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"PLEASE HAND ME THAT."

WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO A WELL-KNOWN SOAP ADVERTISEMENT.

People Talked About

Jules Verne.

There are probably few men under the age of fifty who have not a warm corner in their memory for the French writer to whose magic pen they owed so many thrilling hours of boyhood; and it was with no little anticipatory delight, when I was spending a few days in drowsy Amiens, writes the Paris correspondent of a London journal, apropos of the rumours of the novelist's blindness, that I was promised by a mutual friend a peep at M. Jules Verne and the home where he weaves his spells for boys the whole world over. As we were ushered into the courtyard of No. 1 Rue Charles Dubois one delicious afternoon recently, and I caught my first glimpse of the quaint, picturesque house, crowned by its round tower, and flanking two sides of the little quadrangle, I began to understand how it was that Jules Verne could dream such wonderful dreams; for the very atmosphere with its peacefulness and its silence, broken only by the distant, happy shouts of children at play, began to cast its spell over me. Through a large conservatory, green and cool with towering palms and bright with many-coloured blossoms, we were ushered by the pleasant-faced *bonne* into a lovely salon, through the open windows of which I saw a vista of velvety green lawns and brilliant flower-beds, and, most fascinating sight of all, our hero surrounded by a group of clamorous children, evidently inviting him to join them in their romps. A moment later, however, he had torn himself away with a laugh and was greeting us in the salon, with true, old-world French courtesy. The Jules Verne I saw was by no means the Jules Verne I had mentally pictured; but he was, if possible, more attractive and charming. Picture a fairly stout, white haired and bearded man, with dark, restless, humorous eyes, full of kindness; a suit of black,



MASTER VICTOR CADOGAN HARRIS (late of Palmerston North), the clever child violinist who has just gone home to complete his musical studies. Whalley, photo.

is unconquerably modest, and will talk of anything in the world but himself and his work; and if we had not been joined by his charming wife, who has been his loyal helpmate for more than half a century, I fear I should have come away little wiser than when I went. "You must come and see my husband's study," this delightful old lady insisted, and we gladly followed her through the conservatory and up a winding staircase, until Mme. Verne threw open the door of a tiny chamber. "This," she said, "is where my husband does all his writing—his 'den' I call it, for while he is shut up here he is as inaccessible as the Liann of Thibet!"—this with a playful and proud glance at her husband. The room was characteristic of the man, for it was evidently a room to work and not to play in. In front of the window, looking out towards the beautiful cathedral of Amiens, were a couple of tables before which stood a capacious arm-chair. Behind the chair was a simple, narrow iron bedstead, and around the walls were a few pictures, and busts of Shakespeare and Moliere. "Winter and summer," Madame continued, "my husband is at his desk at five o'clock in the morning; and from that hour until eleven he works away, without pausing, at his writing and his proofs. And this he has done for more years than I like to remember, haven't you, Jules?" The author modestly assented, and was kind enough, now that the ice had been broken, to explain his methods of work. "Writing is not the easy thing with me it is with some authors," he said. "I really don't know how many times I re-write my stories; but quite half a dozen times. I plan a story first of all completely in my head, then I map out the different chapters, and prepare my first rough draft in pencil, leaving a wide margin for corrections. When these are made, I write it all out again in ink and send my MS. to the printer. At this stage my real work begins, for as the proofs come in I revise and add and strike out, often re-writing a whole chapter, until by the time I have finished my last proof there is scarcely a word remaining as it was in the original draft." "And yet, Monsieur," I said, "you produce two complete books a

only relieved by the red button of the Legion of Honour, and throwing into relief his grand head and the silver of his hair: and you have a fairly life-like picture of the genial host who bade us welcome, and inundated me with polite inquiries as to my stay in Amiens. Like so many great men, however, M. Verne



THE RISING NEW ZEALAND COMPOSER, CLARICE BRABAZON (Mrs Horace Stebbing), whose arrangement of the song "Two Veterans," and whose waltz, "The Countess," have scored a signal success.



MR HORACE STEBBING, the Popular Auckland Baritone, whose staging of his own song, "Two Veterans," was a feature of the concerts at the Veteran's Home Bazaar.

year?" "Oh, yes," he answered with a laugh, "I always manage that, somehow, and I generally have four or five stories in hand. I am now writing a story which won't be wanted until 1905. But come and see my library;" and we were ushered into a large room lined with thousands of volumes in serried ranks, and ranging from the classics of Rome and Greece, and volumes on scientific and antiquarian subjects, to the latest French novel and the last volume of poor G. A. Henty. "Yes," he said in answer to my remark that many of his books were English, "I love your English authors, and in fact everything English. Dickens I have always revelled in; he is my hero; and your boys' books by Fenimore Cooper, Marryat, Stevenson, Henty, and others, I read with the utmost pleasure. I think, though, my favourite among all stories is the 'Swiss Family Robinson' which I have read a score of times with fresh delight. But surely this is enough about books and myself; come into the garden and let me introduce you to my little friends. I warrant they will entertain you more than I can." And, indeed, the most abiding picture of a charming visit was that of this most youthful of patriarchs playing hide-and-seek behind the shrubs and bushes, with the ringing laughter and keen enjoyment of a boy of ten.



Lion Hunting.

A young Auckland, William George Whittington, son of Mrs Whittington, of Hargreaves-street, Auckland, has had a rather adventurous and peculiar experience in South Africa. He was a volunteer in the New Zealand Fifth Contingent, and after the war he fell upon very bad times, and his money running out, he went up north hunting for lions and leopards with Captain Adam McAdams. They had the luck to kill two full grown lions and some leopards, and then encountered a lion and lioness with three cubs. Whittington got two of the cubs and his mate one, with which they succeeded in reaching Bulawayo. They sold the cubs for £60, much less than could have been obtained at Johannesburg or the Cape, but the risk of losing them from some of the prevalent animal epidemics induced the captors to make the best bargain they could, and not take any further risk. Whittington says in his letter: "I came here, hearing such a lot about Johannesburg, but I am sorry now. There are thousands out of work here, many starving, and eager to get away, and every place from Salisbury to Capetown is the same."



The Roxburghe Wedding.

Curiosity in the Duke of Roxburghe and his young American wife has not been confined to the place whence so many sensations come. Vulgar curiosity dogs their steps with a most em-

barrassing persistency, as witness the following account of their trip to Paris: "In some respects the journey from Cherbourg to Paris was the most remarkable feature of their trip from New York. The privacy which was rigidly maintained on board the Kaiser Wilhelm II. had to be abandoned, and the overwhelming curiosity of their fellow-passengers, especially the women, who had hungered for five days for a good look at the Duchess and her toilette, was at last satisfied.

"The Duke and Duchess were among the last to leave the Kaiser Wilhelm II. They went immediately to the saloon of the tender, where the Duke secured two corner seats. As soon as their whereabouts became known the other passengers flocked to the saloon. A number of women sat down directly opposite the Duchess, and carefully scanned her gown. Two of them audibly speculated as to the probable cost of the magnificent set of sables and ermine that she wore.

"This scene was watched by the Duke with undisguised annoyance, but the Duchess was not at all disconcerted. She chatted laughingly with her husband, and when the stare of the passengers at last became too impudent she deliberately dropped her veil. The veil was of exquisite lace, and it caused as much interest as had her furs.

"The Duke and Duchess were the last passengers ashore. They lingered for some time in the Customs shed, but as the business of opening luggage was quickly suspended when their presence became known, they passed to their compartment in the sleeping-car train. Then it became known that the Duke and Duchess would eat their dinner in the ordinary dining saloon, instead of having it privately served, and there was a wild scramble for the first dinner series.

"One German-American lady who was booked for the second series offered to buy the seat of a fellow countrywoman who was fortunate enough to be placed near the Duke and Duchess, but the latter declined to part with the privilege.

"The place of vantage, a corner seat at the table directly opposite the bridal couple, was secured by a Philadelphia politician. Throughout the meal he watched them eat with sympathetic interest. The apartment held 22 passengers besides the Duke and Duchess, and fully one half of them paid more attention to the pair than to their own appetites.

"Several Americans sitting with their backs to the Duke and Duchess did not hesitate to turn round every other minute, and as the train unexpectedly slowed up on one occasion, a woman's voice asked shrilly, "What is she eating now?" The Duchess went through the ordeal with good humour and unconcern, but the Duke did not apparently share her feelings.

"When they left the table souvenirs were in great demand. A rich brewer from one of the Western States secured the Duchess' menu card, and one woman was quite aggrieved because she could



MR SOWDEN.

Who navigated the Yacht *Kia Ora* back to Gisborne after the death of the ill-fated Mr Buckeridge, who was attempting a round-the-world voyage in the little craft.

not purchase from the dining-room attendant a silver fish knife used by the Duchess. When the train reached the Gare St. Lazare some passengers lingered on the platform, despite the lateness of the hour, to get a farewell glimpse of the couple.

"They remained, however, in their compartment with drawn blind until the intruders had left the station, and were then driven rapidly to the Ritz Hotel, where a suite of rooms on the first floor, overlooking the Place Vendome, had been reserved. They remained in their rooms until dinner time, lunch being served privately.

"A statement having been published that the Duchess intended to buy a large amount of jewellery before leaving Paris, including some magnificent pearls now on the market, a shoal of agents appeared at the hotel. There were likewise many persons desirous of selling the Duke motor-cars and other articles, but the Duke did not even know that they had called."



Mr. Lewis Waller.

Mr. Lewis Waller, the well-known English actor, is the ideal hero of romance, the hero splendid, who pays the penalty of stage popularity by being pestered by silly women, to his own infinite discomfort. He was born in the Basque provinces of Spain, and there is in his veins, eminently British though he seems, a touch of Jewish blood that has probably been of no small effect in the constitution of the actor's temperament. Give him a trusty sword and mediæval surroundings and you would swear that he would cut his way through all odds to his goal and the end of the fifth act. He does it all so naturally, and that is what makes his rendering of such parts the perfect thing it is.

In private life Mr. Waller has a good deal of the strenuous character, which is associated with him on the stage. He

is, for example, an ardent motorist, who loves the excitement of a fast run on a dark night, and his early motoring days were starred by adventures of quite a thrilling order. One of his first feats was to attempt a ninety miles spin to Dover, which he expected to reach at lunch time. He turned up at 2.30 the following morning, and, besides innumerable breakdowns, recorded weird experiences on a trackless bog, and a narrow escape from being eaten by bull-dogs. Nowadays, having bought his experience, a stray summons or two provides all the excitement he needs. At a certain news agent's in a particular suburb of London there is a larger demand for Mr. Lewis Waller (on the theatrical postcards which are having such a vogue just now) than for any other player, male or female. He is preferred in the picturesque costume of Monsieur Beaucaire, but when the news agent has run out of the Imperial romantic actor in this disguise, enthusiastic customers can always be persuaded to buy him as he appears standing majestically behind a bold sporting waistcoat known as a "Tattersall," for which order of garment Mr. Lewis Waller, who loves a country life (having to lead a town one), entertains an unmistakable regard. Mr. Lewis Waller should follow the example set by Miss Marie Tempest, and make his admirers pay a small fee for his signature, for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. At Brighton recently Miss Tempest had no less than 50 requests for her autograph, and in complying with all of them, did so only on condition that the transactions should not be of the "something for nothing" kind. In this way the popular heroine of "The Marriage of Kitty" was able to make the Actors' Benevolent Fund the richer by a substantial sum of money, a pretty fan, a tablecloth and some books. If all actors and actresses were to do as Miss Marie Tempest does without the fashion for autograph portrait post cards lists, the Actors' Benevolent Fund would, in all probability, become one of the richest charity organisations in the world. And when, in consequence, it was summertime once again for the distressed of the profession, there would be no lack of fans for tempering the unaccustomed sunshine, no dearth of tablecloths for the improved supply of food, and no need for a Carnegie library.

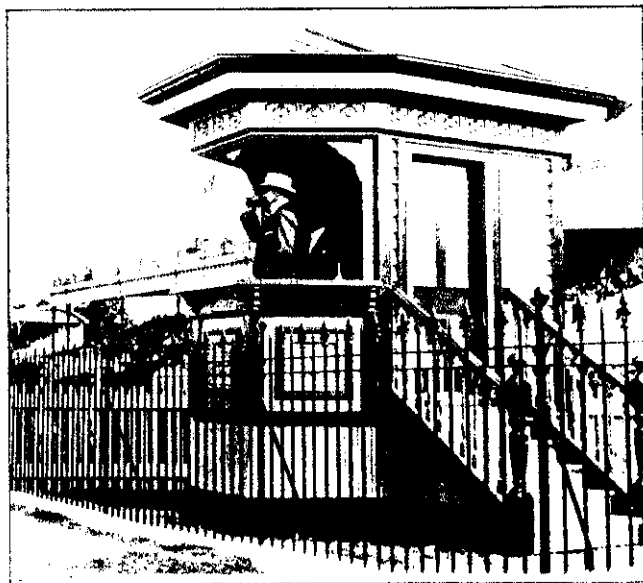


Mr. Carnegie's Hobby.

People have suggested that Mr Carnegie's hobby is the distribution of free libraries all over the country, but this is not so. In his younger days, when he was principally occupied in making money, Mr Carnegie had but one hobby, he occasionally took a day off and went fishing. Since then he has always been an enthusiastic angler, and recently he has had salmon and trout hatcheries built on the banks of the Kyleecks, about three miles from Skibo. Mr Carnegie is so fond of the sport that he has taught his little daughter to use a rod and line.



MR. G. W. WHITTINGTON AND HIS PETS.



MR. R. B. LUSH (Judge) in the new Judge's Box on Ellerslie Racecourse.

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 **unequaled 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. Beautiful forest, river and lake scenes. **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 Uterine 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 of 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 "glibby" 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 Malfoy 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. Owing to 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 2/- 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 Balmaceda, ARTHUR S. WOHLMAN, M.D., B.S., London, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Eng., is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by WILLIAM B. CRAIG, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.) Either of these medical officers may be consulted as to 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. Thence 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, 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 Baring Gould. Natural hot mineral private baths are provided; also, hot air and douches 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 (12,349 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 huts 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. Moats are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mt. Earnshaw (6300 feet) Paradise, the Roubidoux, Rere 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 25 miles lands the traveller on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 28 miles long) is Glade House, a valuable 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 (1004 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 G. WARD, K.C.M.G.

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

Cable Address:—"MAORILAND."

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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

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⇒ A RACE WITH RUIN. ⇐

By HEADON HILL.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

"SHADOWS IN BEAKER-ST."

Inspector Croal was a rapid reasoner, and, having recovered from the shock of finding that the beautiful Miss Beauchamp, whom he had met in the "best society" at Barfield, was engaged in sending out "snips" from a sordid room off Fleet-street, he at once assumed that Sir Charles Royslance was aware of the fact.

And the further question at once arose: Had Sir Charles any knowledge—above all, a guilty knowledge—of the crime in the gorse?

One thing was very certain. It would be worse than useless now to make a direct appeal for information to these people.

Having come to this decision, rather than run the risk of recognition by Nance, he cut short his visit and took his departure, after exchanging a few racing commonplaces with the blind prophet.

"Broken-down swells!" was his thoughtful comment as he crossed the landing under the skylight, beyond which another "broken-down swell" was covering and listening, a sight of whom in that place by the detective would have altered the course of this story and made the difference between life and death to some.

Ah, Nance Beauchamp! Nance Beauchamp! You little thought when you practised your ruse for getting Lord Hooligan out of the way how far you went towards defeating your ends; and what a load of sorrow you would have saved yourselves and others if you had waited till Croal's keen eyes had had a chance of connecting your father's brutal "honeymooner" of the Angler's Rest!

She came tripping up the stairs with her empty basket, and found her father very pleased with himself.

"If that was really a detective he got nothing out of me about Hooligan," the old gentleman chuckled. "Much as I should like to see his lordship put to confusion, honour forbade my giving him away. But how did you come to know a policeman by sight, my child?"

"He—Inspector Croal—was pointed out to me the other day."

"I suppose he came to see if we are running our business honestly," said the former owner of Beauchamp Grange, proudly conscious of his integrity. "You had better call that cubbish scion of the peerage down, now that the boy has gone away."

Nance assented, and, taking the chair to stand on, unfastened the skylight; but it was not till he had been trebly assured that there was no stranger in the office that Hooligan would descend. At last he swung himself on to the landing, haggard of eye and dishevelled as to his garments.

"Has—the fellow gone?" he queried, shooting furtive glances at the door.

"I have said so three times already," replied Nance contemptuously. "I cannot tell, of course, whether he will return."

"Well, then, I'll be off for a drink, and I shan't be back to-day, at any rate," Hooligan muttered: "But see here, Miss," he added, savagely, "if you play hanky-panky with the business because I don't happen to be on hand to look after it, there'll be trouble. Understand that."

With which he turned and went down the stairs without entering the office, relieving Nance from the fear that his suspicions might be aroused on finding that she had posted the letters during his concealment.

But now that he was gone, and she

knew that so far her stratagem had succeeded, reaction set in, and she asked herself to what lengths she would go in preserving silence on what she had seen and heard in the gorse patch. She was appalled by the perilous path on which she had entered, but she tried to comfort herself with the feeble casuistry that she had no intention of defeating the ends of justice. When she should have rectified the injury done to Sir Charles Royslance, and was therefore able to justify herself to him, it would be time enough to make the revelations. To inform the police at present would entail exposures which she simply could not face, but which she would force herself to endure as soon as "Parker's Lightning Finals" no longer meant ruin for Sir Charles.

She would not mind being known as "the girl from Parker's" then—let the world say what it might.

The remainder of the day passed quietly, and Nance took advantage of Hooligan's absence to substitute her own circular announcing Starlight's breakdown to all subscribers as applications came in by successive posts. When she locked the door of the office at six o'clock and guided her fathers tottering footsteps down the stairs she felt all the elation of a general who has started a prosperous campaign, but she did not know that Inspector Croal, in the garb of an elderly City man, and with his dogged jaws covered with a trimly clipped false beard, was seated on the roof of the bus that took them home.

To Mr. Croal's matured experience it was mere child's play to shepherd the girl and her father to the dreary thoroughfare. They got down at the corner of Beaker street, and Nance was far too busy with her blind charge to observe the persistent "shadow" that followed them to Frank Bremner's door.

The inspector walked on to the end of the street, shouldering his umbrella with the air of a born City man, and then turned back with a sigh of satisfaction. The spirit of the chase was in him, and the chase had led him to within a few doors of the public-house which the murdered woman's brother had mentioned as his house of call. That was a combination that excited infinite surmise, and Mr. Croal bent his steps to the Union Jack with keen anticipation.

As he re-passed Bremner's house Bremner himself came out and also made for the same destination, walking so fast that by the time Croal turned into the saloon bar he was already in conversation with Mr. Tidmarsh. Croal smiled inwardly as he saw the lawyer's clerk "palm" a slip of paper into the bookmaker's hand.

The detective planted himself as near as possible to Bremner and Tidmarsh in order to prove the efficacy of his disguise, and soon gathered, from the bookmaker's vacant stare, that he was not recognised. He could not, however, get quite close to the pair by reason of a young man who lounged at the counter between him and them.

Croal called for a whisky and soda, and while sipping it listened hard to what passed between Tidmarsh and the man who had come out of the house to which he had shadowed his quarry. But the talk was all about racing, and the inspector was on the point of making himself known to Tidmarsh when something caused him to stop. The young man next him had quietly touched Bremner on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Mr. Skinner! You in these parts again!" exclaimed the clerk, turning round. "I didn't know you out of livery."

"Got a night off," said the laconic groom. "Have something with me, sir."

Bremner accepted the invitation, and naturally began to talk with the man who was treating him. Croal, himself a pastmaster in the art of "pumping," soon saw that the smart young man was trying to steer the conversation to a certain subject, and he pricked his ears still further when he discovered that the subject was the girl in whom he himself was interested.

"Saw her the other day when you were driving through the street, eh?" said Bremner drily. "Yes, she's a nice girl, and she and her father lodge with us. Not your sort and my sort, old man. Regular swell folk, but none too much cash. You don't mean to say you've gone and lost your heart to her on sight?"

"Something of the kind," Skinner admitted. "I was thinking, Mr. Bremner," he went on in his level, passionless tone, "that if you'd let me drop in as your friend of a Sunday afternoon I might run across her, perhaps."

"Then, my boy, you'd better get that notion out of your head sharp," said the shiftless clerk with unwonted decision. "You might as well cry for the moon. Firstly, you wouldn't have the ghost of a chance with her, because she's a lady born. Secondly, you wouldn't see

her if you did come to the house, because she's taken to going out of town on Sundays to visit some swells up the river. She went last week, and I fear from the missus that she's going next. And thirdly, Mr. Skinner, with all due respect, I ain't the chap to annoy a girl, lady or otherwise, by making my humble abode a meum for shoving strangers on to her."

"Oh, no offence," said Skinner. "I'm sorry I spoke." And, declining Bremner's invitation to "have another," he abruptly quitted the bar.

"This is a pretty deep undercurrent," Mr. Croal murmured to himself. "Who can that chap be, I wonder? He's on the same clue as myself—foxing after my slippery young lady, and there's precious little love at back of it, so far as he's concerned. If I'm not mistaken, he got all he wanted in that piece of news about the Sunday trips up the river, or he wouldn't have cleared out so quick. Never asked her name, either, so he must have known that already."

Mr. Croal finishes his whisky, looked into the empty tumbler for inspiration, and frankly confessed to himself that he was in a fog. That was a state of mind that always galled him, for to do him justice it seldom happened. To put an end to it he held out his hand to the big man on the stool.

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"Good-evening, Mr. Tidmarsh," he said.

Mr. Tidmarsh, not recognising him, scrutinised his palm for a betting slip, and, not finding one, gazed at him blankly, while Bremner winked at the barmaid in amusement. Tidmarsh was regarded as something of a joke at the Union Jack.

"Lord, but you're well got up," murmured the bookmaker, as Croal went close and revealed himself in a whisper. "Found anything?"

"I've found this," the inspector replied, producing the blank sheet of newspaper which he had unearthed at the Angler's Rest. "Seen anything like it before?"

Tidmarsh's eyes lit up with swift wrath. "That lion!" he snarled. "Yes, I had a letter from her on paper like that—the time she was away in the country, you know."

"Did you notice the postmark?" But Mr. Tidmarsh had not been so observant. As he pointed out, there had been "no call for such eunesses" then. He had thought that his sister was enjoying a happy honeymoon.

Resisting the bookmaker's importunate curiosity, Croal replaced the paper, and was about to fish for an introduction to Bremner, with a view to finding out who had been the young fellow who had evinced such an interest in his lodger, when a diversion occurred.

A dainty, flaxen-haired little maiden of some six summers, with a clean white pinafore over a thread-bare black dress, peeped shyly into the bar, and, catching sight of Bremner, came forward with greater confidence. At the moment the clerk was chaffing to the barmaid, who drew his attention to the child.

"Hallo, poppet!" he cried, turning to the child. "Anything the matter?"

"Please, daddy, will you come home, mummy says. The man in podestun has tumbled in the fire and set alight to himself."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

The little one delivered her message with a shrill distinctness that rang through the saloon bar, and Frank Bremner flushed for very shame. It was too true. On returning from work that afternoon he had been met on the doorstep by his weeping wife with the intelligence that there was a broker's man in the kitchen in respect of the last quarter's rent. With characteristic levity he had remarked that it would be all right, and had straightway gone round to the "Union Jack" to endeavour to right matters by investing some of his few remaining shillings with Tidmarsh.

But this exposure before his boon companions brought him up with a round turn. Even to the careless loungers of a saloon bar it does not look pretty to be drinking and trafficking with a bookmaker in an avowedly sporting house when the home is in danger of disruption; and, his selfishness being more of the head than the heart, he acutely felt the implied rebuke of the glances shot at him.

However, the summons called for immediate attention, and, taking his little daughter's hand, he was making for the door when Croal accosted him, after

whispering to Tidmarsh not to disclose his identity.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I couldn't help over-hearing," said the inspector. "If there's been an accident I might be of service, and shall be most happy—mutual friend of Mr Tidmarsh, Bayly by name. I've been through an ambulance class, and can render first aid if required."

"Come along then," replied Bremner, too perturbed to offer thanks. "It is only a few yards up the street."

On entering the house by the basement door they were confronted by a strong smell of burning and by groans from the kitchen, where they found Mary Bremner and Nance Beauchamp bending over a little wizened old man propped in an armchair. His singed coat had been removed, and lay on the table, emitting evil odours.

"He's getting better, I think," Mrs Bremner informed her husband. "The poor old fellow says he was weak for want of food and fell as he was crossing the front of the hearth, setting fire to his clothes and burning his hand before I could help him."

It was an anxious moment for the inspector when Nance looked up from her ministrations to add indignantly:

"His employers must be perfect brutes. They only pay him ten shillings a week, and though they knew he was starving when they sent him here they wouldn't advance him sixpence to buy a meal."

But the disguise held good. In the ponderous, elderly city merchant there was no resemblance to the square-jawed, keen-eyed detective of the previous Sunday at Barfield-on-Thames. As a matter of fact, Nance thought the inspector was a surgeon.

"Allow me," he said, and kneeling by the chair he examined the burn, called for sweet oil and cotton wool, and soon made the patient comfortable.

Eased of his pain, the man in possession sat up feebly and looked from one to the other of the kindly faces round him with dog-like gratitude. He was very old—75 at least—and a Hebrew of the Hebrews. Croal said to himself, "about the Jewiest-looking Jew outside of Whitechapel."

"May Heaven bless you all, who ought to be my enemies," he wheezed. "Hands that might will be raised against me have bound up and healed. And I cannot repay—I cannot repay! I, Moses Cohen, who have a son fawning on the fat of the land, sleeping in down, and driving in gaudy equipages, can offer naught but the grip of the law to those whom I would fain endow with all good things."

"All right, old chap; don't let the personal question worry you. Heaven knows it's no fault of yours that you're in charge of my sticks," said Bremner with bitter self-reproach, but adding in his whimsical way: "Perhaps that rich son of yours would lend us a bit to be going on with."

The little withered atomy in the chair thrust forward his beak-like nose and bared his yellow gums in contemptuous grimace. "My son help anyone," he chuckled, as though the joke tickled him. "He might lend you money if you had fat bones to pick, broad acres to foreclose on, or a reversion un-

der a will; and naked you would be as at birth when he had done with you. But to such as you his purse-strings would be shut. Me, his own father, he turned penniless into the street ten years since—because there was something he would have me do at which my soul revolted."

Exhausted by his tirade, he sank back in the chair, but Croal reassured them that there was no cause for alarm.

"I'll look after him for the present. You want to put the children to bed, and Mr. Beauchamp is taking a nap and won't need me just yet," said Nance to Mrs. Bremner.

"They go by their own name here, anyhow," reflected Croal, adding aloud, "Well, the patient seems to be in good hands and as I can't do any more for him I'll be off. By the by, Mr.—ah! Bremner, thank you—I thought I saw you talking at the Union Jack to a young fellow I know in the city—Deaken of Highbury?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That was Skinner, groom to Leopold Tannadyee, the big West End moneylender. His governor is a client of our firm—that's how I know him."

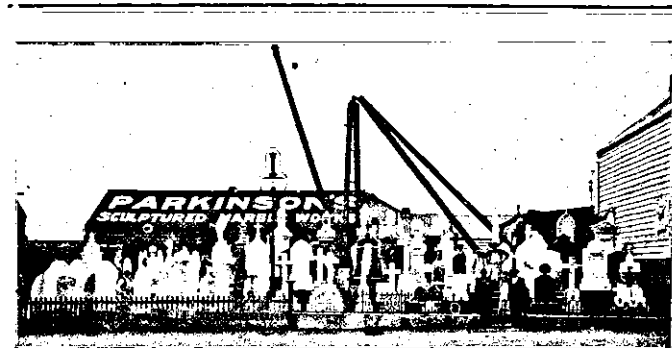
Was it the pain of the burn that sent a sharp spasm across the parchment countenance of Moses Cohen at that moment? Nance thought so, and bent

over him soothingly, murmuring words of comfort.

That was the picture which the inspector carried away in his mental vision—a fair girl with a face full of womanly pity tending the aged and none too cleanly scarecrow whom chance had committed to her mercy. "She isn't a bad sort, whatever her part in this little piece is," the detective told himself, as, having pooh-poohed Bremner's tardy thanks, he walked away up the street. "But Leopold Tannadyee's groom. Where does he come in? Or, by jingo, is it his master who's so curious about her Sundays out?"

(To be continued.)

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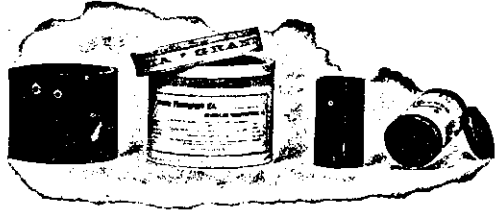
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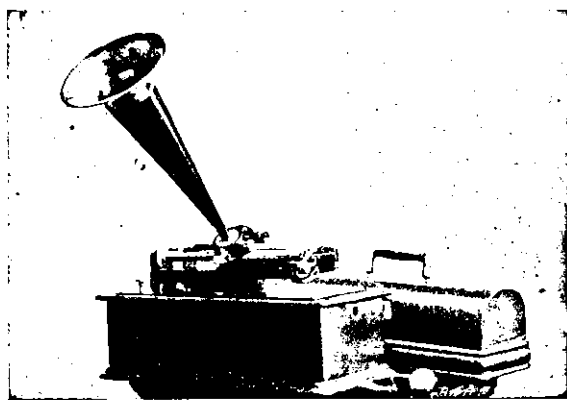
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IN DOUBLE HARNESS

By ANTHONY HOPE.

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

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Suzette Bligh was staying at the Courtlands—that Suzette who had been at Mrs Raymore's party, and was, according to Christine Fanshaw, a baby compared with Anna Selford, although ten years her senior. She had neither father nor mother, and depended on her brother for a home. He had gone abroad for a time, and Lady Harriet had taken her in, partly from kindness (for Lady Harriet had kind impulses), partly to have somebody to grumble to when she was feeling too conscientious to grumble to the children. This did happen sometimes. None the less, the children heard a good deal of grumbling, and in Suzette's opinion knew far too much about the state of the household. They were all girls. Lucy, Sophy and Vera, and ranged in age from thirteen to nine. They took to Suzette and taught her several things about the house before she had been long in it; and she relieved Lady Harriet of them to a certain extent, thereby earning gratitude no less than by her readiness to listen to grumbings. Tom was little seen just now; he came home very late and went out very early; he never met his wife; he used just to look in on the children at schoolroom breakfast, which Suzette had elected to share with them. Lady Harriet taking the meal in her own room. It was not a pleasant house to stay in, but it was tolerably comfortable, and Suzette, not asking too much of life, was content enough to be there, could tell herself that she was of use, and was happy in performing an act of friendship.

Of course, the question was how long Lady Harriet would stand it. The little girls knew that this was the question; they were just waiting for mamma to break out. They had not disliked their mother in the past; occasional fits of temper are not what children hate most. They endure them, hoping for better times, or contrive to be out of the way when the tempest arises. Cracks with any implement that came handy were the order of the day when the tempest had risen; but on calm days Lady Harriet had been carelessly indulgent, and, in her way, affectionate to the girls. But now the calm days grew rarer, the tempests more frequent and violent. Fear grew, love waned, hatred was on its way to their hearts. They had never disliked their father; though they had no great respect for him, they loved him. They regarded him with compassionate sympathy, as the person on whom most of the cracks fell; and they quite understood why he wanted to keep out of the way. This was a bond of union. They had even vague suspicions as to where he went in order to get out of the way. They had listened to their mother's grumbling; they had listened to the talk of the servants, too. Suzette was no check on their speculation; they liked her very much, but they were not in the least awe of her.

"Will you take us for a walk this afternoon, Miss Bligh?" asked Sophy, at schoolroom breakfast on Sunday. "Because Garrett says mamma's not well to-day, and we'd better not go near her—she's going to stay in her own room till tea-time."

"Oh course, I will, dear," said Suzette Bligh.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with mamma, really!" declared Lucy, "only she's in an awful fury. I met Garrett coming out of her room, and she looked frightened to death."

"Ah, but you don't know why!" piped up Vera's youthful voice in ac-

cents of triumph. "I do! I was in the hall just behind the curtain of the archway, and I heard Peters tell the new footman. Papa was expected last night, and mamma had left orders that she should be told when he came in. But he didn't—"

"We know all that, Vera," Sophy interrupted, contemptuously. "He sent word that he'd been called out of town and wouldn't be back till Monday."

"And the message didn't get here till twelve o'clock. Fancy Miss Bligh!"

"Well, I'm glad you're going to take us to church, and not mamma, Miss Bligh."

"I hope she won't send for any of us about anything."

"I hope she won't send for me, anyhow," said Vera, "because I haven't done my French, and—"

"Then I shouldn't like to be you if you have to go to her," said Lucy, in a manner far from comforting.

Lady Harriet was by way of teaching the children French, and had not endeared the language to them.

"I wonder what called papa away?" mused Sophy.

"Now, Sophy, that's no business of yours," said poor Suzette, endeavouring to do good. "You've no business—"

"Well, I don't see any harm in it, Miss Bligh. Papa's always being called away now."

"Especially when mamma's—"

"I can't listen to any more, dears. Does the vicar or the curate preach in the morning, Lucy dear?"

"Don't know, Miss Bligh. I say, Vera, suppose you go and ask mamma to let us have some of that strawberry jam at tea?"

"Yes, let's make her go," Sophy chimed in gleefully.

"You may do anything you like," declared Vera, "but you can't make me go—not if you kill me, you can't!"

The two elder girls giggled merrily at her panic.

Poor Suzette was rather in despair about these children—not because they were unhappy. On the whole they had not been very unhappy. Their mother's humours, if alarming, were also the cause of much excitement. Their father's plight, if sorrowful, was by no means wanting in the comic aspect. The suspense in which they waited to see how long Lady Harriet would stand it had a distinct spice of pleasure in it. But the pity of it all! Suzette's training, no less than her fidelity to Lady Harriet, inclined her to lay far the heavier blame on Tom Courtland. But she did have a notion that Lady Harriet must be very trying—and the more she listened to the children the more that idea grew. And, between them, the mother and the father were responsible for such a childhood as this. The children were not bad girls, she thought, but they were in danger of being coarsened and demoralised; they were learning to laugh where they had better have cried. It was Suzette's way to be rather easily shocked, and she was very much shocked at this.

They were just starting for their afternoon walk when John Fanshaw arrived and found them all in the hall. He was an old friend—Vera's godfather—and was warmly welcomed. John was very cheery to day, and joked with the children, and paid Suzette Bligh a compliment. Then Vera wanted to know why he had called.

"Because papa's not at home, you know."

"Never mind that, puss. I've come to see your mamma."

"You've come to mamma!" exclaimed Lucy.

Glances were exchanged between the

three—humorous, excited glances; admiring, amused eyes turned to John Fanshaw. Here was the man who was going to enter the lion's den.

"Shall we start, dears?" suggested Suzette Bligh, apprehensively.

No notice was taken. Sophy gave John a direct and friendly warning.

"You'd better look out, you know," she said; "mamma's just furious because papa's not come back."

"But it's not my fault, pussie," said John. "She can't put me in the corner for it."

"Well, if you happen to be there," began Lucy, with an air of experience.

"We must really start, Lucy, dear," urged Suzette.

"What have you come to see mamma about?" asked Vera, shrilly.

"To find out how to keep little girls in order," said John, facetiously rebuking curiosity.

"I expect you've come about papa," observed Vera, with disconcerting calmness and an obvious contempt for his joke.

"I'm going to start, anyhow," declared poor Suzette. "Come along, dears, do."

"Well if there's a great row Garrett'll hear some of it and tell us," said Sophy, consoling herself and her sisters as they reluctantly walked away from the centre of interest.

John Fanshaw's happiness was with him still the happiness which Caylesham's cheque had brought. It was not banked yet, but it would be to-morrow, and in the last two days John had taken steps to reassure everybody, to tell everybody that they would be paid with out question or difficulty, to scatter the cloud of gossip and suspicion which had gathered round his credit in the City. It was now quite understood that John's firm had weathered any trouble which had threatened it, and could be trusted and fully relied on again. Hence John's happy mind, and a result of the happy mind, a sanguine and eager wish to effect some good, to bring about some sort of reconciliation and a modus vivendi in the Courtland family. His hopes were not visionary or unreasonable; he did not expect to establish romantic bliss there. A modus vivendi commended itself to him as the best way of expressing what he was going to suggest to Lady Har-

riet. In the flush of happy and benevolent feeling he was really glad that he had consented to undertake the embassy.

Lady Harriet liked John Fanshaw. She called him John, and though he did not quite venture to reciprocate the familiarity, he felt that it gave him a position in dealing with her. Also, he thought her a very handsome woman; and since she was aware of this there was another desirable element in their acquaintance. And he thought that he knew how to manage women—he was sure he would not have made such a bad job of it as poor Tom had done. So he went in without any fear, and found justification in the cordiality of his welcome. Indeed, the welcome was too cordial, inasmuch as it was based on an erroneous notion.

"You're the very man of all men I wanted to see! I was thinking of sending for you. Come and sit down, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

"But I know all about it," he protested, "and I want to have a talk to you."

"Nobody can know but me, and I believe you're the best friend I have. I want to tell you everything and take your advice how I'm to act."

Evidently she did not suppose that he was in any sense an ambassador from her husband. He was to be her friend. John found it difficult to correct this mistake of hers.

"I'm at the end of my patience," she said, solemnly. "I'm sure anybody would be. You know what's happening as well as I do, and I intend to put an end to it."

"Oh, don't say that! I well, I'm here just to prevent you from saying that."

"To prevent me? You do know what's happening? Do you know he's staying away from home again? What do the servants think? What must the children begin to think? Am I to be exposed to that?"

She looked very handsome and spirited, with just the right amount of colour in her cheeks and an animated sparkle in her eyes.

"Why, I could name the woman!" she exclaimed. "And so could you, I dare say?"

"Don't make too much of it," he urged. "We're not children. He doesn't

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really care about the woman. It's only because he's unhappy."

"And who's fault is it he's unhappy?"

"And because of that he's being foolish, wasting all his money, too, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I've got my settlement. I shall be all right in case of proceedings."

"Now, pray, don't think of proceedings, Lady Harriet."

"Not think of them! I've made up my mind to them. I wanted to ask you how to set about it."

"But it would ruin his career; it would destroy his public position."

"I can't help that. He should have thought of that for himself."

"And then think of the girls!"

"Anything would be better than going on like this—yes, better for them, too."

John saw that he must face an explanation of his embassy. He got up and stood on the hearthrug.

"I'm here as the friend of you both," he began.

The colour and the sparkle both grew brighter.

"Oh, are you?" said Lady Harriet.

"It comes to this. Tom's friends—I and one or two more—have been speaking seriously to him. We've got him to say that he's ready to drop—to drop what you very properly object to—and to make another effort to find a—*a modus vivendi*."

"I'm glad he's got so much decent feeling! Only it comes rather late. He wants me to forgive him, does he?"

"I don't think we can put it quite so simply as that." John risked a timid smile. "There must be a give-and-take, Lady Harriet—a give-and-take, you know."

"Well?" She was relaxing into that dangerous stillness of hers. She was very quiet, but her eyes shone very bright. Tom Courthard would have known the signs, so would the girls.

"We've got him to say what I've told you, but there must be something from your side."

"What am I to do, John?" she asked with deceptive meekness.

"Well, I think you might—well er—express some regret that—that things haven't gone more harmoniously at home. You might hold out an olive branch, you know."

"Express regret?"

"Don't stand on the point of pride, now. Haven't you sometimes been—well, a little exacting—a little quick-tempered?"

"Oh, you're in that old story, are you? Quick-tempered? Suppose I am? Haven't I enough to make me quick-tempered?"

"Yes, now you have. But what about the beginning?"

"Do you mean it was my fault in the beginning?"

"Don't you think so yourself? Partly, at all events?"

Lady Harriet took up a tortoiseshell paper-knife and played with it. Her eyes were set hard on John, who did not like the expression in them. He became less glad that he had undertake the embassy.

"May a man desert and deceive his wife because she's a little quick-tempered?"

"No, of course, not; that's absurd. It's what you're saying, isn't it?"

"We must look at it as men and women of the world."

"I look at it as a wife and a mother. Do you mean to say it was my fault in the beginning?"

John was losing patience; he saw that some plain speaking would be necessary, but his want of patience made it hard for him to do the plain speaking wisely.

"Well, yes, I do," he said. "In the beginning, you know. Tom's a good-natured fellow, and he was very fond of you. But you—well, you didn't make his home pleasant to him, and if a man's home isn't pleasant, you know what's likely to happen."

"And you're the friend I meant to send for!"

"I am your friend—that's why I venture to speak to you freely. There's no hope unless you both realise where you've been wrong. Tom acknowledges his fault and is ready to change his ways. But you must acknowledge yours and change, too."

"What is my fault?"

John took a turn up and down the room.

"I must let her have it," he decided, as he came back to the hearthrug.

"You make everybody afraid of you with your lamentable fits of temper," he told her. "Tom's afraid of you, and afraid of what you might drive him into. Your children are afraid of you. Everybody's afraid of you. You make the house impossible to live in. You're even violent sometimes. I'm afraid, Lady Harriet."

If breaking a paper-knife in two be violence, she was violent then. She threw the pieces down on the table, angrily.

"How dare you come to me and talk like this? I've done nothing; I've nothing to blame myself with. What I've had to put up with would have spoiled anybody's temper! Express regret? I shall do nothing of the kind. If that's what you came to ask, you can take your answer and go."

She was working herself up to the full tide of her rage. John's undertaking was quite hopeless now, but he would not recognise it yet; he determined to "let her have it" a little more still.

"Look at that!" he said, pointing to the broken paper-knife. "Just try to think what that—that sort of thing—means! What man can be expected to stand that? The state of things which has arisen is your fault. You've made no effort to govern your temper. You're reaping the fruit of what you've sown. If poor Tom had shown more firmness it might have been better."

"You'd have shown more firmness, I suppose?"

"Yes, I should, and I believe it would have done some good. You may suppose it gives me great pain to speak like this, but really it's the only way. Unless you realise how greatly you've been to blame, unless you determine to conquer this deplorable failing, there's no hope of doing any good."

She sat quiet for a moment or two longer, with shining eyes, while John, now confident again, and very masculine, developed the subject of the real truth about her. Then she broke out.

"You fool!" she said. "You silly fool! You come to me with this non-

sense! You tell me you'd have shown more firmness! You tell me it's my fault Tom's gone off after this creature Much you know about it all! Wonderfully wise you are! Leave other men's wives alone and go back and look after your own, John."

"There's nothing that I'm aware of wrong in my house, Lady Harriet. We needn't bring that into the question."

"Oh, we needn't needn't we? And there never was anything wrong, I suppose? I'm such a bad wife, am I? Other men have bad wives, too."

"Do you attach any particular meaning to that?" he asked, coldly, but rather uneasily.

"Do I attach? Oh, what an idiot you are! You come and lecture me as if I was a child! I may be anything you like, but I've never been what your wife was, John Fanshaw."

He turned on her quickly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"That's my affair."

"No, it isn't. You dared to hint—"

"Oh, I hint nothing I don't know!"

"You shall give me an explanation of those words. I insist upon that."

"You'd better not," she laughed maliciously.

John was moved beyond self-control. He caught her by the wrist. She rose and stood facing him, her breath coming quick. She was in a fury that robbed her of all judgment and all mercy; but she had no fear of him.

"You shall withdraw those words or explain them!"

"Ask Christine to explain them!" she sneered. "What a fool you are! Here's a man to give lectures on the management of wives, when his own wife—"

She broke off, laughing again.

"You shall tell me what you mean."

"Dear me! you can't guess? You've turned very dull, John. Never mind! Don't make too much of it! Perhaps you were quick-tempered? Perhaps you didn't make her home pleasant? And if a woman's home isn't pleasant well, you know what's likely to happen, don't you?"

Perspiration was on John Fanshaw's brow. He pressed her wrist hard. "You she-devil!" he said. "Tell me what you mean, I say!"

"Oh, ask Christine! And if she won't tell you, I advise you to apply to Frank Caylesham, John."

"Is that true?"

"Yes, it is. Don't break my wrist."

"Caylesham!"

He held her wrist a moment longer, then dropped it, and looked aimlessly round the room.

She rubbed her wrist and glared at him with sullen eyes, her fury dying down into a malicious rancour.

"There, that's what you get from your meddling and your preaching!" she said. "I never meant to give Christine away, I never wanted to. It's your doing; you made me angry, and I hit out at you where I could, I wish to God you had never come here, John! Christine's one of the few women who are friendly to me, and now I've— But you've yourself to thank for it."

He sank slowly into a chair; she heard him mutter "Caylesham" again.

"If you know I've a quick temper, why do you exasperate me? You exasperate me, and then I do a thing like that! Oh, I'm not thinking of you; I'm thinking of poor Christine. I hate myself now, and that's your doing, too!"

She flung herself into her chair and began to sob tempestuously. John stared past her to the wall.

"It's just what Tom's always done," she moaned through her sobs—"making me lose my temper, and say something, and then—" Her words became inarticulate.

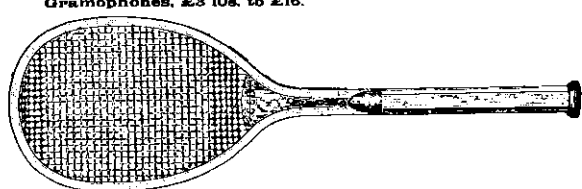
Presently her sobs ceased; her face grew hard and set again.

"Well, are you going to sit there all day?" she asked. "Is it so pleasant that you want to stay? Do you still think you can teach me the error of my ways?"

From the first moment John Fanshaw had not doubted the truth of what she said. Things forced out by passion in

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A SILVER HEART.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootles' Baby," Etc.



CHAPTER I.

that way were true. Her stormy remorse added a proof—a remorse which did not even attempt retraction or evasion. And his memory got to work. He knew now why Christine had been so reluctant to go to Caylesham. There were things back in the past, too, which now became intelligible—how that acquaintance had grown and grown, how constant the companionship had been, one or two little things which had seemed odd, and then how there had been a sudden end, and they had come to see very little of Caylesham, how neither of them had seen him for a long while, till John had sent Christine to borrow £15,000.

"For God's sake, go!" she cried. He rose to his feet slowly, and her fascinated eyes watched his face. His eyes were dull, and his face seemed to have gone grey. He asked her one question:

"How long ago?"

"Oh, all over years ago," she answered, with an impatient groan, drumming her fingers on the arms of her chair.

He nodded his head in a thoughtful way.

"Good-bye, Lady Harriet," she said.

"Good-bye, John." Suddenly she sprang up. "Stop! What are you going to say to Christine?"

He looked bewildered still.

"I don't know. Oh, really I don't know! My God! I never had any idea of this, and I don't know! I can't, can't realise it all, you know—and Caylesham, too!"

"Are you going to tell her I told you?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do, Lady Harriet—I don't know."

"Ah!"

With a cry of exasperation she turned away and sat down in her chair again.

"Good-bye," he muttered, and slouched awkwardly out of the room.

She sat on where she was, very still, frowning, her hand holding her chin, only her restless eyes roving about the room. She was like some handsome, fierce, caged beast. There she sat for close on an hour, thinking of what she was and of what she had done—of how she had shown her the picture of herself, and of how from malice and in her wrath, she had betrayed Christine. Once only in all this time her lips moved; they moved to mutter:

"My God! what a cursed woman I am!"

(To be continued.)

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"Of course you said no!" said Mrs Desmond.

Her voice rang across the glowing atmosphere of the firelit room like an east wind cutting through the air.

"—I didn't say no," came the reply. The voice of the girl who answered was very soft and low; it was also firm and decided. "I said yes."

"You didn't say yes?" shrieked the mother.

"I did. I meant yes."

"And you mean to tell me that Ralph Byrne had the impertinence, the audacity, the unparalleled impudence to offer you—what?"

"He offered me Ralph Byrne."

"Why, the man hasn't got a penny!"

"He will have."

"Will have! Will have! We shall all be in our quiet graves a little later on, and then things will be equal, whether we have fared luxuriously, or starved, in what these modern fanatics call our 'earth life.' I have finished with you, Madeline, finished with you!"

"I can't help it, mother," she said. There was a gleam of tears in the great violet eyes upturned from the low seat which surrounded the fire.

"You can't help it! This is the reward of all I have done for you children; this is all the return that you make to me for my sacrifice years and years and years together. If I hadn't so considered you children's future, if I hadn't denied myself and pinched myself, and striven to keep up as good a position as we had when your father was alive, you would have been proper helpmeets for men like Ralph Byrne."

"I can't help it, mother." The voice was wavering a little, there was the sound of tears in the soft and yet decided tones; indeed, the girl was very near to breaking down altogether.

"Ralph Byrne!" Mrs Desmond went on, "Ralph Byrne! What is he going to keep you on?"

"He is going to make money."

"Oh, is he! That kind of man is always going to make money; he never gets there; he never makes it. You are nineteen; you are the eldest but one of my five daughters, and to you and George I naturally look for a suitable example to set before the others. And all you do for me is to engage yourself to Ralph Byrne. I'm ashamed of you, Madeline."

"I can't help it, mother. I—I got fond of him. I don't think there's anybody in the world like him. I—I'd rather—yes, I would honestly, mother—live on twopence a day with Ralph than I'd marry a millionaire who was somebody else."

"And you might have married Sir George Stanton," said Mrs Desmond, bitterly.

"Oh, mother, how could I marry Sir George? He's so fat."

"Fat!" echoed her mother.

"Yes, mother, so fat. And he is so podgy, and so prosy. There wouldn't be a bit of romance or anything else."

"Romance," repeated Mrs Desmond, "romance! My dear child, answer me this: Will romance buy you such a gown as you have on at this moment? Will romance give you such a luncheon as you ate to-day? Will romance provide you with a maid? Will romance take you to Paris, take you to London, give you the thousand and one things that you are accustomed to? No, no, no! Think what you will be like when he is working to make money; living in a grubby little house on the Tolbridge Road, with one grubby little servant and half a dozen children; doing your own cooking, doing half your own washing, tramping up and down your bedroom at night with a baby, and such a very small bedroom that it will have very little tramping room. Oh, I haven't patience with you!"

"But, mother—"

"Well."

"We shouldn't be married until he is in a position."

"A position! I should think his ideas of a position are very different to yours or mine. I don't believe in long engagements; I don't believe in a cruel waste of the best years of a woman's life, waiting while a man achieves success. It is a wrong thing. A man has no right to ask a girl to marry him, or be engaged to him—which isn't at all one and the same—unless he can provide her a house which is at least as good as the one that she is living in. I have known more than one girl, Madeline, who waited years for a man, and then married somebody younger, fairer, wealthier. I knew one girl," she went on, speaking in her well-bred, cruel voice, "I knew one girl who had a lover. She was a cousin of mine. She's dead now, poor thing; you never knew her. He was a handsome man, with a way with him, just such another as Ralph Byrne. They got engaged; they were so much in love that time was nothing. He was willing to wait seven years for Rachel; and in the end Rachel waited seven years for her Jacob. And when the seven years were over, she was willing and ready to wait seven more. And he married—Leah."

"Well?" said Madeline; her voice quivered a little in spite of herself.

"Well!"

"It wasn't well. Leah was the daughter of his chief. Marriage with her meant a partnership, but it did not mean waiting another seven years and getting Rachel at the end of them. There is no marriage of that kind in our country. She lived just seven years, and on Jacob's seventh wedding day she died."

There was a long silence. The smart silver kettle on the tea-tray hissed and bubbled merrily; the cinders dropped one by one on the hearth; and at last Madeline Desmond spoke:

"I never knew that you had such a story as that in your family, mother," she said. "I wonder you never told us. Was that Cousin Agnes?"

"Yes, that was my cousin Agnes. She was thirty-five when she died; she might have been twice thirty-five in everything but the texture of her skin and the abundance of her hair. I never can bear to think about my cousin Agnes. If I could have killed that man

I would have done it. I met him, the last time I was in London, at an evening party Leonore and I were at. It was one night you had a headache, and you said you would sit quietly by the window and go to bed early. It turned me over to see him. To think of that broken heart, of all those crushed and broken illusions! Can you wonder that I am not glad to welcome Ralph Byrne to be a Jacob to my Rachel? You think I'm hard, you think I'm cruel, you think I'm worldly. Perhaps I am."

"I—I didn't say so," said Madeline; "I never said so. And I quite see what you mean; I quite understand why you should speak and think as you do; but I don't think that Ralph will ever treat me like that."

"Neither did Agnes O'Connor. Up to the end of the seven years I wouldn't have ventured to say one word against Jacob. And yet he left her. He married—Leah."

CHAPTER II.

Before she changed her dress for dinner that night, Madeline Desmond sat down at the little writing table in her bedroom and wrote a note. It was to Ralph Byrne.

So the following afternoon found Ralph Byrne in possession of the quaint Dutch summer-house when Madeline Desmond arrived to keep the tryst.

"Something has happened!" he said to her.

"Yes, everything has happened. It's no use you going to mother, Ralph. She'll not hear of an engagement between us."

"But why?"

"It's a long story. But I feel that she has right on her side. I feel that I have no business to give her the anxiety that an engagement between us would be. I—Oh, you don't know what it is to me to give you up. I am not like most girls of my age. I'm not like my sisters. They've had a dozen sweethearts apiece—even the twins, who are only just promoted to the dignity of long frocks, and are not yet out of the schoolroom. I never had any favourite boys; I'm not like them; but I see that it won't do. Last night—I'll tell you all about it."

Then she told him the whole story that her mother told her the night before. "Can you wonder," she wound up, "that mother is so dead against long engagements?"

"No, I can't wonder. I can't forget that I've nothing to offer you—nothing but myself. It's no use my protesting that I shouldn't change. Who knows? I might. I suppose this Jacob, as you call him, didn't set out with the idea of marrying anybody but Rachel. But look here, Madeline, I shan't be in Blackhampton many days longer. You know that I'm going back to town to grind; and I will grind. If you forget me, I'll never reproach you. If you marry some other fellow—well, it will be better that we found it out sooner rather than later. I bought you an engagement ring this

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morning. I was rather extravagant over it. I suppose it wouldn't be quite fair to ask you to take it?"

"Let me see it," said she. He took it out of his pocket. It was a thick gold ring set with a large sapphire and two diamonds, just a broad band such as a man might wear.

"Put it on your own finger," she said; "and if you are able to come back, you can give it to me then."

"I wish you could have taken it," he said, "even if you wouldn't wear it."

"What's the good of having a thing I can't wear? Look here, what is that little silver heart you wear on your watch-chain? It's an absurd thing for a man to wear."

"That! Oh, it has no tender memories. My old nurse gave it to me when I was a mere boy and had my first watch and chain. She got it in India somewhere. Her husband was a soldier, and she had followed the drum with him all over the world. She's dead and gone years ago. Will you have it?"

"Yes, I could take that. Nobody would ask questions. I'll put it on one of my silver bangles, and it will be something to remind me of you when you are gone."

It was wonderful how stoical these two young people were. Anybody listening to their conversation would have thought that they were quite indifferent as to whether they met again or not; but there is an indifference which covers a tragedy of suffering. Madeline stayed in the old Dutch summer-house until the winter dusk was falling, and they said good-bye to each other—a literal good-bye—and then they tore themselves apart, and the girl went home alone with all her love frozen at the fountain head, and the man turned back into the summer-house and sat there motionless until the calls of the gardeners to clear the grounds roused him and made him, too, seek the shelter of his hotel.

Oh, these partings! Oh, the bitter black blank of looking forward over years which must be unilluminated by the smile of the only one who makes life worth living! Oh, the wrenching apart of twin souls, the tearing asunder of true affinities! Well, well, parting is always the same all the world over. Men and women who believe themselves very much in love suffer just as much in parting as those whose hearts have been unshaken for all time; but oh, the difference in the years that follow! Oh, the length of the years when the heart is elsewhere than with the body. The wrench of parting is as the drawing of a tooth—agony for the moment—but it is the everlasting pain which sometimes follows which frets away youth as moth doth fret out a garment.

Madeline Desmond went straight home from the Winter Garden. She found her mother alone. It was not a very usual circumstance that Mrs Desmond should be alone at that hour, but the other girls had gone their different ways, and Mrs Desmond, who was suffering from a chill, was in the house alone.

"I want to tell you, mother," said Madeline, when she had thrown aside her wraps and had taken her cup of tea from her mother's hand, "that I've been with Ralph this afternoon."

"Yes?" Mrs Desmond looked up sharply.

"I've told him that it is quite impossible for us to be engaged."

"You have not tied yourself in any way?"

"Not in any way, mother—neither he nor I."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Desmond, "you won't regret this. If he goes away and forgets, it is better that you should know now—at least, you will find it better that you have not waited. It is such a slur on a woman to be plighted for years and forsaken. You can't hide an engagement; you can't explain it away when it's broken as Jacob broke his."

"Is his name Jacob—his real name?" She asked the question not because she wanted to know, but because she wanted to draw the conversation away somewhat from her own case.

"No. His name—I don't feel inclined to tell you. It wouldn't do you any good to know it. I would rather never stain my lips by uttering it. His name is well known. He is a highly honoured man in a distinguished position."

"Is he happy?"

"How could such a man be happy? I never saw—Leah until that night last season. I looked at him for an instant, just enough to convey to him that he was not to dare to speak to me, and then I turned, and I looked at her from head to foot, and I looked back at him. One glance at his scarlet face, although they've been married for twenty years, was enough to show me what kind of happiness is his portion. Whatever it is, it's more than he deserves."

"Yes, I quite agree with you," said Madeline; "I quite agree with you, mother. And now will you do something for me?"

"If I can."

"I want you to regard the incident as closed. Please don't speak about it. The girls don't know that he had any serious idea of marrying me, and if I'm not worried about it, I shall get over it—at all events, it won't hurt quite so much."

"I haven't spoken of it to a soul, Madeline," said Mrs. Desmond, keeping her eyes very intently upon her cup, which she was engaged in filling, "and I shouldn't dream of speaking of your private affairs to your sisters, any more than I should, under similar circumstances, of theirs to you. You may trust me, Madeline. I know that I must have seemed hard and worldly to you. I don't like you to feel that I am that."

"I haven't said so," said Madeline. "So you told me last night. You haven't said so, but you haven't yet told me that you haven't thought so."

"I don't think," said Madeline, "that I have even thought it. I—I could talk to you better in a year's time, or a month, or a week. Just now I am sore and hurt. I feel like the child who wanted to buy the jeweller's shop with half a crown. You must give me a little while to get over it, and to get back to my natural state of—"

"Of what?" said the mother almost piteously.

"Well, perhaps of unfeelingness. At all events," she went on, "I can tell you this for your comfort, mother—that I would rather you have told me all that was in your mind; I would rather that you, having such a story in your own experience, should tell me the truth. Girls aren't told enough of the truth

now-a-days—I don't know why they used to be. According to tradition, a girl was like a sheet of white paper until she was married. I don't know how it worked. It doesn't work now. I suppose the new condition of things has altered everything, but I know that I would rather be told the very worst than be let merely to take my chance of what might or might not happen to me. And I'll never reproach you, mother, come what may."

After that evening the mother and daughter never reverted to the subject of Ralph Byrne. He called and left a card with a small "P.P.C." in the corner when he knew that Mrs. Desmond would not be at home; and then he turned his back upon Blankhampton, that quaint old city of churches and ancient buildings, and went back to the busy life from which he had come.

And time went on. Time, how much of it? Does it matter? Time is, or should be, according to how you measure it. At the bar, where Ralph Byrne was wooing fortune, fifteen years is looked upon as a mere apprenticeship. As a matter of fact, five whole years had gone by since Madeline Desmond and Ralph Byrne had parted in the old Dutch summer house in the Winter Garden at Blankhampton; five long years, during which not one word had come to tell her that he remembered her existence.

"My dear Madeline," said Mrs. Desmond one day. "Do you think you are wise to refuse Major Endicott?"

"Oh, I don't know, mother. Perhaps I am not very wise. I don't mean to marry him, if that's what you want to know."

"But why not? He's so nice, so wealthy, so well-born."

"Yes, I know dear; but he doesn't suit me."

"It seems such a pity," said Mrs. Desmond, wistfully. "Not that I would persuade you, Madeline, not at all; only you are four-and-twenty."

"And if I were four-and-thirty, or four-and-forty, I should say the same. He's very fine and large, mother, but he's not for me—most emphatically not for me, darling. You have got your Georgie married, and Lenore married, and little Avis; it won't be long before Jose follows the example of Avis, and then you'll have nobody but me to look after you and see that you are comfortable and happy, and that you get a good time. Don't you think you and I were made for each other?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Desmond, shortly. "When you are married I look forward to having a very gay time. I shall have five married daughters to visit me, and five sets of grandchildren to visit me. I shall have the gayest time that I have ever had in my life. The idea of two lone women in a big house like this is too terrible."

"But, dear, you have four married daughters to visit now, and we shall have four sets of grandchildren to visit us."

"It's no use talking to me, Madeline. I should like you to marry, but not until you meet the right man."

"When I meet the right man I'll marry him, I promise you. Have another egg?"

"No, thanks."

"Have some poited shrimps, or some of this foie gras?"

"A little of the foie gras," said Mrs. Desmond. "Oh, is that you, Jose? Well, you are late."

"Yes, dear, I am very late," said Jose, in a small, meek voice. "But I was so tired this morning. I danced such a lot last night. I'm sleepy yet."

"My dear child, you should have slept yourself out and had your breakfast in bed. Did you really have a good time?"

While the two were discussing the previous evening's dance Madeline picked up the newspaper. The first words that struck her were those at the head of a column, "A Silver Heart."

She put the paper down as if she had been stung. Oh, why did she ever think about him! Why did she carry that silver heart always on her left wrist? Because she was a fool, a fool. It was the old story of Jacob and Rachel over again. No, she wouldn't be weak; it was against her principles to be weak. She was a strong woman.

So she took up the newspaper again, and saw that "The Silver Heart" was the title of a play, a play that had been produced the previous evening in London, a play that had taken the world by storm, a play by an utterly unknown author, an author who had no nom de guerre, who did not appear at the production in response to the calls of "Author!" who preferred to keep his identity an absolute secret.

"There's some lucky Madeline somewhere," she said to herself as she put the paper down.

And where was the lucky Madeline? Well, as a matter of fact, she happened that very morning to be walking down St. Thomas' street at Blankhampton. She had half-a-dozen commissions to execute; her mind was intent upon them. She was never on the look-out for young men, as the majority of girls are in cathedral cities, and when somebody stopped and said: "Madeline, don't you know me?" she gave a start—a little cry. "I see," he said, "that you are wearing the silver heart that I gave you. Did you see the paper this morning? I didn't find the Bar quick enough, Madeline. I—I took the silver heart for a gerdoun. I've got there, Madeline! Where are you going? What are you doing? Let's go up to the Dutch summer-house, Madeline, and I'll tell you all about it."

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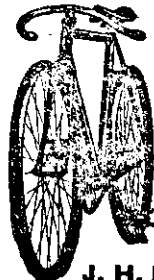
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Copyright Story.

Cupid's Wig and Gown.

By TOM GALLON.

Author of "Tatterley," Etc.

Unless you are absolutely certain as to the result, do not approach a lady on the question most vital to your future before dinner; it is a mistake, and may place you in that position—should she refuse you—which will make you wish that the dinner was never to happen at all.

That was exactly what John Medlow did; and you shall hear the result. Not that one must imagine for a moment that John was certain as to the result; in the first place, his conceit of himself, as our Scotch neighbours would say, was not sufficiently great—and, in the second place, it seemed such a daring thing for any man to approach such a dainty little lady as Miss Phyllis Holt. But when one bears in mind the fact that, for many months, John Medlow had been making up his mind to speak on that vital matter, and had never yet found courage; and when one remembers also the fact that man is but mortal, and woman entrancing; he must be forgiven.

It was all the fault of Miss Taplin. Miss Taplin was most anxious, for many reasons, that John Medlow should marry Phyllis; it would be a good match, and John was just one of those steady plodding sort of fellows, who could be trusted to have his slippered feet on the fender for something more than three hundred evenings in the year. Phyllis being what Miss Taplin termed "a little flighty," all this was just as it should be. More than that, John was rich; so was Phyllis—very rich indeed. Miss Taplin, being a worldly woman, saw in this again the fitness of things; and thus it was that John Medlow went to dinner.

He had been to dinner on a great many other occasions; and the very servants, with an eye to romantic things, were careful of his hat and coat, and knew just into which room to usher him. Going steadily and somewhat heavily across the hall on this particular occasion, John Medlow made up his mind that he would postpone the matter for another evening; he really felt too nervous, and too little sure of himself, to speak then.

That, of course, was all very well from John's point of view; when Phyllis presently fitted into the room, John changed his mind. For if ever that particularly dainty little lady had looked entrancing, she looked entrancing that night; if ever she had appeared small and frail, and in need of some strong man's arms about her, she appeared so then. The very crown and summit of her bright hair reached not quite to John Medlow's white tie; he felt bigger than ever, as he looked down at her. She, for her part, was as cool and calm as anyone well could be, and apparently utterly oblivious of the storm raging within John Medlow's breast.

Then, before John quite knew what was happening, he was holding a hand which seemed absurdly small, and was blurring out, in a torrent of tempestuous words, all that had been hidden in his heart so long. He was going to do this, and he was going to do that; there was no one in all the wide world like her, and the heaven from whence she had sprung had resolutely decided never again to make anybody on the same model; it simply couldn't be done. More than that, he was going to be very good to her; and he didn't mind how long he waited, if she required time in which to make up her mind.

She said "No." Not exactly in that word, perhaps; she glided the bitter pill a little; said that he was her best friend (oh—the dear old abominable word, that has been used so often, and under such sad circumstances); and that there never would be anyone like him, in that sense; but she couldn't marry him. She was a little sorry, perhaps, that he had broken down that she complete confidence there had been

between them; wouldn't it be better if he made an excuse, and went away, and forgot all about it? A little helplessly, he reminded her that he was to stay to dinner; and that Miss Taplin might say unkind and undeserved things.

"And I suppose you'll sit opposite to me—and look glum and horrid—and make me miserable!" she said, tapping her foot a little petulantly on the floor.

"I'm sorry you should think that," he said. "I've no right to ask it, I know—but I suppose there's someone else—someone who fills your heart more than your friend could do—eh?"

"Yes. You have a right to ask it, and I don't mind telling you."

"Does he know his luck?" asked John. "No—and he never will," she replied.

"I see; he doesn't appreciate you. Who is the brute?"

"He's not a brute, and you've no right to say so. He's a mistaken, silly fellow—and he doesn't understand; but I shall never love anyone else."

"Can't I—do anything?" Then, as she looked at him in perplexity, he went on blunderingly, "You see—I'm so very fond of you, that if I could—could put things straight a bit, you know—I'd be glad. Do I know him?"

She seemed to nod her head slowly, as Miss Taplin bustled into the room. Miss Taplin was a little woman of pinched aspect—very bright and eager, and occasionally very much in the way. She welcomed John Medlow effusively; and was quite certain, in her own mind, that that gentleman had at last brought things to a crisis, and that her dearest wishes had been realised. So they went in to dinner; Miss Taplin to take the head of the table, and Phyllis to face John Medlow.

Miss Taplin had been quite convinced, in her own mind, that the young people had settled things to their own satisfaction; she was somewhat surprised, therefore, to find that they had nothing to say to each other; she determined to encourage them. She plunged, with much giggling and many blushes, into a highly ingenious account of a flirtation she had had—far away back in the ages—with a gentleman of property in Derby County; she was proceeding to enlarge upon the way in which he had first addressed her, and the feelings he had inspired within her, when John Medlow, who had been watching Phyllis for some time, and trying to make up his mind as to a certain theory that had occurred to him, broke in with a careless remark.

"By the way, Miss Holt,"—and Miss Taplin glanced up quickly, in some wonderment that there should be no more familiar form of address—"I saw a friend of yours to-day."

"Of mine?" She looked up at him quickly.

"Yes—a very old friend," said John, twisting his wine glass round and round, and looking at it as he spoke—"Gilbert Kenshaw."

He looked up just in time to see a bright wave of colour spread over her face and neck; she did not meet his eyes, and he sighed to think that his shot had gone home, and that he knew the man.

"Indeed?" she said, when she had mastered her voice. "Is—is Gilbert well?"

"I don't like to hear you speak even of friends by their Christian names, my love," said Miss Taplin, a little sharply. "It was all very well, of course, when you were in a different position—but now—"

"Now—I am entitled to do as I like," broke in Phyllis, flashing a glance at her. "Gilbert Kenshaw is a very old friend of mine—and, although his profession does keep him so very much occupied, that doesn't make any difference."

"Gilbert is quite well—at least—what am I talking about? I'm sorry, to say

that he has knocked up completely; I called on him, just to make inquiries, you know. Been working too hard, I expect; it's rather hard lines, having to grind for guineas."

Miss Holt rose abruptly from the table. "This room is ridiculously hot," she said; "perhaps you'll entertain Mr Medlow, Auntie, while he finishes his dessert."

Some ten minutes later, John Medlow was seated beside Phyllis Holt, talking quietly to her; Miss Taplin, still with that amazing idea in her mind, had absented herself, on some pretext or other.

"Why didn't you tell me his name?—it would have saved a great deal of trouble," he said.

"Is he really ill?" she asked, in a low voice, and without looking at him.

"Pretty bad. Something seems to have worried him; he almost gives one the idea that he has given up hope—doesn't seem to care, you know."

She was silent for a moment or two, and then, turning suddenly toward him, she spoke. John Medlow noticed that her face had again that curious flush upon it. Something in the kindly glance of the man, however, must have inspired her with confidence; for she spoke as she had never spoken to a man in all her life before.

"John—it's deplorable, I know; but I'm desperately fond of him. It's an atrocious thing to say to you—after what you've said to me; but I'd rather tell you than anyone else. You don't mind?"

"Oh, yes—I mind a great deal," said John. "And yet I like it; because it shows by what a very little I have missed you. Go on—tell me about it."

So she told him about it; she reminded him of what he knew already: that this Gilbert Kenshaw had been her greatest friend, when he was little more than a school boy, and she a girl in short frocks; that they had both been equally poor, and equally friendless. She told him what he had not known: that she and Gilbert Kenshaw had made a boy-and-girl vow to be faithful to each other; and that the man had broken it.

"Ever since I came into all this ridiculous money, he has studiously avoided me. He calls me 'Miss Holt'; he buries himself in those musty chambers of his, and never lets anyone see him."

"Why don't you go and rout him out—and tell him his luck! Take him by the shoulders and shake it into him."

"John—you're perfectly horrid! Don't you understand that I would rather die

than let him think for a moment—"

"I'm sorry; I never thought of that," said John Medlow. "Only, you see, the case is rather serious; Gilbert has been burning the midnight oil to such an extent—probably with the vague hope of making a fortune in about a couple of days, sufficient to lay besides yours—that he is literally off his head; I don't mind telling you that I've been with him nearly all day (I don't in the least see what you've got to squeeze my hand about)—and he's really very ill. More than that, he's losing the chance of a lifetime."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Oh—he'll get over the illness with rest and care; but the other business he won't. I suppose you know what a brief is; well, he's had his first one sent to him, by rather an important firm of solicitors, too. It promises to be a big case; and it meant a bigger chance that I've had in all my life. I don't need it, of course, because I'm rich enough already; but I've sat in those Courts, day in and day out, in wig and gown, and scarcely ever spoken a dozen words on behalf of anybody. And here is a lucky youngster, with a fat brief, and a chance to take a big leap up the ladder; and he can't do it. He may wait five years for another."

"And what will happen if he doesn't appear?" she asked.

"Oh, they'll simply mention that he is unable to appear; and in all probability some smart junior will snap it up—and snap up the others to follow. They won't give it to me; I'm too big a fool. And they won't trouble Mr Gilbert Kenshaw again, for a long time to come."

For the whole of one long night Miss Phyllis Holt lay awake. She was a girl of rare singleness of purpose; she saw only the sick man, and saw one of the chances of life slipping away from him. The possession of money had taught her its power; the possession of beauty had taught her that she held a greater power still. More than that, she wanted to do something which should raise her above all other women in the eyes of Gilbert Kenshaw; and she thought she saw the way.

"Oh, if only I can show him that I want to help him—that I'd risk anything for his sake!" she said to herself, as she dressed hurriedly that morning. "There ought to be some way; I might even manage to speak nicely to a Judge or two, and put things right. One

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thing is certain; I can't stop here; I must go down and see him."

It happened that it was one of the foggiest mornings ever known in a late autumn; it was absolutely impossible for anyone to go across the street, even that aristocratic street wherein Miss Phyllis Holt lived. When, in course of time, she managed to find a hansom cab, the man suggested, when she gave him the address, that he would do his best, but added, cheerfully—"Don't you blame me, Miss, if we bump into anything!"

The Temple is an awkward place to find one's way about in; there are so many courts and alleys, and little passages and staircases; on a foggy morning (and the fog was thicker than ever down in Fleet-street) it is still more difficult. But at last Phyllis found her way up that long flight of stairs which led to the chambers of Mr Gilbert Kenshaw; saw the name in the paint dimly on the door; and knocked. For Mr Kenshaw was so poor that, as a matter of fact, he lived in the chambers which he was supposed to use solely for professional purposes.

A boy opened the door, and came out into the fog on the staircase to look at her. After some small delay, he asked her to come in; and she followed him into the room, which was half sitting-room and half office, and looked about her. One gas jet was burning, and, conspicuous on a desk among a pile of books and papers, was a glistly-looking wig block, with a very new-looking barrister's wig upon it; slung over the back of a chair was the black stuff gown which belonged to it.

"Is Mr Kenshaw in?" asked Phyllis of the boy.

"Ain't never bin out this fortnight," replied the boy, who was of a freckled aspect with very sharp features. "If you ask me, I won't never go out no more; simply wearin' 'issel away, 'e is. An' 'im do at ten-thirty sharp in Smith v. Electric Syndicate. Jist my luck; if 'e'd only nipped in all right, the uvver boys wouldn't 'ave 'ad no chance to chip me about 'im, an' tell me I wasn't earnin' my wages. Jist my luck!"

"Where is Mr Kenshaw?"

"In bed," retorted the boy. "Ola Falls an' Beacons says 'e's bin ravin' an' shoutin' about the case, an' about some gel—"

"Boy, answer me carefully and quickly, and I'll give you more money than you could earn in a week," said Phyllis, with a little gasp. "When Mr Kenshaw goes into Court, what does he have to do?"

"Sit down and read the paper," replied the boy. "I carries the bloo bag, an' rushes up to 'im constant, an' whispers in 'is ear, as though all Chancery Lane was 'avin' 'is traffic stopped on 'is account—same as them doctors they fetches out of church in a hurry to read the tombstones, to remind 'em of their patients."

"But other gentlemen, who have to talk to the Judges—what do they do?"

"They stands up—summin' like this 'ere"—the boy threw himself into an attitude, with one hand thrust into the breast of his small jacket—"an' they says—'May it please yer ludship—I appears for so-and-so—an' the uvver side Junno were they are'—or summin' to that effect."

"Do you know anything about this case?" asked Phyllis. "It is now fifteen minutes past ten o'clock, and Mr Kenshaw should be in Court at the half-hour."

"Well, if 'e went in as 'e is now—wot a rush there'd be on the evening papers," suggested the boy. "Wot of it, Miss?"

"If you can tell me, in five minutes, what the case is all about—and how I have to begin—and anything that's useful—I'll give you—anything you like to ask for. You see—a friend of mine is going to take the case—just to help Mr Kenshaw."

At that moment a voice from the inner room cried out, in a sort of weak roar—"Skipper!"

"That's me!" exclaimed the boy; and disappeared through the doorway. Phyllis, listening and longing, heard but a few words of what passed inside.

"Skipper—my wig and gown. I've got to get up, Skipper; I've got to win the case—and win something else at the same time. If only this head of mine would keep still! Give me my wig and gown!"

"They've put the case on, gov-nor," said the boy earnestly. "They were so anxious you should tell 'em wot you thought of 'em that they wouldn't go on. They've put it on for a week."

"That's good, Skipper—that's fine!" came the weak voice from the inner room. "I'll be all right in a week, right as rain!"

The boy came out into the room again, and closed the door. "Gorn to sleep like a lamb," he began; and then suddenly started back, and cried out.

Before him stood Miss Phyllis Holt, in an altogether incongruous dress. Her bright hair had been twisted up, and laid flat to her head, and the very new barrister's wig was settled firmly over it. The gown was drawn over her shoulders, and fell over her dark dress; in that uncertain light, she looked a very presentable, although rather young, member of the Junior Bar.

"Now, Skipper, sit down, and tell me as rapidly as possible what I have to do; then take me into Court, and show me where I am to sit. Don't stare at me like that, Skipper."—Phyllis was half crying, but very resolute—"you've got to help me, and to help Mr Kenshaw."

Naturally, Master Skipper knew the case by heart; in fact, his master had practised upon him one or two rather fine speeches, on more than one occasion. So they went at it hammer and tongs, until the hand of the little clock on the mantelpiece pointed to the half-hour. Then Phyllis sprang up, and pulled her gown about her, and prepared to set out.

"I am glad I went in for the Lor!" exclaimed Skipper, as they prepared to start. "Didn't know there was 'alf so much fun in it. No, Miss, you don't put nothink on yer 'ead; you goes across jist like you are. Lucky it's foggy—might be the middle of the night."

How Phyllis ever got into the Court at all she scarcely knew. She had a dim vision of a stern-looking gentleman in a wig, seated far away above her, and seeming to fix his eyes intently upon her face; she found herself, trembling and shivering, seated among several barristers who were whispering to-

gether; before her eyes was a very large man, in a wig and gown, proing away at great length upon something she did not in the least understand. The gentleman in the wig above her spoke shortly and sharply for a moment or two, and there was a movement in Court; then she understood that that particular case was finished. Then someone called out—"Smith v. Electric Syndicate"—and, catching the eye of the attendant Skipper, she got to her feet, with something hard and painful beating in her temples.

"May it please your ludship—I appear—that is to say—"

Someone else was speaking, which was just as well, perhaps. For the Court seemed to be spinning round and round, and the Judge to be dancing up and down from the Bench to the ceiling. As the new barrister fell back, the strange thing was that a strong and friendly arm went round the stuff gown, and a voice she knew spoke in her ear.

"It's all right—play the game a moment longer, little woman, and we'll get you out comfortably."

The other speaker had applied for an adjournment; certain evidence had not yet been collected. The Judge cleared his throat of the fog and peered down to where the barristers were sitting.

"I regret to say, m' lud, that my learned friend Mr Kenshaw is overcome with faintness, and quite unable to proceed. He raises no objection whatever to the adjournment." Of course, it was all part of the faintness, but Phyllis had a curious feeling that the

man who spoke on her behalf had the voice of John Medlow. More than that, it was the voice of John Medlow again that whispered in her ear to have courage, as she got out of Court, supported strongly by his arm.

John said never a word, until they were back again in Gilbert Kenshaw's chambers. Then he laughed, and said something ridiculously complimentary; and then he laughed again. "Lucky I happened to be next to you," he said.

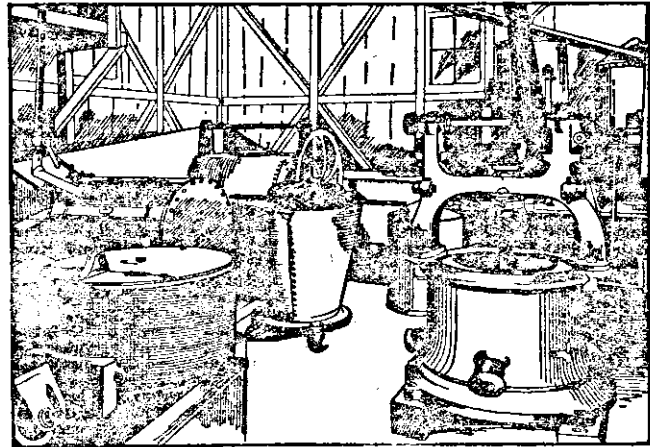
"But it wasn't any good, after all," said Phyllis, with a little sob.

"Wasn't it! Why—you've got the case adjourned—the very thing you wanted. You've helped Gilbert immensely; this'll put him on his legs again."

"You don't really mean that I—"

"Don't it! Don't take off that wig; go in and see him, just as you are. Tell him you've been fighting a battle for him; tell him what you've done. Above all"—he dropped a hand on her shoulder as he spoke—"tell him what you mean to do; don't stand any nonsense from him!"

He opened the door of the inner room, and gently thrust her in; then closed the door again. And the curious thing has to be recorded that from that hour Mr Gilbert Kenshaw began to get well; and the still more curious fact that when, a fortnight later, he appeared in Court, he won his case, and won it well. And Phyllis Holt sat (not among the barristers this time) and listened; and was probably the proudest and happiest little woman in England.



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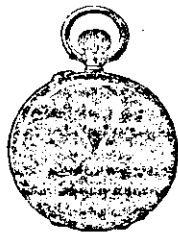
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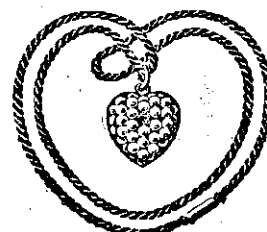
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Here and There.

Madama Patti, on her tour in America, insured her voice for the trip for £10,000. If she could not sing at any one concert she was to receive £1000.

Iceland has received a new coat of arms representing a white hawk on a blue field. The former arms consisted of a crowned codfish, to which objection has long been raised, "codfish" being the Icelandic equivalent for "block-head."

Mascagni, having been refused reinstatement as director of the Conservatoire of Pesaro, has uttered a terrible threat. He will settle in Paris, and will not let Italy have his ashes when he is dead!

H. W. Stevenson, the ex-billiard champion, who has been on a tour in Australia, America and Canada, returned to London on November 14 last. He was away eight months, and altogether travelled 35,000 miles.

An American gentleman who committed suicide in Bloomsbury, London, left a note bequeathing his body to St. George's Hospital for dissection "in the interests of science." The coroner pointed out that such a bequest is not valid in law. Relatives conveyed the body to America for burial.

An amusing story is told in Rome of an incident that happened recently. A tailor of the name of Pius Santopadre was to receive a sack of beans, but as the address ran "Santopadre Pio Sarto" the beans were conveyed to the Vatican and used in the Papal kitchen. In vain the sarto (tailor) waited for his beans, and he has now brought an action against the Vatican for illegal appropriation of the goods.

The expression "baker's dozen," which in point of fact thirteen, has a history. For a baker in the olden times to give short weight in bread exposed him to considerable penalties, and thus the custom arose of adding an extra loaf to the dozen as compensation for any possible deficiencies in the rest of the batch. The additional one was originally a safeguard to avert the chance of a heavy fine.

Owing to a burglar scare at Hford, England, a lady, before going out to spend the evening, placed a box containing £30, some jewellery and title-deeds in a basket filled with rags, which stood in the garden, and where it remained all night. Next morning a rag-and-bone man called, and the servant, with the mistress's permission, sold him the contents of the basket for fourpence. Soon after the man had gone the lady remembered the box, but no trace of the man could be found.

It has often been remarked how both Lord Kitchener and General Baden-Powell persistently fight shy of matrimony. But it is worth noticing that a large number of our greatest soldiers are without heirs male. Poor Lord Roberts was left senseless by the death of his only son at Colenso. Lord Wolseley has no son, neither has Sir Redvers Buller. Another example of a sonless fighting man is Lord Charles Beresford.

A very curious fact is the impossibility of moving your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face; yet, if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eye while watching it, you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth of an inch. Of course, if you look at the reflection of the nose, your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavour to perceive the motion the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression as seen by himself in a glass is quite different from what it is when seen by others.

In the "Medical World," Dr. Moses describes a novel method of removing a fish-bone crosswise from the throat. The bone was too low to be reached by any forceps at hand, and the author recalled a method of procedure told him by an old doctor who had been taught it by a boy, namely, to tie a string in the eye of a smooth button, and let the patient swallow the button, edgewise, of course, and drew the button back by the string. This was done, and the bone was promptly dislodged.

A story is told of a major in a certain regiment who has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind, and is somewhat impatient. Some time ago he was in charge of a detachment of men guarding the lines of communication, and a sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company. "Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major, testily. "I seem to remember one. See if you can find him and send him to me." The man was duly sent, but, on receiving orders to act as barber, ventured to expostulate. "Great guns!" cried the major. "If you can cut grass you can cut hair! Go and do it!"

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. The eyes are invariably black, the cheek-bones high, and the chin receding. In Japan a lady who has a huge proboscis is always a great beauty and a reigning belle. There are a few large noses among the natives, and lucky is he or she upon whom nature lavishes one. In all Japanese pictures representing the supposedly beautiful woman the artist invariably improves on Nature by depicting this feature as abnormally developed.

Mr J. P. Sousa, the well-known band-master and composer of marches, who was recently thrown from his horse with unpleasant results, is a great equestrian. Some years ago, when he was recovering from the effects of typhoid fever, saddleback exercise was prescribed by his doctors, and he has been devoted to riding ever since. He is also a crack shot, in former days was a baseball player of distinction, and goes in also for boxing and bag-punching as a means of keeping himself in condition. But Sousa always declares that his daily performances alone give him plenty of exercise. He asserts that many a professional athlete cannot boast such a remarkable chest and arm development as he displays.

Mr Austin Brereton has written a very interesting work on the Lyceum Theatre and Sir Henry Irving. The author does ample justice to the actor in many of his famous characters. But I may supplement his comments respecting Sir Henry by alluding to his great services to the stage in rescuing it from the odium attached to the theatre for a century past. Never before has the actor's art had such recognition from society, never has it been so popular as at the present day. Even the gull and wormwood of the Nonconformist has lost something of its bitterness lately, and it is by no means unusual to see clergymen at the theatre. This pleasant change is entirely due to the genius of Sir Henry Irving, and quite recently his generous conduct towards the shareholders of the Lyceum has won golden opinions from all circles of society, and the good influences of the famous actor have gone beyond London limits, and have borne fruit in America. Mr Brereton does not tell us much as to the future of the Lyceum, but I believe there is a prospect of a limited liability company taking over the theatre with all its dead weight of responsibilities, and once more attempting to revive its past glories.—"P.L.P."

Keats, it is said, was born in a livery stable.

Verdi's youth was spent as the son of a peasant in the arduous duties of the farm.

Claude Lorraine, the landscape painter, when a boy, was an apprentice to a pastrycook.

Moliere, the French dramatist, began like us an apprentice to an upholsterer. James Mill was the son of a cobbler, and himself for a short time worked at the bench.

John Calvin was an apprentice at the copper's trade.

Turner, the painter, spent his boyhood in a barber's shop.

Athens, Greece, the only capital in Europe which cannot be reached by rail, is separated by several hundred miles from the European main railway system, of which Brindisi, Salonica, and Constantinople may be regarded as the three southern termini.

A projected line from Athens to Salonica will bridge the last gap in the chain. When this is completed it will be possible to run through carriages from Calais to Athens, and the Greek capital will be brought within three days of London. At present the quickest transit is five days, via Brindisi and Patras, which involves a sea voyage almost as long as that between Brindisi and Egypt.

A health expert who has been airing his views, claims to have solved the problem of how to add ten years to life. According to this gentleman, those who wish to add a decade to their existence should avoid over-eating, especially flesh meat, shun alcohol, sleep in fresh air with open windows, never exceed three meals a day, walk as much as possible in the sunshine, breathe deeply, and sleep on the right side so as to allow free action to the heart. The great mass of humanity, he says, suffer from ignorance of dietetic principles, whereas the study and observance of these principles would make people healthy and able to enjoy life to the full.

It is related of Mr Zangwill, the famous editor, that many years ago, when an obscure lad teaching in a Jewish school in London, he sent a short poem to one of the best-known American monthly magazines. The poem came back by the first mail. But he kept it by him, and a long time afterwards sent it on again to the same magazine. This time, on its receipt, he received a cable from the proprietors of the magazine offering to buy the "world's rights," and almost immediately they issued a huge poster intimating that their next issue would contain a poem by Mr Zangwill. This was the same poem, word for word.

Mr. Cyril Maude, in his new book about "The Haymarket Theatre," tells us that the venerable playhouse once possessed a notable old stage carpenter, Oliver Wales. One night, the present King, as Prince of Wales, visited the theatre, and went behind after the "show." "The Prince had lit a cigar, which he smoked while Mr. Tree explained the various features between the scenes. When they got to the back of the stage, who should the manager espay but old Oliver Wales quietly enjoying a pipe in a corner! Can one imagine his Royal Highness's consternation when Tree called out peremptorily, 'How dare you, Wales! Stop smoking at once!'"

A hero of the Boer War named Parker has died from his injuries at Billings, England, recently. While retreating with his party in South Africa a call was made for some one to volunteer to ride towards a kopje, where the enemy was supposed to be concealed, and draw their fire. Parker rode out at once. His horse was killed, and he was shot in the spine. He was invalided home, and when Queen Victoria visited Netley she remained some time by Parker's bed conversing with him, and was distressed on learning from the doctor that nothing could be done to save the man's life. On leaving, the Queen gave Parker the bunch of lilacs which she carried. When the Queen died Parker sent a bunch of lilacs, and the King ordered them to be placed on the Queen's coffin.

The new Lord Mayor of London—Sir James T. Ritchie—is an elder brother of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the brothers have a striking facial resemblance. The Lord Mayor had a short career in Australia in his early manhood, but returning to London, joined his younger brother in a jute business at Stratford. He was well on in his fifties before he came into any prominence in London civic life. Like his brother, he is a progressive Conservative, but politics have not had for him an abiding attraction. "The World" says that Sir J. T. Ritchie studies keenly the delightful "art of being a grandfather," and his two little grandsons find him in leisure moments an indefatigable companion and playmate. As he is a widower one of his daughters will act as Lady Mayoress at Mansion House functions.

The Hereditary Princess of Wied, born a Princess of Wurtemberg, is now engaged in the endeavour to "engraft upon Berlin an up-to-date social life," to quote the words of a circular which she has just issued to all the leading ladies of the German capital, urging them to organise "five-o'clock tea receptions from four to six." These social gatherings are to be held, not at the private houses of the ladies, but at the Kaiserhof Hotel. The object of these "gemuthlichen Tassen Thee," unlike Carlyle's "aesthetic teas," is a charitable one, so that tickets are to cost eightpence; but in spite of the social opportunities thus presented it is doubtful whether these Kaiserhof entertainments will prove as attractive as the "Kaffeeklatsch" institution, which is the favourite afternoon recreation of German ladies. It is something new to hear that tea-drinking is becoming more popular in the Fatherland, as hitherto the decoction has been regarded rather as medicinal than social.

In a certain town, which shall be nameless, there once lived a couple of young fellows who had gone into partnership in a barber's business, and in order to pass the time one particularly dull afternoon Tom proposed to Dick that they should indulge in a quiet game at "Nap."

The quiet game went on hour after hour, and when the shades of night had fallen for some time neither of them noticed that a customer had entered. He surveyed them in silent contempt for some few minutes.

"Sorry if I interrupt," he said acidly at last; "but I'm in a hurry. Which of you fervid sportsmen is going to shave me?"

Tom looked over the hand which had just been dealt him. Then, in a voice full of suppressed excitement, he said: "Just one moment, sir. Wait until we see who owns the shop!"

A new reason for going to church is given by Mr Joseph Shaylor, in "The Book Monthly." Young authors in search for good titles, he says, if they follow carefully the reading of the lessons and the hymns that are sung, will be sure before long to find what they want. We do not recommend church attendance on such grounds, but there is no doubt some of the most effective titles for novels have been found in a familiar Bible phrase. A couple of generations ago the practice would probably have been condemned as irreverent, and perhaps not without reason. Miss Braddon was one of the earliest offenders, and one of the worst, "Strangers and Pilgrims," "One Thing Needful," "Golden Calf," "Thou Art the Man," are some of her titles, and also "Just as I am." Two, at least, of those titles seem to transgress due bounds. Women novelists especially were early disposed to take titles from Scripture. Long ago our friend Miss Worbouse chose "The House of Bondage," Miss Amelia E. Barr has "Feet of Clay," Miss Rhoda Broughton "Come Up as a Flower"—all quite unobjectionable. Anthony Trollope has "An Eye for an Eye," Edmund Yates (from the Prayer Book), "For Better for Worse," Thomas Hardy "The Leucocyan" and "The Well-Beloved." Mr Baring-Gould 50 years ago, as a young man of 20, published "The Path of the Just." Mr Kipling took "Many Inventions" from Ecclesiastes. Other recent titles drawn from Holy Writ will be in the minds of readers. Mr Shaylor found that nearly 80 of the books published in one month lately had been named in this way.

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, had many idols, worshipped the cat, among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed like the moon, which is sometimes full, and at other times only a light crescent, or, as we say, a half-moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means "the face of the moon."

The word has been charged to "Paa" and "Pus," and has come at last to be "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and pussy-cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. Who ever thinks of the name as given to her thousands of years ago and the people who then bowed down and prayed to her?

Twenty thousand guineas is a great sum for a racehorse to fetch, but this price, which was given for Ard Patrick, has been topped at least twice within twenty years. Flying Fox, the Derby winner in 1899, was sold for £39,375, the largest sum ever given for a racehorse. The mighty Ormonde, winner of the 1886 Derby, went abroad for £30,000, and St. Blaise, winner of the Derby in 1883, was sold for £20,000. The three highest priced horses in racing history have been secured by foreigners. Such enormous investments turn out very profitable, as the stud fees yield a very handsome return after paying an insurance premium and the stable expenses. A stud fee of 250 gns. is nothing uncommon. Yearlings by Derby winners have been known to fetch as much as £5,500 guineas each. The late Captain Machel in one season laid out 40,000 guineas on yearlings of the highest class, and all they won between them was £800.

Some of the Oriental methods of treating various flowers as edibles in the way of salads and sweets, have recently found favour in this country. Chrysanthemum salad is appreciated by many people, and flower fritters are now made. Many of these dishes have a delicate quality that should cause them to find favour at women's luncheons. What could be more tempting to a young woman, for instance, than a sweet made of chrysanthemums, another made of violets, and a third of rose-petals? Each of these flower fritters is made in the same way. Take, for instance, the reasonable chrysanthemum one. A fresh chrysanthemum is selected, and is carefully washed. Then its petals are plucked off, and a little of the green leaf is chopped and stirred into a batter made of beaten eggs and flour. Then the petals themselves are dipped in the batter, and afterwards they are dropped lightly into a pan of boiling oil, which browns them in a moment. They are taken out of the oil and placed on absorbent paper, which drains the grease from them. They are served warm, and sprinkled with powdered sugar.

M. Paderewski is said to be sometimes annoyed at the silly stories published about him—and small wonder. "It is natural that the greater part of my audiences should be made up of women, especially in America, where the men do not have so much time to devote to music as the women have. But the stories about the numerous ladies who have asked for locks of hair and photographs are mere invention," he protested. The great player awards the palm to Germany as possessing the most musical women. That is because a love for music is traditional in Germany, and has become now a habit. As far as instinct for music is concerned, the German women are no better off than the American, French, or English. He also finds Italian women very musical, but American women perhaps the most appreciative. Mme. Paderewski laughs at the idea of her being jealous because all the ladies adore her husband. She thinks it is beautiful; no, more than beautiful—wonderful. It is homage given to his art. "When we were last in Boston" (she said) "we arrived only an hour or two before the concert and drove to a hotel near the hall. And there I saw already a long line of young girls and women waiting for the doors to open. Most of them had worked hard all day, too. I said then to my husband, 'Well, I am afraid I could never show you such devotion.'"

The little man was expounding to his audience the benefits of physical culture.

"Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?"

"What change?" said a voice from the audience.

There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse. But the little man was not to be put out.

"Will the gentleman who asked 'What change' kindly step up here!" he asked suavely. "I shall then be better able to explain. That's right!"

Then, grabbing the witty gentleman by the neck:

"When I first took up physical culture I could not even lift a little man, now (suiting action to word) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags," and finally he flung the interrupter half a dozen yards along the floor. "I trust, gentlemen, that you will see the force of my argument, and that I have not hurt this gentleman's feelings by my explanation."

There were no more interruptions.

"The way to discriminate between functional disorder of the heart and an actual organic disease is to note, first, whether the abnormalities that present themselves are constant, or whether they are only detected occasionally. If the pulse is quite irregular at times, but strictly normal at others, this is evidence that the disturbance is functional, not organic," writes a physician.

"But very few cases of so-called heart disease are anything more than functional disturbance, due either to chronic dyspeptic conditions or to some other cause."

"If the patient is dyspeptic, then the treatment must be of the kind that will restore tone to the digestive organs. There are many things that will aid in this—a correct dietary, plenty of exercise in the open air, increased capacity for breathing, a certain amount of bathing and rubbing, a sufficiency of sleep, periods of rest for body and mind, cheerful surroundings, and so on.

"Many a patient has found his heart symptoms disappear after getting rid of his dyspeptic conditions, and he who is troubled with abnormal affections of that organ need not regard his case as hopeless until he has first ascertained whether those affections are not dependent upon some other functional disorder."

Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, who recently visited England, though not the youngest of reigning monarchs, is very young to be saddled with the troubles of kingship, being only thirty-four years of age. His early life was one of hard study and physical weakness. In his childhood he suffered from rickets. Plain living and hard learning undermined his health, so it was only through the prompt action of his father, the late King Humbert, in sending him about the world that he was in a great measure restored to health. King

Victor is an enthusiastic soldier, and in the army he is beloved and has the reputation of being a severe commander. He is a keen sportsman, and is very fond of the water, and also has a collection of 20,000 coins, which is said to be the finest in Europe. His consort is a brunette with dark eyes jet-black hair, and a very fair complexion. She plays both the piano and the violin, is devoted to sport, and is as fond of the sea as her husband. She speaks four languages, including Russian. It is entirely through her relations with the Russian Court that the Czar and her husband are such good friends, each having played into the other's hands in the matter of love-making.

Our Northern friends seem to know as little about negro lingo as they know about negro character. If they write "am" for "is" and "b" for "v" or "h" and ring in a "done" in most unexpected places, and write "massa" for master, they think they are writing negro dialect. They have manufactured a dialect of their own and stick to it. It is strange to us that they do not study the writings of Joel Chandler Harris, Frank Stanton, Tom Puge, Polk Miller, and other Southern authorities. If so they would save themselves many a blunder.

One of the most notable blunders the Northern dialect writers make is the use of the word "massa" for the genuine negro word "marster." Strange enough, some Southern writers of the new generation have fallen into the same error. If we remember, Miss Winnie Davis, in one of her books, puts the counterfeited into the mouth of one of her negro characters. We have often wondered where the counterfeited came from. Surely, we never heard a slave say "massa," and we have never seen any Southern man who did. Perhaps it originated in the old song, "Massa's in de col', col' groun'." But where did the composer of the song get the word? Does anybody know? We have repeatedly asked the question, and have never received a satisfactory reply.—Richmond (Virginia) "Times-Dispatch."

Mr Andrew Lang, like Coleridge, wants every poet, novelist, essayist, and historian to be his own reviewer. He proposes—facetiously, of course—that some capitalist should start a paper called "Every Man His Own Reviewer," for which literary men should write signed reviews of their own work. Mr Lang (writing in the New York "Independent") argues his droll idea out with all the earnestness of Mr G. K. Chesterton propounding one of his weird paradoxes. No man, he insists, could have criticised "Macaulay's History" so well and so tartly as Macaulay himself. And Mr Lang adds a little autobiographical flavour to the suggestion by a confession that, long ago (he says), I was asked by a newspaper editor to review anonymously a volume of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," to which I had contributed an article on Moliere. Too late for correction, I said

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discovered errors which only a person who had worked hard on the subject was likely to notice. These blunders I rebuked, but the editor of the Encyclopaedia was not pleased by my candour.

Who of us has not suffered untold misery and humiliation during storms on account of the ribs breaking from their sockets in our umbrellas? The inevitable puncture to the covering that follows such breaks, and the subsequent impossibility to make the injured article close properly, have caused many of us to desert our rain-protectors in the street. Few people ever have common umbrellas repaired after the ribs break, and fewer still are aware of the fact that a simple precaution against rust in the rib-joints will make them last twice as long as usual. When you purchase a new umbrella, before using it, inject a small quantity of vaseline into the hinge portions of the frame. Vaseline will not spread like other oils and spoil the covering, and it is a sure preventive against the rust that is the primary cause of the ribs parting from their sockets or rotting off.

Mrs Dowie and her son, Dr. A. J. Gladstone Dowie, conducted services in London when they went to England after the New York fiasco. "The Rev. Jane Dowie, Overseer of Women's Work in the Christian Catholic Church in Zion," as she was described on the hand-bills, wore a black gown over a loose white robe, while Dr. A. J. G. Dowie wore academic robes of Chicago University. At an interruption from the audience he exclaimed, "If there are any cads here who wish to make a noise, will they get out? And will they go quickly and at once? I won't stand any impudence—not one bit, either in England or America." Mrs. Dowie, in her address, remarked that when the people began to receive the Dowie-given blessing of Divine healing, when the blind were receiving sight and the deaf hearing, the ministers of the Churches started to tell "abominable lies" about the work, and, she added, "If a minister starts to lie he can do it even better than the newspapers, and that is saying a good deal." The address was mainly devoted to a scathing criticism of the press, of smokers, of medical treatment, and of a certain intractable member of the Dowie family. Dr. Dowie, senior, was constantly referred to as "Elijah, the Restorer of all things."

Sir Frederick Treves, who, it will be remembered, attended and operated upon the King during his serious illness of last year, has, according to the "On-looker," stated that one of the deadliest of sweetmeats is preserved ginger, which cannot be eaten with safety by anyone who has a tendency to appendicitis. Pineapple, fresh or preserved, is said by the great surgeon to be almost equally risky; and oranges, figs, raspberries—in fact, all fruits with pips, are stated to be very dangerous eating. Inquiries at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, made by a London paper, resulted in replies which tended to confirm Sir Frederick's gloomy view of matters.

"It is quite true," said one of the house-surgeons; appendicitis is more common than you suppose, and fruit pips are frequently the cause. In many cases they set up inflammation, and cause a swelling which prevents the foreign body from being ejected by ordinary muscular processes."

Dr. S. Kellert Smith discussed the question of appendicitis in the "Lancet" some time ago, and said that in his student days the disease was rare, and he was further of the opinion that the trouble frequently arose from the different feeding conditions, adding, "Probably four-fifths of the chief perishable comestibles are frozen or chilled for transmission or collection before reaching the consumer. Chilled or frozen meat, fish, poultry, game, etc., are notoriously prone to rapid decomposition when removed from the cold store, and degenerate more quickly after cooking than unfrozen articles."

Following the argument, Dr. Kellert Smith thought that the ingestion of chilled or frozen food especially liable to rapid decomposition might result in a more septic state of the intestine than in pre-cold storage days, and possibly cause inflammation of the appendix.

Last week, says a recent "Sketch," witnessed the triumph of two remarkable mechanisms, namely, the Lebaudy airship and the Locke chainmaker. The large steerable balloon known as "Le Jaune," belonging to the Lebaudy brothers, made a trip from Moisson, near Mantes, to Paris, a distance as the crow flies of 24½ miles. Moisson lies north-east of Paris, but as the wind blew from the south-south-west at 6½ds per second the course taken by the aeronaut made the actual journey nearly sixty miles, which was accomplished in 1hr 42min. During the voyage the aeronaut, M. Juchmes, used 280lb of ballast out of 638lb which he took with him. The greatest height attained was 1090ft, but the average was only a third of that. The descent was aided by the workmen who are engaged in demolishing the remains of the 1900 exhibition, and the presence of the balloon soon attracted a large crowd. The chainmaker introduced by the Locke Steel Chain Company at Crowe's Market, Tottenham, London, is a marvel. At one end you see a belt of hoop steel drawn in, at the other it emerges as a linked belting chain. The upper section of the machine looks like a steam hammer, but the avvil upon which it depends is not entirely a fixture; a section of it moves in unison with the upper ram. Both the upper and lower parts have dies fixed to them, and it is these dies which ingeniously accomplish the cutting and linking together when the two massive parts come together. The chain thus produced in a continuous reel is afterwards hardened and tempered by being fed through a gas furnace, from which it issues to pass into a tank of water. The coil is then lowered into a tank of hot oil in order to effect oil tempering. A ton of hoop steel produces a ton of chain. The machine can turn out 2000ft of chain per diem.

Sir Mortimer Durand, who has been appointed British Ambassador to Washington in place of the late Sir Henry Herbert, used to be an inveterate smoker, and thereby hangs a tale. After his successful Mission to Kabul he returned to England, and, with Sir Salter Pyne, the Amir's agent, was commanded to Osborne to dine and sleep. After Her Majesty the late Queen had withdrawn they discovered, to their horror, that Osborne did not possess a smoking-room, so they retired to their sleeping apartments, held a consultation, and as a result range for cigars. Presently the door was flung open, and a major-domo ushered in a small army of fire-looking men in scarlet and gold bearing small tables and trays with all sorts of refreshments, and a variety of priceless cigars, which, like good servants, they comfortably arranged in a trice and noiselessly departed. Then the two visitors lit up, but knowing that Her Majesty detested the smell of tobacco, and fearing that her apartments might possibly be somewhere in the neighbourhood, they deemed it expedient to take a leaf from the school-boy's book, and to—smoke up the chimney!"

The recent sale in London of the "noblemen's" gown worn by King Edward when at Cambridge has revived a stock of reminiscences of His Majesty's undergraduate days, several of which will be new to the present generation. "Many a time have I seen the Prince," says an old townsman, "walking down Trinity-street with his gown thrown over his arm, his hat tilted slightly on one side of his head, and smoking a big cigar—in defiance of the regulations, of course. But what would you? He was the Prince of Wales, and, as such, secure from the interference of the Proctors." It may not be generally known that the Prince, when an undergraduate, was very fond of cricket, and would often go down to Parker's Piece (the public recreation ground at Cambridge, and used alike by Town and Gown before the University Club acquired "Fenner's") and take his place at the wickets. On these occasions he would sometimes place a sovereign on the middle stump as a reward for the first bowler who should succeed in dislodging it; and it is perhaps superfluous to add that he never had need to complain of the class of balls sent down to him. But it may also be noted that the Prince was no indifferent batsman, and did not succumb to the bowling of

the professionals quite as readily as they would have wished. A great love of music was an attribute of the Prince, and he was generally to be seen on Sunday afternoon at the service in King's College Chapel. But he seldom, or never, occupied a seat in the choir stalls, preferring to sit in the ante-chapel. The expectation of his attendance always had the effect of filling the building, and the members of the fair sex never lost an opportunity of showing themselves off to the best advantage for his especial delectation.

The London "Evening News" tells a remarkable tale of how a bookmaker in one of the Thames resorts was swindled. The bookmaker in question was out fishing the other day, and in the course of the afternoon the professional fisherman who accompanied him mooted the subject of racing, and said he had received an unexpected £5 that morning, and expressed his inclination to have a "flutter" of a couple of sovereigns on a certain horse in the three o'clock race. It was a little past the time, but the two men were by themselves in the middle of the river, which is practically deserted at this time of the year. The fisherman had had no intercourse with anyone, and there could be no possible ground for suspicion. The bookie took the two sovereigns, and found when the boat returned to shore that the horse had won at 20 to 1. He went fishing on the following day, and to give his lucky client a chance, took £5 off him on a named horse in precisely the same way as on the preceding day. This won at 6 to 1. On the Cambridgeshire day, the fisherman had a gamble of £10 on "Buckler's pride," while the two were again fishing. Later in the evening, the bookmaker overheard a casual remark from the keeper of the lock below where he had been fishing to the effect that some people must have had a wonderful fancy for "Buckler's Pride," for he had found the horse's name written on over half a dozen wooden chips floating about the lock. The remark set the bookmaker cogitating, and he came to the conclusion that with the combined aid of the telephone, a confederate in a boat a little higher up the stream, and a judicious floating down of sundry wooden chips with the winning horse's name upon it, some of which were certain to lodge behind the punt, he had been clearly defrauded of a sum which the fisherman afterwards gleefully described as "his winter's keep."

The announcement that the Royal Artillery are to be trained in musketry is an interesting one, and shows that one of the lessons of the Boer war has been taken seriously to heart. The fight for the guns which formed so tragic a feature of the disaster at Colenso might possibly have had another ending had the Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery been expert riflemen and been placed in position to make the best use of their weapons. It is with a view to preparedness for such emergencies that Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood has promulgated his scheme for the instruction of the Artillery in the Second Army Corps in Musketry. To the "moral" effect created by gunfire the Artillery in future will, when occasion demands, and the

guns are useless, be able to add the effect of rifle fire at close quarters. It is a valuable reserve power, calculated to give increased confidence in action.

There is an incident connected with old St. Paul's, remarkable in itself, but made still more so by the many celebrated writers who allude to it. In the year 1600, "a middle-sized bay English gelding," the property of Bankes, a servant to the Earl of Essex, and a vintner in Cheapside, ascended to the top of St. Paul's, to the delight, it is said by Dekker, of "a number of asses," who brayed below. Bankes had taught his horse, which went by the name of Morocco, to count, and to perform a variety of feats. "Certainly," says Sir Walter Raleigh in his history, "if Bankes had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters of the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." When the novelty had somewhat lessened in London, Bankes took his wonderful horse first to Paris, and afterwards to Rome. He had better have stayed at home, for both he and his horse (which was shod with silver) were burnt for witchcraft. Shakespeare alludes to "the dancing horse"; and in a tract, 1595, there is a rude woodcut of the unfortunate juggler and his famous gelding.

Has it ever been your lot to sit at a table with a group of young folk who ate the meal in silence, or, with a few restrained words, looked askance at the head of the family before venturing on any remark? Many will have seen such a sight on more than one occasion.

Doctors have told us over and over again of the beneficial results arising from a meal eaten with a contented frame of mind and with cheerful surroundings; but, sad to say, there are many households where each meal is a constant scene of bickering, nagging, and fault-finding.

This is not only the case where there are young children who require a reprimand occasionally for carelessness, but also frequently in those homes where the girls and boys are well in their teens. Wrong is that parent—either father or mother—who chooses the hour when all are assembled round the table to mention some half forgotten grievance, or to find some fault.

If any trivial thing has been done wrong, or any duty omitted, wait until dinner or tea is over, before you scold, blame, or reprimand. More indignation, nervousness and other derangements are caused by the too common fault of uncomfortable meal-times than many people would suppose; and it is our positive duty, which we should all try to remember, to make those hours of the day cheerful and agreeable to the children, and to set them an example which you would be the first to notice and approve in others.

A SIMILE AND A MORAL.—"What the dustman is to the dwelling in which he lives, that Husband Jones is to the local habitation of the human spirit." Thus writes a well-known medical writer.

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Karangahape Road,
AUCKLAND,
Is the Best Place for
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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.**

Has **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 London from, 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 backed, 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.

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Auckland Freezing Co., LIMITED.

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ROWLAND'S
KALYDOR
FOR THE SKIN

COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALING and Emollient; Preserves the Skin, seals all eruptions, and Beautifies the Complexion more effectually than any other preparation; removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness and all irritation and is warranted harmless. Ask Stores and Chemists for Rowland's Kalydor of 67, Hatton Garden, London.

NOTICE . .

To sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all pains of Head, Face, or Limbs.

The Old Reliable English Remedy.

PATERMASTER'S
PILLS

PREPARED BY
POINGDESTRE & TRUMAN,
of 71 OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.

Renowned for over a Century for quick efficacy, as proved by testimonials from all parts of the world.
It is sold by all Chemists in the Colonies.

After Dinner Gossip and Echoes of the Week.

Exit 1903—The King's Year.

A year happily devoid of striking sensations, and exciting events, is that which has closed since the last issue of this paper. Devoid—to all intents and purposes—of war's alarms, triumphs and reverses, the days and months slid quietly and placidly by, and the Empire has enjoyed the most prosperous and restful twelve months which has fallen to her lot for upwards of a decade. That a period for recuperation from the strain consequent on the tense war struggle of close on three years was needed cannot be doubted, and it is probable that our nation is to-day, rested and revived, in a stronger situation to meet whatever adverse circumstances fate might have in store than for many, many years past. But, happily, the chance of any necessity for showing the strength of the Empire, aggressively or defensively, is far more remote than it was a twelve month since. From our position of "splendid isolation," envied and distrusted by almost every nation of Europe, we to-day see Britain honoured, courted, trusted on every side, and even hereditary enemies reconciled, and anxious to cement a national friendship in every possible means. And for this we have to thank no Government, no Minister, no member of the Corps Diplomatique, but one man, and one alone—the first gentleman in his own vast dominions, His Majesty King Edward VII. The Edwards have been amongst our greatest of kings, and it was a good omen which led our Sovereign to take this great historic name by which to be known to his people, for he has proved himself a worthy follower of the great first and third Edwards, and it is to be doubted if ever the conquests of these two great warriors did more for the glory and advancement of the Empire than the victories achieved by our present King by his knowledge of men and things, his unflinching tact, and that royal charm of manner which overcomes every prejudice and every obstacle to friendly intercourse, and completes fraternal understanding between Britain and the majority of European States. 1903 should, therefore, be known as "the King's year," for most unquestionably to him is due the splendid position the Empire now holds, and which gives us all confidence that the year on which we are entering will be as peaceful and as prosperous as that which has just closed.

New Year Resolutions.

It is the custom to make a huge joke of New Year resolutions, and much humour and wit of varying quality are lavished on the readiness with which they are made, and the celerity with which they are broken. I suppose some of the chaff is legitimate, but I, for one, would be very sorry to see this ancient custom disappear. What does it matter if the resolutions do break down sooner or later; there was virtue in the making of them, and virtue in the keeping of them for a time, and perhaps it may be, paradoxical as it may seem, that there is virtue in the breaking of them too. For example, one year deponent hereof decided to give up smoking with the New Year. Now, no one can doubt that there was virtue in this. To even consider such a sacrifice seriously spoke of volumes of unselfishness and self-denial innate in one's being, and only waiting the demand of duty to be called out. But mark what happened. It affected my nerves to such an extent that my friends and my family—they called it my temper, by the way, but that is the custom of one's family—besought me to take to it again. "For goodness' sake have your smoke, and be done with it, and don't sulk about the house like a bear with a sore head." That was the

terse way the head of the household put it. The clearness with which women can express their opinion on occasion is, it will be observed, considerable. But I was adamant. Break a resolution involving self-sacrifice. Never! However, next day—it was a stormy one, domestically, for the weather was wet and the children aggravating, and my nerves on edge—my wife observed with that decision which is her chief characteristic, "either you give up this silly nonsense of not smoking, and leave off cuffing the children and recover your temper, or I go out of the house!" Here, you see, was a problem! One had either to selfishly stick by a resolution which made one's self objectionable to others or run the risk of being laughed at as a weakling, and smoke again. It must be obvious to all that the pleasantest course would have been to have remained adamant and banished pipe forever, but a man must consider his wife and family, so it was certainly best to give in gracefully and with a sigh fill up the largest pipe in the house. Besides, it quietened things down so much. To return, however, to the general question of good resolutions, everyone should make them, and most do. It may not be that we manage to keep all of them, but even if only part of them survive that is something. And seriously, and apart from the flippancy of this paragraph—whose only excuse is that it is holiday time—it is well that once or twice a year even the most careless of us should look ourselves over. If we do, and see the urgent necessity of a host of "I wills" and "I will nots," something has been achieved, and an improvement of sorts, even though small, is bound to take place; and, small though it may be, it is surely worth while.

Are You Going?

What a wonderful folk are the Yankees. I beg pardon—I mean the Americans. The remark is, I am aware, not new, but it is brought home to one afresh almost every day in some way or another. In the shape of a Christmas souvenir this week, I received from St. Louis a little booklet with the enquiry which heads this paragraph, printed thereon in attention-compelling capitals. It referred, of course, to the great exposition, and had it been a mere advertisement thereof, one would have thought little of it. But it was not. It was a concise and admirably compiled guide to the accommodation available in St. Louis and suburbs during the Fair, and it is compiled and circulated solely in the interests of intending visitors, to assure them that there will be ample accommodation, and, more important still, to guard them from fraud or over-charge. In the first place, there is to be a monster hotel called the Inside Inn, in the Exposition ground itself, and will accommodate about 6000 guests. The dimensions are 400 by 800 feet. It is three stories high, and has 2500 rooms. Over 500 of the rooms will be equipped with baths, and the hotel will have a drug store, a buffet, restaurant, a barber shop, a news stand, a cigar stand, wash-rooms, and stands for the sale of collars, cuffs, haberdashery, notions, etc. The hotel rates are fixed by contract and bond. The patrons must pay 2/- extra for daily admission to the grounds, the price of admission being added to the hotel bill. With this addition the charge for rooms without baths is 5/ to 10/ per day. There will be not less than 500 rooms at the five shillings price (including the admission charge), 600 at eight shillings, and 500 at ten shillings per day. The rooms with bath bring from 12/ to £1 1/ per day, the price varying according to the size and location of the room. In each case the price of admission is included. The charge for meals is also fixed by contract, and cannot be raised. The price of a breakfast and noonday meal will be half-a-crown each, and that of the evening dinner three and

sixpence. Meals will also be served à la carte at moderate prices. The Inside Inn will open for guests on April 30, 1904, and close on December 1, 1904—the Exposition's opening and closing days. In addition to this, the management has completed a canvass of the city, which has resulted in the following statistics:—Established hotels have capacity for 21,000 guests, and have been supplemented during the year with accommodations for 47,000 more; temporary hotels, 30,000; respectable rooming houses, over 15,000; private houses, nearly 18,000. This computation gives a total capacity of 130,000 persons at rates ranging from 4/ a day to £1. Nearly all of these places are bound by agreement to not exceed their regular rates. To make this canvass has entailed much work and some expense, but it promises to bear fruit for those who intend visiting the Exposition. The hint may be worth remembering in New Zealand some time.

Microbes in the Note.

It is told of an English lady who went to live in Scotland that she said, when she received the very grimy one pound notes which are so popular in that country, and which, like our colonial money, pass through so many hands before being called in, that "never before had she understood what was meant in the Bible by 'filthy lucre'." The sentiment will be echoed by all who have to deal with a paper currency. But it is sometimes forgotten that the paper notes have the advantage of showing the dirt, which is as present, though not as obvious, on our coins. A medical writer in a contemporary mentions that he saw a man who was clearly suffering from an infectious skin disease of the hands paying a tramway fare without a thought of the ill he might convey with the coins he passed to the conductor. The conductor, when warned, was effusively grateful for the warning, and promised, for his own protection, to wear gloves in the future. But there was no protection thought of for the people who might next handle these dirty coins. "Knacker" speaks of it having been once the custom at a club to bring a member the change that he needed in "washed silver." The novelist works this out into an apologue, to indicate that in a gentleman a certain cleanliness of life and thought, as well as of habit, is expected, and, indeed, one could moralise "ad libitum" on the theme. It certainly does not follow that infection lurks in every penny, the previous travels and antecedents of which we have not investigated, but the incident may serve as a reminder that money may adversely be handled with some little caution, seeing that we do not know through whose hands it has last passed.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." This is an old proverb, but as true as it is old. Here is just such a friend.



Never be without it. Keep it close at hand all the time.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It will prove a good friend when you have a fresh cold, bringing immediate relief. You will find it equally true in old colds, bronchitis, whooping-cough, asthma.

And you will declare it "the best friend in the world" if you will use it for an irritable throat or weak lungs. It acts as a strong tonic, clearing up the throat, giving tone to the relaxed tissues, and greatly strengthening the lungs.

There are many substitutes and imitations. Beware of them! Be sure you get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Two sizes. Large and small bottles.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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 first inst. to the 13th prox., both days inclusive, preparatory to payment of Dividend.

Mr A. D. Lubeck, 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:

"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 75, 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 71.

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

By order of the Board, JAMES BUTLER, General Manager. Auckland, 24th December, 1903.

G. W. ALLSOP, A.R.I.B.A.

(Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects), ARCHITECT 213, VICTORIA ARCADE.

ARE YOU ILL? IF SO... VITADATIO WILL CURE YOU.

Eminent Doctors in England (although unable to prescribe

VITADATIO through not knowing its constituents) have advised

MR S. A. PALMER to proclaim its virtues from the house tops.

Vitadatio.

STILL TRIUMPHANT.

CONSTIPATION CURED.

Tattersall's Hotel, Sydney. July 7th, 1903.

Dear Sir,—While in Ballarat last Xmas, I was in the theatre and saw your advertisement, and suffering from Constipation, thought I would give your remedy a trial, and I can assure you that I am now perfectly cured. I did intend writing to you before, but better late than never. I have sent letters to all my friends in Ballarat about it, and all I say is that I wish you every success with the remedy. Yours faithfully, WILTON CAREY.

For further particulars, S. A. PALMER, Head Office: CLARENDON ST. N. SOUTH MELBOURNE.

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials. The price of Medicine is 5/6 and 3/6 per bottle. All Chemists and Storekeepers. To be obtained from Kempthorne, Prosser, and Co., Ltd., N.Z. Drug Co., and Marland and Co.



TURF FIXTURES.

January 8th and 9th—Whangarei Annual January 10—Auckland Trotting Club January 22nd and 23rd—Wellington L.C.

TURF NOTES.

Altogether Mr Price handicaps for between 40 and 50 country clubs in New South Wales.

The report that Barnes is training Vanquish is incorrect. A. Mitchell is the trainer of that mare.

The American high-jumper, Feather-bloom, is going to give exhibitions in France, England, and Ireland.

Although St. Simon is only thirteenth on the winning sires' list in England this season, his sons St. Frusquo, Persephone, St. Florian, and St. Sark are second, third, fifth, and fourteenth respectively.

No less than 45000 was pooled on the totalisator during the race for the Auckland Cup. This sum was £200 more than last year when 10 horses started whereas 12 started this year.

Ramblers, the brother to Battelaxe and Tupara, has earned distinction earlier than did either of those geldings, and will be a better horse, given a fair chance. Hotchkiss horses, as a rule, want a lot of work.

Fred Davis, who used to ride that sterling mare Lottie, had the mount on Miss Lottie in the Salisbury Welter on the second day of the A.R.C. meeting, and that fine looking young mare won in good style.

It is not often that a rider gets kicked off his horse, but this is what happened to Mars Ryan at the post before the start for the Summer Cup. Owens not only kicked him, but was the cause of Fount's rider coming off also.

Some of those individuals who were disappointed in connection with the W.A.T.C.'s appointment of a handicapper are endeavoring to make things unpleasant for Mr A. Garry. Well, as they're credible and straight, it is safe to say he will come out on top.—Exchange.

The prize money for next year's Great Eastern Steeplechase at Okarainga is £1000, and an important alteration in the conditions is that the handicapper must not allot any horse more than 15st. The Okarainga Club, by the way, expended £2302 during the past 12 months, and still has a small credit balance.

Touching on the reduction of the stud fees of various stallions in England, "Vigilant" in the "Sportsman" says Caroline is a horse that is bound to fluctuate, for the simple reason that he has to pass through a year or two in which he can have scarcely any two-year-old representatives, and people are far too unreasonable to give weight to any such consideration.

It is given out that the American breeder, Mr Haggin, intends shipping 200 thoroughbred mares to South Africa shortly. He is of opinion that they will be in demand for stud purposes, but the demand for such mares is not so great as he makes out. So far as racehorses are concerned, the South African market is reported to be completely played out.

Things must have been rather lively at the recent meeting at Blenheim (N.Z.). A local writer says that through so many inquiries into the running of horses, the racing became somewhat deranged, and some of the races were late in starting. To make up for lost time, the starter of the fields machine, consequently there was a shrinkage in the totalisator receipts.

Walrick is no better than I have always thought him, but he was fitter to take on the two-mile journey of the Auckland Cup than I, in common with many more, believed him to be. Nothing short of an exceedingly high-class four-year-old could have won the Auckland Cup carrying 9.8 in such time, on a comparatively easy preparation such as Walrick did. He is a grand-winded colt, and though he won he looked scarcely as good as the equus of Great Britain when seen at his best in Riccarton, and I am quite certain in my own mind that Multiform would have beaten any four-year-old we have seen on the same terms as Walrick met. Walrick, Mr Bradley had only a small bet on his horse at starting price.

Mam Mordan, who in his time has been seen and been on the backs of many really good horses, inclines strongly to the opinion that "Middle Park Plate" was a first-class horse. In the eyes of the many who have been looked upon as pretty much of a Duke, and to this day it is still so regarded by a large majority. Mordan thinks otherwise, for he has won of Galopla, though in justice to the latter jockey it should be stated that he was tied down with stringent and intricate instructions, in attempting to obey which he lost Galopla the race. Maving and Holy Friar were then made with being. In addition to which Mordan's horse was a tremendous one, having not the slightest doubt as to his being a good horse—well above the common. What a race it was! No one but the judge, who was which of the four had won, because of the present being under the impression that Holy Friar (who was fourth) had finished first. The spectators had tried this grand-looking horse to be the very best two-year-old they had ever trained in their stable. Concerning Per Se, the following will give that getting where she did was no Duke, as also that she was a top-sawyer into the bargain. Just before the race Mordan went to Toddie Brayley, who had at all times been a staunch patron and true friend to his old jockey. "Mr Brayley," said Sam, "I hope I can persuade you to have a pointer on mine. If he runs up to his trial, it isn't laying the odds against him that they are laying." "Thank you all the same, Mordan, but I cannot back a pointer; I am going for a big stake on Per Se. Why does not think it possible for her to lose, and why she is the best filly he has ever tried in his life." This shows what was thought of Per Se. Undoubtedly the first four in that ever memorable Middle Park Plate were "red-hot," and either one of them would have won this race quite five years out of six. Mordan was second for the "Middle Park" the following year on Madeira, Petrearch being the winner, and a ripping good horse he was, but, as Sammy says, "Madeira was only tried a plate or two compared with Per Se." And yet in after years the latter proved out a complete failure, alike on the turf and at the stud.—"Sporting Sketches."

A New Zealand trotter, full brother to Belmont, has commenced to show form in Australia. In a race at Keeningsloo he was an odds on favourite as soon as the betting opened, and although he won, the win was not as easy as the market indicated it would be. Belmont M. settled down, however, and at the end of a mile began to overhurl the leaders, and when the turn was rounded had only Harry to beat. The grey was going very solidly, however, but the severe pace told, and throwing his head in the air below the distance, Belmont ran past him, and won nicely. The horse and driver (Millson) received a very flattering reception on returning to the scale.

When Grand Rapids received 8.11 in the Auckland Cup nearly every sporting writer in the colony pointed out that Mr Sten's getting had been harshly treated, and few at all advanced anything by way of a defence of the weight adjuster for the line he had taken, though, reading between the lines, some appeared to think that it was fair to take the position as his actual public form, but to treat him on the supposition that he was a first-class one. The last horse Grand Rapids beat was Juniper, who was giving him weight. Mr Evert said not to take the position as his actual public form, but to treat him on the supposition that he was a first-class one. The last horse Grand Rapids beat was Juniper, who was giving him weight. Mr Evert said not to take the position as his actual public form, but to treat him on the supposition that he was a first-class one. The last horse Grand Rapids beat was Juniper, who was giving him weight. Mr Evert said not to take the position as his actual public form, but to treat him on the supposition that he was a first-class one.

That some men have been wonderfully lucky in connection with the breeding of blood stock, there is no denying, and "Victor" of the London "Sportsman," instance the late Duke of Westminster as an example. While admitting that the Duke was an excellent judge, the writer points out that it was by the merest chance that he ever became possessed of Doncaster, who laid the foundation stone of all his racing fortunes, and more than this, after he had purchased Angelina from Mr Taylor and was desirous of cancelling the transaction. To crown all, when Vampire was bought his Grace would have been returned her, for her temper proved positively alarming when she reached the Eaton Stud, and as for the extraordinary experiment of mating her with Orme, that such an alliance did not dare send her away from home to foal, and she was put to Orme just because he was on the spot. Flying Fox was the result, and most breeders thought what intelligence, courage, and enterprise the Duke had shown in arranging such an alliance. Few indeed have been the breeders whom Fortune has so remarkably favoured, and had his Grace lived longer he would have seen another triumph with Neptune, for whose dam's stock he had some unaccountable dislike, as without exception he had got rid of them all seven in number up to that time. It is impossible to believe that he would have sold Neptune, but it is to be borne in mind that he sold Star Ruby, Orme's first living foal, when his had only run twice as a two-year-old, and the colt proved good enough to win 16 races in America, and to head the list of winning stallions there.

KING OF N.Z. WINES. Preferred by many, particularly ladies, to imported champagnes. 2oz. Pints, 40/- 1doz. Quarts, 35/- Vineland Wine Co., Ltd., WHANGAREI, O. E. ALBERTON, Managing Director.

PETER F. HEERING'S CHERRY BRANDY. COPENHAGEN. The Favourite Liqueur. SWIFT & COMPANY, 7 Spring Street, SYDNEY, General Agents.

eyeing winging for our carelessness in not having seen them properly fastened up. The dining-room had French windows flush with the ground, which were always thrown open first thing in the morning. We sneaked in through them, and there, by and behold was our park, calmly basking in front of the fire.

"Cecilia was my first mount in a race, a five furlong currier, at Kempton Park, in 1884. A number of 'punters,' always on the look out for coincidences and possible 'good things,' backed Cecilia, thinking that my father would be sure to pick something good for my debut. Alas! I finished last, for I had been put up on the worst horse in the stable. There was a reason for my father's action; he purposely selected 'crocks' for my first half dozen races, arguing, and very rightly so, I think, that I might first watch others winning before I began winning myself. Perhaps a little superstition influenced him as well, for it is a curious fact that if a jockey begins by winning he is rarely successful afterwards. Anyway, I got some valuable lessons, and I backed Cecilia for me to add that whip and spurs were forbidden me for many years. My first success came at Salisbury in 1887, on a mare called Flint. She belonged to the late Mr H. B. Troy, was trained by Charlie Morton, and I won by three lengths. This success was marked in my mind, for it was in my life—indeed, to be strictly correct, I had two falls in ten minutes. It was in the race for the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. I was riding Koster, and at Tottenham Corner was lying second, when I struck into the heels of 'The City,' my knees were all cramped. Woodhouse came out to the top of me, and George Chalmers followed suit, and landed on the top of both of us. They had something fairly soft to fall upon, but the unfortunate 'ambush' lay there half stunned. Promptly a mounted policeman galloped alongside, snatching me without even as much as a 'by your leave' over his horse, and there and there took me into custody. Then happened the second loss, but before my stern custodian had gone many yards I rolled off to the ground and lay motionless. Both my knees were put out, and it was many weeks ere I rode again. I have had many 'spills' since, but never one that could hold a candle to my Koster loss." Of many exciting races "Money" regards the Newmarket Stakes of 1901 as the most sensational. He won on that splendid "stray" named William the Third, and "heads" separated the first four horses. In sporting parlance you could have covered them with a handkerchief. Again among countless horses he has ridden, Cannon singles out two as his favorites. Flying Fox, on which he won his first, but one hopes, not last, Derby, in 1889, and old Eager, hero of many a famous fight.

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A.R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

SUMMER CUP DAY.

The weather was again perfect for the Summer Meeting of the Auckland Racing Club, which was continued at Ellerslie yesterday. The attendance was very good, though probably not so large as usual on several days of the summer meetings at Ellerslie. There were a number of fresh faces amongst the visiting forces, many having arrived via the wireless cable in distant districts on Boxing Day and on Monday. The various events filled very well, though there were several races in which the races. The totalisator revenue suffered in consequence of this to some extent, and though the sum of £12,321 was put through in the eight races, this was £764 short of the amount handled last year on the corresponding day. Some of the races were well contested, but most of them were won easily, and Hewitt, whose style of riding is gaining in favour, was up on no fewer than four winners during the afternoon, and gave good exhibitions of the Stoa's secret. The business of the afternoon commenced

with the Alexandra Handicap, in which St. Olga gave a lot of trouble and interfered with Petrova soon after the start so as to spoil that mare's chance. Gold Seal ran well for part of the journey, but Starshoot came from the three-furlong post and won easily enough from Delania, Petrova finishing in third place—a performance that did not satisfy the stewards, who called upon her rider for an explanation, which was given to their satisfaction. There were four runners in the Ponsonby Hurdle Race, but the race was confined to two—Spalpeen and Hantapu—and twice during the last three furlongs it looked as if the top weight had had enough, but he came at Hantapu after jumping the last hurdle and took his punishment like a racehorse, and wore down the light weight, who was ably ridden by Wilson. Spalpeen started favourite, Burns handled him well.

Though Stronghold was beaten in the Foal Stakes on Saturday by Beau Seaton and Kilmarnock, he finished close up to the last named in that race. He was lame on his arrival in Auckland, and was probably short of a gallop for two. However, he ran a good race yesterday, and he fairly romped home in Hewitt's hands; while Romola, the outsider of the seven runners, finished up fast, and defeated Beau Seaton for second place. Stronghold was favourite, so that there was a strong opinion that Romola's mounts were evidently being followed by punters, for they supported Quarryman, on whom he had the ride, selfishly, though that colt had been showing most satisfactory track work, and was very scarce. However, he was favourite, and Flint had a big following. The last named was the cause of a lot of trouble, but a good start was made. Flint got a very good run, but Romo received a lot of bumping, and under the circumstances ran a fair race, and Gladstone was always in a nice position near the front, and won in pleasing style, and paid the fine price of £15 15/6. McClosky rode this filly, who evidently stays well, Nonette was a starter with 10.0 on his back, but that anchored him. Just before the start the General kicked Ryan off the top weight, and was the cause of Flint's rider coming off also. Gladstone's breeding is of the best, she being a daughter of Seaton Delaval and Miss Gladys, half sister to St. Leger. Windwhistle was installed favourite for second place by narrow margin, and he too finished well. The South Canterbury pony Bulwago was considered so loudly treated in the Pony Handicap, though he had 10.3 on his back, that the opposition were frightened out, the only one to go to the post being Sully Horner, but Sully was not enough to bring this pair together, and Bulwago won from end to end, Hewitt sitting still on him. Brave Heart was made favourite for the Visitors' Plate, but Hewitt had to ride in good old English style over the last part of the journey, indeed was at the Chalmers' filly laid all down the straight, and she answered as only a brave hearted one could do, and won by a head. It was hard luck for The Middy to get beaten after running so gamely a race, and few would have begrudged Mr Cecil a win with his little colt. Gladstone, the only two-year-old to do battle, ran a good race. The hitherto disappointing Cyrus, by Cyrenian, ably handled by Buchanan, after a good race, beat Irish Ngatoro, and five others, including the favourite Wellcast, in the Waitemata Handicap, and then gave Cyrenian his best winning representative. Cyrus was the only three-year-old engaged in what was a weak field, in which Haydu had top weight, and ran tailing off badly nearly all the way. His stablemate Lord Raulph and Lord Northland, and Capt. Roseman, A.D.C., and J. D. Omond, and Miss Jas. Carroll, and J. D. Omond, and Mr L. De Pelechet were amongst the visitors.

ALEXANDRIA HANDICAP of 150sovs. For three-year-olds and upwards. Distance, 7 furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Odds. Includes 455 Starshoot, 184 Delania, 331 Petrova.

Also started: 123, Gold Seal; 71, St. Olga; 195, Ida; 129, Green and Gold; 39, Lady Bobs. St. Olga played up a good deal and delayed the start some time, but at last she did get away all right. St. Olga and Gold Seal getting right away. At the end of the first furlong Gold Seal was leading Starshoot, but passing the half-mile the latter was brought to the front, and he had the race all to himself, winning by three lengths comfortably. Delania being the same distance from Petrova, and the rest strung out. Time, 1:29 1/5. Dividends, £2 6/6 and £1 16/6.

PONSONBY HURDLE RACE HANDICAP of 100sovs. (One mile and three-quarters. 231—Spalpeen (Burns) 1 476—Beau Seaton, 8.11 (Gress) 2 90—Jagard (Julian) 3

Also started: 45, Major. Hantapu and Spalpeen stuck well together throughout, the other two being well placed at the start. Major fell at the mile and a quarter, and for the last three furlongs gave-and-take. Hantapu was witnessed. Hantapu explained the winner before the home turn was reached, and again at the last hurdle, but the stallion wore him down and won by half a length. Time, 3:29 2/5. Dividend, £2.

CRITICRION HANDICAP of 150sovs. for two-year-olds. Six furlongs. 627—Stronghold, 8.7 (Stewart) 1 112—Romola, 7.7 (Burns) 2 476—Beau Seaton, 8.11 (Gress) 3

Also started: 396, Kilmarnock; 126, Rambler; 112, Galahad; 362, Promotion. From a start from which Stronghold sprang out smartly, the field soon broke out, Stronghold leading Beau Seaton and Kilmarnock past the two-furlong post, and having a half-length lead at the end of the next furlong over Beau Seaton, while Kilmarnock was nearly two lengths behind. At the turn Stronghold sprang and was again as he liked by seven lengths. Romola, who finished fast, giving Beau Seaton a length. Kilmarnock and Galahad were close up. Time, 1:16 4/5. Dividends, £1 3/6 and £4 10/6.

SALISBURY WELTER HANDICAP of 200sovs, second 350sovs, third 150sovs. One mile. 268—W. C. Ring's b m Miss Lottie, 8.7 (Davis) 1 250—J. George's ch g Maro, 8.11 (George) 2 448—Sir G. Clifford's br m Wind-whistle, 10.8 (Hewitt) 3

Also started: 83, Count Kolmar, 9.0 (Buchanan); 102, Dolores, 8.9 (Deceley); 243, Jans, 8.7 (Jones); 27, Torchen, 8.7 (Christiano); 227, Newhour, 8.7 (Ryan); 121, Walkato, 8.6 (Spekman); 65, Crey, 8.6 (Chaffe). Miss Lottie was smartest to begin, followed by Crey and Walkato to the turn, where both were apparently tiring, and Major and Dolores crept up and took their places, followed by Windwhistle. Miss Lottie was full of running, however, and won easily by five lengths, Maro just beating the faster bulging Windwhistle. Dolores and Count of Colmar coming next in order. Time, 1:42 2/5. Dividends, £4 1/6 and £1 1/2.

SUMMER CUP of 500sovs, second 250sovs, third 250sovs. One mile and a quarter. 124—J. R. Reid's ch f Gladstone, 8yrs. Seaton Delaval Miss Gladys, 7.0 (McChuskie) 1 790—P. James b g Romeo, 8.1 (Lindsay) 2 509—E. J. Watts' ch m Float, 7.6 (Jones) 3

Also started: 198, Nonette, 10.0 (Ryan); 261, Hibernia, 7.13 (Wilson); 513, Quarryman, 7.13 (Hewitt); 222, Putty, 7.10 (Seaton); 51, Maura, 7.4 (Milly); 56, The Needle, 7.4 (Race); 79, Onawa, 7.0 (Gress); 68, Jewellery, 6.10 (Gray). The start was an excellent one, Putty getting away rather badly. Quarryman, Gladstone, Romeo and Float was the order passing the grandstand, when Float assumed command, half a length in front of Quarryman. Romeo, who was hampered at the turn, dropped back, and Jewellery took third place. Float and Gladstone were leading Quarryman at the cutting, where Romeo commenced to move up again. Gladstone, however, came on strongly, and won all out by two lengths from Romeo, who beat Float two lengths, the

rest being all hunched. Nonette and Jewellery at their head. Time, 2:10 1/5. Dividends, £15 15/6 and 16/6. PONY HANDICAP of 100sovs, second 10 sovs, third 50sovs. Six furlongs. 23—C. and H. Teschemaker's ch g Bulwago, by Perkin Warbeck II. —Crest, 10.3 (Hewitt) 1 8—W. K. Carter's Sally Horner, 7.0 (Deceley) 2

The only starters. They both jumped off together, but Bulwago went to the front before reaching the five furlong post, and entered home an easy winner by four lengths. Time, 1:19. Dividend, £1 4/4. VISITORS' PLATE of 100sovs, second 10 sovs. Five furlongs. 781—Sir G. Clifford's ch f Brave Heart, 3yrs, by Chalmers—Safeguard, 8.9 (Hewitt) 1 130—E. Cecil's The Middy, 9.0 (Lindsay) 2 400—H.1, Friedlander's Gladstone, 7.9 (Buchanan) 3

Also started: 62, Coronation, 8.0 (Ryan); 216, Note-rant, 8.11 (Milly); 95, Curagoo, 8.11 (Milly); 369, De Aroha, 8.9 (Spekman); 34, Darcelf, 8.9 (Deceley); 8.9, Nonomiana, 8.9 (Chaffe). The Middy cut out the work, closely attended by Gladstone and Brave Heart, but The Middy came out two lengths in front to the turn, and stuck at his work in a determined manner, but Brave Heart, in keeping with her name, was not to be denied, and struggling on caught The Middy in the last few strides, and won by a short race, Gladstone a length off third. Time, 1:14 2/5. Dividends, £1 3/6 and £3 13/6.

WAITEMATA HANDICAP of 100sovs, second 100sovs. One mile and a half. 354—H. Friedlander's b c Cyrus, 3yrs, by Cyrenian Sire, 7.11 (Buchanan) 1 91—Colbeck and Williamson's Irish, 7.0 (Deceley) 2 81—T. Wylie's Ngatoro, 7.0 (Cotton) 3

Also started: 228, Haydu, 8.10 (Ryan); 430, Wellcast, 8.5 (Gress); 228, Escape, 7.7 (Seaton); 81, Vanquish, 7.0 (Gray). Ngatoro, Irish, and Cyrus were in the lead throughout. Haydu tiring off from the start. Entering the straight the order was unaltered, but Cyrus came under pressure, and won after a good finish with Irish by three-quarters of a length, Ngatoro three lengths off. Time, 2:43 2/5. Dividends, £2 1/7 and £3 14/7.

THIRD DAY.

GLADSTONE WINS THE DERBY.

The weather was fine for the third day's racing of the Auckland Racing Club, although the heavy rain on Thursday made the course a bit holding. There was a large attendance, including leading sportsmen from all parts of the colony and Australia. In the concluding half of the programme the Auckland Racing Club Handicap of 500sovs saw 11 face the starter, Watriki being a pronounced favourite. Romeo, who had Hewitt up, was also well backed. Torchen the outsider. Idea made the difference, as passing the stand was three lengths clear of Romeo, who was two lengths in front of Jewellery, General Symons, and Watriki. Memna last. Idea was still in front as they raced down the back and through the cutting, but going across the bottom stretch Romeo went up to her, and taking command was first into the straight from Idea, with Float half a length behind. Romeo, who was going strongly, had the race won inside the distance, as, although Float put in a strong challenge, he easily took his advantage, winning by five lengths. Float finishing two lengths in front of Mars, who made up a lot of ground from the home turn. Watriki was fourth, Idea fifth, while General Symons, who stopped on the road, came in with the crowd. The Pony Race saw Gladys Rose favourite. Bulwago being nearly as equally backed. Bulwago carried the welter weight of 11.13, conceding no less than 5st 7lb to Little Mabel, who had the minimum weight of the 11 starters. Bulwago was assisting to make the running in the

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early stages, and when tackled by Avalanche 50 yards from home the heavy weight...

GLASGOW HANDICAP of 150sovs. Distance, seven furlongs.

- 105—Walpuna, 7.4 (Rae) 1
177—Mara, 7.8 (Gray) 2
214—Delania, 8.5 (Rae) 3

Golden Vein and Liberator were first to show in the race, three lengths in front of a hunched field, with Matsui and Soul at the head and Putty last.

NEW YEAR'S HURDLE HANDICAP of 150sovs. Distance, eight furlongs.

- 256—Up-to-Date, 19.2 (Howard) 1
31—Crespin, 9.0 (Neave) 2
35—Klamma, 9.0 (Hill) 3

Also started: 434, Watwera; 53, Treadmill; 257, Princess of Thule; 383, Hautapu; 119, Frances Lovejoy; 42, Lingard; 304, Irish.

Hautapu and Frances Lovejoy were together over the first fence, Watwera being last, and through the cutting the Princess was alongside of Hautapu, with Frances Lovejoy and Crespin just clear of Up-to-Date.

GREAT NORTHERN DERBY of 750sovs. Mile and a half.

- 347—Gladstone (Jones) 1
198—Treadmill (Howitt) 2
39—Melodion (Davis) 3

Gladstone was first to show in front, but was immediately steadied, and Treadmill took up the running and led past the stand ahead of Gladstone, Melodion, and Orewa in that order.

MIDSUMMER HANDICAP of 200sovs. for two year olds; five furlongs.

- 1175—Silkworm (Howitt) 1
312—Veldt (Ryan) 2
233—Kilmarnock (Buchanan) 3

Veldt was first away, but she was soon joined by Kilmarnock, who carried on the running until Veldt appeared on the scene, and Howitt had to make the favourite up to win by a length and a half.

COUNTY HANDICAP, of 200sovs, six furlongs.

- Starshoot 1
Nuna 2
Geordie 3

Scratched—Marshall South, Braye Heart, Delania, Merry South.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB HANDICAP of 750sovs; second horse 100sovs, third horse 50sovs. One and a-half mile.

- 702—P. James' b g Romeo, 5yrs, by Leofants—Signet, 8.0 (Howitt) 1
303—E. J. Wall's b m Float, 5yrs, 7.8 (Jones) 2
41—B. D. O'Rourke's ch g Mats, aged, 7.3 (Deeley) 3

Also started: 1178, Walrick, 7.0 (Galusford); 304, General Symons, 7.12 (Buchanan); 339, Idas, 7.8 (McCluskey); 66, Memura, 7.0 (Milne); 53, Jewellery, 6.10 (Pittman); 190,

Ides, 6.9 (McKison); 47, Bonheur, 6.8 (Cotton); 10, Torcbou, 6.7 (Rae).

Idea made play at the start, and passing the stand was three lengths clear of Romeo, after whom came Jockey General Symons, mous, and Walrick, with Memura last. Idea was still making the pace as they raced down the back and through the cutting and across the bottom stretch where Romeo went up to her and, taking command as they passed the stand, she led past the stand in front of the straight two lengths in front of Idea, with Float half a length behind.

Idea, Walrick being fourth. Romeo, going strongly, had the race won well inside the distance, and going on won easily by five lengths from Float, who was two lengths in front of Mars, who made up a lot of ground from the home turn. Walrick was fourth, and Ides fifth, while General Symons came in with the crowd. Time, 2:39 2/5. Dividends, £3 2/4 and £2 8/8.

PONY HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse 50sovs. Third horse 25sovs. Six furlongs.

- 381—A. Hanson's br m Avalanche, 4yrs, by Saut—Princess Alice, 9.10 (Deeley) 1
435—C. and H. Teschemaker's ch g Bulawayo, 4yrs, 11.13 (Howitt) 2
405—J. Montgomery's b m Gladys Rose, aged, 7.2 (Skeates) 3

Also started: Orange and Blue, 9.8 (Cotton); 101, Faith, 8.9 (Davis); 105, Giron G.H., 8.5 (Porter); 193, Strewinsky, 7.12 (Taylor); 31, Lady Lottie, 7.4 (Milne); 87, Winnival, 7.0 (Cotton); 128, Sweet Marie, 6.9 (Sattman); 51, Little Mabel, 6.7 (Deeley).

MAIDEN HANDICAP of 175sovs; second horse 25sovs, third horse 10sovs. One and a quarter mile.

- 407—G. Alsham's b m Yslette, 5yrs, by Fabulist—Marjory, 6.11 (Deeley) 1
267—E. Alton's ch g Wellast, 4yrs, 7.10 (Cross) 2
187—Y. Muir's ch g Eucopa, 4yrs, 7.2 (McKison) 3

Also started: 103, Boba, 7.13 (Porter); 374, Culragno, 7.8 (Cotton); 199, Bonomianna, 7.6 (Cluiter); 119, Loch Lound, 7.5 (Skeates); 519, Ngatara, 7.5 (Sattman); 47, Disceater, 7.0 (Harr); 124, Seabird, 6.11 (Gray).

Culragno and Ngatara carried on the running in the early stages, and were in front at the five-furlong post, where Culragno was well ahead with Ngatara showing the way across the back just in front of Yslette and Wellast. Yslette got in front entering the straight, and though challenged by Wellast held her own and won by two lengths, Wellast being four lengths in front of Seabird, the rest of the field strung out. Time, 2:19 4/5. Dividends, £2 15/6 and £1 18/6.

FOURTH DAY.

The A.R.C. Summer Meeting was concluded at Ellerslie on Saturday. The weather was perfect, and the attendance very large. The racing was of an interesting character, and some close finishes were witnessed. The arrangements for the meeting were capably carried out by Mr Percival secretary, and the starting was carried out by Mr C. O'Connell, with Mr R. B. Cass, the judge, were given with promptitude and to the satisfaction of the spectators.

Speculation was brisk during the afternoon, a sum of 236,518 being put through the totalisator, an increase of 2221 on the total for the same day last year. The grand total, however, showed a decline of 2051 on last year's total.

GOODWOOD HANDICAP of 100sovs. Distance, one mile.

- 453—Walpuna, 7.12 (Jones) 1
316—Austerlitz, 7.6 (Skeates) 2
179—Solo, 8.5 (Cotton) 3

Also started: 156, Dolores; 199, Bonheur; 57, Cyrus; 81, Swagsman; 204, Despatch; 39, Bastion; 25, Grey; 61, Lark; 116, Time. Walpuna was first away, and was in front for the first furlong, when Solo and Grey took up the running, and showed the way through the cutting from Walpuna, Austerlitz and Dolores. Solo took charge of the race on the back stretch, and was first into the straight, two lengths in front of Walpuna. At the distance Walpuna and Austerlitz were alongside Solo, and a good finish saw Walpuna win by two lengths from Austerlitz, who beat Solo by a neck, Dolores fourth, and Grey last. Time, 1:44 1/5. Dividends, £2 12/6 and £1 5/2.

SYLVIA HANDICAP of 150sovs. Distance, six furlongs.

- 129—Promotion, 6.7 (Sattman) 1
221—Galahad, 7.7 (Milne) 2
604—Gladstone, 7.12 (Buchanan) 3

Also started: 401, Rambler; 100, Danmore; 70, Karara.

their feet, and led through the cutting from Galahad and Danmore, Gladstone being last. The conditions were unaltered as they entered the straight, the field closing up. At the distance Promotion got his head in front and, stalling off a challenge by Galahad and Gladstone, was all out by three parts of a length from Galahad, who was a neck in front of Gladstone, and the other hunched close up. Time, 1:18 2/5. Dividend, £11 6/.

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP of 400sovs. One mile and a quarter.

- 200—Miss Lottie, 7.4 (Cross) 1
192—Putty, 7.7 (McCluskey) 2
442—Float, 8.0 (Jones) 3

Also started: 683, Romeo; 212, Hossler; 208, Wadwhistle; 362, Hlaetaura; 178, The Needle; 414, Mar; 362, Hlaetaura; 178, The Needle. Mar was first to break the line, and was in the lead as the field passed the stand, Miss Lottie, Hossler and Putty following in that order. Putty went up into second place as they passed the seven-furlong post, the places of the rest being unchanged. As they raced down the back and through the cutting, Putty and Mar were together, with Float just in front of Miss Lottie, third. After them came Hossler, Hlaetaura, and The Needle last. Thus was the order entering the straight. Then Mar was beaten, leaving Putty in the lead, with Float and Miss Lottie coming up fast on the outside. At the distance they were all hard at it, but Miss Lottie staying longest won a good race by a head from Putty, with Float three parts of a length in front of Hossler, third, the rest of the field being less than a length away. Time, 2:10 4/5. Dividends, £4 19/6 and £3 10/.

NINTH ROYAL STAKES of 500sovs. Distance, 6 furlongs.

- 52—Machine Gun, 8.9 (Howitt) 1
13—Silkworm, 7.5 (Jones) 2
15—Stroghold, 6.12 (Gray) 3

These were the only starters. Machine Gun led for three furlongs when the barrier went up. Stroghold was two lengths in front of Silkworm, and this was the order as they raced along the bottom stretch. Silkworm was alongside Stroghold as they entered the straight with Machine Gun on their heels. Machine Gun was given his head, and he had no difficulty in settling the other pair, winning by a good two lengths. Time, 1:35 3/5. Dividends, £1 2/.

AUCKLAND STERLINGCHASE of 200sovs, second horse 50sovs, third horse 10sovs. About 3/4 miles.

- 215—M. Deele's br m Princess of Thule, aged, by Lord of the Isles—Lady Sarah, 10.0 (Cotton) 1
462—J. Jeff's b g Pip, aged, 10.2 (Carr) 2
568—Barnamoon and David's b g Haydn, aged, 12.5 (Ferguson) 3

Also started: 148, Nor-west, 11.2 (Barnes); 418, Kanaka, 10.7 (McCluskey); 117, Rufus, 10.5 (Skeates); 176, Maudie, 10.3 (Barnes); 388, Dingo, 10.2 (Noble); 18, The Pullack, 9.10 (McCluskey); 109, Agator, 9.7 (Howard); 275, Incheape, 9.7 (R. Hall); 26, Kowhai, 9.7 (Owner).

Incheape was quickest to the first fence, followed by Princess of Thule, Dingo and Kanaka. Incheape was still in the lead as they raced up the hill, Rufus being in second position with Kanaka, Dingo, Princess of Thule, Pip and Haydn, and this was the order as they jumped the fences on top of the hill. Coming down the hill Rufus was alongside Incheape, then followed Kanaka, Dingo and Princess of Thule, the others being close together. Rufus had command as they came to the water, there being no material alteration in the other positions. Thule was still carrying the pole over as they went down the back. Princess of Thule, Incheape, Haydn, Dingo, Nor-west, Pip being punishment of the others, and this order was maintained going up the hill again. Coming to the fourth fence Rufus was still the leader, Pip, Haydn, Princess of Thule, Nor-west and Dingo being six lengths behind him. Racing down the back Haydn and Pip were within three lengths of Rufus, who came Princess of Thule and Nor-west. At the top of the hill the last time Rufus made a faulty jump, and Pip took the lead from Haydn, who was half a length in front of Rufus. Princess of Thule a fourth away. Pip was in the front as they raced down the hill for home. Princess of Thule making her run and passing Haydn got within a length of Pip as they jumped into the

course proper, and having Pip's measure, when they got to the last fence, won on and won by eight lengths. Pip being eight lengths in front of Haydn, then followed Rufus, Nor-west, and Dingo. Kowhai being the only other starter to Bulsh, Kanaka 11, and Agator, Incheape, Pullack, and Maudie being in the rear. 3:14 2/5. Dividends, £8 11/ and £1 10/.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP of 500sovs, second horse 50sovs, third horse 10sovs. Six furlongs.

- 224—Sir G. Clifton's br c Quarry, 2yrs, 8yrs, by Hill of Brabant—Madwood, 8.5 (Howitt) 1
287—G. E. G. Richardson's b g Gold Seal, 4yrs, 7.10 (McCluskey) 2
100—W. Lovett's b g Hoboro, aged, 10.0 (Jillings) 3

Also started: 572, Geordie, 8.7 (Skeates); 225, Nuna, 8.2 (Taylor); 146, Kama, 7.0 (Buchanan); 203, Hea, 7.7 (Milne); 53, St. Olga, 7.5 (Harr); 190, Scotty, 7.0 (Jones); 105, Liberator, 7.3 (Lyons); 88, Green and Gold, 7.3 (Deeley); 9, Black and Gold, 6.9 (Carr); 4, Cyclus, 6.6 (McC. Inc. 10, over (Deeley); 23, Nettle, 6.10 (Cotton).

Gold Seal and Liberator were first away, St. Olga being badly left. This pair were responsible for the running through the cutting and along the back. Black and Gold, Nuna and Geordie being at the head of the others. Entering the straight Gold Seal and Liberator were still in lead, the rest of the field being well up. Incheape, Quincey and Hoboro being together just in front of Black and Gold and Geordie. Quincey and Hoboro got best with Gold Seal at the lawn mile, and after a good finish Hoboro had the victory, a winner by a neck. Hoboro a neck, Black and Gold was fourth, the rest of the field being eight up. Time, 1:16 2/5. Dividends, £3 10/ and £2 10/6.

AUCKLAND PLATE of 2000sovs, second horse 500sovs, third horse 150sovs, 3/4 mile.

- 465—J. E. Deele's b g Gladstone, 3yrs, by Sauton Delaval—Miss Gladys, 7.11 (Jones) 1
426—R. Bradbury's br g Walrick, 4yrs, 8.0 (Gladstone) 2
267—Sir G. Clifton's b k Treadmill, 4yrs, 8.0 (Howitt) 3

Walrick gave a lot of trouble at the post, but eventually the field were got away to an even start. Walrick being first into the straight, two lengths in front of Gladstone, but Gladstone was an alteration in these positions as they raced out of the straight along the back, and on to the mile and a half post, where Gladstone ran up to within a home half length of Walrick, and they came level at that order. At the distance Gladstone had Walrick in trouble, and going on never led the issue in doubt, winning easily by a length and a half from Walrick, with Treadmill two lengths away last. Time, 2:05 3/5. Dividends, £2 11/6.

PONY HANDICAP of 100sovs, second horse 40sovs, third horse 20sovs. Five furlongs.

- 70—E. Wall's ch f Summa, 3yrs, by Sauton Delaval—Marjory, 9.2 (Ryan) 1
530—L. Marshall's ch m Giron G.H., 5yrs, 8.2 (Howitt) 2
182—J. George's ch m Matara, 4yrs, 7.3 (Gray) 3

Also started: 126, Amos, 8.0 (Skeates); 126, Strewinsky, 7.11 (Taylor); 409, Solitary, 7.0 (Deeley); 69, Lady Lottie, 7.5 (Harr); 207, Sally, 7.0 (Harr); 7.5 (Deeley); 61, Whymah, 7.3 (Cotton); 256, Inspiration, 7.0 (McC. Inc. 7/5 over (Harr).

Summa, Matara and Inspiration showed in front when the barrier was released, Whymah and Strewinsky being left. Summa showed the way across the back stretch, clear of Inspiration and Matara, Giron G.H. at the head of the others. This was the order as they entered the straight. Giron G.H. was in the lead, and going on won easily by three lengths from Giron G.H. who was half a length in front of Matara, Inspiration being fourth. Time, 1:5. Dividends, £2 9/ and £1 3/6.

HAWKES BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

NAPIER, Saturday.

The Hawkes Bay Jockey Club's Summer Meeting was commenced to day, and though the sky was overcast the weather proved

Advertisement for 'DO YOU DRINK LIME JUICE?' featuring 'WONTSERRAT' brand. Includes an image of a bottle and text: 'THEN DRINK THE BEST Agents—A.J. Entrican & Co., Auckland.'

Monday was a general holiday, and there was a large attendance...

Malden.—Horatio 1, Will Cat 2, Forest...

Xmas Handicap.—Southon 1, Tutuanga...

Welter Handicap.—Scrapie 1, Louisa 2, Oatler 3...

President's Handicap.—Gold Dust 1, Taura 2, Ballycree 3...

Flying Handicap.—6 furlongs.—Miss Kate 1, Kaitiaki 2...

New Year Handicap.—7 furlongs.—Treat 1, Talma 2...

BUCKLAND TROTTING CLUB SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

Pony Cup Handicap of 1580s.—Bulwago 4yrs, by Perkin Warbeck II...

Auckland Trotting Cup of 2000s, second 200s, third 100s...

Middle-class Handicap Trot of 400s; 1 1/2 miles.—Wanganui...

Great Northern Trotting Handicap of 2000s; 1 mile.—First heat: Austerlitz...

Telephone Handicap of 500s; 5 furlongs.—Sonoma...

SECOND DAY.

Second Maiden Trot of 2500s, one mile.—Lady Love 1...

Great Northern Trotting Handicap of 2000s, second 200s...

After the Northern Trotting Handicap was run, the Stewards held an inquiry...

Christmas Handicap of 700s.—Gladys Rose 1...

Summer Trotting Cup of 1000s.—Rosa Lind 1s, Gilman 1...

Moanled drew away again, and trotting evenly, won by 100 yards...

Tramway Handicap Trot of 4000s, one mile and a quarter.—Le Rosier 1...

Class Handicap Trot of 6000s, one mile and a half.—Lusitania 10s (Duncan) 1...

Epson Handicap of 5000s, five furlongs.—Gladys Rose 8.2 (Seaton) 1...

Dash Handicap Trot of 4000s, one mile.—Le Rosier 10s (Watts) 1...

Another effort is to be made to get a race out of Welbeck...

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

Another effort is to be made to get a race out of Welbeck...

I am sorry to learn that St. Michael is unwell again...

The hurdle race Kharki has gone wrong, and has been returned to his owner...

Kelburn's brother, Throuderer, is showing signs of soreness...

The hurdle racer Slow Tom, who has been enjoying a rest since the Canterbury Jockey Club's spring meeting...

The three-year-old filly Gist, by Gipsy Grand Star Shot, is to be given another chance to distinguish herself on the turf...

Among the casts of a play produced in Christchurch a few days ago was a racehorse rejoicing in the name of Miss Caroline...

T. Harris has finally taken his departure from the turf, where he will act as private trainer to Messrs Easton and Austin...

The light weight horseman Ratcliffe has left Taggart's employ...

The horse races at the Rakata sports on Boxing Day were of little more than local interest...

Another effort is to be made to train Binderbusch. The son of Artillery is to join Longley's team at Riccarton shortly...

News from Dunedin is to the effect that Jupiter is suffering from an attack of influenza...

Blackstone, the Grifton colt, who went to the stud after being weeded out of McQuinn's stable, has been put into work at Wingatui...

T. Baddicoube, the once prominent middle weight horseman, who has been absent from the saddle for a couple of years...

Mr Moss, the owner of Canteen, has presented to Rutledge, that horse's trainer, a gold watch, in recognition of the result of the last New Zealand Cup...

The ill-fortune which pursued the Dunedin Jockey Club struck it on Saturday. Heavy rain set in on Christmas night...

early enough to save the attendance from being prejudiced. The going, however, was good and the racing interesting...

Mr H. Allen has sent instructions to Auckland to have his yearling colt by Cyrenian—Chiara shipped down to Christchurch...

The Dunedin Jockey Club, after considering the question of licensing bookmakers, deferred its decision...

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday. Sporting matters are very quiet locally, the only race meeting held in Canterbury...

The weather was fine yesterday (Monday), when the meeting was concluded, and the attendance was much larger than that on the first day...

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

During the Dunedin meeting, J. Rae, the well known horseman, and a stable lad named Twomey...

The Dunedin J.C. distributed £1280 in stakes over its summer meeting. Mr A. Moss received a cheque for £250 as the result of Canteen's victories...

At the Cromwell (Otago) J.C. annual race meeting, held on December 26th and 27th, the Cromwell Handicap fell to Kreamin, by Scrapie...

The Riccarton trained horses which went over to participate in the holiday meeting on the West Coast fully held their own...

THE BALMORAL BAKERY, AUCKLAND.

J. Gardiner, BAKER AND CONFECTIONER, Symonds Street.

Wishes to thank his numerous customers for their loyal support during the past eight years, and trusts that his efforts to supply them with FIRST-CLASS BREADSTUFFS will meet with their continued approval.

St. George Sierra horse Mount Royal, appropriated the Maiden Plate, Toney, by Cajolery, beat Casque in the Stag Valley Handicap; and St. Elmu in the District for the Novel Race; and Witico, Winnie, by Casket, for the Farewell Handicap.

At the Wyndham (Southland) meeting on New Year's Day St. Denis conceded his solitary opponent, Sirius, two stone, and beat him easily in the principal event, the New Year Handicap. The victory was by Phagton, won the Light Weight Hack Handicap; Ken, by Captain Webb—Kiki, the District Hack Handicap; Sirius the Welter Handicap; Flower of Clutha, by Trump Card, the Flying Handicap; and Wolverine, the District Welter Handicap.

The Southland Racing Club began its meeting on Saturday under very pleasant conditions. The weather was fine, the attendance a record one, and in spite of the fact that the totalisator and the excitement of the racing bookmakers, the totalisator receipts exceeded by nearly £200 the amount derived from a similar source on the corresponding day last year. The favorite horse Arundel, ridden by St. Denis in the Everaigill Handicap. The last named is in need of a rest, and old Kluzer, who was unplaced, is, I fear, a sign of other days. Haltrigger defeated Flirt in the Hurdle Race, and Flower of Clutha won the Flying Handicap, but subsequently was beaten by Tugela in the Waihopai Handicap. The Trial Stakes fell to Meditation, and the Hack Race to Lily Stone.

The Waihouiti Racing Club's annual race meeting was held on Saturday, and the track in good order. There was no totalisator on the ground, the licensed bookmakers enjoying a monopoly of the betting. St. Elmu, with odds of 2 to 1, betted on her, won the Memorial Handicap easily in 1:23; and Memoranda (Evans) won the Hawkesbury Handicap of seven furlongs in 1:35, beating St. Ronald by two lengths, with Butterfield second. Flower of Clutha, with odds of 8 to 1, won the Light Weight Handicap, and won by a length and a half, it was then shown that Casque had run inside a post, and second money went to St. Elmu, 3:3; time 1:19. The Hack Handicap produced a fine race between Raliffora, the Royal Guard, and the first named, who started at 2 to 1 against, winning all out by a length; time 1:54. La Russe, the sister to Petrovna, who scored a double win at the Bounded Jockey Club's summer meeting, is the mother of a colt by Olligado. She met with an accident three years ago, which necessitated her being thrown out of work, and she was put to the stud.

The Dunedin Jockey Club lost about £50 over its summer meeting.

WELLINGTON CUP HANDICAP.

Table with columns for horse names, weight, and jockey. Includes entries like Whiteles, Cantecu, Gladstone, Romeo, etc.

ENGLISH RACING.

TRENTON'S DAUGHTER PALMY DAYS WINS LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 30.

Those who attended the closing days of the Liverpool Autumn Meeting at Aintree were rewarded for their contempt of the elements by some excellent sport, including one of the most exciting finishes ever witnessed on a racecourse. This was on Friday in the Liverpool Autumn Cup, which in its day has furnished some grand finishes. Just year Throwaway and King's Courier ran a dead-heat, with Pelission only a short head behind third, and Scallion and Muesch horses locked together another bare head behind. On Friday last a definite result was arrived at the first time of asking, but again it was a mere matter of heads between the first four, whilst the proceeds of the race were carried to the first eight or nine of the fourteen competitors. The winner proved to be Palmy Days, a three-year-old filly by Trenton out of the Barcarille mare Tallanna, owned by Mr. J. G. Bald, and carrying 9 st. 13 lb. Her victory gave Trenton a much-needed lift in the schedule of winning sires, for the race was worth £1075. Opposed to Palmy Days for this ill-forgotten event were Bursae, 4 yrs, 8:4; Whistling Crow, 3 yrs, 11:1; Bachelors Button, 4 yrs, 8:10; Likely Bird, 6 yrs, 7:10; Throwaway, 4 yrs, 9:0; Pelission, 6 yrs, 7:13; and seven others. The betting favoured the chance of Bursae, which started at 7 to 1 against, Bachelors Button and Pelission. Days being well backed at six, and the rest sagging at from 7 to 1 to 40 to 1. A long time was cut to waste at the post through the inaction of Throwaway and Bachelors Button, and the latter produced a false start by licking the lever of the gate and releasing half the tapes. When the flag finally fell Trenton made play from Palmy Days, but ere a quarter of a mile was spent Trenton's daughter headed the field, and kept there till Pelission headed

her at the Canal turn. So they ran till entering the straight, where Palmy Days once more assumed the lead, only to be at once vigorously challenged by half a dozen competitors. For a few strides half the field was racing in a dead line, but some dropped back, and in the last 20 yards the issue lay between Palmy Days, Whistling Crow, Likely Bird and Bachelors Button. Locked together they rushed past the post. Which had won only the judge could tell, such the holding of the race was. Awafted in the dead silence telling of intense excitement. Then a roar went up from Palmy Days' backers as the filly's number (14) was run up, swiftly followed by that of Whistling Crow (10), Bachelors Button (2), and Likely Bird (17). "Short heads between each" was the official verdict.

On the preceding day the chief event was of the order termed "lightness," namely, the Grand Steeplechase, a handicap worth £412, and decided over three miles of the Grand National course, which has been won by such grand chasers as Lottery, Rocket, and Colator. The latter winning in 1892 under the 7th and 8th was in 1894 under the "crusher" of 133. The field on Thursday last numbered 14, but the first fence proved fatal to a couple of competitors, the second brought down another, and a mile from home two more dropped, leaving only nine on their legs. Leinster, 12:7, in spite of his heavy burden, began to overhaul the favorite, and, catching Saxli near home, won comfortably by a length. He should make an ordinary long distance off. Leinster's performance was very meritorious for so young a steeple-chaser, and as in addition to a very fine turn of speed he jumps cleverly and stays well he should make an ordinary long distance off. Leinster's performance was very meritorious for so young a steeple-chaser, and as in addition to a very fine turn of speed he jumps cleverly and stays well he should make an ordinary long distance off. Leinster's performance was very meritorious for so young a steeple-chaser, and as in addition to a very fine turn of speed he jumps cleverly and stays well he should make an ordinary long distance off.

BLOOD STOCK SALES.

GLENORA AND CAMBRIA PARK YEARLINGS.

The yearlings of Glenora and Cambria Parks were put under the hammer at Papatoetoi on 30th Dec., when a score of colts and fillies were disposed of by auction. Mr J. O. Nolan, on behalf of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Company, acted as auctioneer, and though there was a large attendance, bidding was not of a spirited nature. A large number of Southern owners were present, and local owners and trainers were well represented. The best price of the day was offered for one of the Glenora Park lot, a well built colt by South from Lady Musket. Bidding started at 100 guineas, and rose rapidly to 240 guineas, at which price the colt was knocked down to Mr R. W. Wyward, who was acting on behalf of Mr S. Young. The day's sale of South out of Hotcherlia, also induced good competition before Mr J. Rowe became his owner at 150 guineas. Mr G. G. Stead became the purchaser at 130 guineas of a bay colt by Cyrenian, out of the Australian mare Biddell, dam of Mr Motor, and the hurdle racer Suspect.

The sixteen lots from Cambria Park realised 625 guineas, while the four lots sold on behalf of the Glenora Stud brought 485 guineas, a grand total of 1110 guineas. One of the Glenora lot, a brown filly by South-Rose and White, found no bidders. Following are details of the sale:

CAMBRIA PARK.

Table listing horse sales from Cambria Park with columns for description, price, and buyer. Includes entries like Bay colt by Eton-Pit-a-Pat, Bay filly by Cyrenian-Himeneia, etc.

GLENORA PARK.

Table listing horse sales from Glenora Park with columns for description, price, and buyer. Includes entries like Bay colt, by South-Hotcherlia, Brown colt, by Cyrenian-Lady Emmeline, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS LOTS.

Table listing miscellaneous horse sales with columns for description, price, and buyer. Includes entries like Bay horse Coronet (9), Necklace-Mr H. Vine, Brown colt, 3 yrs, by Cuirassier, etc.

SYLVIA PARK STUD DISPERSED.

A dispersal sale of Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan's Sylvia Park Stud took place on December 31.

The total amount realised was 11,387 guineas. Eight horses in training brought 1220 guineas, 18 yearlings 1612 gns, 32 brood mares (some with foals at foot), 475 guineas, and four stallions 3520 guineas. The imported stallion San Francisco was purchased by Mr J. McDonald, of New South Wales, for 1500 guineas.

Of the eight horses in training Beau Seaton, as was expected, induced most competition, rising to the satisfactory figure of £400 gns. before he was disposed of to Mr Max Friedlander, of Ashburton. The same purchaser secured Rosella for 260 gns. The three-year-old Onewa went to Mr W. Lyons, the well-known local pinner, for £170. Eighteen yearlings were submitted, and sold for an average of 93 gns. Mr M. Friedlander secured two of these, paying 340 gns. for a bay colt from Campania by Seaton Delaval, and 225 gns. for a brown colt by Phoebus Apollo from Miss Gladys. Mr G. G. Stead gave 260 gns. for the Seaton Delaval-Stepfeldt colt. The Cuirassier-Sybil mare Miss Gladys topped the list of brood mares, starting at 200 gns. and rising quickly to 740 gns., when Mr S. Williamson became her possessor. Lady Moth, dam of Honora, was bought by Mr F. Stenning for 380 gns., and 400 gns. was given each for Stepfeldt, which goes to Wairarapa, and La Cloche, purchased by the Napier sportsman Mr T. H. Lowry. The successful sire Seaton Delaval went to the bid of Mr S. Williamson at 1700 gns., netting on the part of the Wellington Park Stud Co. It is a matter for congratulation that the Melton horse will not leave Auckland. Following are details of the sale:

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Beddington, 55 guineas; Mr. W. Young, Taranaki. Glasgow, 40 guineas; Mr. R. Hamon, Waikato. Onewa, 170 guineas, Mr W. Lyons (Auckland). Rosella, 260 guineas, Mr M. Friedlander. Brown Rose, 75 guineas, Mr E. Alison, Napier. Rose Seaton, 120 guineas, Mr E. Watt, Sims Reeves, 100 guineas, Messrs Kerr and Frame (Canterbury). Beau Seaton, 400 guineas, Mr M. Friedlander (Ashburton).

YEARLINGS.

Dr f by Explosion-Le Cloche, half-sister to Miss Delaval, Mr H. White (N.S.W.), 20 gns. B f by Seaton Delaval-Sunbeam, Mr Cooper (Wairarapa), 15 gns. B f by Explosion-Liquidation, Mr G. Marshall (Kawakawa), 20 gns. B f by Seaton Delaval-Jadestone, Mr P. Delaney (Paeroa), 35 gns. B f by Seaton Delaval-Lissadurn, Hon. H. Mosman (Queensland), 75 gns. B e by Seaton Delaval-Elfersie, Mr E. Watt (Napier), 180 gns. B f by Seaton Delaval-Lady Moth, Mr M. Harrison (Waikato), 70 gns. B e by Seaton Delaval-Lady Moth, Mr T. Mammamin (Auckland), 115 gns. B f by Seaton Delaval-Keepsake, Mr. G. G. Stead (Christchurch), 50 gns.

Advertisement for YATES' RELIABLE SEEDS and Lawn Mowers. Includes text: 'YATES' RELIABLE SEEDS', 'Lawn Mowers', 'Of the Best English and American Makes.', 'TOOLS AND REQUISITES OF ALL KINDS', 'For the Orchard and Garden.', 'Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of IMPLEMENTS and TOOLS. Post Free.', 'ARTHUR YATES & CO., 190, Queen Street, Auckland.'

St. Edith, St. Leger—Priscilla, with colt foal by Cuirassier, 70gns., W. Walters.
 Hikipene, St. Hippo—Aunt, 60gns., H. Friedlander.
 Lætitia, Seaton Delaval—Miss Letty, with colt foal by Explosion, 60gns., T. Woods.
 Castellina, St. Angelo—Mutina, 55gns., J. B. Reid.
 Certificate, Arontos—Makesure, 160 gns., H. Friedlander.
 Lake Placid, Golden Dawn—Agnes, 60 gns., Newman (Rangitikei).
 La Valliere, Seaton Delaval—Charlotte, 50gns., G. G. Stead.

STALLIONS.

St. Hippo, St. Leger—Hippona, 100 guineas, Hon. H. Mossman.
 Explosion, Cuirassier—Onyx, 220gns., Mark Harrison.
 Seaton Delaval, Melton—Rosedale, 1,700gns., S. Williamson.
 San Francisco, St. Simon—Isabel, 1,500gns., J. McDonald, N.S.W.
 Several other lots belonging to various owners were put up, but (with the exception of the stallion Takapuna, who was bought by Smith Bros., Matakohi, for 100gns.) were all passed in, failing to reach the reserve placed on them.
 Seaton Delaval will remain in Auckland. S. Williamson, to whose bid he was knocked down to, was acting on behalf of the Wellington Park Stud Co., and all the lots purchased by him are for that company. San Francisco, it is understood, was purchased for Mr H. C. White, Havilah, N.S.W.

"Don'ts for the Deaf.—The things that deaf people should avoid are specially described in the last Review of the Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases. Anyone whose hearing is failing should send for a free copy of this Medical Journal. Address all communications to The Editor, 10, Marlborough Arch, London, England.

APOLOGISE

to the N.Z. Public for being unable to supply the demand for my renowned

HAIR TONIC


CAPILLA

owing to the enormous sales throughout Australasia. Arrangements have now been made whereby a recurrence of this shortage of stocks will not again take place.

I will not dwell on its merits here, apart from the fact that it is a Medicated-Curative-Scalp Tonic, and will do for your hair what a perfumed preparation will not do viz., give you back your hair.

Sold everywhere, 3/6 per bottle.

W. O. RICHARDS, Inventor,
 164, Pitt-st., Sydney.



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Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2/6 each, sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and

The Rules of Whist.

[We reproduce the following verse at the request of several of our subscribers.]

If you the modern game of whist would know,
 From this great principal its precepts flow:
 Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
 And play not one alone, but both combined.
 Your first lead makes your partner understand
 What is the chief component of your hand;
 And hence there is necessarily the strongest
 That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.
 In this with ace and king, lead king, then ace;
 With king and queen, king also has first place;
 With ace, queen, knave, lead ace and then the queen;
 With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen;
 With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede;
 In other cases you the lowest lead
 Ere you return your friend's your own suit play,
 But trumps you must return without delay.
 When you return your partner's lead take pains
 To lead him back the best your hand contains
 If you receive not more than three at first;
 If you have more you may return the worst.
 But if you holed the master card you're bound
 In most cases to play it second round.
 Whene'er you want a lead 'tis seldom wrong
 To lead up to the weak or through the strong.
 If second hand, your lowest should be played,
 Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made;
 Or if you've king or queen, or ace and king,
 Then one of these will be the proper thing.
 Mind well the rule of trumps; you'll often need them;
 When you hold five 'tis always right to lead them.
 Or, if the lead won't come in time for you,
 Then signal to your partner so to do.
 Watch also for your partner's trump request,
 To which, with less than four, play out your best.
 To lead through honours turned up is bad play,
 Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.
 When second hand a doubtful risk you see,
 Don't trump if you hold more trumps than three;
 But, having three or less, trump fearlessly.
 When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend,
 But always force the adverse strong trump hand.
 For sequences stern custom has decreed,
 The lowest you must play if you don't lead.
 When you discard weak suit you ought to choose.
 For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

National Mutual.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the National Mutual Life Association was held on the 23rd ultimo at Melbourne, when the annual report and balance-sheet were adopted. The chairman congratulated the members on the splendid business done during the year. 8175 policies were issued, amounting £2,236,000, and yielding an annual revenue of £74,000. The amount of new policies shows an increase of over £500,000 on the previous year. The income for the year was £630,000. The total funds now amount to £3,674,000. A highly gratifying feature is the rate of interest, which averages £4 16/2 per cent., whilst the ratio of expenses of management is lower than last year, notwithstanding the increased volume of new business.

IMPORTANT TO AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Competition on New Lines.

EVERY PHOTOGRAPH USED PAID FOR

Experience having proved that many of the most able Amateur and Professional Photographers decline to enter for Prize Competitions, in which the right is reserved to publish any picture entered without further recompense than the chance of a prize, the GRAPHIC, after consulting with some leading Professional and Amateur Photographers, has decided to inaugurate

A COMPETITION ON NEW LINES, APPROVED BY CAMERA AND PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUBS.

The feeling in the Clubs seems to be that it is not satisfactory to send in good Prints for Competition on the off chance of a prize, and where non prize winning prints are retained and reproduced gratis. The conditions now offered by THE GRAPHIC should satisfy all.

Five £1 Prizes Will Be Awarded.

BUT THIS IS NOT ALL

EVERY PRINT USED WILL BE PAID FOR AT STANDARD RATES

NO DISTINCTION IS MADE REGARDING SUBJECTS. LANDSCAPE, COMIC, OR FIGURE PICTURES ARE ELIGIBLE, OR ANY OTHER SUBJECT SUITABLE FOR PUBLICATION.

RULES FOR COMPETITION.

1. Every picture used, in addition to the five which win the prizes of One Pound each, will be paid for at standard rates.
2. No print accepted by THE GRAPHIC must be supplied for reproduction in any other Journal or Publication.
3. No print submitted must have been previously published in any newspaper or magazine.
4. Name and address must be lightly written in black lead pencil on each Photo sent in.
5. All photos for competition must be posted in New Zealand not later than the 28th February, 1904.

IMPORTANT.

To Amateurs and Others Who Object to Competitions.

Many Artists in Photography object, for private or professional reasons, to enter into any competition. These are invited at all times to submit work at their own valuation. Prompt attention, generous treatment, and quick return of unaccepted prints.

Overland Route—Auckland to Wellington.

We are advised by Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son that on January 2nd a start was made with the new overland journey to Wellington by special launch between Taumarau and Pipiriki, the first party, as organised and booked by the firm consisting of Sir Donald and Lady Robertson and friend, Mr and Mrs Joseph Gould, Mrs and Miss Elworthy, and Messrs. Baker (2), nine in all.

Until such time as good accommodation can be erected at Taumarau, Messrs. Hatrick and Co. provide for up-river passengers their floating house-boat midway between Pipiriki and that point, down trips being arranged to suit the demand. During the summer months from now onwards, however, Messrs. Hatrick and Co. intend running a launch weekly, leaving Taumarau every Saturday morning at 6.30 a.m. At the present time accommodation is available at Taumarau for 8 to 10 people. Trains leave Auckland daily at 10 a.m., arriving at Taumarau 8.10 p.m. The Saturday launch leaves that point at 6.30 a.m., and arrives at Pipiriki about 5 p.m. same evening. The Sunday can be pleasantly spent at Pipiriki, and the river steamer taken on Monday onward to Wanganui, from which place daily communication can be had with the South to Wellington, or back to Auckland via New Plymouth. A pleasant change in route is afforded by taking coach from Pipiriki to Tokaanu, steamer across Lake Taupo, coach on to Rotorua, and rail back to Auckland, this ideal round trip covering the greater part of the North Island's finest scenic and wonderful.

The cost of trip from Auckland, first rail to Taumarau, launch and steamer onwards to Wanganui is £3 12/0, or if second rail be taken £3 5/6 (exclusive of hotel expenses en route); if from Auckland to Wellington, first throughout £4 8/7, or if second rail £3 15/7. From Auckland back to Auckland, via Wanganui River, returning via New Plymouth, travelling tickets first throughout would cost but £5 16/; if second rail is taken £5 4/2. The round trip from Auckland to Pipiriki by way of the upper reaches of the Wanganui River, thence by coach, etc., overland through Rotorua and back to Auckland, is £9, and a more enjoyable round trip for an Auckland or visitor in search of new scenic fields cannot well be found.

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son represent Messrs. Hatrick and Co., the proprietors of the steamer service, and have received a large number of inquiries concerning this attractive trip already, and there is every prospect of it becoming an exceedingly popular one.

Auckland Timber Workers' Picnic

The combined timberworkers' first annual picnic, held at Motutapu on Dec. 31, passed off very successfully. There was a monster gathering, and the weather being delightfully fine a very pleasant day was spent. The attendance for very little short of 4000. The sports were very well patronised. Some of the races brought out keen competition. Appeared are the results:—

- Boys under 18 (in two heats)—W. Simms 1, E. Webster 2, L. Snooks 3.
100yds Mill Employees.—D. Kellett 1, B. Jones 2, E. Tylecoat 3.
Three-legged Race.—Webb and Brown 1, Hartlett and Spragg 2.
Half-mile Run.—C. Austin 1, H. A. Martin 2, A. Webster 3.
Sack Race.—McNair 1, Byham 2, Walker 3.
200yds Timberworkers.—B. Jones 1, D. Kellett 2, G. Tylecoat 3.
Jollys Mill Employees' Wives.—Mrs J. Simms 1, Mrs J. Roberts 2, Mrs Saunders 3.
100yds Girls under 16.—Lillian Foreman 1, Miss Cava 2, Miss Denny 3.
Jollys Timberworkers.—D. Kellett 1, E. C. Watson 2, S. Hazard 3. A protest was entered against the placing of Watson.
Open 50yds Married Ladies.—Mrs Goodall 1, Mrs J. Simms 2, Mrs McDonald 3.
Human Wheelbarrow Race.—McNab and Walker 1, Morris and Harlin 2.
100yds Amateurs.—J. Green 1, B. Jones 2, C. Davidson 3.
Swhimming Race (about 100yds).—F. Warbrick 1, B. O'Hare 2, R. O'Hare 3.
Obstacle Race (about half-a-mile).—Morris 1, Allen 2.
200yds Amateurs.—J. Hooker 1, H. E. Corvill 2, W. Tyler 3.
Motutapu Employees.—Brydon 1, Crafs 2, Webster 3.
Bandmen's Race.—Nadder 1, Mitchell 2, Hunter 3.
Crumblemen's Race.—Wallon 1, Smith 2, Walters 3.
Tag-of-War.—Six teams entered. Cashmore Bros. 1, Parker, Lamb and Co. 2.

Burglars About.

DARING HOUSEBREAKING IN SYMONDS-STREET.

A HAUL OF JEWELLERY.

A particularly daring robbery in a house near the city police barracks notifies citizens that burglars are once more about. This robbery was practised upon a house whose occupants were away on holiday, and it is no doubt only a matter of time for other robberies to come to light. The house, which is occupied by Dr. Rayner, is situated on the corner of Symonds and O'Rorke streets, and it is thus in one of the most exposed places near the city. The police-station overlooks it, and there are numerous well-filled boardinghouses in the vicinity, so that for the greater portion of the day it is always under observation by passers-by. On Christmas Eve Dr. and Mrs. Rayner left Auckland on a holiday jaunt, leaving everything in and about the house secure. The doors and windows were locked as securely as possible, and the side gate (that nearest the police station) was nailed up with a piece of timber. This was forced open for some reason not easily understood, for it would seem easier to go in by the front gate. How the gate could have been forced open without the intruders being observed is strange. The thieves are presumed to have obtained entry into the house by means of the scullery window. The latch is broken, as though the sash had been forced up from below with a chisel, and no glass is broken. When they got inside they must have moved very expeditiously and thoroughly, for they turned practically everything.

They were evidently after jewellery and cash, for with one exception they took nothing else. What they got in the way of jewellery is valued at about £60, being chiefly composed of articles for personal adornment and keepsakes from many friends in different parts of the globe, their intrinsic value being, therefore, inexpressive in figures. In addition the thieves helped themselves to a revolver which Dr. Rayner purchased some months ago (during the previous burglary scare), and had left fully loaded in his writing desk. This was all the thieves could find of a portable nature, for Dr. Rayner had placed all his cash and unneeded valuables in the bank for safety.

The robbery was discovered by the servant when she went to prepare the house for Dr. and Mrs. Rayner's return. When she entered the house, it seems, she found everything turned upside down, and the house looking as though a cyclone had got adrift inside. Clothes were piled up in the bedrooms in a bewildering chaos, being pulled out of wardrobes and trunks and thrown down anyhow. The jewellery was mainly found in a heavy English dressing case of considerable value, and our national habit of making locks inviolable led to the wanton destruction of the bag. It was deliberately slashed open with a knife and utterly ruined. The lock of a trunk was forced open and the contents ransacked. Dr. Rayner's writing desk was searched systematically, every document being opened and thrown down. Such a systematic and complete robbery is rare, and to have effected it the thieves must have been several in number, and have devoted much time to their investigation. The police have charge of the matter now.

Interviewed at Dunedin, Mr James Mills, managing director of the Union S.S. Co. of N.Z., said that while negotiations were proceeding satisfactorily with the Canadian Government for the Vancouver mail service, the matter could not mature till the Commonwealth saw the result of the calling for tenders for the different mail routes. He said that there was no truth in the report that the company was fitting the new steamer Manuka with a turbine, but a turbine steamer is to be built for the company's trade between Melbourne and Lannceston, to be ready about the same time as the new Fiji boat, in September. The Manuka, by the way, is practically a sister ship to the Moeraki. Mr Mills said the company hoped to develop the direct trade between India and New Zealand, and he regarded the outlook as hopeful.

Tenders for building a bridge over the river at Cambridge were last week laid before the representatives of the contributing bodies by the Mayor of Cambridge, Mr. T. Wells. The American Bridge-building Company (J. Burns & Co., agents) forwarded three designs of a cantilever bridge, No. 1, 14ft. wide, £9784; No. 2, 14ft. wide, but lighter in construction, £4826; No. 3, similar to the latter, but 2ft. wider, £8750. Since these had been received Messrs. J. Burns and Co. telegraphed stating that it was probable an extra 10 per cent. would need to be added on the imported ironwork. The Cleveland Bridge Company, of Darlington, England (A. Brittain, Christchurch, agent), tendered for a cantilever bridge at £10,500; W. Brown and Co., Liverpool (A. Brittain, agent), 14ft. wide suspension bridge, £14,352; G. M. Fraser, ironbark suspension bridge, with steel cables, 16ft. wide, £5250. The tenders will be further considered by the various local bodies concerned.

On Boxing Day between 60 and 70 people assembled on the Ruapuke Beach for the purpose of holding a working bee with the object of uncovering and bringing to the light of day that buried ship which in some past age was stranded at the mouth of a creek running into the sea. It was discovered many years ago by Mr. T. B. Hill, and the late inspector of schools, Mr. O'Sullivan, who on returning from a bathing excursion rode right across its deck. The spot was never properly located, and nothing resulted from the working bee, as the old vessel's position could not be determined. There was a great deal of difference of opinion regarding the position of the wreck, and she still lies probably clothed with twenty feet of sand, with her treasure trove—if she ever had one—still intact, awaiting the advent of an energetic antiquarian who will spend time and money in the prosecution of his search for relics of by-gone days.—(Kawhia Correspondent.)

Dr. Pomare, the Native Health Officer, has been telling a Southern newspaper man that a great change is being effected in the home life of the Maori, in the direction of the abandonment of the

old communistic habits in favour of European methods. It is becoming a general custom for the houses to be built on European lines, and for the Maoris to prefer the comfortable bed to the mat on the damp and uncomfortable ground. Moreover, the young Maori builds himself and his wife a new house when he gets married, instead of crowding into the family whare. Everywhere the doctor finds himself much respected, and the news of his visit is the signal for a general drastic spring cleaning of the pas.

A good response was made to the proposals for the National Scholarship examinations on January 5th and 6th. The following figures, arranged in order of applicants and number of available places, shows the entries received: Auckland, 80 and 44; Wellington, 45 and 15; Christchurch, 22 and 11; Dunedin, 20 and 12; Napier, 24 and 4; Blenheim, 17 and 8; Masterton, 10 and 3; Whangarei, 13 and 4; Taranaki, 10 and 6; Ashburton, 9 and 1; Naseby, 8 and 3; Oamaru, 7 and 1; New Plymouth, 5 and 3; Westport, 5 and 4; Gisborne, 1 and 1; Hamilton, 13 and 0; Palmerston, 12 and 0; Timaru, 12 and 0; Waikanae, 9 and 0; Greymouth, 8 and 0; Hokitika, 8 and 0; Kaikohe, 7 and 0; Lawrence, 6 and 0; Opoitiki, 4 and 0; Tapanui, 3 and 0; Tauranga, 2 and 0; Dargaville, 2 and 0; Akaroa, 2 and 0; totals, 235 and 127.

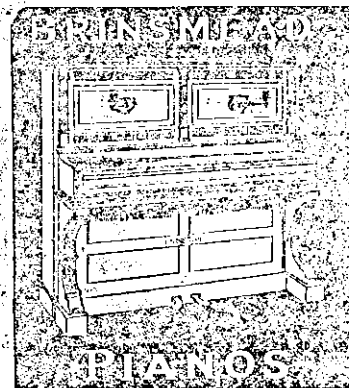
All previous records for Christmas holiday business were easily beaten this year. While letters and cards despatched had increased on last year's figures by 32,022, both books and newspapers showed a rise of upwards of 25 per cent.

Two English Ladies who are fanning the colony at present are Miss Nisilla Daniell and Miss Appach. They have booked passages by the Waikare for the Souths trip, and after doing Mt. Cook and the Cold Lakes and the Otira Gorge, they proceed to Auckland by way of Wanganui and the Hot Lakes, making the return journey to England via Fiji and Vancouver. Miss Appach, who is at present making a short stay in Wellington, is a relation of Major General Babington.

W. P. HOFFMANN, QUEEN STREET, Auckland.

Pianos and Organs on Time Payment.

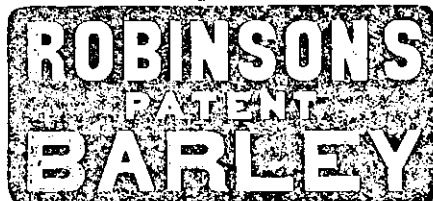
- SOLE AGENT FOR
Brinsmead Pianos
Collard & Collard Pianos
Carl Ecke Pianos
Rosener Pianos
STORY & CLARK ORGANS.
Eesson BAND INSTRUMENTS.
Call and inspect the Royal Piano Player.



- Violins, Banjos, Guitars, Accordions, Concertinas, &c., &c.
AND ALL KINDS OF FITTINGS.
All kinds of Musical Instruments Tuned and Repaired.
VIOLIN STRINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

NO FOOD for BABIES

equals



With Milk, upon which it acts as a digestive.

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., LONDON,
Makers of KEEN'S MUSTARD.

Music and Drama.

All the places of amusement in Auckland did splendid business during the holidays, and the four shows which catered for the tastes of the usual influx of visitors for the festive season should remember the New Year with feelings of satisfaction.

Messrs Willoughby and Geach's Comedy Company has been making His Majesty's Theatre resound nightly with boisterous laughter. "Mistakes Will Happen" had not amused half the people its absurdities are capable of doing when the management substituted "A Stranger in a Strange Land," believing in the virtue of quick changes. The "stranger" who made his bow for the first time on Saturday evening, was such an amusing fellow that he quickly made friends, and he bids fair to be as well known as the town-clock before he gets out of Auckland. Mr Willoughby has the star part, as usual, and intensely funny he is, but the merit of the piece does not hang on one string. Every member of the company has a part that contributes to the wild hilarity caused by the fearful and wonderful complications that are so numerous that one scarcely has time to unravel one before the next comes toppling down on one. Air Willoughby, Mr Cannon, and Mr Tom Leonard provide most of the fun among the white men, and Mr Houray and Mr Lester, as improvised Indians, are very droll. Of the ladies of the company, Miss Roxy Barton, as a smart American girl, and Miss Roland Watts - Phillips, as the elderly lady with a penchant for "rumming the show," and everybody else had the best parts, and both—in their widely different styles—were admirable. Messrs Willoughby and Geach always bring us something good, and in their present repertoire they have some pieces that hit the public taste to a nicety.

The second Stapoffski concert held at the Choral Hall on New Year's night attracted a splendid audience. The programme was a distinctly popular one, and each item was enthusiastically received. Madame Stapoffski sang several songs during the evening, and quite charmed her audience. The selections on the Strob violin by Mr E. Stevenson were a feature of the concert, and this clever artist is sure to make his strange instrument popular throughout the colony. The company is an exceedingly good one, and, judging from the Auckland reception, the tour should be a highly satisfactory one.

Mr Horace Stebbing's song, "The Two Veterans," is to be sold at the fair to be held in Dunedin in aid of the funds of the Veterans' Home.

Mr George Barnes, Mr Musgrove's popular advance, sends along a characteristic card with seasonable greetings, which are heartily reciprocated.

"The House that Jack Built" and "Robinson Crusoe," the two pantomimes to which Mr Fuller and Mr Dix treated the Wellingtonians at Christmas are both said to be very fine.

Miss Fitzmaurice Gill gauged the taste of her patrons to a nicety when she submitted "The Serpent's Coil" as a holiday bill. There has nightly been a large gathering at the Opera House to witness this exciting play, and as it is really well mounted and acted it has been a marked success. Miss Gill and Mr Blake are well supported by a capable company, and "The Serpent's Coil" may be sure of a good run.

The arrival in Auckland of Mr G. L. Petersen announces the fact that Wirth's Circus is due again. This well-known combination is booked to open a season in this part of the colony on January 19th. There has been a reorganisation since the circus was last with us, and the management now announces a list of attractions seldom found in one show.

Madame Fanny Moody-Manners writes to the "Era":—"Sir,—I have read many letters lately regarding the wearing of hats in theatres. Will you kindly allow me to suggest the following method? At some theatre in the Western States the following notice was put up—Only old ladies allowed to keep their hats on! What the effect was I am unable to say. I only know this, that if I had been one of the audience I should have promptly taken mine off."

A sensational accident occurred recently at the Palace Theatre, Blackburn, England. The Haulon Troupe of acrobats were performing what is known as the great throwing act, in which a boy is tossed about in the air between two men hanging by the heels to lofty horizontal bars. Just as the lad was being delivered for the final throw the wire supports of the erection snapped, and, amid screams from the audience, the whole apparatus toppled forward. The boy fell safely into the net, but the man dangling head downwards was only saved from serious injury by the rush of attendants from 'the wings.

Sir Henry Irving is an excellent interviewer, and he has given the Americans some interesting information. "It never entered my head," said Sir Henry, "that I had any facial resemblance to Dante when I selected the character. I did not know the resemblance existed. But it was recently brought to my attention by a small child on board the ship when we were crossing that there is some physical resemblance. He was a restless little boy, and persistently got into mischief, for which his mother was continually chiding him. I overheard her rebuke him

one day with these words, which seemed to be more of a threat than anything else, 'If you are not a good boy, and if you bother me any more, you shall go into the Irving troupe.' It is not exactly a pleasant sensation to have a mother hold you up to her offspring as a sort of ope. However, I suppose that I am, perhaps, less sensitive to that stigma than was Dante. He, if the historians are right, was pointed out by mothers to their children as the man who had been through Hades."

Sir Henry Irving, while in New York, received the following letter:—"My Dear Sir,—I am a member of the electrical fraternity, and saw your play of 'Dante' last evening. If I may be allowed to express an opinion I want to tell you that the infernal scene was very bad. The sunset ripple was woefully lacking in effect. It was certainly not true to nature, if it was so intended." Sir Henry has explained that the ripple got turned upside down on the night in question by some mechanical error, and the rain, instead of falling down, fell up.

Mr W. F. Hawtreay does not share in the condemnation of other entrepreneurs of the South Island as "show" towns. To "Call Boy," in the Dunedin "Star," he remarked:—"Dunedin and Christchurch I look on as two safe places to visit. Business has been uniformly good in both, but I don't know whether it was because they were the two towns we first visited when we originally came from Australia, but this much I do know: both have treated us kindly. Possibly, too, cricket may have something to do with it. As you know, we have a cricket team in the company, and cricket has been a great help to us, for we have always met nice people on the field, and they have proved good patrons. Cricket has proved to me one of the most pleasant and efficient methods of advertisement probably anyone ever came across. We shall be in Sydney for the Fourth Test Match, and you may rest assured that one who will witness every ball delivered throughout the four, five, or six days, as the case may be, will be W. F. Hawtreay. Rehearsals, if necessary, will be held at 9 a.m., and my company are all such enthusiasts that they will readily tumble out of bed two or three hours earlier should they be required."

The recent action of the Examiner of Plays in prohibiting the performance of "Smith of the Shamrock Guards," a drama dealing with "ragging" in the Army, has given rise to a good deal of hasty and inconsiderate comment, says the "Era" in a thoughtful leader. After reading the piece and Mr Redford's reasons for objecting to it, we have come to the conclusion that he exercised excellent common sense. The play itself is curious and interesting in parts, some of the dialogue being evidently "taken from life." There is no doubt that the author of the work, who signs himself "Officer," writes from observation. But, apart from the fact that the drama is weak in story and construction and would stand no chance on the stage, its

public performance would be most undesirable.

No intelligent and refined person desires to defend "ragging"; indeed, to the ordinary civilian, it appears to be indefensible. But as Lord Palmerston pointed out, Dirt is only Matter in the wrong place; and the poor man who might be very happy in a line regiment or in the Militia, or the student who would be quite in his element in the Artillery or the Engineers, is a "perfect nuisance" in a smart Cavalry regiment, officered by men of rank and wealth. He is in the mess but not of the mess. He cannot spare time to ride on the regimental drag, and he cannot afford money to join in a game of cards. He cannot hunt, and he cannot keep polo ponies. He is in the same position as a guest at an aristocratic country house who neither shoots nor rides, and spends his time in solitary meditation in the library. If you have a number of men of similar incomes, tastes, and habits living together in intimate community, the addition to their "family circle" of a man of different tastes, no matter what his merits, is disagreeable; and, in the end, the situation becomes impossible. The boyishly brutal means which officers resort to as a remedy and a solution are indefensible; but the question may well be put: "Why do poor and studious men join such regiments?" The scale of expenditure in a regiment can easily be ascertained before joining. And if they find they are unpopular—i.e., out of harmony with their surroundings—why do they not "exchange" into more congenial ones?

What is the result on the mind of the average common soldier or officer when he witnesses a performance of a "ragging" play like "Smith of the Shamrock Guards?" He sees the question put before the audience unfairly, because the "ragged" man is always made a very fine fellow—whereas in real life he often bears the same reference to the other officers as the studious prig who will not play football or cricket does to the boys of an English school—and the physical brutality of the "ragging" is vividly depicted without any of the extenuating circumstances which we have mentioned above being explained. Naturally, he is indignant, and creates a disturbance; and thus the theatre is turned into an arena for the noisy battles of opposite opinions. Mr Cecil Raleigh in "The Flood and Tide" has managed matters with his usual tact and cleverness. There is a raisonneur in the cast, who puts the case from a regimental point of view, and the "ragging" done in the hero's rooms is very harmless horse-play. But fancy the following scene from "Smith of the Shamrock Guards" being performed upon the stage! The court-martial has been held, and Smith is sentenced to receive thirty strokes with a fire-shovel, and to endure other indignities.

The representation of such a scene in a town where the military element was strong might very probably lead to a riot in the theatre, and even to serious damage to the building; from both of which risks Mr Redford, the censor of plays, very properly preserved English playgoers.

Xmas is Coming!

We can supply your wants just as well as (and in many cases better than) any other jeweller, so why not

MAKE YOUR PURCHASES HERE?

We have a lovely stock and grand value, and we wish to make a **SPECIAL OFFER**. It is this: In order to prove beyond a doubt how many sales are made from this advertisement, we will give every person a special discount of 10% in the £ when you are buying, provided you mention the fact that you have seen this advertisement. Or, cut out the Coupon and bring it with you. If you don't bring the Coupon, just mention the fact that you saw the advt. and you shall receive the discount.

10% DISCOUNT COUPON.
Skeates Bros.

SKEATES BROS., JEWELLERS,

OPPOSITE TOWN CLOCK
AND EXCHANGE.

Queen Street, Auckland.

In fact, it is nearly here, and you readers of this paper will all want

XMAS PRESENTS.

The People's Popular and Reliable

Queen Street, Auckland.

POPULAR
Because we are Reliable,
and
RELIABLE
Be just we never
misrepresent our goods.



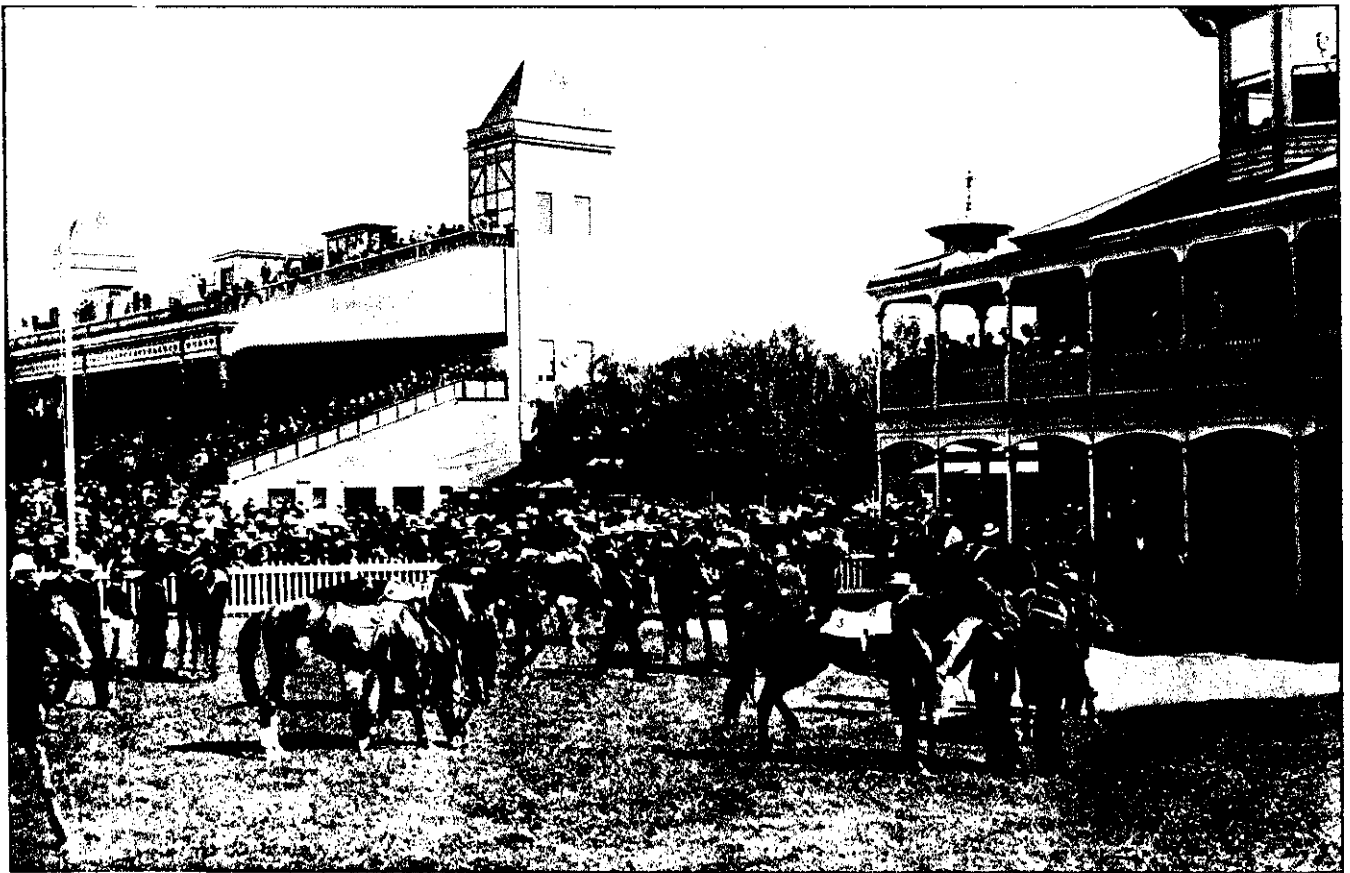
THE PICTURESQUE TOWNSHIP OF KAEO.



THE WINDING KAEO RIVER.



FINISH OF THE SUMMER CUP—Gladstone, 1; Romeo, 2; Float, 3.



IN THE BIRD CAGE.

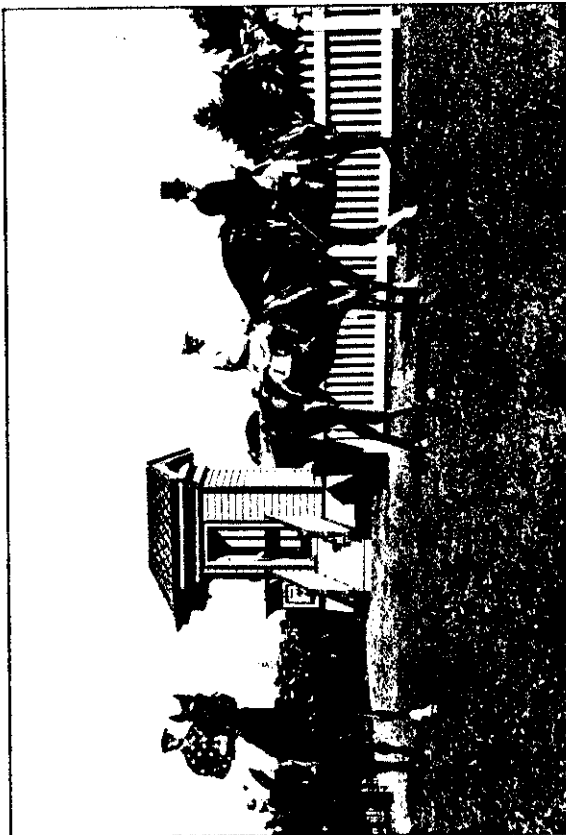
Auckland Racing Club Summer Meeting at Ellerslie.



THE WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY, JELLINGS, WEIGHING OUT. Mr. Marks, Clerk of the Scales, on the right.



SIR GEORGE CLIFFORD'S "BRAVE HEART."



THE SENSATIONAL PONY BULAWAYO WITH HEWITT UP.



AFTER THE SALISBURY WELTER—MISS 'LOTTIE IN THE VAN.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB SUMMER MEETING AT ELLERSLIE.



Not the Yule Log.

BRINGING A MASSIVE KAURI LOG THROUGH A NORTHERN KAURI BUSH.

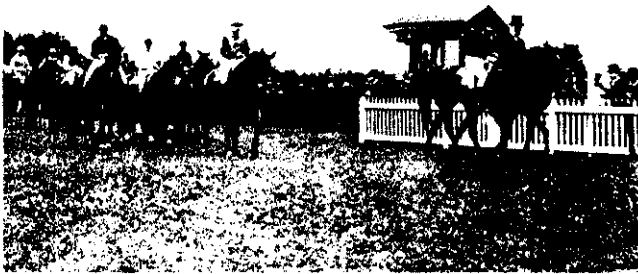


ROUND THE TOTALISATOR.



IN THE PADDOCK.

Summer Race Meeting at Ellerslie.



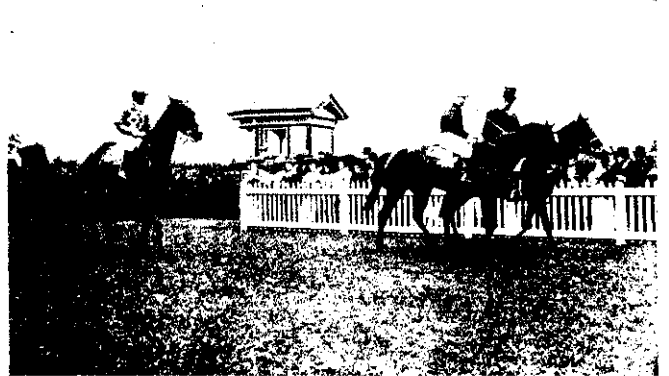
UP-TO-DATE, WINNER OF THE NEW YEAR HURDLES BEING ESCORTED BACK TO SCALE.



WAIKUNA, WINNER OF THE GLASGOW AND GOODWOOD HANDICAPS.



ON THE LAWN.

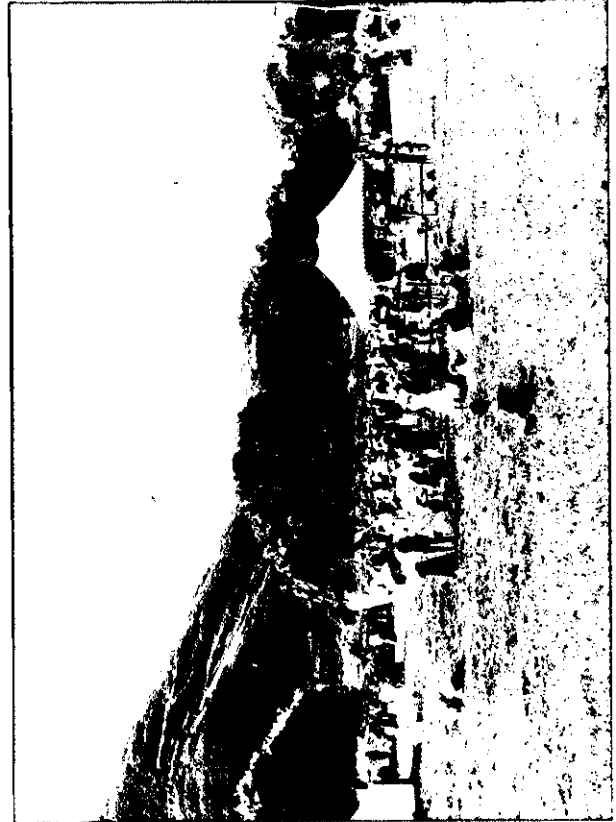
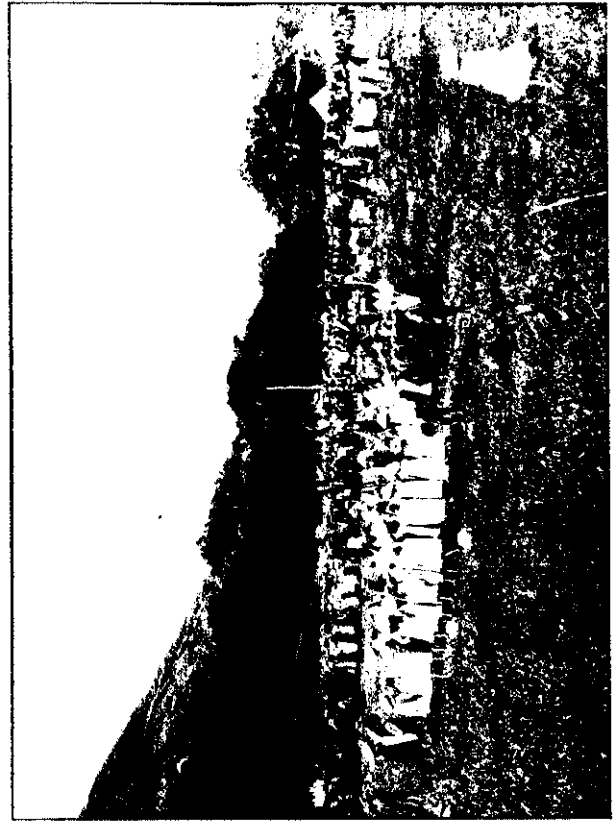


GLADSOME RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING THE GREAT NORTHERN DERBY.



BETWEEN THE RACES.

Auckland Racing Club Summer Meeting at Ellerslie.



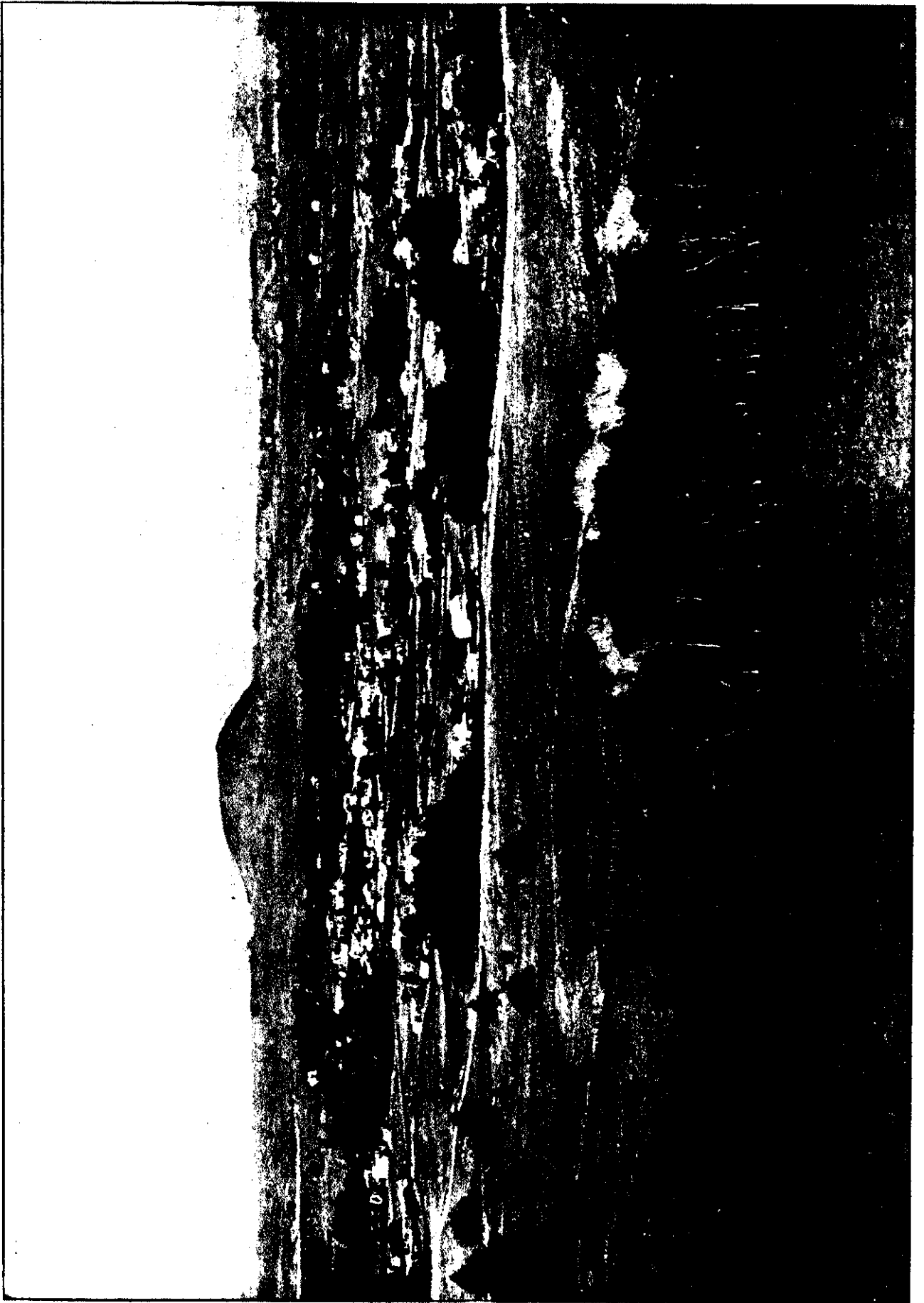
AUCKLAND TIMBERWORKERS' PICNIC TO HOME BAY, MOTUTAPU.



PAEKINGO REACH
DENTON

Denton, photo.

Parekino Reach, Wanganui River.



A View of Ellerslie from the Summit of One Tree Hill.



A GLIMPE OF THE BAY.



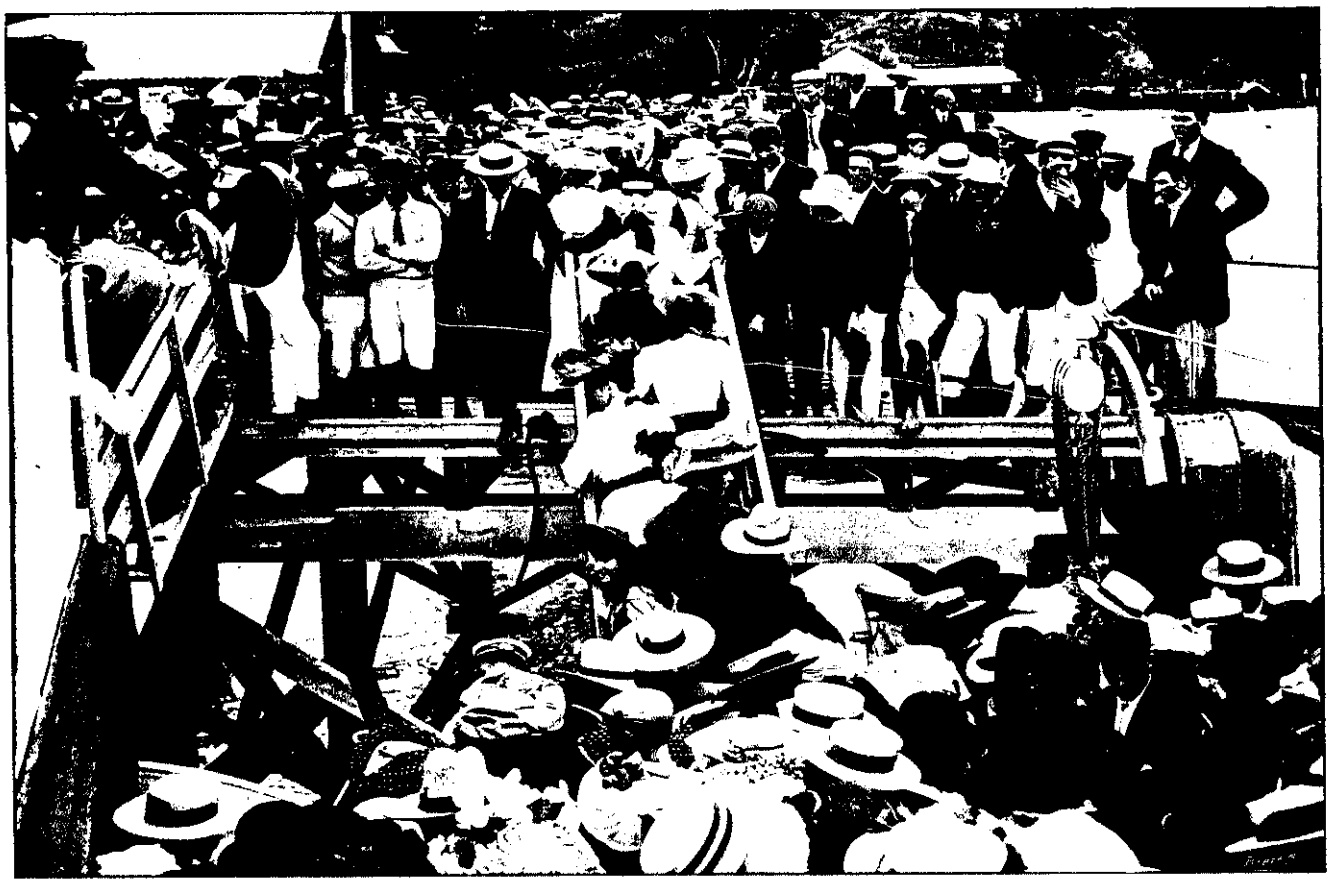
GETTING READY FOR THE LADIES' SCULLING RACE.



A REFRESHMENT BOAT.



THE DINGY RACE.



ARRIVAL OF THE WAKATERE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY REGATTA, Held at Cowes Bay, Waiheke Island.

The Tennis Tournament.

MISSIS GORRIE WIN THE LADIES' DOUBLES.

PARKER WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

NAPIER, December 30.

The lawn tennis championships were concluded today in weather not quite so favourable as the preceding days...

Parker and Laisley met Cox and Gore in the morning in the championship doubles, and a stubbornly-fought battle was the result...

The event of the afternoon was of course the final of the championship singles, which was decided between Parker and Peacock, the former winning three sets to one...

In the ladies' championship Miss Nunneley met Miss Gore in the final, and gave a splendid exhibition of placing and hard driving...

The final of the ladies' championship doubles was fought out between the Misses Gorrie, of Auckland, and Mrs Marchbanks and Miss Gore, of Wellington...

be much more interesting, from a spectator's point of view, were all the players to attempt even an occasional volley. The combined championships were won by Parker and Miss Nunneley...

some very good strokes, several times beating Parker, who had rashly run into the net. The final was somewhat tamely fought, the runners having had all the best of the draw...

Braithwaite (receives 26) beat Miss Nevill (receives 28), 50-43. Men's Handicap Doubles.—Final: Tipping and Margolouth (receives 30) beat Vail and Brown (receives 29), 70-48.



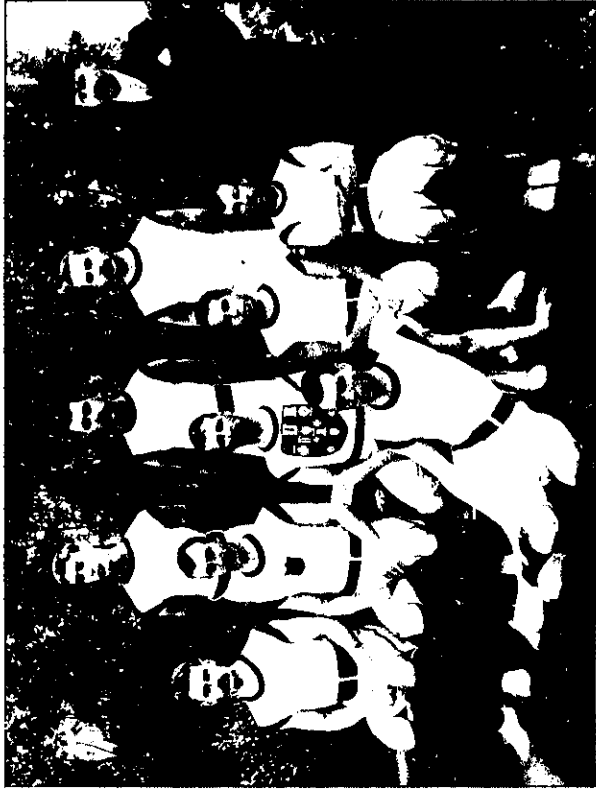
Sorrell, photo. THE NAPIER COMMITTEEMEN WHO MANAGED THE MEETING.

N.Z. Tennis Association's Championship Meeting.

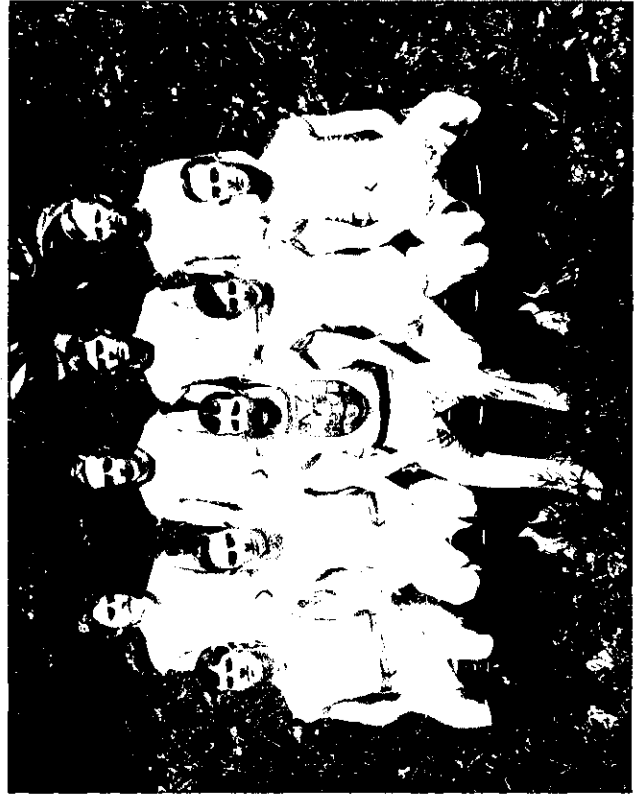


THE RECENT TRAMWAY ACCIDENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DAMAGED DOUBLE-DECKER AND COMBINATION CAR TAKEN THE MORNING AFTER THE FATAL COLLISION AT EDEN TERRACE, AUCKLAND.



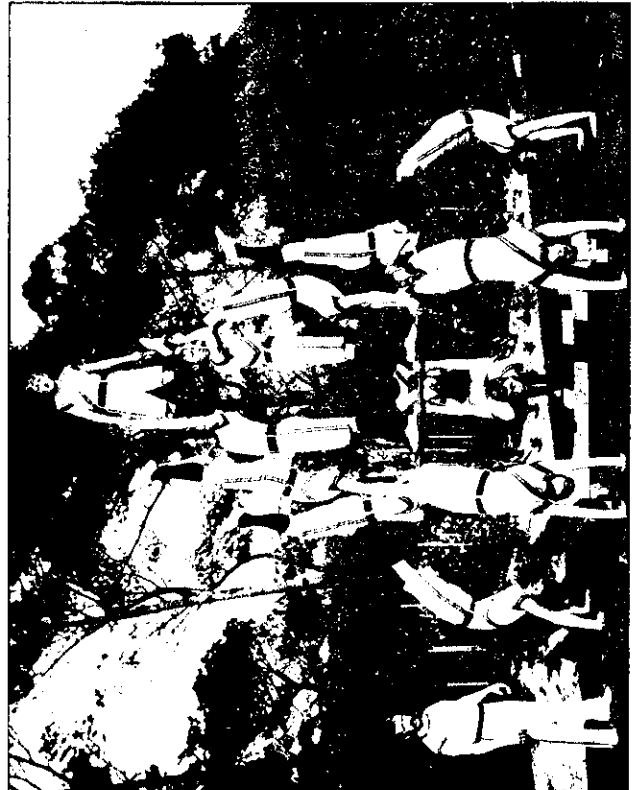
WELLINGTON PHYSICAL TRAINING SCHOOL, CHAMPION TEAM OF WELLINGTON.



ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE TEAM.



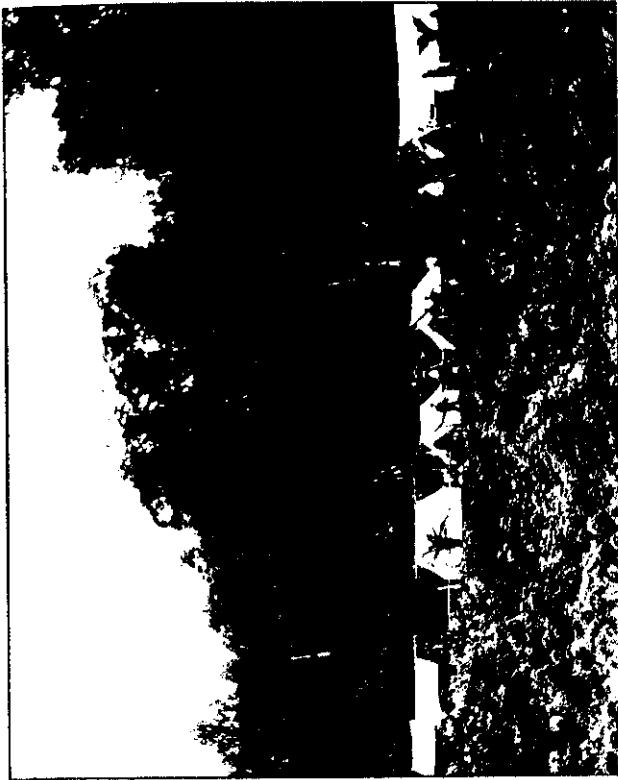
WELLINGTON COLLEGE TEAM.



A TABLEAU.

basef. Sarony Studios, photo.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN WELLINGTON—Some Well-known Teams of Gymnasts.



RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER A HARD DAY.



THE HOME OF THE SURVEYOR.



A NEW ZEALAND SURVEY PARTY.



A FEW QUIET MOMENTS.

A Month With a Survey Party in the Pirongia District.



MR PARKER READY.



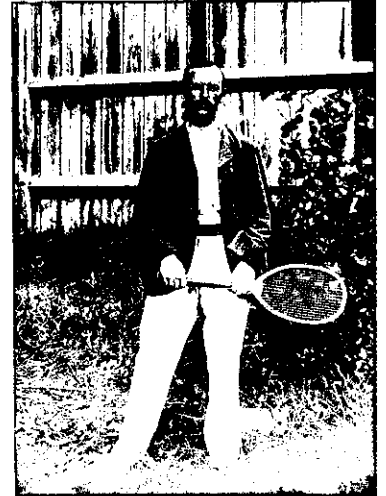
INTERESTED SPECTATORS.



MESSRS COX AND GOIE, Runners-up for the Championship Doubles.



MESSRS KEESING AND GOLDIE, of the N.Z.L.T. Association.



MR. H. A. PARKER, Winner of the Men's Championship.



MISS NUNNELLY, Lady Champion.



MR. ADAMS.



MR. LAISHLEY, who, with Mr Parker, won the Men's Championship Doubles.



MR PEACOCK, Runner-up for the Championship.

New Zealand Tennis Association's Championship Meeting at Napier.



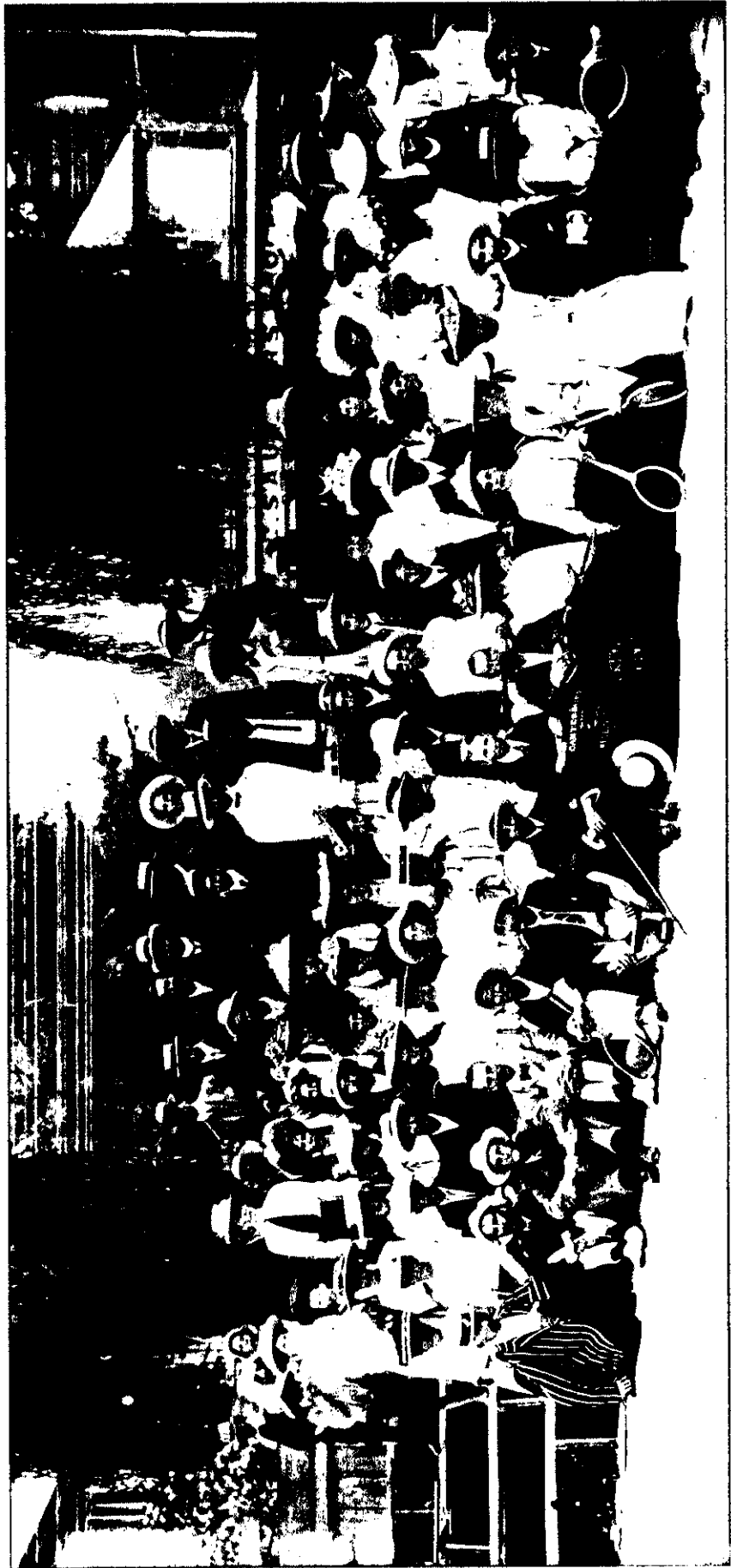
SOME OF THE ONLOOKERS.



A CORNER OF THE COURTS.



LAINSHLEY SERVING.



THE COMPETITORS. The Misses Corrie, who won the Ladies' Championship Doubles, are the first two ladies on the right of the banner in the front row.

New Zealand Tennis Association's Championship Meeting at Napier.

Visitor:
 Rev. W. BEATTY, M.A. (St. Mark's, Remuera)
 Headmaster:
 GEO. BIGG WITHER, B.A. (N.Z.)
 Resident Chaplain:
 Rev. C. H. TISDALL, M.A.

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

Assistant Masters:
 ARTHUR PLUGGE, B.Sc. (Vice. Univ., Eng.)
 F. STUCKEY, M.A., Hon. (N.Z.)
 F. WORLEY,
 Visiting Masters for Music, Gymnastics,
 Shorthand, and Carpentry.



THE COLLEGE.

In order to meet modern requirements in regard to the teaching of SCIENCE, spacious and well-ventilated Buildings have been lately erected. These comprise a Physical Laboratory, a Chemical Laboratory, a specially darkened room for use as an Optical Laboratory, and Galvanometer Room, and a Room fitted with a furnace bench for assay work. Each of the first two mentioned is fitted with benches to accommodate 20 boys and has gas, water, etc., laid on. The buildings are well furnished with the necessary apparatus, and in the opinion of experts are thoroughly suited for the purpose for which they were built. The work done is similar in character to that of the ENGLISH ORGANISED SCIENCE SCHOOLS, and the full course occupies three years. THE TEACHING IS ESSENTIALLY PRACTICAL. The Boys are taught chiefly BY THE MEANS OF EXPERIMENTS, WORKED OUT BY THEMSELVES, and they thus acquire the faculty of making observations, and putting down the inferences they draw from them.

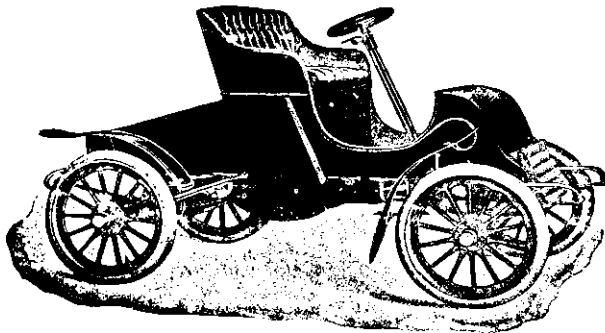


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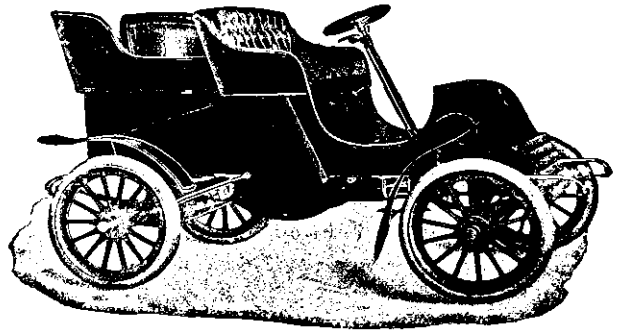
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Personal Paragraphs.

Mr L. Pharazyn (Wellington), is back from a trip to Sydney.

Mr. Stack, of Stratford, was visiting friends in Wanganui during Christmas.

Dr. A. Challiner Purchas has returned to Auckland from Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs T. Hamer (Wellington) are in Auckland on a visit.

Mr Cooper, of Hawera, is spending a holiday in Auckland.

Mr L. W. Frankland (Wellington), is going to Foxton to live.

Mr. R. Wood, of Wanganui, has gone to visit friends and relations in Napier.

Mr. E. Stow, Masterton, spent Christmas with his people in Picton.

Miss Shera (Auckland) is at present on a visit to Mrs Skeet, of Cambridge.

Sir Robert Stout was present at a Maori Christmas dinner at Ohinemutu.

Lieutenant-Colonel Loveday (Wellington) is visiting Stratford.

The Hon. C. Hill-Trevor is fishing in North Canterbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Conolly are staying in Picton at the Federal Hotel.

Miss Murray, an Invercargill vocalist, is visiting Auckland and Rotorua.

Mrs. Wynn-Williams (Christchurch) has been to Governor's Bay for a pleasant rest and change.

Mrs. Heywood (Wanganui) is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Frankish in Christchurch.

Mr. H. Heywood (Wellington) is staying with his father, Mr. J. M. Heywood, Christchurch, on a short visit.

Mrs. S. Gordon (Wanganui) is visiting friends in Christchurch, and has been the guest of Mrs. W. Stringer.

Mrs. and Miss Olney and Mrs. and Miss Barkas (Christchurch) have left for England.

Hon. J. W. and Mrs Hislop (Wellington) are in Auckland for the benefit of the former's health.

Mr C. H. Weston (New Plymouth) passed through Wellington recently en route to Mt. Cook, for a holiday trip.

Mrs and the Misses Henderson (Glasgow) are on a trip to New Zealand to visit the scenic beauties of the colony.

Miss I. Blackett (Wellington) is on a trip to the South Island, visiting Christchurch and Dunedin.

Miss Amy Murphy (Dunedin), who has been in Wellington for some time, has returned home.

The Premier, who has gone to the West Coast, will return to Wellington about January 11th.

Dr. Mrs. and Miss Guthrie (Christchurch) have gone South to join the Sounds trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuels, Wellington, spent the Christmas holidays in Picton, staying at Oxley's Hotel.

Mr. C. O. Ellis will act as purser of the Aparima while that vessel is on the New Zealand coast.

Mrs. McCallum, Blenheim, went to Wellington to spend Christmas with her people, Mr. and Mrs. Grady.

Professor Brown, of the Auckland University College, left for the Science Congress in Dunedin last week.

Mrs. Nathan and family, Wellington, were at Oxley's Hotel, Picton, for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. J. Welford and Mr. H. Baillie, Carterton, were in Picton for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. O. Gillan has been appointed purser of the Union Company's new steamer Manuka.

Mr and Mrs C. J. Hemery, who have been touring in Europe and America, returned to Auckland by the Ventura.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Forlong, of Wanganui, spent their Christmas holidays in Dunedin.

Miss Moore, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to the Empire city.

Mr Percy Smith and Miss Smith (New Plymouth) have gone to Dunedin for the Science Congress.

Mrs. A. S. Seymour (Gisborne) is visiting relations and friends in Canterbury.

Canon and Miss Gould, of Otahuhu, Auckland, have been visiting Mrs. D'Arcy, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Mrs. E. Blundell, of Feilding, and her two little boys are spending a few weeks at Castlecliff, Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Atkinson, of Wanganui, have gone to Fiji for a trip during the summer vacation.

Miss Beatrice Webster, of New Plymouth, is on a visit to her sister, Mrs R. B. Lusk, St. Stephen's-road, Farnell.

Miss A. Cowper, of Wanganui, has returned after a most enjoyable trip to Fiji and the South Sea Islands.

Miss I. Campbell, of Wanganui, has returned from a long visit to friends in Christchurch.

Miss Brooks (Cambridge) was in Auckland spending the holidays with her brother.

Mr Alfred Hosking, headmaster of Mt. Eden School, Auckland, has gone to Dunedin to attend the Science Congress.

Mr Kennedy and the Misses Kenney (Wellington) spent the holidays at Endeavour Inlet, Queen Charlotte Sound.

Miss Wright, of Cambridge, has gone to New Plymouth on a visit to Mr J. C. George.

The health of Colonel Pitt, Attorney-General, has improved very much since he went to Nelson.

Miss J. Brooks, of Cambridge, has gone to New Plymouth for the holidays, to stay with her uncle, the Rev. F. Evans.

Mrs Ralph Fitzherbert (Marton) is in Wellington, being the guest of her mother, Mrs Kennedy.

Mr. Daw, of Karangahake, well known in mining circles, was in Auckland for the holidays, accompanied by Mrs. Daw.

Mr and Mrs J. M. Hally (Cambridge) have gone to spend a few days with relatives at Northcote.

Mr and Mrs Douglas McLean (Napier) and their children have gone to Wellington for the summer months.

Mr Bertie Skeet (Cambridge) is the guest of Archdeacon Willis at St. Helier's.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith, who have been staying in Auckland, returned to Paeroa last week.

Mr R. Ellingham left for the South by Te Anau on a business and pleasure trip.

The Hon. W. McCullough, of Thames, has returned from a visit to Europe. He returned by way of Australia.

Captain Worsp, who has been staying at the Grand Hotel during the holidays, has returned to the Waikato.

Miss Nellie Waller has returned to Auckland after a most enjoyable visit to Gisborne.

Miss G. Allen, Miss Stevenson, and Mr. L. Allen, Wellington, spent the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Allen, in Picton.

Mr Henning and his wife made the trip to Rotorua in a locomobile on Monday week, covering the distance between 7 a.m. and 10 p.m.

The Messrs. Carney (2), Petone, were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wolff for Christmas week (writes our Picton correspondent).

Dr. Lenihan, R.C. Bishop of Auckland, dined with Dr. Neligan, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, at Bishopscourt on New Year's Eve.

Among residents of Wellington who are shortly going Home for a trip are the Rev. H. Van Staveren (Jewish Rabbi) and Mrs Van Staveren.

Mr and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes and family (Christchurch) have left for the South. Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes intend visiting Mount Cook.

Mr J. Owen, manager of Shaikland and Co., Wellington, is shortly going on a trip to England, via the United States. He will probably return by the East.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Archer (Fendalton) and children have gone to the Hurunui for a few weeks' change. Miss Wheeler (Summer) has accompanied them.

Mr C. P. Skerrett and Mr R. N. Turnbull (Wellington) have left Wellington on a round-the-world trip, going by Suez and returning by the United States.

Mr and Mrs Harry Bloomfield (Auckland) and several friends left on New Year's Day in the Viking for a fortnight's cruise to the Great Barrier.

Mr Fred. Lloyd left Auckland on Monday, via the West Coast, for Christchurch, where he is to be best man at his cousin's wedding.

Mrs Featherston (Invercargill) arrived in Auckland last Sunday, on a visit to her mother, Mrs Ware, Portland-road, Remuera.

Sir Joseph Ward will remain in Southland for about a month. During that time, however, he may have to visit Wellington for Cabinet meetings.

Mrs W. J. L. Traversa has sold her place, "Lehenagh Beg," at the Lower Hutt, and is shortly going, with the Misses Coleridge, to live in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Law-Smith (Adelaide) spent a few days in Wellington recently before going on to Rotorua and elsewhere.

Mr and Mrs Walter Johnston, jun. (Wellington), spent the Christmas holidays with Hon. W. and Mrs Johnston, "Highden," Raungitikei.

Mr and Mrs Embling, who are just back after a trip Home, are at present staying at the Royal Oak Hotel, Wellington.

Sir Joseph and Lady Ward have left Wellington for a flying visit to Invercargill and Stewart Island before starting on their trip to England.

Mr Alfred White, Secretary of the Wellington Y.M.C.A., has been presented with a bicycle by the members of the association.

Mr. Gildermeister, a prominent business man of Bremen, who has been staying in Auckland, went to Rotorua last week.

Mr and Mrs. C. W. Tvingham, of Wellington, who have been on a visit to Auckland, returned home by the Rotoiti last week.

Mr C. Coles, organist of Scots Church (Wellington), was lately the recipient of a valuable dressing-case, the gift of the choir and congregation.

Mrs Adams (Patea) and Miss Adams are in Wellington for the wedding of the latter. At present they are the guests of Miss Turner (Kelburne).

Miss L. Daniells, of Wellington, who has been visiting her aunt, Miss Inlay, of Mount Desert, Wanganui, has returned to the Empire city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Goodson, of Hawera, are on a visit to Mrs. Clay, in Wanganui for the Christmas and New Year holidays.

Miss Bailey, of New Plymouth, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. McNaughton Christie, in Wanganui, for some months, has returned to her home.

Mr. C. Dymock, of the Bank of New Zealand, Wanganui, has been moved to Taihape. He will be greatly missed by his many friends.

Mr Chas. F. Griffiths, solicitor of Auckland, with his family, are at their camping house, Henderson, for the holidays. Miss Macindoe is their guest.

Mr. Johannes Pedersen, the new dairy expert, will be stationed at Palmerston North, and control, besides part of the Wellington district, Taranaki and Hawke's Bay.

The Rev. F. Stubbs, who has been making a tour of observation in Australia, and for the past few weeks has been in Rotorua, returned to Christchurch on Saturday.

Mr H. T. A. Twyford, officer-in-charge of the Eastern Extension Cable Co.'s station at Wakaupaka, has been transferred to Penang, his place being taken by Mr P. B. of the Perth staff.

Mrs W. Moorhouse (Wellington) has been visiting her brother (Mr Paul Hunter), Porongahau, Hawke's Bay, staying a few days en route with Mrs W. Burton (Featherston).

Mr J. F. Macartney, who has been in Wellington on business connected with the electric tramways, is shortly leaving for Delagoa Bay, where his firm has a similar contract.

The Rev. — Walker, of Eberake, and family are occupying the Cambridge vicarage at the present time, and will take the services for the Archdeacon for the next two Sundays.

Archdeacon Willis and family, of Cambridge, are at present staying at their seaside residence at St. Helier's. Their stay will be of some six or seven weeks' duration.

Dr. Nimian Trotter, superintendent of the Riverton Hospital (Southland) and president of the Riverton Racing Club, is at present on a visit to Auckland. He is staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr A. F. Hunt, Clerk of Court at Riverton, who has been spending his honeymoon with relatives in Grey Lynn, Auckland, returned South with his bride last week by the Talune.

Consul-General Dillingham (U.S.A.) and his family went up to Rotorua last week. The Consul-General returns after a short stay there, but the family remain for some time longer in Rotorua.

Mr Barry in his motor established a record between Waikoi and Tauranga on Monday week. Leaving Waikoi at 6 p.m., he reached Tauranga at 8.45 p.m. The distance is 48 miles.

The Hon. James Carroll, Native Minister, arrived in Auckland from Gisborne by the Talune. He remained in Auckland for the New Year, and then went to Rotorua.

Mr John Mill, of the Dunedin wool-broking firm of J. Mill and Son, returned to the colony from England by the Ventura. He was accompanied by his wife and daughters.

Mrs Reenagel, who has been staying with her mother, Mrs Johnston, Farnell, Auckland, left on Monday for South Africa, via Sydney, to join Mr Reenagel. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Isabel Johnston.

Mrs W. Seavill, of Waingaro, is down in Auckland, staying with her mother, Mrs Stevenson, of "Glenholm," Remuera. Mrs — Seavill is also visiting her mother, Mrs Hull, of St. George's Bay-road, Farnell.

Captain Jackson Barry, the veteran mariner of literary tendencies, is in a precarious state of health, and he had to return to Wellington before reaching Rotorua, whither he had begun a voyage for his health.

The Hon. Mr. Campbell, M.L.C., and Messrs M. Evans and Hyslop, M's.L.C., of the Natal Legislature, are on a visit to the colonies in search of information for their Government, and are now in Auckland, having finished their Australasian inquiries.

Lieut. Edden, of H.M.S. Penguin, who has been on a visit to Gisborne, returned to Auckland last week. Lieut. Hill also returned last week from a short visit to Rotorua. Lieuts. Renneck and Hancock have gone fishing up Rotorua way.

Mr W. C. Cargill, who is leaving Masterton for Taranaki, was the recipient lately of a silver mounted pipe and a framed photograph of the Masterton Cricket Club, with which he has been connected for many years.

Mr H. Davidson has been promoted to the post of chief accountant in the N.Z. Government Railway Department, in place of Mr A. C. Fife, who is resigning.

Mr Edward Fitzgerald, who is just back in Wellington from a round-the-world trip, was formerly a member of the staff of Levin and Co. He went to South Africa with the Second Contingent, and saw a good deal of service.

Dr. and Mrs. J. McNaughton Christie, of Wanganui, intend leaving Wanganui in March for a trip to England. They will be away about a year. Dr. Wilson, who has just come out from England,

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will act as locum tenens during Dr. McNaughton's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gould, of Christchurch, with Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, of the same city, left Auckland last week to go to Taumarunui. They will be members of the party which makes the first trip down the upper reaches of the Wanganui in the Hatrick motor-canoë.

Dr. Marshall, of Dunedin, has returned to his home in the South after a visit to his mother, Mrs. White, St. John's Hill. Mrs. White intends leaving for England in March with her son, Mr. George Marshall.

Mr T. E. Webb, late organist of Goulburn Cathedral, New South Wales, has been appointed organist at Christ Church Cathedral, Nelson, in succession to Mr G. F. Naylor, who is now organist of Napier Cathedral.

The many friends of Mr Monty Phillips will be pleased to hear that he is progressing very favourably at Woodside Private Hospital, Burleigh-street, Auckland, after an operation for appendicitis. It will, however, be some three weeks before he will be about again.

It is regarded as probable that Mr John Prouse, the eminent Maoriland haritone, will remain in London. Mr Prouse met with much success in his tour across America with Middle Dolores. Mrs Prouse will remain with him.

Mrs H. B. Blundell and the Misses Blundell, wife and daughters of one of the proprietors of the Wellington "Evening Post," returned by the Ventura from a trip Home, and went South by the Rotuihi.

Mr N. Alfred Nathan, of the Auckland firm of L. D. Nathan and Co., returned to Auckland by the Ventura, after an absence of eighteen months in England. Mrs. Nathan and her family remain in England some time longer.

The Misses Gelhardt, of Adelaide, disembarked from the Ventura at Auckland for a tour of the colony. They intend to thoroughly explore the scenic resources of Maoriland, and will probably await the return of the Ventura before leaving for Australia. They have just finished a tour of Europe and America.

One of the most celebrated supporters of the English turf, Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart., arrived in Auckland by the Ventura. He is going to spend a few weeks in New Zealand during the summer season, but his future movements are indefinite. He is a son of the great Sir Tatton Sykes, so beloved of Yorkshiremen.

The Rev. H. B. Blackbourne, of St. Luke's Church, Rotorua, is leaving for England, and his parishioners recently presented him with some coloured and framed photographs of the town, and the choir gave him a photo of themselves. The rev. gentleman travels overland to Wellington, and leaves about March 23 for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Caro, recently from Auckland, have taken "Aberley," St. Albans, for a term from Mr. Robert Allan, and will move in immediately. Mrs. and Miss Allan are going into the country for the benefit of the latter's health, who, though now much better, has had a very serious and long illness, and wants bracing up, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

The Rev. J. and Misses Campbell, of Papanui, Christchurch, are leaving shortly for Queensland, where Mr. Campbell has been appointed Dean. They leave a large circle of friends, who, while regretting their departure, are glad of the promotion. The Rev. Audrey Judin is to succeed Mr. Campbell, and his parishioners at Waikare equally regret his departure.

The Rev. T. Keith Ewen, recently of Victoria, who has consented to take charge of the Berehampton Baptist Church for twelve months, arrived in Wellington from Melbourne on Christmas Day. Mr Ewen has been in the Baptist Ministry for twelve years, for the greater part of the time in charge of the Tabernacle at Collingwood, Victoria. His removal to Wellington was made chiefly for health reasons.

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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.

- ANDERSON.—Dec. 23, at Tamper's Bay, Havelock, the wife of F. W. Anderson, a daughter.
BATES.—Dec. 20, at St. Albans, Christchurch, to the wife of David Bates, a daughter.
BUIST.—Dec. 20, at Avondale, Christchurch, the wife of George Buist, a daughter.
CAMERON.—Dec. 24, at Willson street, Timaru, the wife of J. F. Cameron—a daughter.
COX.—Dec. 22, at the Bank of Australasia, Ashburton, the wife of Percy H. Cox—a daughter.
CURTIS.—Dec. 7, at 45a Thimok Rd., Wgtn., the wife of Arthur John Curtis, a son.
HALL.—Dec. 12, at 31 Octagon, Dunedin, the wife of E. A. Hall—a daughter.
HAMMOND.—Dec. 22, at Roloma, the wife of W. J. Hammond, a daughter (pre-naturely).
HUBBARD.—Dec. 19, at Invercargill, the wife of C. K. Hubbard, Waipori—a son.
JONES.—Dec. 19, at Springdale Farm, Middlemarch, Otago, the wife of W. G. Jones a son.
KENDALL.—Dec. 29, at Stanley-st., Parnell, Auckland, the wife of C. Kendall, a daughter.
KNELL.—Dec. 2nd, the wife of Leonard Knell, Home Bay-rd., Pongsonby, Auckland, a daughter.
MATTHEWS.—Dec. 18, at Otahuhu, Auckland, the wife of W. J. Matthews, Inglewood, Taranaki, a daughter.
NATHAN.—Dec. 21, at Aurora Terrace, Wgtn., the wife of D. J. Nathan, a daughter.
PARDINGTON.—Jan. 2, at Pongsonby-rd., Auckland, the wife of W. Pardington, a daughter.
PEARCE.—Dec. 18, at No. 14, Hobson st., Wellington, the wife of Charles Pearce—a son.
SANDERSON (nee Ferguson).—Dec. 12, at St. Austin st., Wellington, the wife of Louis A. Sanderson—a son.
SHAW.—Dec. 31, at Hamilton, Waikato, to Mr and Mrs Laughey Shaw—a daughter.
TWYFORD.—Dec. 16, at Auckland, Mrs Major Twyford (Salvation Army)—a daughter.
WILSON.—Dec. 27, at Victoria-st., Christchurch, the wife of R. C. Wilson, a son.

MARRIAGES.

- BENT PASTLEY.—Dec. 7, at Invercargill, Arthur P., only son of the late Robert Bent, manager Bank of New Zealand, Waikoura, to Lily Sabine, second daughter of R. S. L. Sabine, Pastley, Kew, Invercargill, and a daughter of the late Admiral Sir T. Sabine Pastley, Bart., K.C.B.
BRUNTON-WALFORD.—Dec. 24, at Addington, Christchurch, Henry George, second son of Thomas Brunton, Cannon-st., St. Albans, to Roseanora, youngest daughter of Albert Walford, Martin's-rd., Spreydon.
DALRYMPLE STEVENS, Oct. 27, at Cape Town, J., Dalrymple, Captain South African Constabulary, to Nora, daughter of J. Stevens, of Bots, Rangitikei, New Zealand.
JENNYWATTLE-MANNING.—1898. 29, at Wellington, William G., eldest son of W. G. Entwistle, of Wellington, to Mary V., daughter of E. Manning, both of Wellington.
LINDSAY-McAULEY.—Dec. 23, at Coverham, Dunedin, Thomas, third son of John Lindsay, Manungton, to Rachel, fourth daughter of Mrs D. McAuley, late of Blue Spur.
LONG SPEEDING.—Nov. 25, at Auckland, Albert John, eldest son of Harry Long Speeding, Hironah, to Alice Mary, fourth daughter of William Speeding, Auckland.
MACKING-BERRAND.—Dec. 2, at Bluff, John Edward Makosi to Mary Frances (Worner), eldest daughter of J. B. Berrand, late of H.M. Customs, Bluff.
McKENZIE GIBBS.—Dec. 20, at Wellington, Charles John, eldest son of G. H. McKenzie, Leith-st., Dunedin, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late Robert Gibbs.
NAPIER FIELD.—Dec. 3, at Christchurch, Alfred Clark to Mary Ellen (Nellie), second daughter of Mr John Field of Strickland street, Sydenham, Christchurch.
NICHOLSON-NICHOLLS.—Dec. 16, at Wellington, Albert, second son of O. Nicholson, Wellington, to Annie Louisa, second daughter of Chas. H. Nicholls, of Carterton, late of Wellington.
OSMOND MASLIN.—Nov. 19, at Ellihm, Taranaki, Ernest Alfred, fourth son of the late J. G. Osmond, late of Newton, St. Cyres, Devon, to Leticia, second daughter of C. J. Maslin, of Ellihm, Taranaki.
RAMSAY-WALLIS.—Dec. 6, at Wellington, Robert J., fourth son of the late Alexander Ramsay, Wairarapa, to Amelia (Mabel), fifth daughter of Wm. Wallis, Naia street, Wellington.
REDSTONE-GODDER.—Dec. 7, at Wellington, Ernest William, eldest son of Mr W. E. Redstone, to Julia Eva, youngest daughter of Mr James Godder.
SLYFIELD-NOTON.—Dec. 19, at Auckland, Harold Lincoln Slyfield to Annie Elizabeth Noton, both of Auckland.

- SCHWASS-GUERT.—Dec. 30, at Wanganui, Ferdinand Otto, youngest son of Mr B. Schwass, Halcom, to Alice Maud, eldest daughter of Mr H. Glibert, Wanganui.
TYMONS-McKENNA.—Dec. 28, at Palmerston North, Arthur Joseph, son of Thos. Tymons, late of Greytown, to Elizabeth Ellen (Dolly), daughter of Edward McKenna, V.C.
WAUGH-PARKER.—Dec. 23, at Kimbolton, Wellington, Adam Waugh, of Kimbolton, to Emily, third daughter of C. Parker, of Wanganui.

DEATHS.

- ANDERSON.—Dec. 24, at Upper Hill, Wellington, Frederick Anderson; aged 71 years.
BANCROFT.—Dec. 20, at Auckland, the dearly beloved wife of Alfred Bancroft, aged 41; after a long and trying illness, born with Christian fortitude.
BELESFORD.—Dec. 21, at "Gola," Linwood, Christchurch, Thomas John, the beloved husband of E. Belesford, in his 62nd year.
BEUWIC.—Dec. 28, at Logiest, St. Kilda, Dunedin, Henry Beuwick (native of St. Andrews, Fife-shire); aged 73 years.
CALDER.—Accidentally drowned, at Cornmuel, on 21st Dec., Donald Calder, beloved husband of Roberta Jane Calder; aged 41 years.
CRAYFORD.—Dec. 31, at Sussex-st., Grey Lynn, Auckland, William, the beloved husband of Isabella Crayford; aged 67 years.
EXTON.—Dec. 15, at Allertown, Wellington, Marie Constance, infant child of Walter and Florence Exton; aged 24 months.
FITZGERALD.—Dec. 27, at Wellington, Maggie Fitzgerald; aged 44 years.
FRASER.—At Barberton, Transvaal, South Africa, in his 26th year, John Michael Fraser, second son of Charles Fraser, of the "Daily Times" Office, Dunedin. (By cable).
GRAY.—Dec. 12, at Courtenay street, New Plymouth, Dunly, the dearly loved son of Alfred and Bessie Gray; aged 3 months.
HARRINGTON.—Dec. 14, at Ashburton, Joseph Harrington, of Christchurch; aged 77 years.
HOGG.—Jan. 4, at Brighton-rd., Remuera, Auckland, Annie, eldest daughter of William and Isabella Hogg.
HUNT.—Dec. 22, at Wakanui road, Canterbury, Matilda, the beloved wife of Joseph Hunt; aged 88 years.
JACOB.—Dec. 11, at Fern Hill, Waipu, Auckland, Captain John Jacob; aged 73 years.
KEEFE.—Dec. 20, at Grant-rd., Wellington, John Keefe; aged 85 years.
LAIRD.—At "Balston," Westmore, Wanganui, Alexander Laird, of Dundee, Scotland; aged 61 years.
LYTTELL.—Dec. 31, at Auckland, James Schofield Lyttell, late of Bellwood, Mt. Roskill; aged 69 years.
McDERMID.—Dec. 22, John, beloved twin son of Peter and Caroline McDermid, of South Invercargill; aged 13 years.
McKENZIE.—Dec. 21, at Invercargill, after a long and painful illness, George Edward Douglas, beloved youngest son of Murdoch and Margaret McKenzie; aged 13 years.
MOLLISON.—Dec. 15, James Mollison, son, of the firm of Mollison and Co., drapers, Dunedin; aged 51 years.
MORRIS.—Dec. 16, at San Francisco, Rosa Morris, dearly beloved wife of Abraham Morris, late of Teoma and Seattle, and sister of Mrs Randolph Friedlander, Ashburton, Canterbury.
NATHAN.—Suddenly, at Paeroa, on Dec. 21, Stanley Albert, youngest beloved son of Joseph and Minna Nathan, aged 12 months and 14 days.
PARKELL.—Dec. 19, at Dunedin, John Thomas Parkell, of Adams' Flat, Otago; aged 47 years.
PARLETTE.—Dec. 15, at Lyttelton, Frances Mary Kerr, the dearly beloved wife of William Samuel Parlett, in her 51th year.

- PETERSEN.—Jan. 3, at Pongsonby, Auckland, Charles James Petersen, dearly loved son of Therkel and Bertha J. Petersen; aged 5 months.
ROBERTSON.—Dec. 29, at Cambridge, Waikato, John, the beloved husband of Ann Robertson; aged 77 years.
RUSSELL.—Dec. 24, at Northland, Wellington, Mary Mary, youngest daughter of James and Mary Russell; aged 13 weeks.
SOBEL.—Dec. 23, at St. Albans, Christchurch, Jules Sobel, native of Normandy, France; aged 73 years.
SCHOLLES.—Dec. 12, at Stratford, Taranaki, Thomas Scholles, late of Wellington; aged 53 years.
SEMPLE.—Dec. 31, at Cambridge, Waikato, John, eldest son of the late John Semple, Prestwick, Ayr, Scotland, also nephew of Hugh K. and Eliza D. Gilmore, Howick; aged 21 years.
SOMERVILLE.—Dec. 22, at Clyde street, Christchurch, Sarah, eldest daughter of George Somerville.
SPIERS.—Dec. 17, at Hardy street, Nelson, Elizabeth, wife of John Spiers; aged 72 years.
TAYLOR.—Dec. 21, at Sydenham, Christchurch, Laura Augusta, the beloved wife of H. M. Taylor, in her 60th year.
THURKELL.—Dec. 20, at Wellington, Lilian May, the beloved daughter of Frederick George and Emily Elizabeth Thurkell; aged 20 years.
THOMPSON.—On Dec. 23, at Whangarei, Mary Catherine, the dearly beloved wife of Robert Thompson; aged 53 years.
THOMPSON.—Dec. 10, at 77 Maitland st., Dunedin, Catherine Harriet, relict of the late Captain Robert Thompson; aged 67 years. Deeply regretted.
TODD.—Dec. 23, at 210, Worcester-street, Christchurch, Andrew Todd; aged 60.
TULLY.—Dec. 4, at Ascot Vale, North-east Valley, Dunedin, Louise J. A. Tully, dearly beloved and only sister of Mrs W. Southgate; aged 28 years.
WALLACE.—Dec. 25, at Nairn-st., Wellington, Helen Elizabeth Wallace; aged 82 years.
WHALLEY.—Jan. 1, at Otahuhu, Auckland, Priscilla, relict of the late John Whalley; aged 73 years.
WILLS.—Dec. 31, at Otahuhu, Auckland, Martha, relict of the late W. H. Wills, in her 72nd year.

ARE YOU LIKE A STOPPED CLOCK?

A stopped clock is "run down." Are you? Summer's heat and close, trying days, tell on the business man, and still more on the woman in the home. Loss of appetite, loss of energy, a feeling of constant tiredness, frequent headaches, and inability to go your old pace—these are the signs of being "run down." The cure, if you wish to apply it without wasting time and running up a heavy doctor's bill, is Bile Beans. This is no mere theory, as witness the following case:—"Twelve months ago," says Cecilia M. J. Monaro, of 10, Lackey-street, St. Peter's, Sydney, "I suffered considerably from headache, tired feeling, loss of appetite and sleeplessness. I tried doctors without success. Subsequently Bile Beans were brought to my notice, and I decided to give them a trial. The contents of the first box gave me great relief, and thus encouraged, I continued a course for a month, with the result that I now eat heartily and enjoy a good night's sleep. I praise Bile Beans highly for what they have done for me, and always recommend them to fellow-sufferers." Any chemist will supply them at 1/1 or 2/9 per box. Don't take any substitute.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Fitzherbert, third daughter of Mr. W. H. Fitzherbert, Lower Hunt, Wellington, to Mr. W. Latham, Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Paul, only daughter of Mr Paul, of New Plymouth, to Dr. Bennett, also of New Plymouth.

The engagement of Miss Blanche Worsp, youngest daughter of Capt. Worsp, Auckland, to Mr J. C. McVitie, of Waikato, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes J. M. Williamson, of Reefton, and Mr Charles J. Boxer, of Crushington.

The engagement is announced of Miss E. Francis, daughter of the late Colonel Francis, and Mr. Cecil Hawkins, son of Mr. Harvey Hawkins, of Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Laura Gossett, daughter of the Rev. C. H. Gossett, Merivale, Christchurch, and Mr. E. Harper, of Christchurch, son of Mr. George Harper.

Orange Blossoms.
 COLLINS—BECK.

At the Sacred Heart Church, Wellington, on December 19, a very pretty wedding took place, when Mr. Robert W. G. Collins, eldest son of Colonel Collins (Assistant Secretary to the Treasury) was united to Miss Olive Mary Beck, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Beck, of Greymouth. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father Lewis, administrator, assisted by the Rev. Father Kimbell (a college chum of the bridegroom). The bride was attended by three bridesmaids—Miss Winnie Richardson, Miss Eveline Collins (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Vera Snowball, of New Plymouth (cousin of the bridegroom). Mr. F. C. Bjorring acted as best man, and Mr. Reg. Collins, of Wanganui (brother of the bridegroom) as groomsmen. The bride, who looked most charming, was given away by her brother, Mr. W. Beck. She wore a handsome gown of ivory satin, the bodice prettily arranged with a berthe of Limerick lace, fastened with sprays of orange blossom; an accordion-pleated chiffon yoke and graceful hanging sleeves with chiffon under sleeves. The skirt and long train were trimmed with ranslyke chiffon flounces, edged with bebe ribbon. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and tulle veil, and carried a handsome shower bouquet. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Colonel Collins, where a large gathering of friends assembled to tender their good wishes, and congratulations to the happy couple. Nothing that could add to the comfort of the guests was wanting. Gaily decorated with flags of all nations, was a large marquee, in which the tables were laid out with all the delicacies of the season. The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier, who was present with his family, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in felicitous terms, wishing them a bright and happy future. He referred in kindly terms to the esteem in which the bride and bridegroom were held by a very large circle of friends, and con-

cluded by wishing them many years of happiness together. Early in the afternoon the happy couple left for the North, amid hearty good wishes and showers of rice. The going-away dress was a smart tailor-made costume of grey cloth, with white silk collar and hat to match.

The bridegroom's present to the bride was a valuable gold watch and chain, also a pearl and sapphire and ruby spray brooch. To the chief bridesmaid he gave a beautiful pearl and turquoise pendant and chain, and to the other bridesmaids a handsome gold band bangle, each embossed with the initials of the bride and bridegroom. The presents were very numerous and beautiful, coming from all parts of the colony, and were much admired by the many friends present. The bridesmaids wore cream voile dresses, trimmed with lace and insertion and eade nil sashes, and large chiffon hats. The mother of the bridegroom received in a handsome black broche, trimmed with white lace, and a most becoming hat. Miss Collins wore a charming dress of cream voile, trimmed with lace and chiffon, and a stylish black hat. Mrs. Beck, the mother of the bride, was gowned in a rich black satin and black hat, trimmed with lace. Many beautiful costumes were worn by the ladies present. It may be worthy of note that Mr. Collins served in South Africa as lieutenant of the Fourth New Zealand Contingent, and was severely wounded in the left forearm at Ottoshoop. The injury was such as to prevent him taking up the Imperial commission granted to him. He is, however, still an Imperial officer, His Majesty the King having granted him a commission in his "Reserve of Officers." On their return from their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Collins take up their residence at their new house, "Ottoshoop," Newtown.

HIRST—SHORT.

A very pretty wedding, which created considerable interest, was celebrated at Te Aroha Wesleyan Church on Christmas Day, when Miss Nellie Short and Mr. Hedley J. Hirst, eldest son of Mr. S. J. Hirst, were married. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. Norrie, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. C. Abernethy. The happy couple stood beneath a prettily decorated wedding bell. The bride wore a dainty frock of cream Oriental silk, with transparent yoke, and trimmed with insertion and orange blossoms. A slightly trained skirt, delicately shirred and trimmed with rich insertion, a coronet of orange blossoms, and handsome embroidered veil, gave an effective finish. The bride also wore a beautiful gold crescent brooch, set in rubies and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of Canterbury bells and marguerites. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Olive Short, her sister, and Miss Ivy Hirst, sister of the bridegroom, who looked charming in champagne-coloured silk dresses beautifully trimmed with lace; stylish picture hats. They also carried shower bouquets. The bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids were jewelled hand rings. As the wedding party was leaving the church the "Wedding March" was played by Miss Mabel Hirst. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hirst. The wedding presents were both numerous and costly, giving evidence of the popularity of the bride and groom. During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hirst left for Auckland via Thames. The bride's travelling dress was of fawn flaked canvas voile, made over pink, trimmed with twin-coloured medallions; handsome lace collar and broche silk front, with picture hat to match. Among the dresses worn by guests were: Mrs. Short, cream cashmere costume, trimmed with white satin, white hat with ostrich tips, relieved with pink; Miss Grace Cochrane, cream muslin, blue trimmings; Miss Wilson, handsome black voile skirt, heliotrope blouse, trimmed with insertion, floral hat with autumn leaves; Miss Cornish, white costume, trimmed with pink, large picture hat; Miss Morrell, white costume, relieved with pale blue, picture hat; Mrs. Hirst (the bridegroom's mother), black merveilleux silk, guipure trimmings; silk net bolero, black hat with chiffon, ostrich feathers and pink roses, point lace stole; Mrs. H. Hirst, senr., black silk, chiffon cape, point lace collar, black bonnet with cream roses; Mrs. S. A. Hetherington, cream silk voile over pink, cream silk embroidered coffee coat, white chiffon hat with ostrich feathers, and spray of blue flowers; Miss Mabel Hirst, pink floral muslin, trimmed with insertion and medallions, and much shirr-

ed, picture hat with pink roses; Mrs. W. Hetherington, handsome black silk voile, trimmed with jet and sequins, lace stole, black hat of sequins, with cardinal roses; Mrs. J. A. Cochrane, cream tussore silk, shirred and trimmed with insertion, floral hat; Mrs. Reid, stylish fawn costume, muchly shirred pink silk vest, pale lace chiffon hat.

KEBBELL—COTTIER.

In St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on December 23rd, the marriage of Mr G. M. Kebbell, eldest son of Mr G. M. Kebbell, of Wellington, and Miss Ivy Gertrude Cottier, took place, Rev. F. G. Evans officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a dainty white gauged silk, trimmed with lace and orange blossoms, finished with the orthodox veil. She carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bridesmaids, Misses M. Beane and Poppy Mills, wore very pretty frocks of white insertion muslin, and carried pink and blue flowered baskets respectively. Mr W. C. Weston acted as best man, and Mr Robertshaw as groomsmen. The "Wedding March" was played by Mr Fletcher, organist of St. Mary's. After the ceremony Mr and Mrs Cottier entertained their guests at their pretty residence, "Mona," Carrington road. The bride's travelling dress was a very pretty grey flaked tweed costume, cream lace front, black picture hat; Mrs Cottier wore a handsome black silk, cream silk front; Mrs Beane, grey and black costume, trimmed with cream silk; Mrs Mitchell, sage green and cream costume; Mrs. Gregles, cream silk blouse, black skirt, pale blue chiffon toque; Miss McDonald (Inglewood), cream silk and lace blouse, dark skirt, cream hat; Miss Mueller (Wanganui), pretty pale blue crash costume, trimmed with cream, hat en suite; Mrs. R. Cook, black and pink costume; Miss Cook, salmon pink and white delaine blouse, black voile skirt, hat to correspond; Mrs. Home, pink and blue flowered delaine, pretty cream feathered hat; Mrs. Bedford, white; Mrs. Quilliam, black silk and lace, pale green chiffon toque; Miss Quilliam, forget-me-not hite delaine, hat en suite; Mrs. J. Avery, black silk grenadine, black and white bonnet; Miss F. Avery, pretty cream tucked and insertion silk blouse, black skirt, cream hat trimmed with pink flowers; Miss A. Avery, grey voile, pink flowered silk front, black and white hat; Mrs. C. T. Mills, pink flowered delaine blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Black, pretty grey gauged voile costume, black hat.

BELL—WILLIAMS.

At St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, on January 5, the marriage of Mr Cyril P. Bell, son of Mr W. T. J. Bell, of North Shore, and Miss Williams, daughter of Mrs. Williams, of "The Willows," Wynyard street, Auckland, was celebrated. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. W. E. Gillam, vicar of the parish, was very quiet, only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present. Mr and Mrs Bell subse-

quently left for Okoroire and Rotoma, where the honeymoon will be spent. Last week the clerical staff of the Campbell Ehrenfried Co. presented Mr Bell with a very handsome set of silver-mounted cutters. Mr Bankart, the secretary of the company, who made the presentation, referred in very nice terms to the relations which existed between Mr Bell and the staff, and wished him and his bride every happiness and all prosperity. Mr Bell suitably replied. Both Mr Bell and Miss Williams, being well-known and popular, were the recipients of many handsome presents.

Nelson, Moate's Teas.

Many people often wonder how it is that New Zealand is noted for having better tea than any other country. Everyone returning from a trip abroad remarks upon the fact that the tea they had while away was scarcely fit to drink, and certainly not equal to Nelson, Moate, and Co.'s Pure Teas. The reason of this is that teas of one kind are only grown in very small quantities (every picking from the same trees is different from the last, according to the season), and it is therefore impossible to secure any quantity. Consequently, no one except a specially-trained expert, possessing a natural taste, can possibly blend the different teas so as to give the public a better and more palatable article. Mr Nelson has had nearly a quarter of a century blending tea in New Zealand, and many years' previous training in England, and so Nelson, Moate, and Co.'s teas are always good, and of the highest standard. Nelson, Moate, and Co., Ltd., are in the enviable position of being practically the only firm in Australasia selling tea alone, which is the strongest proof of the quality of their blends. In spite of the keen competition of the sixty firms who are importing tea into New Zealand, and cutting prices, giving coupons, and resorting to numerous dodges for selling other teas when Nelson, Moate, and Co.'s are asked for, the only teas which continue to have the largest sale of Ceylon and blended teas in the Southern Hemisphere are Nelson, Moate, and Co.'s.—"Daily Times."—Ad.

Mr. S. A. Palmer, who is now in England introducing Vitadatio, has had an interview with Doctor Bashford, the General Superintendent of the Cancer Research Committee in London. His Majesty the King is patron to the fund. The interview was arranged with the hope that Vitadatio would be tested for the cure of cancer. Mr. Palmer explained his own miraculous cure of hydroitids by the use of Vitadatio, after which Doctor Bashford said that of the two diseases, he would rather have Cancer. No wonder Mr. Palmer has such wonderful faith in Vitadatio, when he has been told such a thing by one of the greatest doctors in England.

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D A N C I N G.

MRS MALCOLMSON BOULT.

By Special Request, MRS BOULT is now forming a TEACHERS' CLASS for instructing Teachers in the Latest London and Continental Methods of Teaching, and imparting to them the Latest Exercises in Deportment and Physical Culture, and the Newest Ballroom and Fancy Dances for the ensuing season.

The Class will meet on the 18th of January, and remain in thorough daily training till the 30th.

Teachers desirous of joining the class are requested to apply for terms and make application before the 14th of January.

MRS MALCOLMSON BOULT.

Jermya-street, Auckland.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 5.

We have been singularly fortunate in the weather for the Christmas and New Year holidays. Of course, the event of the past week has been the continuation of the Summer Meeting of the A.R.C. The deluge on Thursday did not promise too well for New Year's Day, and those who intended going out to Ellerslie felt more inclined to look out mackintoshes than dainty summer frocks; but, fortunately, Friday morning dawned fine, with a cool south-east breeze blowing. The day turned out perfect, and the lawn at Ellerslie was once more a scene of colour and life.

THE DRESSES.

were even more elaborate than those worn on the first day. Among the many pretty frocks I noticed were Mrs Morrin, who wore a beautifully fitting gown of dark blue canvas voile over glaze silk, lovely Paris lace vest and medallions, black chip straw hat wreathed with sprays of lilac; Miss Morrin, pretty cream voile costume, with transparent yoke and medallions of ceru lace, pale blue straw hat with floral trimmings; Miss Stead (Christchurch) was gowned in cream voile over glaze silk, with lovely lace applique trimmings, black picture hat with long white ostrich feathers; Mrs. E. D. O'Rourke wore a most effective costume of royal blue canvas voile, with deep accordion-pleated flounce, lovely ceru lace collar, pretty hat en suite; Miss Cotter wore a charming gown of pale pink crepe de chine, shirred and trimmed with Paris tinted lace, chine ribbon sash, and pretty white hat; Miss M. Cotter, pale blue crepe de chine, elaborately trimmed with ceru lace and insertion, black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Dawson wore a pretty electric blue linen coatee and skirt, white unbrodered vest, and large black hat; and Miss Muriel Dawson was also in blue linen, with black hat; Mrs May, champagne flaked muslin frock, with transparent lace yoke, tuscan hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. F. Jervois, white duck coat and skirt, with white vest, black and cream toque; Mrs (Dr.) Sharman, pretty cornflower blue costume faced with velvet of a darker shade, pretty hat to match; Mrs Alison, very pretty floral silk muslin gown profusely trimmed with lace, pretty black and violet toque; Miss Mitchelson, pale blue gauged crepe de chine, beautifully trimmed with Paris lace, large black hat; Miss — Mitchelson wore a dainty white gown with pale blue sash, and

white hat wreathed with pale pink roses; Miss Percival, pale grey voile gown with lace yoke, folded silk ceinture and pretty grey hat; Miss Edith Percival, black voile adorned with cream lace, white hat trimmed with turquoise blue; Mrs John Neill, elegant black voile gown with wide bands of black insertion inset over pretty white, black hat; Miss May Nicol, pretty white Persian lawn gown trimmed with insertion and lace, cerise sash, Tuscan hat wreathed with crimson roses and leaves; Miss Torrence, soft white silk frock, prettily trimmed, "Country Girl" hat swathed with red; Miss Leys, reseda green embroidered canvas gown, becoming white straw hat trimmed with chiffon and white ostrich plumes; Miss Brigham, cream tucked voile gown with pale blue sash, and large black plumed hat; Mrs Anseune, pale grey voile gown with cream applique, large black hat; Miss Elworthy, mignonette green silk voile gown adorned with Paris lace, black sash, cream hat with black and cream floral trimmings; Miss Ching, navy blue silk voile gown with transparent Paris lace yoke and medallions, white straw hat with floral garniture; Mrs Eviit, handsome black canvas gown over glaze silk, white satin vest and pretty black and white toque; Miss Marjory Towle, wore a pretty grey linen coatee and skirt, white vest, "Country Girl" hat with eau-de-Nil rosettes and sprays of lilac and green leaves; Mrs Colbeck, black crepe de chine costume relieved with touches of green, blue, and heliotrope, large black picture hat; Miss George, champagne canvas voile with coarse cream lace yoke, collar and corslet belt of pink floral silk, pretty white three-cornered hat; Miss Zoe George, cream voile gown with Paris lace yoke and trimmings, white hat with pale pink roses; Mrs Ernest Bloomfield, dark blue and white striped linen costume, lace collar and vest, "Country Girl" hat trimmed with spotted ribbon and cherries; Mrs Dulbie, pretty navy blue voile coatee and skirt trimmed with lovely cream lace applique, touches of pale green, large black hat; Mrs Rathbone, black Louise silk gown, the skirt gauged and inserted with black yak lace, transparent chiffon yoke, deep collar of white with medallions of cream lace, laced with pale green, black picture hat; Miss Lusk, sunray pleated black voile coatee and skirt, cream lace vest and folded ceinture of cherry silk, black hat; Miss Olive Lusk, black tucked voile gown with Paris lace collar and net vest, pale blue ribbon stole ends, large black hat; Miss Helen Fenton wore a dainty pink flaked muslin gown, tucked and edged with floral border of deeper shade, transparent lace yoke, large black picture hat; Mrs Rees, white linen coat and skirt with transparent lace vest, black plumed hat; Mrs Dargaville, rich black silk voile gown with cream lace vest and black applique lace collar, black toque relieved with sprays of pale yellow roses; Miss Muriel Dargaville, dainty cream voile gown with transparent lace yoke, Paris lace motifs on skirt and collar, white hat wreathed with blush roses; Mrs Harry Marsack, pretty cream eolienne gown with net and lace vest, emerald green corselet belt, white hat with emerald green velvet trimmings and pink roses; Mrs Edmiston wore a beautiful gown in champagne voile, lovely Maltese lace collar and black picture hat; Mrs Rosenthal (Sydney) was effectively gowned in Tuscan silk, with pretty burnt straw hat trimmed with champagne colour; Mrs Basley, handsome black silk costume,

black bonnet with yellow roses; Miss Basley, very pretty azure blue tucked silk gown adorned with cream lace, large black hat; Miss Mabel Basley, cream voile coatee and skirt, with Paris tinted lace medallions, miroir green sash, black hat; Miss Brown (Wellington), cornflower blue canvas voile gown trimmed with ceru lace, black hat; Mrs. Duncan Clerk, cream tucked silk voile costume, with deep accordion-pleated frill at foot of skirt, pretty floral hat en suite; Mrs. Dufaur, tucked black voile costume, with Paris lace insertion, black and cream toque, with pink roses under the upturned brim; Miss Marriet Williams, pale oyster grey voile gown, with transparent cream lace yoke, burnt straw hat wreathed with tulle and lace; Mrs. Reed, handsome black silk voile gown, with ceru lace medallions, and net, lace vest, black and white toque; Miss Myra Reed wore a dainty white muslin and insertion frock, pretty hat to correspond; Mrs. Jack Hooper, striped voile coatee and skirt, cream lace vest, black chip straw hat, trimmed with net and black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Moss Davies, rich black silk costume, with white glaze silk hands veiled in black lace, white vest and pretty black and white toque; Miss Ruby Moss Davies, pretty cream serge coatee and skirt, net and lace vest, cream shoulder cape collar laced with pale blue, white hat, swathed with chiffon; Miss Mada Moss Davis also wore a dainty cream costume and large white hat, with wreath of pale pink banksia roses and fall of cream lace; Mrs. Moss (Sydney) wore an elegant black voile costume, the skirt accordion-pleated, deep cream lace cape collar, black corselet belt finished with gold buckle, pretty hat en suite; Mrs. Alexander was gowned in a lovely gown of black lace insertion and rows of black satin ribbon over glaze silk, black toque, with sprays of violets and black ospreys; Mrs. Caselberg (Wellington) wore a dainty Tuscan silk costume relieved with motifs of emerald green velvet, black picture hat; Mrs. Caro, rich black silk gown, with cream vest, black and cream bonnet; Mrs. Bary Keesing, navy blue and white figured silk gown, the bodice veiled in blue chiffon, black hat, with feathers; Mrs. T. Keesing, cream serge coatee and skirt, with cream lace applique on collar, large black hat; Miss Caro, white frilled liberty silk gown, with pale blue sash, pretty hat to correspond; Mrs. Harry Keesing, black Louise silk, profusely trimmed with ceru lace motifs, black hat; Mrs. Haymer, cream voile coatee and skirt, with insets of Paris tinted lace, cream lace, and net vest, large black picture hat; Mrs. Benjamin, black and white spotted voile gown, trimmed with lovely lace, black hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Roberts, dainty black and white figured silk gown, with cream insertion bands, black and white toque; Mrs. Masfield, very pretty costume of pale grey voile, white vest, and pale grey satin sash, black hat, with feathers; Miss Wyld-Browne, shrimp pink eolienne costume, with floral bands, and Paris lace, Tuscan hat, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Essie Holland, black skirt, pretty pink and white delaine blouse, large black hat; Mrs. Charlie Otray, black voile coatee and skirt, relieved with touches of cerise silk, cream vest, black picture hat; Mrs. Ranson, very pretty pale blue and black figured silk gown, with ceru lace encrustations, white chiffon toque embroidered with black; Miss De Camp, handsome black voile gown, with cream vest, black and cream toque; Mrs. Bodie, electric blue crash coat and skirt, with

Paris lace insertion, net and lace vest, burnt straw hat trimmed with pink roses and leaves; Mrs Nolan, dainty grass lawn gown over sea green silk, black picture hat; Miss Lewis wore a pale grey tucked voile with faggotted seams, Paris lace vest, large black hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Williams (Wellington), pale cornflower blue voile gown, with cream lace vest, white hat wreathed with silk and chiffon; Mrs Markham, pale blue crash coat and skirt, white vest, burnt straw hat swathed with green; Miss Firth, dainty white box muslin frock with green ceinture, large black hat; Mrs Worsp, pale grey and black figured silk gown, with net and lace vest, pretty toque en suite; Miss Worsp wore a very pretty pale pink tucked voile frock with ceru applique, large black hat; Mrs Fred Ballin, champagne voile gown over rose-pink silk, velvet hat to match; Mrs Cony, black tucked voile costume, with white vest, black and white hat; Mrs Shipherd (Dargaville), pretty pale green floral delaine, with cream lace insertion vest and medallions, cream hat with forget-me-nots and green leaves; Mrs Martelli, handsome black moire skirt, pale pink tucked silk blouse, pretty black hat lined with pale pink chiffon; Miss Nesta Cooke was in a dainty white muslin frock with Valenciennes insertion, burnt straw hat trimmed with black; Mrs Saunders, handsome black voile gown, with cream lace vest and medallions on collar, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Laurence, black voile skirt and dainty white tucked silk blouse inset with ceru insertion, black plumed hat; Mrs Aicken Carrick, handsome black crepe de chine gown trimmed with lovely lace, black and white hat; Mrs E. C. Smith, grey linen coat and skirt, white vest, and black hat; Miss T. Smith, grey figured silk gown, with lace vest, grey toque to match; Mrs Dunnet, black and white figured voile costume, pretty toque to match; Miss Dunnet; Mrs Gorrie, black tucked voile gown, black hat with feathers; Mrs May Cameron, pretty tucked white Persian lawn inset with Valenciennes insertion over turquoise blue silk, pretty blue hat; Miss Ida Thompson, white frilled liberty silk gown with pale pink sash, white hat with white ostrich feathers; Miss Ware, pretty white muslin over white glaze silk, relieved with touches of black, black picture hat; Miss Leonard Marshall wore a lovely, Renaissance lace gown over yellow silk, black ceinture, and large black hat; Mrs Campbell (Christchurch), beautifully fitting gown of black cloth, white vest and pretty black and white toque; Miss Alice Binney, green linen costume, white and green hat; Mrs Cheesman, pretty, green and white striped silk gown, toque trimmed with violets and white chiffon; Miss Keesing, green linen costume, with white vest, white hat trimmed with foliage and pink roses; Miss E. Keesing, champagne tinted voile gown, with Paris lace yoke trimmed with chiffon and feathers; Miss Kathleen Hill, pretty blue canvas coatee and skirt, finished with gold buttons, white vest, white hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs Stevenson, effective costume of pink and white floral delaine, with cream lace embellishments, black hat; Mrs W. Nicholl, holland skirt, dainty, white silk blouse, black hat with feathers; Miss May White, blue and white floral muslin, lace yoke, white "Country Girl" hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs E. Canavan Smith, champagne tinted costume, with ceru lace applique, hat en suite; Miss Holmes (Wellington), black skirt, white silk and insertion blouse, small cream toque; Miss Ethel

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Atkinson, white muslin frilled gown, "Country Girl" hat adorned with black rosettes and clutches of violets; Mrs Cottle, handsome black silk gown, with cream vest and undersleeves, and relieved with touches of green, black and green toque; Miss Bush (Thames) wore a pretty white frock, "Country Girl" hat wreathed with crimson; Miss Lottie Bush, black voile skirt, pretty floral delaine blouse trimmed with lace, hat to correspond; Mrs Ponsoby Peacocke, black and white floral delaine gown, with white vest, blue and white hat; Mrs Bagnall, pretty grey costume, with net and lace vest, green and white hat; Miss Gorrie wore a heliotrope linen gown, with burnt straw hat, black rosettes; Miss Norah Gorrie, dainty white muslin frock, relieved with touches of black, hat to match; Miss Gwen Gorrie was in a mauve linen coatee and skirt, white vest, and black picture hat; Mrs Waller, black voile costume, and black and white toque; Miss Waller, lovely cream voile coatee and skirt, with Paris lace adornments, picture hat en suite; Mrs Kingswell, handsome black voile gown with cream lace vest, cream and black toque; Miss Binney, pretty navy blue voile gown, with Paris lace embellishments, cream hat with wreath of pink and cream roses; Mrs Davy, black velvet costume, with lace cape, black bonnet relieved with yellow roses; Miss Davy, dainty floral muslin frock, with cream insertion and lace, hat trimmed with pale pink roses; Mrs Jones, rich black silk coatee and skirt, white vest, and pretty black and white vest; Mrs Goodhue, grey and black linen coat and skirt, white vest, black and cream toque with cluster of pink roses in one side; Mrs Ruck, rich black broadened silk gown, black and white floral chiffon vest, black bonnet trimmed with ostrich tips and yellow roses; Mrs Nicholl, black costume, with stone grey linen paddock coat, black toque with ostrich tips; Mrs T. Neill, pretty tussore silk costume inset with insertion of same shade, country girl hat to match; Miss Yonge, dainty white muslin and insertion frock, cream straw hat; Miss Ethel Hay, green linen costume with white facings, black hat; Mrs Syme (Tararak), white frilled Liberty silk gown, with folded ceinture of turquoise blue, large black hat; Miss Walker (Thames), very pretty grey and pink floral muslin frock over glauc silk, hat en suite; Mrs Wright, pretty pink linen gown, with black facings, white vest, large black hat; Miss Atkinson, soft white frilled muslin frock, inserted with lace, black sash, white and black hat; Miss Preece, pretty blue and white spotted muslin frock, inset with white lace, country girl hat to match; Mrs Parsons, black voile skirt, handsome black glauc silk tucked coat, cream vest, black and cream toque; Miss Parsons, brown voile costume, trimmed with Paris lace, hat en suite; Miss Linda Parsons wore a pretty black voile coatee and skirt, white vest, large black hat with feathers; Mrs Charlie Brown was gowned in a dainty cream voile costume adorned with Paris lace, green belt, large black hat; Miss Martin, primrose and white floral muslin inserted with lace, pretty country girl hat; and her sister wore a black skirt, white silk blouse, hat en suite; Mrs Hume, black voile skirt, white silk blouse, feathered hat; Mrs C. Otway (Te Aroha), black voile skirt, black and white spotted silk blouse, black and white hat; Miss Clapcott, grey and white floral muslin, black and white hat; Mrs Bell, rich black silk gown, handsomely trimmed with black lace, black and blue toque; Miss Bell, very pretty royal blue voile costume, with encrustations of Paris lace, Paris lace yoke, black picture hat; Mrs Seavill (Wairangaro), cream serge skirt, with very pretty white tucked silk blouse, inserted with cream lace, cream straw hat swathed with blue spotted ribbon; Mrs Seavill, pink and white floral delaine gown, with lace yoke, large black hat; Miss Stevenson, pretty yellow floral muslin frock over yellow silk, black picture hat; Mrs Angus Gordon wore a pretty floral muslin frock with black ceinture, country girl hat wreathed with shaded roses and black velvet bows.

On Saturday, when the meeting was brought to a close the attendance was not so large as on the previous day, but still there were many pretty frocks. Mrs Cotter wore a lovely gown of royal blue voile with medallions of cream lace and chine silk, black and pink hat; Mrs Morrin, beautifully fitting black glauc silk gown, tucked and inserted with

lovely black lace, black "Country Girl" hat, wreathed with green and black poppies; Miss Morrin, white muslin, inserted with lace, pretty pale blue hat; Miss Stead (Christchurch), dainty white muslin frock, trimmed with lace and insertion, accordion-pleated muslin hat; Mrs Duthie, pink linen coatee and skirt, white vest, black picture hat; Mrs Colbeck, soft white silk coatee and skirt, cerise sash, and large black picture hat; Miss George, dainty white muslin frock, elaborately trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, white hat; Miss Zoe George, pale cornflower blue flaked linen coat and skirt, white vest, Tuscan hat with red floral crown; Mrs E. R. Bloomfield was daintily gowned in a pretty floral muslin frock, hat en suite; Mrs Roberts, black voile gown with cream vest and undersleeves, veiled with lovely black Spanish lace, black and cream toque; Mrs Dufaur, black voile skirt, white tucked silk blouse with chiffon chou, black and cream hat; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield wore a pretty cream voile skirt, cream glauc silk tucked coatee, white hat; Mrs Hops Lewis, white and black spotted silk gown with black velvet ceinture, Tuscan hat with long black ostrich feathers; Miss Lewis, pretty blue and white spotted muslin frock, trimmed with lace and insertion, becoming; hat to match; Mrs Ranson wore a green linen costume with white vest, pretty hat to match; Mrs Nolan, pretty pale heliotrope crepe de chine gown with coarse lace yoke, chiffon toque, wreathed with pink and lilac flowers; Mrs Bodie, pale blue crash costume with white facings, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs Duncan Clark, pretty azure blue silk gown with lace applique, modist hat to match; Mrs O'Rourke, white and black spotted muslin frock over glauc silk, folded pink ceinture and pretty pink toque; Mrs Campbell (Christchurch), handsome black and white costume, black and white toque; Miss Elworthy, very pretty pale blue sunray-pleated crepe de chine, white transparent yoke, large black hat; Mrs Stewart Reid, biscuit-coloured voile gown, touches of black velvet, hat to match; Mrs Reenagel, white frilled liberty silk gown, with white hat trimmed with black and white feathers; Mrs Morris, rich black crepe de chine coatee and skirt inserted with lovely black lace applique, transparent yoke outlined with peach pink ribbon, black hat; Mrs Stevenson, dainty white gown with deep band, made cape collar of lace, black hat; Mrs Nicholl, holland skirt, white silk blouse, handsome lace collar, with stole ends, black hat; Miss White, black and white spotted muslin, banded with black, black and white hat; Miss Holmes (Wellington), dainty white muslin frock with pale blue ceinture, white toque; Miss Towle, pretty black and white figured muslin frock, "Country Girl" hat wreathed with leaves and lilac flowers; Miss Walker (Thames), white and black spotted satin gown trimmed with black insertion, hat to correspond; Miss Gorrie, grey floral muslin frock, with pretty black hat; Miss Norah Gorrie, white linen coat and skirt, with black and white spotted silk facings, black hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, grey and white spotted voile gown with bordered edge, black picture hat; Mrs Sharman wore a striking costume of pale grey voile, with lovely grey chiffon hat of early Victorian style; Mrs Coon, pretty white muslin frock, elaborately trimmed with insertion, pretty hat to correspond; Mrs Hadley, handsome black broadened silk gown, with black and cream bonnet; Mrs Percy Hadley, white muslin richly inserted with lace over pale blue glauc silk, black picture hat; Mrs Harold Bagnell, white liberty silk, profusely tucked and frilled, black hat; Mrs Friend, navy blue silk muslin with pin point spot, inserted with cream lace black hat; Mrs Charlie Browne, black skirt, white silk blouse with Paris lace trimmings, black plumed hat; Mrs Bell, grey and black figured muslin frock with black lace insertion, black and white toque; Mrs Churton, grey voile gown with Paris lace adornments, white hat swathed with canary silk; Mrs Lawson, black voile skirt, pretty floral muslin blouse, with burnt straw, Victorian bonnet with pink roses; Mrs Worsp, grey floral muslin gown, grey toque to match; Miss Worsp, shrimp pink voile costume, pretty hat en suite; Miss Blanche Worsp, grey tucked voile with embroidered motifs, black picture hat; Miss Colbeck, black crepe de chine skirt, white and black spotted silk blouse, black "Country Girl" hat lined with white chiff.

fen, finished with black rosettes; Miss Webster (New Plymouth), pale blue figured delaine gown, with border of deeper shade, pretty black hat; Miss Fenton wore a tucked pink linen gown, transparent lace yoke, large black picture hat; Miss May Dawson, lovely cream colienne gown with incrustations of Paris lace, pale green sash, black plumed hat; Miss Muriel Dawson wore cream tucked voile with cream lace medallions, turquoise blue ceinture, black hat; Miss Kathleen Thompson, pretty mauve orchid voile with Paris lace yoke, large black hat; Miss Ida Thompson, blue and white floral muslin elaborately trimmed with lace, white hat; Miss Connell, black voile gown with transparent yoke and sleeves of black guipure lace, lovely black plumed hat; Mrs Savage, dainty grey and white half-shower muslin, with Paris lace trimmings, pretty turquoise blue hat; Miss Lusk, white Persiau lawn with pale green sash, white hat with lettuce-green rosettes; Miss Olive Lusk, white embroidered muslin frock, white sash, white picture hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Ivy Walker, crash coatee and skirt, white vest finished with large pink chiffon chou, white plumed hat; Miss Norah Walker, vivid green crash costume, white vest, lovely white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Dorothy Ware, black voile skirt with pretty oyster-grey crepe de chine blouse, large black picture hat; Mrs Charlie Olway, white muslin gown with black picture hat; Mrs Hume, holland skirt, white silk blouse trimmed with cream insertion, white hat with ostrich tip; Mrs P. Lawrence, white duck skirt, white silk blouse, black hat; Miss Percival, brown voile costume, cream straw hat trimmed with blue rosettes; Miss Eva Percival, holland coat and skirt faced with green, Tuscan hat; Miss Ida Percival, white Indian lawn frock inserted with muslin insertion, heliotrope folded ceinture, and pretty white hat with garniture of cherries; Miss Binney, pretty costume of cream voile inserted with Paris lace, white hat; Miss Alice Binney, wore cream voile with pretty hat en suite; Miss T. Binney, cream serge skirt, dainty white tucked silk blouse with deep lace collar, hat to correspond; Miss Torrance, white muslin and insertion, worn over pale blue, white hat; Mrs Dick Rees, white linen coat and skirt, white vest, pretty black hat; Mrs Frank Jervois wore a stylish holland coatee and skirt, white vest, tuscan hat trimmed with black rosettes; Miss Cooke looked pretty in a white box mus-

lin gown with Valenciennes insertion, blue sash, and pretty tuscan hat; Miss Kathleen Hill looked well in white, with white straw hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Saunders, handsome black voile gown, with medallions of cream lace applique, black picture hat; Mrs Ching, champagne canvas voile gown relieved with touches of pale green, cream net and lace vest, modish hat to match; Miss Ching wore a pretty half-shower muslin frock, country girl hat with floral trimmings; Mrs Kerr-Taylor wore a soft white muslin gown, with pretty white toque to match; Miss Ken Taylor, rose-pink striped muslin, pink chip straw hat swathed with pink silk; Mrs Ausanne, white linen skirt, pink crepe de chine blouse, with cream lace motif, large black hat; Mrs Ruck, handsome royal blue gown, with cream lace vest, black and cream bonnet; Mrs Goodhue, black and white striped linen coat and skirt, white vest, black and cream toque with pink roses under the brim; Mrs Cheeseman, soft white silk gown, burnt straw hat with ostrich feather trimmings; Miss Banks wore a charming costume of embroidered green lawn over eau-de-nil glauc silk, country girl hat wreathed with green leaves; Mrs Allison was elegantly gowned in a white Louisiana silk with floral design in pale pink rosebuds, handsome cream lace embellishments, modish hat en suite; Mrs Kvitt, black canvas voile costume, with white silk vest, pretty black and white toque; Mrs Seacombe looked pretty in blue voile with trimmings of deeper shade, pretty toque to match; Mrs Farrell, handsome black broadened silk gown, with jetted lace vest, black toque with ostrich tips; Mrs Dargaville wore a rich black silk voile costume, elaborately trimmed with black and cream lace applique, net and lace vest, black toque with yellow roses; Miss Dargaville, pretty cream voile costume, with Paris lace medallions, white hat adorned with pink roses and green foliage; Mrs (Dr.) Scott, striking costume of pale pink and grey plaid worn over pink glauc silk, cream vest, pretty toque to match; Miss Martyn wore a dainty floral muslin frock, country girl hat trimmed with blue and green; Miss — Martyn, white frilled muslin gown with insertion, rustic hat adorned with pink and green; Mrs B. Bush (Thames), soft white silk prettily tucked and frilled, white picture hat trimmed with feathers; Misses Bush were dressed alike in pretty cream serge coats and skirts and becoming white Dolly Varden hats; Miss Blanche Peacocke wore a pretty white silk elaborately frilled and tucked, black picture hat.

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A very charming little dance was given in Mrs Sowerby's Hall on December 28, to the young ladies who worked so hard at the Cafe Chantant Stall during the Veterans' Home Bazaar. The floor was perfect, and the music good, and, as you know, Mrs Sowerby's Hall is very nice to give a small dance in. It was rather warm for dancing, but all seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Amongst those present I noticed:—Mrs Wacker, handsome black silk gown with lovely spray of crimson poppies on corsage; Mrs Hope Lewis, exquisite gown of orchid grey silk, with cluster of crimson roses on corsage; Mrs Nelson elegant black brocaded silk gown, with berthe of handsome white lace; Mrs John Reed, rich black silk gown; Miss Eileen Lewis wore a becoming gown of shrimp pink satin; Miss Nelson, dainty shirred buttercup silk frock with berthe and medallions of eoru lace; Miss Katie Nelson, lovely tomato red satin gown, with deep collar of white lace; Miss Jessie Reed looked pretty in black satin with garniture of lovely old lace; Miss Williams (Wellington), pretty pink satin frock trimmed with rich Paris lace; Miss Friedlander, dainty white Liberty silk, elaborately frilled and finished with lace; Miss Elworthy looked very pretty in white silk, with numberless frills of white lace and white satin Empire sash; Miss Ruby Moss Davis wore a pretty white silk and lace frock with blue china ribbon, Empire sash; and her sister also wore white shirred silk with sash of pale pink chine ribbon; Miss Banks wore a delicate electric blue silk gown, with lace and chiffon, pale pink roses in corsage; Miss Thorne George, black crepe de chine gown with large cluster of pink roses on corsage, chaplet of green leaves on corsage; Miss Zue George looked sweet in crimson crepe de chine, with berthe and medallion of Paris lace, wreath of tinted leaves in corsage; Miss Myers, handsome white brocaded silk frock, with frills of white lace, large emerald rose on corsage; Miss Gertrude Hunt, pretty white frilled Liberty silk, with berthe of white lace; Miss Ida Thompson wore a dainty frock of soft white silk, with garniture of net and lace; Miss Garlick, a modish white silk frock with spray of crimson roses on corsage; Miss Flossie Pierce, stylish white silk frock, with lace and pink roses; Miss Ethna Pierce looked very well in white silk and net, with clusters of pink banksia roses; Miss Helen Fenton looked sweet in a pink Oriental satin gown, with deep eoru lace on corsage, pale pink ribbon threaded through corsage. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Lord Northland, Captain Hughes, Drs. Lewis, Parkes, Lieut. Renneck, the officers of Isis, and Messrs Parnach, Crombie, Warrup (2), Darlot, Alison, Williams, Williamson, Hay, McCormick, Gore, Nathan, Rawson, Reed (2), Simpson.

My Hamilton correspondent sends me an account of an "At Home" given by Mrs. Coates: Mrs. Coates gave an enjoyable "At Home" at her residence, "Waiteira," on December 15. It rained very heavily during the morning, but, fortunately, the afternoon was beautifully fine. Mrs. Coates wore mauve mercerized silk, the blouse tucked and trimmed with applique embroidery;

Miss Coates, pink silk muslin with white silk vest; Miss Lily Coates, floral muslin; Miss Ethel Coates, pink muslin, trimmed with eoru insertion; Mrs. Diacombe, black voile. Among the guests were: Mrs. Graham, who wore a grey silk blouse and black skirt, pretty lace coffee coat, and black hat; Mrs. Sandes, black voile, lace collar, pretty bonnet; Mrs. Radecliffe, grey silk gown, tucked and trimmed with lovely lace, white hat; Mrs. Walter, handsome green costume, relieved with white satin, white felt toque; Mrs. Atkinson, lovely white silk gown, elaborately trimmed with beautiful insertion, black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Going, becoming pink gown, strapped with black, smart hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Douglas, black cloth costume, black hat; Mrs. H. J. Biggs, pretty green cloth dress, black hat, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Bright (sen.), black; Mrs. Allen Bell, black skirt, blue silk blouse, grey ostrich feather boa, grey hat; Mrs. Swarbrick, black with eoru insertion, pretty black bonnet; Mrs. Steele, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Barugh, grey silk blouse and black skirt, chiffon ruffle, black hat; Mrs. Provis, black silk blouse, black skirt, lovely silk Altese scarf; Mrs. Coche, black skirt, white blouse, with black bolero, black hat; Mrs. Davis, shirred black silk voile skirt, green silk blouse, lace coffee coat, "Country Girl" hat, trimmed with green; Mrs. F. B. Jolly, black costume, chiffon ruffle, black hat; Mrs. Bard, pretty gown of black voile, trimmed with faggot stitching and silk, black hat; Mrs. Skene-Dixon, black cloth skirt, white blouse, burnt straw hat, trimmed with ribbon rosettes; Miss Stevens, green linen costume, white hat; Miss Paul (New Plymouth), dainty blue dress, trimmed with applique embroidery, "Country Girl" hat, trimmed with blue; Miss Biggs, stylish tussore silk, white hat; Miss Swarbrick, pretty white muslin dress, hat trimmed with autumn leaves; Miss Newell, black voile skirt, dainty mauve silk blouse, hat to correspond; Miss C. Jolly, pretty blue muslin, hat trimmed with blue; Miss C. Le Quene, black skirt, net blouse over heliotrope silk, brown toque; Miss Roche, floral muslin, white hat; Miss Carey, blue delaine, shirred and trimmed with eoru insertion, hat trimmed with blue silk, and pink sweet peas.

"Elsie," my Cambridge correspondent, writing on December 31st, says:—"On Boxing Night Mrs James Hally gave a large musical evening at her residence, 'Valmai' which proved to be the most successful that has been given in Cambridge for years. There were many musical people staying in Cambridge at the time, and Mrs Hally seemed to have secured them all, so we had a great treat. Two Auckland gentlemen, Messrs Young and Robinson, contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs A. Herrold (of Waikanae) also sang several songs, and played the accompaniments for others. Misses Horry and Willis, of Auckland, also sang, besides several of our local vocalists. The dining room was used for bagatelle, and there was also a guessing competition of advertisements. The successful ones were Mrs Sharland, 1st prize, a pair of tall glass candlesticks; Miss Willis (Auckland), 2nd, a silver butter knife; Miss Hill, 3rd, silver jam spoons; and Mr Bach, 4th, a china ornament. The decorations were car-

ried out with sweet peas and tall grasses, and were very artistic. Everyone went home charmed with the evening's amusement. Before leaving, Mrs Hally very kindly asked us all to come up after church the following night and have some sacred songs, as the Auckland gentlemen were leaving next day, and we were very pleased to do so. We had another most enjoyable time. But to return to my Boxing Night party. A most appetizing and dainty supper was served during the evening. Mrs Hally received her guests in a handsome black silk gown trimmed with rich lace, and was assisted by her daughter, Mrs A. Gibbons, who was wearing a most becoming and pretty pink silk blouse, with transparent yoke of Paris lace, and black voile skirt; Miss A. Hally, a very pretty white silk frock trimmed with insertion and tucking. Amongst the guests were Mrs John Hally, black silk gown, silk Maltese collar; Mrs Brooks, black and white muslin; Mrs Herrold, a becoming dress of white silk, with point lace on bodice; Mrs A. Souter, black voile trimmed with white silk applique; Mrs Bach, white silk; Mrs Sharland, grey silk blouse with black velvet bow, black skirt; Miss Berry, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss A. Berry, white silk blouse with black velvet bow, black skirt; Mrs Richardson, black evening dress; Miss Richardson, eau de nil silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Hill, white silk frock; Miss Willis, white silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss C. Willis, rose-pink silk blouse, with spray of carnations, black skirt with silk strapping; Miss Wright, a very fresh and dainty looking frock of white silk, much tucked and trimmed with Paris lace insertion; Miss Willis (Auckland), white silk frock, black velvet bow on corsage; Miss Ferguson, tussore silk frock; Miss Brooks, pink and white broche silk blouse, white skirt; Miss O'Halloran, black silk gown, large string-coloured cape collar; Miss Dunne, pretty white silk; Miss M. Dunne, white muslin much tucked; Miss Gwyneth, black silk trimmed with cream medallions; Miss Hewitt, dainty white muslin, pale blue on corsage. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Young, Robinson, Richardson (2), Peak (3), Williams (2),

Watchhorn, Ferguson, Hartley, Wells, Lang, Potts, Bach, and Brooks. The Auckland Liedertafel, under their able conductor, Mr Arthur Towsey, gave us a great musical treat on Monday evening, assisted by Madame Chambers, who is an old favourite with the Cambridge audience. We trust that their tour may prove a successful one, and that they may be induced to visit us again at an early date."

PHYLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, January 1.

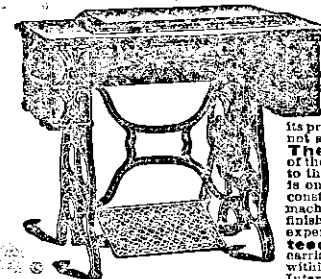
Mrs P. S. McLean gave A DELIGHTFUL EUGHRE PARTY

on Monday evening last at her residence on the Bluff Hill. The first prize was won by Miss P. Williams. The hostess wore a handsome costume of black silk and net and red geraniums in her hair; Mrs Davidson wore black relieved with white lace; Miss Kitty Williams looked well in pale green silk; Miss Myra Williams, black costume; Mrs F. Williams wore green; Miss Hoadley wore black chiffon, the bodice trimmed with white lace; Miss Hovell had a lovely dress of green spangled net and handsome lace over pale green satin; Miss Wood was daintily dressed in white muslin and insertion; Miss Todd also wore white muslin; Miss Giblin, black spotted net over satin; Miss Marjorie Giblin, pale blue silk dress; Miss Datzell, white muslin, with a red sash and a red clou on the bodice; Miss Violet Twigg was admired in white silk; Miss Vera Wilson had a



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very pretty pink dress. Amongst the men were Messrs Saunders, P. S. McLean, Duff, Wood, Dinwiddie, G. Williams, Howell, Riddell, Dr. Wilson.

On Tuesday evening Mrs Goldsmith, of Lincoln road, entertained about fifty guests at

A FLOWER COMPETITION.

The prize for the best design was won by Miss M. Locking, and that for the largest number of guesses by Miss Madge Hindmarsh. Mrs Goldsmith wore black silk and jet; Miss Goldsmith, white silk and chiffon; Mrs Westall was in black lace over silk, long transparent sleeves; Miss Westall also wore black, with a handsome white lace berthe on the bodice; Mrs T. Moore, soft cream silk, the bodice much tucked and gathered; Mrs Bull looked well in a very handsome costume of black sequin net over satin; Mrs Howell, a black costume with red poppies on the bodice, which suited her admirably; Miss Howell, white muslin and insertion, with a large bow of bufferep satin on the bodice; Miss Madge Hindmarsh also wore white muslin; Miss M. Locking, pink and white flowered glace silk, white chiffon sash; Miss Batham (Wellington) wore black; Miss Nevill, pale blue dress, with white lace yoke; Miss Wood looked well in white, with a deep pink sash; Miss Violet Twigg was in white satin, the bodice trimmed with pale blue; Miss Mary McLean, pretty dress of white muslin and insertion; Miss Sheehan, blue and white muslin; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth, pale green silk trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; Miss Humphries wore white muslin; Miss E. Humphries, pink; Miss Martin wore a black gown trimmed with handsome white lace; Miss N. Heath, white and pink; Miss Dalzell had a pretty dress of pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Fannin wore black; Miss Simpson, white silk. Amongst the men were Messrs Brabant, Broad (2), Sheath, Margoliouth, Gregson, Brandon, Hindmarsh, Kensington (Auckland), Howell, Levein, Bell, Tomlinson, Bull.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING

took place this week, and this may be said to be the first time the event has taken place in Napier, though, ten years ago, it was held on the courts at Farn-don. The entries for the all-comers' events were not so large as had been expected, several of the well-known names being absent from the list for the singles, though the Napier entry was a very good one. Amongst the on-lookers were: Mrs. FitzRoy, in a smart gown of bluish grey voile, and a cream toque trimmed with pink roses; Miss FitzRoy wore cream net and lace over pale green, hat to match; Miss Louie FitzRoy wore a white drill costume; Miss Russell was also in white; Miss Quartley, pale blue spotted muslin, picture hat; Mrs. Phara-zyn, grey costume, black bonnet, relieved with heliotrope; Mrs. Steadman was in white, and she wore a becoming hat, with a long white feather; Mrs. Kettle wore pale grey, grey toque, with cream flowers beneath the brim; Miss Kettle, plum coloured cloth, white fur boa, and large hat, with white chiffon strings; Mrs. Howell wore a pale green coat and skirt, trimmed with guipure lace, and a toque trimmed with helio-trope; Miss Howell was much admired

in pale grey voile, floral hat; Miss Twigg had a pink linen dress and a becoming hat of burnt straw; Miss Violet Twigg, pale blue voile, large Empire hat, lined with pale blue silk; Mrs. Coleman, blue and white spotted silk, trimmed with white lace, bonnet covered with pink roses; Miss Coleman had a pink costume, with transparent yoke of string coloured lace, white feather boa, and hat trimmed with black velvet and forget-me-nots; Mrs. T. H. Lowry, white drill gown, hat to match; Miss Hoadley, black canvas dress, trimmed with white lace; Miss Kathleen Hoadley, dark blue voile, much gathered, and trimmed with silk of the same colour; Miss Rawson, white muslin, pretty sash of flowered silk, and Empire hat; Miss Locking, red dress, with string coloured lace on the bodice; Miss M. Locking, sky blue linen, trimmed with spotted silk, hat to match; Miss Dulcie Kennedy, white muslin, with pale blue silk sash; Mrs. Goldsmith wore black and white; Miss Goldsmith looked well in cream voile, with transparent lace yoke of the same colour, and hat to match; Miss Seale was in cream; Miss Rita Seale, pretty pale pink dress, large white straw hat; Mrs. Ronald looked well in Tussock silk, trimmed with silk embroidery; Mrs. Margoliouth, black and heliotrope figured muslin; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth, pale green muslin dress, deep cream river hat; Mrs. Bradley had a dainty white dress; Mrs. Logan, blue linen, piped with white, hat, trimmed with dark blue ribbon; Mrs. T. Moore, black and white figured muslin, hat, trimmed with pink flowers; Miss Suttin, grass lawn costume, floral hat; Mrs. Edgar, green linen coat and skirt, much trimmed with cream lace; Miss Connor wore grey; Miss Wellwood, white Liberty silk; Mrs. Tylee, white blouse, dark skirt; Miss Chapman had a blue dress; Miss Cotterill wore black; Miss Davis, blue and white figured muslin; Miss E. Davis was in white; Miss Macfarlane had a pale blue dress and a black hat; Mrs. Dalzell wore a black coat and skirt; Miss Dalzell, white muslin, relieved with red, black and white spotted muslin hat; Mrs. Bowen had a white dress and a white clip toque, trimmed with pink; Miss Seed (Wellington) also wore white; Miss Mary McLean, blue linen coat and skirt, piped with white, hat trimmed with forget-me-nots; Miss N. Heath, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Hector Smith, grass green voile, the skirt much tucked, green hat, covered with corn; Mrs. Donnelly, coat and skirt of French grey cloth, hat to match; Mrs. E. Perry also wore grey; Miss Bower was in black; Mrs. Tuke, grey costume, becoming toque of the same colour; Miss Page, pink dress, hat trimmed with blue ribbon; the Misses Hunter were in black; Mrs. P. S. McLean, black and white costume, hat trimmed with red; Mrs. Dixon, white blouse, with long cape of white lace, black skirt and black hat; Mrs. Von Dadelzen was in black; Miss Von Dadelzen looked well in pale green.

AI GARDEN FETE,

given in the grounds belonging to Dr. Caro, Tenmyson street, was attended by most of those who had been at the tennis matches on the previous days, and a pleasant evening was spent. The

ground was lit up with Chinese lanterns, and the strains of an excellent band enlivened the proceedings. Soon after nine o'clock the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mrs. Logan, the wife of the president. Mr. Leo. Buckeridge gave

A CONCERT.

at the Athenaeum Hall on the 28th inst. To those who appreciate good music a treat was afforded. Among the artists were Mr. Phillips, who delighted the audience with his superb violin playing; Miss Maud Smith, a clever young performer, who gave two dramatic recitals; Mr. W. Vickers, who sang exquisitely; Miss Hilda Flynn, who pleased all by her vocal items, "Sunshine and Rain" and "Doreen." The names of Miss Lorraine Tansley and Mr. Buckeridge speak for themselves.

MARJORIE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, December 30.

At this great Yule-tide season most of the gatherings are, of course, of a family nature, and with all our love of social gossip we do not enter, even with the old-time formula "hope I don't intrude," but let sisters, cousins and aunts meet in peaceful seclusion. To many of us there are sad gaps to gloss over as best we may, and so putting all things behind us we buckle on to another year. A great deal of sympathy was felt for the friends of the victims of the tram accident in Auckland on Christmas Eve, bringing sorrow into so many households at such a season.

Of all the breaking-up parties in connection with the school the demonstration by the pupils of

THE DOMESTIC SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION,

though material and only tending to our creature comfort, was the most interesting. A feature was a luncheon table with the most appetising dishes such as mayonnaise of trout, galantine of veal, boned chicken, sweets, savouries, etc. Another feature was a competition between the town and country schoolgirls (very few of them having reached their "teens") in making scones, sponge and plum cakes, and afterwards all these good things could be bought, and brisk sales were effected. Afternoon tea was served to the visitors, and Mrs Bowen presented the prizes. Among those present were Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mrs Denniston, Mrs R. D. Thomas, Mrs O. B. Hoare, Mrs Julius, Mrs Hannah, Miss Colborne-Veil, the Misses Gardner, Gibson, Thomas, Julius, Fairhurst.

THE ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH

between Christ's College and Dunedin High School, played on the College ground on Monday, was won by the former. A dance was given in the evening for the visitors, which was greatly enjoyed by all. At the breaking up of the college a presentation was made to Mr and Mrs Bourne from the boys, of a silver soup tureen. Mr L. Stringer, as senior boy, made the presentation, and Mr Bourne feelingly replied, and bade farewell to the boys.

An enjoyable afternoon was spent ON THE POLO GROUND

at Hagley Park on Saturday. Mrs Johnstone provided afternoon tea. Among those present were Mr and Mrs Heaton Rhodes, Mr and Mrs J. D. Hall, Mr and Mrs Woodruffe, Mr and Mrs P. Cowlishaw, Mrs J. Palmer, Mr and Mrs F. Lance, Mr and Mrs J. H. Bewick, Mr and Mrs G. Gould and Miss Cleveland and others.

DOLLY VALE.

ECZEMA

The World's Greatest Skin Torture

Many Infants are Born with Eczema

It's the Only Thing Some Folks Have Left When They Die

THE ONLY INFALLIBLE CURE IS CUTICURA

It is in the treatment of this most distressing of torturing and disfiguring skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, that the Cuticura remedies have achieved their greatest success. Original in composition, scientifically compounded, absolutely pure, unchangeable in any climate, always ready, and agreeable to the most delicate, they present to those suffering from Eczema the most successful curative of modern times. We know that this will be considered strong language by those acquainted with the character and obstinacy of the disease under consideration, but it is justified by innumerable successes where all the remedies and methods in vogue have failed to cure, and, in many cases, to relieve, even.

The first step in the treatment of the chronic form is to remove the scales and crusts and soften the skin, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap. The scalp, ears, elbows, hands, ankles and feet will require frequently a thorough soaking in order to penetrate the thickened skin and crusts with which these parts are often covered. Dry carefully, and apply Cuticura Ointment, lightly at first, and where advisable spread it on pieces of soft cloth and bind in place. Take the Resolvent, pills or liquid, in medium doses. Do not use cold water in bathing, and avoid cold, raw winds.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Trade Mark: The Chamberlain Co., 111 South Broadway, N. Y. City, U.S.A. Sole Importers: Messrs. J. G. & Co., 111 South Broadway, N. Y. City, U.S.A. Sole Importers: Messrs. J. G. & Co., 111 South Broadway, N. Y. City, U.S.A. Sole Importers: Messrs. J. G. & Co., 111 South Broadway, N. Y. City, U.S.A.

New and Fresh

AT

JOHN COURT'S, Queen Street.

IN THE FANCY DEPARTMENT. Came by the "Paparua," "Aotea," and "Ionic."

LOVELY CAPE COLLARETTES, specially the Guipure, from 6/11 to 33/6 each. GUIPURE CAPE COLLARETTES, with Stole Ends. Beautiful goods, at lowest prices. OUR LACES and INSERTIONS this season are simply perfect, and comprise all the very choicest goods from England and the Continent. BELTS are to be worn again this season. We have the nicest and smartest that money can buy. Metals, Leathers, and Tricels will be in great demand. We have also a splendid collection of Belt Clasps. Our EMBROIDERIES are, as usual, second to none for value and excellence of patterns.

The RIBBONS this season cannot be spoken too highly of. We have again laid ourselves out to supply the ladies of Auckland with all the newest from Paris. Not the least important are our GLOVES and HOSIERY. In Hosiery we are again in the position of being able to give wonderful value, as of yore, notwithstanding the tremendous advances in wools. The Gloves comprise many new lines, smart in appearance, perfect in fit, and JOHN COURT for wear. Our regular lines are showing in the new shades. TRIMMING DEPARTMENT. In this important section we have opened up the new Oriental Galoons, Figure Eight Strappings, Silk Applique Gimps, Drop Ornaments, etc.

During this week we are holding a SHOW of all our LATEST IMPORTATIONS and you are cordially invited to visit

JOHN COURT'S TWO SHOPS IN QUEEN STREET, CITY.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, January 1.

There was a good attendance at the opening day of the **TARANAKI J.C. SUMMER MEETING**, and as the weather was fine, though blowy, many visitors came from down the line. Amongst the ladies on the lawn I noticed: Mrs Brewer (Stratford), pale green and cream costume, toque en suite; Miss Brewer, navy blue and white costume; Miss D. Brewer looked well in a dainty green and white spotted muslin trimmed with pink and black, black picture hat; Miss Ellis, cream costume, black hat; Mrs Capel, black; Miss Capel, black and cream; Misses N. and M. Capel, dainty cream frilled and inserted silk trimmed with blue and heliotrope silk respectively; Miss G. Holdsworth, white and pale blue; Mrs S. Teed, black relieved with pink; Mrs Morrison, green silk veiled in Paris insertion; Mrs Buckleton, grey costume, black hat; Mrs F. Watson, black; Mrs Ab. Goldwater, black and white costume, toque en suite; Miss Goldwater, pretty cream silk trimmed with Paris coloured insertion, hat to correspond; Mrs Paget, black net over white silk; Mrs Leatham, grey muslin; Mrs Pascoe, salmon pink silk blouse veiled in black lace; black silk skirt; Miss Page, handsome deep mauve costume trimmed with cream and white, the skirt appliqued with cream flowers; Mrs Rennell, black silk; Miss Rennell, pretty heliotrope muslin trimmed with lace; Mrs Gibbons, green shot costume; Mrs Porritt, pink flowered muslin; Miss Bedford, grey silk voile, Monte Carlo jacket, black chiffon Victorian bonnet; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink flowered dehcine, cream silk blouse, cream Victorian bonnet; Mrs Paul looked extremely well in a very handsome black silk voile, cream modillions, in the centre of which were worked pale pink flowers, toque to correspond; Miss Paul, very pretty cream flowered silk voile, Victorian bonnet en suite; Miss B. Thomson, white silk voile; Mrs Percy Webster was greatly admired in a rose-pink crepe de chine trimmed with cream silk and handsome Oriental

trimming, black hat; Miss Crozier, pretty pale green costume trimmed with cream; Miss O'Brien looked well in a cream inserted silk; Miss Mcrahead, cream and black costume; Miss Roy, pale pink; Misses Stanford (2); Miss Standish; Mrs W. Bayly, grey silk, black hat; Mrs Meek (Hawera), dainty green and pink flowered muslin, Victorian bonnet on suite; Mrs W. Wilson, cornflower blue and cream costume; Miss J. McSellar, white muslin; Mrs A. D. Gray, brown costume, green toque; Mrs Will Webster (Stratford), black silk; Mrs H. Good, black relieved with white; Miss Douglas, black silk relieved with pale pink; Miss — Douglas, pretty turquoise blue silk voile, black picture hat; Mrs D. Robertson, dainty cream silk voile, cream hat en suite; Mrs Wright, blue and cream silk voile, hat to correspond; Mrs Harold Thomson (Inglewood), cream silk and lace; Miss W. Thomson, cream silk voile; Mrs Hadfield, black silk; Mrs Penn, blue and cream costume; Mrs Cameron, red silk; Miss Campion (Feilding), pretty champagne coloured muslin over pink silk, hat en suite; Miss O. Cameron, black silk voile; Miss B. Young (Hawera), black voile costume; Mrs Brewer, black costume; Mrs Cutfield, black and white; Mrs W. Webster, black; Miss Webster, grey silk and cream voile, black hat; Misses Glynes (2); Mrs Edmunds, black accordion-pleated voile, green hat; Mrs Oswin, cream serge costume, black hat; Miss L. Brewer, grass lawn costume, with a navy blue spot, hat to correspond; Miss Brennan, pale green and cream costume; Mrs Samuels, black; Mrs Brewster, black and heliotrope; Mrs J. Cartlew, black and white costume; Miss E. Rennell, blue flowered muslin, toque en suite; Miss V. Rennell, black and white costume.

On the second day there was a good attendance, and the sport was interesting. Among those present were: Mrs. Paul, black tucked voile, violet toque; Miss Paul, pale green silk, veiled in cream lace, cream hat with feathers; Miss Rennell, white silk and lace blouse, black skirt; Misses E. and V. Rennell, white silks, with Paris coloured coffee jackets; Miss G. Morey looked dainty in

white mudin, with Paris coloured coffee jacket; Mrs Brewer, black; Mrs Cutfield, heliotrope voile skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss Brewer, white and black spotted muslin; Mrs Robertson, pale fawn canvas voile, trimmed with cream, cream and pink in hat; Mrs Wright; Mrs Samuels, black; Mrs Brewster, black; Mrs Percy Webster, pale forget-me-not blue voile, with cream insertion, black feathered hat; Mrs S. Teed, black and pink; Mrs F. Watson; Mrs W. Webster, navy blue and white; Miss Webster, pretty blue flowered dehcine; Mrs H. Thomson, white silk, with pretty pink Oriental ribbon trimming, cream hat; Mrs T. Cartlew, grey voile, black hat; Mrs Leatham, black and white; Miss Rawson, white tucked muslin, black hat; Mrs N. Miller, rose pink silk, veiled in cream lace hat with pink roses; Mrs King, handsome black canvas voile, toque en suite; Mrs Goldwater; Miss Goldwater, cream silk; Miss Standish, blue costume, black hat; Mrs W. Bayly; Miss Ellis, cream costume; Misses D. and L. Brewer; Mrs Paget looked very dainty in heliotrope silk, veiled in cream embroidered net, hat with heliotrope flowers; Miss P. Tuke, pink and white muslin; Mrs Edmunds, holland and scarlet costume; Miss O. Graham (HAMILTON), green linen "country girl" hat trimmed with ribbon; Mrs Gibbons; Misses Capela (2), white silks;

Mrs H. Good; Misses Glynes (2); Mrs Pascoe, black; Miss B. Thomson, white; Mrs W. Thomson, cream; Miss J. Lawson, lawn costume; Miss Wilson (Naseby), fawn and cream costume, hat to correspond; Misses Hanna, Mrs. Penn, Miss GULLOCHER. **NANCY LEE.**

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, December 30.

Christmas in Wanganui, with its attendant festivities, has once more come and gone. On Christmas Eve our little town was more than usually full of townspeople and country visitors intent on doing their Christmas shopping. The shops this year contained a better selection of articles suitable for presents than I have ever seen before, and it was a difficult matter indeed to make one's choice from such a bewildering variety of pretty and useful nick-nacks. At one of our large establishments the proprietors went to a great deal of trouble to amuse the children by building in the shop a huge chimney with fireplace, from which a real Santa Claus emerged every hour with armful of presents to delight the hearts of the little ones. Needless to say, the shop



MARQUEES FOR HIRE.

WEDDINGS AND RECEPTIONS.

A Marquee will give the required accommodation, will look well, and will take away all formality.

TENTS. FLAGS. LANTERNS.

E. LEROY, 42, Queen St., Auckland.

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SMITH & CAUGHEY, LIMITED.

For The New Year.

SPECIAL PURCHASE OF

28 Exclusive Novelty Dress Robes

of 7 yards each.

NO TWO ALIKE.

Comprising COLOURED CANVAS COLOURED SILK STRIPE and FLAKE VOILES BLACK BRAIDED SILK GRENADINE STRIPES BLACK VOILE GRENADINES, Etc.

AT HALF USUAL PRICE!

Just the things for useful presents.

SPECIAL SAMPLE LINE OF COLLARETTES FOR NEW YEAR GIFTS

Great Variety, from 4/6 to 42/-

REAL IRISH CROCHET COLLARETTES, 25/6 to 59/- REAL MALTESE COLLARETTES. All Prices.

BELTS.

ALWAYS A GREATLY APPRECIATED GIFT.

Latest Shapes in Velvet and Silk, Stitched and Tucked, 1/3 to 4/8 each. Black Elastic and Bead, 1/6, 2/3, 2/6, 2/11 each. Leather, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 1/11 each. The "IDEAL" Belt, in Black and White, Self-stitched, 1/4; and 1/6 each. Metal Belts, 1/6, 2/11, 3/3, 3/6 to 5/11

FANCY BOX OF HANKERCHIEFS.

Very Suitable for NEW YEAR PRESENT, from 1/6 to 12/6 per BOX.

Handkerchiefs, Pure Linen, in Scalloped and Embossed Borders. Fancy Maltese, SHK and Chiffon-edged. Also the New Silks in both White and Coloured. Every Style and Quality.

For your New Year Millinery!!

We have the LATEST MODEL HAT in **CHAMPAGNE PLATEAU** and **TULLE**, trimmed with Wreaths of Rose Follage and Rosettes of White Silk Ribbon. Our **BLACK PICTURE HATS** are Beautiful Designs in FEATHERS and TULLE, with strings.

Then step into our **MANTLE SHOWROOM**, where you can see

Up-to-Date, Cool, Dainty Crash Costumes. Prices from 19/8, 25/9 to 45/-

Magnificent Long Feather Boas, from 9/6, 13/6 to 42/-

MAKE A LOVELY NEW YEAR GIFT.

Useful for the Dusty Days!!

CRASH JACKETS.

Prices from 13/6 to 25/-

And **DAINTY HOLLAND COSTUMES**. Only 16/6.

Smith & Caughey, Limited.

WHOLESALE AND FAMILY DRAPERS AND HOUSE FURNISHERS,

Queen Street, Auckland.

was crowded to suffocation, and great excitement reigned amongst the children. After midnight the band of the Trinity Young Men's Institute serenaded the town and suburbs, playing selections till an early hour in the morning. The Salvation Army choir also went round and sang the old-time Christmas carols, which sounded very pretty in the still summer's night.

Christmas Day at the Hospital was made more than usually attractive this year for the patients. The wards were beautifully decorated with flowers and greenery by the nurses. The patients were awakened early in the morning by strains of Christmas carols and hymns sung by the nurses in the corridors. Afterwards each patient was presented with a Christmas box. The little ones were not forgotten, their stockings hung up at the foot of their beds, being filled with all manner of good things by their old friend Santa Claus. During the afternoon a musical party visited the institution and rendered a capital programme of vocal and instrumental items, which were much appreciated by both patients and nurses.

We had beautiful weather for the holiday on Boxing Day. A very large number of people went up the river in the p.s. Manuawai, which ran an excursion to Kahinhihi, a pretty fern-clad spot some twenty-two miles up. Long before the hour of starting she was packed to overflowing, and a large number of intending excursionists were disappointed in being refused a passage. There were also several private boating picnics, including one in the new oil launch which Mr Arthur has just brought down from Auckland.

Several of our residents have taken furnished cottages at Castlecliff for the summer holidays, amongst them being Mrs John Stevenson, Mrs J. C. Greenwood, Mrs Hughes-Johnston, Mrs E. Blundell (Feilding), Mrs Broad, Mrs Bolton, Mrs Stewart, Mrs Sarjeant, and many others. The weather has been delightful, and a large number of their friends have availed themselves of the opportunity of spending a day at the seaside and enjoying a dip in the briny.

The new shelter sheds have added greatly to the comfort and convenience of the many visitors to Castlecliff during the holidays.

HUIA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, December 28. EXCURSIONS.

have been the order of the day all through the holidays. Excursion is our hobby-horse, and we ride him—if not to death—certainly a good deal. There are weekly excursions, school excursions, and holiday excursions, all equally well patronised. During the Christmas holidays Blenheim was an empty town, left to excursionists from Wellington, a few stick-at-homes, and dust. The water-cart is not perambulating on a holiday, because the driver is excursioning, so there is an extra accumulation of dust.

Locally, no accident marred the pleasure of the holidays, but at the Wangamoa an unfortunate woman going home to spend Christmas with her relations in Nelson was killed, through the horse falling and throwing her out of the sulky she was driving.

The Waitohi Lawn Tennis Club, Picton, turned their court into a real holiday picnic ground for themselves and visitors during the week. Afternoon tea on Christmas Day, and morning and afternoon tea on other days, and play going on all the time, has made it a pleasant rendezvous for all.

Picton is crowded with visitors for the holiday season. Every house has its quota of friends and relations, and the hotels are full to overflowing. Passengers by the Penguin on Monday night who were too late for the usual trains had to get a special one, as it was utterly impossible to get a bed in the town.

On Monday evening big swear words were flying around on the Picton wharf and the steamers lucky enough to get alongside. The big boat Kumara took up the whole of one side of the utterly useless-in-these-go-ahead times wharf. Three other steamers, the Penguin lead-

ing, proceeded up the harbour almost at the same time seeking berths. The Penguin, being first, got one. The second steamer stood off signalling, while the trucks were dodging about from side to side of the wharf, driving waiting passengers frantic. The finishing point to utter chaos and confusion came with the Haupiri, which was whistling madly and signalling for room, when there was no room. Luggage was knocked over by trucks and people getting out of the way, and altogether confusion reigned supreme. Passengers to Wellington scrambled over the Penguin to the Haupiri, mail bags were pitched about, there were protests from the officers and "cheek" from the carriers, and presently the other steamer, which we were told was the Hinemoa, seeing there was no chance of getting near the wharf, steamed away. We all piously hope the Premier was on board, and had urgent business to transact in the town. The wharf is a nice plank, and considering the importance of the harbour and the business done, a perfect disgrace to any Government.

On Christmas evening, at the conclusion of the service in the Church of the Nativity, Captain E. C. W. Powell, of the Blenheim Rifles, who is giving up dentistry to join the ministry, was presented with a purse of sovereigns, subscribed by a number of friends. The Ven. Archdeacon Grace made the presentation. Mr. Powell, after being ordain-

ed on Monday by Bishop Mules, has been appointed to minister to the religious requirements of the Amuri district.

The Mounted Rifles' sports, held on Messrs Redwood Bros.' property at Spring Creek, were well attended, and passed off very successfully. The clarech booth was well attended, and did a good trade in refreshments. We may safely congratulate ourselves on spending a Merry Christmas, and hope for a Happy New Year to follow.

MIRANDA.

WHY SHE SCRATCHED.

A certain lady living a short distance from town, not having heard of Zam-Buk, the Great Herbal Healing Balm, and having a skin disease, continued to make matters worse by scratching whenever she felt the itching, prickly sensation, which accompanies this ailment. One day she discovered Zam-Buk through a friend, and she not only cured herself, but several members of her family. A box is always kept on the shelf now for cases of Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints, and any other troubles, such as Sunburn, Preebles, Prickly Heat, Mosquito Bites, etc. A FREE SAMPLE pot will be sent on receipt of penny stamp to cover postage. Address the Zam-Buk Co., Sydney.



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|---|---|--|
| <p style="text-align: center;">FOR HOUSEHOLD AND FURNISHING</p> <p style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">WE BUY FOR CASH.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Import Direct from Manufacturers.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">OUR RENT AND EXPENSES BEING VERY LIGHT</p> <p style="font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">WE CAN SELL CHEAP.</p> | <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 1.5em; font-weight: bold;">DRAPERY, LINOLEUMS, FLOORCLOTHS, Etc.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">Go to RUSHBROOK</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AND</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold;">BRIDGMAN'S</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 5px 0;"> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">Lace and Muslin Curtains. EXQUISITE NEW DESIGNS. Direct from ... Nottingham Makers.</p> </div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 5px 0;"> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">"CABBAGE TREE" BRAND Calicoes, Pillow Cottons and Sheetings ARE UNRIVALLED.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">WEAR WELL. WASH WELL</p> </div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 5px 0;"> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">ART MUSLINS, CRETONNES. CHOICE NOVELTIES IN Tapestry and Chenille Table Covers.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Down Quilts. Hearth Rugs and Mats.</p> </div> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">Linoleum and Floorcloth. IMPORTED DIRECT AND <i>Special Value.</i></p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">SELECTED CHOICE NEW PATTERNS.</p> | <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">PREMISES CLOSE ON WEDNESDAY AT 1 P.M. OPEN UNTIL 10 P.M. ON SATURDAY.</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold;">364, 366, 368, 370, Queen St. (AND THROUGH TO WAKEFIELD ST.) Auckland.</p> |
| <p style="font-weight: bold;">Prompt Attention to Orders by Mail.</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">Goods carefully packed, and freight paid on all parcels of the value of 50/- and upwards to nearest Port or Station reached direct. Patterns and Prices post free on application.</p> | <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin-bottom: 5px;"> <p style="font-weight: bold;">White and Unbleached Linen Tabling and Table Cloths</p> <p style="font-weight: bold;">Serviettes, Tray Cloths</p> <p style="font-weight: bold;">Doyleys and Mats</p> <p style="font-weight: bold;">Frisled Pillow Slips</p> </div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin-bottom: 5px;"> <p style="font-weight: bold;">BLANKETS AND RUGS.</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">All Makes and Sizes, direct from the Mills, WHOLESALE PRICES.</p> </div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin-bottom: 5px;"> <p style="font-weight: bold;">QUILTS AND COUNTERPANES.</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">White and Coloured. All Sizes.</p> </div> <p style="font-weight: bold; font-size: 1.2em;">CARPET SQUARES</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">At Reduced Prices. Not having space for these Goods we are clearing the whole lot at SPECIAL RATES. Lot of Manufacturers' Sample Carpet Ends selling very cheap.</p> | <p style="font-weight: bold; font-size: 1.2em;">TOWELS</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">White and Coloured. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. Turkish, Honeycomb, etc. Roller Toweling BATH MATS, etc.</p> |

Canada and Preference.

A POLITICAL VIEW.

AND A WARNING.

Mr F. S. Barnard, who is visiting New Zealand on a holiday excursion across the world, represented a British Columbian constituency in the Canadian House of Commons as a supporter of the great Conservative Government which held the dominant political influence for sixteen years prior to the uprising of the present Liberal party. An interviewer from this paper seized the opportunity of his presence in Auckland at the Grand Hotel to get his views upon the subject of preferential trade.

"Preference to Britain," said he, "is no new thing in Canada, for it was first discussed by the Conservative Government, which was the Protectionist party and inaugurated the Protectionist policy which has done so much for Canada by increasing her commercial importance. I think there is no question about the desirability of a commercial union between Great Britain and the various parts of the Empire on the basis of preference, Canada, as you know, long ago gave a 33 1/2 per cent. preference to Great Britain of her own accord, and manufacturers have felt rather hurt that no recognition in kind has been made by the Imperial Government of the sacrifices made by the Canadian Government to promote the purchasing of English goods in the Dominion. The feeling throughout the country is strongly in favour of preference to England, provided always that England reciprocates. With that proviso there is not the least doubt that Canada will continue her distinct preference to England."

"The patriotism of the country is the basis of this magnanimity, I presume?"

"That is so, and the sympathy of the country is with Mr. Chamberlain in his efforts to convert England to preference. What the result of Chamberlain's non-success may be is only to be guessed—it cannot be surmised. It may result in Canada's being forced into a treaty of reciprocity with the United States. That ultimately might lead to political union—and I believe that if that took place the keystone of the Empire would be removed and the whole fabric endangered. The United States has already made overtures for a commercial union, and has tried its utmost to coerce Canada into a union by means of increased and hostile tariffs."

"Has there ever been any attempt in Canadian politics to bring this about?"

"Certainly there was, and by the present Liberal Government, above all others! It was then in opposition, posing a Free Trade party, and it advocated in the House a commercial union with the United States. The Conservative party opposed this course because its members felt that such a treaty would lead to political union, and the party succeeded in killing the movement. By means of a retaliatory tariff, the then Government succeeded in driving out the influence of the States, and the whole of our trade was built up irrespective of the States."

"Do you think there is any likelihood of a revival of the United States' influence in commercial matters?"

"Not unless Britain refuses to reciprocate. At the present time there is a very strong feeling in the United States in favour of reciprocity with Canada, and it is undoubtedly to the pecuniary interest of Canada to respond to that movement. But the opinion of the people is an unselfish one, and they favour a closer union with the Motherland, expecting her to respond in one way or another. If she fails to do so, it is hard to say what the result will be. The country may be forced into a treaty with the States, and there—a beginning of the end!"

The Girdle of the World.

A CHAT WITH PROFESSOR KLOTZ.

On January 1st, at the very gateway of the New Year, the astronomic girdle of the world was to be completed. A message on New Year's Day was sent round the circuit for the first time, and the girdle which Professor Otto Klotz set out to complete was accomplished.

An interviewer from this paper had a conversation with Professor Klotz, and got some account of his work from him.

"I have completed my work in New Zealand now," he said, "and that completes the circuit of the world. I have just returned from Doubtless Bay, where I took the necessary observations for connecting it with Washington observatory, and thereby New Zealand, with the longitude work that has been carried from Greenwich to Canada, across the Atlantic and along the 'all-red' line of cable to Australia and New Zealand. In Australia, at the Sydney observatory, the connection was made with the longitude work that had been carried from Greenwich eastward to India and Singapore, and thence to Australia, thereby completing the circuit of the earth."

"And as the result of all this work?"

"Is that we have something of a practical as well as a scientific value; and, besides that, there is some sentiment represented in the work from the fact that Canada took a pride in girdling the world and in tying the various parts of the Empire astronomically."

"The practical value lies in its usefulness in giving us, especially in the Pacific, more precise positions for the whole of the Pacific islands, and that in this respect it will be of great benefit to navigation in improving the Admiralty charts."

"At Doubtless Bay I also made a determination of the force of gravity, by means of pendulum observations, and determined the distance from the centre of the earth at the point of observation. Precise figures I cannot give you as yet on that point. I have also determined the various magnetic elements of declination and inclination and total force in New Zealand."

Professor Klotz will be unable to attend the Science Congress in Dunedin, much to his regret, his time being limited. He probably will remain in Auckland for five days, and after visiting Rotorua go to Wellington to complete a few more observations, returning thence to Australia.

The Pacific Cable.

AUCKLAND HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE IRIS.

Mr J. H. Witheford, M.H.R., received the following telegram from the Premier last week: "Have just received the following communication from the Agent-General: 'London, December 30.—If you think it desirable the Board proposes to make Auckland the headquarters for the Iris, subject to satisfactory arrangements for a suitable site and other matters. I anticipate that the Harbour Board will help us in this matter, and that the necessary site and land for landing cables can be arranged. It will be a great advantage to have Auckland made the headquarters of the Iris in place of Fiji. I will communicate later on with the Harbour Board authorities.—R. J. Seddon.'"

The New Steamer Manuka.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 25.

The Union Steamship Company's new steamer Manuka, the latest addition to their extensive fleet, left Plymouth yesterday upon her maiden voyage. She will call at Capetown, for which port she carried a number of passengers on behalf of Messrs. R. P. Houston and Co., the well-known shipowners, and will then proceed to Australia and New Zealand. The arrangement with regard to carrying passengers to the Cape for the Houston line gave rise in some of the London papers to a report that Messrs. Houston and Co. were entering with this new steamer into competition with the steamship companies trading to Australia and New Zealand. Needless to say, the report is erroneous, as the Houston line have no interest in the Manuka beyond the arrangement referred to in connection with the present voyage. Nor have they, it is stated, any intention of entering into competition with existing lines in the Australasian trade.

The Manuka is intended for the inter-colonial running. She is a sister ship to the Moeraki, and is fitted up in similar style; but being a new boat by some twelve months, she embodies in her construction and equipment various improvements evolved since the building of the Moeraki. A description of the new vessel was published on the occasion of her launching, but a few details may be given here. The Manuka is a vessel of 4410 gross tonnage, her dimensions being 368ft 8in by 47ft by 33ft. She is a twin screw steamer, with a speed of 16 knots, and is built of mild steel, under special survey of the British Corporation, and in accordance with the requirements of the Board of Trade. She has accommodation for 190 first-class passengers, and ample provision is made for the second-class. The dining saloon extends the whole width of the vessel, and seats 62 persons at

table. All the latest improvements in ventilation and sanitation have been brought into requisition. The Manuka was launched from Denny and Co.'s yards at Lumbarton on September 4. Captain Phillips, who came home to superintend her construction, is taking the vessel out to the colonies. There are no passengers for New Zealand.

SKIN DISEASES CURED.

BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

All diseases of the skin and complexion are caused by bad blood. Paleness and pimples, blotches and boils, ugly rashes and open sores, itching eczema and burning erysipelas—they all come from bad blood. A bad skin is a sure sign of bad blood—thin blood, watery blood, tainted blood, blood poisoned with impurities. You can't have a healthy, clear skin till you make your blood pure and rich with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are a sure cure for all skin diseases—for vile agonising eczema or little bothersome pimples; for bad complexions or ugly open sores. They cured Mr. J. W. Shellard, Gladstone road, Gisborne, Poverty Bay, after he had suffered the tortures of itching eczema for three years. "In my young days," says Mr. Shellard, "I roughed it a good deal when at Hokitika, on the West Coast. My blood got in a very bad state, and my skin broke out with poisonous pimples. The doctors said I had Eczema. It broke out first on my legs and ankles. Then my whole body became one mass of tiny, maddening sores. I tried all treatments, but nothing did me any real good. For three years I battled in vain against the itching, oozing agony. Every week I could feel a fresh lot of small hard pimples coming up. Then the skin would crack, and the sores would itch until I was almost crazy. Even the best doctors could not cure me, and the Hot Springs seemed to make me worse. At last I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A friend explained to me how they cured other cases of Eczema by striking at the cause of the trouble in the blood. And they certainly did this for me. They actually made new blood. They drove out the poison that made my skin itch and burn. Day by day the pimples disappeared, and my skin got soft and smooth. I could hardly believe my eyes that these little pills had rid me of my old trouble. But I have not had a single trace of Eczema since, so I am sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me positively and permanently."

When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such stubborn cases of itching eczema, it is no wonder they cure other blood troubles like pimples, anaemia, debility, backaches, and kidney disease. They cure by driving out the cause—bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are put up specially to suit the N.Z. climate, in wooden boxes. The outside wrapper bears the full name of seven words, and the genuine address—Old Custom House street, Wellington. From that address pills will be sent post free on receipt of price—3/ a box, six boxes 16/6—if your local dealer tries to force some worthless bottled substitute upon you.

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QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

The Year's Shipping.

Taken all round, the shipping trade of the port of Auckland for the past year has been wholly satisfactory, and well up to the average of the previous year's. There was noticeable activity in the Home trade, while trade with New York, though not quite as good as in the preceding twelve months, has been a great factor in swelling our commerce overseas. The Islands trade has developed, and the intercolonial trade also has shown marked improvement, with the exception perhaps that there was a slight falling off in arrivals of coal boats from Newcastle. The Customs returns for the year are as follows:—January to March: Inward—55 vessels, 104,832 tons, of which 38 were steamers, with a tonnage of 98,438, and 17 sailers, with a tonnage of 6414. Outward—47 vessels, 78,762 tons, of which 31 were steamers, with a tonnage of 70,612, and 16 sailers, with a tonnage of 8140. April to June: Inward—55 vessels, 112,741 tons, of which 41 were steamers, with a tonnage of 106,086, and 14 sailers, with a tonnage of 6655. Outward—47 vessels, 77,558 tons, of which 31 were steamers, with a tonnage of 71,144, and 16 sailers, with a tonnage of 8108. September to December: Inward—69 vessels, 133,285 tons, of which 51 were steamers, with a tonnage of 125,955, and 18 sailers, with a tonnage of 7330. These figures compare with the previous year's as follows:—January to March: Inward—65 vessels, 125,454 tons. Outward—49 vessels, 77,724 tons. April to June: Inward—50 vessels, 105,235 tons. Outward—47 vessels, 77,107 tons. July to September: Inward—60 vessels, 116,023 tons. Outward—53 vessels, 88,076 tons. Sep-

tember to December: Inward—64 vessels, 106,350 tons, of which 46 were steamers, with a tonnage of 101,790, and 18 sailers, with a tonnage of 6560. Outward—60 vessels, 81,177 tons, of which 27 were steamers, with a tonnage of 74,963, and 13 sailers, with a tonnage of 6314.

The returns for the quarter ending December 31st last have just been compiled, and will be of interest. They show that a total of 69 vessels, aggregating 133,285 tons, and having 3389 men as crews, was entered inwards. Of these 51 vessels, of 125,955 tons, and 3714 men as crews, were steamers, and 18 vessels of 7330 tons and 175 men as crew were sailers. Eight steamers came from the United Kingdom, two steamers from Victoria, 19 steamers and 13 sailers from New South Wales, one sailer from South Australia, 10 steamers and one sailer from Fiji, one steamer from Norfolk Island, one sailing vessel from Natal, eight steamers from United States, four steamers from Friendly Islands, and one steamer from Japan.

During the same period 66 vessels, of 95,509 tons with 3303 men as crews, were entered outwards, and of these 36, of 57,515 tons, with 3104 men as crews, were steamers, and 20, of 7994 tons, with 199 men as crews, were sailers. Two steamers were cleared for the United Kingdom, five sailers for Victoria, 12 sailers and 21 steamers for New South Wales, one sailer for South Australia, one sailer for West Australia, four steamers for Fiji, one steamer for Calcutta, five steamers and one sailer for United States, three steamers for Friendly Islands.

The nationalities of vessels entered inwards are as follows: British, 15 steamers of 50,478 tons; colonial, 18 sailers, of 6292 tons, and 26 steamers, of 36,657 tons; American, 10 steamers, of 38,820 tons; Norwegian, two sailers, of 1033 tons.

In the corresponding period last year there were entered inwards 64 vessels of 108,356 tons and 3342 men as crews, made up of 46 steamers of 101,790 tons and 3108 men as crews, and 18 sailers of

6566 tons and 174 men as crews. The number of vessels entered outwards then was 50, of 81,177 tons and 2957 men as crews, 37 of 74,363 tons and 2818 men as crews being steamers, and 13 of 6314 tons and 139 men as crews being sailing vessels.

A separate return states that three steamers were entered and cleared for Cook Islands, and one steamer was entered and cleared for Niue.

Shooting Affair.

SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE IN CUSTOMS STREET.

At noon on December 31st a sensation was caused in Customs street East, Auckland, by a strange shooting affair, the motive of which is wrapped in mystery. Outside the Britomart Hotel an elderly man known as Jimmy Scanlan was standing on the footpath when, it is alleged, a man named Walter Bracewell rushed out from the hotel, and, holding a pistol close to Scanlan's face, shot him through the jaw. The bullet appears to have gone out again through the mouth. It is alleged that Bracewell then ran away to a lane close by and shot himself. Policemen and doctors were hurriedly summoned, and both men were carried into the hotel. They were here attended by Drs. Bull and Porter, and taken away to the Auckland Hospital in a cab.

Bracewell's wound was only skin deep, the bullet having grazed the right side of the forehead without entering. But on the other side of the forehead there was the mark of a blow inflicted apparently by a fist or through a fall. Bracewell was stunned, but Scanlan remained quite conscious, and expressed the opinion that he had swallowed the bullet.

Bracewell, who is an engine-driver by trade, and until seven months ago in the employ of the Railway Department, is

a married man living in Ireland-street, Ponsonby. When arrested he made no remark, being dazed by the bullet wound apparently. He was asked for his revolver, and he said: "I haven't got it. The other man's got it. Take me inside. Please wipe the blood off my face." When he was taken to the hospital, and somewhat recovered his senses, he seemed to be totally ignorant of what had happened. He said he believed that somebody had hit him, and he knew nothing of the matter that had caused such a sensation.

The victim of the affair, Scanlan, said that he was leaning quietly and inoffensively against the wall of the hotel, when Bracewell came out and spoke something to him—he didn't remember what—and then deliberately pointing the revolver at him fired. He did not know the man, and had never seen him before, nor did he speak to him on this occasion. He had done nothing to provoke the attack.

Nothing seems to show a motive for the shooting of Scanlan. It is probable, as Bracewell had been out of work for some time, the fact had preyed on his mind, and he was not altogether responsible for his actions.

The affair created a great sensation, and a big crowd gathered round the hotel in a few seconds, and hung about it till the men had been removed to the hospital. The latest bulletins from the hospital state that both men are fairly well, and no dangerous symptoms are visible.



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PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 23.

Mrs. Reeves, wife of the Agent-General for New Zealand, will tell the story of "Two New Zealand Days" in the December number of "Temp's Bar."

The Rev. Lyttelton Fitzgerald, late of Auckland, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute at a meeting of the council on Tuesday last.

Mr. B. C. Aston, Chief Chemist to the New Zealand Agricultural Department, and his brother, Mr. Cyril Aston, are returning to New Zealand by the India, which left London yesterday.

The number of visitors from the colony to the office of the New Zealand Agent-General this week has been very small. The following registered their names: Mrs. W. L. Luxford, Miss Julia and Master Theo. Luxford, of Dannevirke; Mr. Arthur H. Patterson, of Nelson; Mr. Jas. G. Stevens, of Wellington; and Mr. and Mrs. J. Frith Roberts, of Christchurch.

Successful candidates from Guy's Hospital at the last final M.B. (London) examination included two New Zealanders—H. M. Goldstein, of Auckland; and H. B. Milson, of Christchurch.

Miss Jessie Edmiston, of Auckland, who came home last May on a pleasure trip, is returning by the P and O Company's new steamer Moldavia, leaving London on December 11. Since reaching the Old Country Miss Edmiston has travelled far and wide, visiting Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, and growing as much sight-seeing as possible into the six months at her disposal. Despite the wretched weather she has thoroughly enjoyed the holiday.

Mr. H. Fisher, of Napier, and Mr. H. Wright, who also came here from Napier, although his home is in Auckland, are returning to the colony by the Omrah, which left London yesterday for Sydney, via Suez. Both have been in England for about eighteen months, during which time they have done a good deal of travelling and sightseeing. This week Mr Wright has been on a visit to Scotland, and he journeys thence across the Continent, catching his steamer at Naples.

An enterprising young New Zealander is Mr C. W. Knowles, of Timaru. Some months ago he made up his mind to see something of the world beyond New Zealand, and accordingly came to London last May by the Turakina. By working at his trade as a carpenter and joiner in various parts of the metropolis and in the country he has contrived not only to support himself but to see all that was to be seen wherever he happened to be. He went to Henley Regatta and spent a couple of days at the Bisley Rifle Meeting, while in London he appears to have done as much sight-seeing as could possibly be crowded into the time at his disposal. Mr Knowles is by no means favourably impressed with the conditions of the building

trade in this country. Builders here have to work 9 1/2 or 10 hours, as against eight hours in New Zealand, and receive lower wages than their colonial brethren. Nor do they get the same all-round training here as in the colonies. A carpenter, for instance, is distinct from a joiner, and the joinery trade itself is highly specialised, one man making nothing but window-sashes, another doors, another mantles, and so on. Mr Knowles will remain here for the winter, after which he will spend some time in Scotland, and then probably cross to America before returning to New Zealand.

LONDON, November 20.

The Shaw Savill steamer Corinthic left London today on her third voyage to Capetown, Hobart and New Zealand, taking the following New Zealand passengers: For Auckland, Miss M. Hughes, Miss Macfarlane, Miss H. Marsh, Miss F. Marsh, Mr and Mrs S. Myers, Mrs L. D. Nathan, Miss M. Blackby, Mr D. Gray, Miss J. Gray, Mr and Mrs T. C. Hassell, Mrs Johns, Miss L. Johns, Mrs S. J. Paul, Mr H. Reimer, Mr and Mrs H. M. Howsham, Miss L. Howsham, Mr J. Heath, Miss E. Hole, Miss N. Hole, Mrs K. Johnson, Mr P. C. Lea, Mr and Mrs J. T. Naughtan and family, Messrs J. and W. Moore, Mr H. Maclean, Miss A. Oates.

"Men and Women," a London journal, pays a warm tribute to the popularity of Lady Ranfurly in New Zealand:—"Mr Seddon, whose dislike to titles is notorious, confessed, when he was in England, that if all owners of them resembled Lady Ranfurly the peerage would have no detractors. She has never neglected her social duties at Government House, and, in fact, her receptions have been marked by their freedom from stiffness, as well as by the pains taken by the hostess to make the most obscure of her guests at home; but it is most of all among the toilers in the towns and on the farms in the colony that she has created an ineffaceable impression. Those who are acquainted with her ladyship affirm that when she leaves New Zealand the most treasured remembrance she will carry away with her is that she was as well known in the houses of the lowliest workers as in the palatial residences of the wealthy sheep squatters."

"Amongst the rules of the Anglo-Saxon Club in London is an excellent one providing that the Club shall hold three dinners every year. It was a happy idea to make the presentation from the citizens of Auckland to Major-General Baden-Powell the feature of the Club dinner held on Friday evening last. The whole affair was a great success. There was no formality, and under the genial influence of a good dinner, a popular subject and sociable surroundings, the speeches were all in the happiest vein. Mr Reeves paid a graceful tribute to the versatility and cheery courage displayed by their distinguished guest in the recent war. "B.P." was in good form, and made a neat speech in reply. His statement that in his opinion the New Zealanders in South Africa "showed the way to all the rest," was received with loud applause. Sir

John Hall was persuaded into saying a few words, and although he had come unprepared the veteran ex-Premier made an admirable speech. Gatherings such as these serve to strengthen the bonds of fellowship between Britons here and overseas, and the general opinion of those present on Friday evening was that the Anglo-Saxon Club had set an excellent precedent.

Mr. B. C. Aston, the New Zealand Government, chemist, leaves on his return voyage to the colony next week.

Mrs. L. D. Nathan, of Auckland, left London by the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s steamer Corinthic to-day, homeward bound.

Mr. Jas. McKerrow, ex-chairman of the New Zealand Land Purchase Board, who has been on a three months' visit to the Old Country, left for New Zealand by the Orient liner Omrah to-day.

The Agent-General's Department despatched to-day by the Corinthic a large shipment of lapwings, pheasants, mallard ducks, widgeons, and other birds, for acclimatisation in New Zealand.

The Premiers of New Zealand and Canada are thus contrasted by the "Liverpool Post":—"Mr. Seddon, the frank, buoyant Premier of New Zealand, we seem to know more intimately. Sir Wilfred Laurier is more of the grand seignior, living a little apart."

The "Financial News" comments favourably on the recent banking legislation in New Zealand. The course which events have taken in the business of the Bank of New Zealand during the past decade is declared to reflect great credit upon those who were selected to conduct the complicated affairs of the undertaking.

Sir Lambert H. Ormsby, M. D., an ex-New Zealander, who was knighted recently, delivered last week a lecture on "The Ideal Physician: His Early Training and Future Prospects," on the opening of medical session, 1903-4, of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Ireland, of which he is president.

Mr. R. W. Allen, of Auckland, who is now entering on his fifth year at Guy's hospital, has been appointed demonstrator in bacteriology and pathology at that institution. A paper by Mr. Allen on certain neurotic diseases was read at the meeting of the physiological society last Saturday evening, and elicited considerable discussion.

The following New Zealanders have called at the Agency-General in London during the past week:—Auckland, Mr. R. W. Allen; Wellington, Messrs. S. H. Luke, and J. P. Luke, Mr. J. R. Delaney, Mr. Thos. Kelly, Mr. Jas. McKerrow, Mr. Henry M. Cohen; Wanganui, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Empson; Christchurch, Miss Monica Cocks, Mr. W. M. Lewis; Dunedin, Mr. W. J. Browne, M.B., Ch. B., Captain and Mrs. Irvine (nee Ross Blancy, Eldred J. D. Heres, M.A.); Timaru, Mr. W. O. Knowles; New Plymouth, Mrs. H. L. Skeet; Stratford, Messrs. Moore Bros.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

LONDON, November 20.

Now that the King in Council has signified his consent to a contract of matrimony between Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck, the requirements of the Royal Marriage Act are satisfied, and the young couple are publicly betrothed as well as privately engaged. Princess Alice is a typical English maid, fair and pink, and fresh as a rosebud. By the forethought of her mother, the Princess has been trained in English traditions and fitted for an English home, and all her tastes are for the life of an English country house. Prince Alexander, called in his family "Algy," is less conspicuously English in appearance, in complexion, and features resembling his father, the late Duke of Teck; but he shares the Princess's love of England, and is a keen soldier and an all-round sportsman.

"This is for me almost a melancholy occasion," said Mr. Chamberlain on Wednesday afternoon, when the Agents-General of the Colonies assembled at the central office to bid farewell to the ex-Colonial Secretary, Lord Strathcona, on behalf of the Agents-General had expressed the admiration felt by the colonies for the man who had done more than any other to promote Imperial unity, and the development of the Empire. "No ordinary expression of regret," said the veteran High Commissioner, "at the severance of your connection with the colonial department, would give an adequate idea of the feelings and sentiments which are entertained in the colonies which we represent." And, indeed, Mr. Chamberlain's most uncompromising opponents on the fiscal question join with his friends and supporters in recognising his services to the Empire. "His ministerial career," says the "Standard," "has left an ineffaceable impression upon the peoples of the Empire. Whatever the future may have in store, there can be no question as to the value and importance of Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the colonial office. No one of his predecessors had done so much to promote Imperial unity, and to develop the Imperial idea." The "Times," as might be expected is even warmer in its praise. "Mr. Chamberlain" it says "has enriched us all. He has clothed dry bones with flesh, and has brought a fascinating but somewhat shadowy aspiration into the sphere of practical politics. He has done that great work by faith, by imagination, by enthusiasm, and by untiring labour, while others were deriding the whole conception as chimerical, or wistfully contemplating obstacles that seemed insuperable. That is Mr. Chamberlain's splendid distinction among the men of his day."

A law suit in which New Zealand legatees were concerned was decided last Friday by Lord Kylsachy at the Glasgow Court of Session. Mrs. Margaret Dickie or Seed, widow, innkeeper, at Menstrie, who died on 3rd March, 1901, left a trust deed, by which she made certain bequests and disposed

H. M. S M E E T O N, L I M I T E D.

FRUIT SEASON SECTION.

THIS IS WORTH READING.

Just Opened from America and London direct—
FRUIT PRESERVING JARS, JELLY JARS, JAM JARS, JAR RINGS PRESERVING PANS, in Brass, Copper, and Enamel.
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, 4/8 dozen, cases extra; 8/8 per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.
2 quart, 6/8 dozen, cases extra; 8/8 per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.
MASON'S JARS, IMPROVED GLASS TOPS—
1 quart, 4/0 dozen, cases extra; 8/8 per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.
2 quart, 6/8 dozen, cases extra; 8/8 per crate, containing 8 dozen, crate free.

EAGLE JARS, WIDE MOUTH, WIRE TOPS—
1 quart, 9/6 dozen, cases extra; 9/6 dozen by the crate, crate free.
2 quart, 11/6 dozen, cases extra; 11/6 dozen by the crate, crate free.
LIGHTNING JARS, SPRING WIRE TOP—
1 quart, 7/6 dozen, cases extra; 7/6 dozen by the crate, crate free.
2 quart, 9/6 dozen, cases extra; 9/6 dozen by the crate, crate free.
THE ATLAS SPECIAL FRUIT JAR, Six Wide Mouth, with Porcelain Lined Zinc Screw Top Cover and Rubber Ring—
1 quart, 6/6 per dozen; packing, 8d extra.
2 quart, 9/6 per dozen; packing, 8d extra.
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.
Price 1/9 8/8 4/ 4/8 doz.
Special Price, per Nest of (2), 7 and 10oz, only 4/8 dozen netts.

Per Nest of (4), 7 to 10oz, only 11/6 dozen netts.
White Earthenware Jelly Cans, in nests of 5, only 2/3 the nest. Largest one measures 6in high and 6in wide.
Round Glass Jar, Lipped Top (for paper covers), size 1lb, 8/ 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.
7/6 9/6 13/6 each.
Porcelain Enamel Ball Handle Preserving Pans—
8 10 12 14 16 quart.
7/6 9/6 11/6 13/6 16/6 each.
Glass Preserving Pans, best quality, with fall-down Handles and Bars riveted on—
Sizes 10 12 14 16 18 inch
4/9 6/8 7/9 10/8 12/9 each

Copper Preserving Pans, extra heavy quality, with fall-down Handles and Bars riveted on—
Sizes 10 12 14 15 16 inch
5/8 8/8 11/8 13/9 20/9 each
Light Enamelled Preserving Pans, with Ball Handle and Lipped—
8 10 quart.
4/9 5/9 6/8 each.
Wood Spoons, for Jam Stirring, 8d, 4d, 6d, 8d each.
FRUIT JAR RINGS, New Stock, just arrived—
Atlas, 10d per dozen.
Eagle, 10d per dozen.
Lightning, 8d per dozen.
Mason's, 6d per dozen.
All Pure Rubber.
Parbment Jam Pot Covers, gummed, complete, with Wax Papers—
Size 1 2 3 lb
Each Packet containing 20 24 24 papers, Price 2d 8d 4d per pkt

of the residue in three parts, devising one part to her sister at Bridge of Allan, and the other to the children of her brother William Dickie, New Zealand; while she directed that the income of the remaining third should go to another, Mrs Lillian Dickie, or M'Leod, Causewayhead, Stirling. To her trustees she gave power to advance the whole or any portion of the capital to Mrs M'Leod, and after her death the fee of everything that remained was to go to the grandchildren of the beneficiary. The deed so far was drawn up by Mrs Seed's agent. When it was sent to her for signature she added a holograph codicil by which she made certain other bequests to relatives and others. She said: "I desire that money shall be invested to give Mrs M'Leod 10/ weekly during her lifetime," and also a small cottage. Further, she said: "I desire my nephews and nieces in New Zealand to get £50." The question raised in the action was whether these bequests in the codicil were in addition to or in substitution of the share of the residue previously disposed to the beneficiaries. Mrs M'Leod claimed that the legacy to the codicil was in addition to the other provisions in her favour. Lord Kyllachy has sustained Mrs M'Leod's claim, holding that, after deducting the legacy for the relatives in New Zealand, she was entitled along with them to a third share of the residue.

The Council of the Australasian Chamber of Commerce in its annual report refers at length to the question of remounts. They open with an expression of indebtedness to the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce for a letter received from Messrs Krerous and Madden who, out of their exten-

sive experience in the supply of remounts for South Africa and India, made several suggestions as to the breeding, buying and shipping of Army remounts which, if adopted, would in their opinion prevent a recurrence of the dissatisfaction expressed by the military authorities with some of the shipments of Australasian horses during the South Africa war. A copy of Messrs Krerous and Madden's letter was forwarded to the War Office, whom in reply, stated that it was known in that office that the Australian colonies produced a very good class of horse, which is used extensively in India, but the great distance between the United Kingdom and Australia precluded the latter country from being looked upon as a constant source of supply for horses for Home use. The arrangements for the purchase of horses for use in India were all made by the Indian Government, and would so continue. It was further stated that there was no intention on the part of the War Office to form remount breeding establishments in Australia or elsewhere.

At the annual meeting of the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company last Wednesday the chairman, Sir J. Wolf Barry, referred at length to what he termed "the keen and unfair competition" which the company is experiencing at the hands of the British, Canadian, and Australasian Governments for the Australasian traffic. The falling-off in receipts from the Company's Australasian traffic for the half-year ending 30th June last, as compared with the corresponding period of 1902, was £31,000. There had also been a substantial increase in working expenses, and the

bulk of this, like the decrease in revenue, was due to the competition of the Pacific cable. "While seriously injuring the company's interests, the Pacific Cable," said Sir John, "had not benefited the British or Australasian public, or even its promoters. The rates charged by the Pacific route between Australia and Great Britain were no lower than those agreed to be charged by the Eastern companies in connection with the new cable via the Cape. It was true the Pacific cable transmitted traffic between Australasia and America at a lower rate than formerly, as the route was much shorter than via Europe. As a consequence, the chief, indeed one might say almost the only, benefit accrued to the United States, as the traffic with Canada was very small. According to a recently-published official return, there would be a deficit on the working of the Pacific line for the current year of nearly £100,000, which would have to be borne by the taxpayers of this country, among whom the shareholders were numbered, and the taxpayers of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. This went to prove that the Australasian traffic was insufficient to support all the existing cables, and that the Pacific cable was not needed for the traffic requirements. Indeed, the cable connections with Australasia were far in excess of any traffic likely to be developed for some years to come."

Mr W. Emery Stark, who recently visited New Zealand, sang a small song in praise of the colony in the "Morning Post" this week. He spent three and a-half months in Maoriland last winter, and now says that "it is impossible to express in adequate langu-

age its many and varied attractions. To the invalid, or semi-invalid, the colony offers one of the healthiest climates in the world, without any extremes of heat or cold, a pure bracing air with clear bright sunlight day after day. The islands, being so narrow, are always subject to the delightful sea breeze, no matter from what quarter the wind may come. The scenery comprises a combination of the grandest and most beautiful kind in the world. In the Middle Island there are the West Coast Sounds, similar to the Norwegian fjords, only more lovely. . . . Speaking of the facilities for visitors, Mr Stark writes: "The hotel accommodation in the colony is exceedingly good on the whole. The hotels in the large towns are excellent, quite equal to the best of your English hotels."

Mr Stark's eulogies have brought forth a remonstrance from a person who prefers to conceal his identity under the nom de plume of "An Absentee." This worthy is in full agreement with Mr Stark as to the "healthy climate," "sea breezes," and grand scenery of New Zealand, but he takes exception to your recent visitor's laudation of the hotels of the colony. He says: "As for the hotel accommodation being equal to the best of our English hotels, I can only say that I left New Zealand about the time Mr Stark appears to have arrived, and then the accommodation was of a kind that a healthy young man ought not to object to; but to allow an invalid to go to New Zealand under the impression that cleanliness, civility, good cooking, or good accommodation is to be found in a New Zealand hotel is, unless a marvellous change has taken place during the last 18 months, neither more nor less than absolute cruelty."

PURITY

FRAGRANCE

SWEETNESS

COOLNESS

HAVELOCK TOBACCO

Let politicians differ still—
For doctors ne'er agreed;
There's only ONE OPINION left
To those who smoke this weed.
'Tis "Havelock," known to all men as
The pick from out the bin;
'Tis sold in Dark and Bright each day,
In pocket, plug or tin.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A MONTH WITH A SURVEY PARTY IN THE PIRONGIA DISTRICT.

(By David Smith.)

The joy, the delight of a month's holiday in the country is not excelled by the pleasure of the school boy, with his bag of books bounding out of school on vacation day. To be relieved of the dreary and monotonous desk life, catch a train, and be whirled away from town, a transformation as it were, from dust, smoke and bustle to a perennial paradise of sunshine and pure air, refreshing the fagged out constitution like a rejuvenating elixir; to join a party of young fellows full of animation and manly vigour, characteristic of country life; to forget figures, accounts, ledgers, and leave the big world behind and throw yourself into the vortex of camp life for a month is an ideal holiday; a pleasure undreamed of by those unacquainted with a survey camp. Awake with the morning lark—song, refreshed by nature's sweetest balm—a good night's slumber—fitting one to undertake the burden of a heavy day without fatigue, and rolling between the blankets as the last expiring ember of the log fire gradually dies away in the dim recesses of night, makes one sigh and long for the quiet and peace of the bush after returning to civilisation. Hamilton being my headquarters, I arrived there and found my genial companion the surveyor with whose party I was to spend such a pleasant time. Hamilton is one of the most charming spots in New Zealand. With a rapidly increasing population, and the completion of the Main Trunk railway, I venture to predict it will be the largest and most important inland town of the Northern district. Three days sojourn there, and then a move for camp next day. Up with the morning sun peeping from the east, and commencing to shed its golden rays on the dew-laden and glistening grass. Hamilton town wrapped in slumber we proceeded on our journey of 27 miles to camp—20 to ride, the remainder to shoulder our swags and tramp. The ride of 20 miles was glorious, "among the gleaming grass," as we wandered on, but the tramp, it seemed 50 instead of seven miles. With a pleasant companion, however, time swiftly ran and camp here in sight as hunger was beginning to lay siege to my already tired system. The cook, with whom I became fast friends, soon appeared the necessity, and I felt greatly relieved and refreshed. Well, the camp was pitched on a charming and delightful spot; situated on the banks of the Kaniwhani Wha, a typical New Zealand river whose rippling waters and overhanging willows recalled to mind the Waikato. With dusk approaching, the party rolled into the blankets for the night, but my slumbers were greatly disturbed by the myriads of mosquitos hovering around my head looking for my blood. Having satiated themselves, I was troubled very little by them for the remainder of my stay. Two days flitted by pleasantly in this spot, when orders were given to make a shift for the flying camp, a further distance of nine miles, through dense bush and scrub—a heavy journey to one unused to bush life, but by this time I was becoming hardened, and therefore not so prone to exhaustion. It is termed a flying camp because of its mobility to be removed over rough country. It was situated about 2000ft above sea-level, but was not so congenial a place as the main camp. Still I was enjoying the outing and was thoroughly at home. Our party at this juncture was increased, and now numbered seven, and real good hearty fellows they were. Next morning I was out with them on the lines armed with a bowie knife and bill hook, cutting our way through bush and scrub and crossing innumerable creeks trying to discover the remnants of a survey completed 40 years ago. It was a tough job, but I stuck to it. The cry, "Dinner ho," resounded through the bush as sweetly as a clarion note, and I gladly welcomed it. The "billy" was swung under a huge rata and boiling in no time, and I might say that things for a quarter of an hour were very quiet amongst us. A short spell, and then work was continued towards sundown when a shout of "Pig hunt" reached our ears, and off we went better skelter, men and dogs, in hot pursuit. He was a game 'un, and

gave us a good run for his hide, but we soon found him bailed up by two of our dogs, and "porker" was quickly despatched and brought back to camp, which we reached as evening was closing, and the smell of cooking was wafted on the breeze to us. We soon discovered cook had made a "plum duff," and that duff got three hearty cheers and was made as welcome as the flowers in spring. A duff is a bush luxury, and all heartily enjoyed it. Tea finished we curled ourselves up on some scrub close to the camp fire. The thickening shadows of night gathered round us, and save for the cry of the mopepork, a death-like stillness reigned supreme. The sombre grandeur of the primeval night bound forest gloated over by a summer moon with the soft sigh of the breeze through the trees only added to its weirdness, but the merry voices of my comrades recalled me from dream-land and cards. Song and story were indulged in until drowsiness stealthily crept upon us and we turned in for the night. Several days were spent at this camp following the general routine of survey work. On the coming Sunday it was arranged that the party should go on a shooting expedition, and on the Saturday afternoon preceding the Sunday great preparations were made for the morrow, and all looked forward with pleasant anticipation of obtaining an enjoyable day's sport. The sun rose on a clear and cloudless day. It was perfect. With youth and strength one could not feel happier. We boiled the "billy," swallowed our breakfast and started. Five miles to the north of the camp lay a dense thicket, the resort of wild pigeons and pheasants. Wild pigs and cattle were also plentiful. On our way thither we came upon a "shaggy," where hundreds of these birds had built their nests, and were sporting in the sparkling waters below with their young. They created a deafening noise when we drew near. So terrific we could hardly hear each other speak. This possibly was to show their indignation at our approach and disturbing their retreat. Two fell victims to the gun, the report of which was the signal for instant flight. Remarkable was the rapidity with which they disappeared. Some took to flight; others fled into the rushes decking the river bank, and many dived beneath the water terror-stricken. A moment before the river was a mass of floating life; now it had all vanished as if by the flourish of a magic wand. We proceeded on our journey, and had traversed a considerable portion of rough and broken country, and had just reached a piece of open country when the dogs disturbed the solitude of a large boar. We gave chase, and soon overhauled him at bay in a formidable fighting attitude. As soon as we closed on him he made a desperate rush to reach the scrub just behind me. I fired, but missed him, and the cry "run" reaching my ears I turned and fled for the nearest tree, up which I scrambled just as the boar dashed past, with the dogs almost hanging on to him. My friends would have shot at him, but seeing that I was directly in front, recognised my danger. We soon followed in his tracks, and cornered him once more. This time the dogs had all the best of the tussle. "Porker" was completely worn out by his rapid flight, and the dogs rolled him over and over, but still he made one or two desperate but fruitless endeavours to effectively use his tusks on them. They, however, were too quick for him, and speedily got out of reach. Further time was not wasted, and one of the party stole quietly behind the boar, and quickly despatched him. He was a fine big fellow, and must have weighed three or four hundredweight. Just as we were partaking of a cool and refreshing drink from the rata vine a rustling noise was heard in the rear, and a sow rushed into our midst, catching and ripping up one of the dogs in its course, and then disappearing into the thicket. So sudden and unexpected was the thing done that we could scarcely believe our eyes. However, the yelping of the poor brute who lay disabled on the grass recalled us, and we hurried over to the spot, but found that we could do nothing for the helpless creature was mortally injured, and was moaning piteously, so we relieved its agony by shooting it. The loss of this animal somewhat interfered with the enjoyment of the day. The dog was a valuable one, and had been attached to the party for some considerable time. We pushed on for another half an hour, and then unshouldered our haversacks and had dinner. The repeat was soon finished, a short interval for a pull at the pipe, and we once more

resumed our journey. We had hardly entered the thicket when one of the party espied a brace of pheasants, which brought us to a standstill. Crack went the rifle, and one of them fell. The report of the rifle disturbed a flock of pigeons immediately ahead, but we soon overtook them by proceeding very cautiously, and soon we bagged a dozen. Further on a flock of turkeys came in view, and quietly we crept towards them, but unfortunately in my eagerness to obtain a good shot my foot caught in a creeper, precipitating me to the ground, My gun going off in the fall frightened the turkeys, who instantly took wing. Though several shots rang out, we only succeeded in bringing down a couple, due no doubt to the density of the bush, which by this time we had almost traversed; and, feeling we had secured sufficient game for one day we were retracing our steps when some distance to the left we heard the dogs barking. Proceeding in that direction a short cut was made for open ground, which we reached, and found the dogs surrounding a young bull. Seeing us approach he made a rush at us, and then there was a run for the nearest trees, up which we scrambled like squirrels with the exception of one of the party, an old and experienced bushman, who dodged behind a rata. The bull, observing him, followed, and we had an enjoyable quarter of an hour watching the beast making fruitless efforts to reach our companion, who now and again stabbed him in the neck with his bowie knife. This enraged the bull, who roared and bellowed and rushed at the tree, but without avail. From the constant attacks of the dogs and the loss of blood he fired rapidly, and the bushman soon mastered him and severed his jugular vein. The day was now drawing towards evening, and we wanted to reach camp before dusk, so knives were brought into requisition, and the bull was relieved of his hide. Laden with game, we reached camp, tired but quite satisfied with our day's sport. Soon the billy was boiling. Tea over, we rolled into our blankets to sleep the sleep that knows no waking until the rise of the morrow's sun. The next day we packed up and returned to the main camp, where I spent the remainder of my holiday, staying there until the time arrived for my departure for Auckland. The days that were left were spent in fishing and sporting on the Kaniwhani Wha River. All good things must have an ending, and it was with feelings of regret that I rolled up my swag and bade adieu to the fine fellows who had been my comrades for the month—companions of toil and enjoyment, who had assisted me to spend a delightful month which fond memory will ever recall as one of the happiest periods of my life. As I left the camp with the chief, I could not help looking back and wondering whether I should ever see their faces again and shake them by the hand. Well, who knows? Time will only reveal the truth thereof. I can only thank them for the many kindnesses, and the chief for his incalculable goodness, the remembrance of which shall be ever-green. I spent a night in Hamilton, and the next morning left for Auckland, feeling ever so much stronger and better for my stay in the country.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

DR. ELMSLIE,

L.F., PHYS., ET SURG., GLASG., L.S.A., LOND., L.M., etc.

(Registered by the Governments of Great Britain, New South Wales, and New Zealand.)

NO. 13, WELLINGTON TERRACE, WELLINGTON.

THIS Highly Qualified Physician and Surgeon, from the Hospitals of London and Paris, has, by 26 years' study and research, become an expert and specialist in the treatment of Chronic Nerves, Blood Skin, and the Special Diseases of Men and Women.

In his very successful treatment of the above Class of Cases, there is "No Experimenting" and "No Failure." Consultations are free to all, so that a friendly chat, either personally or by letter, costs nothing, and may save you "Years of Misery and Suffering, so None need Despair."

DON'T WORRY ANY LONGER, as the ambitious and joys of life will be restored to you and my treatment in cases of Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Backache, Lumbago, Insomnia, Fading Memory, Speech before the Eyes, Giddiness, etc., braces up the system in all cases, and

RESTORES VITAL ENERGY.

New Scientific Treatment and New Unfailing 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.

N.B.—Patients at a distance may

ENCLOSE A FEE OF £1

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

YOUNG MEN!

If you are suffering, or weak, or sad, call or write to Dr. Elmslie, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, as he thoroughly understands your troubles and their causes. He guarantees a perfect cure in every case undertaken, or he will make no charge. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Consulting hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

LADIES!

May consult Dr. Elmslie at his Residence, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, from 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8 daily, who is a legally qualified Physician and Specialist, and whose up to date Treatment gives the greatest satisfaction. Sole Agent for "Famous Ladies' Corrective Tablets," 10/ (extra) 21/, post free. Guaranteed Safe and Reliable. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Call or write.

SUBJECTS OF MOST DREAFFUL EXHAUSTION CURED AND MADE HAPPY.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have no hesitation whatever in saying "Yes" in reply to your letter received to-day, in which you ask me whether I am willing to let the public know the benefit I received at your hands. When I see you upon the recommendation of Mr Griffith (whom you had previously completely cured of a similar complaint), I think I was in about as bad a state of misery and depression in both mind and body as any human being could be in fact. I thought my life was not worth living, and my future was a blank. I was an object of misery and despair. You told me plainly and honestly that you could and would cure me of my morbidness so that I should no longer be bashful and stupid 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. I am thankful 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 happy, and capable of enjoying myself as others do, and I don't mope about by myself and abuse society. I earnestly recommend all my fellow sufferers to put their confidence in you, as your treatment is perfect and your charges are small.—I am, yours truly,
LACHLAN CAMERON, J



SOOTHING, HEALING,
STIMULATING OINTMENT
Particularly recommended for Ulcerated Legs, Piles, Fistula, and all long-standing and painful Wounds.
A Household Remedy for all Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Boils, Bruises, Kicks, Sores, etc. It should be found on every Dressing Table as a very effective Salve for Eczema, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, Itched Eyes, and all Skin Affections
IT HEALS QUICKLY AND
GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF
Prices, in Pots, 1/4 and 2/0.
Sole Makers: BEACH and BARNICOTT (Lds.), Bridport, England.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

Cousin Kate wishes all her cousins a very, very Happy New Year, and warmly thanks the very large number who sent her Christmas and New Year cards for their pretty and kindly souvenirs. She is sorry she is unable to write and thank each cousin personally.

A GENERAL LETTER TO THE COUSINS.

My Dear Cousins,—In the above message I have endeavoured to thank you all for your remembering me during the holiday season. I hope you will all have a lovely time these long summer holidays, and will save a spare half hour, say once a week, to write and tell me what you are doing, and how you are enjoying yourselves. I hope to have ever so many new cousins during the year, and that all the old ones will still remember me and write as regularly as possible. Please let me know any way in which you think I could make the Children's Page more attractive. I am always glad of a few suggestions.

I will have some competitions during the year, and hope all will go in for them. Let me know what you think would be good ones. Puzzles were decidedly not a success, as so few went in for them. Now, I must attend to individual letters, so good-bye.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received Colin's and my badge last week, and I must thank you very much for sending them. Colin says he won't write this week, as he is not well. He has eaten too much Christmas pudding; don't you think so, dear Cousin Kate? Did you go anywhere on Christmas Day and Boxing Day? I copped at home both days, and enjoyed myself very much. I went and gathered maidenhair ferns, and put them in my hat; and then I gathered all the "Graphic" I could find and I went to the summerhouse and read all the cousin's letters. I must finish writing now, wishing you and all the cousins the

compliments of the season.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Jenny.

[Dear Cousin Jenny,—I am glad you and Colin like your badges, but I am very sorry to hear that Colin is not well. I should be sorry to think that he had really eaten too much Christmas pudding, but I suppose you were only in fun when you said that, weren't you? I went to the Domain on Christmas Day to see the cricket match between Auckland and Wellington, and on Boxing Day I went to the races, and enjoyed myself very much both days. Of course, I was very sorry our Auckland boys were beaten, but perhaps they will be more successful against Canterbury. Do you ever go to watch the cricket matches? I think it is a lovely way of spending a hot day. Well, I must stop, wishing you a very prosperous and happy New Year.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As Jenny is writing to you I will write a few lines also. I hung my stocking up on Christmas Eve, and I got lots of toys in it, so that I didn't care to go anywhere on Christmas Day or Boxing Day. I went to the races yesterday at Alexandra Park, and the only things I liked to see were the jockeys in coloured jumpers and the racehorses when they were trotting. I must stop writing now, as I want to go and see the fireworks. We can see the sky rockets going up in the air; they look very pretty. I must close, wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—Cousin Robert.

[Dear Cousin Robert,—Santa Claus must have been very good to you this year, filling your stocking with so many lovely toys. Did you stay awake to try and see him come down the chimney? When I was little I used to stay awake for hours trying to see him, but I never did. The jockeys' colours at the races are very pretty, aren't they? and I think the horses look lovely when they are going round the course. I meant to go up and see the fireworks the other night, but forgot all about it till too late.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—With breaking-up and picnics I have forgotten to write to you. Christmas is drawing near now, and soon it will be 1904. The day we broke up at school was very sad, as my teacher was leaving, and they presented her with a silver-mounted purse and a book. Then as we marched out we all shook hands with her and said good-bye. Then we went to the Sunday school picnic and enjoyed ourselves very much. I will be glad when I go back to school, as I feel very lonely without anybody to play with. We have got a fine crop of gooseberries, raspberries, and red and black currants this year, and the apricots are just getting ripe. I have got a lot of silk from my silkworms already, and I enclose a small piece that I have spun off. Madge's mother and sister and brother will be down on Wednesday or Thursday, so she is looking forward to see them. I hope you will excuse my bad writing, as I am a bad hand at it. Now, I must close, with love to yourself and all the cousins, and wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—I remain, yours faithfully, Cousin George.

[Dear Cousin George,—Thank you very much indeed for the pretty card you sent me, and also for your good wishes. Will you give Hope my love, and thank her for her card, too? Such a number of cousins have remembered

me this year that I feel quite proud. I expect you were very sorry to say good-bye to your teacher, but she must have been very pleased to get such nice presents. I hope you will like your new teacher just as well, though, of course, you won't just at first. What beautifully fine silk you have got from your silkworms. The sample you sent me is lovely. My little sister used to have hundreds of silkworms, but I don't think she ever had such fine silk as yours. I must stop now, as I have other letters to write; but first I must wish you and Hope a very "Happy New Year."—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As you will see by the heading of this letter, I am now at Rotorua, and enjoying myself very much indeed. On Saturday we went out to Whakarewarewa. We also went out there last Thursday evening after dinner, and came back in a motor car—there are quite a lot of them up here. To-morrow we are going to Rotoiti and Oiere Falls. I expect we shall enjoy it very much, as we will be out all day, and have to go across the lake in a boat. I have got four new books, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Betty and Co.," "Martin Rattler," and "An Australian Lass." I need not ask you have you read the first, as I am almost sure that nearly everyone has, but have you read any of the others? I suppose you wondered why I have not written to you for a fortnight? Well, the reason is I had no news the first week, and the second I had no time, as the day I usually write we were in the train. I forgot to ask you did you go to the bazaar? I went four times, twice in the day time and twice in the evening. I did not buy much, but went in for a good many of the raffles, but was not lucky enough to win anything. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I must close, as I have got such an awful lot of letters to write. With love from Cousin Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—Your letter came as a very welcome surprise this morning, because I had begun to think you were enjoying yourself so much at Rotorua that you would not have time to write to me. What perfect weather we have had during the holidays, have we not? I do hope it will last till after the New Year races. The races on Boxing Day were lovely, and I don't think I have ever seen such a number of people on a racecourse in Auckland before. Yes, I have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Most people have, I think, and I have also read "Martin Rattler," but the others are new to me. I went to the bazaar several times, and enjoyed it very much. I was luckier than you, though, for I won a hat. We went to see "Mistake Will Happen" at His Majesty's last night, but we did not care for it very much. People say that "The Bank of England," by Miss Fitzmaurice Gill, is splendid, so we must go to that one night. I, like you, have a great many letters to write to-day, so I must wish you a very prosperous and happy New Year, and close.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you have so far spent your holidays very pleasantly, and hope you will during the rest. On Boxing Day Desmond and Valerie went for a picnic with some friends down to Judge's Bay in Parnell. They had a lovely time, but got frightfully burned whilst bathing. They said they went in about three or four times. When they came home about half-past seven p.m.

they went straight to bed, and I had to nearly smother them with lanoline. On the Sunday morning Valerie could hardly walk, as her legs were so sore. Desmond's were not so bad, but his back was frightful. I think they are going again on New Year's Day, so Valerie is living in hopes that her legs will be quite well. I did not go anywhere, so Ruth came up and spent the day with me. I think we had just as much fun at home as many of those that went out. Did you go up to the cricket in the Domain? Mother and father went across on that-lana-and Boxing Days. Mother and I might go on Monday, as father will be at the office. I am glad we have no great distance to go as some people have. How dreadfully busy you don't have been during the week of the bazaar? I was rather sorry your answer to my letter was so short, because I always like reading them. On Boxing night mother and father went down to see "Mistake Will Happen." Mother thought it was splendid, although it was so silly. Have you been to any plays lately? The last I went to was "Never Too Late to Mend." Cousin Kate, have you read "Nigel Browning," by Agnes Gibson? I had it given me for a Christmas box. I also got "The Girls' Empire" and a number of other presents. Desmond got a book called "Young England," and a box of different puzzles, etc. Valerie can do all the puzzles, some of which are rather difficult. I can't manage any. I am afraid I must be very stupid at things of that sort. Don't you? Are you going to see the fireworks in the Domain next week? I don't think we are going, as we can see them quite well from our upstairs windows. Cousin Kate, did you have to pay on my last letter? I am not sure how many stamps I put on, and thought perhaps the card might have made it overweight. When I first read that letter in the "Graphic" from Cousin Ruth I thought it must have been my friend, but she says not. I must now conclude, with love to all the cousins and yourself.—From Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I am afraid this letter will not be very much longer than the one I wrote to you during the bazaar week. There is so much work to do that I hardly know where to begin, but the holidays are nearly over now, and then we shall be able to settle down and write nice long letters again. I am so sorry Valerie and Desmond got so snubbed at their picnic. It rather spoils one's fun, don't you think so? I went to watch the cricket for a little while on Christmas Day, and I was so disappointed at the poor display our Aucklanders made. I hate them to be beaten, don't you? No, I haven't read "Nigel Browning." I don't have time to read half the books I should like to. I am awfully stupid at games and puzzles too, so I can sympathise with you. Some people seem to have almost a genius for that sort of thing, and I suppose Valerie must be one of them. There wasn't any extra postage on your last letter, so you must have had enough stamps on it. I have another Cousin Ruth now, but I should be very glad if your friend Ruth would write again.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Do you not remember Cousin Rita? She wrote to you before she went away to Dunedin. I received such a pretty Christmas card from her. I expect the reason why she had not written to you is that she gets so little time to write. Mother, my sister, and myself went to the bazaar on Tuesday, and enjoyed ourselves very much. The maypole I thought very pretty—I have not seen it done in three rows before. I should think it must have been very difficult. On Saturday evening Captain Hughes dressed up as a court lady, and he did look so funny; he was selling tickets for Lord Northland's hat stall. Last Monday we went down to Waiwera for a picnic; it just pained when we started, but I am glad to say by the time we got there it was quite fine. In the afternoon we went for a bath, which I think was the best part of the day. It was lovely and hot. I think we stayed in about an hour. I must close now as father is going. With love, I remain, Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I remember Cousin Rita very well indeed, and Eileen, too. They both promised to write and tell me how they liked Dunedin, and what sort of a trip they had, but I have never heard from them yet. Perhaps Rita will write during the holidays. One doesn't get much time for

writing at boarding schools. You have another friend named Rita now, haven't you? The bazaar was a great success, wasn't it? I think the Maypole dance was the prettiest I have ever seen—Mrs. Hault must be a splendid teacher. The Waiwera baths are lovely; I don't wonder you thought the bath the best part of the day, but it is not good for you to stay in too long. I must wish you a happy New Year now, Mary, and close this, as I have several other letters to write, and one is to another Cousin Mary.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am afraid I have not much to write about to-night, as we have just started our holiday. I liked the Veterans' Bazaar very much. Amy and myself were playing tennis for nearly an hour to-day, and it was lovely. We are going to Ruth's island for our holidays; it is quite near Waiheke, do you know it? It is a lovely place to spend holidays. I am sending away cards to my friends this week, and I am sending you one, which I hope you will like. Have you been to the Magic Cave in the D.S.C.? It is just beautiful. I have been twice, and I would love to go again. I really think I must the next time I go to town. It must keep you very busy answering all the cousins' letters. I am afraid I would not have enough patience to write so many letters. I cut my finger on the knuckle when I was cutting bread, and it is very sore. Dear Cousin Kate, I am feeling so sleepy that I am afraid I must end now. With love to your dear self.—I remain your loving Cousin Mary. P.S.—I hope you will enjoy your holidays immensely.—Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—Thank you very much indeed for the lovely card you sent me, and also for all your good wishes. I am afraid it is rather late to wish you a merry Christmas, but I wish you a very happy, prosperous New Year. How are you getting on with your tennis? I shall expect to hear of you as champion of Auckland some day soon. I have heard a great deal about the Magic Cave at the D.S.C., but have never had time to go yet. It does take me rather a long time answering the cousins' letters every week, but I like it, and that always makes the time go so quickly, doesn't it? I hope you have not cut your finger very badly, and I also hope you will have a lovely time at Ruth's Island. I have been there, but not to stay. We spent six weeks at Waiheke, just opposite, once.—Cousin Kate.]

Astonby's Surprising Pupil.

NOT ONE OF THE OLD FASHIONED KIND.

"Now, Mr. Voyse," Addington Brown's Uncle Silas had said to the Vicar of Astonby, when arranging for Addington's installation at the vicarage with the other five young gentlemen there in the receipt of an old-fashioned education, "I want you to work the classic side of the boy as hard as you can. He's quite scientific enough by nature, and, ahem—well, I suppose I may say also by inherited family instincts. Quite, indeed."

Uncle Silas smiled. Mr. Voyse raised his eyebrows at that smile. There was in it a certain reticence and pride (tingled) which piqued him. But Uncle Silas continued briskly:

"Well, say no more about it, however. Fill him with Latin and Greek, my dear sir, and—and—my wife wishes me to say he has rather a delicate throat. Women are like that, aren't they?"

And then they both smiled together. "I quite understand, quite," said the Vicar. "I can assure you Mrs. Voyse will take the lad's throat in hand as zealously as I will endeavour to nourish his intellect—on the classic side. My wife, Mr. Brown, really loves a delicate boy, in the abstract. She—"

"Oh, but Addington is not exactly that," said Uncle Silas. "Excuse the interruption. It is only that he poisoned his system a few months ago in experimenting with my chemicals, and it has left a certain predisposition to sore throats. That is all. And now I will run for my train."

This was Addington Brown's introduction to the Astonby establishment.

He was a tall, quiet lad, with a singularly lofty forehead and an air of self-command, and at times remoteness

from his surroundings, which interested the other five boys extraordinarily.

The other five were the Vicar's two sons, Peter and Samuel, Tony Apowell, Daniel Hunter and Sir Bartholomew Trotter.

Tony Apowell was the master spirit of the little circle hitherto. It was Tony who had in six weeks crushed all the "baronetical humbug" out of Trotter, and even taught Barty that he was almost to be pitied for being a baronet at the tender age of 13. And it was Tony who set to work to test Addington, to see if that dreamy, yet luminous stare in his eyes, and resolute indifference to trifles were frauds like Barty's unfortunate inheritance of a title.

The things Addington had to put up with from chopped horsehair on his sheets and in his flannels, to mysteriously accidental bangs on the head from the football in the vicarage paddock!

He bore them all with a patience that was as sublime as it was exasperating. Though he tossed about a good deal at night, he didn't complain in the morning. Even when he got hot at football and seemed to scratch and nudge his shoulders painfully, he made no remark. And all he said one afternoon when, four times in half an hour, the football had come at him hard between the tupe of his neck and crown, was this, "It's queer how I'm always getting in its way."

Addington had a bedroom to himself. It was one of the points he had insisted upon with his uncle. And there were drawers and a cupboard in the bedroom which he locked the first evening (after he had emptied his boxes), and kept locked.

"My dear boy," Mrs. Voyse had said to him at the end of the first week, "give me the keys of the cupboard. It wants dusting."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Voyse, it doesn't, thank you," he replied. "I'll see to it."

Mrs. Voyse tried again, but again Addington blocked her.

"I promise you solemnly, Mrs. Voyse," he said, "that I'll never keep grub there."

"But why, my dear, should you keep it locked, then?"

"Oh, well!" And then Addington looked at her, as she said to her husband, "as if he were fifty and I was only sixteen," and remarked with a sort of dry politeness, "I hope I'm old enough to be trusted with an empty cupboard, Mrs. Voyse. Don't you think so?"

To Mr. Voyse, who was shrewd to mark the social relationships of his pupils, all this was in its way amusing. He rated Addington as an uncommon boy, as touching his character, though deplorably backward in his Latin and Greek. From Tony, with whom he was on very gracious terms, he got an opinion that there wasn't such a chap in the world as Addington Brown—"So different from other fellows, don't you know, sir, though not at all a bad-hearted fellow, you know."

And this, too, pleased Mr. Voyse.

But when eighteen days had passed, Mr. Voyse had a sudden and most disquieting shock. There was an explosion in the night. It happened between twelve and one o'clock. Every soul in the building was awakened, and there was soon a patter of bare feet on both the bedroom storeys of the vicarage, with something like shrieks from the two housemaids, whose room was over Addington's.

"Is it an — earthquake, dad?" asked Samuel Voyse when, candle in hand, the Vicar came, white-faced, into the main landing.

The Vicar had thought so at first. But now he smelt something.

"Where's Brown?" he asked.

Addington appeared opportunely, in his trousers and shirt.

"So sorry," he said, with the utmost calmness. "I—I've blown my window frame out. I ought to have known better. It serves me right for attempting anything without proper appliances. I'll make all the reparation possible, of course; and—there won't be any more of it. That I promise."

The Vicar winked rapidly several times during this speech. Then he sent all the household back to bed, and went into Addington's room.

"Come!" he said to Addington, and he shut the door.

What exactly occurred inside no one knew except Addington and the Vicar. Even Mrs. Voyse could get nothing out of her husband beyond these words:

"That boy has dared to defy me. I—

I must see what is to be done."

And it was noticeable that the next morning, in class and at meals, he had a new kind of look for Addington Brown and an unusual severity of tone, both of which seemed to trouble Addington not at all.

Of course the other five boys were furiously inquisitive about it all. But Addington kept his own counsel.

"Do you mean to say you won't tell us?" asked Tony, fiercely, after many futile minutes.

Addington contemplated Tony as if he were a statue devoid of mind.

"My dear Apowell, you wouldn't understand a single syllable of it," he said. "Besides, I as good as promised old Voyse to keep it a secret. He's as ignorant as the rest of you. 'Oh, well, sorry! I didn't mean that. But just drop the subject, there's a good chap!'"

II.

This began a three days' estrangement between the other five and Addington. They carried it on just as long as they could, but three days formed the limit. And then they forget it all, for Addington himself did not crow about his secret as some fellows would have done. Besides, they were sorry for him. He had a whole book of Virgil as an imposition; and of course the carpenter's account for that window was to go down in his bill.

But Mr. Voyse's mouth was always firm, and he seemed always to wear a bad frown now when he looked at Addington.

As for Mrs. Voyse, she had to be content with the key of Addington's dormitory cupboard. This had nothing in it now, except a few scientific books and some clothes.

And the maids were left free to believe that it was an earthquake which had unsettled them so startlingly on that particular night.

Matters were thus when one morning there arrived a visitor from Addington, a most celebrated person, the sight of whose card made Mr. Voyse gasp when it was brought with the request to see Master Addington Brown. Mr. Voyse exchanged a few words with the gentleman, who seemed teased by a pensive smile, which disturbed the Vicar, and, of course, Addington was then summoned into the drawing-room. And there the Vicar left him.

For a whole hour they stayed in conversation. Mrs. Voyse came in for a moment to make the great man's acquaintance, but she met with no encouragement to stay. The great man talked about the weather and scenery to her, and did it as if he were vastly bored, and would be so much obliged if she would go away. And so she did go away. And the next

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minute the two were hard at work discussing as before.

The worst of all was when the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Voyse heard these words:

"No, no, I don't want to see these good people again, my boy. Let me slip off by myself. And remember (lowering his voice), we rely upon you. It's ridiculous that you should waste your time here, but, of course, as an infant in the eye of the law—Well, good-bye, my dear lad, and do take care of yourself."

"All right," said Addington simply. After which (in the midst of Mrs. Voyse's paralysis of wonder and indignation what must the great man do but shuffle on tiptoe to the front door and rush down the drive as if he were a criminal.

When Mrs. Voyse appeared with a rosy face and angry eyes, Addington was standing thoughtfully, with his head on one side, looking at a print of the Battle of Waterloo.

"Has he gone?" asked Mrs. Voyse. "Oh, yes," said Addington calmly. "I was to give you his compliments, Mrs. Voyse. He's so sorry he had to catch that train. At least, that's what he said. I suppose I must go back to that Greek prose business."

This with a shrug and contemptuous smile which just about finished Mrs. Voyse. She had never known such a boy. She gazed after him, but said nothing.

III.

It was a half-holiday in the fourth week of Addington's residence at Astouby, and Addington was, for him, unusually excited about something. He had shown it by gross stupidity in class. And now, directly after school, he went to the Vicar in his study.

"I want—that is, sir, I suppose," he said resignedly, "it's no good my asking for an exeat to-day, to go to town? I could sleep at my uncle's."

Mr. Voyse was staggered. "I shouldn't think of such a thing, Brown," he said. "I myself am going to London this afternoon, but in any case—oh, of course not. Go away and play."

Addington nodded and went. He said nothing to anyone, but an hour after the Vicar had gone to town, he also went to town, having left a note for Mrs. Voyse, apologising for his conduct and hoping to be back late that night or early in the morning. "It is an important engagement," he said in the note.

Of Mrs. Voyse's emotions when she read that letter, nothing adequate can be said. Of course, she was furious. And she continued furious until, at 11 o'clock, her husband returned, accompanied by Addington.

Then Mrs. Voyse found her tongue, only to be interrupted by the Vicar. "Wait, my dear," he said, smiling, "and you Brown, my dear lad, go to bed at once."

Addington obeyed, with a sleepy "good-night" for both of them.

And the whole of the next half hour was devoted by Mr. Voyse to an account of his experiences at a learned society in Albemarle-street, whither he had gone with a friend to hear—

Well, it turned out to be to hear Addington Brown read a paper on "The Martian Atmosphere—a Theory." And that famous scientific gentleman who had called the other day at the vicarage was in the chair.

"The lad has, it seems, already made the most remarkable discoveries in his uncle's laboratory and—and—he was brought to me as much to distract his

brain as anything else. My dear, that paper of Brown's was a revelation of the boy's powers!"

The next morning Addington had a request to make of the Vicar, who helped him to cold meat at breakfast before any of the other boys.

"Would you mind, sir, forgetting all about last night—while I'm here? I mean, you know, treating me as before?"

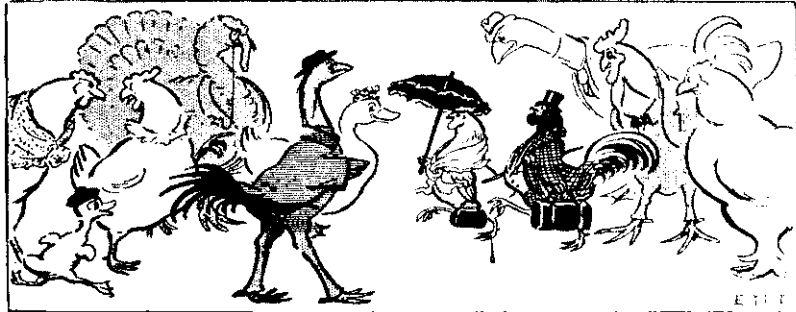
Young Apowell is so—so inquisitive." They smiled at each other on terms of equality at last.

"Very well, my boy," said Mr. Voyse. "Very well, I quite understand. You may therefore, if you like, go on with your impositions at once, Brown."

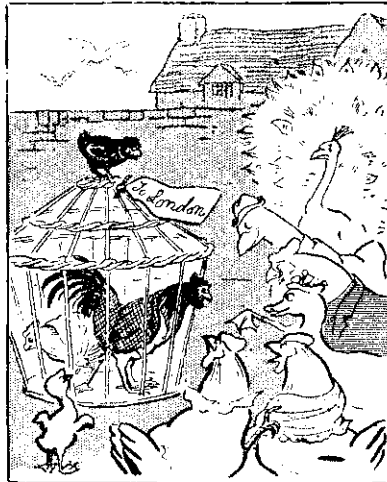
Addington nodded. "All right, sir," he said. "That'll stop them questioning."

FARMYARD FUN.

MR. AND MRS. BANTAM SURPRISE THE FARMYARD FOLK.



1. There was more excitement in the farmyard the other day. Mr. and Mrs. Bantam arrived with their luggage, and all the birds turned out to see them. "Dear me!" chanced spiteful Mrs. Dorking. "What poor, miserable, undersized things they are, to be sure!" "Yes," chimed in Mrs. Plymouth Rock jealously. "Did you ever see such absurd little creatures? They must have come here in mistake for the canary show." "Haw!haw!" laughed Mr. Turkey: "why is it that little people are always so conceited?"



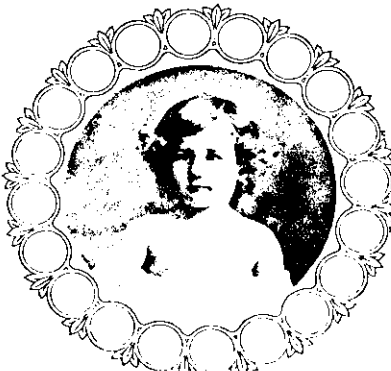
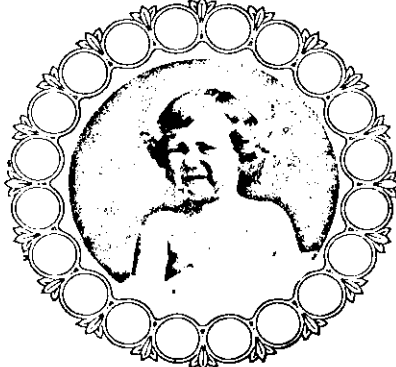
2. When Mrs. Dorking discovered that the Bantam people were to be lodged in the best fowl-house in the yard she fairly screamed with indignation, and you may be sure she was overjoyed a week later when she saw Mr. and Mrs. Bantam shut up in a basket and labelled—"London." "What a lovely chicken-pie they will make!" laughed Mrs. Quack. "Tata, my dears. Remember me to the salt and pepper."



3. But it was a terrible blow to all numbered farmyard people when the Bantams returned in triumph a few days later, bringing with them the first prize—a silver cup—which they had won at the Poultry Show. Mrs. Dorking hasn't recovered from the shock yet, and Mrs. Plymouth Rock had hysterics for a week afterwards.

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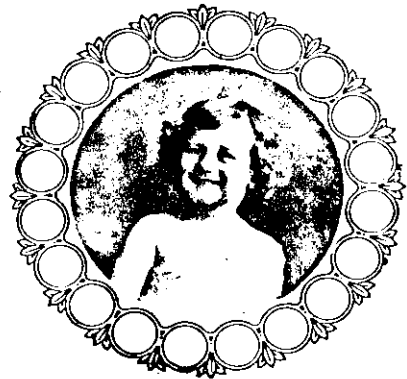


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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

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One does so long to put household cares away when in the country, but it can't be done.

The cravings of the inner man must be satisfied, and the woman who tries to put off on her long suffering relatives "any old thing," because, as she complains, she "just can't bother about cooking in the summer time," deserves to be punished by being left entirely alone. It is so easy to devil some scallops and run them in the oven before tea time, or make a scallop of the cold fish left from dinner, that the slight extra trouble is well repaid by the delight of the tired mountain climbers or the yachting party that has been sailing the ocean blue all day and is now prospectively and ravenously hungry. Some way it does make one feel better to hear the pleasure they express in having a "hot dish," and to be thanked in the various ways that "one's own" indulges in, from "That was a jolly good supper" of pater familias to "You're a brick, mummy," of your twelve-year-old youngster.

A shrimp salad is more easily prepared than any other. Get the canned shrimps, chop into small pieces, and set aside. Beat two eggs light, add a teaspoonful mustard and one of sugar. One tablespoonful butter, half cup vinegar. Put these together on the stove and stir until it becomes as thick as rich cream. Take off and let cool, then add a scant teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of cream. When cold lay the shrimps in a salad dish and pour sauce over them. Chopped celery or lettuce improves this salad. It is much safer never to cut up lettuce in salad, as the dressing wilts it rapidly. Lay the lettuce leaves on the plate, and put the salad and dressing in the centre. The green leaves and pink shrimp make a dish that pleases the eye and adds to the appetite.

Devilled Scallops. Take half an onion, chop fine, and fry brown in butter. Chop two dozen scallops fine, and mix with the browned onion, and fry for ten minutes. Take from fire and add to it one cup of bread crumbs, a little pepper and salt, a little Worcestershire sauce, and half a cup of sherry. Mix together thoroughly, then put in greased shells, sprinkle the tops with crumbs and bits of butter, and bake until brown.

Stewed Mutton Chops with Claret.—Trim half a dozen mutton chops and put them in a pot with a thin slice of pork, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two onions chopped fine and some chopped parsley. Let them cook over a slow fire two hours in a closely covered pot. Then put in half a tumbler of claret, a pinch of red pepper, some salt, and five cloves tied up in a thin piece of muslin. Stew half an hour longer. Take out the cloves, thicken with a teaspoonful of flour, and stir well. Lay the chops on slices of buttered toast, and pour the gravy over. If these are intended for tea remove from the fire at the end of two hours and put aside for the final half-hour's stewing before tea time. Do not put the claret in until ready to finish the cooking of the chops.

Scalloped Fish. — Mince the cooked fish and mix with bread crumbs, half as much bread crumbs as fish. Make a sauce of milk; let it come to a boil and thicken it with a tablespoonful of flour, a lump of butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper. Stir this into the fish. Have it moist, put in a baking dish, spread bits of butter on top, and half an hour before tea time put in the oven. Heat through thoroughly and brown.

A Good Fish Sauce. The yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a pound of butter, and salt to taste. Put on the fire to thicken. It must only get warm or it will curdle.

Boiled Cucumbers. Boiled cucumbers are delicious, and are digested easily. Peel some large cucumbers and cut them in four slices lengthwise. Take out the seeds. Boil in salted water for twenty minutes. Put them down in boiling water. Make a rather thin cream sauce, using half milk and half water that the cucumbers were boiled in, thickening with a little flour, rolled

in butter, and a pinch of salt.

Gravy for Steak. To have enough gravy for a number of persons put a little stock in a frying pan, or some of the gravy from the boiled steak. Roll a tablespoonful of butter in flour. Pour some boiling water into the stock, and when it boils up again add the butter, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a little salt, a tablespoonful of boiled coffee, a tablespoonful of butter. Boil all together a few moments.

Sliced Tomatoes. Take good ripe tomatoes; pour boiling water on them. Leave in the water a few minutes, then rub the skins off. Put on ice to get thoroughly chilled. Just before serving slice the tomatoes, sprinkle powdered sugar over them and pour over all some good claret. This is a delightful change from French or mayonnaise sauce.

Lemon Sherbet.—Make one and a half gallons of acid lemonade, using twelve lemons. Grate the peel of four and add to the lemonade. Let stand 20 minutes. Pour a pint of cold water over a box of gelatin; when soft pour over it a pint of boiling water. Put this in the lemonade. Beat the whites of eight eggs with three pounds powdered sugar until as thick as icing. Have lemonade thoroughly chilled in the freezer, add eggs, and, last, a pint of whipped cream. Freeze slowly.

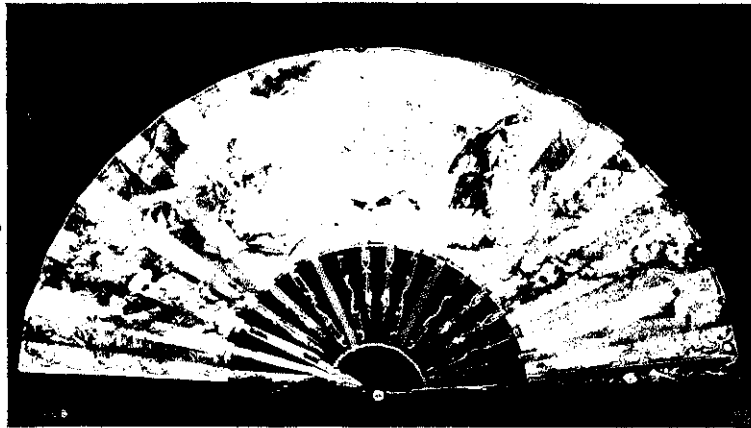
White Cake.—Whites of eight eggs, three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and a-half cups flour (sifted five times), half a teaspoonful of bitter almond extract, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda, and one and a-half cups of milk. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly,

stir in milk and flour alternately, reserving half a cup of milk to dissolve the soda and cream of tartar, which should be whipped until it foams up. Pour it into the mixture, add the flavouring, and, last, the whites of eggs. Bake in a quick oven. Use for a layer cake or as a loaf.

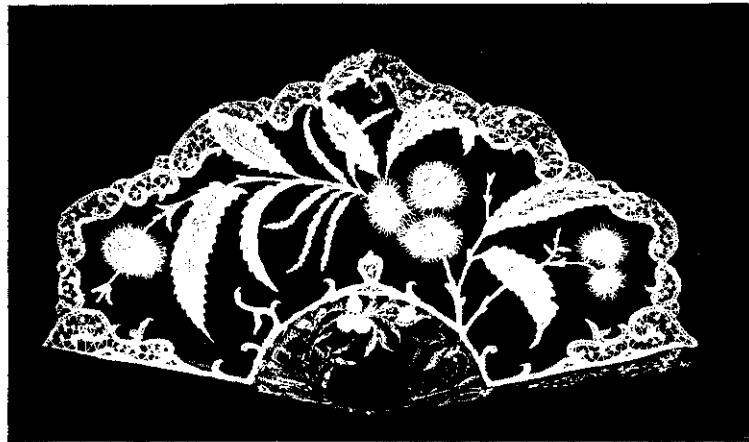
Any Woman May be Beautiful.

CAMILLE ROGER, FAMOUS PARISIAN MILLINER, SAYS IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF MAKING THE HAT FRAME THE FACE.

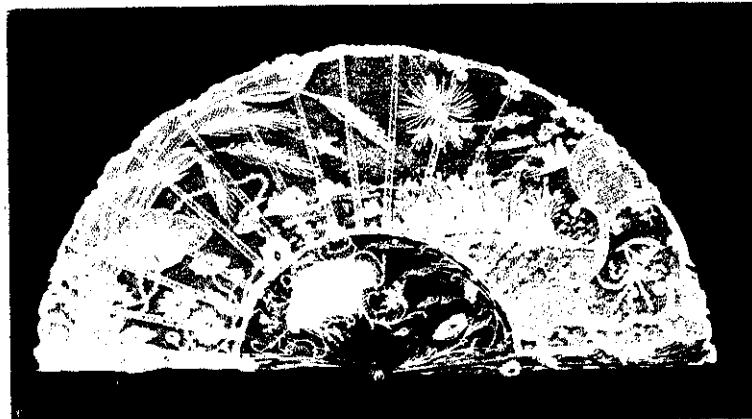
A carping man or two may smile, but I shall not be laughed at by any woman for the statement that far too little time and certainly too little attention



FAN PAINTED BY CECILE CHENNEVIERE, SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.



A FAN IN POINT A L'AIGUILLE APPLIQUE ON BLACK NET.



A MODERN FAN IN POINT DE GAZE.

are given by the softer sex to face framing, or, in simpler language, to the choice of their hat.

In choosing a hat for our customers, or in imposing our opinion on them, the first consideration is the shape and character of the face. I make a point of talking for some moments with a new customer on any subject which comes uppermost, so as to see how her face varies. There are women whose faces sadden, and whose eyes grow deeper when they smile. Early Victorian suits these faces best.

A woman with this depth in her expression would not look well in a galante or flat creation, with but little ornament upon it, even although such a hat would probably suit her face well indeed while in repose, and in such things as this, I would point out, lies all the difference between a face framing artist and a mere modiste.

GENERAL IMPRESSION AN ERROR.

There is a general impression that big women need big hats, and that small hats are for small women only. This, like most generalities, errs in a want of detail, for, like those verbs in French whose irregularities give such dreadful trouble to the learner of our language, not only do the exceptions in face framing prove the rules but they far outnumber them.

A broad face, with a fine, broad forehead, coiffe en bandeaux, a full, round neck, and a soupeon of double chin, will, if the eyes be good and nose and mouth not too small, look best in a large hat, raised on one side, with a buckle and a feather, a chapeau cavalier. But if—and this is one of nature's little witticisms—the nose tip in this face be, as it so often is, a dainty retroussé, the chapeau cavalier would be impossible, for it would give the wearer the appearance that her head was trying to free itself and fly away from the shoulders. A hat like that is what we call un chapeau qui enleve, a hat which carries off and lends a certain dash, and this the upturned nose tip does itself without extraneous aid, so that the chapeau cavalier would be an exaggeration and most inartistic.

SOME REQUIRE SEVERITY.

Again, just as there are pictures of great beauty, Burne-Jones' pictures, for instance, which, in the framing of them need a plain severity, so there are perfect faces which need plainly severe hats. For these, a thin face, forming to an oval at the chin, with well marked eyebrows, a straight, thin lipped mouth, and a large nose, a perfectly plain hat which overshadows the face, is the best. In fact, the more we work upon face framing the more we find that eyes and nose are the two portions of the face which give us the most trouble. The form of the hat must be in sympathy with the nose. The character of it—its soul, if I may say so, must be in harmony with the expression of the eyes. Mouth do not bother us particularly, for they go with the eyes almost invariably, and grave, grey eyes will rarely have a roselined mouth and dimpled chin beneath them.

The modiste who wishes to do more than merely match a dress with her creation and to hat her customer, instead of simply putting a hat on her must know her and know something of her. My experience teaches me that one of my assistants who knows a customer will succeed in framing her face with greater ease than a more skillful one who does not know her, and I make a point of either knowing each individual customer myself or taking care that my daughter or one of my premieres does so.

FASHION DOESN'T ALWAYS SUIT.

It is, of course, a great mistake to fancy that because a particular style of hat is fashionable it must suit every face. But there are menagements I do not think there is an English word exactly to express it, for modifications mean too much and accommodation means too little—which may be made with fashion, and so adapt the fashionable hat to a face which at the first flush it would not appear to suit.

A striking woman ought to wear a striking hat, but it must not be an exaggeration, nor must a woe face be allowed to sink into insignificance under a hat too big for it, or to be made to pass unnoticed with too plain a one. Hats are a combination of face frames and face backgrounds. In choosing them the face must be carefully studied

by an expert and the hat suited to it. My last word is, "Don't trust your looking glass too much." Take your modiste's advice as you would listen to that of your doctor, for she knows your face, not as you yourself fancy that you know it, but as it really is, and knows by her experience how that face and the hat she gives you can best be blended into one harmonious whole.

In Canning Time.

Perfect cleanliness and the best materials procurable spell success in canning. The cans with the best make of top known—the self-sealing—should be of the first quality. "Bargain sales" of sugar and of preserving cans are a delusion and a snare. With the cans called "seconds" while they are all right for holding groceries or fruit which is to be used at once, the money saved on a few dozen cans purchased for use in preserving will be lost many times over in spoil fruit and disappointment. As for the sugar, it is sufficiently difficult at all times to procure unadulterated sugar.

An agate or porcelain-lined kettle of medium size should always be used for cooking the fruit, and this kettle should be used for no other purpose. A tin saucepan is an abomination. Do not, for economy's sake, use a kettle in which summer after summer successive crops of fruits have been cooked. In these days agate ware is sufficiently cheap to be within reach of all. Glass utensils of all kinds have been placed upon the market. With these it is possible to be chemically clean. A porcelain-lined colander, or strainer, is sold for use in canning, and scales with a glass pan or tray, glass measuring cups, ladles and skimmers are to be found, all at reasonable prices. These should be put away by themselves in perfect condition each time they are used, and kept for the one purpose—canning. A square of white table cloth to set the cans and utensils upon is also an aid to cleanliness in canning.

To make sure that each jar is perfect, fill with cold water and turn upside down, after screwing the top on as tightly as possible. If it leaks at all,

discard it, for fruit put up in it will spoil. There are successful canners who maintain that it is all right to use rubber rings year after year, so long as they are whole and are boiled before using, but as rubber rings are very cheap, it seems unnecessary to run the risk of using old ones.

An oil stove or gas range makes the work of canning far easier. They are cooler than a wood or coal range, and the heat is even. The fire does not require replenishing from time to time, and when the flame has been adjusted the question of heat is disposed of till the work is done.

Jelly bags should be made at home. They are three cornered in shape, preferably of flannel, and at least half a dozen should be in readiness for the canning season.

In making jelly take care not to squeeze the straining bag, as it impairs the clearness of the jelly. While the juice is cooking, place the sugar in a pan in the oven and heat through; take care that it does not burn, and stir it about from time to time, so it will heat evenly. When the fruit juice has cooked for 20 minutes pour the sugar into it a little at a time; the sugar being hot does not lower the boiling point, and jelly made in this way will always "jell." If the sugar does not hiss as it touches the juice it is not sufficiently hot. Let it all boil up together for a few minutes after the sugar dissolves, and then pour into a pitcher, tying over the nose of the latter a piece of cheesecloth, first wet in cold water and then wrung dry out of very hot water. Pour the juice into the glasses through this cloth, discarding it for a fresh one as soon as it becomes covered with pulp. This final straining is little extra trouble, and makes the jelly clear and sparkling, as jelly should be. Tin covers are not advisable for jelly, as they are apt to must and impart a disagreeable flavour. Paraffine paper is considered best for the tops of jelly glasses. Tie the paper firmly in place after the jelly is cold, moisten it with water, and it will adhere closely to the glass. If paraffine wax is used it should be put on in a thin layer, as a thick coating is apt to shrink and leave the jelly exposed. Cover the jelly while it is cooling, as it makes an excellent culture medium for germs, and set in a cool place. A layer of granulated sugar placed over the top of the jelly just before the paper is put on will prevent the formation of mould.

To all such fruit as grapes and peaches which do not give a clear jelly, a little apple juice should be added. This

will not destroy the flavour of the grapes. With apples, except in the case of crabapples, some other fruit should be used to give flavour. A small quantity of the jarlings and cores of quinces will flavour a large amount of apple jelly, but the seeds should never be allowed to get into preserve or jelly, as they will make the one sticky and prevent the other from being clear. A rose geranium leaf, bruised slightly and left on the top of the jelly while it is cooling, also imparts a delicate flavour.

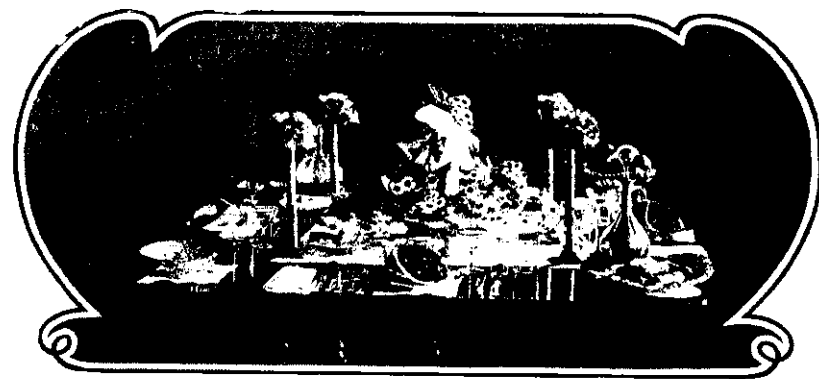
Dead-ripe fruit seldom "jells" properly. It is better that it should be a little underripe, both for this purpose and for ordinary canning.

To make a thick rich syrup, such as is used for quinces and citron, measure two pounds of sugar to two quarts of water, place it over the fire and cook for half an hour. The fruit should be placed in this syrup a little at a time, so that it can be removed with a ladle and filled into the cans before it has a chance to become mushy. Fruit keeps its shape much better if it is not stirred while it is being cooked. To keep it from burning, wash four or five large marbles and drop them into the pan when the contents begin to boil up. As the contents of the kettle are agitated in cooling, the marbles roll about and keep the fruit from burning. The marbles should be used for jam and cut-up, as well as for stewed fruit. A hard, tough fruit, like quinces or citron, is much improved in flavour and appearance if the pieces are placed in a soup plate and set inside a steamer. When they are sufficiently soft, make a syrup of sugar and water, adding the juice which exudes while the fruit is steaming. Drop the fruit into this, and cook till it is soft enough to be pierced with a straw, and is the desired shade. Long cooking makes quinces dark red and citron a peculiar dark shade.

For the first four weeks after making preserves, jelly or pickles of any kind, the jars and bottles should be examined every other day, to make sure that they are all right. At the first appearance of fermentation, reopen the jars and bring them to the boiling point over a slow fire. Add a little sugar, and when they are cooked replace them in the jars, after making sure there is nothing the matter with the cans or rubbers. In examining the fruit, be careful not to shake it about. It is a good thing to cover each jar with a grocer's bag when it is put away, as this not only keeps the fruit dark, but the jar clean.



A FASHIONABLE SET DINNER TABLE.



A DAINTIY-DECORATED SUPPER TABLE.

Many Uses for Blackberries.

There is no pie more delicious than one of blackberries, made in a deep dish with plenty of fruit. A good tin pie plate, large and with a straight rim, is best. An earthen pie plate is an abomination, as it soon soaks grease and grows rancid. Make a rich crust and line the pie tin. Put the blackberries into a strainer and run water through them until perfectly clean and free from dust. Drain well, pour into a bowl, and sweeten according to the acidity of the berry. Do not get them too sweet. Mix the sugar with them, then pour into the pie tin. Dust with flour, put on an upper crust and press to the edges of the tin, using the palms of the hands. Trim off the superfluous crust with a knife, cutting from you, press the edges together with a fork or pastry wheel, and bind the edge of the pie with a strip of clean muslin, wrung out of cold water. This is to keep the juice in. Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is a golden brown, remove the binding and dust with powdered sugar.

Blackberry Pancake.—Sprinkle a half cupful of sugar over a quart of nice, ripe blackberries, and let them stand while stirring up the batter. Sift into a bowl a half pint of flour, a scant teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, a quarter teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar. Add one tablespoonful of butter and rub lightly, into the flour, using the fingers. Mix the yolks of two beaten eggs with one cupful of milk; add to the flour and stir until smooth. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir lightly into the batter. Put the berries in a deep, well-buttered pudding dish, pour the batter over them, and bake in a medium hot oven. Serve with a hard or wine sauce. Individual pancakes may be baked and served in the pretty linen French remouquins.

Blackberry Roly Poly.—Make a good baking powder crust, following the directions given on the tin. Roll out on the moulding board in a long, rather narrow strip, about half an inch thick. Spread a layer of sweetened berries over the crust, keeping them an inch from the edge on either side. Roll up the crust, keeping the fruit well inside. Press the ends together and sew the pudding up in a clean, coarse cloth, well floured inside. Put in a steamer, cover tight, and steam from two to three hours, according to size. Do not allow the water to stop boiling until the pudding is done. Serve with lemon or wine sauce.

Blackberry Pudding.—Beat to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and two of sugar. Sift together two cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder; add by degrees to the butter and sugar, alternating with two well-beaten eggs. When all has been added stir in a pint of well-washed blackberries, butter a pudding mould, turn in the batter, and bake about one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with

a hard sauce, to which a cupful of washed berries has been added.

Blackberry Mould.—This will be found a delicate dessert for an invalid. Cook the berries in water to cover until tender, sweeten to taste, thicken with a little corn starch, then cook in a double boiler for twenty minutes or half an hour. Turn in a mould and set away on the ice to harden. Serve with whipped cream if cream is allowed, though it is palatable without sauce.

Blackberry Jam.—Blackberry jam may be made with or without the seeds, the latter process making the choicest jam. Mash and scald the berries, then pass through a coarse sieve. Measure the juice, and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Bring to a boil and cook rapidly for twenty minutes; test by dipping a silver spoon into cold water, taking up a little of the jam and dropping on a cold plate. If it retains a globular shape it has cooked sufficiently; pour into small jars or tumblers and seal.

Tinned Blackberries.—For each quart of berries allow a half cup of water and a cup of sugar; boil and skim the scum, then add the berries, a few at a time. Cook slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, skim out and add others until all are cooked; return them all to the kettle, boil up, pour into glass jars, and seal at once.

Blackberry Vinegar is an old-fashioned summer beverage, acceptable to those in good health and a refreshing drink in fevers. Select fine ripe berries, and mix with vinegar in the proportion of one part of vinegar to three parts of berries. Let them stand for two or three days, then strain, and to each pint of the liquid allow a pound of sugar. Bottle, but do not cork too tightly. Allow two tablespoonfuls to each glass of cold water.

Blackberry Brandy.—This is one of the best remedies for dysentery. To a quart of berry juice add one pound of white sugar and one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and powdered allspice. Boil half an hour, take from the fire and add one pint of pure brandy. Bottle and cork tight. This is ready for immediate use.

Blackberry Cordial.—Put the berries in a stone jar, set in a pan of boiling water. Simmer until soft, then strain. Measure the juice, and to each quart allow a half pound of loaf sugar, a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and allspice, half a grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Boil the juice, add the sugar and spices, and simmer slowly half an hour. Remove from the fire, and when cold add half a pint of cognac; then bottle.

Papers the Room with Proposals.

BELLE THUS USES TOKENS OF CUPID'S KINDNESS.

Among unique wall decorators the young heiress to a million who has covered the walls of her boudoir with the offers of marriage she has received since her debut certainly takes the lead. But the desire to escape from the hackneyed and commonplace some times degenerates into the grotesque, as these examples of wall papers which are not to be bought in the usual emporiums of house decoration will show.

Among the Chinese there is a craze for postage stamp apartments, but the immensity of patience required before the four walls are properly covered in the minute squares renders it unlikely as a modern American fashion. A Berlin beauty, however, had an idea akin to it, having her boudoir papered entirely in coloured pictorial postcards, collected from every part of the world, and representing both landscapes and figures of every sort and kind. A more charming originality is that of the traveller, who, when he finally settled down, had his room arranged as if a cabin on board a yacht, with port holes, life buoys, and everything he could think of to create the illusion of having still the great wide seas tearing past on either side of him.

The singer Mario, who became the prince of Candia, and who married the great Grisi, had a room covered with newspaper clippings containing enthusiastic notices of his wife. The King of Cambodia has hidden the walls of his palace with portraits of his wives. The

longest part of the work was the photographer's. Eight thousand women make up the royal harems, and to stick the photographs on the wall was a comparatively simple process to satisfying the 8000 ladies upon so nice a point as their own likenesses.

Miss Nilsson, the great singer, has papered one room in her house at Madrid with the songs she has sung most successfully. A New York dentist has also hidden his walls in memories of his life work. But as he could hardly conceal the walls with embedded teeth extracted from his patients he has replaced them by playing cards—one for each tooth drawn. He has already pasted 6000 cards—"in memoriam." An Englishman, on the other hand, has contrived a unique wall paper with travelling tickets—railway, steamer, and street car. In order to keep the first two he had always to pay an extra sum, and even then many struggles ensued before he was at last allowed to issue triumphantly with his fragment of mural decoration. In the centre of the room are the tickets of the



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(for the Toilet) Keeps the skin white & velvety. Removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Spots, invaluable for Insect Bites, Sunburn, Itching Skin, and Eczema.—By post, 1/6.

GLYCERINE SOAP.—Absolutely the best Skin Soap for tender or delicate skins and for the nursery.—By post, 1/6 box (8 tablets).—From W. BENTLEY & CO., Chemists, Whangarei.

Advertisement for Britannia Unshrinkable Underwear. Features a central logo with a crown and the text 'BRITISH MAKE', 'Britannia', 'TRADE MARK', and 'Unshrinkable Underwear'. Below the logo, text reads: 'To get your skin always so soft well, is the true key to health according to the highest medical authorities. In order to achieve this you have to pay proper attention to your underwear. Britannia Vests, Pants, Combinations, &c., also Hosiery and Hair-Roots for Ladies and Gentlemen, and Children's Socks, are the BEST MONEY CAN BUY. They are made in New Zealand and are as good as possible. INSIST ON BRITANNIA and nothing but BRITANNIA UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR. Obtainable at all Druggists and Fancy Stores. See that "Britannia" and the above trade mark is stamped on every garment.'

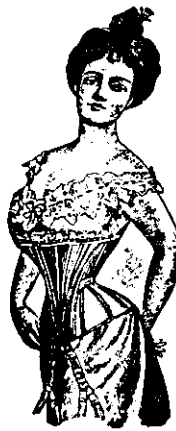
Advertisement for Dales' Gold Medal Dubbin. Text: 'Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin makes BOOTS and HARNESS water proof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odor. Allows color with blacking. 22 Exhibition Highest Awards for Superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers etc. Manufacturing—Lewisham, London (Eng.)'

S.L. DONNA PRIMA Corsets.

Straight Fronted Unequaled for Style, Durability and Comfort.

PERFECT FITTING.

Obtainable at all the Leading Drapers and Warehouses in the Colony.



A LOVELY WOMAN

Is the fairest flower in the garden of humanity. Every woman can be lovely, with sparkling eyes and with every line of beauty fully developed.

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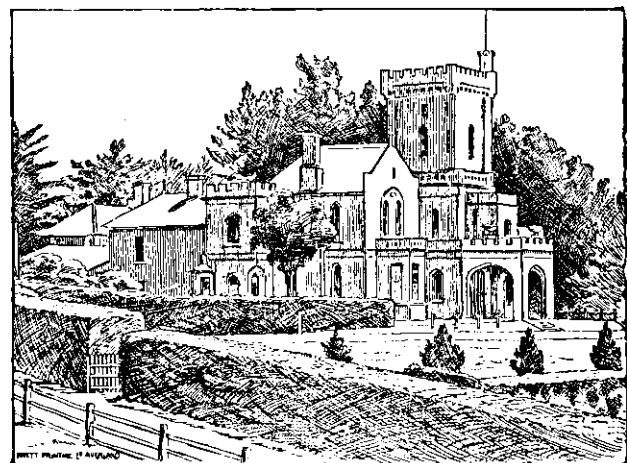


That wonderful Tonic, composed of Bile and Iron will bring out her beauty, fill in the hollows and round out the curves. It is a flesh and tissue builder that will make any woman plump and rosy, as she was meant to be. BOVO-FERRUM is an absolute specific in Anemia. The price of Bovo-Ferrum is HALF-A-CROWN and it should be obtainable from all Chemists. Ask for it, and if not readily procurable, send 2/6 in stamps or postal note to...

GEO. W. WILTON, CHEMIST WELLINGTON, Who will send a bottle POST FREE. "If you need it, take it."

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA.

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES. The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House. Half Term commences March 26th.



This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign. Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal. MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

collector's honeymoon trip.

Perhaps as an offset to the girl mentioned in the beginning, a morose French eccentric papers his walls with the deep bordered invitation cards received to the funerals of friends and acquaintances.

Hints on How to Always Keep the Baby Well and Strong.

No more intelligent, helpful and valuable service has been rendered by the Department of Health of New York City than the widespread distribution of a little circular giving ten rules "to keep the baby well." Direct, clear and admirably worded, these rules embody the newest and best experience of the experts on baby care. Rule No. 1 has been put at the head of the list, and ought to set at rest the silly notions of some present-day mothers that the new "baby foods" or cow's milk or anything else can equal mother's milk for baby food. Physicians who advise mothers that it is better not to try to nurse the baby are either very ignorant or are preparing the way for a sick baby and a profitable patient.

These are the rules as prepared by President Lederle and Dr. Biggs, the medical officer:

1. Nurse it: Nothing equals mother's milk for a baby food. If you cannot nurse the baby use fresh milk which in hot weather has been boiled and prepared according to directions. (A circular of directions will be sent on application to the Department of Health.) Nurse the baby part of the time, if you cannot nurse it all the time. Do not give it condensed milk or any prepared baby food.

2. Feed or nurse it at regular intervals, not more than once in three hours after it is six weeks old. Don't feed it simply because it cries. Decrease the amount of milk on very hot days. Too much food and too frequent feeding are among the commonest causes of sickness.

3. Bathe it daily: The glands of the skin carry off nearly as much poisonous matter as the bowels. They both must be kept open in hot weather. Dry the skin well after bathing.

4. Air it: Out of door air is necessary. Keep the head shaded from the direct sunlight. In hot weather take the baby out early in the morning before nine o'clock, when it is cool, and again late in the afternoon and early evening, but not late at night.

5. Keep it cool: If it is bundled up too much in summer it will become overheated. The more nearly naked it is the better in extremely hot weather.

6. Keep it in a quiet place: A baby's nerves are very sensitive. Continued noise sometimes causes sickness.

7. Give it water: Between feedings give water freely, especially in hot weather. Use only water that has been boiled.

8. Give no fruit to a baby less than a year old. In summer give no fruit to a baby less than two years old. Fruit kills many babies.

9. Give no solid food to a baby less than one year old. For the first year of life the food should be all milk. For the second year, chiefly milk.

10. Call your own doctor, or if you have none, in summer notify at once the Department of Health if the baby has diarrhoea, or is sick, and a doctor will be sent immediately.

Americanisation of Woman.

Under the title of "The deleterious effect of Americanisation of woman," the "Nineteenth Century" devotes an article by H. B. Marriott Watson to the consideration of a singular feature of social life in the United States. "We have," says the writer, "many opportunities of studying the American woman, for she has undertaken to annex as much of Europe as is practicable, and has succeeded very fairly. A

little time back some enthusiastic journal in New York was at the pains to compile a list of American women who had married not Europeans merely, but Europeans with titles. In the height of the London season this year a great charity ball was given, at which it was calculated that over 4000 people were present. In an account of this in one of the papers that cater for those who hanker after knowledge of smart society, there were 13 names mentioned, of which 10 were American. The American woman is claimed by her admirers as being independent. But she is more than that: she is anarchical. Mrs Van Vorst discovers her factory girls to be cold and lacking in sentiment, just as Mrs George West discovers her wealthy young compatriots to be. Mrs Van Vorst declares that she never heard of a baby in Perry, the factory town in which she worked. She says 'the American woman is restless, dissatisfied. Society, whether among the highest or lowest classes, has drawn her towards a destiny that is not moral. The factories are full of old maids, the colleges are full of old maids, the ballrooms in the worldly centres are full of old maids. For natural obligations are substituted the fictitious duties of clubs, meetings, committees, organisations, professions, a thousand unwomanly occupations.' It would seem that while the American man unnaturally devotes all his days to money-making, the American woman as unnaturally devotes her days to pleasure. The defects of American civilisation, which is the purest and most significant exponent of commercialism, are such as derogate from the virility of man and the fecundity of women."

Don't Jump Out of Bed—and Why.

Among the many instructive articles in the current number of "Medical Talk" the following solemn scientific advice is interesting to read:

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember, that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered, and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly.

Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns, and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over, and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs—waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly. Don't be in such a hurry. But stretch and yawn and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.

Wake up like the baby, like the kitten. Stretch every muscle in your body. Roll over and yawn and stretch, and stretch and yawn, and you will get up

feeling wide awake, and the heart and the lungs and the stomach will resume their work without shock or jolt, and the bodily functions start off in a normal, healthful manner.

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FROM 5/6 UP.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

I have told you several times lately about the predominance of ruches, and how fascinated is everyone with them. I hear now, on good authority, that everything will be ruched for the next six months. All the fete frocks show the revival of this quaint old fashion. Muslin, taffeta and chiffon are all trimmed with ruches of various thicknesses.

Yet, in spite of ruches and flounces,

skirts are kept extraordinarily plain at the top, and everything points to a return of the severely serpent-like skirt, serpent-like at least as far as the knees, then it comes yards round at the feet. Truly the skirt of the hour must be cut by a couturiere who is a genius as well as an artist.

How pretty in fashions is the mixture of the fifteenth century, and the 1830 modes—such lovely colourings and such

a vast amount of beautiful workmanship!

Bodices are nearly all made in blouse fashion, yet the waist line is charmingly defined by a pointed sash or band.

Picture hats are in great demand this season for wear with the exquisite muslin and dainty toilette of diaphanous materials. Some of these hats made of tucked chiffon and tulle are particularly pretty. These are to be seen in white

or the palest shades of grey, blue, pink, or ivory, trimmed with just an aigrette or one long white ostrich feather held in place by a pearl cabuchon. Floral toques are also much worn, and are generally of the turban shape, worn well tilted over the face. Pale colours are the most popular for these hats, and the smaller flowers such as hyacinths, forget-me-nots, lilacs, and tiny rosebuds, but in contradiction to these one occasionally sees a toque of scarlet geraniums which looks exceedingly smart for those who can wear it.



1. RACE TOILETTE.—In cream silk, covered with painted silk gauze. The skirt has three gathered volants attached to a plastron drawn into headings, also the tablier is pleated. The bodice is attached to a plastron supplied by the sleeves and edged with narrow pale blue velvet ribbon. A gathered volant forms the bolero.
2. RACE TOILETTE.—In black gauze. The skirt is wide and gathered at the top, and ornamented with ruchings of gauze and guipure medallions. The bodice is bloused and pleated to a guipure plastron of an original form, bordered by a drapery of a pale pink gauze fixed by pink velvet rosettes edged with a pleated gauze berthe.

ing. This, although it may sound like Greek to the uninitiated, will yet easily explain itself to any needlewoman.

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All the smartest frocks and a good many of the most simple are arranged with gaugings set in every direction. The yoke, the upper sleeve, the shaped saddle-piece below the waist, and often as well shaped flounces below, are arranged upon muslin, voile, canvas, delaine, and a whole host of other thin materials. Certain it is that this gauging effect is particularly becoming to the tall and slender, but let my readers beware of adopting such a style if their waist and bust measures are larger than stock size, for somehow or other these gaugings have a fashion of alarmingly increasing one's appearance. The very simplest morning gown can be arranged with gaugings set in the same fashion as those frocks for more elaborate wear. Then, again, gauging should appeal to the home dressmaker, for it is easy to arrange, and may be either plain or finished with a tiny heading, which is arranged by taking a tuck in the gaug-

The Stuart collar of lace—which has become much hackneyed and discounted by the cheap editions, badly worn by all and sundry—has set a vogue. This is the cape-collar of material with the gown or coat, which is showing on smart gowns of the moment, especially attached to the sac boleros and coats. This mode is shown in my sketch. The gown is of rose-pink cloth, bordered entirely with a black and pink galloon. A deep-folded belt of black silk shows below the short sac bolero, and a stock of the same finishes the neck. The cape-collar, it will be seen, comes well over the tops of the arms, and within a couple of inches of the edge of the bolero. The sleeves are "bell," lined with black silk, and the hat pink straw with black chiffon swathings and pink carnations. The skirt quite clears the ground.



WHITE MUSLIN AND LACE TOILETTE RUN THROUGH WITH BLUE RIBBON.



ELEGANT LEMON-COLOURED GOWN OF MOUSSELINE DE SOIE COVERED WITH LIGHTLY WROUGHT WHITE DOTS AND SIMPLY EMBELLISHED.



LATEST
Straight
Front
AND
NOUVELLE
FORME
Corsets
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All Leading Drapers.

The GRAPHIC'S GUNNY LEAF

DOURTFUL BENEFIT.
 Mary: Did Clara's husband leave her much when he died?
 Belle: He left enough to make her comfortable, but not enough to get her a second husband.

GRAMMAR AND CONSCIENCE.
 Would you say, "This is someone else's umbrella," or "This is someone's else umbrella?" Or would you just pretend that it was yours?

A CHOICE.
 "I had to give up Society. Couldn't stand the eating."
 "You prefer ostracism?"
 "To ostracism, yes."

NO SUCH IDEA.
 "This is the part you expect me to act, is it?" said the young man with the heavy eyebrows, looking over the printed sheets with a tragic scowl. "Not at all," responded the manager. "That is the part I expect you to take."

CAUGHT AGAIN.
 "Wasn't that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the judge of his eldest daughter. "Yes, papa." Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?" "Yes, papa; but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision."

A RED-LETTER DAY.
 Daughter—"Papa went off in great good-humour this morning." Mother—"My goodness! That reminds me I forgot to ask him for any money."

TENTATIVE.
 Indulgent Father (dining in restaurant) "I presume, Horace, while you were attending that foreign medical college, you formed the foolish and reprehensible habit of drinking beer?" Son—"Why, yes, father, I just had to drink it occasionally. All the other students did." Indulgent Father—"Waiter, two beers!"

DISCOURAGING.
 "Do you think your father would accept me as a son-in-law?" He might, He is often of a very different opinion from me."

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.
 A man walked into a hosiery shop and politely addressed the shopman.
 "I should like to look at some black gloves, stitched with white," he said.
 "Black gloves stitched with white are not fashionable now," the shopman replied.
 "I beg your pardon," said the polite customer. "You evidently misunderstood me. I said I should like to look at some black gloves stitched with white."
 "They are no longer fashionable," reiterated the shopman, with impatient superiority.
 "I find I must apologise again," said the other. "I came in here thinking it was a hosiery establishment; I find it is a bureau of information. Perhaps I can buy a pair of gloves at the place across the street"—and out he went.

TO ELECTRICIANS.
 Does an electric glance of the eye ever produce a shock of hair?

QUITE AN ABSURDITY.
 To speak of the "footprints of time" when it is well known that time flies.

SUCCESS.
 She—"And what would you call a successful poet?" He—"One who leaves money enough to bury him."

SAME THING.
 Sue—"You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist." Flo—"Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life."

ADAM'S MISFORTUNE.
 The lady of a large house one day said to her gardener: "Tammus, I wonder you don't get married. You've got a nice house, and all you want to complete it is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife." "Quite right, missus," said Tammus, "quite right. But he didn't keep his job long after he got his wife."

COMPENSATORY.
 Housekeeper: "Half the things you wash are torn to pieces."
 Washerwoman: "Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I count them as only one piece, mum."



The Family Friend: "I suppose the baby is the sunshine of your home?"
 Mamma: "Sometimes. Frequently he is the storm centre."

GOOD REASON.
 Mr Stubb: "The weekly papers say down at Matilda Jenkins' dinner-party the table fairly groaned."
 Mrs Stubbs (who was not invited): "I guess it did. Matilda Jenkins' cooking is enough to make anyone groan."

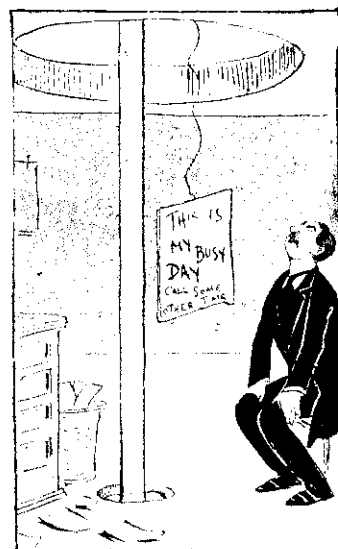
WHY SHE WAS HAPPY.
 She—"Oh, she married a duke, and has lived happy every after." He—"I thought they had parted." She—"Yes; that's why she is happy."

GIVE AND TAKE.
 The Small Boy: "I don't believe there is any Santy Klaws- I ain't never seen him and I ain't never got nothin' from him."
 His Sister (indignantly): "Well, I guess Santy Klaws could say the same thing about you! Ain't yer got no ideas on reciprocity?"

The Manicure—"What is your favourite author?" The Chiropodist—"Bunyan."



Merchant: "Yes, Mr Borer, I'm glad to see you, but—"



Please observe the placard.

DISSEMBLING.
 The Monkey: "What on earth have you stuck those feathers in your tail for?"
 Ostrich: "Hush! I'm travelling incognito. I want to be mistaken for a peacock."



YOU CAN'T LOSE 'EM.
 Mrs Subbuss: "When you go to look for a servant-girl to-morrow, try and get a 'public' one."
 Mr Subbuss: "What do you mean by that?"
 Mrs Subbuss: "Why, I read a paragraph about 'public servants' in to-day's paper, and it said: 'few die and none resign.'"

UNFORTUNATE.
 "Ask papa to-night," suggests the gentle girl to her adorer. "He is in such a good humour because he got the letter of somebody to-day."
 The adorer shakes his head doubtfully.
 "I think not," he sighs. "I am the man he got the letter of, and he would be sure to say that he couldn't let his daughter marry a man so unsuccessful."

THE REASON.
 Auntie: "Do you know you are playing with two very naughty little boys, Johnny?"
 Johnny: "Yes."
 Auntie: "You do! I'm surprised. Why don't you play with good little boys?"
 Johnny: "Because their mothers won't let them!"

A NEW WAY.
 Old Gentleman: "Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?"
 Sutor: "Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can."
 Old Gentleman: "Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy."

CUTTING THINGS FINE.
 Specialism is likely to run to seed. A physician just graduated from the medical school was asked about his plans.
 "I am to be a specialist on the nose."
 "Ah!" asked his bright interlocutor, "which nostril shall you treat?"

A NEW VIEW.
 "Why do they call this a free country?" asked the unwashed anarchist.
 "Because," answered the respectable citizen, "you are at liberty to leave it if you don't like it."

SINGLE MINDED.
 "I doubt if Miss Birdline will capture young Briarroot after all, as I know he is taking a trip to Ceylon."
 "Ceylon, eh? Why Ceylon?"
 "Well, I suppose it is to show that he likes Cingalese."

PROOF.
 The Husband: "Do you think, my dear, that all this so-called culture, these fads, these lectures, and ethical and philosophical movements of yours really do you any good?"
 The Wife: "Incidental good! Why, every day I live I appreciate more and more fully what an insignificant creature man is!"

"They say a carrier pigeon will go further than any other bird," said the boarder, between bites. "Well, I'll have to try one," said the landlady; "I notice a fowl doesn't go far."

