefully, and brush the liquor over the frames. This treatment will also keep flies away from the frames.

If a teaspoonful of common salt is put into a lamp burning paraffin oil a clear, steady, bright light, without smoke or

smell, will be the result. The wick should also be frayed at the end, and be soaking in the oil for about an inch.

Ink stains may be removed from mahogany furniture by putting a few drops of spirits of nitre in a tea-spoonful of water and touching the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture. On the ink disappearing, rub it over with a rag wetted in cold water, otherwise a white mark, which will not easily be effaced, will be left.

**Where Women Ride Astride.**

There is much discussion nowadays as to whether a woman is at all justified in riding otherwise than on the dangerous side-saddle which fashion has decreed to be the conventional seat for the fair sex while indulging in horse-back riding.

And yet the fashion of riding astride as men do is but a return to an old custom, at one time universal, and even now considered quite natural in some countries. Indeed, up to the sixteenth century, side-saddles were unknown in the Old Country, while the old custom survived still longer on the Continent.

It was not until nearly the close of the eighteenth century that riding like a man was done away with entirely in Germany, for there is a picture, painted in 1760, of Amelia of Saxony, Goethe's friend, riding to the hunt in distinctly masculine fashion.

At the present day it is quite the usual thing for ladies in Cairo, Persia, Brazil, Chili, and the countries of Southern Europe to ride in this manner.

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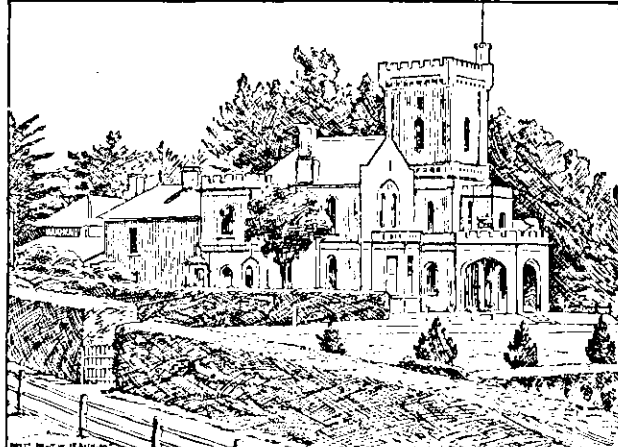
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### Why Widowers Make Such Pleasant Husbands to Get Along With.

A girl remarked not long ago, with reference to the impending marriage of a friend, "Really, and the man a widower?"

Does this mean that a prejudice exists against widowers? Evidently it does, but why? There is surely no good reason why they should not make as desirable husbands as any man; indeed, one would think they would make better husbands upon the whole.

Do they not, having been married, know all about woman's little ways, her little eccentricities, her humours, and such like? They should, for in these things one woman is singularly like another.

The main argument in favour of girls marrying widowers is this, namely, that widowers know what to avoid, as well as what to do. The one is as important as the other, if not more important.

A widower knows the kind of things which offend or raise the temper of women, he has learned when it is unwise to use his tongue; he understands the many signs which show that trouble is likely to arise, and in obedience to them, he acts in a manner calculated to keep matters going smoothly.

Then the "greenness" is off a widower. He has had experience of married life, and can guide a wife in many ways, and he is more tolerant than the average hot-headed youth; he knows that woman is a creature of moods and fancies, and acts accordingly. Therefore, a girl marrying a widower will, certainly, have much more of her own way than if she married a single man.

The first year of married life is usually a somewhat difficult time for a young wife. She has so many things to learn, so many trifling items to discover; and, of course, if she married a bachelor he is in the same boat.

The first year is a time of surprises—some pleasant, others distinctly the reverse.

If a girl marries a widower, however, she won't have such a long time of the surprise business. He will be able to teach her many things. The girl, in fact, is in the hands of one who, if he be a sensible man, is a capital tutor and wise counsellor.

If any little trouble connected with the household arises, or any untoward event happens, she has but to go to him and he will usually be able to show her the way out.

Now these things greatly trouble a young and inexperienced couple. They don't know what to do; often enough a neighbour has to be asked for advice. One can thus see that the girl who marries a widower has an easier time of it from the very start than if she married a youth who had never been through the matrimonial mill.

A young couple, too, are often bothered with relations, some advising one thing, some another. You have no idea what a nuisance relatives are to a newly wedded couple. But the widower will soon put his foot down on that sort of thing; he remembers what it was before. He will have none of it, and relatives are kept at a distance.

It cannot be explained here all that this last sentence means, but if any girl asks a few married women about the bother connected with relations she will see her eyes opened with a vengeance.

Do you begin to see the advantage of marrying a widower? It is very great, indeed.

A widower, having been married, knows the right kind of women to select as friends for his wife; the average young man cannot be expected to gauge the character of different women accurately. The married man can, as a rule, and thus the girl who weds a widower is kept right, so far as society goes.

It has been said that a widower makes a harsh husband, but this is not true. He may not be so loving or sentimental as the average youth, but there is more real worth in the love he does display.

A widower is really very tender with a girl, and treats his young wife with great respect, and as something to be greatly treasured.

It must be granted that a girl who marries a widower does not thoroughly appreciate what the early days of matrimony really mean, in the usual sense. Her life is much smoother; there are not the worries, the battles, the inconveniences, the struggles, which are so common when two single persons wed.

The girl who weds a widower has an easier time of it in every way.

There is no reason why a prejudice should exist against widowers. They make excellent husbands—not over-loving, perhaps, but good, honest, sterling men are they in the majority of cases. So, if any girl who reads this gets an offer from an eligible widower, let her not miss the chance, but accept him at once—that is, of course, if she loves him.

### Blonde Hair is in Great Demand in America.

The present duty on human hair imported into the United States is 20 per cent. ad valorem; if manufactured, that is, in the form of switches or wigs, the duty is 35 per cent.

The United States imports every year a considerable amount of human hair, the countries which are the chief sources of supply being Germany and Sweden.

For some reason, about which hair-dressers are not agreed, there is a much larger demand for blonde than for dark hair, and for many years Swedish girls, who have usually very thick, blonde hair, have in the peasant districts supplied the world's market with that shade of hair. The Swedish blonde hair is thicker and lighter than the German hair, and for that reason is more easily dyed to a satisfactory shade.

In all countries from which there are reports, the number of blondes is decreasing, while the number of brunettes correspondingly increases. As the partiality of purchasers runs just the other way, and there is a steadily increasing

demand for blonde hair, it has become almost impossible to supply it, and other countries besides Sweden and Germany are drawn upon. France is one of them. Italy, and especially Sicily, is another.

Spain yields little. Spanish girls, who are proud of their hair, will not sell it.

The hair of commerce from France, which manufactures fifty tons of human hair a year, equivalent to 100,000 switches or wigs, comes largely from Brittany, where blondes predominate. Norman and Breton girls are usually blondes, and almost invariably have luxuriant and fine hair.

England is now importing human hair, manufactured, from France to the value of \$500,000 a year. The United States imports human hair to the value of \$350,000 a year, chiefly from Germany.

The trade in hair has for many years been largely monopolised in France by reason of the general acceptance of French hair dressing as the standard of fashion. New York "Sun."

### Boom in Scents.

Women are using more perfumes now than for a long time, and they have novel ways of introducing fragrant articles into the wardrobe. One often sees a soft mass of pink, pale blue, or lavender—probably pink—glimmer faintly through the front of a dress bodice, and fancies that it is the dainty satin bow of the lingerie, but the bit of colour possesses a sentimental interest not connected with an ordinary satin bow, for it is nothing less than a silken heart, (made with ribbon loops and filled with cotton batting and delicately

scented with sachet powder. Not only do women wear these pretty satin hearts in the fronts of their lingerie, but they have small puffs of perfume tied with a ribbon in the centre of a lace-trimmed or coloured silk embroidered handkerchiefs, which they tuck in their sleeves to distribute the fragrance of their favourite perfume through the clothing. Society loves a novelty in the way of a perfume, as it enjoys a change in the style of dress and the flavour of a new dish, and every season there is a vogue for special new toilet essences. During autumn and early winter the popular scents will be those which society women are now adopting—a new and very strong essence of violets, a lasting and fascinating perfume, a penetrating yet delicate fragrance, which does not disclose its identity with any one flower or scent, and Oriental sandalwood. Other new toilette essences of the season are one with a delicate suggestion of old Spanish leather, another a true reproduction of the fragrance of Southern jessamine, sweet orchid (a peculiar and pleasant perfume), and lavender, of which Parisian women use a great deal.



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**La Vida CORSETS**

**THE NEW "LONG HIP" LA VIDA.**

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The above model retailed from 18/6 up. Stocked by all the leading drapers in Australia and New Zealand.

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**More Disquieting Feasts Given in the Smart Society.**

The equestrian dinner given recently in New York, at which the guests dined on horseback, has had many rivals in point of eccentricity.

A little over a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Meyer, of 32 West Ninety-seventh street, New York, gave one of the most remarkable entertainments on record. The meal began at 11 o'clock on the morning of March 3, 1902, and lasted until 4 a.m. the following day. The guests numbered twenty-six, and they all arrived in full evening dress. The table was spread with a typical American breakfast, consisting of grape fruit and tangerine oranges, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, cafe-au-lait, etc.

Toward 1 o'clock, however, the meal began to resolve itself into a luncheon, at which game, cold meats, and champagne were served. This was followed by coffee and liquors over which the guests spent several hours in speech-making and general conversation.

As the hour of 4 p.m. struck the doors were thrown open to admit "the ladies," who were each given a cup of tea by Mrs. Meyer. It is hard to believe it, but that cup of tea eked out with much "talkee-talkie" lasted until 9 o'clock, when the meal once more underwent a change, finally settling down into a very sumptuous dinner, in which all the guests joined. The last course was served at midnight, the remainder of the time up to 4 a.m. being occupied with coffee and more conversation.

Though this remarkable seventeen-hour breakfast is said to have been "very successful," the fact remains that no one has since been found with sufficient courtesy to follow Mr. and Mrs. Meyer's example.

A gruesome dinner was given a year ago by the Franklin Experimental club at Newark. It was called a "death feast," from the fact that everything connected with the decorations of the table was symbolical of death. A dozen human skulls each fitted with a small electric bulb, hung over the table, and shed a weird glow over the guests. The goblets were also formed out of skulls, while the plates were decorated with the same dread emblem, together with cross bones.

Even the spoons and forks were fashioned with handles typical of some portion of the human skeleton, while the salt-cellars were human skulls in miniature. The feast, which began at midnight, concluded at dawn, when the lights were switched off and the blinds raised, the effect of early day breaking upon the death feast being more weird even than the glow which had previously shone from the sockets of the twelve skulls.

A very pretty idea for a dinner party was lately carried out by the "Oozoo" club of New York. It was held in the

drill hall of the armoury, and the dining-table used was probably the biggest piece of furniture ever employed for the purpose, being twenty-five feet wide and forty feet long. Only a strip of the board one foot deep from the edge of the table was set out, the centre being left uncovered. When all the guests were seated and the first course was in progress, Mlle. Ermani, a celebrated American danseuse appeared on the table, and entertained the diners with some remarkably clever and graceful dancing.

At the conclusion of the feast, the young lady, sitting on a bank of cushions placed in the centre of the curious stage, was toasted by the gentlemen, the ladies meanwhile showering upon her strips of various coloured ribbons. This charming form of entertainment was repeated subsequently in several parts of the States.

"Swan" dinners have been popular in America for many years, though they have not yet made their appearance in England. In the centre of a huge table is a miniature lake, ornamented with natural grasses. On the water live swans float preening their feathers and stretching their necks toward the diners. The "monkey dinner" given by Henry Lehr of Newport last year is still remembered, while at an entertainment, at which the De Rozzkes, Mme. Nordica, and Mme. Eames were present the novelty of the banquet consisted of chubby little coloured baby, which was brought in on a silver tray and placed on the table before the astonished guests.

**Feet and Nose Betray the Character.**

The human character betrays itself in every hand and every foot, and even on the human nose, if the observer only knows where to look and how to apply his observations.

Phrenology and palmistry are well known, but the art of pedomaney is the latest means of ascertaining the true character of the individual.

Domestic comfort is denoted by having "the second toe humped above the rest, at the same time escaping a corn." On the other hand, or foot, small feet cramped by small shoes mark their owner as possession of "vanity and great courage. A short, thick, stubby foot with rather large ankle shows "not so much executive ability as dogged perseverance."

Beware of the man whose ankles turn in; "he is generally mean and selfish," and "women who stand on one foot are full of ideas and originality." This duck-like attitude is certainly unusual. People who cross the feet or stand on one side of the foot are irritable, eccentric, talented and uncertain. An addendum is the declaration that mentality

is marked on the heel. A network of small lines denotes great versatility and skill in art and literature, while a smooth surface of heel is a sure sign of a placid non-working brain.

The long second toe means a masterful mind and is a clear indication that the owner of the long second toe is the ruler of the domestic household. Short, stubby toes indicate two things: First, that the owner went shoeless when young, and, secondly, a great firmness of character.

A high instep shows a nervous person, easily excited and as easily fired. A low flat instep marks the man who gathers together the money and holds it.

Wide-spread feet indicate in a man a disposition to stop and consider before he acts, while a swinging foot that looks as if it was about to hook into its mate shows irresolution and lack of determination.

In a woman a long, narrow foot always shows high breeding, and a small foot does not always appear desirable, as the exceedingly small ones mean a weak and submissive character.

Nosography is more. It hails from Austria, where much research has been devoted to the study of noses as an indication of character. A small nose indicates lack of moral vigour, a flat nose lowness of intellect, a pug nose indelicacy, a drooping nose dullness, while the Roman beak proclaims strength of will, and the Grecian prolepsis goes with a refined character.

These are merely the rudiments of nosography; there are subtler signs such as a thin bridge (shrewdness), two lateral prominences (literary skill), wrinkles on either side (wealth), and large nostrils (courage). It is disconcerting that a man's character should be thus writ in his nose that all who join the Nosographical Institute may read. Can a man conceal his nose? When a bulbous-nosed individual sees a fellow passenger in the street ear eyeing his prominent purpled organ, it is useless to attribute it to indigestion; the nose spells, as plainly as if it spoke, "Black List," to the observant stranger.

Finger nails are also signs. Broad finger nails denote timidity and gentleness; ambition and pugnacity are told by narrow nails. A short-nailed woman "will criticise her friends and foes, but she will also criticise herself with the same severity. The best dramatic and literary critics possess this nail." In-

growing nails denote luxurious tastes. This illuminating clue to character should be written in every man's hat as a spur to economy. Before leaving the hands the manner of their clasping must be set forth. A frivolous woman interlocks her hands with the first finger between her left thumb and first finger. People who place two fingers of one hand between the thumb and fingers of the other are deceitful and not to be trusted.

The greatest difficulty which professors of the science of teeth reading have to encounter is the increasing resort to the dentist for artificial molars. Otherwise long and narrow teeth may be believed to denote vanity and projecting teeth avarice. When teeth overlap incunancy is to be expected, and small white molars bespeak a treacherous nature.—Chicago Tribune.

**Women Who Hate Men.**

From time to time strange instances crop up of women who not merely remain unmarried of their own free will, but carry their antipathy to the opposite sex to most peculiar lengths.

Thus, one of these is utterly resolved to have nothing whatever to do with men on any pretext. All her food is bought of women, and consequently meat never appears on her table, since there is no female butcher in her neighbour hood.

Not long since a handsome legacy was refused, simply because it came from a man, while instances are known of women who make it their boast that they have neither spoken to nor allowed one of the opposite sex to cross their thresholds for a quarter of a century and upwards.

But probably the bitterest man-hater of modern days was an Austrian lady, who at the time of her death was engaged in perfecting an elaborate plan for the ultimate extinction of the male sex.

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# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Having quite recently wished you "A Merry Christmas," I must now add the rest of the old formula, and wish you "A Happy New Year." I hope that it will bring all of you its full measures of happiness and success.

Bathing costumes are vastly different nowadays from the hideous blue serge garments of yore which had not the faintest pretensions to any sort of shape, and rendered the wearer unsightly however liberally endowed by

Nature with a graceful figure. A smart bathing dress is given in my illustration, which, though simple, is neat, and allows the wearer thereof plenty of freedom in the water. Nowadays when nearly every girl swims the question of weight has to be considered, for some materials become very heavy when wet, and would seriously impede the movements of the wearer in the water. Navy blue or scarlet are the best colours for bathing costumes, although

some more daring individuals adopt stripes or pale colours, such as pink or blue. These latter, however, soon fade and look ugly.

## TO IRON LAWNS.

To give lawns, white or printed, a look of newness that nothing else can impart, take two ounces of fine gum arabic, powder it, put it into an earthen jar and pour over it a pint of boiling water, cover and let it stand over night.

In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it. Make your starch in the usual way to stir into it a tablespoonful of this gum water. To whiten white soiled lace, baste the lace to a sheet folded twice. Mix starch and water to a paste in a bowl; spread this paste on the lace and put it in the sun. When the starch is perfectly dry rub it from the lace carefully. If the lace is not clean repeat the process.



Smart Modes for the Races.

torian period, and is intended to be worn carelessly draped over the arms. White chiffon composes it, painted by hand with groups of cherry-coloured and mauve flowers, and there are ruffles at the edge of soft billowing chiffon. The parasol matches the set in every detail.



A SERGE BATHING DRESS.



SUMMER FROCK IN SPOTTED MUSLIN.



LOVELY WHITE AND CHERRY-COLOURED HAT, SCARF AND PARASOL.



LADY'S SHIRT BLOUSE.

A trim, jaunty blouse that is becoming to most figures and sometimes new in its unique arrangement of narrow and wide tucks, is developed in white China silk, although any of the shirt blouse materials is suitable to the mode. One particularly good feature of this model is the placing of the tucks where the fullness is most needed to give a pretty, stylish blouse. Pongee will develop a charming blouse after the mode. If desired, the front plait, collar and cuffs could be trimmed with bands of Oriental embroidery.



LOVELY WHITE AND CHERRY-COLOURED HAT, SCARF, AND PARASOL.

A COMBINATION OF PRETTY THINGS.

Dresses all white, worn with coloured millinery, a coloured scarf, and a coloured parasol, look charmingly quaint. The set depicted in this column would make a charming accompaniment to a toilette for the races, or some great garden fête in a country park. There is quite a rustic air about the dainty vandykes of white chiffon with cherry-coloured embroidered edges that overhang the brim of the hat, above a softly gauged white lining. At the top of the hat, cherry-coloured velvet mingles with small scarlet cornflowers, arranged with precision quite flat upon the brim, and at the back the note of colour is again struck by a number of loops of cherry velvet.

The very wide scarf that accompanies this hat is reminiscent of the early Vic-



FOR THE RUSH TO THE SEA.

A black pongee silk bathing costume, trimmed with lace and black silk braid and mother-of-pearl buckles.

A navy blue serge trimmed with cream woollen insertion.

A cloak of red molleton with large white spots with hood and high collar, fastened with red satin ribbons. Dutch cap of oilskin with red woollen rosettes.



**A DETAIL.**

"Grace is greatly worried. She can't decide where to go on her bridal tour."  
 "When is she to be married?"  
 "The date hasn't been fixed yet."  
 "Whom is she going to wed?"  
 "That's another detail that is yet to be arranged. But she has her trousseau all ready."

**FULL!**

Editor: "I am sorry to hear, Parson, that you are displeased with the church announcement in our last issue."  
 Parson: "Displeased! Read this, sir. Next Sunday evening the Rev. Mr Parsons will speak upon the devil. The address should be well worth hearing, as Mr Parsons is always full of his subject."



**VERY MAGNANIMOUS OF MIGGS.**

Mrs. Miggs: "Alfy, promise me you'll never describe me as your 'relict.'"  
 Alfy: "Dearest, I never will! I'd die sooner!"

**CAUSE WHY.**

"My boy," said a kindly old gentleman, much disposed to reason the matter with a youth of ten summers whom he caught puffing vigorously at a cigarette, "I wouldn't smoke these things if I were you. I didn't when I was a boy." "When you were a boy," retorted the young hopeful, "they didn't make 'em!"

**A PATIENT SERVANT.**

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Elmer, who was telling about his life and experiences in the Sandwich Islands. "Yes, sir; we had one of the laziest cooks you ever saw." "Is that so?" politely asked one of his nieces. "Indeed, yes. Many's the time our dinner has been two or three days late just because she waited for the volcano in the back yard to erupt, so she could broil the steak over it instead of kindling a fire in the range."

**KIND AUGUSTUS!**

Augustus Edward found his beloved weeping bitterly when he called. On asking the cause she explained: "Ma has no respect for my feelings at all. The servant was giving my sweet pet Fido a ride in the baby carriage, when ma lifted it out by the neck and put the baby in its place. Wasn't it cruel?" "Aw, it was dreadful, don'tcher-know. Just say the word—aw—and I will lift the baby out by the neck—aw—and replace the dawg!"

**PLATED GOODS!**

"She always said she would never marry an insipid foreigner," said the young woman.  
 "She did worse," answered Miss Cayenne: "she married an American young man who does his best to be an imitation of insipid foreigners."

**NOT EDUCATED.**

Mistress: "Can you draw this fowl, Bridget?"  
 Bridget (who has been brought up on praties and buttermilk): "No, mum; Oi can't wroite, let alone draw!"

**DEAD EASY.**

"And now, my son," said the father, "as you are about to go into business for yourself, it is well for you to remember that honesty is the best policy. And," continued the old, "if you study the laws, you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

**MAN!**

A little girl was asked to write an essay about man. The following was her composition: "Man is a funny animal. He has eyes to see with, hands to feel with, and is split up the middle, and walks on the split ends."

**A FREE SHOW.**

Winks: Did you ever notice that, during hard times religious revivals always start up, and the long empty churches are sure to be filled? Jinks: Yes. "How do you account for it?" "Salvation's free."

**THEN SHE TRIED.**

"I read the other day," he said, "of a fellow who hypnotised a girl and then kissed her." "You're not a hypnotiser, are you, George?" she asked. "No," he replied. "Why?" "Because," she remarked wistfully, "I believe I'd be a splendid subject."

**STOPPED TO SOON.**

Indignant Patron: You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?"  
 Dr. Quack: Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed."  
 "My son took your medicine for a year, and then died."  
 "My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it for two years."

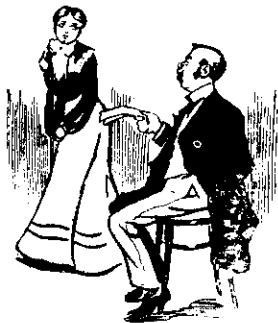


**MADE IT YAWN.**

Toothless Tuttle: "See this yawnin' chasm?"  
 Lop-eared Lewis: "Yep. What made it yawn? Did you tell it that there story about how you licked three grizzlies singlehanded?"

**HARD TO PLEASE.**

"Whatever's the matter with the little fellow, my lad?" said a lady to the elder of two boys. "He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."  
 "Well, didn't he have a cake also?" "Yes'm, and he cried while I was eatin' that too!"



**THE CALF WAS INNOCENT.**

Mrs. Henpeck: "On the 25th of the month we will celebrate our silver wedding. Don't you think we ought to kill the fattened calf, and ask in the neighbours?"  
 Mr. Henpeck: "Kill the calf? I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

**NOT NECESSARILY THE SAME.**

Harold, who is the little son of a minister, was talking with his mother regarding his future career, and after some little reflection he said, "Well, mamma, I'm going to be either a minister or a Christian when I grow up."

**SMART!**

"They say," said Tommy's mother, as they were watching the "Armless Wonder" wind his watch, write his name, and do other remarkable things with his toes, "that he can play the piano; but I don't see how." "That's easy, mamma," replied Tommy, "he can play by ear."

**HER IDEAL.**

Ethel: Look quickly, dear! there goes young Mrs. Strait. She married her ideal of a husband. May: I wonder what her ideal of a husband is? Ethel: A man who will allow her to do just as she pleases, without letting her know that he knows he's letting her do it.

**WILLING TO STUDY.**

"Mabel, dear Mabel," said the young man in passionate tones, "do you think you could learn to love me?" "I don't know, George," said Mabel, thoughtfully, "but I'm willing to apply myself studiously for the next few weeks and see."

**SUPPLEMENTARY.**

He: "There's something I want you to make for my birthday present."  
 She: "Why, I've already made your birthday present. I sent it to you yesterday."  
 He: Yes, I got that; now I want you to make a diagram showing me what it's to be used for."

**A REAL GOOD TIME.**

"I feel happy to-day," said the club woman; "I haven't a thing in the world to do. Not a club to attend. I am going in for some relaxation. I'm going to clean house and have a good time!"

**WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.**

Hicks—"We had a great time at the club last night. Sorry not to see you there, Charley." Mrs. Porter, (after Hicks had gone)—"Why, Charles, you told me you spent the whole of last evening at the club." Mr. Porter (with great presence of mind)—"So I did, my dear. The reason Hicks didn't see me was because he wasn't there himself. Trying to deceive his wife, probably." Mrs. Porter—"The wretch! And he would try to rob me of the confidence I have in you. I always did see something about that man I didn't like."

**STARTED OVER AGAIN.**

Smart City Man (to assembled rustics)—"If a herring and a half cost three halfpence, how many could you buy for a shilling?" Farmer Wurzel (after fifteen minutes' deep deliberation)—"Errins, did you say?" City Man—"Yes, herrings," Farmer Wurzel—"Drat my rags, 'an I've been a-reckonin' haddocke."

**QUITE PROBABLE.**

Schoolmaster—"Now, Muggins, minor, what were tthe thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind when the apple fell on his head?" Muggins Minor—"I expects he was awful glad it warn't a brick."

**THE BRUTE.**

Neighbour: I hear your husband has had his life insured for a large amount. Mrs. Sourface: He has, has he? Just like him. Gone off and insured himself for a fortune and he hasn't insured me for a penny.

**EASY FOR HIM.**

Wife: How did Mr. Billkins manage to pass that Civil Service examination which you failed in? Husband: Billkins took his little boys with him, and the boys coughed him. They had only left school a few weeks.



**MERELY THINGS OF BEAUTY.**

First Fisherman: "Just give that bit o' lead a bite atween yer teeth, will yer?"  
 Second Fisherman: "Ain't yer got no teeth of yer own?"  
 First Fisherman: "I got some, but there ain't none of 'em opposite one another."

**CORRECT.**

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student): And now, remember that to a physician humanity is divided into two classes. Student: And what are they, doctor? Old Dr. Grimshaw: The poor whom he cures and the rich whom he doctors.

**A BAD PAYER.**

"De world may owe you a livin'," said Uncle Eben, "but you's got to push de claim, 'case de world ain't sittin' up nights worryin' 'bout its debts."

**POSSIBLE.**

Father: "Really, my boy, you ought to devote more of your time to the study of modern languages. Why, when I was your age I could speak French as well as I can now."  
 Son (who has no very high opinion of his father's linguistic ability): "I can quite believe that."  
 Then the father felt uncomfortable.