

# The New Zealand Graphic

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## THE MATCH OF THE HOUR.

THE BRITISH MINISTRY V. WHITE LABOUR, PREFERENTIAL TRADE, ETC.

JOHN BULL: "Well Arthur, you don't seem to be making much of a stand. Here's Broderick coming out: made nothing."

SKIPPER ARTHUR BALFOUR. "Don't expect to do much. Haven't got a rep. team. And that white labour Dick Seddon is paralysing us all."

# People Talked About

## The Late Herbert Spencer in Private Life.

The "Fortnightly" contains an interesting personal appreciation of Herbert Spencer from the pen of his old friend, Mr. William Henry Hudson. Mr. Hudson claims that it was necessary only to become accustomed to the great thinker's peculiarities to recognise that they were merely on the surface:

That Spencer was always easy to get on with I do not say. He was often irritable, and sometimes quick of temper

and of tongue; his judgment of men was occasionally severe, and he had so little tolerance for the foibles, prejudices, and petty absurdities of every-day life, that he now and then struck one as hard and even censorious. He set up an extremely high standard of conduct, and was outspoken in his condemnation of meanness, untruthfulness, and trickery, or sordid ambitions and weak subserviency to the dictates of the social code. But it must be remembered that, unlike many moralists who make rigorous demands upon the integrity of

others, he made demands equally rigorous upon himself.

Herbert Spencer, like Husley, suffered from dyspepsia. He was also a prey to insomnia. Mr. Hudson writes:

I remember his once telling me that from the period of his breakdown in middle life he had never known what it was to enjoy a full natural night's rest. Joining him for work in the morning during the time of my constant association with him, I would commonly ask him how he had slept, and the best answer he ever had to give me was: "I had a very good night for me. I slept four hours."

The Spencerian ear-toppers have become almost famous in the realms of gossip. Here is Mr. Hudson's simple account of their origin and their aim:

Years ago Spencer found that the effort of following ordinary conversa-

tion frequently became too much for him; but he liked to have people about him, to watch the play of expression on their faces, to feel that, though he could not himself share much in the merriment, he was, as it were, a part of the normal and healthy social world. For this reason he objected to withdrawal into solitude, and evolved a plan by which he might secure the partial isolation which he required. He had a circular spring made to go round the back of his head, and this carried pads which fitted firmly upon the ears, effectively deadening the noise about him and reducing the surrounding chatter to a mere hum. I have often seen him, stretched at length upon his couch, follow with apparent interest the gossip over the afternoon teacups up to a certain point, and then, reaching under his pillow, draw forth and

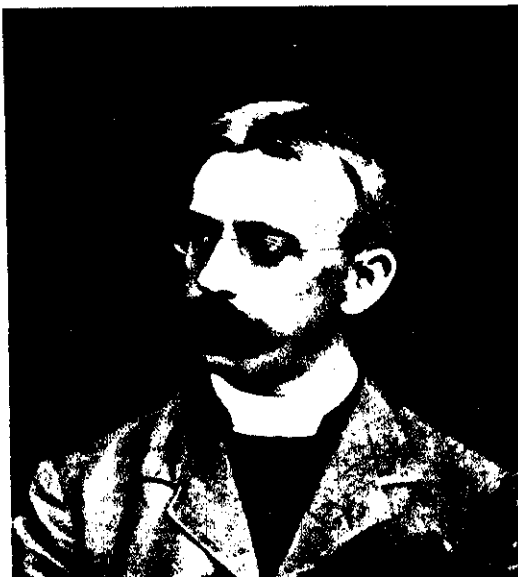


PETTY-OFFICER KADWELL

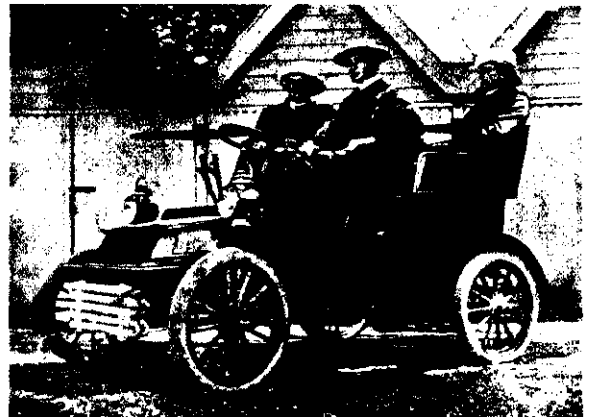
One of the "Hardy Men" of H.M.S. Penguin, whose Club Swinging Foats are of professional excellence.



CAPTAIN H. GOODWYN ARCHER, R.N.,  
New Superintendent of V & C Co's. Boats, Auckland.



REV. JAMES B. RUSSELL, M.A., B.D.,  
New Minister Knox Church, Parahi, Auckland.



MR. HELLARY OF AUCKLAND, MR. BIDWELL AND MR. H. N. ANDERSON  
OF PIRAHEA, ON A HOFFMANN CAR.

adjust this instrument, thus suddenly detaching himself from his environment.

**Some Interesting Gossip About Mascagni.**

Possessing the heart of a boy and the soul of a genius, Mascagni, the maestro, affords an interesting study. He has fully borne out the promise his talent made as a composer, when comparatively a few years ago he first bounded into world-wide fame as the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana." At that time, even with the strains of the beautiful Intermezzo still in their ears, carping critics had the hardihood to predict an empty future for Mascagni. "He has already done it all," they cried; "he has written his masterpiece first." Time has abundantly disproved the assertion. His fame as a thorough artist, a great musician and a teacher is growing year by year. Just a little over 36 years of age, brimful of fun, a thorough sportsman, an excellent billiard player, and possessing all the enthusiasm of a healthy young man, Mascagni is worshipped in Italy as the brightest star in the musical heavens—the one whose brilliancy is growing greater year by year, and whose effulgent glow shall shine on the art of melody for centuries. His genius it will be that shall retain his beloved Italy in her present proud place as a foremost land of musicians and artists whose work has made the lives of men more pleasant. Yet, with it all, Mascagni is like other young men.

I spent nearly all of August with the composer and his wife, at their lovely home in Pesaro, Italy (writes "Alma Dalmata"). They have an immense apartment of 14 rooms on the top floor of the Rossini Conservatory, that has been set aside especially for them—a small honour in itself. Mrs Mascagni is a charming little lady of medium height, blonde, buoyant, impulsive and energetic, managing all of her husband's correspondence.

The couple have three children—delightful little ones they are, too. The youngest, a girl, Amalietta, is not quite five; the others are boys—blond, curly-haired little fellows, whose pretty manners win instant admiration. All are masters of Mascagni, however, and their will is law.

The home of the Mascagnis is furnished in most artistic fashion. The living-room is in antique German style, and Mascagni's study, a small and very quiet room, holds, like the others, furniture made after patterns designed by the maestro himself. The drawing-rooms are richly furnished, and everything is in the best of taste. There is a quiet elegance that clearly indicates the refinement of the family. One of the most important rooms in the suite, to Mascagni, is the billiard room, for he is locally famous as a knight of the cue and frequently makes "runs" that might excite the admiration of a professional. In fact, Mascagni is versatile to an extraordinary degree.



THE LATE COUNT WALTERSSEE

Who was in Command of the Allied Forces during the Boxer Troubles in China.

**A Cricketer Missionary.**

It is always interesting to listen to men who, in addition to an interesting personality, possess that added charm which alone is given by extended travel, collusion with a variety of peoples, and wide experience of the world. Such a man is Mr. Reginald A. Studd, B.A., Cam., a member of the famous Studd family of English cricketers, who has during recent years been responsible for some of the most successful mission work ever accomplished in India. As a cricketer he played in the Eton eleven, Cambridge eleven, and for Hampshire County; also against America; but soon followed in the footsteps of his elder brothers and joined the ranks of missionary workers. He was asked to undertake a mission amongst the soldiers in India, and took the field, armed with a letter of introduction from Lord Roberts,

which never failed to secure for him the earnest attention of the troops. His originality, brilliant eloquence and versatility and vocal solos (being also an accomplished musician) make his meetings singularly attractive, and his deep spirituality has impressed all who heard him. Mr Studd is now in New Zealand, and will give addresses in the various centres.

**Sarah Bernhardt's Contempt for Money.**

Sarah Bernhardt is always desperately in debt. Some few years ago a great French playwright presented himself at the actress' residence, and was graciously received, though the apartment was in great disorder, movers being engaged in dismantling her studio as it she were about to set up her household gods in some distant land. Madame Bernhardt apologized for the disturbance, explaining in the most matter-of-course way that they were the men sitting her goods at the behest of some unfortunate creditor. A few minutes later, her son Maurice having remarked that he was giving a dinner to a party of friends that evening, she insisted on arranging the menu, finally telephoning to the restaurateur a command for a feast that was Lucullan in its richness and ordered with a discrimination and comprehensive knowledge that Billat-Savarin would have envied.

She had not the money at hand to save her home from being dismantled to satisfy debts contracted long before, yet here she was ordering a feast that must have cost hundreds of francs. Her own wish to give this entertainment, she willed that his desires should be gratified, and the dinner was ordered, that is all. The restaurateur was quite willing to give her credit, for he knew as well as she that her art is a bank on which she can draw unlimited checks and be sure they will be cashed, not on presentation, perhaps, but in the fullness of time.

For Sarah Bernhardt money does not exist, save as a tiresome detail of existence, well enough, doubtless, for those scolded souls who measure life by francs and centimes, but beneath the contempt of enlightened beings, be the coveted object what it will, a gorgeous palace or a simple flower, to her the question is not "Can I afford it?" but "Do I want it?" If she does want it, it is hers, and the owner may wait for his money. If we were to analyze her attitude in this regard, we might find that she considers herself one to whom the freedom of the world is due, as in former times the freedom of a city was given to some conquering hero, who could thereafter take freely from shop or warehouse without thought of cost or payment. By her art she has paid, and will pay so long as she lives, for whatsoever thing she needs or fancies.



MR REGINALD A. STUDD, B.A.



CHURTON PHOTO. MURK'S OUT OF SESSION. Messrs Houston and Mauders, two Northern Members discussing roads and bridges.

**Bells of Marlow.**

Oh, sweet bells of Marlow, how wistling  
 ye seem,  
 As ye break on my ears o'er you broad  
 placid stream?  
 Around me, the meadows all peacefully lie,  
 And behind, the high woodland enrolling  
 the sky.

Your chiming they remind me of other  
 sweet bells,  
 In my far-away home midst the heather-  
 clad fells,  
 Where lies in the kick yard the lass that  
 I loved  
 In that araway thine eye southward I  
 roved.

The scenes of my youth, almost lost to  
 my ken,  
 Oh, sweet bells of Marlow, ye bring them  
 again!  
 Your chiming doth conjure once more to  
 my side,  
 The lassie whose love in my soul doth  
 abide.

Ring on, bells of Marlow, oh, cease not  
 your strain,  
 Whilst I clasp to my bosom my lassie  
 again!  
 Our tears they are mingling, our souls  
 they are one  
 Ring on, bells of Marlow, still longer ring  
 on.



MARLOW, ON THE RIVER THAMES.



BATTLE ABBEY, WHICH WAS RECENTLY SOLD TO AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.

**ROUND ABOUT THE WORLD.**

# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

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

## TE AROHA.

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

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

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

The Government Gardens cover 250 acres by 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 Diseases; 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 Peripneural Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when not of a viral origin, in Neurosthenia, 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 abundant 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 low is 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 gas, 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 MIX 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 "elixir" quality which makes the waters of Aix les Bains so peculiarly fitted for nursing 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 Maffrey 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 Fossil 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 20/- per week. This 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 Bacteriologist, ARTHUR S. WOHLMANN, M.D., B.S., London, A.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., Eng., is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by WILLIAM B. CRABO, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.). Either of these medical officers may be consulted at the Sanatorium, or will, on request, attend at visitors' residences.

### TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the magnificent Waimangu Geyser, which frequently boils its water, mud and stones a thousand feet into the air. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Takapu and Rotokakahi, and lands passengers at the ruined village of Waitora, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. There 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 in a house at Waimangu.

### LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This fine lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest-clad mountains, is accessible from Waitora (Hawke's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Waitora. From Waitora a coach leaves for Waikaremoana blowery 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 the use of visitors at moderate charges.

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

### HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

These hot mineral springs, at which is established a Government Spa, are situated on a healthy plateau of the North Canterbury Plains, 1218 feet above sea level. The climate is excellent, the air clear, breezy 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. Jas. Baring Gould). Natural hot mineral private baths are provided; also, hot air and douche baths and massage. The springs are sulphurated saline water, possessing valuable properties for both external and internal use in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, certain forms of Indigestion, Kidney complaints, Infarction in certain forms of Ischaemia and Asthma is also found effective. Dr. Little visits Hanmer Spa on behalf of the Government. Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn, and Bowling Green are provided for the use of visitors.

### SOUTHERN ALPS. MOUNT COOK.

The Hermitage Hotel under the control of the Tourist Department is situated near Mount Cook (12,340 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (2500 feet above sea level) is reached by rail from Christchurch and Dunedin to Fairlie, thence by coach. On the coach journey the 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 3000 feet and 5500 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. From Queenstown the Government steamer runs to the head of the lake, past scenes of majestic beauty. Meals are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mount Earnshaw (2500 feet), Paradise, the Roundburn, Rees 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 in New Zealand. Te Anau is reached from Dunedin and Invercargill by train and coach. The coach journey from Invercargill to Te Anau is 51 miles, thence by Government steamer 25 miles to the head of the lake, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 28 miles long) is Glade House, available for the accommodation of visitors; here a guide is obtained for the overland Alpine trip. There are huts at convenient distances on the road to the Sutherland Falls, the highest in the world (1901 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.

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

## CHAPTER XXXIII. FATE IN SUSPENSE.

In unlocking the door of Nance's prison-chamber after his overthrow of the pugilist, Lord Hooligan had made one little slip. In his drunken frenzy he had omitted to remove the key from the lock and bring it in with him, so that he could secure the door on the inside. The consequence was that just as he was advancing upon the trembling girl he found himself compelled to fall back and defend the door against the assault of the uninjured prize-fighter, assisted by the feeble efforts of Moses Cohen.

Nance watched the struggle with bated breath, and soon saw that the great muscular shoulders of her persecutor were equal to the strain of keeping the door shut. But there was this ray of comfort in the situation. So long as those without tried, even ineffectually, to force an entrance, so long would Hooligan be prevented from molesting her.

In the brief breathing space thus gained she cast wildly about for means of self-protection, of escape, alas! there were none. If she had only possessed a weapon of some sort—a penknife even—she would have plunged it, with a full sense of justification, into that broad, brutal back. But she had nothing.

And then, suddenly, from the most unexpected quarter, relief appeared. There was a faint sound at the open window, and by the thin gleam of the night-light Nance saw the head of a ladder reared above the sill. The next moment the hideous yellow face of Mother Fury showed between the iron bars, and the shining barrel of a revolver was thrust into the room.

With a thrill of what was not wholly horror, Nance perceived that the weapon was aimed full at Lord Hooligan, still struggling at the door. In his pre-occupation she knew nothing of what was happening behind him.

But a second later he got his warning in the ringing crack of the pistol and the whistle of a bullet so close to his head that a chip of the splintered wood-work grazed his ear. He turned his head in speechless fury, evidently suspecting Nance, but he did not at once relax his resistance to those without.

Of the bulldog spirit of disregard for mere physical danger a grain was left in him still.

But it was not proof against the calm, melodious voice that drew his attention to the window where Mother Fury held the smoking barrel ready sighted for a second shot.

"Now, you, Hooley, I've given you a sample of my shooting," she said. "Just you stand aside from that door, or I'll shoot you in earnest next time."

The frightful vision of the malatto, combined with the evident intention in her quiet tones, worked its spell on the shattered nerves. Not quite without protest, however.

"But I thought we were all pals together, and you'd be hung if you shoot me, mother," he whimpered.

"Stand aside, I say. You that are here to escape hanging," came the quick retort.

Cowed and unstrung, Hooligan fell back from the door, and Brummagem Jen entered, panting with his efforts. The timid face of old Moses Cohen peered in after him. Nance would have given the world for six words with the aged Jew, but it was impossible with one compromising him and probably getting him subjected to treatment as bad as her own.

"Come here and take my pistol, Jen," said the crone at the window. "That's right. Now keep him covered and march him down to the dining-room,

and stand him a drink till I can get round. Lock the door as you go out, and stick to that key yourself. Is Ted hurt much?"

"Comin' to, I think," the ex-bruiser replied. "Twouldn't have happened like this if we could both have got at his lordship at once, but these draatted back stairs were too narrow. We had to take him one at a time, and he floored Ted atop of me."

"All right, we'll argue it below. Now, ta ta, Hooley. You'd better skip while you've got a whole skin, and you must be uncommon thirsty."

"I am that," muttered Hooligan, and with a last vicious scowl at his rescued victim he beat an ignominious retreat, covered by Brummagem Jen's pistol.

Mother Fury remained at the window till the click of the lock had told her that the door was secured, and then, without a word to the captive, she descended the ladder, removed it, and was heard to enter the back door. After which Nance Beauchamp, strong, country-bred girl as she was, fell for the first and last time in her life on the bed in a swoon which gradually gave place to a troubled sleep.

When she awoke it was broad daylight, and the blackbirds and thrushes in the surrounding thickets of the tangled garden were chanting their morning hymn. At first the events of the past night seemed part of her recent dreams, but it was not long before realisation broke in upon her. Strange to say, thankful though she was for the intervention of Mother Fury, this protection at the hands of those chiefly responsible for her detention seemed full of sinister menace.

For what fate was she so carefully guarded by people who, instinct told her, would commit any crime for gold?

The question received no hint of an answer when Mother Fury came in with her breakfast, for that evil woman was more than usually uncommunicative, and made no reference to the tumult of the preceding night. To Nance's pathetic appeal for an assurance that the scene would not be repeated she turned a deaf ear and went out, smiling darkly.

All that day and the next, which was Tuesday, the same doubt and uncertainty prevailed, and to Nance's vague fears on her own behalf was added the distracting knowledge that that very night the base device for robbing her lover of the chance of retrieving his fortunes would be put into practice. Some time before midnight, at Nathans' bidding, Frank Bremner would perform the thankless task of removing Starlight from the training stables, armed with all the authority of the law.

When Mr. Tidmarsh, on the eventful evening of her ensharment, had divulged Tannadyce's intentions, as picked up by him at Nathans' and pieced together by Bremner, it had been in her mind to warn Sir Charles Roylance at the meeting which she expected to have with him on the following day. Forearmed with a knowledge of the moon project, that astute trainer, Tom Barron, might have devised an expedient for defeating it.

That would now be impossible. In a few hours the sheriff's officer, personally conducted by the lawyers' clerk, would swoop down unexpectedly on the training stables, and Barron would have to comply with the legal demands. A thousand-fold she regretted that she had not written full particulars to Sir Charles the moment they were told to her.

The slow day dragged wearily to evening, and Nance went and sat at her barred window, with its limited horizon of sheds and spreading foliage. She was looking forward to the night with renewed apprehension, for distant sounds of riotous uproar, snatches of vulgar songs and ribald laughter, which had begun early in the afternoon, were rising

in increasing volume from the front of the house. The inauguration of such an orgy seemed to point to the heating of the breach between the two factions of her tormentors.

It was true the same thing had happened on the previous evening in a minor degree, and nothing had come of it, but it had been nothing like the boisterous saturnalia now raging below.

Suddenly, through the back door, Moses Cohen shuffled out into the yard, and looking up at the window, placed a shrivelled finger to his lips. Having thus enjoined the need for secrecy, he ran like an elderly monkey to the coal-shed and returned with a lump of coal, round which he wrapped a piece of paper, and stood, a ludicrous figure, in the attitude of one about to throw. Nance nodded, caught the missile, and smiled gratefully down at her faithful correspondent, who, with further signs for silence, glided back into the house.

Moses Cohen's latest production ran as follows:—

"Respected and Beautiful Miss.—At great hazards I write this to advise you that in my opinion there is mischief brewing for to-night. What shape it will take I cannot say, for it is impossible to fathom the real relations existing between the parties. I give you the facts, so that you may perchance see them clearer than I can. Since the fight the night before last they have all appeared to make friends, but towards the close of each day the others have striven to make Mr Hooley drunk. They have not found it a hard job to make him drunk, but it takes a deal to incapacitate him, which for some reason seems to be their object.

"Somewhat curiously, owing to my proffering my feeble help when Hooley made his dastardly attempt on your room, having found another key which fitted your door, the others treat me with increased respect and confidence. That hateful woman said to me to-day, as if she expected me to understand: 'The rocket is sure to be fired to-night; we must be ready to flit.' I nodded as though fully comprehending, though it was as Greek to me. Her words, however, seem to indicate an impending climax, and you would do well, dear miss, to be prepared, though God knows how or what for. It is just possible that some circumstances may arise of which you may be able to take an advantage.

Would that a braver heart, a showder head, and a stouter arm than mine were at your service, for I fear that I cannot comfort you with the assurance that Mother Fury and the pugilists mean anything but harm to you in spite of their conduct the other night. Their conversation, when Hooley is not present, implies some deep-laid wickedness, the discussion of which entails the frequent mention of your name. Indeed, the woman strikes one as a malignant fiend in female shape who loves evil-doing for its own sake.

"My faith, my child, is not your faith, but I commend you to the Great Creator who watches over all.

"M.C."

Nance was touched with the old man's solicitude, but more than ever alarmed by his news. The master mind who had planned her capture and was pulling all these puppets must have some deeper scheme than preventing her interference in the Starlight matter—some scheme which, her instinct told her, affected her honour as a woman.

Not much time was allowed her for consideration of the old Israelite's letter. She was perusing it for the second time, trying to read "between the lines," when the well-known footstep of Mother Fury outside caused her hastily to conceal it. The malatto unlocked the door and entered.

"Come with me," was her curt order, accompanied by a keen glance round the little room.

Nance could hardly believe her ears, her heart beating wildly in the hope that her release was at hand. All willingly she obeyed, and followed her hideous conductress from the scene of those miserable three days along several uncarpeted passages till they came to a spacious landing at the head of the main staircase. But here her sanguine expectations were cruelly brought to an end. Instead of descending the stairs the woman stopped short at the door of one of the principal rooms and beckoned her into it.

"A change of quarters will do you good," she sneered, and going out, promptly locked the door.

Gulping down her tears of disappointment, Nance proceeded to look around her new prison, and she at once saw that for comfort it was far superior to the cramped back room in which she had hitherto been confined. It was a fair-

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ly large apartment, with pretensions to a better style of furnishing, though, like everything in the house, each article was moth-eaten and mouldy.

But her troubled gaze, ranging round the unfamiliar surroundings, lightened on a discovery which drew from her a little cry of satisfaction. There were heavy bolts top and bottom on the inside of the door, so that it was her power to barricade herself against intruders.

Little thinking that the room had been selected for its purpose because those very bolts would lend colour to the story of her enemies, she hastened to shoot them home, and felt safer than since her capture.

Again at the window what at first sight seemed a pleasant surprise was in store for her. Here there were no bars, and clustering thickly round was a wealth of gnarled ivy, which would be as good as a ladder to one who had climbed every apple tree in the old orchard at Beauchamp Grange.

Cautiously opening the casement, she peered out in the fast-falling twilight, to draw back instantly with a short catch of her breath.

Immediately below her window, standing on the broad moss-grown path that encircled the house were Ted the Pounder and Brummagem Jen, not looking up at her, but conversing in low tones with some one at the open French window of the room below.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FIRING OF THE ROCKET.

Nance quietly drew the casement inwards again, without quite closing it. She hoped to hear the conversation that was going on below, but the tones of the speakers were too warily subdued to reach her.

Could she have looked through the floor, or have obtained a bird's-eye view from some tree outside, her gaze would have fallen on a strange sight. It was Mother Fury who was talking to the pugilists, and she was dressed for out of doors. A rather gaudy bonnet covered her ebony locks, a black lace mantilla enveloped her ample person, and in her hand she carried a string bag of the sort used in shopping.

In the same chair, close to the dining-room window, in which three nights before he had waited the coming of his "dear old pals" and of Nance herself, sat Lord Hooglian, very drunk, and for all practical purposes quite incapable—though, as he could still fix a glazing eye on the decanter at his elbow and occasionally clutch it in a shaking hand to replenish his glass, he would probably have been insulted by the description.

As a factor in the situation his lord-

ship had ceased to count, and the others had ceased to heed him as a listener, merely humouring him as they might a wily child.

In the background, up and down the dining-room floor, Moses Cohen was trotting like a restless old panther, his dirty grey beard waving in the night breeze that blew through the open French window, causing also the lamp on Hooglian's spirit table to flicker and cast strange shadows.

"So you've shifted 'er Ryle 'ighness into the State Apartments?" Ted the Pounder was saying. "She ain't tried to get out down the ivy yet."

"Your ugly face'll stop her from that game, I'd lay a dollar she's had a squirt at it already, and also shot the bolts to keep that bold bad nobleman out. Ha! ha!" laughed Mother Fury softly.

All their talk was conducted softly, and not without furtive glances at the thick shrubbery that grew to witsin a few yards of the windows. But Brummagem Jen, who appeared to have been told off for the duty, chiefly kept his gaze fixed on an alley in the hazel coppie, through which alone could a view of the sky to the southward be obtained.

Whatever it was he was watching for, he and his companion served the double purpose of guarding Nance. So long as the two pugilists stood under her window she would not be able to essay the descent of the creepers.

"Wake up, Hooly, and tip us a song," said Mother Fury presently, surveying the helpless snot in the chair with a critical eye. "It's my belief you're shamming drunk."

Hooglian's head had fallen forward on his chest, but at the invitation he raised it and began to gurgle out a drinking chant that was almost inaudible beyond the confines of the room.

"I've wanted 'bout a bit in my time, or troubles I've seen a good few; but I found it best in every tribue to paddle my own canoe."

"Clue, not crime, you silly," grinned the Pounder from the path outside.

"Tell you istsh crime. Always paddle my own crimes," querrously insisted the noble peer; and his head fell forward again before his nerveless grasp had been able to close on the brandy.

"No mistake about it, Mother, he's copped it fair this time," said Brummagem Jen, who had turned from his vigil to watch the piteous effort of the hereditary legislator."

"What's the time, Mother?" asked the other pugilist, after a pause, and there was a touch of impatience in his voice.

"A quarter to nine; if that thing doesn't show up soon I shall go and put

her ladyship back in her own little cell." was the reply.

"Which a mean well all have to stay another night in this old barrack," the Birmingham prize-fighter grumbled.

"Of course, if there's no signal it will mean that nothing will happen to-night. We mustn't quit till we get the once, and we're to loger the pieces that's promised us," was the mulatto's reply.

The group at the window started as a high pitched quavering voice from the interior of the room drew their attention to Moses Cohen, who had paused in his singular trot to and fro and was snaking a warning finger at them.

"I shouldn't advise any of you to quit till you earned your pay," he said.

The two ruffians on the path exchanged glances with Mother Fury. It was the first time the old man had shown any signs of exercising the authority with which he had professed to be armed, except when he had joined his puny efforts with those of the pugilists to keep Hooglian out of Nance's room. His interference at this stage removed the last vestige of doubt from Mother Fury's mind. She accepted him as Tammydee's representative, and as a man who was sensitive, on a point that had vexed her.

"All right, Mr. Cohen," she laughed. "No fear but what we'll see it through. I've left the key in her door, on the outside, after locking it. Is that right, do you think if we have to quit?"

Moses Cohen pondered the question, with an air of deep wisdom before delivering himself of the following oracular reply—

"If it is left in the lock it may be held hereafter that the lady was detained under compulsion; if it is removed there will always remain the doubt whether the door was not locked on the inside."

"Right you are; it's the doubt we want," said Mother Fury decidedly. "I'll run up and fetch the key before— Ah, there it goes!"

The interruption was caused by the majestic rising of a rocket into the southern sky, plainly visible down the alley in the hazel coppie.

The great streak of fire soared slowly into the air and then burst in a cluster of red and blue stars that sank amid a shower of golden rain and was lost to sight behind the tree-tops.

"Gives one the creeps—now it's come. Seems almost as if there was eyes staring at us and waiting out in yonder bushes," said Ted the Pounder, rather white.

But Mother Fury was all for action. The sudden emergency had driven the key of Nance's room out of her mind. "Don't stand gibbering there, you idiot! I've no patience with such nonsense," she hissed. "No noise now. Give me a hand, both of you, to shift this chair closer to the window. Quietly does it."

The two men obeyed, and together lifted Hooglian bodily in his chair and placed it so that his legs protruded on to the path. Mother Fury moved forward the table with the lamp and the spirit decanters, arranging it so that the drunken peer formed the centre of a shaft of light which shot past and round

him on to the garden path till it was finally checked by the dense foliage of the shrubbery.

"That'll do," the mulatto hoarsely whispered. "She won't try climbing down out of window while his feet show there and his shadow falls athwart the path. Now it's time for us to git."

Two minutes later Mother Fury and Moses Cohen, with the liveried pugilists on the box, were rumbling down the drive in the brougham which had brought Nance, and which had stood ready harnessed in the stable-yard for the last hour.

At the bend in the drive the coloured bag put her head out of the carriage and looked back. Lord Hooglian's reclining figure showed up plainly in the band of yellow light diffused from the lamp behind him.

"There's an end of him," she exclaimed as she resumed her seat with an unanny laugh that made Moses Cohen shudder in every joint of his emaciated frame.

(To be continued.)

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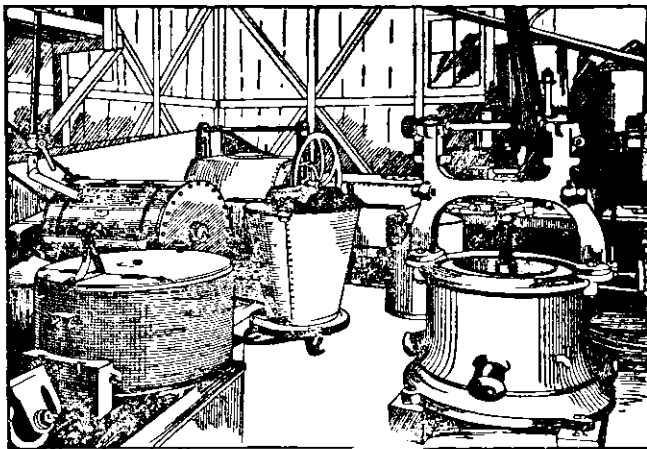
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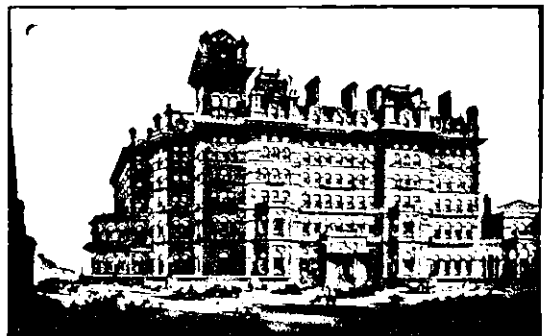
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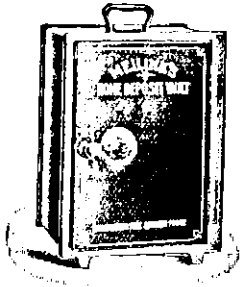


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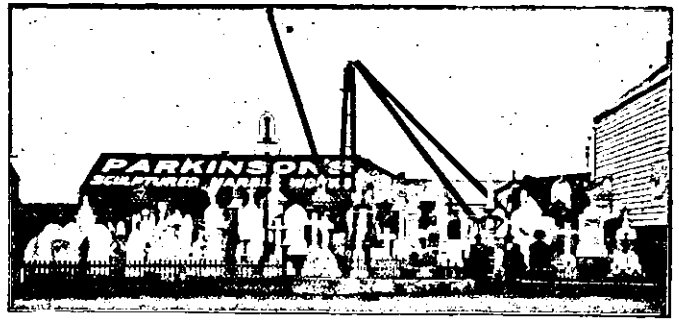
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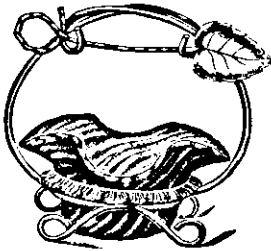
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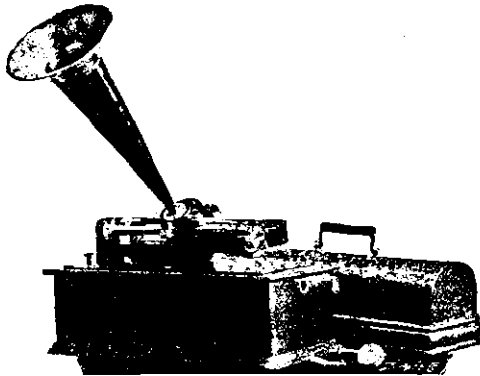
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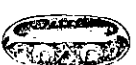
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AUTHOR OF "DOLLY DIALOGUES," "PRISONER OF ZENDA," "RUPERT OF HENTZAN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## AN UNCOMPROMISING EXPRESSION.

On the morrow of her attempted flight and enforced return a leaden heaviness had clogged Sibylla's brain and limbs. Her body was quick to recover; her thoughts were for long drowsy and numb. She seemed to have died to an old life without finding a new one. Blake was to her as a dead friend; she would see and hear of him no more! she harboured no idea of meeting him again. The bonds between them were finally rent. This attitude towards him saved his character from criticism and his weakness from too close an examination, while it left her free to broil in the security of despair on all that she had thought to find in him and on the desolation his loss had made. The instinctive love for her child, which had asserted itself while her intellect was dormant, could not prevail against the sullen preoccupation of reawaking thoughts, or, if it could penetrate into them, came no more fresh and pure, but tainted with the sorrow and the anger which circled round that innocent head. She was tender, but in pity, not in pride she loved, but without joy. The shadows hung so dark about the child's cot. They hid from her eyes still the sin of her own desertion, and hindered the remorse which might best lead her back to love unalloyed. Still she arraigned not herself, but only Grantley and the inevitable. Grantley was the inevitable; there stood the truth of it; she bowed her head to the knowledge, but did not incline her heart to the lesson it had to teach.

Yet the knowledge counted; she looked on Grantley with different eyes. The revelation of himself, wrung from him by overpowering necessity, did its work. The resolve he had then announced, presumptuous beyond the right of mortal man, less than human in its cruelty, almost more than human in its audacity of successful revolt against destiny, might leave him hateful still, but showed him not negligible. He could not be put on one side, discarded, eliminated from her life. He was too big for that. Against her will he attracted her attention and constrained her interest. The thought of what lay beneath his suave demeanour sometimes appalled, sometimes amused, and always fascinated her now. She saw that her old conception had erred; it had been too negative in character; what he could not do or be or give had seemed the whole of the matter to her. In the light of the revelation that was wrong. The positive—a very considerable positive—must be taken into account. The pride she had loathed was not a barren self-conceit, nor merely a terrible self-engrossment. It had issue in an assurance almost supernatural and a courage above morality. Sibylla's first relief came in the reflection that though she might have married a monster, at least she had not given herself to a stick or a stone; she was clear as to her preference when the choice was reduced to that alternative.

His behaviour appealed to her humour, too—that humour which could not save her from running away with Blake under the spell of her ideas, but would certainly have made her want to run away from him when the glamour of the ideas had worn off. The old perfection of manner found a new ornament in his easy ignoring of the whole affair. He referred to it once only, then indirectly and because he had a reason. He suggested apologetically that it would be well for them to exchange remarks more freely when the servants were waiting on them at meals.

"It will prevent comment on recent events," he had added, as though that were his only reason.

Sibylla was deceived at first, but pre-

sently detected another and more important motive. The suggestion marked the beginning of a new campaign on which his inexhaustible perseverance engaged. He understood that his wife accused him of not taking her into his confidence, and of not making her a partner in his life. He was no more minded than before that she should have even plausible grounds for complaint. Starting, then, from general topics and subjects arising out of the journals of the day, he slid placidly and dexterously into frequent discussions of his own plans and doings, his business, his work on the County Council, his Parliamentary ambitions, his schemes for improving the property at Milldean. Sibylla acknowledged the cleverness of these tactics with a rueful smile. She had claimed to share his life; yet most of these topics happened to seem to her rather tedious. But she was debarred from saying that to Grantley; his retort was so obvious. She was often bored, but she was amused that boredom should be the first result of the new method.

"I hope all this interests you?" Grantley would inquire politely.

"Of course, since it concerns you," equal politeness obliged her to reply—and not politeness only. She had to be interested; it had been her theory that she would be, her grievance that she had been denied the opportunity of being. Nor could she make out whether Grantley had any inkling of her suppressed indifference to the County Council and so forth. Was he exercising his humour too? She could not tell, but curiosity and amusement tempered the coldness of her courtesy. They got on really very well at dinner, and especially while the servants were in the room; there was sometimes an awkward pause just after they were left alone. But on the whole the trifling daily intercourse went better than before Sibylla's flight—went, indeed, fairly well, as it can generally be made to if people are well bred and moderately humorous.

The great quarrel remained untouched, no span bridged the great chasm. Grantley might consent to talk about his County Council; that was merely a polite concession, involving no admission of guilt, and acknowledging no such wrong to his wife as could for a moment justify her action. When it came to deeper matters, he was afflicted with a shame and helplessness which seemed to paralyse him. To gloss over the absence of love, or even of friendship, was a task at which he was apt and tactful; to gain it back was work of the heart—and here he was as yet at a standstill. His instinct had told him to work through the child. But if he caressed the child in order to conciliate Sibylla, he would do a mean thing, and yet not succeed in his deception; he would admit a previous fault and gain no absolution by a calculated and interested confession. He could not bring himself to it. His manner to the child was as carelessly kind as ever; and when Sibylla was there the carelessness was almost more apparent than the kindness. Grantley's nature was against him; to do violence to it was a struggle. Ever ready to be kind, he disliked to show emotion. He felt it was being false to himself; being a sham and a hypocrite. To be gushing was abhorrent to him; to pretend to gush surely touched a more profound depth? His efforts achieved no success; and he did not let Sibylla perceive even the efforts themselves. For once his will, strong as it was, and his clear perception were both powerless before his temper and the instincts of his nature. The result was a deadlock. Matters could not move.

Such was the juncture of affairs when Christine Fanshaw came to Milldean. Her resolve to escape from the atmosphere of disgrace at home perhaps alone could have brought her; for she came in some trepidation, rather surprised that Sibylla had welcomed her, wondering whether the welcome was of Sibylla's own free will. Had she not betrayed Sibylla? Was she not responsible for the frustration of the great plan? Yet an acute curiosity mingled with and almost overpowered her apprehensions, and she was prepared to defend herself. The rumours about Walter Blake would be a weapon, if she needed one—a weapon effective, if cruel. As regards her own treachery, she made haste to throw herself on Sibylla's mercy.

"Of course you must have known it was through me!" she ended.

"Oh, yes, I knew that, of course."

"Here's your letter—the one you sent me to hand on to Grantley. He wired me not to send it."

"Oh, I thought he'd read it," said Sibylla thoughtfully.

She took it and put it in her pocket.

Christine looked at her with a smile.

"And yet you ask me to stay!" she remarked.

Sibylla smiled mockingly. "Since this household owes all its happiness to you, it's only fair that you should come and look on at it."

"That's not at all a comfortable thing to say, Sibylla."

"No, it isn't, and it departs from our principle, which is, to say nothing."

"That's not always very comfortable either."

Christine was giving a thought to her own affairs here.

"And we won't say anything more about what you did," Sibylla went on. "We won't discuss whether you were right, or whether I'm grateful, or anything of that sort."

"You ought to be."

"Or even whether I ought to be—though, of course, you'd want to think that."

Christine was disappointed. In her heart she had rather hoped to be put on her defence just enough to entitle her to use her weapon, and to tell some of the truth about Walter Blake. Sibylla's attitude gave her no excuse.

Though she would say nothing more about what Christine had done, Sibylla was easily persuaded to break the principle of silence about the main affair very easily. Christine's curiosity lost the zest of difficult satisfaction; she had the whole history for the asking. She heard it, marvelling at the want of reticence her friend displayed, seeking how to reconcile this seeming immodesty with the rest of her impression of Sibylla. She recollected being very shy and ashamed (in the midst of her evaluation), when she had let Harriet Courtland worm out the secret of her love for Caylesham. Sibylla was not ashamed—she was candid. Sometimes she was excited, sometimes she played the judge; but she was never abashed. Christine's wits sought hard for an explanation of this. Suddenly it came to her as she gazed on Sibylla's pure face and far-away eyes.

"My dear, you were never in love with him!" she cried.

If she hoped to surprise, or even to win a compliment on her penetration, she was utterly deceived.

"Oh, not!" said Sibylla. "In the way you mean I've never been in love with anybody except Grantley."

"Then why did you? Oh, tell me about it!" Christine implored.

"He appealed to my better feelings." Sibylla smiled back to her, mocking again. "I'd give the world that we hadn't been stopped! No, I can't say that, because—"

"Well!"

"I think Grantley would have done what he said."

Christine was the last woman in the world to rest ignorant of what Grantley had said. Sibylla was again disappointingly ready to tell the whole thing without any pressure worth mentioning.

"And you really believe he would have!" Christine half-whispered when she had heard the story.

"If I didn't believe it with my whole heart, I shouldn't be here. I should be—well, somewhere—with Walter Blake."

"Thank God you are not!"

"Why do you say that? The properties, Christine?"

"Oh, only partly; but don't you think rightly of them, all the same. And the rest of the reasons don't matter." Christine got up and walked across the room and back again, before she came to a stand opposite Sibylla. "I call that a man worth being in love with," she said.

"Walter?"

"Heavens, no! Grantley, mason! Oh, I know he's your husband! But still—"

Sibylla broke into a laugh.

"It has the attraction of the horrible," she admitted. "He'd have done it, you know."

"It's mediæval," said Christine fondly. "And you were going away with Walter Blake!" She drew her little figure up straight. "Sibylla, you're no woman if you don't manage a man like that in the end. He's worth it, you know."

"You mean—if I don't let him manage me?" Sibylla was a little contemptuous. "I don't care about tyranny, even tempered by epigrams," she explained.

"Well, not when you only do the epigrams," smiled Christine.

"That's not true. I only ask a real partnership."

"You must begin by contributing all you have."

"I did. But Grantley—"

"Paid a composition? Oh, yes, my dear; men do. That's as old as Byron, anyhow." She came suddenly to Sibylla and kissed her. "And you'd be adorable, properly deluded."

"You shan't put it like that, Christine."

"Yes, I will—and I know he loves you."

"He can't love anything—not really."

"I shall watch him. Oh, my dear, what a comfort to watch anybody except John! Oh yes, I suppose you had better

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have my story, too. You've had most of it before—without the name. But look away. I've no theories, you know—and well, I was in love."

She laughed a little, blushing red. But her composure returned when she had finished her confession.

"And now what do we think of one another?" she asked, with her usual satirical little smile. "You don't know? Oh, yes! You think me rather wicked, and I think you very silly: that's about what it comes to."

"I suppose that is about it," Sibylla laughed reluctantly.

"But I've repented, and you're only going to repent."

"Never!"  
"Yes, you are. I take no credit for having done it first. It's much easier to repent of wickedness than of nonsense. The wickedness is much pleasanter at the time, and so seems much worse afterwards."

"And now you're in love with John?"  
"Good heavens, no!" She pulled herself up. "Well, I don't know. If I'm in love now, it's not what I used to mean by it. One gets to use words so differently as time goes on."

"I don't think I shall ever learn that."

Destiny assumed Christine's small, neat features for a moment in order to answer sternly:

"But you must!"  
"It was the worst way of dealing with Sibylla."

"I won't!" she answered in overt rebellion, her cheek flushing now, as her confession had not availed to make it flush.

Christine did not fail to perceive the comic element in the case—strong enough, at all events, to serve as a relief to conversation, almost piquant when Grantley conscientiously related in a manner of uninteresting things in order that Sibylla might be at liberty to take an interest in them. But this aspect did not carry matters very far or afford much real consolation. Substantially no progress was made. The failure endured, and seemed to Christine as complete as the devastation wrought in her own life. Nay, here there was an aggravation. In her home—she almost smiled to use the word now—there was no child. It seemed a doleful cause for joy, but it was such to her now. Here there was the boy. Her mind flew forward to the time when he would wonderingly surmise, painfully guess, at last grow into knowledge. Thinking on that, she could almost excuse Grantley for his resolve, and Sibylla for her readiness to accept it. There were plenty of such cases, of course—and here went on, but she did not care to think of them. They brought her back to that glaring instance in her own experience—that hell-on-earth at the Courtlands, where the only change seemed to be towards greater misery.

And already the mind stirred in little Frank. His intelligence grew, his affection blossomed as the first buds of a flower. He was no more merely a passive object of love and care. Consciousness of what he received awoke in his heart. He began to know more than that he was nursed and fed, more than that his night was to these ministrations. The idea of the reason dawned in him. He stretched forth his hand no longer for bounty only, but for the inspirer of bounty—for love. Strung to abnormal sensitiveness, Christine deluded herself with the conviction that already he felt the shadow over the house, that his young soul was already chilled by the clouds of anger, and vainly cried for the sunshine of sympathy. If it were a delusion—and surely the child was too young—yet time must turn it into truth. If he did not testify so, yet she foresaw truly. She had watched this process, too, in the days when she was still a friend to Harriet Courtland and a frequent visitor at her house. The grower side of that story would not be repeated here. The pain would be none the less keen, the pity none the less sore. Seeing and foreseeing, then, she asked where was the hope. And on this, with a bound, her thoughts were back to her own sorrow, and back to poor lonely old John in London, all by himself, with nobody to talk to, nobody to congratulate him on the success of his business, nobody to open his heart to, alone with his grievances against her, alone with the thought that, notwithstanding his grievance, he had taken Frank Capshaw's money, and grew prosperous again by the aid of it. The fate and the arrow of the two homes

identified themselves in her mind. She took even a wider view, embracing the Courtlands, too; yes, and the Raymors and their erring boy, and the Selfords with their limited lives and their ignoring of so much that made for the fine and good. How should the balance of all this in the end incline?

When Christine had been at Mildean a fortnight or so, business carried Grantley to town. The change his departure made was instantaneous and striking. A weight was off the house, the clouds dispersed. Sibylla was full of gaiety, and in that mood she could make all about her share her wirth. Above all, her devotion to Frank was given full rein. The child was always with her, and she knew no happiness save in evoking and responding to his love. She was now open and ostentatious about it, fearing no frigid glances and no implied criticism of her fond folly. Christine might well have found new ground for despair, so plainly did Sibylla display to her the blighting influence of Grantley's presence. He it was who froze up love—so Sibylla declared with an impetuous aggressive openness. But Christine would not despair. A wholesome anger rose in her heart and forbade despair. Her manner took on a coldness exceeding Grantley's indifference. She would not be a sharer in the games, a partner in the merriment, a sympathiser in the love. Sibylla was not slow to see how she stood off and drew herself away. Quickly she sought for reasons. Was it that Christine would not join in what seemed to be a league against Grantley; or was there another reason? She had told Christine how it was through Walter Blake's weakness and not through her scruples that little Frank had not been left to his fate. Did her love then seem hypocritical? That was not true—though it might be true that remorse now had a share in it. The more the child grew to life, the more horrible became the thought that he might have died. After a day or two of smouldering protest, she broke out on Christine.

"You think I've no right to love him," she asked, "after what I was ready to do? Is that what you think? Oh, speak out plainly! I see you've got something against me."

Christine was cold and composed. Never had her delicately critical manner been more pronounced.

"I'm sure I hope you repent," she observed meditatively; "and I hope you thank Heaven that man was what he turned out to be."

"Well, call it repentance, then. I suppose I've a right to repent? You can't understand how I really feel. But if it is repentance, why need you discourage it?"

"I don't discourage repentance, and I'm glad you're beginning to see that you ought to repent. But it's not that I'm thinking of."

"What are you thinking of, then?" cried Sibylla in unrestrained impatience.

"You're prepared for an open quarrel?"

"Oh, I shan't quarrel with you!" Her smile was rather disdainful.

"No, you won't quarrel with me; I'm not of enough importance to you! I'm very glad I'm not, you know. Being important to you doesn't seem to be consistent with being an independent creature."

Sibylla glanced at her in arrested attention.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked in low quick tones.

The charge was so strangely like that which she was ever formulating against Grantley. Now Christine levelled it at her.

"You call Grantley selfish," Christine went on. "You're just as bad yourself—yes, worse! He is trying to be different, I believe. Oh, I admit the poor man doesn't do it very well; he gets very little encouragement! But are you trying? No! You're quite content with yourself. You've done no wrong—Well, perhaps it was a little questionable to be ready to leave Frank to die! But even that would be all right if only I could understand it!"

"You'd better go on now," said Sibylla quietly.

"Yes, I will go on; I am going on. You were ready to leave the child to die sooner than go on living as you'd been living. Isn't that how you put it? You were willing to give his life to prevent that? Well, are you willing to give any of your own life, any of your way of thinking, any of what you call your nature, or

your temperament, or what not? Not a bit of it! You can love Frank when there's no danger of Grantley's thinking it may mean that you could forgive him! As soon as there's any danger of that, you draw back. You use the unhappy child as a shield between Grantley and yourself, as a weapon against Grantley. Yes, you do, Sibylla. Whenever you're inclined to relent towards Grantley, you go and sit by that child's cot and use your love for him to fan your hatred against Grantley. Isn't that true?"

Sibylla sat silent, with attentive, frightened eyes. This was a new picture—was it a true one? One feature of it at least struck home with a terribly true-seeming likeness of her own mind. She used her love for her child to fan her hatred against Grantley.

"You complain," Christine went on in calm relentlessness, "of what Grantley is to the child. That's a sham most of the time. You're thinking of what he is to you. And even where it's true, don't you do all you can to make him feel as he does? How is he to love what you made the stalking-horse of your grievances?" She turned on Sibylla scornfully, almost fiercely now. "Your husband, your son, the whole world, aren't made for your emotions to go sprawling over. Sibylla! You must have caught that idea from young Blake, I think."

She walked off to the window, and stood there looking out. No sound came from Sibylla. Presently Christine looked round rather nervously. She had gone a little too far, perhaps. That phrase about emotions "sprawling" was—well, decidedly uncompromising. She met Sibylla's eyes. They wore a hunted look—as though some peril walled her

in, and she found no way of escape. Her voice trembled as she faltered:

"Is that what you really think of me, Christine?"

"A bruised reed thou shalt not break," Christine had the wisdom to remember that. Remorse must fall short of despair, self-knowledge of self-hatred, or there remains no possibility of a rebound to hope and effort. Christine came across to her friend with hands outstretched.

"No, no, dear," she said, "not you—not yourself! But this mood of yours, the way you're going on. And, true or false, isn't it what you must make Grantley think?"

Sibylla moved her hands in a restless gesture, protesting against the picture of herself—even thus softened—denying its truth, fascinated by it.

"I don't know," she murmured,—"I don't know. Christine, it's a horrible idea!"

Christine fell on her knees beside her. "If only you hadn't been so absurdly in love with him, my dear!" she whispered.

(To be continued.)



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# The Fool of the Family.

By MRS. B. M. CROKER.

(Author of "The Catapaw," etc.)

It was a beautiful July evening in the very heart of the country, and Mrs Watts, after the labours of the day—(she was a cottager who took in lodgers)—sallied forth bare-armed to her garden gate, attracted by the animated signals of a neighbour, Mrs Dale (the most voluble, daring, and interesting scandal monger in the village of Silverstream). Surely it would be hard if these two poor industrious women could not enjoy half an hour's relaxation—after their tedious exertions—and nothing refreshed them so completely or raised their flagging spirits to the same pitch as a thoroughly good gossip.

"Well, what is it?" enquired Mrs Watts, in response to her neighbour's jerks of the chin and head—sure portents of some mighty intelligence.

"What do you think?" she answered in a low voice—"I never was so took aback!"

"Go on," urged the other, "I'm waiting here to be took aback—too."

"Them Lavenders are leaving!"

"The Lavenders—of Rosedale?"

"What else—yes, and going to London—"

"And them in the parish this four hundred years—it's not true woman—is it?"

"Well I had it from Susan Baker, who deals with Anne Lavender for eggs and honey—they have given notice to quit—and are off. A party is going to take the lease, and fowls, and bees, and furniture off their hands—and they are away to London in a fortnight—"

"Get along? What is the reason?"

"Ay—that's what everyone will be asking? but no one will get the right answer. Them Lavenders, though only working people, and making a living out of their bit of land and hens, never mix with other village folk—and never forget that they were once the La Venders of Vender Hall."

"Once—a hundred years ago!" sneered Mrs Watts, "it's not what folks were—but what they are themselves, and they are just no better nor you or me now—Ann Lavender—doing her own washing and baking, selling the bees and chickens and honey. Dan doing the digging."

"'Tis all he is fit for!—he is half a fool, and I never myself see reason in the talk of Letty being a great beauty. She's too thin for one thing."

"Yes, that's true," assented Mrs Deal, who weighed fifteen stone—"but some does admire her—Thompson—and Gellings—and—"

"Young Stephen Squire, of Vender Hall," supplemented her listener.

"But his people will never allow it—old John Squire has made his way up from nothing—Oh, he is a hard chap, and he is not one to allow his son to pull down what he has piled up. Young Steve is to marry money—they had Miss Bulger, the brewer's daughter, out from Winchester, staying there—and making much of her."

"They can never make Stephen make love to her. She's too ugly."

"I'm not sure of that—anyhow they can make mischief between Steve and Letty—that's easy—he being jealous—and she touchy. At the Park flower show I noticed the Squire's sisters, with the rich visitor walking between them, pass by Letty Lavender with a great stare—as if they were strangers. I give you my word, if they had been real duchesses they couldn't have done it grander."

"—And the Lavenders of the Vender were gentry when the Squires were scraping the roads!" ejaculated Mrs Deal.

"That's true," assented Mrs Watts, "and though she is so stand-off, Susan is a nice, quiet, well-schooled woman—it was great nonsense her sending Letty to

school—and I said so—and all she has got by it, is that the girl is ruler in the house and leads her mother by the nose—"

"—And is leading her to London—this time! I hope they may never regret it—but don't I know they will—why, here's Letty herself," cried Mrs Deal—and then (sotto voce), "I'll pick it all out of her."

Letty Lavender was a tall, slight girl with a clear complexion—delicate features and a pair of pretty dark eyes. She walked with a certain air, and carried herself with grace—the sole legacy of the ancient family of La Vender. Letty would have passed the two gossips with a civil good-evening, but Mrs Deal extended a fat arm and held her fast.

"What's this I'm hearing, Letty?"

She stopped, and coloured brilliantly.

"I'm sure I don't know—you hear so much, Mrs Deal."

"Is it true you are leaving Rosedale—and going up to London?"

"Yes—we think we shall like the change."

"'Tis a sudden notion ye took?" put in Mrs Watts.

"Oh, my mother feels the damp in winter—she has bronchitis, you know—and it will be livelier up there—and there is nothing to keep us here—"

"Only that you were born and reared in the place! There is your pretty home—very healthy, too—and everyone your well-wisher," argued Mrs Deal. "Does the Rector know?"

Yes, and everything is settled. A Mr Tonk answered our advertisement—a retired tradesman—he is taking the lease, and stock and furniture, and coming in next month."

"And paying well?" said Mrs Deal, briskly.

"Oh, yes—our own terms."

"But surely to goodness you are not leaving him your old clock, and oak chairs, and chest?"

"No, Mr Dawes will keep them till we are settled, as well as Mop, here," indicating her companion, a bob-tailed sheep dog—"we are taking the cat with us."

"'Tis said to be very unlucky to move a cat!" remarked Mrs Watts, in an impressive tone.

At this instant a dogcart was seen approaching—easily recognised as the Squire's turn-out, by the fine grey slipper in the shafts. Stephen, in a smart summer suit, was driving Miss Bulger (gorgeous in chains and feather, and giggling with overpowering satisfaction)—the two Squire's sisters occupied the back seat, enacting the part of twin geeseberries. As soon as Letty Lavender realised the party, she turned her back pointedly on the quartette, and was proudly unconscious of Stephen's doffed hat, as he and her rival swept by in a cloud of clanky dust.

"So that's settled!" exclaimed Mrs Deal, with a significant nod at her neighbour. "I hear she has six thousand pounds to her fortune—and she'd want it all—but old Squire is mad for the match."

"She's frightful ugly!" said Mrs Watts. "What dost say, Letty, girl?"

"Say? I must be going on, Mrs Watts—I have ever so many errands."

"This move will be a great change for you all, I'm thinking, after such nice work as beekeeping and poultry, and selling out flowers and vegetables—"

"Oh, we shall like London—mother and me—I'm sure—"

"And Dan?"

"Dan does not care one way or another. He is a little sorry to leave—the bees. Well, good evening!" and with a nod and a smile Letty moved off, closely attended by "Mop."

As she walked away the matrons fol-

lowed her with eyes as effective as two searchlights. Then, as she disappeared, they gravely confronted one another, and Mrs Deal exclaimed:

"There's more than one fool at Rosedale!"

Letty's statement respecting her mother's bronchitis—and the attractions of London—was not strictly veracious—her own proud, sore heart, was the real, true, and only reason for the sudden uprooting of the Lavender family. For years—she and Stephen Squire had been—playmates—friends—and latterly undeclared sweethearts. Stephen had been learning farming—he now managed his father's land—he was a smart, good-looking young yeoman—and his family looked to him to marry well. He would never fulfil their wishes by loitering in the lanes with Letty Lavender, the daughter of a widow in humble circumstances. His sisters could not forgive her for her pretty face, his father could not overlook her empty pockets, but nothing could be said against her family—for it was known that a hundred years ago the Lavenders were great people—and gentlefolk. Gambling and the bottle brought them down to the rank of cottagers in less than three generations; and all that remained to Letty was her beauty, her self-will, and her pride. She was aware that Stephen, her old playmate was "warned off" from her society. His sisters had insulted her in public—while his father had sought out and brought home, an acceptable future daughter-in-law. But still Stephen was staunch—with eager eloquence, he suggested to Letty, that they should marry, and go out to New Zealand and make their home there, but she refused. She would not leave her mother and brother, and make a sort of runaway match. Then she and Stephen had sharp words. He was, he said, ready to sacrifice his family, and all his prospects, but Letty would not even meet him quarter way—and she was so cold and distant, he believed she did not care a straw about him. At this crisis, Miss Bulger appeared on the scene—Stephen was seen in her company—at church—and flower show—and the breach was complete.

Letty felt that she could not endure to remain in Silverstream—receiving the compassion of the villagers. After a final scene with Stephen, when she was proud and jealous—and he was hot and hasty, she made up her mind to es-

cape from her old life—make a fresh start elsewhere. As a dressmaker in London, for instance! Her mother would not listen to the word "separation." If Letty went, they would all go. Dan—the lanky, shock haired boy, was of no importance in family councils. Letty's imagination was active, she planned the move entirely. When the place was duly advertised and a purchaser found—she decided that they would take a nice little flat in London (where marketing was cheap, and everything was so convenient). She would go into the dressmaking business—with a little premium, or work at home—with her machine; her mother could help her, and Dan might get some nice night job, on fine days they would all go into the beautiful parks, and hear the bands. On wet days, there were picture galleries and free libraries—and on Sundays Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's. It would be a new and delightful existence—every hour filled with enjoyment and occupation—occupation that would employ her mind, and act as an anodyne. In London she would forget Stephen.

Mrs Lavender, a thin fair woman—Dan, her shock headed, half-witted son of 10, and Letty—her pretty, enterprising daughter, came to London in the month of August, accompanied by Muff the cat. They took two furnished rooms in a house near the Vauxhall-road, and prepared to enter on their kingdom.

London was hot and airless—all the "world" was out of town, and every kind of business was slack. The letter of introduction given by the rector was not delivered—the lady who might be useful to Letty, and find her employment, was abroad. She must therefore wait.

The two rooms were dusty and stuffy after the fine air and spacious accommodation at Rosedale—here Dan slept in the sitting-room, and though he carried water, went errands, and cleaned boots, the rent was eight shillings a week. The family resolved to move in to better rooms, as soon as Letty had secured "a connection" and Mr Tonk had paid the balance of the purchase money. Meanwhile they made the best of circumstances—they walked round St. James' Park, and admired the ducks and penguins—they explored Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery, and made one great expedition to Hampton Court.

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This was their holiday they assured one another, and soon they would be settled in a comfortable little flat of their own—working!

October came—with news of the war in South Africa—London filled, but trade was still slack, and faces were leag and gloomy. Christmas arrived—and found the Lavender family still in the two squallid rooms, still unemployed, and one and all secretly yearning to be back in Rosedale. Bad news had arrived with the New Year. Mr. Tonk—who was insensible to letters, or even telegrams, had suddenly bolted, having quietly disposed of all the effects at Rosedale. He owed £250—he had only paid twenty on account. This disaster, so entirely unexpected, was a terrible blow to Mrs. Lavender, whose meagre savings were rapidly diminishing in London. And the money was gone—Tonk had secretly made away with all the stock and furniture, sent the key to the landlord by post, and vanished. His references had been supplied by a fiscally solicitor—his confederate—and he had enjoyed three months residence in the country gratis—and carried off substantial booty.

Another grave piece of intelligence—Steve Squire, having refused to fall in with his father's wishes and marry Miss Bulmer and six thousand pounds—had suddenly enlisted in the Yeomanry and departed to South Africa.

Poor Letty—misfortunes never come singly. Stephen writes to her before he sails, and bids her a dramatic farewell.

"I blame myself, Letty, for my hot temper—and hot words—forgive me, you may never see again—but who with his last breath will ever be true and loyal to you. Letty, you did wrong to go to London—your pride—London pride, took you there, if you had stayed here—it would have come round in time, you might have trusted me—I was barely civil to Miss Bulmer—and no more—I am off to the front now."

Meanwhile Letty had sufficient trouble on her hands at home. Her mother's health was indifferent; she suffered more than ever from bronchitis, and funds were low. Dan had taken to the London streets as a fish to water, and became the pal and friend of sandvich men and neaves—finally a newsboy himself—not doing such a bad as he looked. With his square stature, large stock head, keen blue eyes—short legs—long arms, Dan was a curious specimen of humanity, but he and the others found themselves perfectly at home in the metropolis. The caravans of concert and operas on the roofs of Italian buildings, and the yards filled much to amuse him on the afternoon. Mrs. Lavender and Letty had never known Dan into much account—he was not the usual bawdy roach his writing was that of an average boy of seven. He never opened, or he can free with a book—he read from the large page of letters were homely and a little bit of a wit, and irritating grin, but he was strikingly devoted to his pretty sister Letty, and—not a bad sort.

The year 1900 was a black one for many families—including the Lavenders. They had no near kin abroad—no one fathered and settled on the South African continent—they had ample anxiety near home. It was now a question of keeping the wolf from the door, and Dan's was the hand that beat his foe. Dan took round the "Evening Stream,"

and his voice outbawled that of the most leather-lunged in the district, but his earnings were scanty—enough for one—but a painful supply for three.

Summer came with sunshine and gay parades, and the usual London "season," but to Letty and her mother it brought nothing but agonising memories of the pretty rose-clad "Rosedale"—the luxuriant crop of old-fashioned flowers, the beds of green lettuce and asparagus, the coops of chickens, the hives of bees—the singing of the river at the foot of the garden, and the tick of the old clock. Oh, she had been a mad, bad girl to tear her mother and brother from that happy home in order to gratify her own pride!—and all to show the Squire folk she was above and beyond their insolence! Why was she not patient? Why could she not wait? Their friend the rector was dead—the lady to whom he had recommended her had gone to India, and she—instead of being a well-employed, fashionable, daily dressmaker—was sitting with idle hands—meanwhile her mother was fasting before her very eyes, and Dan, the bread winner, looked gaunt with hunger. Letty had made brave attempts to procure work, but what had pleased the country vicarage was not good enough for the great city. She had interviewed one "Court" dressmaker, who said, "Yes, I will employ you, and you may come at 8 o'clock, and leave at 7—I will give you lunch—there is no salary for the first year—and the fee is two hundred pounds—you see, I am to teach you your trade!"

When Christmas came round again, it found Letty doing "skp work" with her machine—assisted by her mother—danneiette shirts, three pence a dozen.

They were always thinking of Rosedale at Christmas—of Letty decorating the church, of the "waits" to whom they invariably gave half a crown. Oh, if they had that denotion now, it would buy their Christmas dinner—yes, and a little coal! They never wrote "home," as they called it, for they had their pride. Letty was devalued by remorse as she looked at her invalid mother—now a mere skeleton, wrapped in an old plaid shawl, with a hot brick at his feet. But so uncomplaining and patient—whatever Letty said was right—whatever Letty did was right. There was no Christmas dinner—nothing but bread and dripping and tea—such had tea, although it cost one and ninepence a pound. Any stuff seems good enough for the very poor! Letty who sat opposite her mother as she poured it out was crying—her tears fell with unusual facility.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "you and Dan ought to hate me, though this is the season of goodwill. I had a quarrel with Stephen—all because his sisters were nice to me, and I resolved to come to London, and be a success—look at me! Do I look like a success! And I have dragged you and Dan from your comfortable home—simple work on your affection, and you left Rosedale with me—left comfort—for starvation. Oh, oh!" and she bent her head up in her hands and sobbed aloud.

"What's this?" inquired Dan—"Ere is a nice Christmas dinner. Sit and I have brought you a Christmas box!" and in his (I am sorry to say) grimy finger—he held up a little brown paper parcel. This he opened, and proudly displayed

what looked like a diamond spray—and oh, how it glittered and shone—red, white and blue, and how it coquetted with the one dirty gas-burner!

"Oh, Dan!" gasped his sister—"did you? when—how—did you get it? It's surely real!"

"I was looking on at one of them Salvation Army auctions last night—people send in things—for other folks to buy, for charity, you see—and someone held this up from a basket of rubbish—for bidding, and one fellow said: 'Us don't want mock jewels, but bread,' and the thing shook and sparkled, and looked at me so straight—and said, 'Dan, you buy me for your sister!—she loves pretty things—and it's Christmas.' And so I did; and here it is, money wasted fourpence—but might be pretty, ain't it? When I bought it, they all said I was a real softy."

"It is real, Dan! How could they sell it for fourpence?"

"How do I know! Maybe some wicked rich woman has sent it as a payment for her sins—a what you call it?"—Penance?"

"Yes, and to-morrow we take it to old Levi, and value it—this morning I showed it to a man and he offered me five pounds."

"Oh, Dan, dear, you should have taken it," cried his mother.

"No no, mummy, if it is worth five pounds—it is worth more. I know I'm a silly, but I tell you it is worth a fortune—a fortune to you and Sis."

Dan's words came true; on examination the ornament proved to be blue diamonds of the purest water, and was valued at two thousand pounds. It had no history—most fortunate fact—and no claimant, so it belonged to Letty Lavender, who, needless to say, sold it—and with the proceeds in her hand suggested to her mother that they should return instantly to Rosedale. Fortunately the house was still empty; the family arrived exactly eighteen months after their departure, and lost

no time in collecting their old belongings (dog included), and settling down into their former groove. Although they all looked pale and thin and worn, there was, their neighbours agreed, no doubt that they had "done well in London." They had now, not only been, and fowl, but cows and a pony, and were consequently received with open arms. Mrs. Waits and Mrs. Deal were puzzled—they had heard a whisper of poverty. "How had the Lavenders come by the fortune? Tonk had, as was well known, run off with all their money." Stephen Squire had recently returned home, with three wounds, two medals, and a heart still loyal to Letty Lavender, and old John, his father, who was greatly broken in health, despatched a brace of partridges to Rosedale—as a flag of truce—and all was peace—and goodwill, thanks to the folly of the fool of the family.

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Here and There.

Messrs. Randall and Son, of Skegness, Lincoln, have just purchased half a pound of Findlay's new potatoes, the Eldorado, for £100, which works out at the unprecedented price of £448,000 per ton. There were ten small tubers in the lot. --London Daily Mail."

If you think you are well up in spelling, just try to spell the words in the following sentence: "It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed pedlars endeavouring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears." Read it over to your friends and see how many mistakes they make.

At Trentham Rifle Meeting on 8th inst. Sergeant Scarle, of Caversham, New Zealand, shooting at 700yds RANGE in the Otago match made a record score of 55, viz. 11 consecutive bull's-eyes (10 centers of one sighter). This score was made on Bisset target 20in bull's-eye service conditions, no verniers, paints or orthoptics being allowed, and the ammunition used was manufactured by the New Zealand branch of the Colonial Ammunition Company in November, 1902, for the Government.

With characteristic thoroughness a German scientist, Dr. J. J. Pontag, has analysed cigarette-smoke. The cigarettes were drawn by means of an aspirator, and the process was a most exhaustive one, too technical to be described here, but the following are the average results obtained expressed in percentages of the original tobacco:--

Table with 2 columns: Chemical compound and percentage. Hydrocyanic acid..... 0.080 p.c., Pyridine ..... 0.146 p.c., Nicotine ..... 1.165 p.c., Ammonia ..... 0.360 p.c., Carbon monoxide, per 100gr. 410 c.c.

What will be of more interest to the smoker to know is that the smoke contained 49.7 per cent. of the nicotine originally in the tobacco, but the quantity was found to depend largely on the length of the mouthpiece.

The last N. Z. Gazette contains regulations as to sea-fishing boats. The regulations provide for a register of boats, and at least once a year the owner of any boat shall submit his registration certificate for examination by a Collector of Customs. After registration, no change shall be made in the name of any boat unless the Marine Department is satisfied that the application for such change of name is made on reasonable and sufficient grounds and direct that the name may be changed.

I met in a smoking carriage a Yankee who was pursuing the common practice of visitors to this country--namely, "ramming it down" to its own inhabitants (writes "Woomera" in the "Australasian"). "Anyhow," someone at last protested, "you can't find anything wrong with our wool, gold and meat." "Wool and gold may be all right," the American replied, "but I reckon your meat's nothing to boast of. I haven't had a decent slice of beef since I left Frisco. I went into one of your restaurants the other day, and darn me, the meat was so tough that I turned the edge of my knife trying to cut the gravy!"

Our Wellington correspondent states that members of all branches of the New Zealand Railway service from end to end of the colony have clubbed together for the purpose of presenting Mr A. C. Fife, who retired from the service on a pension at the beginning of the year, with a tangible token of the high appreciation in which he is held by them. Subscriptions came freely forward, and the money was devoted to the purchase of a very handsome gold watch, chain and pendant, the latter taking the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross, which should strongly appeal to the recipient's patriotic Scotch sentiments. It is likely that the presentation will be made by Sir Joseph Ward. At the date of his retirement Mr Fife held the position of chief accountant of the colonial railways, and his period of service covered in all 36 years.

The railway schools of Russia are among the most interesting of all nations. It was the construction of the wonderful Siberian Railway which largely liberalised all Russia and turned its attention to the education of children. At the latest report, Russia was teaching 6000 children of railway men all branches of modern railway construction and operation. Russia recently sent two eminent ministers of affairs to America to examine the workings of the railway branches of the Young Men's Christian Association, for the immediate introduction of the service at division points of the railways of all Russia.

Of late years (says the "Tauranga Times") the harbour seems to be making serious encroachments to the north of the Strand, where the cliff is gradually falling away, being undermined by every masterly gale, after which slips take place when heavy rain comes. Within the last six months the base of the cliff beyond the Moomouth Redoubt has been washed away in several places as much as 6 to 10 feet, which means not only the loss of land to the borough, but, more serious still, the sitting up of the harbour.

The Japanese divide the twenty-four hours into twelve periods, of which six belong to the night and six to the day, their day beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset. Whether the day or night be long or short, there are always six periods in each. To attain this, the characters or numerals on the scale of their timepieces are adjustable. Two of them are set, one to agree with the sunrise, the other with sunset, and the four characters between them divide the space into equal portions. Thus, when the period of daylight is longer than the night, the day hours will be proportionately longer than those at night. Another peculiarity in their scale is that they use only six characters, those from four to nine, and these read backwards instead of forwards.

According to the architects of the Auckland Board of Education (Messrs. Mitchell and Watt), the whole system of tendering is at sixes and sevens, both as regards the Board's business and that of the general public. Contractors had informed him, Mr Mitchell stated at the last meeting of the Board, that where they formerly allowed 6, a hundred for working timber, they now allowed 10, a hundred. The whole thing was in an unsatisfactory condition, caused by the state of the labour market.

The question of the possible extension of human life has recently had renewed consideration by a British scientist. In a lecture delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, in London, Sir Hermann Weber, M.D., F.R.C.P., propounded certain conclusions which he had arrived at as to the best means for prolonging life. The main points in his advice were comprised in these prescriptions:

- "Moderation in eating, drinking, and physical indulgence."
"Pure air out of the house and within."
"The keeping of every organ of the body, as far as possible, in constant working order."
"Regular exercise every day in all weathers, supplemented in many cases by breathing movements, and by walking and climbing ladders."
"Going to bed early and rising early, and restricting the hours of sleep to six or seven hours."
"Daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold."
"Regular work and mental occupation."
"Cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness, and hopefulness of mind."
"Employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear."
"Strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes, and other injurious agencies."

From the Oceanic Steamship Company (A. and A. Line) we have received an illustrated time-table card showing sailings and departures up till June, 1906. The card is most tastefully got up, and being specially designed for display in Australia, India, England and America, it is illustrated with several scenes typical of New Zealand. We understand a limited number will be distributed to shippers and clients of the company, and may only add that the card as an artistic creation is equally fit for display in the office or home.

At the corner of a street in the Strand, London, recently, a newspaper contents bill displayed in large type "Death of Herbert Spencer," and the wind having caught the lower part, only the first portion of the announcement was visible. Two young men of the variety profession observed this, and stopping short, one said, "What's that? Death of Herbert who?" At the moment the news-vendor flattened out the sheet, and with an expression of great relief the other said, "Oh! death of Herbert Spencer? I thought it was Herbert Campbell!"

An important block of land recently dealt with by the Native Land Court, in the Bay of Plenty, is known as Poripori, and consists of some fine and lush land on the right of the Kaimai road. A considerable area was set apart by the Court to pay the survey fees, and the remainder was equitably apportioned to the Crown and the natives according to their proved rights. Certain of the Maori owners are already willing to sell their areas, and as this block is close to the Kaimai road, the Tauranga paper regards the probable opening of this land for settlement as capable of exercising a considerable influence on "the future of this much-desired but long-delayed means of communication with the Waikato." A block of 2000 acres on Matakana Island was also to have been dealt with, but the matter is hung up because a few of the owners are dissatisfied and applied for a re-hearing.

John Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," quotes these rules for a public speaker which the statesman once gave to an inquirer. They may be studied with profit by every one who speaks in public, whether in the debating club or on a political platform. 1. Study plainness of language, always preferring the simpler word. 2. Shortness of sentence. 3. Distinction of articulation. 4. Test and question your own arguments beforehand, not waiting for critics or opponent. 5. Seek a thorough digestion of, and familiarity with, your subject, and rely mainly on your prompt the proper words. 6. Remember that if you are to sway an audience you must, besides thinking out your matter, watch them all along."

In the course of a conversation with a Dunedin "Star" reporter, Mr. R. A. Studd, a visiting missionary from the East, who arrived from Melbourne, and who is a member of the well-known English cricketing family of Studd's, said: "The day before I left Japan, about five years ago, Sir Edward Herbert Seymour put in with the British fleet that had been cruising round Port Arthur way, and I met two of the chaplains, who told me of a rather exciting experience on the high seas a few weeks previously. At that time it was commonly believed that Great Britain and Russia were on the eve of war, and intense interest was felt throughout the British ships when one day they unexpectedly found themselves close to a powerful Russian fleet. On board Admiral Seymour's vessels nothing was left to chance. The guns were loaded and the decks cleared for action. Small arms were served out, and the boys in blue stood to attention. Presumably the Russians took similar precautions. Neither side could be sure that the other had not laid plans of the declaration of war. Both fleets were for some time in a state of suspense. The accidental discharge of a British gun would have instantly brought on a general engagement. I asked the chaplains what would have been the result in such a case, and one of them replied: 'I think that in twenty minutes at the outside the Russian ships would have been sunk, and ours would have sustained serious damage.'"

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

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A leaflet has been issued by the Registrar-General, showing that the excess of arrivals in New Zealand during the year 1903 over the departures was greater than that for 1902. For 1901 the figures are 6522, for 1902 7992, while for 1903 the number is 11,273. Comparing these results with those for 1900, when the excess of arrivals was only 1831, exhibits an annual progressively increasing population coming from abroad. In three years New Zealand has drawn to it 25,789 persons, mostly from Australia and the Home Country. After deducting from the total arrivals all those who departed onwards, the natural increase by excess of births over deaths is also substantial, on account of the low death-rate. The rate of increase, calculated for 1903, amounts to 1.65 per cent. of the population in December, 1902.

Perhaps we may some day give up burning coal and use eucalyptus wood instead. In some parts of Cape Colony it is even now regarded as cheaper to plant a forest of these quick-growing trees than to import coal. The eucalyptus, according to observations made in Southern India by D. E. Hutchins and Sir A. Brandis, produces annually the equivalent of 20 tons of coal per acre; and these writers believe that, under cultivation, this yield would be doubled. There are in the world about eight billion acres of land suitable for growing the tree at its most rapid rate, and one-half this area under forest might thus yield the equivalent of 160 billion tons of coal yearly—more than 288 times the world's present consumption. Evidently our descendants will not have to go without fuel, even if the coal mines should give out.

Now that the special sales of "The Encyclopaedia Britannica" are at an end, it is interesting to calculate the results. The "Publishers' Circular" supplies some figures which do not profess to be exact, but may be taken as roughly correct. Forty thousand sets of the 25 volume edition of the Encyclopaedia were sold at prices ranging from £14 to £28, taking £20 as an average price, this will amount to £800,000. The Supplement consists of eleven volumes, the lowest price being £11 8s., and the highest £20 3s. Calculating that 20,000 purchasers bought it at an average price of £15, we have £300,000, making the total receipts £1,100,000. When all deductions are made, it may be asserted, with confidence that more than £1,000,000 has been invested by the book-buying public in the work. The "Publishers' Circular" takes the cost of production at £500,000, and of advertising at £100,000, leaving from £400,000 to £500,000 as profit. There is no parallel to such a transaction in the annals of publishing and book-selling.

The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police has found it again necessary to issue an official warning to the public against the perpetrators of what is popularly known as the "Spanish Swindle," who are operating at present in London and the provinces. The method of the swindlers does not appear to alter. A letter is received by some person in this country, purporting to be from a prisoner in a Spanish prison, who, after stating the name of the person to whom he is writing has been supplied to him, explains that he is suffering imprisonment for a political offence, frequently arising out of the Spanish-American war, and that his property has been confiscated. He has, however, managed to secure a box, containing many thousands of pounds, which has been sent to England, and is buried in the neighbourhood where the recipient of the letter lives. Being anxious that this money shall fall into honest hands, in order that it may be used in the interests of his (the writer's) young daughter, the prisoner offers half the treasure to the recipient of the letter if he will receive the daughter and administer the money. If an affirmative reply is sent to the appeal, further correspondence, and the photograph of "the daughter" about fifteen years of age, with an offer of the plan of the place where the treasure is buried, are sent, and ultimately a plausible request is made for an advance of money, in order to pay certain charges, and the expenses of the daughter's journey to England. To make matters appear more genuine, it is suggested that a telegram should be

sent to an address, which is that of a trusty friend, and signed only by an initial. The police notice adds:—"If the money is sent nothing further is heard of the matter. The letters bear many rubber-stamp impressions, purporting to be those of priests, officials, etc., who are anxious to assist the prisoner in thus providing for his daughter." The Commissioner concludes:—"The swindlers are particularly active just now, and I am consequently the more anxious that the public should be put on its guard."—"Daily Graphic."

The present British Mission to Tibet is in accordance with the Che-Foo Convention. Great Britain secured the right to send a Mission across the Indian frontier to Tibet. By Article IV. of the Convention of July, 1890, however, she, yielding to Chinese entreaties, waived this right. By the Convention relating to Sikkim and Tibet, signed in 1890, the frontier was to be delimited, trade between India and Tibet was to be facilitated, and Ya-Tung was opened in May, 1894. Great Britain has made various efforts to deal with Tibet through China, respecting the latter's suzerainty, which is stated to be now of the most shadowy character, and the news that Great Britain was to send a Mission to Tibet exasperated the Russians. It has been stated that Russia's influence in Tibet has been growing steadily in the last few years. The Czar's Government is at a great advantage in negotiating with the Lamas, as a certain section of them are Russian subjects, and they are allowed to visit Lhasa freely. Russia has employed them whenever she wants to reach the authorities at the mysterious Tibetan capital.

Mr George Barlow has a curious article in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Higher Love," in which he shows how modern poetry has tended to spiritualise human passion instead of placing it in opposition to Platonic love:—"For, to-day, we are able to discern that the flesh and the spirit are really differing sides of the same thing. They ought not to struggle against one another. The true function of the flesh is to express the spirit; in fact, as suggested above, to be gradually converted into spirit. Unless the soul, or the soul-body, has aural nerves, it cannot hear heavenly music; unless it possesses nerves of smell, it cannot inhale and enjoy the fragrance of heavenly roses. St. Paul hardly seems to have realised the full significance of his own doctrine of the 'spiritual body' or, if he did so, most certainly his more fanatical followers have signally failed in that respect. It was, however, fully realised by Swedenborg, and the poets seem lately to have been teaching us that if earthly passion has to be expressed through an earthly body, heavenly passion must be expressed more purely and therefore more intensely, through a heavenly body, a body still material, but material in a finer and less perishable sense."

Mr James L. Ford paints a gloomy picture of the extent of the gambling habit in America, all classes being involved. He says:—"For the past ten years the gambling fever has been growing steadily in volume and intensity in all parts of the country until there is scarcely a man or woman to be found whose mind is not taken up with some scheme for getting rich without working. And in this mad pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of getting everything for nothing there is represented every sort and condition of human life, from the ten-year-old crap-playing darkey to the Keene or Whitney who plays for stakes that run well into the millions. Here are men speculating in oil and wheat stocks, and others hovering, wild-eyed, over the roulette and faro tables. Here are clerks and young boys "playing the horses" with every dollar that they can earn, borrow, or even take from their employer's till. Here are women investing their savings with financiers who promise them interest at the rate of ten per cent. a week. And here are servant-girls, negroes, office boys, beggars and vagrants buying policy slips at a cost of all the way from a cent to two dollars a risk. There is scarcely a branch of commerce that has escaped this wild mania. Real estate is no longer bought as an investment, but to be sold again within a fortnight. The business of theatricals—time was when it was an

art or a profession—is now almost wholly speculative, and even the conservative old trade of book publishing is honeycombed with men, who, using the advertising page as a gaming table, speculate in authors as other gamblers do in stocks or corn or ivory chips."

It is easy to make fun of the answers given by candidates at examinations. They look very absurd to grown-up teachers, just as the answers given by teachers might look absurd to specialists who questioned them about things they understand as little as schoolboys do the out-of-the-way matters made so much of by examiners. But now and then they contain a flavouring of poignant accuracy, which entitles them to enduring fame. A few examples are given. "The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south, and east." Question: "Why does true English history begin with the reign of Henry VII.?" Answer: "Because up to this time it was all lies." Asked to explain what a buttress is, one boy replied, "A woman who makes butter," and another, "A female butcher." One lad defined Primate as "the wife of a Prime Minister." "A Job's comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them." "Political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labour." "An emolument is a soothing medicine." "In the United States people are put to death by elocution."

An amusing story is told of Phil May, the late famous cartoonist, and an English conjurer at a fair at Stratford-on-Avon. Phil was watching the very clever gentleman who was wrapping up sovereigns and half-crowns in pieces of paper, and selling them for two shillings. The "sharp" had a beautiful face, such a face as Phil May loved to draw. So he sketched him jartively. But the gentleman saw him, and made a speech forthwith.

"If that there celebrated portrait painter with the tight breeches on will 'and up the picter, the equally celebrated benefactor to 'oomanity wot is givin' away quids for coppers will reward 'im accordingly!" he shouted.

Phil, with a twinkle in his eye, handed up the drawing. The conjurer was delighted with the sketch, and pinned it to the tail board of his cart. With another preliminary speech he threw three sovereigns, three half-sovereigns, and several half-crowns into a piece of paper, screwed it up, and handed it to the artist.

"You'll be president of the bloomin' Ryl Academy some day, young man," said he. "Here, catch!"

"A bargain's a bargain," said Phil, walking off with the gold and silver, which when opened proved to contain two pennies and a halfpenny; but Phil said it was the most entertaining commission he had ever been paid for.

To the amateur photographer not the least desirable effects to be obtained during winter, and especially on wet, misty days, will be found in the streets of any city or town. Your attention being drawn to it, you will doubtless notice for yourself what delightful effects the wet pavements and streets

yield. Wet, cold, and muddy they may be, but your photograph will leave these unpleasant attributes behind in the streets, and preserve only the striking light and shade effects. In one of that excellent series of little books called "The Photo-Miniature," the author says one of the most delightful branches of street photography is that which has come to be known as "wet day photography." The exposure will, of course, vary with the strength of the light prevailing. If there is plenty of light and no shadows, multiply the normal exposure by two. If misty and dull, multiply by four, and if raining and very dull, multiply by eight or ten. As every dull day is different, no precise rule can be given. Under-exposure, before anything else, is to be guarded against. Needless to say, one should be very careful with his camera under such conditions. The metal parts should be wiped over with an oiled rag both before and after using to prevent rust, while a lens cap and a linen rag should be at hand for the protection and wiping of the lens. "In developing this class of pictures a weak developer should be used, that is, one diluted with from two to four times the normal quantity of water, as the effect of such development is to produce the softness more in keeping with the nature of such things." One begins to wonder if there is any class of subjects in which a diluted developer is not recommended. Might not platemakers consider the advisability of altering their published formulae, giving the modification necessary should an exceptional subject be taken which requires the heretofore normal developer?

The society of others is needful, remarks a writer in the "Ladies' Home Journal," discoursing about self-culture. Determine to learn some truth from all classes of people, but try to have your most intimate associations with thinking people. Discuss books and serious questions in your own home, if possible. Read aloud with those you love. Learn to express your own ideas. Exchange of ideas is one of the greatest educators. I know three sisters who amuse themselves now and then by pretending to be certain famous people of any time or race; they then try to talk together on such subjects, and in such a way as would be consistent with their characters and histories. I lunched with them not long ago, and heard one of them, who was pretending to be "Helen of Troy," ask "Marie Antoinette" to tell her about the misunderstanding between the French people and the French nobility of her time. And "Marie Antoinette," buttering toast very calmly for one about to be guillotined, did, nevertheless, tell very spiritedly the whole sorry story, bringing in now and then charmingly intimate references to the little Dauphin, to "Madame Elizabeth," and to the happy days when the French Queen and her ladies played at being milkmaids; all of which showed a sympathetic knowledge of the character she was impersonating. And "Helen of Troy," and "Queen Elizabeth," and "George Eliot" (this later was the character I was appointed to assume) listened, intensely interested, I assure you. Plenty of funny inaccuracies and discussions arose, and it made a jolly and instructive luncheon.

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They were a New Zealand couple at Monte Carlo, and, like other visitors to that jaudious paradise, they considered the Casino was a place which ought to be visited. They stood hesitating before one of the tables, and at last the temptation to join the players proved too strong for the lady.

"I must risk just one £10-note," she said to her husband. "Give me one, darling, and I will put it on the number of my age. That is sure to be lucky."

Hubby was inclined to be sceptical; but, of course, he might have spared himself the trouble of grumbling, and the £10-note was duly deposited on No. 24.

Alas! No. 36 proved to be the winning numeral, and the lady gave a little gasp of despair.

"Serve you right!" said her great brute of a husband. "If you'd told the truth you'd have won!"

The pet pastime for boys and men at holiday times in Japan is kite-flying. The kites of Great Britain may be scientific, but the kites of Japan are gorgeous, and they sing.

Little contrivances fastened to the strings cause strange, whirring sounds, which remind one of the aeolian harp. Some of them are of an enormous size, as big as two doors, and require a group of men to raise them.

In ancient Japan, it is alleged, large kites played the part of the modern balloon in estimating the forces of the enemy during war time.

The kites are in a variety of shapes—birds with expanded pinions, ogress, flowers, butterflies. A favourite style is a simple square shape with the face of a national hero. The lads glue bits of glass to their strings and wage aerial wars, endeavouring to manoeuvre their kites so that the pieces of glass sever the strings of those attached to their rivals.

They are experts in piloting their kites, and can raise them as far as their cords will reach without shifting their position more than a yard or two.

The lasses, reinforced by their elders, gather in berries to play battledore and shuttlecock. They are powdered perfectly white, with a bit of vermilion on their lips. Their hair is wrought into bows and butterfly shapes. They wear brilliant heavy girdles and gay robes.

One uponne a tyme all ye animals gotte uppe a great race. There was a vast crowd & manie jaggies.

& alle ye book-makers picked ye Floete Hare. "By Pollux and Gosh!" sedde they, "Ye Hare wille winne inne a walk!"

So they sent ye Hare to ye post a hottie favorite. Butte ye Tortoise they laughed to scorn, jerry nge himme & sayinge.

"Go id! Wherefore dost thou notte enter for ye slow race?" & they made merrie atte his expense, while ye poor Tortoise merely pulled hys hedde into hys shele and waited for ye word.

Whych was marvellous, for thatte he was a thousand to one shotte & none betyunge uponne hymme butte hymselfe.

Ye pistol cracked & they were off. With a shriek of payne ye Hare shotte to ye front atte a bound & so grate was ye excitement thatte none noticed thatte ye slow Tortoise was hangyng to ye weepynge Hares taylor.

& inne seven jumps they were out of sight.

Wyenne they two were withinne a few yards of ye goal ye Tortoise hitte ye Hares taylor off and rolled inne ye dust. Ye frightened Hare bolted from ye track and fledde howling into ye brush & never came back.

"By Castor & Jyng!" chucked ye Tortoise as he crawled over ye line & copped ye prize, "Where be ye easy marks thatte say ye Tortoise is slow?" & he spitte ye Hares taylor out of hys mouth & tooke a drink.

Whych explaineth how ye Hare loste hys taylor.

& also dreare children, itte teacheth us this lesson:

First Wise Bunch: Calle no manne slow till thou hast tried hymme out. Second Kazip: Beware ye silent manne. There's no knowing what he's thinkynge uppe for you.

Third Sneezee: Speed & endurance be good thynges; but a pulle is better thanne thimme alle.

Lowell Otus Reese.

Lohmann, the famous Surrey cricketer, used to tell a good story of his experiences when playing for England against an Australian country XXII. He was bowling towards the pavilion end, and carrying all before him. A wicket had just fallen, but the incoming batsman, instead of taking his place, walked straight up to the astonished bowler and asked him to send down an assay one. "Why?" asked Lohmann in surprise. "Well, you see," was the reply, "a man in the pavilion has just bet me 5/ that I won't score." Lohmann promised to comply with the request, and the batsman then took guard at the wicket. He made a wild swipe at a slow full toss to leg with which Lohmann obliged him, but missed it altogether. Seeing the look of misery on the man's face Lohmann bowled him another simple one. This time the batsman managed to bang the ball to the boundary, and at once started to run for the pavilion. "Come back, you're not out," yelled the visitors in astonishment. "No," shouted the batsman, turning round. "I'm not, but I want my 5/."

That impressions made on one of the senses may produce similar impressions on another sense is a fact whose observation has come within the experience of many. There are persons for whom sounds have their equivalents in colours, and who unconsciously translate aural impressions into those of colour. To many, the tones of the different instruments in an orchestra, for instance, have their characteristic colour correspondences, the violins being orange or red; the flutes white or pale blue, the trumpets and trombones bright yellow or gold.

An extraordinary instance is described in the "Revue Philosophique." The subject was a youth of 26, born of a neuropathic family. He developed epilepsy in his thirteenth year, and the attacks seriously impaired his mental faculties, although his colour sense, which had been remarkable since birth, remained uncommonly acute. The human voice had always, it appears, presented colours to him—colours of a prism-like delicacy. Even the cries of animals were coloured. In the case of the human voice the most intense colour impressions resulted from the sound of the spoken vowels. A, for example, gave the impression of light green, and other senses were affected as well. The impressions succeeded and were merged into each other. Other vowel sounds produced these peculiar associates: e was yellow, a dark green, y white, i black. The printed vowels produced the same impressions, varying in vividness. Smells also had their correspondence—iodoform was deep red, conveying also a sour and bitter taste, and impressions of taste likewise conveyed their equivalent; thus salt was yellow, sweet carmine. "Synaesthesia" is science's name for the abnormal condition responsible for this particular phenomenon.

It is welcome news that lynching—especially the lynching of negroes—seems to be on the decline in America. The newspapers, in reviewing the lynching record for 1903, report very few cases for the last half of the year. The particularly horrifying destruction of a negro in Wilmington last June made a great stir, and the vehement protests which ensued appear to have had an effect. At any rate, the record of fifty-two lynchings for the first seven months of the year has had so few additions that the year's total is placed as low as sixty. We are told that there were two hundred lynchings in 1882, and that the record showed a slight annual reduction until 1901, when it rose a little. But in 1902 the total fell to ninety-six, and this year's total—if the figures given are correct—is a third less than that. Possibly the partial disfranchisement of the negroes in some of the Southern States has resulted in more peaceful conditions, but most of the improvement is, doubtless, due to an aroused public opinion. Southern leaders have set their faces hard against lynching, and newspapers, both North and South, have discussed and denounced it so urgently and with such persistence that the habit seems to be losing its grip. Arthur Stewart, a negro who had shot a white man, was lynched late in December, at Pineapple, Alabama. But the lynching party set fire to the gaol and burned a large hole in the business part of the town, which so

angered the townspeople that they held a mass meeting and resolved to call a special term of court to punish members of the mob. That was discouraging to the lynchers. Still better was the recent case at Council Bluffs, where a mob that had gathered to take two negroes out of gaol was dissuaded from its purpose by Congressman Walter I. Smith. Every case in which lynching is punished or prevented strengthens the tide against it.

Some famous physician—he must have been famous, because the remark got into print—once said: "A hearty laugh once a day is Nature's own physic." He should have practised a different school (affirms "What to Eat"). Homoeopathy in this case limited the sweep of genius. He had the right idea, but his dose was too small. A hearty laugh not once a day, but all day, if possible, is nearer the proper proportions. A gloomy table is one of the relics of bygone days. The Puritans took life seriously. Dyspepsia took them unanimously. Eating a meal was with them a deep problem. The standard prescription for dyspepsia in these days is: Less work, less worry, more air, more exercise, plenty of wholesome laughter. Few physicians to-day treat dyspepsia with medicines. Dyspepsia is purely a functional ailment, originating in abuses which offend common-sense at the outset. Correct the abuses and you strike at the root of the ailment. Therefore, why medicines? why prescriptions? With no conversation at the table, eating becomes merely a process of bolting food and getting through a disagreeable ordeal with the greatest possible expedition. With conversation confined to a discussion of business troubles or household affairs, it becomes a worry and vexation, and the blood needed in the stomach is called to the brain through necessity of concentration. The only solution of the problem is the introduction of light talk requiring little thought and leaving at perfect rest all the organs of the system on which the greatest strain is otherwise brought to play. A merry jest, a running fire of repartee, an accidental joke, and plenty of laughter to greet the sallies—these not only add enjoyment to the meal, but prolong the sitting-time at the table, promote proper mastication of food, and prevent that disastrous rush and hurry which only obtain where there appears to be nothing to do but eat, because of the prevailing conversational stupidity or torpor in the circle.

Mrs Emily Crawford—who has shown that in journalism a woman can play as brilliant a part as any man—writes in the "Fortnightly" a curiously interesting article on "The United States of Europe." As she sees it, in the sky of to-morrow burns the light of a great hope. Europe is ripening for federation in one form or another, a federation which will lighten the burden of the war budgets of the world, and make war itself a very remote possibility. According to Mrs Crawford, the worst passions of human nature, as well as its best—its selfishness as well as its conscience—are working in this direction.

"My forecast of Europe is federation," she says. "The lessons of the Boer War and the commercial competition of the United States bid Europe to federate. Submarine destroyers will work in this direction. Russia wants quietly to digest her more recent acquisitions. A universal impulse in favour of peace may be felt everywhere on this continent. The action of three monarchial states in sending squadrons to Algiers to salute President Loubet is a hopeful sign. Europe has been lopsided since 1871; firstly, under the diplomatic supremacy of Bismarck; and, secondly, under the effect of the Russian-French Alliance, which has been more or less a mystification for the French. Europe is manifestly recovering her balance. France sees that she

has drawn too many chestnuts out of the fire for Russia, and is sick of militarism. She would gladly revert to her eighteenth-century status, when she had an intellectual sway, and was supreme in art and fashion from the Neva to the Tagus. She does not ask better than to refer troublesome international questions to the Hague Conference. Nothing short of a revolution has taken place since the death of President Faure in French ideas about military prowess and glory. The emancipation of Europe from the military incubus would free her genius, give it wings, and enable it to soar to heights yet undreamt of. Hope and joy could not but stimulate the sense of beauty, so strong in most European races, and better material conditions give scope to warm-hearted, generous sentiment. The European man or woman values happiness more than great wealth—a state of mind that helps the artist, author, or scientist, and is the beginning of wisdom. The French and the Germans enjoy more than the British, save the Scotch, the use of their higher intellectual faculties. The Spaniard is happy in feeling he has highly-wrought soul, and Italy is a country of great mental and aesthetic capabilities. Though asked to speak of war dangers, I feel bound rather to descant on peace prospects, and on the good time for Europe which I see coming."

In California, (says "Harper's Weekly"), the flea is no longer a joke, and it is the only serious drawback to an ideal climate. Thousands of tourists annually endeavour to get rid of this little pest (pulex irritans) by harsh and heroic measures, only to be defeated and irritated in the most aggravating manner. The flea has created three different classes of people: those who endure philosophically, those who fret, and become pessimistic, and the many who fight systematically, and try to exterminate. The latter are the happiest, and they give the most encouragement to Eastern tourists. Men are more patient and suffer less than women, but one reason given is that the epidermis of man is thicker and more impervious to the carnivorous pest. It is asserted, but not substantiated, that the Mexicans are not bothered so much because they eat a great deal of hot pepper, and the calorific flavour produces either dyspepsia or a feeling of premature combustion amongst the fleas, causing a quick migration. No Mexican has ever been seen to scratch, and neither has a Chinaman.

Many ludicrous incidents occur owing to the strenuous exertions of the flea. A young man started to propose to a young lady, and was rewarded with a shriek and a confession that the fleas were nearly killing her. He said that two could fight them better than one, and so won her. Eastern people betray the locality they come from by the way they deport themselves in company when fleas are biting them. They look alarmed and move uneasily in their seats, while native Californians, or those inured to the ravages of the pests, quietly put their hands on their clothes as near the location of the fleas as possible, and give a massage motion.

In the rural parts of southern California, the humorist who is prompting at a dance often says, when he sees that the fleas are busy, "All promenade and scratch!" Rural people invariably scratch, which is considered bad form by the more refined city population. It is better to endure the flea bites with calm composure than to violate the canons of good breeding by gaudieristic exhibitions in company.

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# After Dinner Gossip and Echoes of the Week.

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## Dusty Railway Journeys.

Owing to the dreary country through which the line passes, the journey from Auckland to Rotorua or, in fact, anywhere up that way, is not a very fascinating experience under the most favourable circumstances, but in dry, hot weather, the dust makes train travelling in these parts simply unbearable. As soon as the volcanic country round Auckland is left the material used in ballasting the line is pumice gravel full of very fine sand, which envelops the train and insinuates itself into every corner and crevice—closed doors and windows notwithstanding. Before the journey is half-completed the tired passenger is coated with a layer of gritty dust from head to foot. It gets in his hair, ears, nose and mouth and collects in little heaps in the folds of his clothing. Everything he touches, seats, window-sills, parcels, and even the paper or magazine he is reading is dusty and gritty, and there is no escape from the torment. Several hours of this sort of thing get very monotonous. Even a Mark Twain would surely find some difficulty in being "perky" when travelling under—rather in—such a cloud. And if he did manage to bear up carefully in his dusty carriage his courage would surely fail him when he walked through to the dining-car and found that the head had penetrated even that carefully guarded spot and had settled visibly and palpably on the butter and marmalade. According to the old adage one must eat a peck of dirt in his lifetime, but it is rather disconcerting to have to take in one's short railway journey the quantity apportioned for one's natural life. The Railway Department with Sir Joseph Ward at its head has of late years been showing that it desires to meet the people's convenience—which after all is what we ratepayers pay for—but nothing has apparently been attempted towards abating this vast nuisance. In America they have been meeting with a good deal of success in laying dust by the use of crude petroleum on roads and railway lines, and there seems no reason why the general Railway Department of this colony should not experiment in this direction. For the man who can drive the colliery and lay the dust on the railway lines of New Zealand and particularly those south of Auckland there counts a fortune and immortality. In the event of the Government failing to do a good thing I would suggest a remedy, and that is to have the carriages dusted at every Hamilton and Morrinsville junction. An express train seldom has more than half-a-dozen cars, and a man could run over the seats, window-sills, even in a very short while, and the benefit to weary travellers would be incalculable. To be without dust for even a short time would be a refreshing treat.

\* \* \*

## Another Regrettable Incident.

On a recent day during the recent test matches, both in Melbourne and Sydney, the New Zealand players exhibited, and lost the honour, or displayed a somewhat unparliamentary attitude, and resorted to childish and unbecomingly childish methods of expressing its displeasure of either the umpires or the batsmen or some other cause of offence. All these things were duly recorded as regrettable incidents, and the press duly expressed its disapproval of the conduct and pointed out how seriously such displays of temper and ill-feeling, and the display of the game, and, etc. In short these conduct were

very thoroughly and very deservedly lectured. Similarly on such occasions when some player loses his temper in the football field the fact is invariably recorded, the affair is animadverted upon in the strongest possible terms, and one hears a vast amount of indignant comment from the man in the street. Luckily, in the football field it is possible to make an example of any particular flagrant case, and as we all know several offending players have from time to time been warned off for various periods, and it has been generally made clear that if a man cannot keep his temper he will not be allowed to play. These being the games to which the masses are for obvious reasons more devoted, the severest comments have not infrequently come from "the classes" who are devotees of more expensive, and, therefore, more exclusive amusements. A recent occurrence shows, however, that shameful loss of temper is confined, unhappily, to no game, and it is not limited to any section of the community. It is currently reported that during the recent polo tournament, in a match between Auckland and Manawatu B team, there occurred an incident, for which the conventional term, "regrettable" is altogether hopelessly inadequate. At an exciting stage of the game there was one of those unavoidable collisions or cannons, of which three must always be a proportion and one of the Manawatu players was thrown from his pony, and it is stated that, with an access of fury worthy of an Nero, he lifted his heavy polo club, and dealt the pony of one of the opposing team a blow which necessitated the unfortunate beast having to be immediately retired from the game. Now, if a man willfully assaults another in the heat of a hotly-contested football match, he is promptly (as has been said) warned off. One has never heard of a man willfully striking another at cricket, either with bat or ball, but if there have been such occurrences, they have doubtless been properly punished. To lose one's temper and hit an opponent is bad enough, but to violently assault an unoffending dumb animal is worse. But this is not all. The fact that the affair was even mentioned in the press has been warmly resented in certain quarters, as if the fact of the game being "Polo," and therefore fairly well connived at the wealthier section of the community, gave the offender privileges denied the footballer, and rendering him immune from the consequences of a shocking exhibition of temper. Now, this is a very wrong position to take up. It matters not whether an act of violence is committed on the hockey, football, or polo grounds, it is equally reprehensible and equally deserving of warm condemnation. In fact, the polo incident is far worse, for it occurs with persons who are in positions of greater social advantages, and who ought to consider themselves bound to set an example of higher things—Notless obliging applies. It is to be hoped the Polo Association will take some notice of the matter, and institute an investigation. Such affairs must not be allowed to pass unnoted if only to occupy the high place it has hitherto so well deserved.

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## Which is the Better Way?

There would probably be little profit, and certainly no pleasure, in discussing the problem which is on everybody's tongue, and with which the columns of the daily press abounding term—the falling birth-rate one alludes to, of course—but a side issue concerning one of the causes—the increased love of luxury and desire for wealth—suggests a few ideas worth following up. There can be no doubt very un-English motives underlie the desire of every parent to

leave his children either as well off as themselves or better. With those who have "got on" and have acquired the good things of this life, this desire is probably particularly strong, and the one object of existence with them is to furnish for their children every desirable thing denied their own youth, and which may seem to minister to their present and future happiness and advantage. But, as a matter of fact, is this the best thing to do, and is this the right way to secure the happiness for one's offspring? Take the case of a man who from the smallest beginning has built himself up a fortune. His son, to his idea, has to have everything provided for him—any other course would seem unnatural. Yet it is not certain it is right. Suppose from the very beginning you made it clear that your wealth would buy nothing for him but mere food and clothes, and these only up till the time when the children of hard-working parents have to start out and earn something for themselves. You would have to impress the fact that all your possessions, your garden, your luxurious furnishings, your horses, etc., were all acquired by sheer hard work, and that if he wanted similar agreeables for himself he must start out and get them. You would send him only to the public school, and would just let him push for a stool in an office or start as boy in any profession or trade just as you did yourself. Unnatural would, as has been said, be the term applied to your conduct. "That is carrying the thing too far" would be the general verdict, and perhaps it would be right. Few would certainly have the strength of character (and lack of tenderness) to carry out so severe a course of training, but there is no saying it would not make happier and very probably more useful men and women of them than the usual method. Take any rich men of your acquaintance—a man who has made his money in his own life time, and had nothing to start with. When in reminiscent mood, is it not the joys of the old days when the little was still being fought that he looks back to? Do the sons who come after him and have the spending of the wealth enjoy that privilege, as he did the acquiring, and even if they are good fellows themselves, is it certain they would not have been better, and occupied even higher positions had they had to battle for themselves?

## What the St. Louis Exposition Celebrates.

It is a thousand pities that the Government only decided to send an exhibit to St. Louis for the Great World's Fair at positively the eleventh hour, for it is scarcely likely there will, or can be, much response to the advertisement now appearing and offering to take charge of exhibits which have to be in St. Louis by April 31st. Mr. Donne has to be advised as to the nature and size of the exhibit, it has to be packed, shipped, landed and sent half across the American Continent in just about a month and a-half—an impossibility to all intents and purposes. It is therefore certain that the New Zealand exhibit will scarcely be what it might have been had due attention been given to the first offers of Consul-General Dillingham on behalf of the World's Fair Commission. However, it is no use moral-

ising over what might have been. We can but wish the Exhibition every success, and resolve to be more wide-awake on a future occasion. The object of the present paragraph is to answer a query put several times during the last few weeks as to what it is the World's Fair celebrates, and why it is such an occasion for such national rejoicing. Most well-informed persons will tell you that it is to celebrate the centenary of the purchase of Louisiana from France, but few remember how extraordinary was the bargain, and how it came to be formed. Louisiana belonged at first to the Spanish! At the time when Napoleon was First Consul of France his ambitions led him to look to a means of re-establishing the French Colonial Empire in America. A little bribery and corruption was all that was necessary to induce the Bourbon King of Spain to cede the territory coveted, under the express promise that it was on no condition whatever to be ceded to any other Power. The feeling in America was intense. Louisiana had long been coveted, and to see the prize snatched away in front of their eyes, and seized by a neighbour whose presence was such a menace was terrible indeed. War was talked of, but the prudent Jefferson made every effort to secure the territory by negotiations for purchase. At first every effort was baffled. Napoleon was temporarily at peace, and was determined to satisfy his ambition, but the trend of events favoured the waiting game of the American statesman. Napoleon was soon in difficulties again. The attitude of England and Austria got daily more hostile, and he felt he could not afford to saddle himself with a distant province in the midst of a hostile people who would seize the opportunity of any embarrassment on his part to acquire the territory by force. Moreover, he required money for the struggle on which he was just entering with the allies. So, after some chaffing, Louisiana was sold a second time—despite Spanish protests—and for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars. The treaty was signed on April 30th. Extraordinary as it may appear now, the ratification of the treaty brought on some very sharp debates in Congress. The people of the United States were warned that they were incorporating into their number men who were wholly alien in every respect, and who could never be assimilated. They were warned that when they thus added to their empire they merely rendered it unwieldy and assured its being split into two or more confederacies at no distant day. Fortunately, however, talk of this kind did not affect the majority; the treaty was ratified and Louisiana became part of the United States.

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There is no escape from that Rheumo conquers rheumatism, and conquers every time. Rheumo is a liquid medicine, to be taken internally, and it is pleasant to the palate. Rheumo seeks out the affected parts, kills the pains and aches in the joints and muscles, removes the swelling, and eliminates the uric acid poison and the phosphatic sediments that occasion all the trouble. Rheumo is a positive remedy for rheumatism, acute gout, suppressed gout, chronic gout, gouty skin complaints, gouty asthma, sciatica, lumbago, and uric acid poisoning. Sold by chemists and stores at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parnell; Graves Aikin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores, at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle. Wholesale Agents: N.Z. DRUG CO.

## £1,500 WON IN PRIZES,

Besides numerous Cups, Trophies, and Medals, in New Zealand during the last 18 months by shooters using the

# Colonial Ammunition Co.'s

SHOT GUN CARTRIDGES, and PATENT CONCAVE WADDING.

Those who wish to come out on top at Pigeon Matches should use the Company's Cartridges, which can be prepared for No. 4's, Gamekeepers, etc. or Storekeepers in the Colony. At least 75 per cent. of the above winners were firing from the 30 yards mark, while many were firing from the 25 and 30 yard mark. The Company's 500 Ammunition cannot be equalled for quality and accuracy. GUNS SUPPLIED BY THE COMPANY HAVE LATELY WON SOME VALUABLE PRIZES





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THIS Highly Qualified Physician and Surgeon from the Hospitals London and Paris, has, by 25 years' study and research, become an expert and specialist in the treatment of Chronic, Nervous, 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 Failures." Consultations are free to all, no that a friendly chat, either personally or by letter, costing nothing, and may save you "Years of misery and Suffering, no None need Despair."

DON'T WORRY ANY LONGER, as the ailments and joys of life will be restored to you and my treatment in cases of Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Backache, Lumbago, Insomnia, Failing Memory, Specks before the Eyes, Gleet, etc., braces up the system in all cases, and...

RESTORES VITAL ENERGY.

New Scientific Treatment and New Unfailing Remedies of the very best and latest are honestly and faithfully used. Moderate Charges, 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 success.

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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 packages. All correspondence is held sacredly confidential. Consultation hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 9.

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 9.

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May consult Dr. Elmslie at his Residence, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, from 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 9. He is a legally qualified Physician and Specialist, and whose up to date Treatment gives the greatest satisfaction. Sole Agents for various Ladies' Corrective Agents, "The Famous Ladies' Corrective Tablets," 10/ (total) 2/1, post free. Guaranteed Safe and Reliable. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Call or write.

SUBJECTS OF MOST DREADFUL 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 was in 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 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, if that you could and would care vigorous of treatment, so that I should no longer be fearful and stupid in society, and could take my part and interest in the amusements and sports of others, and have an ambition for 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.



TURF FIXTURES.

March 19 and 17—Stratford R.C. Annual March 10 and 17—Napier Park R.C. Autumn March 17—Horowhenua Hack Racing Club March 12—Totara Bay J.C. Autumn March 17 and 18—Ohakuri J.C. Annual Match 17 and 18—Greytown J.C. Autumn March 19—Northern Wairoa R.C. Autumn March 21—Thames Jockey Club's Autumn March 27 and 29—Reefton J.C. Autumn April 2 and 4—Waikaranga R.C. Autumn April 2, 4, and 5—Auckland R.C. Autumn April 2, 4, 6, and 9—Australian Jockey Club's Autumn April 4—Patea R.C. Annual April 4 and 5—Kiwitahi R.C. Autumn April 4 and 5—C.C.I.V. Autumn April 4 and 5—C.C.I.V. Easter April 7 and 8—Westland R.C. Autumn April 12 and 14—South Canterbury J.C. Autumn April 14 and 15—Masterton R.C. Autumn May 4 and 5—Marlborough R.C. Autumn May 11 and 12—Hawke's Bay J.C. Autumn May 24 and 25—North Ottago J.C. Winter

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.R.S.—Temera is two years old. O.C.J. Wanganui—Mistle did not start, but a mare called Mistle did.

TURF NOTES.

Coronation, the full-brother to Record Reign, is to be added to the list.

Mr. G. Catts has resigned his office as starter to the Thames Jockey Club.

The Hawera light weight, Gomer, has joined Woods' stable at Napier Park.

Mons. Misoune rode work at Ellerslie last Wednesday morning.

Starters for country race meetings about Auckland are badly wanted.

Old Mars is still working away at Ellerslie, and must be the oldest horse working on the tracks there.

Dolores will be schooled for hurdle racing at Cambridge by Quilton, who is in Mr. R. Hanoum's employ.

Louisa, who carried top weight in a hack race at Wanganui may do better in open company at Napier under a lighter scale.

Mr. T. Brophy, who owned Goutier, Frank, and a few other useful horses in Fiji, is again on a visit to Auckland from Suva.

Conversing with one of his parents, I was informed that a popular West Coast light-weight had £90 owing to him for riding fees.

At the Oakland (San Francisco) track a few weeks back a mare named Double Six ran five and a half furlongs in 1min 55sec.

The card programmes of the autumn meeting of the Manawatu Racing Club are very neatly got up. The chief prize is worth £250.

Mr. R. Armitage returned to Auckland last week from the Taranaki-Wanganui district, after a successful trip, extending over a month.

The death of Mr. C. D. O'Halloran, a prominent Victorian racing man and courier, was announced during the last week in February.

Albert Victor has changed hands. Mr. P. Williams having purchased him from his recent owner for £200. He remains in George Dunne's care.

The change of name from Killbrook to Sky "Lu has been disallowed by the chair man of the Racing Conference, and very properly too, most people will say.

Wanganui, the trotter, who won a few races at the different trotting meetings about Auckland, was shipped to Melbourne about a fortnight ago.

The pacer Hebel Boy, who was made a warm favourite for the Summer Trot at the recent Otakuhu meeting, looked down badly during the running of that race.

The son of £213 was passed through the totalisators at South Auckland for 107 tickets. This is said to be a record for the club.

The pony Signal was purchased by Mr. T. Bray at the South Auckland Racing Club's meeting, and has gone into W. Smith's hands at Greendale.

The Napier Park Racing Club should have a record meeting on the 19th and 20th, as the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club have given the dates they so long raced on, and one meeting in March is probably enough for the people there to support properly.

The Wanganui lady who races under the assumed name of "Mr. Lawrence" left Wellington for South Africa, taking with her the pumper Falkir.

Relief was entered, but when the weights appeared his name was missing from the St. Patrick's Handicap for Ohinemuri. He was awarded 6/10 in that event.

Mr. J. Dalgleish acted as starter for the South Auckland Racing Club, and with the exception of the Flying Handicap, despatch, all his efforts were successful.

Marshall South is back at Papakura in H. French's charge, and it is expected that he will do better at his old home. He has been an expensive purchase to his present owner.

W. Smith has had De Wet and the pony Signal placed in his charge to prepare for their forthcoming engagements. Smith is getting a big string together, and has now seven horses in his stables.

Rehua is a very promising colt, the most valuable, I should say, of the Gisborne-owned horses, and so likely to improve that he may win a race at Napier Park, where he is nicely treated.

The Poverty Bay Hunt Club have decided upon winding up their affairs, and the hounds will go to the Hawke's Bay Hunt Club. Hunters' races will now be discontinued by the Gisborne clubs.

Geldon Rose was shipped to Comorand last week. She is to be turned out at her owner's (Mr. John Lynch) place, and is to be given a good spell. Heaton, her trainer, is confident that she will see the post again.

Kahroa, the Sylvia Park gelding that ran so well in hack company last season, got one of his feet injured going to Wanganui, and his owner would not risk racing him there. He will, however, be seen out shortly.

Mr. Routledge has sent Up-to-Date to Ellerslie to finish his preparation for the Easter meeting. He was accompanied by his four-year-old half-brother by Hothelms, who it is understood will not race till the A.R.C. June meeting.

Some of the polo ponies seen out during the past week look over the standard height. Appearance is deceptive, but it is certain that more than one for which certificates are held would not pass the Auckland Racing Club's official mesurer.

Aka Aka and his brother Tabas were schooled over hurdles last Wednesday at Ellerslie. Frances Loreley and Naffrorese, Val Rosa and Leohand, and Ambition were also given schooling work on Thursday. Luggan will then turn over the stepchase country.

Tyrone is said to be a gelding that comes out and goes off very quickly. He managed to get his name in the winning list at Dannevirke, but at Gisborne when supported, and made favourite in each of his four essays, he did not race well, and he looked well too.

"Tartar" Julian had a bit of luck at Rotoman, where he won the first hurdle race on Tokomaru, in which the two best horses fell. At the South Auckland meeting he again rode an outsider, when all rode off save one, as at Rotoman, and "Tartar" scored again.

On past form, Millie is well in in the two handicaps in which she is engaged at Ohakuri, and whatever she may accomplish against horses she has not already met, she should hold safe those she has met them on very much more unfavourable terms.

There is a De Wet nominated at Horowhenua, a five-year-old by Catelyn from Aka, which can give him a run. We have one in Auckland of the same age who started once last season at a small meeting, and has run at Waikanae and Tekeke this year. The name of the Auckland one will have to be changed.

Achilles, Ghooka, Walfiki, The Jolly Starshoot, Black and Gold, Spallown, Skallion, McJedon, Hordner, Aka Rose, Thunder, Galloway, and the unnamed Handikicks—St. Louis and were the 14 left out of the Fifth Century Stakes after declaration of the last forfeit in January. A meeting between Achilles, Walfiki and Starshoot of the above lot is thought probable.

Number 4 was a remarkably successful one on the first day of the Wanganui Jockey Club's autumn meeting. The Grey Hutana, and Pharos were so numbered on the card. One number 4, Starshoot, won next day, but three number 3's succeeded in the final stage, and the best horse of No. 3 and a fill through would have done well.

On the 15th four were laid on Mistle Gun against Achilles in Auckland for the Jackson Stakes at Wanganui. In Wanganui Achilles had most trials. Achilles has always been a good first-class colt, and better last season to be counted on than Machine Gun, yet first-class were numerous who expected the three-year-old to give the four-year-old his and a year.

In the Juvenile Handicap at the Wanganui Jockey Club's autumn meeting, a three-year-old named Pharo, was handicapped at the same weight as the untried two-year-old, but through the best horse finishing fourth, she could not beat those that had previously sported colours in public, and profited by experience by gaining to getting away.

The Kaikahi races were held last Saturday week. Mr. R. Worth's Sterling beat Mr. J. Gray's Lalala Rook and four others in the Maiden Plate, but the tables were turned in the Forced Handicap, as between this year later on when two of the three were defeated. In the Interval Lalala Rook had run second to Mr. Dixon's Valvoltery in the Kaikahi Cup, in which there were five runners, and Valvoltery ran second in the Turf Club's Handicap, in which there were three, beating Really and two others.

Talking of world's records reminds me, says W. Naughton in the "Referer," that one was broken at the Oakland race track on Saturday last when John Stewart, with 20lbs on, was home first in the Adam Andrews' Stakes. The distance was six and a half furlongs, and Scott, who carried 10lb more in 1.15.4. This is a tooth of a second faster than the record put up by the mare, Jane Holly, at Washington Park, Chicago, last summer.

At many of the Southern meetings for hacks only were made by giving in prize, and the meetings are more successful than some meetings in the North and many meetings in the South Island where so-called racehorses only are allowed to compete. The term hack should be dropped. Winners of hack races at one time were designated as having a pedigree as long as your arm.

The rule recently passed by the South Australian Jockey Club, and reported in these columns, giving the members the right of electing a committee to declare a meeting off, in the opinion of the committee, those interested in horses have entered into a conspiracy to refuse to nominate any committee, and have scratched their representatives, but caused a stir among owners and trainers in the southern State, and a memorial signed by a large number of them has been presented to the club, asking for a repeal of the obnoxious rule.

It is proposed to establish a Stud Book for South Africa, and the matter was discussed at a conference held in Johannesburg some time back. The formation of a Stud Book Association was recommended, and it was finally agreed that the estimated cost of carrying on the same for a year would amount to £3000. The Governments of the respective colonies have agreed to contribute towards the balance required in the following proportions: Cape Colony £500, Transvaal £200, Orange River Colony £200, Natal £200, Rhodesia £200.

Visitors to the Wanganui Jockey Club's autumn meeting speak highly of the way in which Mr. P. Moffatt, secretary, carries out the duties of his office, and a word of praise is due to the staff under him and other officials, who by themselves out to see that meetings are run on up-to-date lines. The club will require to proceed without delay to get their book stand built for in each weather as that experienced last week a great want of accommodation is felt. It is fortunate that the club have the necessary funds to spend. Owners like to race their horses at Wanganui, and the course is such a favourable one in all weathers.

To those who are not well up in the ways and management of the racing business, when properly advised for racing, but to get a more than ordinary success, says the "Saturday Mail" there is one thing to be said of it, and that is, the River 2, a one percent of the proceeds. We have heard that at all of these "fixings" in the days when Mr. William Dan was the manager, when was considered wonderful through their former time, but it is now to be fixed, and a thing of now. The latest American improvement is, I read, a sticky under-shirt. It is thought that this may be done with a sticky under-shirt to get their best, and named George W. F. Dan is the inventor for it, and is making an effort to have his invention patented. The idea of a sticky under-shirt is novel. The sticky is attached to the shirt, and is made of a sticky material, which the jockey can pull on which the rider guides and controls the horse.

A STRONG FAVOURITE. PETER F. HEERING, COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY. As Supplied to The King of England; The Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts. SWIFT & COMPANY, 82 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.

The singular accident which befel the Pony Lady Isabel in a blacksmith's shop at Paeroa, whereby she got so badly cut about, having her nose almost completely severed and her cheeks cut, reminds me of a case that occurred many years ago in a blacksmith's shop at Marton, when a horse, after having a shoe put on his hind foot, started kicking violently, as if trying to get rid of the shoe. In doing so, extraordinary and impossible as it may seem, the patient took care not to injure himself, which, if I remember right, was owned by Sir William Fox, had to be destroyed.

Though country clubs in Auckland do not give so much money in stakes, or such of them as have permits do not put so much money through their totalisators, the attendances compare favourably with the small country meetings in southern parts. The most prosperous country meetings are to be found as a general rule where there is good land, where cattle fatten and nick well, or where sheep are carried to the coast and are ready to be sold, or where sheep, where saw mills and flax mills are in full swing, and where crops yield a good harvest. In poor parts of the country the totalisator returns are invariably small.

Mons. Misoune paid a visit to Wellington Park during the week. Of the steees there he seems most impressed with the muskikot. With the brood mares and foals he was pleased, and having visited the French Haras declares that none of them come up to Wellington Park in the matter of arrangements and completeness. He was charmed with the surrounding country at Mount Wellington and will carry back with him to France the most pleasurable recollections of his visit. The view from Mount Eden obtained during one of his morning rides - for he takes plenty of exercise in the saddle, was about the best he had seen in all his travels since leaving his native country, seven months ago.

Weights for the Easter Handicap and Brighton Handicap at the Auckland Racing Club's autumn meeting do not appear until Monday. This is a mistake. Weights for the more important handicaps should be out earlier, as also weights for the minor events, which do not appear until five days before the meeting commences. Owners at a distance are really asked to send their horses to the meeting before seeing their handicaps, and this is what few care to do. There was no necessity to take nominations as far ahead as three weeks. The idea in deterring the appearance of the weights was, I understand, so that the form at Hawke's Bay could be known, but since this was arranged the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's autumn meeting was put off, and there are few horses engaged at Napier Park and Auckland as well.

The riding of V. Cotton at the Wanganui meeting and at other Southern meetings has been so favourably commended upon his win on Jewellery that a double record. It was his first over a mile and a half, and the first Jewellery he registered over so long a distance. W. Young, a very capable light weight, was seen to advantage also at Wanganui. This had a hard horse, to ride in the Wanganui Cup in Heronua. Very few of our young horsemen ride long distance races well. It is pleasing to see light weights coming on to take the places of older horsemen who, from increasing weight, growing in disfavour, and from various causes, drop out of the ranks. There is always a demand for light weight riders, and those who behave themselves properly deserve to succeed.

Thus a writer in the Sydney "Referee" it seems almost incredible that in these advanced days of racing anyone could be found with such a small amount of brains as to imagine the possibility of successfully "ringing in" a well known racehorse in one of the principal racing centres. Such a person has seemingly been found, in a man named Jack Cox, who is alleged to have purchased the Antwerp gelding Antifer from Sydney for a Brisbane sportsman, took him on lease to the central districts of Queensland, and altered his name to Primo, with the idea of making the public believe "Psyche" won a race or two there and then came on to Brisbane, and had the

sobriety to run him as Primo in a Trial Handicap at Albion Park, which he won. It did not take long for Primo's identity to leak out, and the stewards of the Jockey Club, after possessing themselves of the above facts, wrote the horse and Mr. Cox off the register for the term of their natural lives. There is no very little doubt but that the disqualification will be endorsed by the J.C.C. committee.

The method of buying polo ponies wholesale in Texas 20 years ago was curious and simple, says a Home paper. It was apparently the way in which the San Antonio dealers always sold their animals when the purchaser required a number. Around the town are dozens of "corral" fenced enclosures, into which the horses for sale were driven. The intending buyers spent one day going round these enclosures to inspect the animals, and the next day began buying. This they did by offering a certain price per head for a given number of a corral of horses, the pick resting with them, not the seller. A small enclosure was hired, and the ponies, which were bought in "bunches" of half a dozen or so, were driven thither as soon as a bargain was struck. In this way the two purchasers bought all the ponies they wanted, seventy-eight head, by the afternoon of the fourth day, the average price being between £4 and £5. As much as £15 was given, however, for some very fast ponies, which were already broken to saddle.

Why was Canteen made such a favourite for the Wanganui Cup? This was a question raised on the evening after the race in a company of some dozen or more sportsmen. One suggested that it was because he had proved staying ability in the New Zealand Cup. Another referred to the comments that had appeared on his running in the Dunedin Cup, and expressed his opinion strongly that a section of the people who help to send the Wanganui Cup had been deluded into the belief that the grey had been in reserve for the Wanganui Cup, when one of those present - an Aucklander - endorsed this view, but at the same time intimated that he was of the opinion that Mr. Moss had sent him a substantial amount, which had been invested for him on his horse in the Dunedin Cup, a reflection of the silly report that waiting tactics had been adopted. Mr. Moss has a horse who has become state and sored by racing, and it may be the spring before he will run decently again, if indeed he ever shows the form he did in the New Zealand Cup. Canteen would be put to harness racing if he belonged to some people. I know. He is just the sort to win a Grand National Hurdle race.

My visits to Wanganui in the autumn are invariably of a pleasant character. There one met with so many fellows, and so many old associations are recalled; still, a touch of sadness comes when one misses old familiar faces, and in recent years between the meeting the great sorrow-bearer has carried off prominent men in the world of sport. Aucklanders endorsed this view, but at the same time intimated that he was of the opinion that Mr. Moss had sent him a substantial amount, which had been invested for him on his horse in the Dunedin Cup, a reflection of the silly report that waiting tactics had been adopted. Mr. Moss has a horse who has become state and sored by racing, and it may be the spring before he will run decently again, if indeed he ever shows the form he did in the New Zealand Cup. Canteen would be put to harness racing if he belonged to some people. I know. He is just the sort to win a Grand National Hurdle race.

Just before the Wanganui meeting Achilles galloped five furlongs in 60.45 seconds with a flying start, and another gallop he registered was six furlongs with a flying start in 1m 13sec. Machine Gun registered a stunner over the six furlongs, and another over five furlongs he ran in 1m 13sec. On the day the Jack-

son Stekes was decided the ground bore evidence of having been cut up on the previous day, and the rain had made it heavy, yet the winner, Achilles, was able to cover the distance in 1m 13sec comfortably, while Machine Gun, who was ridden out, was beaten a nose for third place by Exmoor in 1m 13.25sec. The wet day and the course were against all four runners, but Machine Gun on account of his wind ailment was the one most likely to be troubled, and he was carrying 12lb over his weight-for-age, while Achilles had 5lb over. Exmoor and Achilles were never in the contention. Exmoor has shown himself to be a useful gelding on several occasions, run well on soft going. There is no doubt that Achilles is a good two-year-old, and on the improvement, and it is quite possible that the blacings concerned would have been the same had the going been good.

A huge jump was achieved by Mr. Spencer Gillan's Moftau while running in the open steeplechase at Hurst Park on Saturday (over the distance of 1m 13sec) on February 23. This horse is what an admirer termed a "pretty considerably hard puller"; he wants a good man on his back to steer him, and he should go, and he is a bold fencer. At the first ditch he was asked to take off almost as soon as he got inside the wings, and even so, he landed over with a scramble, but without a fall. His only competitor, Newell of Foxbury, Nightingale, who rode him, "but I shall be glad when he settles down a little more and jumps like a respectable citizen." The effect of such a brilliant aerobically display was to certain Mr. Newell's horse. Short odds were laid on Lord Gerald Grosvenor's Hidden Love, though he could only run second to Mr. "Bob" Stevier's Bobbie - a sterling competitor whom it is a pleasure to see galloping on as if the fox were snapping in the next field for him, and bounds were running from scent to view.

While the members of a well known city sporting club were busy "adjusting the averages of fortune" over the Epsom meeting on Wednesday, February 17, says the "Australasian," they received a shock quite as startling as any experienced by the "Tussock" battler during the Port Arthur go. A sporting horse attached to the humble afternoon milk cart, hearing that independence was to be tried, rushed down the right-of-way with the back of the club. It is believed "to get a bit on." The milk cart in his rear, however, frustrated his intentions. The members, hearing the clatter at the back door, and always on the alert for the expected, may be the other door almost to a man. The half-furlong sprint down Royal Lane they were all on it is said to have been a record one. The sudden falling-off in attendance at the stampede back was almost as quick as the departure. The reasons for leaving, without saying "good-bye" embraced every variety but the right one.

It is a curious fact that against some stallions there appears to be a fatality in England, although their stock does wonders in all other parts of the world (writes the "Special Commissioner"). A most notable instance of this is furnished by the now defunct Prince Charlie horse Lochiel, who was foaled in New Zealand to English time, his dam, Nellie Moore, having been taken out there in foal, and he proved a very great racehorse over all distances. At the stud, however, he gained even greater fame, and for a good many years past he has been at the top of the tree, or near the top, among the winning sires at the Antipodes. Yet, without exception, such of his stock as were brought to England proved woefully disappointing. Survivor and Oban may be named, and the thought of them awakens bitter memories, yet each was a good horse in his own country, and Oban has shown over hurdles and across country that he can go right enough when he is so inclined. Another, which came to England was Amiable, but she was too nervous and high-strung to stand any work, and she did no good here, though she could gallop like the wind. Then there was Old (to another Lochiel, who certainly won a race, but was always more or less of a wreck when in training here. Major Edwards has Wallaby, a Lochiel four-year-old training, but the promise of his promise of doing any better than the others.

At country meetings in Auckland it occasionally happens that horses are started as many as three times a day. Half mile and five furlong dashes, with intervals of about 40 minutes between, will not hurt at horses. I heard a man recently talking of the cruelty of this sort of thing. It is absurd to suppose that our horses are all as tender as a dove, and that they will not saddle up twice in an afternoon, but if a horse would rattle over short courses half a dozen times a day if required, without suffering any injury. In the days of heat racing, it so happened that before a horse would race it had had to run eight miles over steeplechase, 3m 9m high. This was at Rangitikei, and some of the race-gobs of the time who were present remember the event well. Not only did the horses run eight miles, but they carried water weights, 12.0. I don't think anyone will claim that they travelled as fast, say, as Philipson or Walwara, but it is certain they did not receive the same care or such a long course of training. There used to be quite as proficient jumping horses in the old days as can be found now. They were well broken, and the courses were not what they are now.

Had Cannie Chiel been as fit to race at Wanganui as he was at Christmas-time and after he came, it is not probable he would most likely have won the Wanganui Cup. At Wellington he gave Ghooka 14lb in the Cup and 10lb in the Racing Club Handicap. At Manawatu he beat Cannie Chiel over a mile and a-half at a difference of 9lb, but next day, at a mile and a-quarter, Cannie Chiel beat him easily at a difference of 3lb. Convoys ran both times. Cannie Chiel is probably seen to best advantage at a mile and a-quarter. We have probably seen the best of him, however, and Ghooka, like most of the Lochiels, may improve with age. No great merit, however, can be attached to his running at any time, though he out-stayed Bonco, who will still improve in the Cup. Jewellery's winning achievements since she left Auckland on her Tasmanian Wanganui-Edmonton trip should not be too highly assessed. Like most of her sex, she is better suited in the autumn than in the summer, and it may be allowed that her "favourable" weight through ordinary handicap races. Ghooka has invariably been raced to the front, but at Wanganui was reserved for a finish in both his races, and may likely race better that way.

The V.A.T.C. lost about £150 on their last autumn meeting, and although stakes have been slightly reduced, the loss will not be less this year. Referring to the diminished attendances at the Australasian says: "Last Saturday the takings were £200 less than on the corresponding day last year. The weather was threatening in the morning, but from noon onwards it was fine, and there was nothing to stop people from going to Cavendish. We do not know how the V.R.C. got on at Flemington on New Year's Day, but presume they fared badly. The V.R.C., however, had to contend against the first day of a test match. All the six suburban clubs are complaining, and it would seem that for the time being racing is not popular in Victoria. For that matter, the clubs in South Australia are not doing well, but in New South Wales all the clubs are getting good gates, and record attendances were noted in connection with the Tasmanian and West Australian Cup meetings. Why the dearth of interest in Victoria? Is it over-racing, or are people pinched for money? The sudden falling-off in attendances can hardly be due to over-racing. No one will deny that we have too much racing around Melbourne, but there is not as much as there was a year ago. Racing is an expensive amusement, and the public can see an afternoon's cycling for less than a tenth of the money it costs to see a race meeting from the best seats. There is no variation in the cost of racing to spectators. The charge for the grandstand enclosure is the same at Ascotville Park as at Flemington. And still the tariff is cheap in comparison to what a man has to pay in England if he wants to see racing in comfort. When the A.J.C. secured a record attendance at Randwick last Derby Day it was put down to the great interest

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taken in the match between Wakeful and... Victoria has now had no particular following for its own sake.

A good story was told me the other day by a friend of a steward of a well-to-do racing club whose brother stewards have the fullest confidence in his judgment. Some few years ago the committee of the club in question had to elect which metropolitan club they would accept as their head. Wellington was the nearest, and one of the stewards suggested that they should place themselves under the jurisdiction of the Wellington Metropolitan Racing Club. The steward first referred to at once took exception to this proposal, remarking that there was hardly a commissioner of the Wellington Racing Club who knew anything of racing laws and usages, and he for one would not agree. Asked which metropolitan club he would advise he replied, why Canterbury, to be sure. The members of the Canterbury Jockey Club are all gentlemen who are versed in racing. It is unnecessary to say that the Canterbury Jockey Club should be accepted as their head. And now comes the point in this little story. The country club have passed quite a number of disqualifications, and their decisions have been referred on to the Canterbury Jockey Club one by one for endorsement, but ever since the time the seat has been disallowed. And it was I who championed the Canterbury Jockey Club," said the steward, in telling the story. "We haven't ever won a heat, and every time our rulings are set at naught."

A brother steward wants to know why the combined intelligence of our metropolitan stewards now who think they should have the sovereign right to determine all objections raised on their courses without reference to metropolitan heads thereafter.

It is pretty certain that the winning of the English Derby with Hunting Role is about one of the cleverest turf frauds ever perpetrated. There are very few left now who remember the actual facts of the race. One of them is Mr. John Kent, who has recently written a book on the subject. Mr. Kent says: "I question very much whether anyone living knows the particulars of this remarkable affair so well as I do, as I had the charge of the principal witness. Lord George Bentinck wrote me a letter, and asked if I could not do something to bring the bearer was an important witness in the coming trial and I was to employ him, but not let it be known who he was or his business. I wrote his lordship that it was impossible for me to employ him in the matter without giving up my lordship. I could not help it being known that the man was in his business. His lordship replied that as I appeared to be well on in the case, he left it all to me to do the best in my power, regardless of any expenditure." Bentinck's lordship had three breeding establishments, one at Danebury, one at Bonhill, and one at Doncaster, and he said the man was used to travel with horses, I sent an answer by him to Danebury, and he suggested to the manager of the paddocks there to send something to Bonhill, and then to take another horse or mare to Doncaster, all of which I arranged for him, and then to retrace his journey. His case was fully exposed to the public, and the evidence decided the issue, as he was one of the men that led the two animals to be exchanged, one a yearling, and the other a two-year-old. They met at a livery stable in London, where the exchange took place. A committee of the Jockey Club consisting of the Dukes of Bedford, Beaumont, Rutland, and Viscount Enfield, afterwards Earl of Stratford, with others, raised a subscription for Lord George, to present him with a testimonial. The sum amounted to nearly £1000, but his lordship would not accept, but preferred giving it to a fund for deserving, but needy, decaired trainers and jockeys. Hence the origin of the "Bentnick Benevolent Fund." What would not the Racing Club have given for this "sent man" as a bribe to keep away from the trial!

The racing laws of some countries are more strict than others, but there is probably no part of the world where the sport is carried on where rules and regulations for the conduct thereof are not based upon the English code so long in existence. There are attempts to suit the varied conditions under which racing is being conducted. Amendments are occasionally made, but not often by the English Jockey Club. In the colonies, however, we have the totalisator, numerous alterations have been made from time to time, and anyone who gives time and study to the code we are at present racing under must see that it is not a very good one. The rules for the guidance of our racing legislators, owners, and all engaged or interested in the sport, are not so hard and fast as they might be. Injustice is being inflicted upon innocent persons, unappreciated by level-headed, fair-minded men, notwithstanding ambiguities that exist there can only be one construction, one conclusion, one ruling thereon, and that is that the framers alud at nothing that would savour of being oppressive. Recently we had a case where an owner sought to sue a trainer for the loss of a horse because his horse had been ridden by a lad for whom no license had been obtained. The owner was quite ignorant of the fact, and the trainer lost. The rider had no license whatever, and the owner was quite entitled to have a license, had it been applied for. It would have been quite a different matter had the rider been a disqualified one, and had been known to have had his license taken away for wrong-doing, and whose suspension or disqualification had been duly given publicity of a sporting nature. If the facts were known to the owner, and even if he did so unknowingly, it would be against racing usage

and commonsense to give the stakes to a horse ridden by a disqualified person, such person being our undergoing punishment for some serious offence. An unlicensed apprentice is not in the same sense a disqualified person. The intention of the rules, and it is not a too liberal construction to place upon it is clearly to prevent owners from employing riders who are not considered desirable by the racing authorities, by whom their qualifications are given into at the time of issuing licenses. The case of Benefactor, ridden by an unlicensed jockey when he won the Tuhaitua Cup, has been settled, for Mr. Martin a decision that will meet with much satisfaction from racegoers generally, who know and appreciate the quality of straight-going owners. Mr. Martin's horse does not win out of the wood, and would have been a stroke of hard luck for him to have been deprived of the stake for so comparatively light an offence. Owners may be ever so conversant with the rules, but they cannot always know that riders they are putting up are not licensed. The old system of producing licenses at scale was found to be one of ineffectiveness, and the new system should be some method for them to make themselves known to the clerks of scales.

WAIHI J.C. MEETING.

WAIHI, Saturday.

The Waihi Jockey Club's annual meeting passed off very successfully to-day. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance. The sum of £275 was put through the lot of which the Waihi Jockey Club will up to the average. Mr. R. Newdick was judged, and Mr. E. B. Walker starter. Following are the results:—

Handicap Maiden Race, seven furlongs.—Hamlet, 1; Better Days, 2; Ross, 3; Evert, 4; Pukekohe, 5; S. Sterling and Omari also ran. Ross took his mount to the front as the straight was reached, and though challenged by Evert and Pukekohe, he was passed by the judge first. Evert being a good second, the rest of the field being in close attendance. Time, 1:33 2/3. Dividend, £3 7/8.

Waihi Cup, one mile and a quarter.—Mr. Arncliffe's Blasket (Sattam), 1; 1; Matunga, 2; Pukekohe, 3; 2; Notorini, 4; 3; Woodfield, Southland, and Frances Lovejoy also started. A splendid start was effected. Frances Lovejoy led for about the first mile, when Blasket assumed the lead. Matunga and Notorini then came up with a rush, race together round the turn, and up the straight. Blasket gradually forced ahead, and passed the judge first, followed by the other three. Pukekohe, Notorini, being a good third. Time, 1:6 2/3. Dividends, £1 and 17/8.

Flying Handicap, six furlongs.—Mr. Arncliffe's Lady Bobs (Sattam), 1; 1; Corporal, 2; 1; Kidbrook, 3; 2; Mr. N. Bank's Star, 4; 3; Rolf and Valodictory also started. Valodictory ran off at the first jump, but the others all fenced well. Frances Lovejoy led far about the first mile, when Corporal assumed the lead, maintaining it to the finish, and passing the judge's box several lengths ahead of Frances Lovejoy, with Rolf close up. Time, 2:38. Dividend, 19/8.

Handicap Hurdles, one mile and a half.—Mr. J. Reginald's Hippoval (Gurns), 10; 9; 1; Mr. McKenzie's Corporal (Buckland), 10; 8; Mr. N. Bank's Star, 10; 4; Rolf and Valodictory also started. Valodictory ran off at the first jump, but the others all fenced well. Frances Lovejoy led far about the first mile, when Hippoval assumed the lead, maintaining it to the finish, and passing the judge's box several lengths ahead of Frances Lovejoy, with Rolf close up. Time, 2:38. Dividend, 19/8.

Hack Race, one mile.—Mr. J. Gray's Lady Bobs (Sattam), 7; 0; 1; Pukekohe, 8; 7; Evert, 7; 1; 3; Omari, Better Days, Sterling, and Rob Roy also ran. A great race ensued between Lady Bobs, Pukekohe, Evert, and Better Days, the former just winning. Time, 1:51 2/3. Dividend, 19/8.

McCurdy Memorial Stakes, seven furlongs.—Mr. McKenzie's Corporal (Buckland), 7; 4; 1; Woodfield, 8; 3; 2; Southland, 7; 1; 2; The dividend was £23 8/8. In connection with the protest made against Corporal, the owner of the second horse, on the grounds of inconsistent running, the stewards disqualified the horse, owner and jockey (Buckland) for one month, and awarded the stake to Woodfield, on which the dividend was £3. There were only two tickets on Corporal. The decision of the stewards was received with cheers, and was evidently very popular. The owner of Corporal appeared to have the stakes impounded, but this was not agreed to. I understand the first six furlongs of this race was run faster than the six furlong race won by Lady Bobs. Corporal was ridden by the owner, and did Woodfield freely, and I understand lost considerably over the stewards' decision.

PUKEKOHE RACING CLUB'S MEETING.

The following handicaps have been declared for the Pukekohe Racing Club's meeting on March 26:—

- Handicap Hurdles, one mile and a half.—Mr. O. Pilot 10.0, Speedwell 9.0, Rally 9.0, Maiden Plate, six furlongs.—Billy the Boy 11.0, Forge 10.7, Syren 9.12, Stopper 9.0, Rita Ora 8.12, Swift 8.10, Testator 8.7. Pukekohe Cup, one mile and a quarter.—Muirial 11.7, The Frenchman 11.7, Lady Desborough 11.0, Grizette 10.11, Sir Albany 10.0, Midnight 9.7, Miss Leo 9.5, Rally 8.0. Flying Handicap, six furlongs.—Grizette 11.0, Smith 10.0, Venus 9.12, Midnight 9.12, Commotion 9.10, Good-bye 9.4, Testator 8.7, Rita 8.0. Flying Handicap, five furlongs.—Lady Desborough 11.2, The Frenchman 11.2, Grizette 11.0, Billy the Boy 10.0, Midnight 8.7, Commotion 8.7, Forge 8.0. Railway Plate, six furlongs.—Muirial 10.3, The Frenchman 10.5, Grizette 10.3, Lady Desborough 10.3, Billy the Boy 9.7, Midnight 9.0, Good-bye 8.12, Miss Leo 8.5, Forge 8.0.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to the "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

It is not unlikely that Red Gauntlet will retire to the stud next season. Kiallat, the Stepniak—Sincerity stallion, has changed hands in Dunedin.

F. Holmes has broken in the yearling colt by Stepniak—Arlene and the yearling filly by Stepniak—Britonart.

The Ashburton Racing Club has declined the offer of the use of the Canterbury Jockey Club's course, and has decided to hold its autumn meeting at Ashburton. A yearling half brother by Obligate to Welbeck, another youngster by Obligate and two by Benzoin, have been sent up from Ashburton by Mr. G. Gates to John Lewis' team.

A syndicate of Dunedin residents recently made an offer for the Forebury Park, intending to employ it for racing purposes, but the price asked was thought much too high.

Jackson has put a three-year-old brother to Witch Wanda into work at Wingatui. By the way, it is interesting to note that since Blazer was presented to Jackson he has won £540 in stakes.

Mr. Reid desired to send Jones over to ride Girdle in her Sydney engagements, but the Auckland second horseman is wanted at home, probably to ride Silkwood in the Great Northern Champagne Stakes.

The Akaroa County Racing Club was favoured with lovely weather for its annual race meeting on Tuesday. As a result the attendance was the largest on record, and speculation exceedingly brisk. More than £2200 being passed through the tote, or £1136 in excess of the amount handed at the corresponding meeting last year. The racing was very interesting, the principal event, the Doubtful Cup, particularly produced a capital struggle, four horses all finishing within two lengths of one another. The North Island-bred Sandy being made favourite, but though he ran a good horse, he was beaten a neck by Chum-burn, with Fitzgibbon, on which Howitt had the mount, a length away third, a neck in front of Secret Society. Chum-burn won the District Hurdle, beating St. Ronald by half a length, with Narcissus third, and his stable companion Rouge, by the Ingham horse Doctor, appropriated by the District Hurdle Race, and finished second, with Achilles, out of the Flying Handicap furnished a desperate struggle between King Stork and Cerise and Blue, the latter starting second favourite, being beaten by a nose. Although burdened with 12.7 in the District Welter Handicap, Secret Society proved much too good for the moderate animals opposed to him, winning in a canter.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

As far as I am in a position to judge the handicaps for the Great Easter and Great Autumn Handicaps, which made their appearance yesterday, have been well received. With Achilles out of the way, Red Gauntlet reads well in the Great Easter Handicap, and I may say at once that I like him the best of the top weights. Treadmill is doing good work, and has freshened a great deal. If his owner decides to train him for short distances he will be dangerous. Conroy has received his full deserts, and Lady Lillian, though not overburdened, will be much too backward to do herself justice, even if she sees the post. If Vladimir is at his best he will nearly win, but I fancy Exmoor has a pound or two too much. Panopaea has been so unlucky of late that one hardly cares to trust him, well treated though he is; and Canteen is no doubt out of place in races of this distance. On his best form Rosal is not badly treated with Starshoot, who has, I suppose, earned the 88 against his name. Welbeck, even if he stands training, is not likely to be in racing trim until next spring; but Petrovna and Ghoorka, as respectable winners, are likely starters, and both will run well. Full Cry has earned his

weight, and Field Battery and Hawtri are not badly treated, but perhaps the two latter will find the distance a trifle beyond them. I like Quarryman's chance, but not so well as that of Caudle Chief, provided the latter is trained for the race. Mr. Strad's pair, Grand Rapids has better credentials than Bagpipes. Of those further down Windhwaag has left the racecourse, and I like Bulwago, Krenlin, and Fleet best.

Conroy has about his right weight in the Great Autumn Handicap, but I do not think he will beat Canteen if the latter is in the humour, and I certainly don't think he will beat Red Gauntlet if the latter escapes a penalty for winning the Great Easter Handicap. I have no fancy for Panopaea and Welbeck, but Treadmill at his best will be dangerous, and Ghoorka has only to run as well as he did at Wellington to finish close to the winner. Caudle Chief may get a pace; and Starshoot on recent form may run prominently; but Field Battery will find the distance a good him. Grand Rapids is as good as he is reported to be, he will win, and Bulwago is bound to be dangerous, but I fear Quarryman does not stay one and a half miles. Of those below I like nothing better than Fleet and De la Rey.

The weather was cold and cheerless yesterday morning, and it being an off morning at Riccarton the work done was rather of a servicable than a sensational character. Treadmill, Quarryman, Caudle Chief, Starshoot, De la Rey, Lady Lillian, Welbeck, and Zealand all did useful exercise.

During the week the following business has been done locally on the Great Easter and Autumn Handicaps:—500 to 5 against Full Cry and Bulwago, 500 to 5 Exmoor and Treadmill, 500 to 7 Bulwago and Bulwago, 500 to 6 Krenlin and Bulwago, 200 to 4 Bagpipes and Grand Rapids, 200 to 2 Treadmill and Ghoorka, 200 to 1 Full Cry and Canteen.

Krenlin arrived from the South last week to fulfil his engagements at the Canterbury Jockey Club's autumn meeting.

Welbeck shaped very badly in his first gallop since his return to Riccarton. Even if his legs stand he will not be ready for some time.

Lady Lillian's off fore leg looks unsightly, but so far it has not interfered with her, and she is doing plenty of work. Still she could possibly be strung right up by Easter.

Narcissus and Companion were schooled over the hurdles yesterday morning. The son of Rofector hit hard once, but afterwards fenced well.

Quarryman's brother, King's Guest, has been eased up, and will not run again until next season. This is a wise course, as the son of Bill of Portland is an overgrown colt. Ropa has resumed work.

To-morrow has had no return of her usual trouble, and if at the end of a week she has a clean bill of health, she will probably be put into work again.

The Canterbury Jockey Club will celebrate its jubilee next spring, and it is understood a particularly attractive programme is being prepared for the occasion. Last week in Dunedin a wager of £100 to £20 was laid against the Valhalla stable furnishing the winner of the Great Easter and Great Autumn Handicaps.

Bookmakers are to be licensed at the Southland autumn meeting on March 23rd and 24th.

D. Jackson is about to erect stabling at the Tabari.

The Governor of Fiji, Sir Henry Jackson, is returning to England, on leave of absence, and his return to the colony is "indefinitely postponed," according to an Island paper. Sir Henry and Lady Jackson leave Australia by the R.M.S. Mongolia on April 2nd. Chief Justice Major assumes the administration in the absence of the Governor.

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Champion Singles: Sticksby, 24, v. O'Mahon, 17.
Dewar's Handicap: Omond, 17, v. G. Bennett, 8.
Daw's Handicap: Hanns, 22, v. Webb, 14.
Vraie, 23, v. Ross (five points), 21.
Meadows Davis, Hillston, and Schickels kindly provided afternoon tea.

had lost two wickets for 13 runs. Svedenham and Addington went in first against Midland, and made 72 runs, Midland replying with 90 for eight wickets. Barry, for Midland, took five wickets for 15 runs, and Bennett and F. S. Frankish bore the brunt of the bowling for Svedenham and Addington.

Kidd, O. W. Spragg, F. G. Rowe.
One Mile Bicycle Handicap.—F. J. Twiss, W. Hendry, F. G. Hayward, E. J. McKay, H. C. Alexander, H. H. Brook, S. Galbraith, E. H. Cuckey, C. Kidd, G. T. Robinson, G. W. Spragg, F. G. Rowe.
Two Mile Bicycle Handicap.—F. J. Twiss, W. Hendry, F. G. Hayward, E. J. McKay, H. C. Alexander, H. H. Brook, S. Galbraith, E. H. Cuckey, C. Kidd, G. W. Spragg, F. G. Rowe.
Only one entry (J. Farrell) has so far been received for the five mile motor cycle race, and entries for this event will remain open for a few days.

gratefully acknowledged. Owing to the increase of membership in the Ladies' Club, the ladies clubhouse had been enlarged, and a new dressing-room built, the greater part of the cost being defrayed by the Ladies' Club. A new workshop for the professional F. G. Hood, whose form of engagement had been extended, had also been erected. The following were the results of the year's matches: Mixed foursomes, B. M. Hanson and Mrs. Forth, Hovey handicap; H. T. Hooper, Hargreaves' medal; H. T. Gilles, Fry Challenge trophy, W. H. Colbeck, George Cup; J. C. Burns, Hanna trophies; Seniors, J. R. Hooper; Juniors, W. N. Heather, Grimsby memorial; H. T. Gilles, Championship; J. R. Hooper, 1; W. B. Colbeck, 2; Mixed foursomes; J. H. Kyles and Mrs. Hankland, Nursery Handicap; C. Heather, Fry challenge trophy; Dr. Coates, George Cup; W. N. Heather, Captain's prize; Seniors, E. Turner, Juniors, E. A. Dargaville, Mixed foursomes; L. Blair and Mrs. Blair, J. W. Hall's prize; C. Hindley.

CRICKET.

THE AUCKLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The fourth series of games in the second round of the senior district cricket championship were commenced on Saturday in fine weather.

EDEN V. PONSONBY.
Eden batted first, and began in disastrous style. Three good runs were made for 11 runs. Williams and I. Mills took the score to 23, and Williams and S. Mills carried it on to 77, when Williams was fairly taken by Gavin in the slips. Williams played respectably, but his 32 and 112 wickets were down for 80, but Clark and Hobson put on 30 for the last wicket, Clark hitting in entertaining style. Ponsonby scored 20 for the loss of two wickets. Woods scoring 27. Gavin bowled finely for Ponsonby, his legbreaks, which came quickly off the pitch, puzzling all the batsmen.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes Eden, Williams, Mills, Clark, Hobson, Ponsonby, Woods, and Extras.

BOWLING ANALYSIS. Table with 4 columns: Player Name, Overs, Mds, Rns, Wks. Includes P. White, J. Gavin, and M. Woods.

PONSONBY.—First Innings.
R. Woods, c S. Mills, b Douglas, 27.
N. Wallace, c and b Sandford, 11.
R. Sims not out, 9.
Total for two wickets, 60.

CITY V. FARNELL.
City batted first, and held the wickets all afternoon. Scoring was slow, the afternoon only producing 150 runs for eight wickets. Stephenson, Corcoran, and King were the principal scorers. London bowled well for Farnell, taking six wickets for 56 runs. He kept a fine length, and varied his pace well.

Table with 4 columns: Player Name, Overs, Mds, Rns, Wks. Includes MacCormack, Stephenson, Landon, King, and Dr. Nell.

BOWLING ANALYSIS. Table with 4 columns: Player Name, Overs, Mds, Rns, Wks. Includes Barclay, N. H. Lusk, J. R. Landon, and A. Fairburn.

SECOND GRADE.
Farnell v. North Shore.—North Shore, first innings, 68 (Leckie 26, Fogarty 19). Farnell, 140 for five wickets (Wilson 34, Robinson 21, Rosteaux 11, Sale, not out, 28). Yates, not out, 32. For Farnell, 8. Cromwell, promoted from the fifth grade, took six wickets for 21.
Eden v. Ponsonby A.—Ponsonby, first innings, 42 (Wilson 11). Eden, first innings, 37 (Dixon, not out, 45, Wakelley 11, Mawse 2). For Eden, 8.3 took seven wickets for 13, and for Ponsonby Freeman took three for 7.
Grafton v. Ponsonby B.—Ponsonby B, first innings, 36 (Wilson 12). Grafton, 87 for nine wickets (D. Hill 35, Lavery 10, not out, Rawlinson 10). For Grafton, Hill took 3 for 9, and Beverley 5 for 15.

CITY A.—City, first Innings, 156 (Dart 75, Kavanagh 37). Eden, first Innings, 35 for no wickets (W. Robinson, not out, 23). For Eden, A. Brown took 3 for 9, and Beverley 4 for 28.

THAMES MATCHES.
THAMES, Saturday.
In the cricket matches concluded to-day County beat City South by six wickets; City Central defeated Tararu by 10 wickets. For the winners, D. Watson took seven wickets for seven runs.

CHRISTCHURCH MATCHES.
CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.
The weather was fine for the local cricket on Saturday, but owing to the rain on the early part of the week the outfield was somewhat heavy. In fact party accountable for the slow scoring. At Hagley Park, Lancaster Park batted first, and ran up 210, towards which H. C. Ebdley contributed an excellent innings of 117. For the United Turbot took three wickets for seven runs. At the call of time the United

WELLINGTON MATCHES.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.
The following matches were played off to-day: Midland v. Old Boys; Midland, 1st Innings, 113 (Hutchings 50, Upham 39). Oldland took four wickets for 21 runs; Tucker three for 41. Old Boys, 1st Innings, 71 for four wickets (Lacey 29, Tucker 22, not out). Wellington v. Phoenix; Wellington, first Innings, 126 (Woybourne 38, Latham 20, C. Gore 20, S. Hickson 29). Phoenix, first Innings 32 for one wicket (Reidgrave 37, not out).

LAWN TENNIS.

ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The competitions in connection with the Auckland Lawn Tennis Association on Saturday reached very interesting stages. At the North Shore lawn took and Turner (Mt. Eden and Epsom) Club met Paterson and W. A. Brown in the men's doubles championship final, the former winning three sets straight. They played splendidly together, and easily met the volleys of their opponents.

An interesting semi-final in the men's championship competition was played between Grossmann and Billing. Grossmann's volleying was exceedingly well judged and effective, and won the majority of the sets. He was beaten in the second set through Billing's fine playing. The results were: 6-3, 3-6, 6-2. The final will probably be played at Mt. Eden on Saturday between Grossmann and Cooke.

A somewhat surprising victory in the ladies' champion doubles final was won by Mrs. Cooper and Miss Mary Nicholson (Wheat End), 6-3, 6-3, the win being mainly due to Mrs. Cooper's smart volleying and original play.

ATHLETICS.

AUCKLAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB'S CARNIVAL.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

The following entries were received on Saturday for the event to be decided at the Auckland Amateur Athletic and Cycle Club's autumn sports carnival, on March 26. A few country entries have yet to come in.

RUNNING AND FIELD EVENTS.
100yds Handicap (under 10 years)—M. E. Wynn, I. H. Roy, J. Delaney, C. Carter, C. D. McFarquhar, J. B. Wynnard, A. Brookfield, F. H. Bedford, F. Coles, R. Sprague.

100yds Schoolboys' Race.—Roy Lambert, Jas. Gardiner, L. Garrett, W. Laxon, A. Cornejo, J. Hinkley.

100yds Handicap.—H. G. Chevis, P. Myles, P. King, R. D. Campbell, E. Nolan, W. T. Tyler, A. B. Smith, H. McLeod, F. Marriott, F. Brown, L. B. Todd, A. R. Gatlard, B. Hay, E. Williams, W. T. Wyatt, F. B. Aiklin, G. A. Wynnard, W. E. Bush, N. P. Wyatt, G. T. Lovett, H. G. Probert, F. Barton, P. A. Stubbings, A. Twinnane, W. E. Torrens, J. Hooker.

220yds Handicap.—H. G. Chevis, P. Myles, R. D. Campbell, E. Nolan, W. T. Tyler, A. B. Smith, H. McLeod, F. Marriott, F. Brown, L. B. Todd, A. R. Gatlard, B. Hay, E. Williams, W. T. Wyatt, G. A. Wynnard, F. G. Grantville, G. T. Lovett, A. Brookfield, P. A. Stubbings, A. Twinnane, W. E. Torrens, J. Hooker.

Half-mile Handicap.—H. G. Chevis, A. Hughes, E. T. Tyler, T. G. Glasgow, R. Smith, F. Brown, T. G. Glasgow, W. T. Wynnard, P. G. Grantville, C. D. Cowan, P. A. Stubbings, A. Twinnane, W. E. Torrens, J. Hooker, H. C. Williamson, T. H. Hanson.

One Mile Handicap.—A. Rogers, A. B. Smith, E. Williams, W. T. Wynnard, P. G. Grantville, A. Twinnane, H. C. Williamson, T. H. Hanson, H. G. Chevis.

High Jump Handicap.—T. A. Kerr Taylor, L. B. Todd, P. A. Stubbings, E. Sutherland, H. C. Williamson, F. C. Lewis.

BICYCLE RACES.
Half Mile Bicycle Handicap.—F. J. Twiss, W. Hendry, F. G. Hayward, E. J. McKay, H. C. Alexander, H. H. Brook, S. Galbraith, E. H. Cuckey, C. Kidd, G. T. Robinson, G. W. Spragg, F. G. Rowe.

Three-quarter Mile Bicycle Handicap.—F. J. Twiss, W. Hendry, F. G. Hayward, E. J. McKay, H. C. Alexander, H. H. Brook, S. Galbraith, E. H. Cuckey, C. Kidd, G. T. Robinson, G. W. Spragg, F. G. Rowe.

AQUATICS.

NORTH SHORE YACHT CLUB.

The North Shore Yacht Club's final series of races was held on Saturday afternoon. The starting of the races was delayed half-an-hour owing to the light wind. The results are as follows:—

Second-Class Yachts: Peri, 6m, 1; Maria, 4m, 2; Vaire, 4m, 3; Aloha, 4m, 4; Jace, 4m, 5; Tangaroa, 11m; Pukeke, 11m. The finishing times were: Peri, 6h. 32m. 33s.; Vaire, 6h. 33m. 32s.; Maria, 6h. 34m. 25s.; Janet, 6h. 35m. 10s. Pukeke gave up. The Vaire crew was the Perry Company's trophy for the greatest number of points secured in this class for the season.

Fifth Class Yachts: Alofa, scratch, 1; Kotare, 2m; 2; Mavorraen, 6m; 3. Also started: Meiba, 3m; Heuti, 6m; Leary, 11m; presented by Mrs. Alofa, 5m. 23m. 3s.; Kotare, 5h. 25m. 11s.; Mavorraen, 6h. 42m. 30s.; Meiba, 5h. 44m. 5s.; Icarus, 6h. 12m. 15s. Alofa and Meiba 10 for Mr. J. W. Frazer's trophy in this class with 100.

Sixth Class: Eileen, 2m. 1; Freak, 2m. 2; Hotty, 2m. 3. Also started: Spindrift, scratch, 1; Ata, 3m. The finish was: Hotty, 5h. 24m. 25s.; Spindrift, 5h. 33m. 30s.; Eileen, 5h. 33m. 2; Freak, 5h. 44m. 15s. On time. However, Eileen is first, Freak second, and Hotty third. Eileen wins Messrs Skeates Brothers' trophy for this class.

Seventh Class: Marro 6m. 1; Wareho scratch, 2. Sweet Nell 5m, and Paul 18m, also started, but the wind dropping very light near the finish they retired, being too far behind to complete the course in time. Wareho secures Dr. J. A. Ising's trophy.

WAITEMATA BOATING CLUB.

The above club held trial fours for trophies presented by Mr G. Read on Saturday afternoon. The course was from St. Mary's Point to Holson-street Wharf. The final resulted in a win for C. Forteous crew, who were scarcely 2 feet ahead of D. Bell, W. Smith's four being a full length behind the last named.

NORTH SHORE ROWING CLUB.

This Club held trial fours at Cheltenham Beach on Saturday afternoon for trophies presented by Mr G. Read on Saturday afternoon. The course was from St. Mary's Point to Holson-street Wharf. The final resulted in a win for C. Forteous crew, who were scarcely 2 feet ahead of D. Bell, W. Smith's four being a full length behind the last named.

WEST END ROWING CLUB.

The West End Rowing Club held trial races on Saturday afternoon, twelve crews being engaged. In the final crews stroked by Allison, Ferguson and Camp respectively took part. The last named crew were successful. The names of the winners are C. Camp, C. Wykes, W. W. Wright, and O. Carlaw.

THE PONSONBY CRUISING CLUB.

The fourth annual picnic of the Ponsonby Cruising Club was held on Saturday at Pine Island. There was a large attendance of members, friends and representatives of other clubs. A good programme of sports and the other sports was gone through. The officials of the day, who deserve much credit for the successful outing, were Messrs F. E. Baume, A. Wilson, S. Levy, W. Bettam, J. Conway, T. Dickson, W. Williams, A. Thompson. Trophies were presented by Messrs S. Levy, W. Wilson, H. Johnson, W. Bettam, D. Patterson, T. Thompson, T. Dickson, F. Kuntz, E. Messers, C. Campbell, C. Hamilton, A. Thompson, B. Cooke, and crews of yachts Merrythought and Mabel. The events were won by Messrs W. Clare, T. Thompson, J. Mackay (2), A. Brand (2), A. Brand (2), N. Brand (2).

AUCKLAND GOLF CLUB.

The members of the Auckland Golf Club held their annual meeting on Saturday night, the Hon. Seymour Thorne George, M.L.C., presiding. The annual report showed the membership of the club as follows:—Playing members, 92; non players, 47; life members, 23; honorary members, 1. Honorary members, 39; total, 199. The report also stated that the course had been considerably altered so as to prevent any interference with the use of the hill by the general public. The new course was longer and more difficult than the old one, which the committee considered an improvement. Regret was expressed in the report that Mr. Gilles had indicated that he must resign the position of hon. secretary, which he had held since the formation of the club in 1904, and the assistance and co-operation of the Ladies' Club was

Accounts. The balance sheet showed: Receipts, £281; less debts due from last year, £41; total, £240. Expenditure, £284; and outstanding liabilities, £36; total, £320; profit, £80; total, £320.
The report and balance sheet were adopted, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. H. E. Evelyn, the Governor; president, Sir John Logan Campbell; vice-presidents, the Hon. B. Thorne George, M.L.C., Dr. Lewis, and Mr. M. A. Clark; captain, H. Gilman; hon. secretary, Dr. H. D. Bamford, L.L.D.; hon. treasurer, Mr. P. E. N. Crombie; committee, Messrs, K. D. O'Rourke, J. Kirkir, and W. W. Bruce. Votes of thanks were passed to Mr. C. E. S. Giffles for his past services as secretary, and to Messrs. Crombie and Sykes.

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE!!

Can You Help "The Graphic" and Yourself?

The attention of all who take photographs, or have friends who do, is directed to an advertisement on page 61. The "Graphic" wants good photographs, and is willing to pay well for them.

Can you or your friends supply them? If you have any really good, but half-forgotten negatives, look them up and send prints from them for the "Graphic" Fairplay Competition. Remember that every print used will be paid for. Even if you do not gain a prize your work will receive careful consideration, and a liberal fee for every photograph reproduced. Rejected prints will, of course, be promptly returned.

Read Carefully "THE NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC" PHOTO COMPETITION ADVERTISEMENT On Page 61.

The Competition does not close till March 31, 1904.

## A Day at Motutapu.

WITH DEERHOUND AND GUN IN  
NEW ZEALAND.

(Specially written for the "New Zealand Graphic.")

It is at all times a pleasure to visit the beautiful island of Motutapu, for as a holiday resort it has gained world-wide fame, and to its owner, Mr. Jas. Reid, whose hospitality is unbounded, many thousands of people, young and old, are indebted for outings that have proved of the most exhilarating character. The writer has expressed his acknowledgments before to-day, and it was with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction that I received a short note inviting me to renew my visits, and spend a day there with deerhound and gun, and a few enthusiastic sportsmen friends of the proprietor. It was to be the opening day of the deer season so far as the lovely island is concerned, and there is no need to say that the invite was accepted with most pleasurable anticipation. I am not going to attempt to describe this sportsman's paradise with its beautiful views, inlet bays, and surroundings, but a more perfect morning than we were favoured with as we landed at Emu Bay, after a quick run down from Auckland, could not have been. There we were met by Mr. Reid and his manager, Mr. Craig, and received the most hearty greeting, and were shortly under his hospitable roof partaking of a wee drizzle of the best, followed by more solid refreshment, which the lady-folk of the home-foad had provided with characteristic foresight. We had breakfasted early. Our party consisted of Messrs. W. Buckland, F. Waller, J. Chadwick, F. L. Armitage, J. Andrews, Bennett, J. Walton, Johnstone, and J. Craig, and horses were furnished by Mr. Reid for all, in addition to a three-horse team hitched to a sledge, in charge of Mr. Keith, and in which the ladies were taken out to get views from commanding positions overlooking the valleys in which the island abounds. Sheltered spots, affording either bush or scrub cover therein, or narrow raupo swamps in which the deer hide and suddenly emerge and come into view when being stalked, are to be found in almost every one of these gullies. A start was made at the rear of the homestead, three guns carrying rifles, and we had with us two deerhounds, brought in the fond expectation of a course or two, to my mind the most pleasurable part of deer hunting. As will be shortly told, hopes were realised. A lazy old buffalo wallowing in a water hole got up and stretched himself, and surveyed the intruders upon his shambles, as we crossed the head of the first gully. Almost immediately afterwards a hare jumped up, and Blue Belle fighting puss a rattling course was witnessed for quite two miles, the hare finally being viewed near the homestead making its escape through the emu paddock to a swamp, one of the feathered occupants in full chase at her scent—a novel sight, an emu after a hare. Blue Belle, a beautiful deerhound slue, thus early gave us a taste of her running and fence jumping qualities, and the gallop only served as an exercise one for her, as she appeared in excellent fettle. Our other hound, who was not in such condition, fortunately, we congratulated ourselves, did not get sighted. A long swamp was drawn blank by a Cocker who was used by one of our party as a beater, and we crossed over to a nicely wooded gully with a pretty and snug piece of native bush and tree scrub therein. Here we sighted, but quite out of range, four young deer on the far side of the valley, with their heads up, and they quickly decamped, a buck with a good head, unseen by the shooters, having crossed over one of the lower ridges in view of Mr. Andrews. "We shall find deer in the next valley," said Mr. Craig, "and you won't be long before you get a chance to see whether your eye is in." And so it proved, but when one is in a new country, so to speak, and has to judge his distance from one side of a gully to another, he is lucky if he can, with his first or second shots, stop the progress of a bounding buck heading over a dividing range at anywhere from 300 to 350 yards distance. Mr. Chadwick's first attempt failed, and his second shot at a doe that turned and took a good survey of those with him, was noticed to fall short, and Mr. Waller

also sent two shots at long range without effect from a position on the left. Some half-dozen deer were then rudely startled by the reports reverberating lower down the valley, but were all out of range when they appeared, and almost as quickly disappeared, over the next hill. Skirting the side of this valley we came out on some open ground overlooking a swamp, on the outskirts of which we were just in time to notice Mr. Buckland at about one hundred and fifty yards take aim at a small deer which went bounding up the hill, and would have been lost to view a moment later had not a well-directed shot struck her in the neck, causing her to roar in the air and come rolling down the side of the fern-clad slope more quickly than she had started to go up. "Well stopped, Wally," said one of the party. "Well spoken," said Mr. Craig, at my elbow. Meanwhile the sledge party, attracted by the reports of our rides, had come on the scene, and deer No. 1 was soon deposited in a straw bed thereon. Mr. Buckland continued on along the swamp with his spaniel and a beater, and a buck a few minutes later sped away, accelerating his pace to safety to the "crack," "crack," accompaniment in his rear from the same quarter. A long beat down a swamp over the mustering pens range, after passing a bevy of wild turkeys en route, followed when, as all eyes were directed to the swamp, which was being worked by Mr. Armitage who is a thorough sportsman and had generously given his trusty Winchester to one of the party for the day, there suddenly darted from a patch of cover on the right a fine fawn buck and a black deer, and Mr. Chadwick sent a ball after each, the buck being hit as he neared the crest of the hill, and diverged to the left out of sight. A gallop followed, some of the party over-running the game. Attracted by the cry of the wounded deer, one of the party rode up and dismounted, intending to give him his quietus, but the buck was yet strong, and getting up made off over a scrubbed hill, and was lost for quite twenty minutes. Meanwhile the deerhound bitch Blue Belle came on the scene, and pulled him down as he made another dash for liberty into a swamp, pinning him in her vice-like grip behind the back of the neck, and holding fast until Mr. Craig came on the scene and took possession. A few minutes later a hind at about a hundred and fifty yards started to climb the opposite hill. A first shot from Mr. Chadwick's rifle fell short, and the hind stopped and turned with her dup hill, and thus gave time for a second and more effective shot. Now came the carrying of the spoil, for the sledge party were in another direction. On the way towards Home Bay, now our shortest route to the steamer, two fine deer were sighted away to the left, and now came Mr. Waller's turn. Dismounting, he took all the cover available, and stalked towards them, and at the second attempt, at a range of probably not less than 250 yards, felled a two-year-old well-grown buck. The day had been wearing on, and there had been quite enough carnage, and we were still in hope that we should see Blue Belle in her element coursing a stag in the open. The chance came, for away to the eastern side of the island, beyond the sheep yards, five deer were seen at a distance of probably a third of a mile. Blue Belle sighted them, and headed straight away, and got within about a hundred yards when they noticed her, and away they dashed. It was too great a start after her long slip, but a pretty sight was witnessed. One, two, three, four, five, over a wire fence the deer bounded, and Blue Belle was gaining on the rear-most, and over a second fence they went, our deerhound fencing as prettily as the deer. Now in full view, the next moment lost to our sight, only to reappear and disappear again and again in the small ravines on the face of the mountain, finally with Belle, who had singled out a fawn to all appearances at the distance the biggest of the lot, in even closer pursuit. Unluckily, however, she was to lose her reward by a fall which broken ground, at the critical juncture of a dazing course, brought abruptly to a close. Poor Belle, she had contributed well her share of the day's doings. May I be there again and see her doing her work as well and under more advantageous conditions. In concluding, I must express on behalf of myself and our party, thanks for the extreme kindness shown by Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Craig, and their assistants on the island.

## The Rev. J. B. Russell.

NEW MINISTER OF KNOX CHURCH,  
PARNELL.

The Rev. James B. Russell, M.D., B.D., was inducted into the charge of Knox Church last week in succession to the Rev. Hugh Kelly, M.A., who some time ago accepted a call from an important Melbourne charge. The new clergyman, who comes from Brisbane (Q.), has a pleasant personality, which should win him many friends here, and his degrees speak of the scholarship which is so dear to the Scottish churchman. At the ceremony last week there was a large attendance. The new minister sat in the middle of the rostrum, having on his right the Rev. Wm. Watt (Moderator) and on his left the "Father" of the Presbytery, the Rev. Thomas Norrie. Several members of the Auckland Presbytery also sat on the rostrum.

The service was opened by the Rev. J. L. Pathello in the orthodox fashion, and he later preached from I. Peter ii, 15.

The Rev. R. Sommerville (Clerk to the Presbytery) obtained from the minister-elect the usual replies required by the Church, and the ceremony of induction concluded with a prayer for the success of the new minister by the Rev. G. B. Monro. The new minister was then congratulated by the members of the Presbytery present.

The Rev. Mr. Monro commented upon the excellent reports which had reached the Presbytery of Mr. Russell's abilities and achievements, and said he would find a compact and united brethren in the Church in Auckland. The Rev. H. B. Gray addressed the congregation on the duties of adherents and members of the Church. He also pronounced the Benediction.

The service was choral, and the organist (Mr. J. H. Bennett) had taken a good deal of trouble to make the singing of a high quality. The choir sang the anthem "Send Out the Light" (sung) with excellent rhythm, and Stainer's "Fourfold Amen" was sung splendidly after the benediction. Mr. Bennett played the fine prelude of "How Lovely are the Messengers" (Mendelssohn) and as a concluding voluntary Best's brilliant "Festal March." That concluded a service interesting as well as solemn in every respect.

## GENERAL NEWS.

The photographs taken on the steamer Ngapuhi's Northern excursion have been framed in two very handsome shields by Messrs. Alf. Jones and Coleman, and presented to Mr. Ranson, manager of the Northern Steamship Company. The shields have been hung in the company's office, and have attracted a great deal of attention. They will serve to still further bring under notice of the public, and especially of tourists, the marvellous scenic beauties of the North.

The North Shore District Football Club having long felt the want of a training shed, called a meeting of those interested in the project at the Foresters' Hall, Devonport, last week, when about 100 people attended. A strong committee was appointed to take immediate steps to raise the necessary fund, which will amount to about £100, it being suggested that the training shed, which will be erected on the Domain, should be a plain building measuring about 60ft. by 40ft. Dr. Laing, Messrs. W. Ramsay, and W. A. Key were appointed a deputation to wait on the Devonport Borough Council and Ferry Company to see what assistance they were prepared to give the Club. A proposal to provide seating accommodation on the roof of the building for spectators at the matches was deferred for the time being, owing to the want of funds.

During Easter holidays the Whangarei Lawn Tennis Club intend holding a tennis tournament under the N.Z. Lawn Tennis Association rules, and from the amount of interest being shown in tennis circles, the event should prove very successful. The tournament takes place on Sat. April 2, and Monday April 4, and consists of handicap, ladies' and gentlemen's singles and doubles, and combined. By arrangements made with the Steamship Company competitors and visitors will be able to leave Auckland on Thursday evening, 31st March, and return on Monday or Tuesday, in time for business. Already some twenty odd players from West End, North Shore, and Auckland Clubs have signified their intention of being present.

The Premier, speaking at Lawrence last week, had a few words to say relative to the New South Wales Commission's reference to New Zealand's birth-rate. In 1903, he said the excess of births over deaths in this colony was 13,301, the largest number since 1885, which went to show that the Commission's reproach of New Zealand was to some extent removed. Mr. Seddon has his own remedy for the evil. Above all things, he says, make the country prosperous, give opportunities to the people, and at once an increase will be noticed in both the marriage and the birth rates, so the sovereign remedy is to put people on the land. It is wonderful what a number of children the farmers have. Marriage is not a failure in the country districts of New Zealand.

Constable Cahill, who is stationed at Hikurangi, had an exciting experience on March 11, at the Towai show. A settler named Johnston, it is stated, suddenly rushed at the constable and made a blow at his face. This was warded off by the constable, who knocked his assailant down by a blow under the chin, and then attempted to secure him. As both are strong men a severe tussle took place in the attempt to put on the handcuffs. While so engaged Cahill was, it is asserted, assaulted by another man named Surrah, who seized him by the throat. Cahill, however, handcuffed Johnston, then knocked down Surrah and secured him, but meanwhile Johnston got away with the handcuffs upon him. Surrah was taken to the station, but the other man has not yet been secured.

## Vitadatio

THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY.  
CURES

KIDNEY DISEASE, BLOOD POISONING,  
AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

Maylands.

10th June, 1902.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the great amount of good received by my mother in taking VITADATIO. She suffered from Kidney troubles, which I understand brought on Blood Poisoning, resulting in a large and painful sore on one leg, besides General Debility. In all, my mother took fifteen bottles of VITADATIO. The sore is completely healed, and her general health is very much improved. You have liberty to quote my mother's case as being genuine.

Yours gratefully,

S. KENT.

P.S.—Mrs. Kent is an aged lady. The sore was about twice the size of one's hand.

For further particulars,

S. A. PALMER,  
Head Office: CLARENCE 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 Keepthorne, Prosser, and Co., Ltd., N.Z. Agents, 104  
Sharland and Co.

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S** Highest Possible Award.  
"GRAND PRIX," PARIS, 1903.  
Of Highest Quality; and having Greater Durability.  
Are therefore the CHEAPEST.  
**PENS**

# Music and Drama.



**NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.**  
**EASTER HOLIDAYS.**  
 Cheap Excursion Tickets at the rate of 2d per mile (first class and 1d per mile second class (minimum 4 and 2 respectively) will be issued between all stations from TUESDAY, 22nd March, to MONDAY, 4th April, available for return up to and including TUESDAY, 3rd May, 1904.  
 BY ORDER.



**WAIKATO CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION'S SHOW AT CAMBRIDGE.**  
 ON 23rd AND 24th MARCH, 1904.

**CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS.** available for return on MONDAY, 22nd March, will be issued from any station to Cambridge on 22nd, 23rd, and 24th March, at the rate of 2d per mile first class and 1d per mile second class (minimum 4 and 2 respectively). Mileage counted one way only.

**WEDNESDAY, 23rd MARCH, 1904.**  
 A Special Train to convey stock and exhibits will leave Te Awamutu for Cambridge at 7.30 a.m.

**THURSDAY, 24th MARCH, 1904.**  
 A Special Train will leave Auckland at 9.45 a.m., Newmarket 6.57, Mercer 9.25, Hamilton 11.20 a.m., arriving Cambridge 12.15 p.m., returning leaving Cambridge at 5 p.m., arriving Auckland 10.10 p.m. These trains will not stop at Westfield or Runciman.

A train will leave Te Kuiti at 6.40 a.m., to Awamutu 8.30, Hamilton 10.0, arriving Cambridge 11.0 a.m., returning leaving Cambridge at 5.30 p.m., arriving Te Kuiti 9.5 p.m.  
 The 7.0 a.m. train from Rotorna to Frankton, and the 11.10 a.m. train from Frankton to Rotorna will not run. A special train will leave Rotorna at 6.30 a.m., arriving Cambridge 12.15 p.m., returning leaving Cambridge at 5 p.m., arriving Rotorna 11 p.m.  
 A Special Train will leave Thames at 7.15 a.m., to Arua 9.20, arriving Cambridge 11.40 a.m., returning leaving Cambridge at 5.15 p.m., arriving Thames 9.25 p.m.  
 The 12.10 p.m. train Cambridge to Ruakura will NOT run. A train to convey stock and exhibits will leave Cambridge for Te Awamutu at 3.15 p.m.  
 For further particulars, see Posters and Handbills.

BY ORDER.



**NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.**  
**SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF COAL.**  
 1904-5.

Railway Department, Head Office, Wellington, March 8, 1904.  
 Written Tenders will be received at this Office up to Noon of THURSDAY, 24th March, 1904, for the supply and delivery of New Zealand lignite or Brown Coal for the New Zealand Railways.  
 Specifications and forms of tender to be obtained at the Railway Manager's Offices at Auckland, Dunedin, and Invercargill.  
 Tenders to be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington, and to be marked outside "Tender for Coal."  
 The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted, and telegraphic tenders will not be entertained.  
 By order, T. RONAYNE, General Manager N.Z. Railways.

Looking back on many, many years of professional theatre-going, the writer hereof does not remember a play which achieved so instantaneous and dominating a success on a first production as that secured by Mr. Barrie's marvellously clever play, "The Admirable Crichton," when first produced in Auckland on Saturday last. More noisily demonstrative audiences one can remember in plenty, likewise houses deeply and silently thrilled by that culmination of emotion which sends chill shivers down the spine, but for complete understanding between the stage and itself, for keen, quiet enjoyment of humour, and instantaneous sympathy with the author's whimsical mood, and absolute appreciation of his wit and satire, Saturday's audience at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, would be hard indeed to equal. There was veritably a perceptible exultation in the atmosphere after the first act, a sort of drawing together of the audience as if all were saying to all: Now, isn't this truly delightful! Isn't this something to tickle the intellectual palate in the way a theatre should, and are we not already raised above our common mental plane by the stimulation of Mr. Barrie's admirably conceived and perfectly polished whimsicality! Even the extraordinary between-the-acts-drink habit gave way before it. Not for years have I seen so few leave the theatre. They sat still to realise, and perhaps analyse their enjoyment. A victory of mind over matter indeed. Barrie's wit stimulated as no ardent spirit could. Great as was the vogue of "The Light That Failed"—and heavy as must have been the treasury returns—it is already certain with two more nights to run, that "The Admirable Crichton" will easily beat the record established by Kipling's play for His Majesty's Theatre, and this is remarkable; for while "The Light That Failed" was a play which knocked so directly on the heart as to insure success, Mr. Barrie's play has the more difficult task of appealing solely to the humour in a man and to a certain alertness in intellectual enjoyment of delicious nonsense. The fact that the play created the delighted impression it did is a matter for profound gratulation on two heads. First, it means that the taste for the higher form of theatrical enjoyment has not been seriously weakened by the enormous inanities of musical farce or the heavy banalities of sensational melodrama, but is as keen as ever. Secondly, it means that finding this sort of entertainment fills his pockets, Mr. Williamson will send more like it, and other managers will follow suit, a consummation devoutly to be prayed for. Certainly a more original—a more enjoyable or a more clever piece of work than this admirable conceit has never been seen on our side of the world, and in the dramatic literature of our time it must occupy a high place indeed. Of the acting and staging most readers of the "Graphic" are already aware. The acting is well nigh as good as it could be with most of the characters, and the staging faultless. The Crichton of Mr. Cuyler Hastings is an admirable bit of work, and few faults can be found with the rest of the cast. One suggestion one might make is that Crichton is almost a trifle too genuinely the polished gentleman right through. The "gentleman's gentleman" never once shows through. He is so evidently the true aristocrat of the entire set amongst whom he moves, that there is a trifle too much shock when he returns to bullerdom in the last act. Such a character might give up Polly out of love for her, but it hurts to see him go back to Tweenie, and the idea of a public-house, the fault is partly with the author, and perhaps he meant it to hurt, but the sense of inborn culture which Mr. Hastings creates for Crichton intensifies the jar.

The alterations which the B-Law Committee of the Christchurch City Council ordered to be carried out at the Theatre Royal in that city, have now been completed. The dress-circle entrance is now in the centre, where the pit entrance was formerly—an arrangement which lands the dress-circle audience, on leaving, in the centre of those

making their exit from stalls and pit. This necessitates going out into the road to get along. The staircase to the dress-circle is wide and easy of ascent, being divided by an iron railing in the centre. The interior of the house and the seating have not been altered.

Albert Chevalier has re-appeared in the London music halls after a long absence—with some very old but apparently very welcome coster songs.

That awful burlesque, "A Chinese Honeymoon," recently broke all musical comedy record in London by celebrating its nine hundred and thirty-second performance!

Cecil Ward has returned from the Hot Springs, New Zealand, looking bronzed lean and healthy (says an Australian exchange). Perhaps he thinks his rheumatism is due to the proximity of his Neutral Bay home to the water. Anyhow, Sunny-side, with its deep-water frontage, three reception rooms, billiard room, and terraced lawns is to let for £200 a year and taxes.

Dates are now fixed for the Edwardes Gaiety Co's Australian tour. Manager Williamson works with the big Cockney entrepreneur in this deal. The company will open at Melbourne Princess early in May, the Princess becoming a Williamsonian establishment for the term of its natural run. The company is probably too expensive to visit New Zealand, unless the Royal Comic Opera Company proves this colony a real gold mine.

A country paper says that if sufficient inducement offers, the Royal Comies shortly to appear in New Zealand, will play at Stratford and other country towns. As the cost of an opera company of such dimensions as the one to burst upon this colony is something over £150 per night, it will be a decidedly risky experiment. More than likely the management will not consider the game worth the candle.

A Country Girl's marked success has led to the suspension of Arthur Adam's Maori opera "Tapu," which is now unavoidably crowded out so far as Australia is concerned, and will be held over for an opening in the indefinite future. It is not improbable it will be staged during the New Zealand season, as it will be an excellent opportunity for "trying it on the dog." New Zealand is looked upon by managers as a dog of discrimination.

The Royal Comic Opera Company leave Melbourne for New Zealand by the Monowai, opening on March 22, at His Majesty's Theatre, Dunedin, on March 29. Owing to the enormous increase in travelling expenses (fares and freights alone for 10 weeks' trip will run over £1500), Mr. Williamson finds it necessary to increase the prices to 6s., 4s., and 2s. This is apt to seem stiff to New Zealanders, but in either London, Paris or any American theatre, they would have to pay very nearly double these prices for a similar show.

Miss Dora Rignold carried off first prize at the fancy dress ball held on the India during the passage from Australia to India. The character personated was a Red Cross Sister of Mercy, and she was very proud of the fact that she made the dress entirely on the boat. It was all white except for the red cross on the breast and arm. It is easy to picture the stately, distinguished figure Miss Rignold would make in such a becoming dress.

"The Flood Tide," a tremendous Drury Lane drama, was staged for the first time in Australia. "The Flood Tide" is unlike the average Drury Lane melodrama in having a semi-farcical plot, but it is a brightly written thing, and has no lack of sensation. It contains the much-talked-of raging scene in an army barracks, and a great flood scheme. Mr. and Mrs. Bland Holt have particularly vigorous parts to deal with, and the whole may be expected to bring the season to a glorious conclusion somewhere about the end of this month.

Miss Gerie Campion, one of the cleverest of musical comedy artists, who ever visited New Zealand, and who has been very seriously ill in South Africa is reported convalescent, though it will be some time before she is about again. In certain parts Miss Campion was unapproachable so far as any of Tom Pollard's Company was concerned. In anything "French" she excelled, being able to give spice and snap without vulgarity, and without suggestiveness, a consummation not always achieved by more famous artists in their roles.

Australian Gippsland is going to succeed as a famous fattening country. It is already famous amongst pastoralists as the best place in the world for lean cattle to pick up in, but it is gradually earning a world-wide reputation as the country that turns out fat human prodigies for the cheap museums. Already five or six enormous Gippsland products, all girls, have been sent abroad, and presently Mr. Taverner, the new Agent-General, will be receiving communications like the following from the enterprising Yank proprietors of dime shows. "Dear Sir—I believe you are agent for the colony of Gippsland, in Sydney, New Zealand. Can you deliver within 60 days, in good order and condition, two Gippsland-fed fat girls and a giant boy. F.O.B. Highest price given for a good article.—Circus Blink, Proprietor Wonder Show, New York."

Mr. Lauri has succeeded, says "Prospero," in securing for Mr. George Stephenson three comedies entirely new to Australasia, viz. "Le Voyage en Suisse," better known in England as "The Swiss Express," "His Majesty's Guests," and "Fritzholtz." The first of these has been a standard attraction throughout the Old World for close on twenty years. It was first produced by "The Hulton-Lows," then by "The Lauri Family," and is now being played at Home by "The Renauds." The reason it has never been played in the colonies is the difficulty in getting the right people. Not only must the performers be actors and actresses, but they must be singers, dancers, pantomimists and acrobats. Mr. Lauri has been associated with this piece for years, and he is at present scouring England and the Continent for the artists he knows can adequately represent this work.

A friend of "Pasquin" recently returned from London visited Barnum and Bailey's "freak" show in the Big Smoke. Some of the sights: The Legless Man. This individual's feet grew from his trunk, but he was able to run about as though fully and well developed. When spoken to he said he was in receipt of a big salary, and was perfectly happy. The rhinoceros-hid man was a gentleman who danced on sword points and jumped through hoops bristling with knives. A playful individual was the man who swallowed ironmongery in large or small doses. He dropped a watch (borrowed from a person of the audience) into his "interior," and asked the owner to listen to it ticking from the "outside." My friend gave him a packet of carpet tacks, which he swallowed with gusto. At this she made a bolt for the door, having had enough of freaks for one day.

The great attraction on the other side just at present is strong woman Valcana, who poses, a la Sandow, on a revolving pedestal, and whose back raises a violent excitement whenever she goes. A correspondent of the "Tribune" writes:

There's news in all the papers 'bout the trouble in the East. But folk are sick of war, and there's no interest 'n't the least: Elijah Dowie's Capers are no longer all the rage. Teetotalism's fallen flat, though raised another stage. Though Drummie Irvine's checked the job, and Bert's begun to wane, And Lawson's been disqualifed—no one has gone insane. There's another thing to talk about, so there's a not only so sick For you're greeted with the query, "Have you seen Valcana's back?"

Miss Nellie Stewart has been taken for Mr. Mungrave's daughter in America. An American paper, the "St. Louis Republic," gives the following amusing description of Mr. George Mungrave and Miss Nellie Stewart's appearance in a private box at the Olympic Theatre in that city:—"Miss Mungrave, an English beauty, created something of a social sensation last night at the 'Du Barry' performance. She is a daughter of

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**KALYDOR**  
**FOR THE SKIN**  
 COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALING  
 and Emollient; Preserves the Skin, heals all eruptions, and Beautifies the Complexion more effectually than any other preparation; removes Freckles, Tan, Scabrous, Redness, Roughness and all blemishes, and is warranted harmless. Ask Sellers and Chemists for Rowland's Kalydor of 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Mr. Harold Ashton has booked New Zealand dates for Mr. J. C. Williamson's new English Comedy Company, now on the way to Australia. The tour commences in Auckland on August 1. The company's repertoire will include "The Marriage of Kitty," and "Cousin Kate," the latest comedy successes.

George Musgrove, an Englishman, who lives in Sydney, Australia, when he is not actively engaged in looking after the interests of the Shaftesbury Theatre in London. With his two daughters, Mr Musgrove occupied a lower box, for which he called to Mr Short several weeks ago, knowing that he would reach St. Louis last night and spend only 24 hours in the city. He is en route to London from Sydney, and will sail from New York on Saturday. The elder daughter is a real beauty, of blonde English type, tall and slender, with a profusion of soft reddish-gold hair, which she wears very low, in the style affected by Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Constance Crawley, the latter of "Everman's" distinction. She wore a very clinging white crepe gown, hanging almost from the shoulders, and modelled after the picture gowns of Burke Jones's women. Some old ferns were added to the effect. Altogether Miss Musgrove was a striking figure, and the focus for opera glasses during every intermission.

The terrible results of the recent Chicago fire seem to have inspired a perfectly unreasoning terror in the hearts of theatrical audiences all over Europe (says the London correspondent of the New York "Herald"). Reports are continually to hand of insipient panics arising from the most unlikely and frequently inexcusable causes. A few days ago there was an occurrence of this kind in the Hippodrome at Antwerp, where a slight smoke from a cigarette end being thrown upon a small piece of paper gave rise to an outburst of fire. With great presence of mind the conductor of the orchestra struck up a waltz, which had the effect of reassuring the terrified audience and preventing any serious damage. The most noticeable fact of the occurrence was that, although there were plenty of emergency exits in perfect working order, with one accord the whole mass of people rushed to the main entrance, and refused to take the slightest notice of directions posted over the theatre for their safety.

## OBITUARY.

### MRS. WILLIAMS.

The death of Mrs. Williams, of Remuera, Auckland, which took place on the 7th inst., has removed a very old resident of the province. Mrs. Williams came to New Zealand in 1878, in the ship William Watson, and she had seen many changes. The deceased lady, who was born in Wales, was the daughter of the late Mr. John Seliger, whose father was for many years tutor to King William IV. He published many valuable works on navigation. She married Mr. George Williams, son of the late Mr. Thomas Williams, of "The Plains," Wandsworth, Surrey. In earlier days Mrs. Williams took a prominent part in all social and church movements, and to the very last retained her wonderful memory, and an active interest in daily life. Mrs. Williams leaves five married daughters, two of whom, Mrs. Brodie and Mrs. Loosdale Pratt, are living at Remuera. The others are Mrs. K. M. Earle, Southsea, England; Mrs. J. A. Wray, Timaru; and Mrs. E. G. M. Fraser, Otago.

## Launch of H.M.S. New Zealand.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, February 5.

New Zealand now enjoys the proud distinction of having given its name to the largest warship ever launched from Portsmouth's famous dockyards. Yesterday, with great eclat, and under auspices as happy as ever superstitious mariners wished for, the new first-class battleship New Zealand was set afloat. Glorious weather, which those of us who journeyed down from London could appreciate to the full, graced a picturesque ceremony. The sun shone with pleasant warmth from a sky of almost cloudless blue, lighting up a scene that was full of life and colour. On the dockyard slip the new warship reared its massive hull, towering majestically high above the thousands who lined the quays on either side. Conspicuous among her flags was the blue New Zealand ensign, with its emblem of the Southern Cross. "Success to the New Zealand," ran a device in blue and gold set athwart the vessel's stem, where a bottle of colonial wine was shortly to be broken. Around the bows a balcony, covered in with bunting, accommodated a distinguished company, and near the entrance to the balcony stood a guard of honour from the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with the band of the regiment also in attendance. The famous old Victory, lying alongside the breastwork to the left of the launching slip, fitted naturally into the picture. Nelson's flagship, which still flies the Admiral's flag in Portsmouth harbour, and "dressed ship" for the occasion, and with her bunting and a new coat of paint looked staunch and trim as ever. Flags fluttered gaily in the breeze; the water danced and sparkled; the lively strains of the band mingled with the hammering of the shipwrights as they knocked away the blocks beneath the hull. It was an inspiring scene.

The launch was attended by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and Lady Onslow, wife of New Zealand's ex-Governor, performed the christening ceremony. The Earl of Onslow was also present, and there was a representative gathering of naval, military and dockyard officials, with a number of ladies. New Zealand was represented by the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves) and Mrs. Reeves, with whom were Sir Arthur Douglas and Miss Douglas, the Hon. R. Olliver, and Miss Williams. Before the last blocks were knocked away the Duke of Connaught and Rear-Admiral W. H. Murray, Controller of the Navy, went down below the hull and saw the work in progress. Upon their return to the balcony a brief religious service was conducted, the workmen continuing their hammering the while. When but five more blocks remained a bugle gave the signal for the workmen to get away from beneath the hull, which they lost no time in doing. A few minutes before half-past twelve everything was in readiness for the launching.

Then came the christening of the New Zealand by Lady Onslow. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance the bottle of wine, decked in flowers and evergreens, was broken upon the vessel's

stem, while with a boxwood mallet and chisel Lady Onslow severed a rope which held the weights suspended over the dogshores on either side of the ship. The weights descended with a thud upon the dogshores, and then, amidst shouts of "She's off," the mighty vessel moved gently down the slipway towards the water. The band struck up the National Anthem, and amidst the stirring strains of the music and the cheers of the thousands who watched the spectacle, H.M.S. New Zealand glided majestically into the harbour. The launching was perfect.

An interesting feature of the ceremony was the laying down of the first keel plate of a new battleship, the Britannia, as soon as the New Zealand had left the slip. They don't waste much time in His Majesty's dockyards! The new vessel, which is to be a sister ship of the one just launched, was begun without any ceremony beyond the playing of "Rule Britannia" by the band, and five of the keel-plates were laid before work ceased for the day. After the launch Admiral Sir John Fisher entertained the Duke of Connaught and a number of others, including the New Zealand visitors, to lunch at Admiralty House. The toast "Success to New Zealand" was proposed by Sir John and enthusiastically honoured, the Hon. R. Olliver responding. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves lunched with Rear-Admiral Henderson, Admiral-Superintendent of the Dockyard. As a souvenir of the launch the Countess of Onslow was presented with a handsome carved oak box containing the chisel and mallet she had used.

The New Zealand, which is a sister-ship to the King Edward VII., was laid down on February 9, 1903, and is the largest warship ever built at Portsmouth. Her displacement is 16,350 tons, and her indicated horse-power 18,000. She is 425ft long, 78ft in beam, and draws about 27ft of water. Her speed will be 18½ knots. The New Zealand should be ready for service in about 12 months from now. She will not go to New Zealand, but, as Sir John Fisher remarked yesterday, she will protect New Zealand, and will do so more effectually in the fighting-line than if she were in New Zealand waters.

### A PRESENTATION FROM THE COLONY.

The launch of the "New Zealand," says the "Auckland Star," may help to rouse public enthusiasm over a suggestion connected therewith which has already received very favourable attention in the South. The bestowal of the colony's name upon one of the most formidable of England's ships of war is professedly a recognition of the loyalty and patriotism that New Zealand has always displayed, and more especially during the great struggle in South Africa four years ago. It has been proposed in several independent quarters that the colony might gracefully acknowledge the honour that has been paid us by making some sort of presentation to the new battleship, to be held by its officers and crew. According to the "Otago Daily Times" the honour of making the first move in this direction belongs to Auckland, where a lady, writing to the press

three months ago, proposed that the women of this colony should present a service of plate to the "New Zealand." Unfortunately, there was no public response to the suggestion; and the movement which now seems likely to produce some practical result was started by Mr James Craigie, Mayor of Timaru. An enthusiastic meeting was held in Timaru last Wednesday, and it was then decided to open subscription lists for the purpose of raising money to present annual gunnery prizes to the battleship. A shilling subscription from adults, and a penny subscription from school children would provide very handsome and substantial proofs of the interest we take in the new warship, and would help many of the defenders of the Empire to realise the strong personal attachment which binds every man and woman in the colony to the Motherland. The Christchurch "Press" has proposed that a penny subscription should be collected throughout our schools, and that a shilling fund should be opened by the Mayors of all towns throughout the colony; and no doubt all that is required to guarantee the success of this effort is a prompt appeal endorsed by the municipal authorities, or by our representative public men. The Premier has been approached, but does not see his way to suggest that Government should take up the movement officially; and, indeed, it appears to us that the gift will come with a better grace as the spontaneous offering of the people. The promoters of the fund have pointed out that the men of Kent, Donegal, and Hampshire have presented plate and trophies to the cruisers bearing their names; and there should be no difficulty in raising in this colony a sum that may help to remind our kinsfolk at Home that we are as much interested in the fleet and the Empire as if we had all been born in England or Scotland or Ireland. It has been appropriately suggested that the children's fund should be used to procure a silver ship's bell, or some similar object that would be a permanent possession of the crew; and if all our towns display the same amount of earnestness about this matter as Timaru, the success of the movement will speedily be assured. We commend this proposal to the notice of our public bodies and to the local branch of the New Zealand Natives' Association, which may be expected to take up the idea with genuine enthusiasm.

### AREN'T YOU VERY WELL?

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If you're not feeling very well just give Bile Beans a trial. You needn't spend money to do it. Send in a request for a Sample Box, enclose a penny stamp to pay for its postage, mention this paper, and address your application to The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney. You're not alone in feeling "out of sorts" at this season. The effect of the recent trying weather on the liver and digestive apparatus is very detrimental, and often results in loss of tone, headache, indigestion, and that "don't-care-can't-help-it" sensation due to liver disorder. You'll be surprised at the beneficial effect of a course of Bile Beans on such symptoms.

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Factory; STANLEY ST., AUCKLAND.

The Good Housekeeper always gets good value for her money.

She is not content to take anything that is offered, but is careful to know the best, and insists on getting the best.

Where Biscuits are concerned  
**The BEST and ROBERTS'**  
are synonymous.





"EVENING." BY E. W. PAYTON.



See Letterpress.

LONDON FALLS, VALLEY OF THE DART, LAKE WAKATIPU, BY CHAS. BLOOMFIELD.

**Art Union Pictures by Auckland Artists in Aid of the New Art Gallery.**

**Babies as Shop-lifters.**

A shop-lifter at five years of age promises something in the way of criminality in later life.

A German woman has been caught making use of her little girl in this way. The child was so small says the detective who discovered her, that she could hardly put her little face over the edge of the counter. Yet I never in my life saw a more adept thief.

We caught her stealing silk remnants. These remnants, as almost everyone

knows, are rolled up in balls, and generally contain enough to make a blouse or a skirt, and are sold at reduced prices. The little one's mother would indicate to her what she would want, and would gradually work it to the edge of the counter. The child would pull it over the edge quickly, and as she was small she could not be seen by the salesman when she took it from the floor and slipped it under her coat. When we arrested her they had secured seven of these packages of remnants.

When we took the pair to the reception-room to be searched we unearthed

nearly every department in the establishment—handkerchief, gloves, pocket-books, jewellery—in fact, everything except articles that had to be carried away on a tray.

This child was so well trained that she knew when the detectives were watching her. She was looking around all the time, watching for somebody who might be intently looking at her, and she would tip her mother if she found that they were under observation. This child was really smarter than her mother.

The same detective tells of a case that from the mother's handbag articles from

came under his notice in which a baby of two, carried in arms, was used as a shop-lifter.

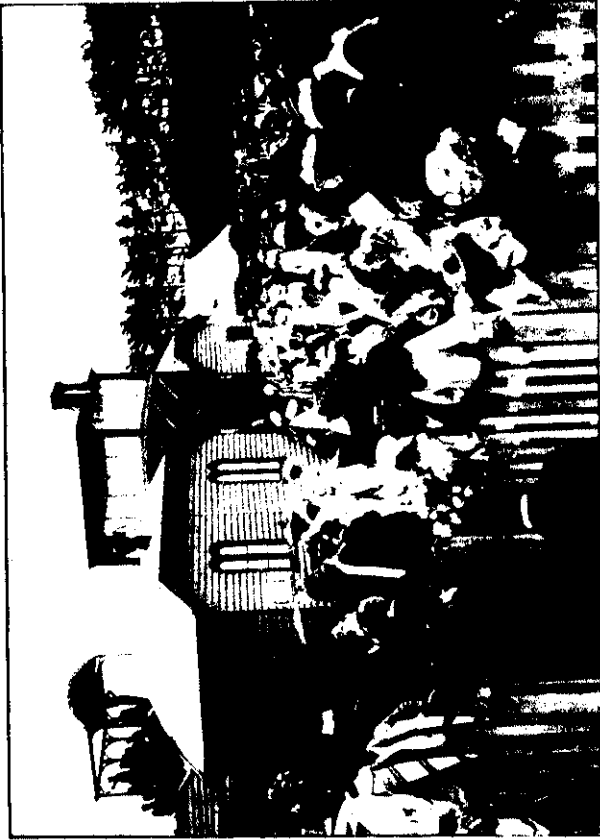
She would say to her, "Dolly, pick that up for mamma," and the little thing was so cute that she would look around to see if anybody was observing her before she picked it up. Gloves, handkerchiefs, and any small article would be picked up by the baby and handed to the mother, who placed it quickly on her arm and sat the baby on it. A ten-year-old girl, who accompanied the woman, was carefully trained to do the watching, and whenever there was an appearance of observation she would tug her mother's coat.



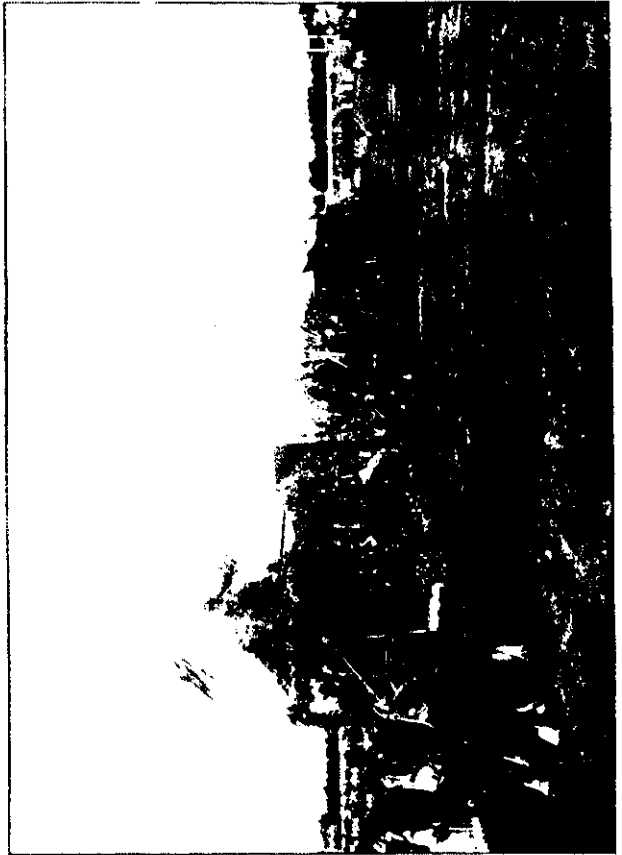
"MT. EARNSHAW" PASTELL, BY WALTER WRIGHT.



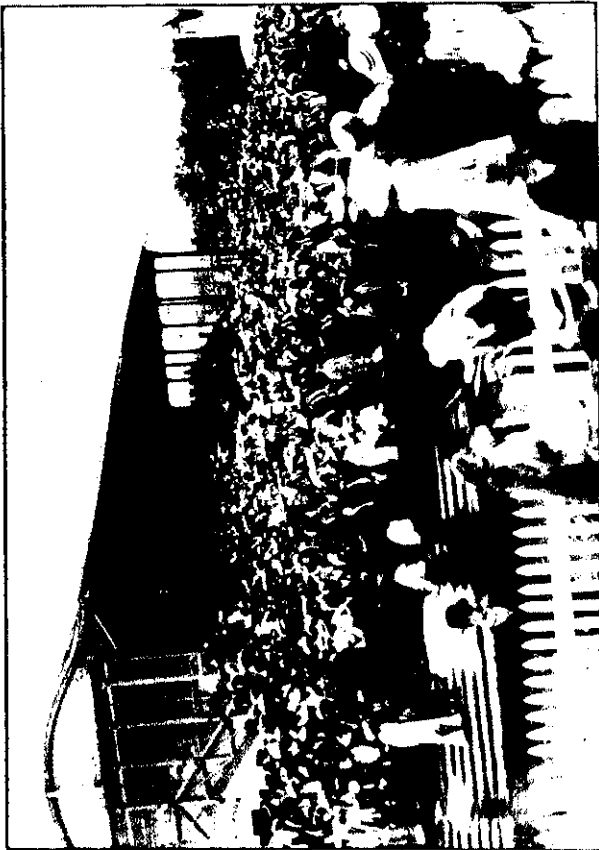
"AFTER THE STORM," BY R. PHENEY.



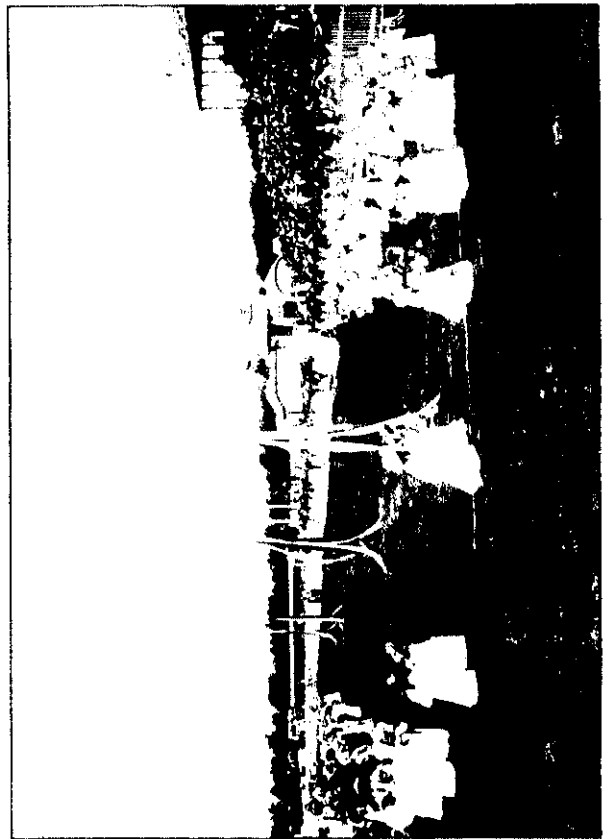
A SNAPSHOT OF A CORNER OF THE GROUNDS RESERVED FOR COMPETITIONS.



PROCESSION OF DECORATED LORRIES.



SOME OF THE CROWD WATCHING THE MILITARY DISPLAY.



THE PROCESSION OF MAYPOLE DANCERS.

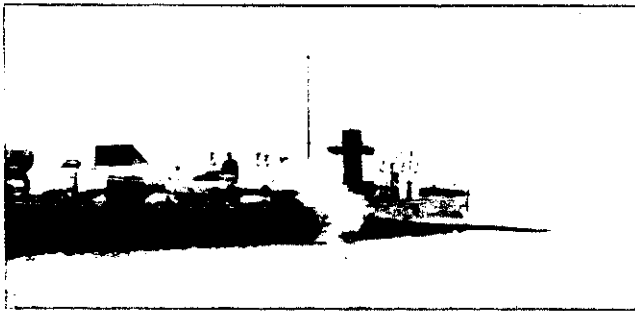
FLORAL FETE HELD AT DUNEDIN IN AID OF THE VETERAN'S HOME.



THE MOST UNHAPPY WOMAN IN THE WORLD—THE EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.



A COSSACK OF THE DON.



FIRING A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO FROM A REVOLVING TUBE.



KOPINSKY COSSACKS.



BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION BY A REGIMENT OF SAPPERS.



GENERAL STAFF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

# The Russo-Japanese War.



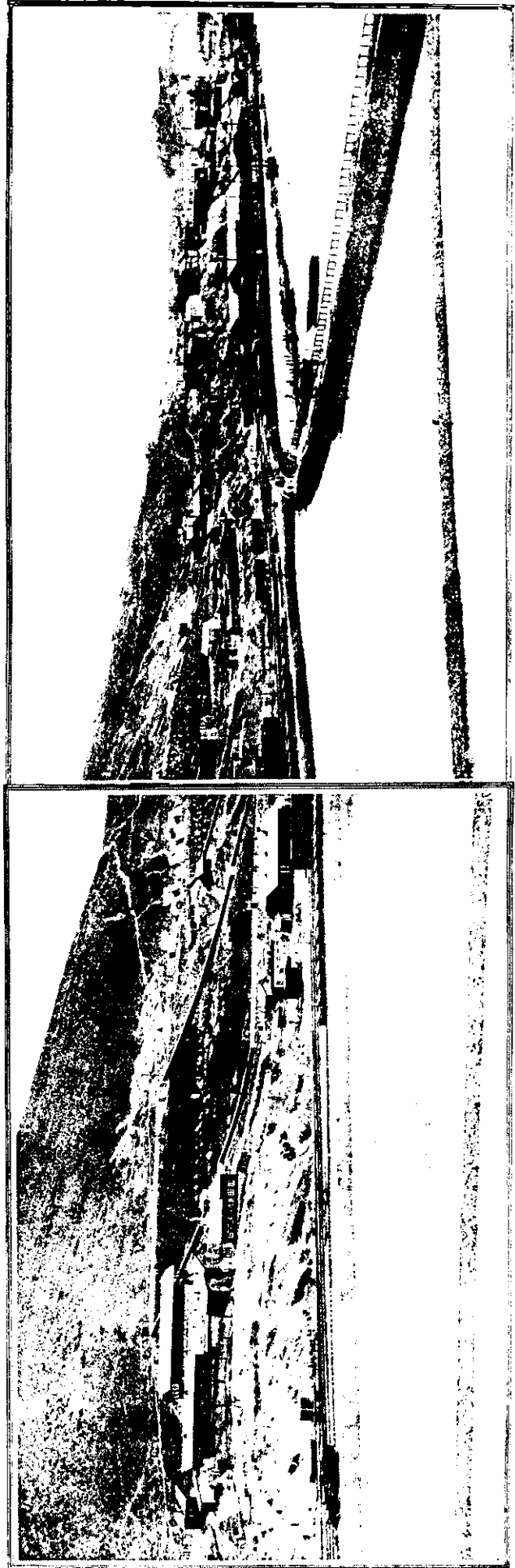
OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN HORSE GUARD.



MOUNTED COSSACK.



A COMPANY OF RUSSIAN SAPPERS AT WORK.

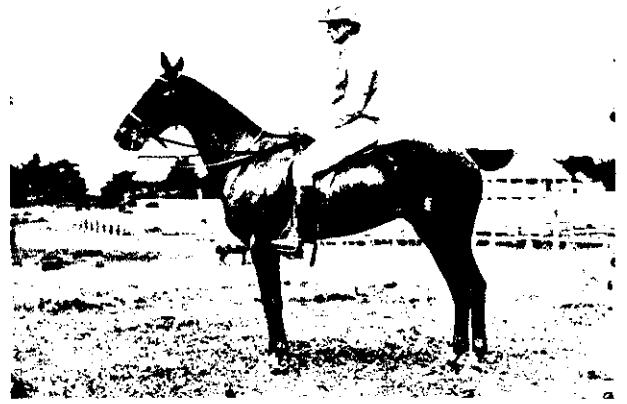


PORT ARTHUR IN PANGRAMA, SHOWING THE RAILWAY AND THE GREAT DAM ACROSS THE HARBOUR.

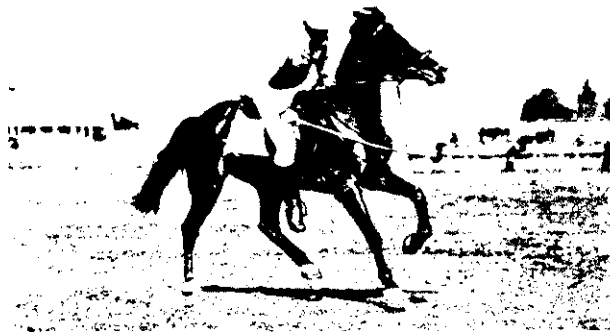
# The Russo-Japanese War.



MIL McDOWELL'S PAHWAIHI, WINNER OF THE POLO CUP.



MR. E. D. O'BORKE, WINNER OF THE BENDING COMPETITION.



THE WINNING STROKE OF THE POLO BALL RACE.



WINNER OF THE POLO BALL RACE.



THE OBSTACLE RACE.



FINAL HEAT IN THE BENDING COMPETITION.

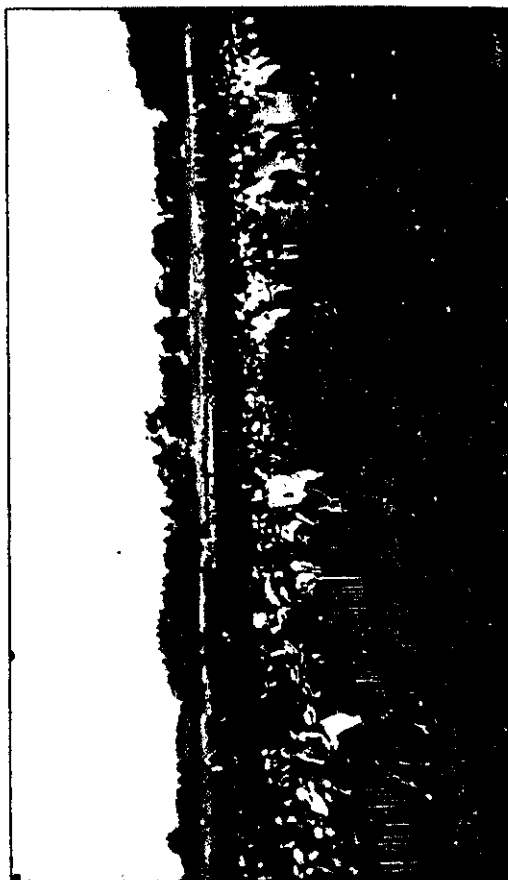


LEADING OFF FOR THE POLO BALL RACE.



COLLEEN, WINNER OF THE HURDLE RACE.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE POLO SPORTS, AUCKLAND.



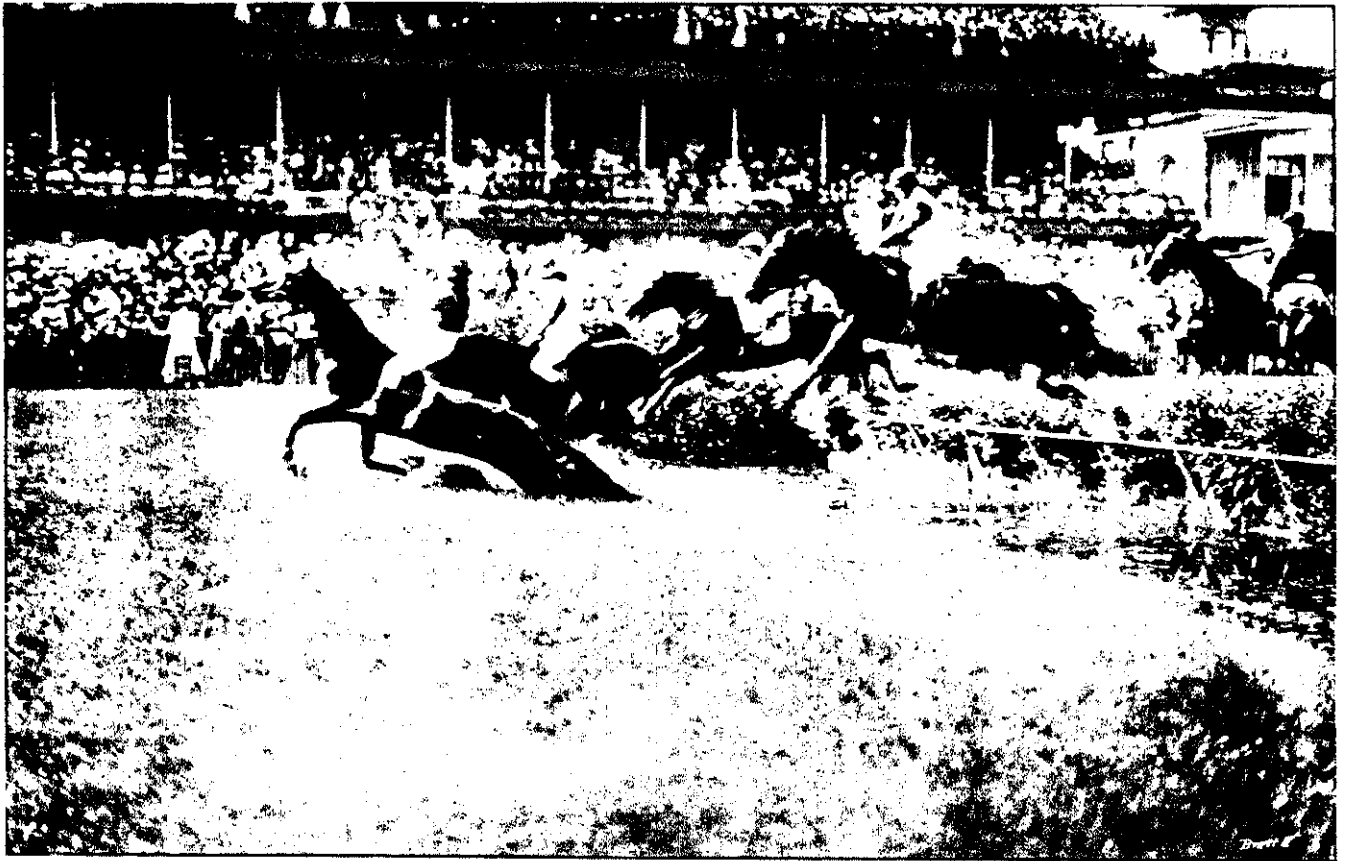
FINISH OF THE POLO CUP.



THE BEMUCERA POLO TEAM.



VIEW OF THE SYDNEY CRICKET GROUND DURING THE FOURTH TEST MATCH BETWEEN THE ENGLISHMEN AND THE AUSTRALIANS. It is estimated that 30,000 persons were present when this photo was taken.



THE FAMOUS NEW ZEALAND STEEPLECHASER, RECORD REGN, AT HIS LAST JUMP IN THE AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASE. The champion is seen as he fell in the lead. This jump is one of the largest and most distressing in France.



RECORD REGN THE IDOL OF THE STEEPLECHASE SPORTSMEN AT AUTEUIL. Taken after his accident and just before he was shot.

**Some Interesting Sporting Snapshots by a Wealthy and Enthusiastic French Amateur.**





1. JUMPING A WALL. 2. A SMASH AFTER JUMPING SOB WALL. 3. PERILOUS POSITION.

**Some Interesting Sporting Snapshots by a Wealthy and Enthusiastic French Amateur.**



THE EXECUTIVE STAFF.

From Left, Standing: Capt. Sandford, Capt. Clemens, Major Hughes, Lieut. Sandie, Capt. Turnbull.  
Sitting: Major Crosswell, Capt. Turner, Lieut-Col. Collins, Capt. Foster, Capt. Williams.

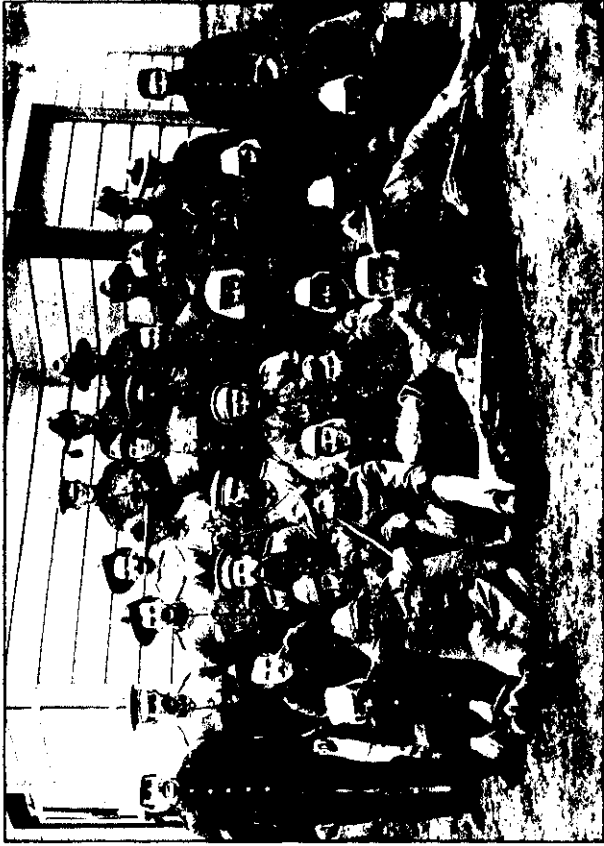


AUCKLAND OFFICERS.

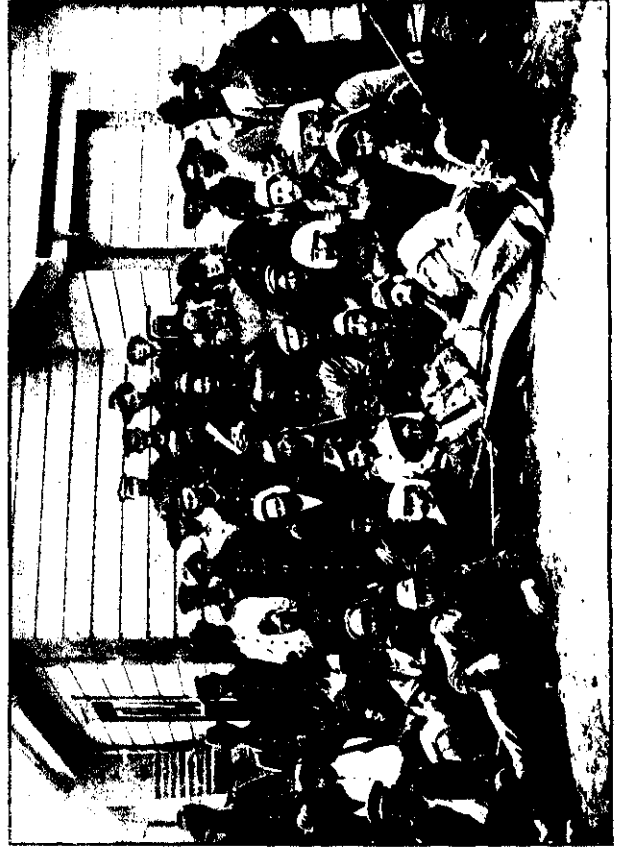
From Left, Standing: Lt. McMillan, Lt. Hubbard, Capt. Sutton, Lieut. Salmon, Sergt. Bent, Capt. Pearson, Lt. Robinson.  
Sitting: Capt. Skinner, Capt. Shepherd, Capt. Clements, Lieut. R. Cox, Lieut. Ready.

Championship Rifle Meeting at Trentham, Wellington.

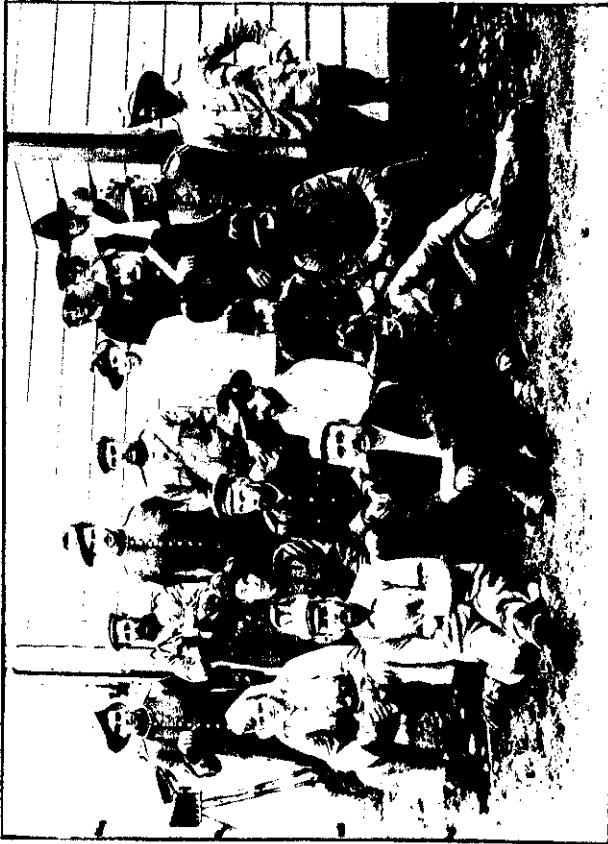
Schoof, Sarony Studios, photo.



THE OTAGO TEAM.



THE AUCKLAND TEAM.

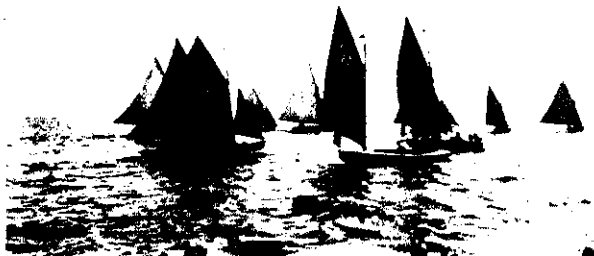
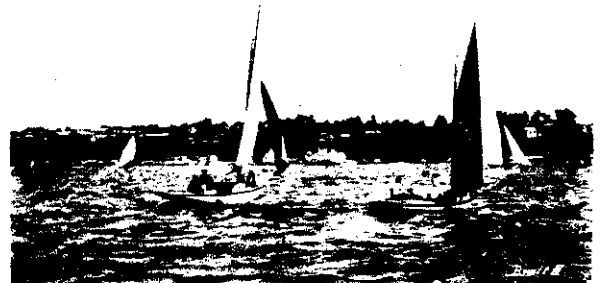
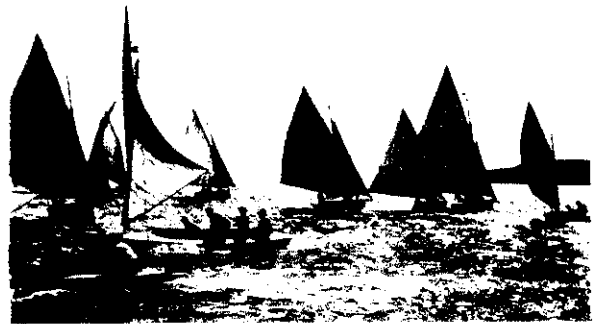


THE TRENTHAM TEAM.



THE CANTERBURY TEAM.

**CHAMPIONSHIP RIFLE MEETING AT TRENTHAM, WELLINGTON.**



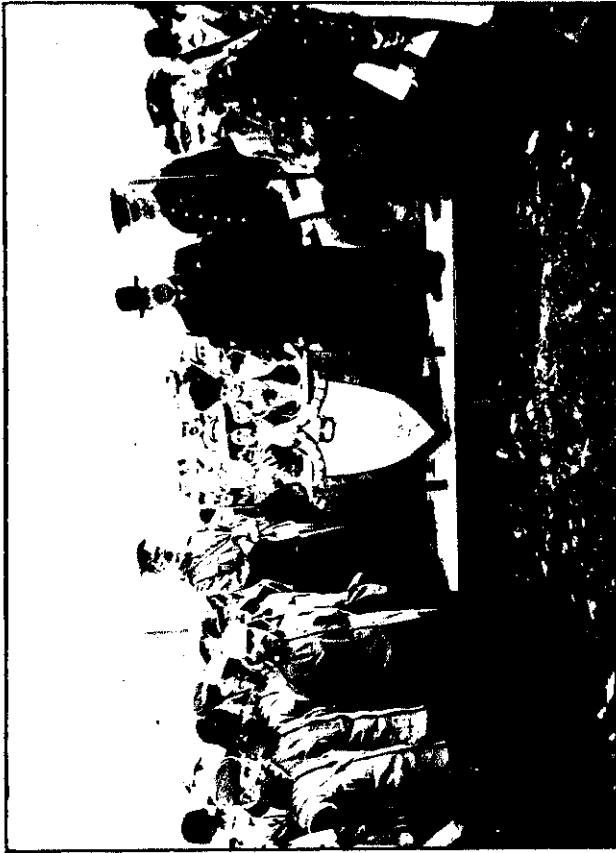
Snapshots at the Home Bay Sailing Club's Races, Auckland.

J. Y. Wainwright



New Zealand's Finest Asset, Her Matchless Scenery—George Sound.





SIR JOSEPH WARD ADDRESSING THE COMPETITORS.



FIVE PLAYED MEN IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP (left to right): Captain Hamilton, Gore, 536 points; Sergeant Irvine, Waitomo, 539 points; Sergeant Chang, Whangarei, Waitomo, 542 points; Corporal Sambrook, Christchurch, 528 points; Private Lockett, Hamilton, 528 points.



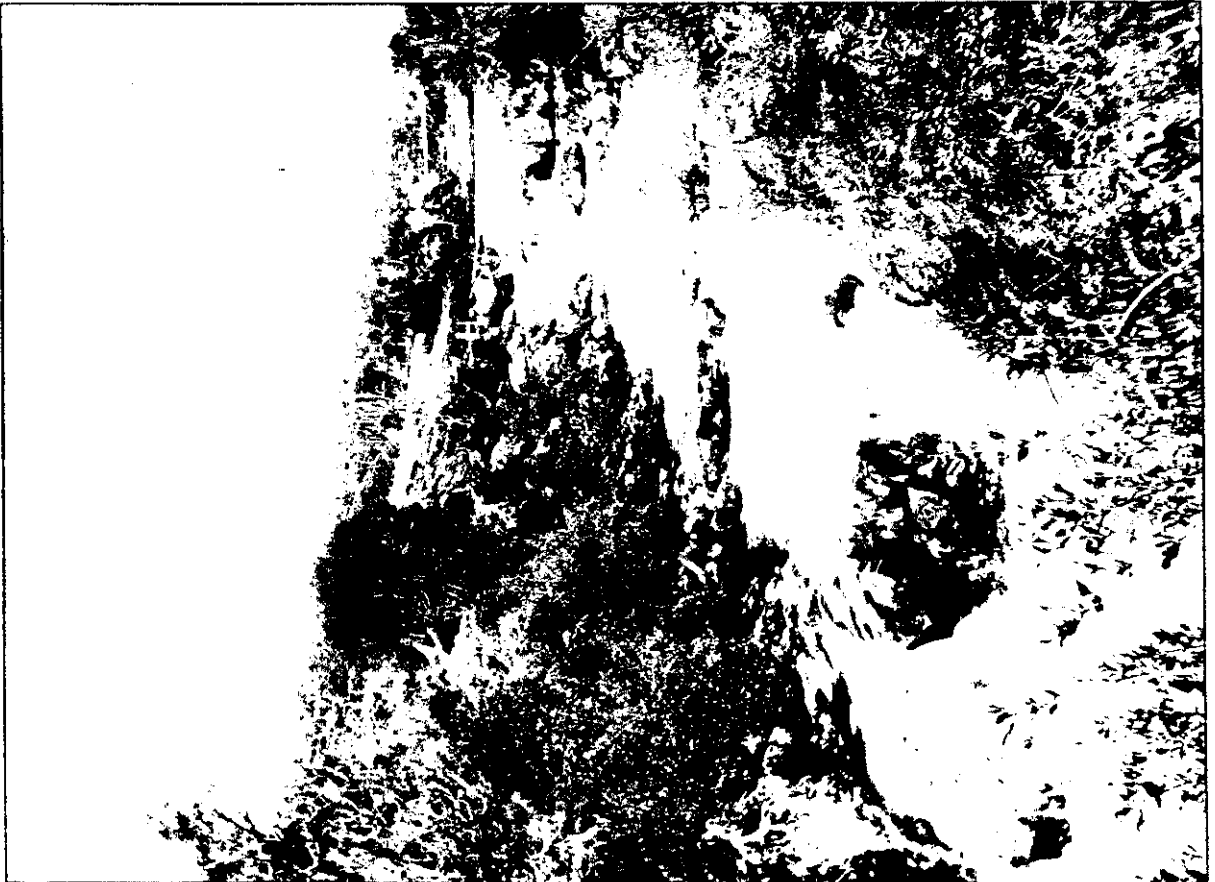
SIR JOSEPH AND SOME WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE WATCHING THE SHOOTING.



SERGEANT CHANG FIRING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



HESI SCENERY AT PAPAUEA, AUCKLAND.



A NEW ZEALAND TROUT STREAM.





MIOIRI METHER AND PICKAWINNY.

Edwards photo. Messer.



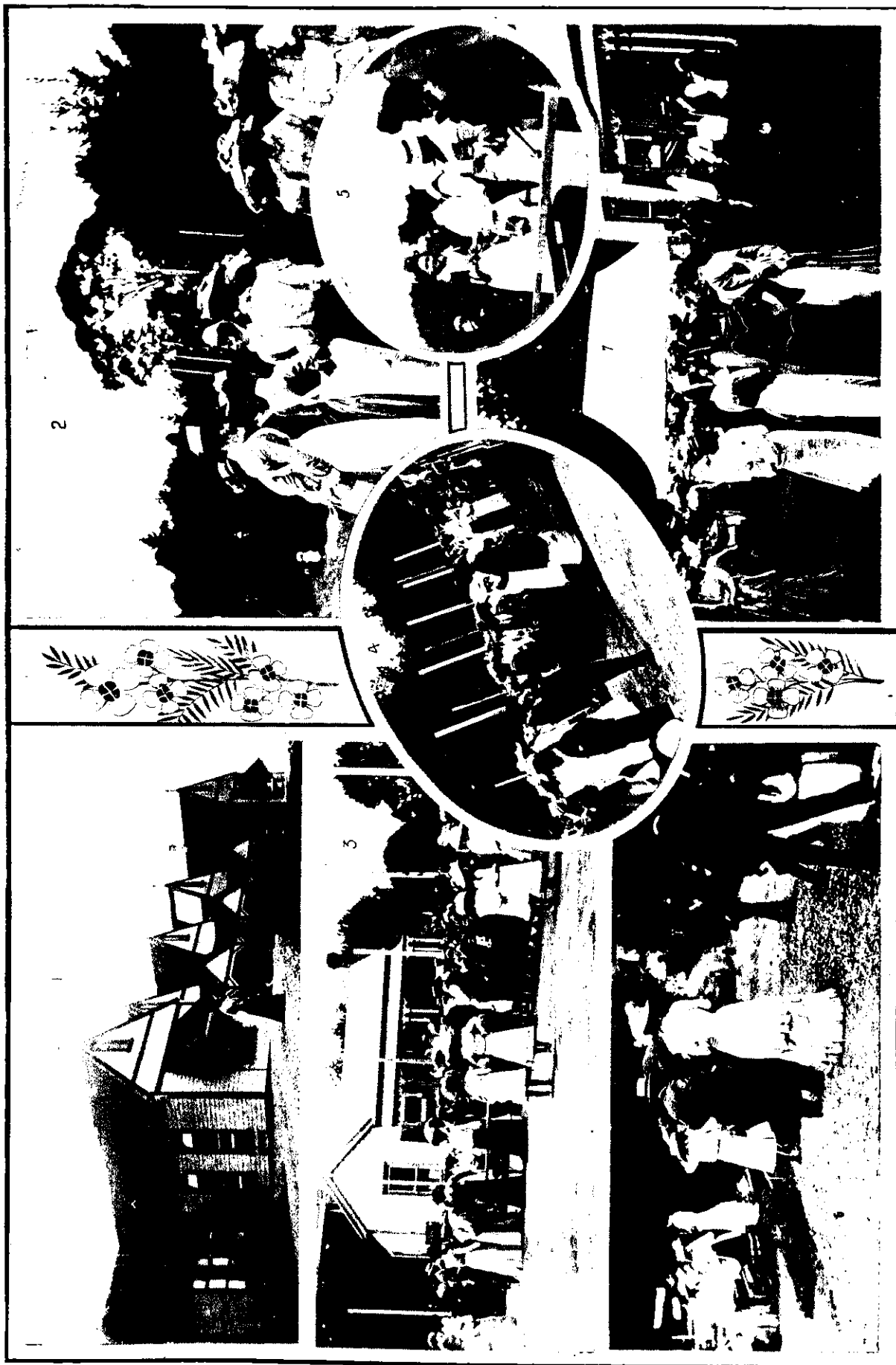
V. HANDY MAN.

Photo Study by G. G. G.



The Annual Conference of the Ministerial and Lay Members of the Methodist Church of Australasia.

GENERAL GROUP OF NEW ZEALAND DELEGATES TAKEN IN AUCKLAND DURING THE CONFERENCE.



1. THE HOSPITAL. 2. SOME OF THE NURSES. 3. WATCHING THE SAIL DRIVING. 4. A GLIMPSE IN THE CROWD. 5. SOME SAIL DRIVERS. 6. THE CHAIRMAN (MR. FISH) AND SOME OF THE LADIES' COMMITTEE. 7. WATCHING PUNCH AND JELLY.

**SNAPSHOTS AT THE HOSPITAL FETE, NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Hanna, photo.

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

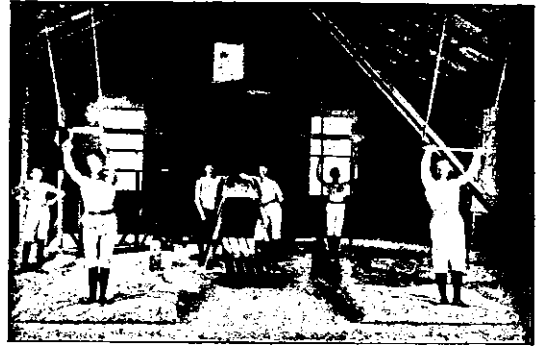
# KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

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

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 EXPERIMENT, WORKED OUT BY THEMSELVES, and they thus acquire the faculty of making observations, and putting down the inferences they draw from them.



THE COLLEGE.

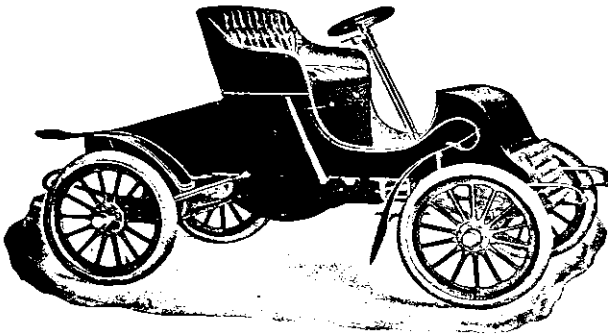


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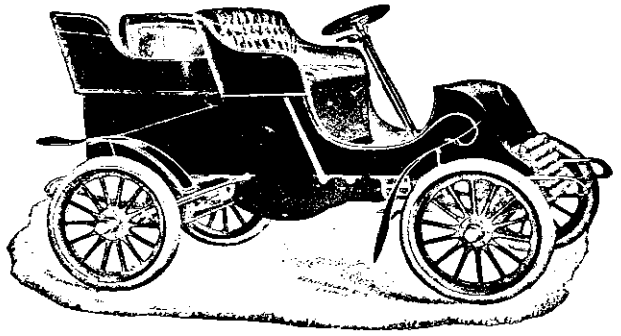
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HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**

**PRELIMINARY NOTICE.**

**VISITOR:**  
THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF AUCKLAND.

**COUNCIL:**  
HON. E. MITCHELSON (Chairman)  
THE BISHOP OF AUCKLAND  
REV. CANON MACMURRAY, M.A.  
REV. HAROLD ANSON, M.A.  
MR. H. GIBLIN, JUN.  
MR. E. HORTON  
MR. E. ROBERTSON  
MR. W. J. SPEIGHT  
MR. C. J. TUNES (Acting Hon. Sec.)

**HEAD MISTRESS:**  
MISS MARY E. PULLING, B.A., Lond.  
(1st Class Honours), late of the Ladies' College, Chelt., and the Lincoln High School for Girls; Professor of Education and Mental Science at St. Gabriel's College (Teachers), London.

**HOUSE MISTRESS:**  
MISS BEATRICE A. WARD, B.Sc., Lond., late of St. Mary's College, London, and the Oxford University Training College for Secondary Teachers.  
Assisted by a Strong Staff of Qualified and Experienced Teachers, Resident and Visiting.

The Council have pleasure in announcing that the School will commence its first term on MONDAY, 20th May next, at "St. John's Wood," Epsom (formerly the residence of the late Edwin Hesketh, Esq.). Prospectuses and full information in relation to the School, Fees, etc., will be available on and after MONDAY the 21st inst., at the Diocesan Office, Shortland-st. The Head Mistress will see Parents at the Diocesan Office on the Afternoon of THURSDAY, the 22nd, and FRIDAY, the 23rd inst., between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock. In the meantime correspondence may be addressed to Miss Pulling, Bishop's Court, Larnach.

E. MITCHELSON,  
Chairman.

Auckland, 12th March, 1904.

**Personal Paragraphs.**

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McIntosh, New Plymouth, are visiting Auckland.

The Rev. Mr. Scatterer went to Gisborne in the Talune on Saturday.

Dr. Caro was a through passenger from Sydney to Napier by the Zealandia.

Colonel Palmer and Captain Mackgill go to Sydney in the Westralia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolff, Picton, have gone to Wanganui for a week or two.

Captain and Mrs. Cave arrived from the Islands by the Moana last week.

Mr. L. J. Ragnall, of Auckland, is recuperating at Te Aroha for a few weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Pearce (Wellington) has gone to Waikanae for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Coney, of Auckland, are spending a short holiday at Rotorua.

Mrs. W. Barton (Wellington) is paying a round of visits in Canterbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatrick, of Wanganui, have left on a trip to the Old Country.

Miss Nunneley, of Christchurch, is the guest of Miss Aitken, in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. Orr, of Christchurch, spent a few days in Wanganui recently.

Mrs. R. Tripe, of Palmerston North, was staying in Wanganui for the races.

Mr. and Mrs. Tisdall (Wellington) have gone to Rotorua.

Mrs. Webb (Wellington) is at present staying with friends in Nelson.

Mr. W. L. Rees (Gisborne) is in Wellington at present.

Mrs. and Miss Maurice Mason are visiting Napier.

Mrs. Gainsford and Mrs. H. Russell have returned to Oringi, Hawke's Bay.

The Revs. C. E. Beveroff and Cumming were passengers to Sydney by the Westralia.

The Hon. Major Harris, M.L.C., was a passenger to Auckland from Tauranga by the Waiotahi on Saturday.

Bishop Lenihan returned from his northern tour by the Ngapuhi last week.

Colonel Goring arrived in Auckland by the Ngapuhi from Whangarei last week, and went South.

Captain Gibb, of the Union S.S. Co.'s service, went to the Hot Lakes last week for a short holiday.

Mrs. McNab, Blenheim, has gone to Picton to visit her sister, Mrs. John Duncan, at the Grove.

The Rev. H. Enzor and Mrs. Enzor, of Canterbury, were in Picton to attend the Rev. E. Enzor's funeral.

Miss M. Wilson, of Naseby, who has been for many months on a visit to Mrs. Kerr, returned home this week.

After thirteen years in the business Mr. D. Asher has decided to give up the proprietorship of the Tauranga Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Sydney.

Mrs. John Stevenson, of Wanganui, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Oldham, Kimbolton.

Miss Maud Anderson, of Wanganui, has returned to her home after a most enjoyable trip to Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. John Abbott (Wellington) were in Wanganui recently for the races.

Miss Macleann, of Wanganui, is now in Auckland, where she intends studying at the University.

Dr. and Mrs. Findlay (Wellington) have gone to Blenheim and Nelson for a visit.

Mrs. and Miss Dodgshun, of Wanganui, have returned from an enjoyable trip to Dunedin.

Messrs. C. Ranson and H. Gorrie had a splendid day's trouting on Lake Rotorua last week, landing 14 magnificent trout.

Mr. Ross, of Cambridge, left by the s.s. Karawa, on a short visit to Wellington last Sunday.

Hon. W. and Mrs. Johnston, Feilding, have gone home after a short stay in Wellington.

Miss Crandon and Miss Williams, of "Ashbridge," Hawke's Bay, have been visiting friends in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Martin (Napier) spent a week or so in Wellington on their way to Christchurch for their annual visit.

Miss Trainor, of Wanganui, who has been visiting friends in Masterton, has returned to Wanganui.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Owen (Wellington) are back after a holiday trip to Sydney.

Mrs. Innes, of Wanganui, who has been visiting relations in Gisborne for some weeks, has returned home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Hayman (Wellington) have returned from a trip to Sydney.

Miss Joan Hislop is back in Wellington after a stay of some weeks in Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Brett, of Lake Takapuna, are at present on a short visit to Rotorua.

Mr. R. St. J. Beere (Wellington) has been admitted as a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court.

The Misses Myers, who have been on a six weeks' visit to Rotorua, returned to Auckland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Miss Triggs (Christchurch) have left for a trip to England via Sydney.

Mr. Osborne-Lily (Wellington) has been admitted as a solicitor, on the motion of Mr. Kirk.

Mrs. Appleby (Christchurch) has come North with Mr. and Mrs. Miss Graham for a trip to Rotorua.

Mrs. A. R. Atkinson (Wellington) has been elected President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Mr. C. Holdsworth (Dunedin) passed through Wellington lately on his way South after a trip to Australia.

Mrs. W. A. Moore (Dunedin) spent a few days recently in Christchurch with Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hayward (Wellington) recently spent a day in Christchurch en route to Dunedin.

Mr. T. W. McKenzie, of Wellington, the oldest of New Zealand's journalists, has just entered upon his 78th year.

Dr. Moir and Mrs. and Miss Moir were passengers to Napier by the Talune on Saturday last.

Colonel D. G. Pletcher, of London, has arrived at Wellington on a holiday tour, and is expected to visit the Hot Lakes.

Mrs. Kerr and Miss Myra Kerr, New Plymouth, are visiting Mrs. Whitcombe, of Christchurch.

Major F. W. Maxwell, who is touring the world, arrived in Auckland from New Plymouth last week.

Mr. C. Trussell, bandmaster of the Waihi Band, has been selected as music judge for the Marton band contest.

Mrs. McKenzie, who has been visiting her relatives in Wellington, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Mr. W. Joyce, one of Wellington's crack representative Rugby forwards, has been transferred to Auckland.

Miss A. Hempton and Miss Brown (matron of New Plymouth Hospital) are on a trip to Auckland and Rotorua.

Mr. Huswell, Professor of Biology at Sydney University, is at present making a holiday tour through New Zealand.

Mrs. and the Misses Blythe have left Napier to take up their residence in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Groome and Miss Groome, who have been for a trip to the Hot Lakes, have returned to Napier.

Miss Harding, of Mount Vernon, who has been staying in Napier, has now returned to Whipukarua.

Mr. and Mrs. Dight, of Auckland, and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Tatham, of Gisborne, are visiting Napier.

Mr. R. G. Saxby, who went to South Africa with one of the contingents, has returned to Napier.

Mrs. J. J. Niven and Miss Niven left Napier for England on March 14, travelling by the Ruapehu.

Mr. A. J. Newbould, of Napier, intends leaving for England at the end of March.

The Rev. Pastor Clark, who has been relieving at the principal Baptist Church in Brisbane, returned to Auckland on Sunday.

Mr. H. H. Metcalfe, C.E., of Auckland, has returned from New Plymouth, where he went to inspect some works done for the local borough council.

Mr. Byrne, M.A., LL.B., acting judge of the Supreme Court at Brisbane, left the Star Hotel last week for Rotorua, whence he will proceed to Wanganui.

The Rev. Barry, Mrs. and Miss Barry and Mr. Evans, of England, who were staying at the Star Hotel, have gone up to Rotorua.

Mr. J. Taylor, Bank of New Zealand, New Plymouth, who has been spending a short holiday in Auckland, returned last Monday to his duties.

Mrs. B. J. Howard, Springlands, Blenheim, has returned from a visit to Mrs. Strachan at Ngatimotu, Nelson, and is now staying with her people in Picton.

Mr. Robert Kay has been elected chairman of the Paterangi branch of the Farmers' Union, and Mr. F. C. German vice-chairman.

Mr. Harry Atkinson (Wellington) has just been admitted as a solicitor of the Supreme Court. He shortly leaves for Taranaki, where he intends to practice.

Mr. G. P. Donnelly and his daughter, Mrs. F. Perry, of Hawke's Bay, were in Wanganui for the Autumn Race Meeting.

Mrs. Hugh Speed, of Wanganui, who has been the guest of Mrs. Howard (Blenheim) and Mrs. Speed for some months, has returned to Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ferguson (Wellington) have gone on a holiday trip to Dunedin. They will probably be back by the end of the month.

General Sir Oriel Tanner and Lady Tanner (England) spent a week in Wellington before going on to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mrs. Skeet and Miss Dabzell (New Plymouth) spend a few days in Wellington on their way home after a trip to England.

Miss Queenie Nelson has returned to Auckland after a six weeks' visit to the Hot Lakes, five of which were spent at Wairakei.

Miss Nellie Rose (England) is paying a round of visits among relations and friends in Wellington before returning home.

Mr. S. Muir (Gisborne) passed through Wellington on his way home after over a year's trip to England and the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Carler (Christchurch) have left for England via Australia. They expect to be back in seven or eight months.

Mr. Alex. Claudi and Mr. W. Stringer (Christchurch) left by the Gothic for England en route to Edinburgh to study medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson (Christchurch) left last week on a holiday trip to England. They will bring Miss Muriel Anderson back with them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Burgess have left New Plymouth for England, where they intend staying for about nine months. They will return by way of America.

Mr. Donaldson, who has been visiting Dunedin, Invercargill, and other South-eastern towns, returned to Auckland by the s.s. Westralia last Sunday.

Mr. John Edson succeeds Mr. C. E. Button, who has gone to England, as chairman of the Waitemata Licensing Committee.

Miss M. Wilson, after visiting Mrs. Kerr, New Plymouth, for some months has returned to her home in Naseby, Dunedin.

Dr. Barr, who has been spending some time in the Hot Lakes districts, arrived in Auckland last week, and is staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. J. C. Wilkie, of the Lyttelton "Times," was elected president of the United Press Association at the recent meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Johnston, of Christchurch, accompanied by Mr. J. R. Johnston, of Cheltenham, arrived in Auckland last week.

Miss C. Bayly is on a short visit to New Plymouth, then she returns to Auckland, where she will stay with her sister, Mrs. Jim Noble.

Dr. T. Copeland Savage went to New Plymouth by the Takapuna last week. He goes to Hawera on medical business, and then visits Wellington for a while.

Mr. R. Stewart, business manager for Mr. J. C. Williamson, on his present visit to Auckland, is accompanied by Mrs. Stewart.

The Misses Mulvaney, of St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, who have been visiting friends in the South, returned to Auckland by the Karawa on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. McFarlane and Miss Newton, who have been staying in Napier, have left for their home in North Canterbury.

Messrs. T. Davies and W. Smith, of Tamarua, Hawke's Bay, have booked passages by the Himalaya for a tour of the world. They leave Wellington early next month.

Captain W. J. Newton, of the Union Company's steamer Hauroto, and Mrs. Newton, went to Sydney by the Westralia on Monday last. Captain Newton has been granted holiday leave.

Mr. Harold Ashton, touring manager for Mr. J. C. Williamson, who has been in Auckland for the past few weeks, staying at the Star Hotel, left for Dunedin on Monday.

Mr. Poulis is now temporarily chief officer of the Zealandia in place of Mr. Renanto. Mr. Miller, who was third officer, has taken the position of second officer temporarily.

Mr. H. F. Wyatt, the commissioner of the Navy League, joined the Westralia on her trip to Sydney. He goes thence to South Africa in pursuance of his mission.

Her Albert Friedenthal, the eminent pianist, arrived in Auckland on Saturday from Okoroire, and on Monday went up to Rotorua, from where he returns to Auckland to give concerts in a week.

Miss Mabel George, who accompanied Dr. and Mrs. McDowell to Wellington, has returned to New Plymouth. Dr. and Mrs. McDowell left for Auckland on Monday night.

Mr. Watts, the new manager of the Whangarei Gasworks, has arrived in Whangarei from Auckland and has taken over the management from Mr. Norries, who left Whangarei last week.

Mr. H. Wallace, the new organising instructor in art, hand and eye training imported by the Education Board, is expected to arrive in Auckland from England on the 21st inst.

Mr. A. Christie, who has been removed from Whangarei to the Thames Post and Telegraph Office, has been presented with a travelling bag by his fellow officers in the former place.

Mr. C. F. Dowsett, of the Roads Department, who has been appointed engineer to the Clifton County, Turakaki, at a salary of £300 per year, was recently in the Rotorua Roads Office.

The Premier will in all probability visit Napier towards the end of this month, to present the charter to the Napier branch of the Liberal and Labour Federation.

Mrs. A. A. Browne and Miss M. Browne, of Wanganui, who have been staying with Mrs. Venell, of Dunedin,

for some months, have returned to Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Robert Campbell, and Miss I. Campbell left Wanganui last week for Cambridge, where they intend to live for the benefit of Mr Campbell's health.

Mr Hope Gibbons, of Wanganui, accompanied by his brother, Mr H. F. Gibbons, of Palmerston North, leave this week for a trip to England and the Continent, via Australia.

Mrs White, of St. John's Hill, Wanganui, and her son, Mr Geo. Marshall (Turakina), left this week by the Ventura for Frisco, en route for England.

Mr and Mrs Horton (Auckland) made a short stay in Wellington on their way home from Sydney. They came North by way of the Wanganui River and the Hot Lakes.

The Misses Frater, of Lake Takapuna, with their brother, left for Wellington last week. They intend to stay a little time in Wellington, and will return to Auckland via the Wanganui River.

Miss Taplin (Palmerston North) has returned home after her visit to Mrs Leckie (Wellington). Her marriage to Mr Frank Leckie is to take place at Easter.

Before leaving for England Mr H. D. Carter (Messrs Kaye and Carter, Christchurch) was entertained at a smoke concert by the Midland Cricket Club.

Mr Herdman Smith, who came out from England last year as art instructor for the Wellington Technical School, has just been elected Associate of the Royal College of Art, London.

Mr and Miss Seddon are back in Wellington after a stay of some weeks in the South Island. Mrs Seddon has now quite recovered from her recent indisposition.

Sir John See, Premier of New South Wales, Mr and Miss See, spent last week at Haamere (Christchurch). Before returning to Australia they intend visiting Rotorua.

Commissioner Dinnie, who has spent a week in visiting the police stations in Rotorua district, returned to Auckland last week and went on to Wellington by the East Coast boat.

Herr and Madame Slapofski left Australia in the Moana for Vancouver on the 3rd inst., and were joined by Mr M. B. Curtis, their agent, at Suva. They intend to tour America.

Sir John See and party left Haamere by special coach on Saturday. Sir John See said he had "greatly benefited" by his visit, and was charmed with the place. He predicted a great future for it as a health resort.

At Waipapa on March 1st Miss Edith E. Kensington, daughter of Mr F. B. Kensington, of Tauranga, was married to Mr Arthur H. Thistlethwaite, son of the late Mr Thistlethwaite, of Cheshire (England).

Mr A. E. Manning, of Hamilton, who has been indisposed for some weeks, and who recently took a trip to the South to recuperate, has returned home looking much stronger as the result of his trip.

Mr and Mrs. Holdsworth, of New Plymouth, were in Rotorua for the carnival, and returned home last week. They have left their house for a term to Mr and Mrs. G. Samuel, who sold their house some time ago to Mr. Gibbons.

His Majesty has approved the appointments of Otto Baron von Hoening O'Carroll as Consul-General of Austria-Hungary for the whole of Australia, New Zealand and the Islands. The consular office is at Sydney.

Our Wellington correspondent wires that Mr J. B. Hobart, late manager of the Whangarei branch of the Bank of New Zealand, has given up his position in the bank and intends starting in business on his own account.

Mr. Earl Wainhouse, late third officer of the Taviuni, who lately secured his first mate's certificate, has been appointed second officer of the Herald, in place of Mr. Ross, who joins the Taviuni in a similar position.

Mr and Mrs Delany, of Paeroa, were given a farewell social by their friends prior to their leaving the district. Mr E. C. H. Auzes, M.L.R., being amongst the speakers. Mr and Mrs Delany have lived in Paeroa for the past eight years.

Mrs Michael Balling, who was the last Principal of the Nelson School of

Music, has recently been appointed Capellmeister at Carlshöhe, succeeding Felix Mottl, one of the most celebrated of European conductors.

The "Southland Times" states that Sergeant-Major Blackmore, for many years drill instructor to the Southland Volunteers, is claimant for a fortune in Chancery of £250,000. He has gone home to prosecute his claims.

Mr James Wilson, the late president of the Auckland Christian Endeavour Society, has been given a silver tea set by the Rev. J. T. Pinfold (an ex-president) on behalf of the association and in recognition of his faithful services during his term of office.

A great many Wellington people, among them the Chief Justice, Mr Harold Beauchamp, an old Picton boy, Mr N. Reid, Mr C. J. Johnston, Mr G. F. Johnstone and others were in Picton recently in connection with the Supreme Court sittings.

Mr S. H. Matthews, of Auckland, has been appointed by the Governor a public auditor and valuer for the purposes of the Friendly Societies Act. Mr Joseph H. C. Rowley, of Wellington, and Mr James Brown, of Dunedin, have received similar appointments.

Mr. E. Armstrong, who left Whangarei about six months ago for Wellington, where he qualified himself as a telegraphist in three months, has now been transferred to Hikurangi, after being employed during the interval in the head telegraph office, Auckland.

Miss Julia Skerrett (Wellington) has been paying a round of visits among friends and relatives in Hawke's Bay before setting off on her trip to England. She intends travelling by Suva, and will visit the Continent before returning to New Zealand.

Mr. and Miss Simpson (Wellington) are going for a trip to England. They leave by the Sonoma for San Francisco, and while in the States will visit the St. Louis Exposition. They will probably return by the Red Sea route before Christmas.

Hon. H. Peel (London) arrived in Wellington from Sydney by the Monowai, en route to Nelson. He is one of the directors of the Eastern Cable Extension Company, and is on a tour of inspection, so he will visit Wakapuaka cable station.

Major Madocks, at one time of the N.Z. Defence Department, and who is well known throughout New Zealand, was a member of the team which recently won the final in the polo tournament organised by the York and Austrey Hounds.

Mr. E. T. Watt has returned to Hastings from Wellington. He intends leaving for Great Britain at the end of April, in order to be present at the wedding of his sister, Miss May Coleman, who is to be married to Mr. Walters in London next June.

The general manager of the Eastern Extension Cable Company (Mr. F. E. Besse) and the Hon. H. Peel (a director) are visiting the Australasian stations of the cable, and are now at Wakapuaka. Mr. P. Self, appointed superintendent at Wakapuaka in succession to Mr. Twyford, has taken up his position there.

Among the passengers by the steamer Anahi, which arrived at Brisbane a week or two ago, was the Bishop of Caledonia, British Columbia, who is on a missionary tour of the world. He will spend about eight months in Australia and then come to New Zealand, going hence to India and England.

The residents of Opoitiki, who had the misfortune to be flooded out of their homes last week, are warm in their praises of the generous hospitality accorded them by Mr. Ranson, manager of the N.S.S. Co., in accommodating them on board the s.s. Mangapapa and s.s. Waiohāi.

Mr. Robert Cranwell, of Henderson, who was one of the Port Albert settlers over half a century ago, and is now a fruit farmer on the Pomaria estate, is going to make a visit to England with Miss Cranwell and Mr. Robert Cranwell (of Waipi). They left here on Monday for Sydney.

Miss Shemilt, who held a responsible position in Canning's, Ltd., Auckland, for many years, resigned that position last week, and was presented by the directors of the company with a gold cable bangle and by the employees with an inscribed dressing-case by way of mementoes of her connection with the business.

Mrs. and Miss Abbot and Miss Daniell (Wellington) left by the Surrey for South Africa, where the marriage of Miss Daniell and Mr. Lomas (Johannesburg) will be celebrated. After the wedding Mrs. and Miss Abbot are going on to England before returning to New Zealand.

Mr. J. W. Cargill, manager of the Napier branch of the Union Company, is suffering from typhoid fever. He is at the Napier hospital, and, according to the latest reports, is progressing favourably. Mr. C. J. Nantes is occupying his position at the Union office, and Mr. H. Alpin is assisting.

The Mayor of Wellington (Mr Aitken) announced to the City Council last week that in consequence of failing health and pressure of private business he had decided not to offer himself for re-election to the Mayoralty next month. The councillors (says the Press Association) received the intimation with expressions of regret.

Archbishop Redwood, accompanied by the Very Rev. Dean Smythe, of Hastings, as private secretary, is to leave on an extended trip to America and the Old World by the Sonoma on the 25th of April. The Archbishop, who will be absent from the colony for about 12 months, will tour America, and then proceed to England and the Continent.

Mr and Mrs Jenkins, who arrived by the Clansman last week from the North, were given a farewell social at the Pakaru school, of which Mr Jenkins was teacher, before they went, and the School Committee presented them with a set of carvers. Mr E. Long has succeeded Mr Jenkins at the Pakaru and Whangae schools.

Mrs Trowell and Miss Trowell (Wellington) went to England by the Star of New Zealand. They will go to Germany to see Masters Tom and Garnet Trowell, who showed such musical talent that a public subscription was raised to enable them to proceed to Frankfurt Conservatorium to continue their studies.

A recent arrival in Wellington is Miss Belle Hitchings, of Napier, who is revisiting New Zealand after an absence of some years. Miss Hitchings has adopted the stage as a profession, and under the name of Miss Belle Napier has done very well at Home. Her stay in New Zealand is only six weeks, most of which will be spent in her native town—Napier.

The following are the names of the guests staying at the Kamo Springs Hotel for the week ending March 12th:—Mr. A. Duffus Ulbecki, Mr. J. Crombie, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Brownhill, Mr. and Mrs. Falconer, Mr. A. Grierson, Lieut Col. Holgate, Auckland; Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Waipiti; Mr. J. Close, Waimate; Mr. Howden, Dunedin; Mr. and Mrs. Coote, Adelaide, S.A.; Mr. J. Donaldson, Wairoa; Mr. Green, Mangapai.

Mr and Mrs W. H. Nisbett came over from Australia last week, and are at present staying in Wellington. Mr Nisbett is well known in New Zealand as agent for the Westinghouse Brake Company. He was married a short time ago to a Sydney girl, and they intend to visit England soon. Mr Nisbett's sister went Home by the Gothic, but will return in a few months for her marriage to Mr Pyke (Wellington).

Mr Peter Hutson, president of the Wellington Industrial Association, has gone by the Warrimoo on a three-weeks' trip to Australia. During his absence Mr Hutson will make the best use of his time in visiting manufacturers, and bringing under the notice of the proprietors the advantages of the New Zealand Industrial Exhibition, to be held in Wellington next November.

Lake House, Waikaremoana, has been thronged with tourists during the past few weeks. Some of those who have been stopping there recently are: Messrs. P. S. McLean and S. Crowley, Napier; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Lyson, Parikanapa; Mrs. E. Townley, Miss F. Mathison, Gisborne; Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Gordon, Auckland; Messrs. H. W. Guthrie-Smith, C. J. Young, S. Brown, Ewan Jackson, Tangaroa; Mr. and Mrs. D. Todd, Waimata Valley; Mr. B. Chambers, Te Mata.

A farewell social and presentation was tendered to Mr C. R. Walker on the occasion of his departure from Coromandel for Auckland on March 11 by a large gathering of leading citizens. Captain Swindley, on their behalf, presented Mr Walker with a travelling case suitably

inscribed. Mr Walker (says our correspondent) has been very popular, and has always taken great interest in public matters. His departure from Coromandel is generally regretted.

Dr. Makgill, who has been transferred to the head office of the Public Department, leaves Auckland for Wellington in about a fortnight. Dr. Frengley, at present health officer in Nelson succeeds him, and comes up here probably in a week. Dr. Makgill will induct him to the Auckland province in a series of flying trips through the country, and then go South. His work will be mainly in the bacteriological department. Dr. Makgill pays a visit to Cambridge next week.

Dr. W. H. Goldie, who began a trip to England a week or two ago, has got no further than New South Wales, where he was compelled to go into a hospital, and his trip to England is likely to be considerably delayed thereby. He is under treatment for what he considers the result of food-poisoning which very suddenly invaded him early in the year. Dr. Goldie hopes soon to leave the hospital and go to the Blue Mountains, where he will escape the present trying heat of Sydney and be able to recuperate his failing strength.

Captain Lacy, master of the cable ship Iris, was taken to Wellington by the ship on Sunday, and will join the Turakina there en route for London. His illness is very serious, and he will be taken to London in the charge of Nurse Foote. Mr. Moss Davis went to Wellington with Captain Lacy. Mr. T. W. Sharp, the present chief officer, succeeds Captain Lacy in the command of the ship, which his illness has compelled him to resign. Mr. Sharp has had a great deal of experience in cable work, and has commanded cable-ships at Home.

A large and representative gathering of legal practitioners and officials was held in the S.M. Court on Monday to bid farewell to Mr Herbert W. Brabant, S.M., who has been transferred from Auckland to Napier. An address was presented by the Hon. J. A. Tole, on behalf of the legal profession, expressing regret that the exigencies of public service should have occasioned his transfer from the district where he had so long and with so much satisfaction held the office of magistrate, and Mr Brabant made a feeling and suitable response.

Captain H. Goodwyn-Archer, R.N., has been appointed to succeed Lieut.-Col. Sommerville, as manager of the Veterans' Home, in consequence of the resignation of the latter, and he will assume charge of the place on the 21st inst. Captain Archer has been a strong worker for the cause of the aged veterans of the Empire ever since his retirement from the Navy on pension; and was secretary of the late Veterans' Home bazaar. Captain Archer held the rank of lieutenant when he left the Navy, takes the brevet rank of commander, and the courtesy title of captain, and he is on the Naval reserve list for active service if necessary.

### Where Shall I Spend Easter?

How many Aucklanders are aware of the facilities offered by the Main Trunk railway in conjunction with the Wanganui River for a most enjoyable week end holiday? Yet any business man leaving by the 10 a.m. train for Taumarunui on a Friday morning can spend two or three restful and health-giving days amid the grand and romantic scenery of the peerless Wanganui River and be back at his office on Tuesday. One must see to thoroughly realise the keen enjoyment of this river trip. From the start at Taumarunui in the early morning, past mile after mile of enchanted riverland, each fresh turn challenging the last for loveliness, skilfully brought through rapids or steaming swiftly down still reaches, till the end of the journey, the voyage is most exhilarating and satisfying. Easter affords a special opportunity of doing this trip, the steamer Ongarue leaving Taumarunui on Saturday morning for Pipiriki, and going on to Wanganui on Sunday, thence home by way of New Plymouth, completes an ideal outing. We must mention that passages must be reserved in advance by wire to A. Hattrick and Co., of Wanganui, proprietors of the steamer service.

**MACKAY'S FLOWERS,**  
**PLANTS AND SEEDS.**  
 If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. **YORK MATS** (the new flower pot cover) Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices.  
**FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY.** TELEPHONE 222.  
**Opposite D.S.O., QUEEN ST.**  
 AUCKLAND.

**ENGAGEMENTS.**

The engagement is announced of Miss Minnie Cooper, eldest daughter of W. Cooper, Esq., Wainui, to W. Stacy Langford, Esq., of Gisborne. The wedding will take place in April.

The engagement is announced of Miss Iulu Stuart, daughter of F. J. Stuart, Esq., Stratford, to Mr. Claude Weston, of Weston and Weston, solicitors, New Plymouth.

Mr. Maurice Robison, of Awakino, is engaged to Miss Gertrude Kemp, daughter of Mr. J. Kemp, of New Plymouth.

The engagement is announced of Miss Miriam Zachariah and Mr. J. Sewhartz, of America, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

The engagement is announced of Mr Eric Caro, younger son of the late Dr. Caro, of Napier, and Miss Eazel Burke, second daughter of Mrs Gore, Marine Parade, Napier.

**Orange Blossoms.**

**SHAW—DRAKE.**

A very pretty wedding (writes our New Plymouth correspondent) was celebrated in the Te Henui Church on March 9 by the Rev. F. G. Evans. The bride was Miss Hettie Drake, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Drake, of New Plymouth, and the groom Mr. Tom Shaw, son of Mr. T. Shaw, Okato. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a daintily shirred silk, trimmed with silk lace and real orange blossoms, finished with a beautiful veil. She carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss A. Drake (sister to the bride) and Miss M. Shaw (sister to the bridegroom), who wore charming white Indian muslins, profusely tucked and insertioned, cream picture hats. They carried pretty shower bouquets of pink and blue flowers respectively, and wore greenstone brooches, gifts of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr. R. Shaw, brother to bridegroom. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold watch and chain. The church was prettily decorated by the bride's friends. The "Wedding March" was played by Mrs. Smith. After the ceremony the guests drove to the bride's parents' house, where the wedding breakfast was served. The bride's travelling dress was a grey tweed, made Russian style, relieved with a cream chiffon hat. The happy couple left by train for Wanganui, where their honeymoon is to be spent. Mrs. Drake wore handsome black silk, trimmed with yellow; Miss McKensie black; Mrs. Colson, grey muslin, with black insertion trimming; Mrs. Carr, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Cutfield, black; Miss A. Cutfield, white blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Johnson, blue; Miss M. Evans, pale fawn and white muslin, hat with roses; Miss B. Evans, cream muslin, hat trimmed with red and pink shaded roses; Miss E. Bayley, sea-green voile, black picture hat; Miss Cottier, black; Mrs. Douglas, black silk and jet; Miss Shaw, plum coloured satin, bonnet to correspond.

**HOLDSWORTH—WEST.**

A pretty wedding was celebrated in Wellington recently, when Mr Frank Holdsworth, son of the late Mr J. G. Holdsworth, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and Miss Winifred West, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. West, Wellington, were married. The Terrace Congregational Church was very nicely decorated with flowers for the occasion. Mr Cyril Towsey presided at the organ. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Reed Glasson. The bride's beautiful dress was of white duchesse satin, trimmed with lace and chiffon, transparent yoke, and elastic angel sleeves of chiffon, and her veil was of embroidered tulle. She carried a lovely white shower

bouquet. There were four bridesmaids and two little train-bearers, the wee girl wearing a dainty little frock of white silk and lace, and carrying a rustic basket of sweet peas. The bridesmaids had charming dresses of white book muslin, elaborately tucked and inserted, deep Empire belts of vivid emerald most becoming; their shower bouquets, and the big black picture hats were most becoming; their shower bouquets were composed of pink sweet peas. After the ceremony a reception was held, the bride and bridegroom later on leaving for their honeymoon trip North. Mrs Holdsworth's travelling dress was of champagne-coloured voile, with collar and strappings of turquoise blue.

**OSBORN—GEDDES.**

At the Lower Hut on March 7th Mr Walter J. Osborn (late of Whitcomb and Tombs), Wellington, and Miss Elizabeth M. Geddes were married. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charming gown of white crepe de chine, trimmed with chiffon and handsome Maltese lace, a tiara of orange blossom fastened the long tulle veil, and her shower bouquet was composed of white cosmos and sweet peas. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Elizabeth Osborn and Miss Mary Young, wearing pretty white silk and lace gowns, and black beaver picture hats; their bouquets were of pink sweet peas. Mrs Osborn's travelling dress was of iron-grey tweed with collar and facings of emerald green, strapped with white.

**SAMUEL—PERIFANO-BIONDI.**

A wedding of interest to theatrical circles was quietly celebrated in Wellington recently, when Mr Albert Moeller Samuel (of the Phoenix Company, Wellington), and Miss Argia Alicia Casmira, second daughter of the late Cavalier Antonio Perifano-Biondi, Knight of the Crown of Italy, were married. The bride wore a beautiful gown of ivory lace and cloth over glass, and a picture hat of white beaver, trimmed with ostrich plumes and rosettes of black velvet. Her going-away dress was of black crepe de chine, gauged and inserted with lace, and a black picture hat. The valuable presents included a handsome silver tea service from the Travellers' Club. The bride, who is well known by her stage name (Miss Nellie Yohe), was engaged in Sydney to star New Zealand in P. R. Dix's pantomime.

**STOCK—WHITE.**

At St. Augustine's, Napier, on March 9, by the Rev. C. L. Tuke, Mr William Stock, of Napier, was married to Miss America Ward White, fourth daughter of Mr William White, late of the Royal Navy. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, and was a very quiet one. The bride, who was given away by her father, was married in her travelling dress, a French grey gown handsomely trimmed with silk. The bridegroom was attended by Mr Fred Stock, and the bride by two bridesmaids, one wearing a white dress and pale blue sash, and the other a biscuit coloured costume. They both had becoming picture hats.

**THOMSON-LAIRD.**

A marriage of interest to Aucklanders took place in St. Paul's Church, Durban, on Wednesday, December 23, 1903, when Miss Rose Laird, of Auckland, was married to Mr. W. Thomson, of Johannesburg, and late of Auckland. The bride looked charming in a white brocaded silk dress on train, the bodice profusely trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon and transparent yoke, embroidered veil and orange blossoms, and carried an exquisite bouquet of bridal roses veiled in fine maidenhair, and wore a spray of turquoises and pearls, the bridegroom's gift. The bridesmaid was Jean, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Challis, of Durban, late of Auckland. She was simply attired in a little frock of white silk, large Leghorn hat with forget-me-nots, and wore a pretty little brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by Mr. Frank Challis, and the groom was supported by Mr. Donald Enoch, of Durban. After the ceremony the wedding party proceeded to the home of Mr. Challis, on the Rere, where breakfast was served. In the centre of the table was the wedding cake, a gift from Auckland, and the handiwork of Mr. Buchanan. After justice had been done to the dainty repast, the

wedding party were photographed on the lawn in front of the house, and then, as time was flying, the bride quickly changed her attire for her pretty grey travelling coat and skirt, opening to show a white silk blouse. She wore a pretty turquoise picture hat. The happy couple drove off amid a shower of rice, confetti, old shoes and good wishes to the station for Howick, en route to Johannesburg.

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS**

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, and deaths in the "Graphic" is 1/ for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

**BIRTHS.**

- BAILEY—Feb. 20, at Karori, Wellington, wife of S. E. Bailey, a daughter.
- BEYER—At Waipukurau, Hawke's Bay, March 1, the wife of Harry Beyer, of "The Brow," Waipawa, a daughter.
- CASEY—March 9, at Hopton-st., Auckland, the wife of W. Casey, a daughter.
- CUNDY—March 3, at Featherston, Wellington, the wife of E. Cundy, a daughter.
- BARTLEY—March 8, at No. 10, Pipitea-street, Wellington, the wife of W. E. Bartley, a daughter.
- HEWLETT—March 3, at Sumner-st., Ponsonby, Auckland, the wife of James Hewlett, a daughter.
- HITCHINSON—March 10, at Tinakori-road, Wellington, the wife of J. C. Hutchinson, a son.
- JULIAN—March 8, at No. 9, Featherston-terrace, Wellington, the wife of Thomas J. Julian, a daughter.
- LEIGHTON—March 3, at Eastward Ho, Lower Hut, the wife of H. Ernest Leighton, a son.
- LINDON—March 8, at Russell-st., Parnell, Auckland, the wife of J. R. Lindon, a son.
- MUNRO CLARK—March 9, at "Waratah," Valley-rd., Mt. Roskill, Auckland, to Mr and Mrs H. Munro Clark, a son.
- MCKAY—March 1, at Hastings, Hawke's Bay, the wife of R. H. McKay, a son.
- ORR—March 4, at No. 6, Oxford-road, Wellington, the wife of J. E. Orr, a daughter.
- PACKWOOD—March 2, at Richmond-street, Petone, the wife of E. G. H. W. Packwood, a son.
- RUDDOCKS—March 4, at 170, Herford-street, Linwood, Christchurch, the wife of E. A. Ruddocks, "Homebrook," South-bridge, a daughter.
- SEWELL—March 3, at Rangiora, Canterbury, the wife of Richard Sewell, a daughter.
- STEAD—At Hastings, Hawke's Bay, March 3, the wife of Robert Stead, a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

- BROWN-FOLLSHAM—March 3, at Hamilton, Waikato, Thomas Brown, of Mangapoti, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Saml. Follsham, Hamilton.
- BROWN-SHUTE—Feb. 3, at Wellington, Robert, eldest son of R. Brown, Esq., Wellington, to Ellen Elizabeth, eldest daughter of J. Shute, Otara.
- BURKE-ROXBOTTOM—At Suva, Fiji, Feb. 25, John Henry Burke, grandson of the late Major-General Burke, of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late George Rowbottom, master mariner, Knottlingy, Yorkshire, England.
- CAVANAGH-BLACKWELL—Feb. 10, at Ouchings, Charles, eldest son of William Robert Cavanagh, of Moleague, County Tipperary, Ireland, to Rebecca Jane, daughter of George Blackwell, Tryphena, Great Barrier Island.
- DAVIES-TULLER—February 10, at Wellington, Alexander Frank, second son of John Morgan Davies, to Florence Marie, eldest daughter of William Tuller, both of Wellington.
- JACKSON-GOODWIN—Feb. 23, at Tamaki, Auckland, Thornton, youngest son of Samuel Jackson, of Remuera, solicitor, to Winifred, second daughter of John S. Goodwin, of Auckland, Inspector of Schools.
- HARRIS-DREW—Dec. 30, at Devonport, Auckland, Albert Edward, youngest son of William Harris, Cambridge, to Violet Edith, second daughter of Edward Drew, Devonport.
- LAMB-SUCKLING—Feb. 23, at Christchurch, James H. E. Lamb, son of the late James B. Lamb, Porihohole, Scotland, to Edith Maud, fourth daughter of N. J. Suckling, of Christchurch.
- LINDSAY-POWELL—Feb. 10, at Wellington, Sydney, the youngest son of D. Lindsay, of South Canterbury, to Rosa Emily, eldest daughter of P. S. Powell, of Wellington South.
- OSBORN-McDONALD—March 8, at Pukekohe, Auckland, F. Osborn, of Woodhill, Kaipara, to Mrs M. McDonald, storekeeper, of Woodhill, Kaipara, eldest daughter of Henry Kaye, Pukekohe.
- PEARCE-DRAPEL—March 5, at Wellington, Joseph Henry, fifth son of C. H. Pearce, of Dunedin, to Ethel, youngest daughter of the late R. Draper.
- PERRETT-PANKHURST—Feb. 3, at Newtown, Wellington, Geo. Bond James, fourth son of Robert Perrett, to Kate Ellen, second daughter of Chas. Pankhurst; both of Wellington.

- PRICE-KHILL—Feb. 17, at Wanganui, Henry Charles, second son of the late P. Price, Leaning W. Eastwood, and Mrs Price, Music Studio, Wanganui, to Laura, only daughter of Mrs Keill, Wicksteed-street, Wanganui.
- RYNE-BRUNDALL—March 7, at Wellington, Richard Ryne, of Lakeard, Cornwall, to Editha (Tess) (Tess), only daughter of the late Peter Matthias Brundall, of Sundrial, Sweden.
- TREMAIN-SFORT—Jan. 1, at Auckland, William Tremain, second son of John Tremain, of Wellesley-st., to Maggie, eldest daughter of Adam Clapperton Fort, manager of the Turkish Bath.
- ZIMPEL-CHAPPLE—March 3, at Wai-pukurau, Hawke's Bay, Adolph Zimpel, M.B.C.M., Aberdeen, to Eleanor C., youngest daughter of the late J. C. Chapple, Otago.

**DEATHS.**

- ALEXANDER—March 5, at Hevans-street, Wellington, Eliza (Miss), third daughter of Dr. and Mrs Alexander, aged 14 years and 6 months.
- AMMON—Feb. 24, at Tabeke, Hokkanga, Alice Catherine, dearly-beloved youngest daughter of Alfred and Catherine Ammon, aged 1 year and 9 months.
- BAIRDWIN—March 10, at St. John's Hill, Wanganui, Francis Baldwin, of Turakina Valley; aged 81.
- BRNNETTS—Jan. 8, at East Gore, Richard Bennett, of Coal Creek Flat, aged 78 years.
- BIRROWS—At Shakespeare-road, Napier, March 10, Edith Janet Myrtle, youngest and beloved daughter of J. A. and L. Birrows, grandchild of L. and M. J. Hopkins.
- CAYGILL—March 1, at St. Andrews, Otago, through an accidental fall, Henry Horace Wise, the youngest son of the late George and Fanny Caygill, aged 16 years.
- CLARK—Feb. 4, accidentally drowned in the Kaitangata River, Thames, Edwin Alfred (Ted), youngest son of the late John Potter Clark.
- CUNDY—March 9, at Featherston, Wellington, Edith, beloved daughter of E. and E. Cundy, aged 6 days.
- DOUGLAS—A Glenorchy, Wanganui, on March 9, Alice, daughter of Robert Douglas, aged 2 years and 1 month.
- FORSTER—March 8, at Manukau-road, Parnell, Auckland, Roy, the infant son of Rosa Elizabeth and F. L. Forster; aged 13 months.
- FLEMING—March 10, at Onamui, Tararaki, Richard Fleming, son, aged 75.
- GARRATT—March 8, at Gray Inn, Auckland, Harold, the beloved child of John S. and F. L. Garratt; aged 5 months.
- KIRK—March 4, at Albany-street, Dunedin, Margaret, the beloved wife of John Kirk, of "The Grange," Gore, aged 85 years.
- M'HAIRDY—March 5, at Woodside, West Taieri, Otago, after a weary illness, James, beloved husband of Agnes M'Hardy, aged 75 years.
- PAIRMAN—March 4, at Sawyer's Bay, Dunedin, Jeanie Gladstone Robb, infant child of Robert and Susannah Crosby Pairman.
- PERRY—March 3, at Statmore-road, Christchurch, Annie, relict of the late Edward Perry, aged 75.
- PRYER—March 5, at Upper Hut, Hia Vera Constance, the beloved and only daughter of Edgar and Alice Pryer, aged 4 months.
- QUIN—March 11, at Napier, Mortimer Quin, aged 35 years.
- RANDELL—March 9, at Wellington, Arthur Ernest, son of Arthur Randall, of Mornington, Dunedin, aged 23 years.
- RONALDSON—March 3, at New Plymouth, Thomas Ronaldson, eldest son of the Rev. James Ronaldson, of Hororata, North Canterbury, aged 43.
- SANDO—March 7, at Owen-street, Wellington, Amelia Ann, relict of Kund Sando, after a short illness, aged 51 years.
- STANTON—March 5, at 22, College-street, Wellington, Margaret, youngest daughter of Patrick Stanton.
- SISTER ST. JUDS—Jan. 19, at the Convent of Grey Nuns, Ottawa, Canada, Sister St. Jude (Catherine), sister of Mrs H. J. Melzer, of Christchurch, in the 17th year of her religious profession, after a long and painful suffering.
- SNOWBALL—March 12, at Brooklands, New Plymouth, Mary Jane (Mrs), beloved wife of Edward Snowball, aged 43.
- WYHOORNE—At "Caswood," Whenuakura, Wellington, on March 4, William Edward Wyhoorne, aged 47 years.

**A CLOTHIER'S CONVICTION.**

Mr F. Cohen, of Willis-street, Wellington, is a busy business man, with no time to waste on letter writing for fun. He tried to write on letter writing for fun. Mr Cohen says: "Last Friday I experienced a very bad attack of rheumatic gout, in fact so bad that I had to be helped to get up and being unable to walk I was assisted to a cab. On arrival at home I immediately took a dose of your Rheumo, repeating some every four hours. The pain soon left and in the morning I came down to business as usual. I cannot say of you much, for the prompt and effectual manner in which your Rheumo acts on pain." Rheumo cures every rheumatic ailment and stores, 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle. Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; M. J. Johnson, Chemist, Queen-st.; and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parnell; Grayson Alkin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores, at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle. Wholesale Agents: N.Z. DRUG CO.

WOULD any person wishing to Adopt healthy Boy, 2 years old, apply for particulars to the Sister Superior, Church Mission, Grey street, Auckland?

## Society Gossip

### AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, March 15.

Polo has continued to monopolise our attention during the entire week.

#### THE POLO BALL.

When the Auckland and Remuera Clubs entertained the visiting teams on Tuesday evening, was a conspicuous and triumphant success. The dance was held at the Federal Hall, which is now both fashionable and most comfortable for the purpose. The main hall was beautifully decorated with palms, lycopodium, bamboo and fernery, while the side hall was furnished as a comfortable drawing-room, lounges and chairs being interspersed with palms and large masses of peach blossoms — so beautifully made artificially that everyone thought they were real — and bella-donna lilies. The supper-room arrangements were perfect. The beautiful decorations were entirely of yellow and were most effective. Small tables were laid for six. The catering was excellent and the music by Meredith's band exceptionally good, as was the floor. Extras were played by Melanice McCosh Clarke, Duthie and Miss Lennox. Amongst those present I noticed — Mrs A. C. Purchas, wife of the president of the Polo Club, was gowned in a very handsome ivory brocade, trimmed with white chiffon and Paris lace, turquoise blue choux in coiffure and on front of corsage; Mrs Charlie Kissling wore a charming costume of soft white Japanese silk with folded centre of the same, chiffon hanging sleeves; Miss Ethelwyn Cooke looked very pretty in simple but effective gown of white lawn, tucked perpendicularly and inset with bands of narrow string coloured insertion, chiffon sleeves; Mrs E. D. O'Rorke wore a distingue toilette of ivory mousseline-de-soie over glaze silk, elaborately trimmed with beautiful lace, wide folded corsalet belt of buttereup satin, spray of yellow roses on corsage; Miss Maimie Sheppard was in a dainty frock of soft white muslin, with numerous tiny frills on the skirt edged with black velvet belt ribbon, the bodice was also trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon, white chiffon choux in coiffure; Mrs T. E. Morrin wore an exquisite gown of silver-spangled Limerick lace over white glaze silk, the bodice finished with rappings of narrow heliotrope chiffon and single violet pinnure, heliotrope silk coiffure; Miss Morrin was prettily gowned in a pink crepe de chine with accordion-pleated skirt, hip-yoke of fagotted silk of same shade and deep berthe of same trimmed with Paris lace medallions, wreath of pink roses in coiffure; Miss Alice Morrin wore a pretty turquoise blue sunray pleated crepe de chine, with saddle yoke and berthe of fagotted silk, sprays of forget-me-nots on bodice and in coiffure; Mrs Cotter wore an elaborate toilette of very handsome black brocade, the bodice trimmed with diamond-shaped medallions of beautiful lace; Miss Millie Cotter wore a beautiful gown of white Renaissance lace over white glaze silk, the bodice relieved with touches of turquoise blue, chapelet of water lilies in coiffure; Miss Winnie Cotter looked particularly well in black satin and point d'esprit, with turquoise blue choux in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs T. Hope Lewis wore a lovely gown of shimmering blue satin handsomely trimmed with beautiful black lace medallions, chiffon choux in coiffure; Miss Eileen Lewis was in pale blue Oriental satin veiled in lovely cream lace, sash of blue glaze silk and wreath of lilies on coiffure; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, pretty white satin frock with ruffled double skirt and bodice trimmed with chiffon and sprays of heliotrope flowers, wreath of same in her hair; Miss George wore a white Louisiana silk gown with pleated

frills, the bodice softened with white chiffon, black velvet rosettes in hair; Miss Nora Gorrie wore a pretty white liberty silk frock trimmed with chiffon and Paris lace, clusters of deep crimson geraniums in front of bodice and in her hair; Miss Gwen Gorrie, dainty white soft silk frock, with a deep frill on skirt, edged with black lace, black lace medallions and tiny bows of black velvet ribbon on skirt, berthe of silk edged with insertion and flowing sleeves; Mrs Kekewick wore a smart black satin gown with deep berthe of jetted lace, soft white chiffon choux on corsage; Miss Ivy Buddle was in a very pretty frock of white glaze silk with fagotted seams over heliotrope glaze silk, bow of heliotrope velvet ribbon in her hair; Mrs C. Buddle, pretty white mousseline de soie gown trimmed with lovely lace; Mrs McCosh Clark wore a very handsome gown of silver grey brocade and black lace artistically combined; Miss Pearl Clark looked sweet in a dainty frock of white net laced with narrow satin ribbon over glaze silk, white chiffon on bodice and wreath of maidenhair in coiffure; Miss Kitty Clark was in a white brocade silk gown with shoulder straps of silver embroidery; Mrs Hanna, effective gown of white figured glaze silk finished with lace, large cluster of arsenic green flowers on corsage and in hair; Miss Jackson, pretty pale pink crepe de chine frock trimmed with chiffon and lace flowing sleeves and wreath of flowers in her hair; Miss Woodward, soft white silk prettily tucked, chiffon pelerine edged with several narrow frills; Mrs McColl, pretty white silk frock finished with lace, pale pink roses on decolletage and in hair; Miss Kathleen Thompson was prettily gowned in white lace over glaze silk, white satin centre, small white rosebuds in front of bodice and in her hair; Miss Ida Thompson, dull blue silk gown, the skirt and deep berthe edged with sable, cluster of shaded wheat ears in front of bodice; Mrs Southey Baker (Taranaki) wore a lovely black figured satin gown trimmed with chiffon, cluster of deep pink shaded roses in her hair and on corsage, and her sister, Miss Lloyd, was attired in a soft white crepe de chine gown, the bodice frilled and finished with a deep berthe of sunray pleated chiffon, artistically arranged with pink rosebuds, white satin centre and wreath of pink roses in coiffure; Mrs. Duthie wore a cream point d'esprit gown, inset with wide Paris lace over white glaze silk, white satin centre and large blue choux in front of bodice and in her hair; Miss Lusk, white crepe de chine gown, with gauged skirt, the bodice trimmed with white sun-ray pleated chiffon, and sprays of purple sweet pea, black velvet bow in hair; Miss Olive Lusk, soft white silk frock, with berthe and flowing sleeves of accordion-pleated chiffon, cluster of shaded hydrangea on shoulder, and wide sash of heliotrope silk; Miss Helen Fenton wore a pretty pink Oriental satin, elaborately gauged and trimmed with Paris lace, pale pink ribbons threaded through her hair; Mrs. Rosenthal (Sydney) wore an exquisite gown of shirred pink chiffon over glaze silk, berthe, and deep flounce on skirt of wide white yak lace, transparent yoke of chiffon, splash bow of pale pink ribbon in coiffure; Miss May Cameron, black shirred Brussels net over black glaze silk, the decolletage outlined with tiny pink bank-a-roses, wreath of same in her hair; Mrs. Murphy (Gisborne), handsome black spotted merveilleux silk gown, the bodice finished with Irish point lace; Miss Reynolds (Gisborne) was gowned in a smart black satin gown, with berthe of white lace; and her sister wore white; Mrs. Skerrett (Gisborne) wore a charming costume of pale green crepe de chine with wide accordion-pleated frill on skirt, the bodice was relieved with tiny rappings of a shade deeper; Mrs. E. R. Bloomfield wore a charming gown of pale blue crepe de chine, the bodice prettily draped with string-coloured lace, spray of pink roses and green leaves in her hair; Miss Want (Sydney) was in a lovely frock of ivory tucked crepe de chine, inset with wide Paris lace insertions over pale blue silk, pale blue centre and ribbon threaded through berthe; Miss George wore a sweetly pretty frock of white Oriental satin, with frills of sun-ray pleated chiffon and blonde lace on skirt, headed with pale pink roses, the bodice was also draped with blonde lace and finished with pink roses, sash of pink mousseline de soie; Miss Zoe George wore a dainty frock of white glaze silk, veiled in beautiful Limerick lace, pale blue sash and

wreath of plak roses in her hair; Mrs. Denniston, distingue toilette of heliotrope crepe de chine, handsomely trimmed with jewelled net; Miss Georgie Denniston, pretty white silk frock, tucked and trimmed with lace and chiffon; Miss Pearl Gorrie, soft white silk frock, with chiffon berthe and flowing sleeves, folded centre and spray of white flowers in her hair; Mrs. Ware, lovely gown of black jetted mousseline de soie, with applications of black lace, transparent sleeves; Miss Dorothy Ware, pretty black Louisiana silk gown, with sun-ray pleated flounce, the bodice draped with chiffon, wreath of green leaves in her hair; Miss Crowther, pink floral glaze silk, with gauged skirt, the bodice draped with chiffon, and chiffon sash; Mrs Copeland Savage looked sweet in a pretty black chiffon over white silk, heliotrope centre and choux; Mrs. Rees, black satin frock, with medallions of Paris lace on bodice; Miss Muriel Dawson wore a pretty black net gown over black satin, the decolletage outlined with Paris lace, threaded with pale blue, blue choux in her hair; Miss Worsp wore a dainty white silk frock, trimmed with lace, sprays of violets on bodice and in her hair; Mrs. Markham, smart black gown, with lace coffee jacket, pale pink centre, and large pink crush rose on bodice; Miss Firth wore a pretty white muslin frock, elaborately tucked and trimmed with Paris lace; Mrs Williamson, pretty white crepe de chine tucked and frilled over pale blue silk, wreath of white flowers in coiffure; Miss Waller, exquisite frock of white chiffon over shirred pink silk, pink choux in coiffure; Mrs Ching, handsome black gown relieved with diamond shaped motifs of Paris lace; Miss Ching, white brocade silk frock with chiffon sleeves and berthe, sprays of tiny pink field daisies on bodice and in hair; Mrs Napier, charming frock of white crepe de chine with deep accordion-pleated flounce, the bodice veiled in sunray pleated chiffon; Mrs Myers (England) wore a beautiful Limerick lace gown over white silk with pale blue folded centre and blue choux; Mrs Robert Moss (Sydney), pale green crepe de chine with jewelled lace flounce and berthe and flowing sleeves of jewelled lace, wide satin belt; Miss Moss Davis was in a pretty white silk gown inset with Paris lace insertions; Miss McCleod (America), very handsome floral chine silk gown with gauged bands trimmed with beautiful lace, white net choux in her hair; Miss Ethna Pierce wore a pretty white net laced with satin ribbon over white silk, white rosebuds on decolletage and in her hair; Miss Florence Walker, striking frock of white silk with deep mauve chiffon pelerine and sash; Miss Bee Heather, dainty pale blue shirred silk frock with hip-yoke and berthe of Paris lace, blue choux in coiffure; Miss Anderson (South), looked charming in a pale blue crepe de chine gown, with fagotted seams, hip yoke and deep berthe; Mrs McKay, handsome black satin frock, the bodice veiled in net, sprays of violets on corsage and in hair; Miss D. Scherff, white accordion-pleated chiffon frock; with white satin centre hanging sleeves of chiffon; Miss Kitty Lennox, pretty pale blue crepe de chine frock with Paris lace encrustations; Mrs Walker was in black satin with white chiffon choux on corsage and in hair; Mrs Foster, smart black satin gown with berthe of lovely cream lace, folded belt encrusted with Paris lace motifs; Mrs Colfrey Pharaayn (Manawatu) wore an exquisite gown of white crepe de chine over glaze silk, shoulder straps of forget-me-nots, and wreath of same in her hair, blue sash; Mrs Jack Strang, lovely black sequined net gown over black silk, with choux of ribbon in coiffure; Mrs A. Strang, white glaze silk, veiled in Limerick lace, large pink crush rose in front of bodice and in coiffure; Miss Ritchie, striking costume of white and green chine silk with perpendicular bands of green, green leaves on bodice and in hair; Miss Mort (Sydney), very pretty pale pink chiffon over glaze silk; Miss Reed, white silk, prettily trimmed with chiffon and lace, relieved with touches of black velvet; Miss Abrahams, dainty white frock. Amongst the gentlemen present I noticed — Dr. Purchas, Maitland, Ravage, Messrs Purchas, Cronbie, Ross, Strang (2), Reed, Simpson, George (2), Ross, Worsp, Norton, Alison, Hay, Clark, Fonteyn-Baker, Bloomfield (2), Dawson, Pickering, Ridings, Duthie, Kissling, Nathan (3), Myers, Meredith, Burns, Lloyd, Hanna, Jackson, Pierce, Buddle and many others.

The tournament was brought to conclusion on Saturday night

#### THE SPORTS AT ALEXANDRA PARK.

There was a fair gathering of the public, but I think these sports could be made much more interesting if the programme were revised. With a desire to provide what is equivalent to the comedy element in a drama several oute events, are introduced, and really I think those in charge would be wiser to keep to straight-out races and competitions. Everyone appreciates a good horse and skilful horsemanship, but it is rather a tax on one to have to applaud contests which would be admirable as a source of amusement at a circus matinee, but drag somewhat where the spectators are old enough to claim the franchise. The "straight-out" races and events were capital, and all were keenly contested.

#### DRESSES AT POLO.

Mrs A. C. Purchas wore a pretty mignonette green voile with trimmings of ecru lace, burnt straw hat with dahlia choux of green and black ribbon; Mrs E. D. O'Rorke, very smart black and white spotted foulard with bands of black Chantilly lace on skirt and bodice, large black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Maimie Sheppard, white linen coat and skirt, white vest, burnt straw hat with large splash bow of black ribbon; Mrs T. Hope Lewis, black and white spotted silk gown trimmed with lace, wide centre and stock of heliotrope, burnt straw and black hat finished with long black ostrich feathers; Miss Lewis was in a cream sunray pleated voile skirt, pretty white silk and insertion blouse, smart crimson hat; Miss Fenton wore a white linen gown and black hat trimmed with clusters of violets; Miss Jessie Reed wore a white Persian lawn frock, the bodice embroidered with pale blue, large black picture hat; Miss Sheppard, black voile costume, laced with satin ribbon, canary silk vest veiled in net, black and cream toque; Mrs Pharaayn (Palmerston North), lovely gown of cream canvas voile over glaze silk, with sunray veiled frills and inset with wide bands of Paris lace, white satin centre and black hat; Miss Abraham wore a pretty white muslin gown with elaborately frilled skirt, hat en suite, and her sister also wore white with large crimson hat; Miss Lily Kissling, heliotrope linen skirt, pretty white silk blouse with deep cape collar of Paris lace, black hat with sprays of lilac; Mrs Robert Moss (Sydney), black gauged crepe de chine gown with deep yoke of Paris lace and net, pretty cream hat trimmed with shaded ostrich feather; Misses Moss Davis were gowned in cream coats and skirts, cream vests and large cream picture hats; Miss McLeod (America) was in a white gown with exquisite pelerine of cream ostrich feathers, white hat; Mrs Morrin wore a smart royal blue costume with incrustations of Paris lace, black country girl hat wreathed with sprays of lilac; Miss Morrin wore a cream serge costume with transparent lace yoke, old gold centre and pretty blue hat; Miss Cotter, lovely pale pink silk gown with wide Paris lace trimmings, smart hat to match; Miss — Cotter looked well in blue canvas voile with insertions of tawny-coloured lace, large black hat; Mrs Kekewick, white pique costume inset with bands of insertion, short grey,

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coatee, with large black hat; Miss Ivy Budda also wore white pique and pretty black hat trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Reynolds (Gisborne) was prettily gowned in pale grey with pale grey hat trimmed with ribbon and black and white wings; Miss Gillilan, white linen sac coat and skirt, inserted with bands of coarse Torchon net and lace vest, "Country Girl" hat wreathed with sprays of lilac; Miss Dugmar Gillilan also wore a white linen sac coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with wreath of pink banksia roses and green leaves; Miss Thorne George wore a beautiful frock of pale grey crepe de china over glaze silk, pink ceinture and square yoke of Paris lace, large black picture hat; Miss Zoe Thorne George was in a pretty cream canvas voile coatee and skirt, net and lace vest, turquoise blue chine silk sash, Tuscan hat with floral crown of red roses; Mrs Stewart was in white with large black hat; Miss Olive Aicken was in a pretty pale pink muslin frock inset with wide bands of Valenciennes insertion, "Country Girl" hat wreathed with roses; Miss Gorrie, heliotrope linen coatee costume with waist vest and large black hat, and Miss Gwen, Gorrie was also in heliotrope with black picture hat; Mrs Thing wore a champagne tinted canvas voile inserted with Paris lace and relieved with touches of pale green, toque to correspond; Miss Ching soft white silk tucked gauged and linned with medallions of Paris lace, "Country Girl" hat veiled in green; Mrs Gibson (Kaipara), tussore silk frock elaborately tucked and inserted with Paris lace, transparent lace yoke, "Country Girl" hat with splash bow of black ribbon; Miss Lusk, white Persian lawn, trimmed with insertion, black ceinture and hat; Miss O. Lusk also wore white, relieved with black and black hat; Miss Helen Fenton, tucked black silk voile skirt, white silk blouse with transparent yoke of Paris lace, black plumed hat; Mrs W. Lloyd, black skirt and smart black silk blouse with black lace cape collar, black hat; Mrs Birds, white serge coat and skirt, with bands of Oriental embroidery, large black hat; Mrs Markham, white costume with modish burnt straw hat, veiled in green; Mrs Lawford, black voile coatee and skirt, black lace vest and large black hat; Mrs Fisher, very stylish gown of navy blue crepe de chine with yoke and encrustations of Paris lace, hat to match; Miss Walker, cream voile costume tucked and inserted with Paris lace, navy blue and old gold hat; Miss Izo White, dark blue linen coatee costume, with white vest, hat en suite; Miss Daisy Worsp, pretty pink voile elaborately tucked and trimmed with Paris lace, cream hat; Mrs. Robertson, white Swiss muslin gown, inserted with lace, green ceinture, black hat with wreath of ivy leaves; Mrs. T. Ball, white Persian lawn frock, tucked and trimmed with lace and insertion, black ceinture and black hat; Mrs. Smyes, pretty black and white half-mourning costume, with large black hat; Miss Stevenson, pretty soft white silk frock, with frilled skirt, large black hat trimmed with black and white ostrich feathers; Miss Irene Keuny wore a pretty white muslin and insertion frock with ceinture of mirror green, black plumed hat; Miss Mabel Dawson was in a dainty white lawn gown with deep pink waistband, burnt straw hat trimmed with deep pink shaded ribbons; Miss Kathleen Shera, white muslin and insertion, with turquoise blue sash, large hat; Miss Myra Reed wore a white box muslin frock, with black ribbons, black and white hat; Miss Kathleen Thompson, heliotrope floral muslin frock, with folded ceinture of heliotrope glaze silk, hat to correspond; Mrs. Thorne Jackson, stylish gown of cream voile, prettily trimmed with Paris lace, large black picture hat; Miss Pearl Clark, pretty pale grey voile gown, with transparent yoke, white hat, trimmed with lilacs of the valley; Mrs. Halcombe, cream voile skirt, pretty white silk blouse, and large black plumed hat; Miss Kitty Clark, black and white striped muslin frock, with black folded belt and large black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Collins, mourning costume; Miss Slowman, white muslin, with black waistband, white and black hat; Miss Connie Slowman, fawn skirt, and pretty white blouse, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Rosenthal (Sydney) wore a very pretty white gown with fawn Brocade sailor hat, trimmed with shaded pink ribbons; Miss Ethel Cameron, crushed strawberry linen coatee and skirt, wide insertion bands on skirt, cream vest and large black hat; Mrs. Holgate, navy blue and white coat and

skirt, white vest, smart toque to correspond; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, turquoise blue voile gown, with vest of Paris coloured lace and net, large black hat, trimmed with tulle and ostrich feathers; Mrs. Rick, navy blue tucked voile gown with white vest, black bonnet; Mrs L. R. Bloomfield, crimson cloth coat and skirt, their coat faced with white, white vest and smart black and white hat; Miss Snell, pretty white liberty silk frock with transparent yoke and collar of Paris lace, Tuscan hat wreathed with roses; Miss Pearl Hay, dainty white muslin and insertion frock, burnt straw hat trimmed with green; Miss Elsie Slowman, white muslin frock with black waistband, white hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Torrance, smart black and white costume with black and white hat; Miss Milly Torrance, green linen coatee and skirt with white vest, Tuscan hat wreathed with roses and black velvet ribbon; Miss Marjorie Towle, wore a cream voile skirt and pretty white silk blouse inserted with lace, country girl hat trimmed with shaded ribbons and sprays of lilac; Miss Dorothy Ware, pretty pale grey canvas voile gown with transparent yoke, large black picture hat; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, very pretty gown of pale blue voile with yoke and encrustations of Paris lace, pretty hat to correspond; Miss Pickering wore a smart gown of navy blue piped with pale green, blue and green hat to match; Miss Milly Hesketh wore cream and yellow with black hat; Miss Maggie Hesketh was in a cream voile coatee and skirt trimmed with Paris lace, black picture hat; Mrs. Young, champagne coloured grass lawn gown with insertions of eoru lace, black plumed hat; Miss Allie Young, white muslin relieved with pale blue ribbons, white hat trimmed with blue; Miss Marie Martin, white muslin frock with mirror green ceinture; Miss Cissie Jackson was in a pretty pale grey gown with large picture hat; Mrs Peter Laurence, white linen costume with large black hat with feathers; Miss Percival, royal blue Russian coat and skirt with white muslin and insertion vest, gem hat; Miss Ida Percival, grey linen costume with pretty white hat; Miss Dunnett, tabac brown costume trimmed with pale blue, smart toque finished with geraniums; Mrs. Walker, pretty white linen costume, with large black picture hat; Mrs. Cheeseman, cream costume, with pretty floral toque; Miss Ivy Walker, pretty pale blue spotted foulard gown, with lace applications, mirror green belt, and large white hat, trimmed with ostrich feathers; Miss Nora Walker, black veil skirt, smart black and white spotted silk blouse, with faggetted yoke, pretty hat to correspond; Miss Howard, black skirt, dainty white silk blouse, spotted with black, and trimmed with motifs of black lace, black hat; Miss Maud Howard wore a white frilled liberty silk gown, with bands and medallions of black lace, black and white hat.

One of the largest gatherings that has yet assembled on the Ponsonby greens was entertained by the ladies of

THE WEST END TENNIS CLUB,

when visitors from sister clubs in all parts of the district were present. The ladies of the club left nothing undone to make the function the complete success it was. The afternoon tea was on a sumptuous scale, and the tables were tastefully decorated with sunflowers. The finals of the first grade were played between Mrs. Cooper, of the North Shore Club with Miss Parsons, of Parrnell, and Miss Hull (Mt. Eden) and Miss Edith Whitelaw (West End), the former winning the trophies—gold miniatures. In the second grade Miss Ethel Atkinson and Miss Witty played against Miss Atkinson and Miss Kenderdine, the latter winning the prizes—gold pins. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. (Archdeacon), Calder, who wore a black satin gown and silk and lace cape, brown and pink bonnet; Mrs. C. J. Parr looked pretty in cream tucked silk blouse and serge skirt, large white hat, wreathed with red berries; Mrs. Churton, white silk blouse with red sash, black skirt and white hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Knight, French grey gown and crash sac jacket, black hat; Miss Dorothy Knight, cream silk and Paris lace frock, and large cream hat; Mrs. Coates, tussore silk gown, white hat, swathed with white and red spotted silk; Miss Pearl Gorrie, smart blue and white linen frock, white hat; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, smart green linen costume, sailor hat; Mrs Holmes, cream silk blouse and dark

green cloth skirt, burnt straw hat with green silk; Miss Atkinson, black and white spotted muslin gown, black and white hat; Miss Ethel Atkinson, holland skirt and cream muslin blouse, large cream kilted muslin hat; Miss Bessie Ziman, cream embroidered voile blouse, black skirt, blue straw hat; Miss Edith Whitelaw, pale grey skirt and white tucked muslin blouse, sailor hat; Miss Parsons, white muslin dress and Royal blue sash; Miss Daisy Udy, cream blouse and holland skirt, sailor hat; Miss Mowbray, white blouse and black skirt, white and black hat relieved with red flowers; Miss A. Gittos, white blouse and pink sash, eoru lace pelerine and black skirt, white hat; Miss Witty, white muslin dress, red sash and white and red hat; Mrs. Palethorpe, green linen gown, with black silk sash, burnt straw French sailor hat; Miss Waters (Wellington), dainty pale pink floral muslin dress, and large white hat with plumes; Miss Lena Butters, white tucked muslin blouse and pique skirt, large white kilted muslin hat; Miss M. Metcalfe, cream linen skirt and Eton jacket over a spotted blouse, burnt straw hat, slashed with black; Mrs. Morpeth, violet rose costume, and black picture hat; Mrs. Burton, white and black spotted muslin blouse, black skirt, and burnt straw hat with cluster of pink and red roses; Miss Patterson, pale green floral French muslin blouse, black skirt and white hat; Mrs. Newell, electric blue linen gown, white and black hat; Mrs. Gentles, cream China silk gown, and white hat trimmed with moss green velvet and roses; Mrs. Philson, white silk and lace blouse, black skirt, burnt straw hat swathed with black silk; Miss Hull, pink linen gown and white hat; Miss C. Butler, blue linen costume, large white hat swathed with blue silk; Miss Cardno, pink costume; Miss Fanny Preece, holland skirt and cream muslin blouse, with blue sash, cream muslin hat; Miss Carrick, white muslin blouse, and black skirt, black hat; her friend wore a pretty blue blouse and a black skirt with hat en suite; Mrs. George Leighton (Wellington), white silk blouse, prettily trimmed with eoru lace, black skirt and crimson hat; Mrs. Chapman (North Shore), bright navy blue voile, and black picture hat; Miss Denniston, white silk blouse and crash skirt, white hat swathed with pink silk; Miss Kenderdine, white muslin, with blue sash, white hat; Miss Annie Stewart, white muslin frock with blue sash; her sister also wore white; Miss Williamson, white muslin blouse, and black skirt, white hat; Miss Nicholson, white gown, and blue and white hat; Miss A. Nicholson, white muslin frock, with pale green sash, white hat; Mrs. H. Jones, green and white flake, trimmed with eoru lace, white and green hat; Mrs. Arthur Goldie, ivory silk and chiffon blouse, and black skirt, large black hat; Mrs. Hodgson, handsome black voile gown, and black picture hat; Miss Davy, tussore silk blouse and blue skirt, fawn straw hat, swathed with spotted silk; Miss Caldwell, white blouse and pink jacket, bordered with grass lawn, navy skirt, and white and black hat; Miss Oldham, cream muslin gown, and black hat; Miss Cleghorn, white muslin, with crimson ceinture, white hat trimmed with crimson; Mrs. A. B. Reynolds, Wedgwood blue bengaline, trimmed with black silk applique, black hat with white and black plumes; Mrs. Gulliver, mourning

costume; Miss Wingfield, lovely blue shirred frock, white hat trimmed with moss green velvet; Mrs. Cooper, heliotrope muslin blouse, and white skirt, hat en suite; Miss Nora Brown, holland skirt, and white blouse, hat to match; Mrs. C. Campbell, crash jacket and black skirt, picture hat; Miss Thompson, white blouse, with green sash, crash skirt, and white and green hat; Miss Horne, black skirt, white blouse and pink sash, white hat swathed with navy blue; Miss Macindoe, white muslin; Miss Clare Haven, green linen frock, and black hat; Miss Caro, holland skirt, white and blue spotted silk blouse, hat en suite; Miss Marie Blades, crash skirt, white and blue blouse, blue sash, and sailor hat; Mrs. Angus, pale blue and white flake costume, white hat, etc.

A VERY ENJOYABLE ECHIRE PARTY

was given last Friday evening by Mrs. John Mowbray, St. George's Bay Road, Parrnell. The tables were arranged on the verandah, which, lighted with Chinese lanterns, was delightfully cool and pleasant. The first prize was won by Miss A. Yonge, Mr. Ansonne being the fortunate winner among the gentlemen. After play was over a recherche supper was served in the dining-room. Dancing and music concluded a most successful evening. Mrs. Mowbray received in a handsome gown of black silk, relieved with silver; while her daughters wore pretty evening blouses. Among the guests were Mesdames Turner, Duthie, Ansonne, Douglas, Misses Mowbray, Harris (Wanganui), Kenny, Walker, Gillilan (2), Munro, Witchell, Yonge (2), Thorne, Duthie, Messrs Mowbray, Duthie, Ansonne, Turner, Stuckey, Richardson, Weymouth, Gillilan, Sherratt, Dr. Bamford.

A Paeroa correspondent, writing on March 14, says:—A most enjoyable afternoon was spent at the Paeroa Hotel last Thursday, when Miss Delany, who is shortly leaving Paeroa, gave "an advertisement afternoon" to the girls of the Hockey Club, of which she was a member. Some of the advertisements were very cleverly thought out, and very hard to guess. The first prize, a silver-mounted clothes brush, was won by Miss C. Edwards, and the second, a silver serviette ring, by Miss D. Kenny. A dainty afternoon tea was partaken of, after which the following ladies contributed musical items:—Misses Lorrigan, Inglis, De Castro and Quick. Among those present were:—Mrs. E. Edwards, wearing a black silk dress; Mrs. Brunschild, crash costume; Miss Wight, heliotrope silk blouse, black skirt; Miss M. Wight, dainty creme frock; Miss Goodman, green muslin blouse, black skirt; Miss Kenny, white silk blouse, black lustre skirt; Miss D. Kenny, white; Miss Chamberlain, pink blouse, black skirt; Miss Dr. Castro, pretty white dress; Miss Hackett, handsome blue cloth, black strappings and eoru lace; Miss Shaw, blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Inglis, dainty creme flowered delaine; Miss Quick (Thames), white muslin blouse, black grenadine skirt; Miss Lorrigan (Auckland), pretty pale blue voile, gullion trimmings and Paris lace; Miss Delany, pink silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss May Delany, pretty white silk; Miss Brunschild, green; Miss Miller, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Edwards, dainty white; Miss C. Edwards, white silk.

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314 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

## HAMILTON.

Dear Bee,

March 12.

## A FAREWELL GARDEN PARTY

was given by Mrs John Knight at Woodside on February 27th before leaving New Zealand for a lengthy trip to the Continent and Old Country. The garden, with its wealth of flowers and trim lawns, presented an animated scene, the delicate shades of the ladies' dresses contrasting charmingly with the surrounding green. Refreshments were partaken of under the trees. Mr Bosworth's string band supplied the music. The hostess wore a handsome and becoming gown of black silk, large black plumed hat; Mrs Charles Atkinson, pretty pale blue voile with black insertion trimmings, black and cream toque; Mrs Sandes, black silk, black and pink bonnet; Mrs Hunter, becoming black costume; Mrs Sara, coral-rose blue, trimmed with grape insertion, cream hat; Mrs Charles Hunter, charming gown of champagne-coloured voile, profusely tucked, large black picture hat; Mrs R. Seddon, brown silk, toque to match; Mrs Gordon, black silk, relieved with white, black hat; Mrs Going, dainty fawn French muslin, slate blue belt, cream and black hat; Mrs Drury, black voile, black hat, cream roses; Mrs Langley-Shaw, black skirt, grey coat, dark red hat; Mrs Reeves, white muslin, pretty black sequined hat; Mrs Allen Bell, electric blue, veiled in black, black toque; Mrs Stevens, grey, bonnet to match; Mrs J. Barugh, black, white vest, black hat; Mrs Edgewood, black silk, black and white hat; Mrs Provis, black silk, black hat; Mrs Hunter, pretty heliotrope and white muslin, black chiffon picture hat; the Misses McAllium (New Plymouth), dainty white muslin, floral hats; Miss Sandes, blue floral muslin, string-coloured insertion trimmings, cream hat; Miss I. Sandes, pink, veiled in white, white and pink hat; Miss R. Graham, white insertion silk, white picture hat; Miss O'Neill, primrose silk, ecrú collar, pale green hat; the Misses Edgewood, white muslin frocks, black hats, wreathed with white flowers; Mrs Campbell, green floral muslin, ecrú insertion trimmings, cream hat; Miss Horniman, white muslin, black and white hat; Miss Le Queene, black skirt, exquisite white embroidered chiffon blouse, black and white hat; Miss C. Le Queene, green linen coat and skirt, chic white hat, toned with black; Miss Stevens, blue muslin, cream hat. The gentlemen present were Messrs Knight, Sara, Bell, Barugh, Quirk, Hurd Wood, Gordon, Graham, Reeves, Langley-Shaw, Blackburn, O'Neill, Hume, Turner, Hunter, Sandes, Edgewood, Campbell, Forrester, Captain Young and Rev. Father Darby.

ZILLAH.

## WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

March 11.

## THE SECOND DAY'S RACING

of the Autumn meeting was held in pouring rain. In fact, the committee met in the morning to decide whether the races should be postponed. The course was very wet and slippery, but fortunately there were no accidents. Amongst those I noticed on the stand were: Mrs. E. Perry (Hawke's Bay), short black skirt, with silk blouse, long covert coat of fawn tweed, cream and crimson fancy straw hat; Mrs. A. Fitz-Herbert (Feilding), black voile skirt, strapped with silk, tucked white silk blouse, banded with champagne insertion, cream straw hat, turquoise blue satin ribbons and wreath of forget-me-nots round the brim; Mrs. Orr (Christchurch), black and white checked tweed skirt, with vandyke strappings of the same material, pretty blouse of white silk, profusely tucked and trimmed with cream insertion, black and white toque, with rosettes of white and black chiffon; Mrs. R. Tripe (Palmerston North), wore a navy blue cloth costume, pleated coat banded with velvet to match, and pointed collar of white cloth, black cloth hat, with white astrakhan crown and aigrette; Mrs. Hertzill (Dannevirke), black and white gown, with long covert coat, black straw toque, with burnt straw crown, and brush of black feathers at the side; Mrs. Cole, navy blue serge skirt, dainty blouse of pale grey crepe de chine, and champagne lace and insertion, fawn straw toque, with pale blue satin rosettes; Mrs. Hawke, dark grey tweed costume, with Russian coat, muslin blouse with raised spots and insertion, black straw hat, with black satin rosettes; Mrs. Abbott (Wellington), black skirt, white tucked silk blouse, crimson silk hat; Mrs. C. Field, navy blue Melton cloth coat and skirt, the collar of velvet to match, black straw hat, with chiffon and long black ostrich feathers; Miss Cutfield, black skirt, pale pink blouse, burnt straw hat, with apple green ribbons, and pale pink flowers; Miss Knight (Dannevirke), wore a black skirt, and coat of holland, with collar composed of white silk, with a black spot cream and black straw hat, with black glace silk rosettes; Miss Dodgson, black serge coat, long green coat, and burnt straw hat, with crimson glace silk; Mrs. Brookfield, navy blue and white foulard gown with collar and revers of cream lace, green felt hat, with dark velvet trimmings; Mrs. Fairburn, electric blue skirt, cream creponne blouse, with blue and green shaded gailoon, white felt hat with black velvet and pompons; Mrs. Pratt (Waitotara), black canvas gown, with stole ends black hat with chiffon and turquoise blue satin ribbon; Miss Nancarrow (Christchurch), wore a stylish grey tweed costume, white silk vest, cream straw hat, with black and white spotted ribbon; Mrs. A. Blundell, black skirt, white silk blouse, cream medallions of lace, and cream hat, with pink roses; Mrs. E. Blundell (Feilding), navy blue and white striped

voile, black hat, with old gold roses; Miss Light, black voile skirt, white silk blouse, with insertion cream straw hat, with rose pink velvet and autumn leaves; Miss Montgomerie, grey tweed skirt, white silk blouse, tucked and banded with cream insertion, Panama hat; Mrs. McNeill, grey ribeline coat and skirt, large cream lace collar, cream silk vest, and pale pink choux; Mrs. Barthorpe (Silverhope), wore a stylish frock of black canvas, with pleated coat, trimmed with deep cream insertion, black hat with chiffon, and long black ostrich plumes; Mrs. James Wat., navy blue linen gown, stole ends, piped with white, crimson straw hat, white bird and velvet.

On Saturday afternoon

## A PICNIC

was held up the river in the oil launch. Owing to the heavy downpour of rain the party was unable to land at Sandy Hook, but an enjoyable time was spent at Kennedy's. Afternoon tea was spread in the large dining-room at the hotel. Amongst those present were: Madames Cleghorn, Heywood, Fox, Misses Gifford, Ashcroft, Mrs. Darley, and others.

## THE ANNUAL WANGANUI ROWING REGATTA

was held on the river on Thursday, 10th. There were a fair number of spectators assembled on the bank to watch the various events. No doubt there would have been a much larger crowd if the day had been more inviting, but a high wind and clouds of dust somewhat marred the day's enjoyment. Amongst the on-lookers I noticed the Misses Anderson, Barricout, McDonnell, Darley, Warrington, O'Brien, Jones (2), Messrs, Harold, Hardwick, Morrison, Wood, Darley, Lewis, and many others.

HUTA.

## WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

March 11.

It is either a feast or a famine in Wellington, and at present we are having the latter.

Our next event of interest is to be the Medical Congress, which is to begin next week, and already one hears of doctors en route to the Capital City. Science and social functions are neatly sandwiched in the official programme, and given fine weather, our visitors should enjoy themselves. Dr. Collins is the President of the Congress, and on the opening day he and Mrs Collins are going to entertain the members and their friends at a large garden party, and there are rumours of a picnic lunch at Belle Vue Gardens, as well as an evening "At Home."

Everyone is so glad to hear that Mr and Mrs Arthur Russell's little boy is recovering from his recent accident, and is now out of danger.

Miss Nellie Cotterill (Napier) spent a few days in Wellington after her enjoyable trip to England. Her brother, Mr Keith Cotterill, came down to meet her.

Miss Ida Coleridge is back from her trip to Waitarapa.

The Women's Social and Political League gave an entertainment last week

in honour of Mrs T. E. Macdonald, one of their most prominent members, who has been for a trip to England. An illuminated address was presented by Sir Joseph Ward to Mrs Macdonald, who was much gratified by the good wishes it expressed. The guest of the evening wore a handsome gown of black satin and embroidered chiffon; Miss Macdonald had a lovely dress of pearl embroidered net over white satin; Lady Ward wore black accordion-pleated chiffon and satin; Miss M. Seddon was in black satin, the corage draped with lace; Mrs

## FOR WOMEN

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Desires to Know

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Cleansing

And about the Care of the Skin,  
Scalp, Hair and Hands.

Too much stress cannot be placed on the great value of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent in the antiseptic cleansing of the mucous surfaces and of the blood and circulating fluids, thus affording pure, sweet and economical local and constitutional treatment for weakening ulcerations, inflammations, itching, irritations, relaxations, displacements, pains and irregularities peculiar to females. Hence the Cuticura remedies have a wonderful influence in restoring health, strength and beauty to weary women, who have been prematurely aged and invalided by these distressing ailments, as well as such sympathetic afflictions as anaemia, chlorosis, hysteria, nervousness and debility.

Women from the very first have fully appreciated the purity and sweetness, the power to afford immediate relief, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy which have made the Cuticura remedies the standard skin cures and honour remedies of the civilized world.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for annoying irritations, and ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Cuticura Resolvent, Special and the Form of Cuticura Creamed Skin, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Dealers: London, 7, Charterhouse Row; Paris, 1, Rue de la Paix; Australia, 2, The Arcade, Sydney; Boston, 177, Cornhill Ave.; Putnam Drug & Chemical Co., Sole Importers.  
"At Home for a Book for Women."

## New and Fresh

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## JOHN COURT'S, Queen Street.

IN THE FANCY DEPARTMENT. Came by the "Paparoa," "Aotea," and "Ionic."

LOVELY CAPE COLLARETTES, specially the Gulpere, from 6/11 to 3/6 each.  
GUPURE 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.

BEIJES are to be worn again this season. We have the nicest and smartest that money can buy. Metals, Laces and Trims will be in great demand. We have also a splendid collection of Belt Clips.

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 values, as of yore, notwithstanding the tremendous advances in goods.

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 Gailoons, Figure Eight Strappings, Silk Applique Gimpes, 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.

Dyer, black satin; Mrs Welsh (vice-president of the league), black satin and lace, and a cluster of violets; Mrs Moore (secretary), black brocade and chiffon; Miss Moore, pale blue Oriental satin; Mrs J. F. Wright, black satin; her daughter was in turquoise blue; Miss Tester, black satin, veiled in net; Miss Tester, pink merveilleux; Mrs Ester, black satin; Mrs Hamilton, black silk voile; Mrs Jackson, grey crepe de chine; Mrs Barr, black satin and poppies.

The next 'Frisco steamer will bring back Mr and Mrs R. L. Levin, who have abandoned their trip Home, owing to the fatal accident to Mrs Levin's mother, which came as a terrible shock to everybody.

Mrs George Harper (Christchurch) is visiting her sister, Mrs Frank Loughnan.

Quite a number of weddings are coming off at Easter, including those of Miss Amy Pownall and Mr Oscar Kember; Miss Irene Taplin and Mr Frank Leekie; and Miss Mabel Blundell and Mr Arthur Smith.

Once the Lenten season is over we are to have some dances. Miss Bor-lase's subscription dances are beginning in April, and Miss Pearson is getting up some "Cinderella's" with the aid of Mrs Fitchett. The tennis ball is another in prospect, and Mrs Fulton is giving a ball. Quite a number of girls are to "come out" at the last mentioned, which is to be quite a big affair.

Among the teas given last week was a small one by Mrs Edwin, in honour of Mrs and Miss Martin (Napier), who were staying with her. Mrs Edwin wore black brocade, and her daughters were in white silk dresses. Among those present were the Misses Harding, Lady Stout, Mrs and the Misses Quick, Mrs Watson, Mrs Fitchett, Mrs and Miss Ewen.

Dunedin girls are noted for their enterprise, and one of their number is Miss Macandrew, who has come to Wellington, and intends to start an art needlework depot, in conjunction with tea rooms. Such a venture is badly needed in Wellington, where the few tea rooms are always crowded, and novel designs in fancy work are very difficult to get. At present Miss Macandrew is staying with Mrs Leslie Reynolds.

OPHELIA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, March 7.

On Thursday week a most enjoyable little dance was given at Mr O'Brien's, Wakapuaka. An excellent floor, the beautiful grounds, and a beautiful moonlight night all helped to make a very pleasant evening. Mrs Dakamore kindly acted as chaperone. Others present were Miss Stevens, Miss Glasgow, Miss Robinson, Misses Leggatt, Misses Ledger, Miss Eawson (Wellington), Miss Clifford, Messrs O'Brien, Rowley, Russell, Hamilton, De Sourrettes, Yates, Leggatt.

Notwithstanding a very wet night the surprise party at Mrs Hamilton's on Friday night was very much enjoyed. Those present were—Mrs F. Hamilton, in black; Miss Rawson, white lace over blue silk; Miss Webb Bowen, black;

Mrs Smith, white silk; Miss Glasgow, black voile; Miss Clifford, pink silk; Miss Harris; Miss Robinson; Misses E. and J. Ledger, Miss Hodson, Misses Boyd, Messrs Hamilton (3), Levin, Edwards, Cook, Peraton, Russell, De Sourrettes, Houliker (2), Hobey, Deschler, Yates.

Mrs Steven's handkerchief tea, as a farewell to Miss Bunney, took place on Wednesday afternoon. Mr Stevens received her guests in black; Miss Bunney, in a pale green delaine and large black hat, stood by a small table, on which each guest laid her handkerchief, all of which were afterwards placed in a sachet of yellow satin and point lace—the present of Mrs Stevens. The guests were each given pieces of paper on which was written the word "handkerchief," out of which they had to make as many words as possible in a given time. The prize, a silver shoe horn, was won by Miss Hilda Trent, with 118 words. Some of the guests were—Mrs Bunney, Mrs Harrison, Mrs Watts, Mrs Dodson, Miss M. Bunney, Miss Gribben, Miss Robertson, Miss Gibbs.

On Saturday week the final for Mr Macquarie's prize were played at the Brook Courts, the winners being Miss Robinson and Miss Leggatt.

WAKATU.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, March 8.

The W.C.T.U. Convention now being held in Blenheim is creating a stir. Blenheim has been taken possession of by the delegates, who are billeted out like soldiers in war time. The convention opened on Thursday afternoon with a very successful reception in the Wesley Hall, which was decorated for the occasion. Addresses of welcome by various temperance advocates, appropriate songs and afternoon tea were indulged in on this first occasion. On Friday evening a largely-attended public meeting was held in Ewart's Hall, and on Monday night the entertainment of the Union "Congress of Nations" was held, about 50 local young people representing the different nations.

The members of the Marlborough Club gave a social to their lady friends on Friday evening in the club rooms. High-street. Dancing, whist, progressive euchre, music—vocal and instrumental—went off very successfully. The dresses were very pretty, and a de-serve greatly enjoyed.

The Supreme Court is now sitting in Blenheim, and, fortunately for us, no criminal cases are on the list, though some interesting civil cases will most likely take up a good deal of the Chief Justice's time.

Exhibition matters are going on smoothly, and presently we hope to make Marlborough famous by holding as good an exhibition as can be raised without supper and delicious claret cup in the colony.

A lecture was delivered in Picton on Thursday by Nurse Speed, who went out to South Africa during the late war, and was enrolled on the Imperial staff of nurses. A good audience listened to her advocacy of the need of military nursing establishments, and agreed with

her though they could not help her. She wore her nurses uniform, and displayed the King and Queen's medals, the badge of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and Princess Christian's medal for nurses. The Hon. Captain Baillie and Lieut. Swanwick, of the Waitohi Rifle, occupied seats on the stage, and the Mayor, Dr. Redman, was in the chair.

The funeral of the Rev. E. Emsor, who was drowned at Gisborne, took place on Sunday at Marlboroughtown, the remains having been brought here for interment. A large number of people were present, and many beautiful floral tributes of affection from his neighbours and friends rested on the coffin and grave.

At the Misses Greensill's (Picton) afternoon on Wednesday there were present Messrs Greensill (2), the Hon. Captain and Mrs Baillie, Mrs and Miss E. M. Allen, Mrs Riddell, Mrs H. J. Howard, Mrs Wolff, Misses Philpott's (2) and others.

MIRANDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, March 9.

Nothing but grey wet skies greeted us last week, and the barometer was watched very closely on Wednesday, when Mr and Mrs Gilbert Anderson had invited a number of friends to

A GARDEN PARTY

at their pretty home, "Bryndwr." The occasion was a double one, that of bidding good-bye to Miss Flo Bullen (Miss Anderson's sister) prior to her marriage, and celebrating the anniversary of Mr and Mrs Anderson's wedding day. The grounds were looking lovely. Mr and Mrs Anderson received on the lawn, Miss Flo Bullen assisting. Mrs Anderson looked exceedingly well in black spotted with white, the bodice inset with white lace and trimmed with insertions, black hat; Miss Flo Bullen, shrimp pink voile trimmed with narrow black velvet, black hat; Miss Bullen (Kaikoura), a sweet gown of heliotrope silk beautifully embroidered with lace braid, pretty hat; Miss F. Bullen (Kaikoura), grey voile trimmed with lace, grey and green hat; the Misses Anderson (2), white muslin frocks and white hats; Mrs Adair, slate grey canvas flecked with white, lace vest and touches of black velvet, sequin toque; Mrs Erwin, black gown, white lace vest and trimming, sequin hat; Mrs W. D. Wood, all black; Mrs Henry Wood, black voile with emerald green chain, large black hat; Mrs J. V. Ross, all black; Mrs Derry Wood, cornflower blue canvas, pretty hat to match; Mrs Hepworth, royal blue with handsome motifs of ceru lace, ceru net vest, picture hat; Mrs R. B. Bennett, biscuit canvas over pink trimmed with lace, black hat; Mrs Murchison, cream canvas, black and cream hat; Miss Murchison, a similar gown with narrow black ribbon and cream lace motifs; Mrs B. M. Litchfield, turquoise blue canvas with black and white trimming, white silk vest, black picture hat; Mrs McDougall, black gown relieved with white, bonnet to match; Mrs Roerfort Snow, black brocade, the deep collar edged with chiffon

and applied with Honiton lace, picture hat; Mrs R. Anderson, green voile with hat to match; Miss Connal, handsome black costume and shaded red roses in bonnet; Mrs T. Garrard, pale grey voile with cream lace insertions, black and white hat; Mrs H. D. Carter, pale green crepe gown with handsome applique on bodice, black and pink straw toque; Miss Carter, navy coat and skirt, cream lace vest, black and white hat; Miss Bullen (England), tussore silk with heliotrope waistbelt and collar, large black hat; Mrs Harman Reeves, black voile trimmed with pale blue and cream lace, large black hat; Mrs Leicester Matson, cream canvas, black picture hat; Mrs Bickerton Fisher, black voile finished with lace and touch of orange velvet, black picture hat; Miss Fisher, cream canvas, with pale blue sash and chon, cream hat trimmed with forget-me-nots and silk to match; Misses Louison, navy costumes of similar coat style trimmed with Oriental embroidery; Mrs Tapper, navy gown stole ends of Oriental embroidery; Mrs M. Cholmondeley, pale grey canvas prettily trimmed with cream lace, cream hat; Miss Bowen, pale green gown, long linen coat, picture hat; Miss K. Wood, biscuit muslin with black spot, pale blue chon, black hat; Misses Ross (2), soft white silk gowns inset with cream insertion, picture hats; Mrs A. Kaye, pale green with white stripe trimmed with lace, black toque; Mrs Chilton, slate grey Etou costume with stole ends, trimmed with embroidery, white lace vest, and pretty hat; Mrs



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"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. 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.

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(Dr.) Thomas, black trimmed with cream lace, toque to match; Mrs. Rescoll, Mrs. Coates, Dr. Morton Anderson, Dr. Erwin, Captain McDougall, Dr. Chilton, Messrs. Litchfield, Bullock, Connal, H. D. Carter, A. Anderson, Bullen, Nixon, Kaye, Tapper, etc.

Mrs. Blunt gave

A PLEASANT AFTERNOON

Last week, but the weather was not favourable for exploring the garden in search of ripe peaches, which was to have been our errand. However, a bright and pleasant time was spent inside. Among those present were Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. J. Gould, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Lee, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. Bond, Miss Elworthy, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Raudall, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Cotterill, Mrs. and Miss Helmore, Mr. J. H. Bewick, etc.

PRACTICE MATCHES AT CROQUET

are being held on every occasion, and two tournaments are in course of being played off. The one on Mrs. C. H. Croxton's lawn finishes to-day. Mrs. Palmer ("Woodford") has one being played on her lawn, and among the players are Mrs. J. C. Palmer, Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. Woodford, Mrs. Bewick, Mrs. J. D. Hall, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Cotterill, Mrs. Randall, Misses Lee, Fitzgerald, Stand, Hill, Denniston, etc. Mrs. Morton Anderson had a practice match on Tuesday, and others playing were Mrs. W. Olivier, Mrs. (Dr. Jennings), Mrs. A. Craeoff Wilson, Mrs. Secretan, and Miss Martin.

Mrs. Haselden gave

A CHARMING "AT HOME"

On Saturday afternoon at Warner's, which was attended by a large number of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Haselden received in the drawing-room upstairs, the latter looking extremely well in black and white furred, with flowing sleeves, the bodice prettily trimmed with white lace and tiny touches of pale blue. The room soon filling up, a move was made to the dining-room, where afternoon tea was served with all kinds of dainties and fruit salad. A band played selections in

the "lounge," which was used for chatting with friends. Mrs. (Dr.) Mickle, who assisted Mrs. Haselden in looking after her numerous guests, wore a handsome black brocade, trimmed with cream insertion, black toque; Mrs. Denniston, green and white striped gown, trimmed with lace, picture hat; Mrs. Wigram, black tucked voile, the bodice relieved with a little white lace; Mrs. W. Reece, black canvas, with chenille insertion over white silk, black toque; Mrs. C. Louison, black silk voile and lace, tiny white lace vest, picture hat; Miss Louison, pale blue silk voile, hat to match; Miss M. Louison, cream serge, with wide thick insertions, cream round toque, with black aigrette; Mrs. Mathias, all black bonnet, relieved with white; Mrs. C. T. Bourne, black gown, the revers of white applied in black, picture hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Jennings, black silk gown and coatee, white lace vest, picture hat; Mrs. R. D. Thomas, tussore silk, with fine Maltese silk lace trimming, cream and black hat; Miss G. Thomas, all white; Mrs. and Miss Martin, the latter in white voile, the coatee strapped with silk, white net and floral hat, rose pink sunshade; Mrs. G. Morton, all black, pink floral hat; Mrs. T. Garrard, deep blue cloth, with long basque bodice, white satin vest, black and white hat; Mrs. Rochford Snow, black brocade, cream applique trimming on bodice, the deep collar edged with chiffon frill, picture hat; Mrs. Kuhn, biscuit canvas over pink, black toque; Mrs. Caro, all black; Mrs. D. Caro, champagne voile, herringboned in pale blue, stole ends of pale blue silk, the collar edged with fringe, hat to match; Mrs. Molyneux, all black, hat relieved with heliotrope; Miss Molyneux, pale grey voile, pretty hat to match; Mrs. Wilding, fawn coat and skirt, white satin and lace vest, brown toque; Miss Wilding, grey Eton costume; Mrs. H. Wood, black and white snowflake tweed, black hat; Mrs. G. Harper, black gown, with white spot, sequined cape, black toque; Mrs. Litchfield, turquoise blue canvas, trimmed with white, black hat; Mrs. Chilton, pale blue frieze gown, white straw toque, with blue silk bow; Mrs. Izard, black gown and hat, long grey coat; Mrs.

Hewitt, all black; Miss Hewitt looked sweet in pale blue coatee and skirt, hat fawn hat, trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. G. Harris, black cloth costume, hat with white daisies; Mrs. Maxwell, grey linen costume, black hat; Mrs. F. Thompson, red and green frieze silk vest, and trimming to match, picture hat; Mrs. F. Trent, all black; Miss Trent, white silk frock, black hat; Mrs. D'Oyley, all black; Miss D'Oyley, pale grey gown, white vest and trimming, pretty hat; Miss Nedwill, white costume; Miss K. Nedwill, pale blue striped with white coatee and skirt, white vest, picture hat; Mrs. J. Anderson, electric blue gown, flecked with white, blue silk belt, black hat; Mrs. C. H. Croxton, black gown, trimmed with cream lace, black toque; Mrs. Way, all black; Mrs. Bickerton Fisher, black silk voile, picture hat; Miss Fisher, cream gown; Mrs. and Miss Denham, Mrs. and Miss Cooper (Summer), Miss Morris, pretty biscuit costume; Miss Croxton, white costume, relieved with pale blue; Dr. Mickle, Dr. Jennings, Major Snow, Messrs. T. I. Joynt, A. Carriek, Litchfield, Bourne, G. Morton, F. W. Thompson, E. W. Roper, etc.

Bishop Wilson, of Melanesia, delivered A VERY INTERESTING LECTURE on Monday in the Choral Hall on the work of the Islands. He made an earn-

est appeal for funds for a new whale-boat to help them to get about among the small islands. There was a very large audience in spite of the wet night. The Bishop preached at the Cathedral on Sunday evening, so he is not by any means taking a holiday here.

A SMALL "AT HOME"

to welcome the Rev. C. H. Mordland was held at Christ's College on Friday afternoon, when Bishop Julius presided, and a number of citizens, the Board of Governors, and some of those interested in our educational system were present.

Lord Ranfurly and Major Alexander flashed through Christchurch last week on their way to Dunedin. Their time is getting very short now, and everything has to be done at high pressure. We are promised just a farewell visit, when the tablets to our fallen troopers will have been placed in position on the Queen's statue, Victoria Square, and unveiled by His Excellency. He will also present some medals, and these will be his last public ceremonies in Christchurch.

News has been received of Miss E. Rush, who went Home some time ago to study singing with Mde. Belle Cole, having made her debut at a concert in London both as a vocalist and pianiste, and gaining a most favourable criticism.

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"Star of Victoria."

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## Stamp Collecting.

An entire set of Mackenzie besieged stamps, 19 in all, realised £10 5/ by auction in London.

The New Zealand penny universal has now been issued in a distinctly bright, carmine shade, which shows up the design much better than formerly.

A curious discovery has been made in Paris in the archives of the Post Office, namely, an order authorising the use of an adhesive label for the prepayment of postage dated as far back as 1670, just 120 years before stamps are said to have been introduced in England. So far, however, no stamp used under that order at the date stated has been discovered.

Prior to regular postage stamps being issued in the Falkland Islands, postage on letters was prepaid in cash from 1871 to 1878. The letters were struck with a postmark indicating that the money had been paid. For this purpose the Post Office used two different marks. One had "Falkland—Paid—Islands" in three lines within an oblong square frame, struck in black ink; and the other "Falkland—Islands" in two curved lines within a circle, and "Paid" across the centre, struck in red ink.

A set of four values for Eastern ports where Russian offices are established has been issued, the Turkish values being printed diagonally in black for three stamps and in red on the 50 kopecks. The stamps are as follows:—Two pias on 20k. blue and red; 5 pias on 50k. purple and green; 7 pias on 70k. brown and orange; 10 pias on 1 rouble brown and orange.

Mauritius stamps sold at the following prices in London at auction:—Post Paid, 1848, 1d bright orange, a pair, early impressions, £40; an unused 1d orange on pale bluish, early medium impression, £9 10/; a lightly cancelled 1d orange on greyish, £7; a used 1d dull orange on white, £6 6/; a vertical strip of three 2d blue, the centre stamp being the error "Penoe," £33; a cleaned copy of the 2d blue, £6; one 2d pale blue with the error "Penoe," £5 5/; 1859, large fillet, 2d dark blue, large margins, £12; 1862, Britannia, 1/ dark green, unused, £5 5/; and 1876, halfpenny in black on 9d purple, with inverted surcharge, unused, but no gum, £5.

High prices were obtained at auction in London for Niger Coast stamps, sales being reported as follows:—1893-94, halfpenny in violet on 2d sideways, and halfpenny in violet on 2d, se tenant, £10; a similar pair surcharged diagonally, £9 15/; another pair, same surcharge, in vermilion on 2d, diagonally inverted, £10; half-penny, surcharged in black on 2d, £10; another, same surcharge in violet on 2d, £12 10/; another, same surcharge on 2d blue, one of the rarest of these provisionals, £19 10s; and one shilling in violet on 2d, a pair, one with inverted surcharge, £8 15/.

A writer in one of the London philatelic journals raises an interesting question, namely, that the designs of stamps of countries should be as unalterable as the flag. His opinions are expressed as follows:—"When it has once been realised that a people's stamp should be in all essentials as unalterable as its flag, the first and most important step towards the attainment of an ideal design will have been taken. Each stamp-using portion of the British Empire should have its own permanently assigned distinctive stamp, a stamp which it will learn to fight for the end if needs be, and to love as only a symbol of race and rights and home and hearth can be loved." One advantage to be derived

from such a scheme would undoubtedly be a lessening of the number of varieties.

Particulars came to hand by the mail steamer from San Francisco regarding the sale by auction in London of the 2d "Post Office" Mauritius stamp that was recently discovered in the collection of Mr James Bonar, of Hampstead, who had not gathered stamps for years, but fortunately for himself did not part with the few he collected, when a boy at school, in 1864. The auction room was crowded and bidding started at £500 and went by hundreds to £700, which latter sum was bid by Mr Vernon Roberts; it was then jumped to £1000 by Mr Field, who went as high as £1200. Messrs Griebert and Crawford then went up to £1400, at which point Mr Griebert dropped out, and it was eventually knocked down to Mr Crawford at £1450. This is believed to be the largest price ever paid for a stamp either privately or at auction.

Collectors of official stamps may be interested to learn that in the German Empire there are the following distinct issues, with probably still more to come:—

- Principality of Lippe-Deud, Schwarzburg - Vonderhausen, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schaumburg - Lippe, Waldeck and Pyrmont, Reuss (elder line), do. (younger line), Grand Duchy's Saxe-Meningen, Hesse, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Weimar Baden, Oldenburg, Kingdom of Prussia, Duchies of Brunswick, Saxe-Altenburg, Anhalt Dessau, Military Orphanage, Potsdam, the General Administration of the Thuringian Association of Customs and Taxes at Erfurt, State of Bremen, Thuringian Provincial Court at Jena, Solicitor-General's Office at this Court, Officers of the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, and Committee of the Grand Ducal and Ducal Saxon University at Jena.



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HOLDER OF THE ONLY GRAND PRIX EVER AWARDED FOR TOILET SOAP— IN GREAT BRITAIN—ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

**THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.**

**Italian Friendship for Japan.**

After England there is no other country in Europe which feels such warm sympathy and cordial friendship for Japan as Italy (remarks the Rome correspondent of the "Fall Mall Gazette"), which has much to fear from an exorbitant augmentation of the power of Russia, as the Slav invasion knocks at the door of the Peninsula, and has already swept away the Italian civilisation, which centuries of Venetian influence and occupation had given to the Eastern coast of the Adriatic. The relations between Rome and Tokio are so cordial that at one moment it was even thought that a regular alliance existed between the two countries. This is principally due to the personal influence of the Princess of the Royal House, who having several times visited the Land of the Rising Sun. The first to go there was the Duke of Genoa, brother of Queen Margherita, in 1873, who returned in 1879; but recently the Duke of the Abruzzi, in 1895, and the Count of Turin in 1898, both cousins of the present King, made rather long sojourns in Japan.

The friendly feeling already existing was strengthened by the recent visit of Marquis Ito, who had long interviews with the leading Italian politician, and especially with the late Premier, Signor Zanardelli, to whom he openly said that, notwithstanding the courteous reception received in St. Petersburg in 1902, he had no illusions about the situation in which his country found itself placed before Russia, and regarded a conflict as being sooner or later, inevitable. It was then that Marquis Ito was decorated with the Collar of the Annunziata, the highest order in Italy, entitling the wearer to call himself cousin of the King.

**Queer Things About Japan.**

In his book, "Queer Things About Japan," Mr. Douglas Sladen says that the Japanese baby never crise for Pears' soap, but he never gets it any more than kisses. The Japanese do not know how to kiss—if a Japanese girl knows how to kiss, it shows the work of a foreign instructor; she does it as an accomplishment, not as an enjoyment. The Japanese have no pens and no ink, but they make a very good stuff with a paint-brush. Their writing is so lovely that a poet is judged by his handwriting and not by his compositions. It is no wonder that the Japanese think so much of poets. The Japanese houses have no chimneys, and you are never warm enough till the house catches fire. The Japanese tradesmen do without consciences, at any rate towards the people they buy from. To make up for it, they have no swear words, and their children have no tempers. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have mutton and no beef. Japanese bells, like Japanese belles, have no tongues; you ring them by swinging a beam against them. When Japanese cherry trees have cherries, they have no stones—I think the oranges have no pips; this is no doubt part of the national politeness. Japanese snakes have no poison; Japanese music has no harmony. The Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideograms, to dispense with the 30,000 in ordinary use by the Chinese. Japanese theatres have no actresses, except one at Kioto, which has no actors. The Japanese have no forks or spoons or tablecloths; they have no sheets, no wine glasses, no tumblers.

**STREET SCENES.**

"Street life in Japan includes nearly everything. The poor Japanese is always in the street, because he practically takes his house down during the day. The harder a Japanese works the lighter the blue of his clothes. The whole life of the poor in Japan is a comedy to those who do not have to live it, and its scene is laid in the street. The poor Japanese simply live in the street; they sit outside their houses like Sertians when they have done their work. Not that sitting outside makes any difference, if you take the whole front of your house whenever it is fine enough. It is only an apology for a house. I have seen houses which had not cost more than a sovereign, and I have seen a man not

five feet high putting out a blaze which was coming through a roof with a hand-bucket. The roof is generally made of very heavy channelled purple tiles. The Japanese is unusually upside down about roofs; when he is building his house he builds the roof first, and it weighs more than all the rest of the house put together. It stands earthquakes and typhoons better, and experience has taught him that in typhoons it is not your own roof which falls on you, but your neighbour's. There is nothing private about his house, because when its beds are rolled up, and its occupants outside, there is nothing in it but a fire-box.

**HOTEL LIFE.**

"The bedroom in a foreigner's hotel is fairly ordinary, except that the furniture may be arranged with a view to earthquakes. But the bathroom often has spirited variations. A Japanese bath stands in the floor, and not on it, and its sides are made of wood. It is, in fact, a sort of wooden grave—'facilia descensus.' If it is still more Japanese, it will be a round tub with a heating apparatus in the bottom for red-hot charcoal. With this instrument the foreigner takes a one to two chance. He is sure to burn himself with the heater, and is in danger of being smothered by the fumes. Sex is not considered in a Japanese bathroom. A woman housemaid will come in to a bathing gentleman, or a man housemaid to a bathing lady, on pretences trivial to the European mind, but without any indecent curiosity. If you do not wish to share the fate or appearance of a lobster, you should look before you leap in a Japanese bath. The Japs make their baths, if not their tea, with boiling water."

**Will the Japanese be Beaten?**

A Russian Jew, Mr Philip Josephs, who was a passenger to Australia by the Prinz Regent Luitpold, when he arrived in West Australia, was asked what he thought of the position. He replied:—"I was not know. Russia must win. She has millions of soldiers and sailors. Every man is a soldier. He must serve in the army. They are all thoroughly trained, can suffer great hardships, are very brave and cruel, and always obey orders. Our soldiers will fight to the last. They will blow the Japanese away, and will then fight in Japan. The Japanese are very foolish to fight the Russians. They are too small, and must get beaten. The Russians are not afraid of any country. They have plenty of money and guns. They will never give in till they are all killed. They will fight the Chinese soon, too, if they help the Japanese, and they will beat them also. They have many, many thousands in Manchuria, and can send millions more."

While staunch in his support of his country in her present difficulty, Mr Josephs, says a West Australian paper, has little sympathy with the Government in its internal troubles.

"Ah, Russian Government not good," he said. "People very badly treated. Everybody, except the rich people, want to have things changed. The poor man is robbed, and badly treated by the police, the governors, and the rich people. The students are also unjustly treated. We want to be the same as England—we want liberty. There will soon be a change. The people will rise up and will get freedom, and then Russia will be the best country. The Nihilists and students will not help the Government. They will not fight for them, but will soon fight for themselves. The people do not want to go to war—only the rich people. But we shall win, and then we shall have Manchuria."

Mr Josephs, who is a Russian Jew, and who comes from near Odessa, on the Black Sea, is possessed of a bitter hatred of the Russian officials and soldiers, who, he says, are cruel and brutal. They rob and murder women and children, and no Jews are safe. The officials encourage the soldiers in their excesses, and will not punish them. Mr Josephs has his whole family with him, and he considers that they are safer in Australia than in Russia for the present. He is enthusiastic regarding the potentialities of the country, and considers that with good government and "a little civilisation," it would be equal to any in the world.

**Russia Must be Destroyed.**

A violent article by Stephen England in an English paper declares that "Russia must be destroyed." The writer says:—"Insolent, insatiable, ignorant, cruel Russia is arising from the Caspian to Yeddo Bay a fierce yearning among Asiatics to check and slay her soldiery and avenge upon her people the outrageous wrongs that began with Ivan the Terrible and will not end with Nicholas the Second.

"It has taken a long and heroic course of blood and fire and rapine to arouse the huge inert mass of Asia, but the Russian lance has at last touched the quickening centres, and the continent is shaking off the lethargy of centuries.

"Brave little Japan, from her vantage ground in the face of Asia, is directing the vast movement which has now gone far enough to warrant Tokio statesmen in viewing with patience, if not with nonchalance, the shameless aggressions of Russia in the adjoining mainland, and being content to wait for the prodigious

event that the womb of the future may bring forth in throes that will shake the world.

"The most appalling stories of Russian brutalities in Central Asia trickle through China across the high plateaus, and these, made credible by the devilish savagery of the Czar's troops in Manchuria, make the Chinese feel that either they must arouse themselves quickly or else face the peril of subjugation by a Power that will slay and torture wholesale in the beginning under the guise of 'an enduring lesson,' and thereafter will exploit its yellow vassals like animals.

"Russia does not civilise—she semi-civilises. Her religion is that of ignorance, and her tender mercies are cruel. Despite her barbarous closing of Central Asia against the world, stories come from the conquered khanates and the devastated slopes of the Thian Shan that are hardly exceeded in horror by the annals of Cortez's slow destruction of the Aztecs, or Pizarro's fiendish campaign in Peru."

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**Present Day Naval Warfare.**

**THE SUBMARINE.**

The news that submarines have successfully torpedoed warships during the British naval manoeuvres may remind us that the control of the sea cannot be secured to England solely by the possession of cruisers and ironclads. The success of the new British submarine is in itself a sufficient condemnation of the apathy so long displayed by the Admiralty towards this terrible engine of destruction. It is only within the last three years that the Admiralty has seriously experimented with submarines. While France, and later America, were obtaining splendid results with their experimental boats, our Sea Lords refused even to consider the submarine as a possible addition to the navy. Just as it was with armour-plating, the water-tube boiler, the wire-wound gun, and the torpedo, the Admiralty maintained for years an attitude of stolid indifference to foreign researches and improvements in naval armament. It was only by persistent popular clamour that at last the British naval authorities were constrained to drop their lethargic conservatism and take up the submarine in earnest. The result of their experiences may be read in the naval programmes of the last two years. England has now 9 submarines of the Holland type, and proposes to build 10 more at once. But even then the British navy is in this respect hopelessly inferior to the French, which includes in all 56 submarines, completed or already laid down. America is the only other country that has seriously adopted the submarine; and 5 new boats are to be added to the 8 already constructed. Russia has only one boat actually fit for service, but 6 new boats of an improved type are now being built in the hope of using them against Japan. As far as England is concerned, it is happily not at present a source of apprehension that the French submarines outnumber her own by three to one; but if all that the French claim for the "Morse" and the "Goubet" can be relied upon we can only be thankful that the Channel fleet never had to face the French Northern squadron before the British Admiralty thought it worth while to take the submarine seriously.

The history of the submarine goes back as far as 1795, when David Bushnell, an American, invented the first practicable diving boat, but the idea was not employed in warfare till the American Civil War. In England, as we have seen, the naval authorities have always looked askance upon the submarine. When Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat was experimenting on a submarine in the presence of Pitt, Lord St. Vincent made the extraordinary comment that England ought to discourage this sort of thing, because, having command of the sea, she did not need submarines, and if they were a success she would lose it. This absurd opinion really seems to have dominated the Admiralty for over a century. In the meantime America and France have made numerous experiments with diving boats, and for the last 20 years French Ministers of Marine have frequently claimed wonderful results for various types of submarine. The "Gymnote," driven by electricity, the "Nautilus," propelled by electricity and steam, and the "Gustave Zede," the largest submarine in the world, have constantly figured in sensational reports of naval manoeuvres, and there does not seem to be much doubt that all these types have at various times achieved the same success as is now claimed for the "Holland" boat in the British naval manoeuvres. Briefly it may be said that all submarines are small boats that can be driven either on the surface, "awash"—that is, level with the surface, with only the conning tower showing—or at some depth under water. It is evident that a small vessel which can without attracting any attention steal under water within range of a battleship and torpedo it is at least as deadly an assailant as the Whitehead torpedo itself; and this is apparently what the best French and British submarines have already proved themselves capable of doing.

Without indulging in too many tech-

nicalities we may say that the form of Holland submarine first adopted by England in 1900 was a small boat shaped like a stout cigar, about 64 feet long and 12 feet in beam. The displacement was 120 tons, the speed at surface 8 knots and when submerged 7 knots. The boat can run about 400 knots on the surface, but only about 28 knots at a stretch below. The armament of the British boat is 5 Whitehead torpedoes, which can be themselves fired with great accuracy up to nearly 3000 yards. For running under water all modern submarines are driven by an electro motor, fed by accumulators, and the size and weight of these, of course, effectually limit the speed. However, new types of the "Holland" are said to have done 15 knots on the surface and 10 knots below. Latest models are 100 feet long, 20 feet in beam and 200 tons in displacement, while the Navy estimates for 1903-4 provided for even larger and faster boats. In the British and American and in most French submarines, except the "Goubet" type, the boat is brought "awash" by letting water into her tanks and is then steered down below the surface like a dirigible torpedo. But it is not difficult to understand that these little vessels are extremely crank and unstable. In the Nordenfeldt boat it is said that if the engineer moves one step forward the head of the vessel sinks and she plunges to the bottom unless checked in time. The "Goubet," the newest type of French submarine, is described as a "miracle of ingenuity," but it is said that even an extra glass of water poured into the tanks will upset its stability. Still these deficiencies are being gradually removed. The British submarines lately rode out a heavy gale as comfortably as torpedo boats; and even the immense difficulty of seeing under water is now to some extent removed. The French "periscope" on the plan of a camera obscura at the end of a long tube is said to enable the boats' crew to see over a considerable area of the surface when submerged. All that appears above water is the mouth of the tube, looking exactly like the neck of a floating bottle; indeed at the last French manoeuvres the submarines are said to have eluded the torpedo boats by scattering empty champagne bottles along their course. The latest English device for submarine observation, the "hyphroscope," is said to be much superior to the periscope; and all that is required is that the submarine should approach its victim near enough to be sure that it is within torpedo range. The submarine is still in its infancy, and if the promise of the "Goubet" and the "Holland" is fulfilled the powers may soon find that huge ironclads are helpless against the assault of these tiny but invisible foes.

**TENDER FEET REMEDIED.**

**ZAM-BUK PROVED INVALUABLE.**

"I am a canvasser," says Mrs. Margaret Gunson, of 175, Hoddle Street, West Richmond Melbourne, "and am, therefore, constantly on my feet. Four weeks ago my insteps became very tender; and broke out in sores, which forced me to lay up for several days. I supplied different lotions secured from the chemist, but they utterly failed to give me relief. Seeing Zam-Buk advertised, I procured a pot. Before I had used half of it, the sores were all healed, and the burning, irritating feeling had left my feet. The soothing effect of the first few applications was indeed wonderful. I shall never fail to recommend Zam-Buk where a reliable healing balm is required." Zam-Buk, the Great Herbal Healing Balm, is a speedy cure for Piles, Ringworm, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Legs, Boreo, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., As an Embrocation for Strained Muscles and Tendons, Zam-Buk rubbed well into the parts affected, is unequalled. As a household balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Sunburn, Freckles, Prickly Heat, Blackheads, Sore Feet and Rough Skin, Zam-Buk is invaluable. From all medicine vendors, PRICE 1/6 OR 3/6 LARGE POT (containing nearly four times the quantity) - FOR GENERAL FAMILY USE, or direct from the Zam-Buk Co., Pitt-street, Sydney. A FREE SAMPLE POT will be sent on receipt of a Penny Stamp to cover postage. Address as above. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ITS POT OF ZAM-BUK.

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ANGLO-COLONIAL GOSSIP.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

HOOMED NEW ZEALAND.

I have read with interest in a New Zealand paper some remarks made by a gentleman who had just returned from a visit to England. One of the things which had impressed him most was the large amount of attention paid to New Zealand by the newspapers, and consequently by the public, in the Old Country. This is not, perhaps, the impression usually formed by the casual visitor from New Zealand, but it is, nevertheless, perfectly correct, and I was glad to see it given publicity. Mr Seddon, I fancy, is responsible for the widely-spread notion that New Zealand is neglected by the English papers, although the fact that his own name is a household word in this country should have long since convinced him to the contrary. The visitor from the colony is very apt to come to the same conclusion if on opening a London paper he fails to find any reference to his far-off home. Such a one forgets, in the first place, that New Zealand is not the whole Empire, and in the second place, that the paper he is reading is not the only one in the United Kingdom, nor even the only one in London! If he would go to the Agent-General's office and inspect the telegrams, paragraphs and articles referring to New Zealand which are clipped daily from papers published in all parts of the kingdom, he would alter his opinion. Not a day passes without adding its quota to the collection. Personally, as a New Zealander, and one whose business it is to keep an eye on references to the colony, I have been astonished at the prominence given in the English journals to our remote corner of the Empire. Mr Seddon provides the London papers with much food for editorial comment, eulogistic and otherwise; but in addition to "Seddonisms," they are constantly printing paragraphs dealing with New Zealand affairs, with the resources of the colony, its scenic wonders, the conditions of life at the Antipodes, and so forth. Provincial papers copy these paragraphs from the metropolitan papers, and from each other, and so the name and fame of the colony spreads throughout the press of the whole kingdom, now filtering through in humble three-line paragraphs, now standing boldly forth in all the dignity of headlines and leaded columns. And all this, be it remembered, in addition to the advertisements which the New Zealand Government is constantly inserting in the English papers. The truth of the matter is that New Zealand is about the best advertised colony in the British Empire; so much so that representatives of other colonial States in London are not a little jealous of the prominence which she receives.

PROPOSED IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

Following up the Prime Minister, the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was the guest of the Canada Club last evening, pleaded in his after-dinner speech for the formation of an Imperial Council. All who had taken interest in the subject of the unification of the Empire, said Mr Lyttelton, knew how much argument and wise counsel and thought had been spent with the object of obtaining a permanent council, consisting in part of members of the United Kingdom and in part of members of the great colonial States. There seemed to him to be two obstacles. One had been the difficulty which colonial States found in sparing their leading statesmen to be permanent members of such a council, and another was that these statesmen, themselves being members of democratic communities, felt that they might lose touch with their own citizens if they dwelt long apart from them in, comparatively speaking, a distant land. It seemed to him that the experiment which had been made, and the precedent which had been set of bringing into a council of the great importance of the Council of Imperial Defence, the Canadian Minister of War, and the Council of Imperial Defence the Canadian Minister of War, and taking him into consultation on a particular matter at a particular time, enabled a hope to be formed that in the future more colonial statesmen might be brought over here and taken into consultation from time to time, and thus give us the advantage of their special knowledge upon points upon which they had a particular and special interest. Speaking for him-

self, it seemed possible to extend that principle to the foreign affairs of colonial States, and that, when a matter came up here for negotiation or discussion, in which one of the colonies' States was specially interested, it might be well that one of the leading men of that colony should come over for a time and give us his advice and counsel on that subject, and so, at any rate, form a germ of that council which some day, they hoped, as the Empire grew even greater in importance and extent, might be a permanent and lasting institution.

THE QUEEN VICTORIAN MEMORIAL.

In the course of a lecture last Monday on Modern British Sculpture at the London Institution, Mr. M. H. Spielman gave some interesting information regarding the Queen Victorian Memorial. He had, he said, persuaded Mr. Brock to allow him to have a photograph taken for the purposes of this lecture, showing what the central feature of the memorial was going to be. No one but Mr. Brock's intimate friends, and but very few of them, had seen it so far, and no strangers at all. The photograph having been thrown upon the screen, the lecturer said it had been taken from the great model, which was now approaching completion.

The artist, as a precaution against eventualities such as the world has had bitter experience of, in case Fate should intervene to prevent him from finishing his work, was first completing his models for the whole under- ing before he began a single touch at the actual work itself. The central portion of the whole scheme was the monument on which rested the figure of the Queen herself. This model was 7ft 6in high, so that, as the scale was one-tenth, the monument from the base to the tip of the Victory's wing would be not less than 75ft; and the figure of the Queen as she sat would be 13ft high. The idea was—the great Queen amid the personification of her personal qualities which made her great. She sat in her robes of State—the only statue, he believed, in which the seated Queen wore her robes from the shoulders. At the right was a group of three figures representing Justice. On the left was Truth. At the back a beautiful vigorous group representing Maternity—that was to say, the Queen's own motherhood, from which she did not flinch. Above her was the eagle of empire, and above, again, Courage on the right and Constancy on the left, qualities which, with the rest, brought the triumph of Victory; and Victory surmounted, crowned, and dominated, as it were, the whole structure of her virtues. Around the base were four ships' prows, fighting ships and merchant ships alternately, denoting the sea power and the commerce of Britain. The whole monument would be of Carrara marble up to the three top figures, which would be bronze gilt. He need say nothing of the great platform, 70ft wide, of the fountains and all the sculptures, the bas-reliefs, and the whole superb architectural plan, devised by Mr. Aston Webb, R.A., in consultation with the sculptor. He thought that Mr. Brock had judged soundly in deciding to follow traditional lines for this great work, for this was not the occasion to make experiments or to run risks by striking out in new directions. Although the general idea was based on tradition, the work was not only personal to the sculptor, but thoroughly modern in treatment, and it could not be doubted that the complete work would be the crowning triumph of Mr. Brock's career.

"MISSIONARIES, LIMITED."

"To aid in the material, moral and spiritual uplifting of the natives of New Guinea" is the praiseworthy object of the "Papuan Native Industries, Ltd." This company is being floated in London with a capital of £30,000 by the Rev. F. W. Walker, whose desire is not to exploit the natives but to "stimulate efforts for their own improvement through the cultivation of marketable products, and by other industrial pursuits," by acquiring "small estates of from two to three hundred acres each, at some ten or twelve places along the coast, and so form a number of trading centres, which will be 'object lessons' in practical Christianity to the natives." The primary aim of the company is not profit, but at the same time Mr. Walker and associates appear to view with equanimity the possibility that they may in a few years' time be in a position to

pay a dividend on their capital. This dividend, however, must not exceed five per cent; any profits over and above that "will go for the benefit of the natives." The manner in which the surplus profits (if any) are to be applied is only thus vaguely indicated. Possibly pianos and cricketing implements will absorb some portion, for Mr. Walker says "We want to raise the natives in every way—spiritually, commercially and socially." In reference to the latter we aim at teaching music and by way of physical recreation we have started to teach them cricket, and some of them are showing considerable proficiency in the game."

Judging from the results attending the introduction of cricket among the Nijians, the fact that the Papuans have already "caught the flavour" of our national summer game is not altogether in favour of the "Papuan Native Industries, Ltd.," becoming a success.

CRYING FOR FOOD.

WHAT NERVES NEED IN NEURALGIA.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

A famous doctor described Neuralgia as the "cry of the nerves for better blood." Nothing could describe it better, for the nerves give no trouble when the blood is pure, rich, red and strong. Neuralgia, in fact, is Nature's alarm-bell, warning you that your system is run down, that your vitality is vanishing, and that you are on the verge of decline. That nagging, stabbing pain is the cry of your nerves for blood—and nothing can stop that cruel piercing cry except the good rich blood given by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make new blood. That is the only way to soothe and strengthen the nerves, and to stimulate every organ to healthy action. The case of Miss E. M. Gardner, 74 Tuam St., Liuwood, Christchurch, proves beyond doubt how bad blood causes Neuralgia and how both are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Two years

ago my blood was in a wretched state," says Miss Gardner. "I was working a lot at a sewing machine, and the constant movement upset my nerves. Neuralgia pains began to shoot through my head and face and down my legs, arms and spine. My legs swelled up showing how bad my blood was, and all my flesh was sore and tender from the inflamed nerves. I was driven nearly mad with thumping, splitting headaches. I got no good at all from the doctors' tonics or from common medicines. Then I read how Mr. J. McAvinue, of Palmerston North, cured his Neuralgia with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The paper said they actually made new blood, and I knew that was the only thing that could cure me. The first box or two did me a little good. After six boxes I could feel the new blood racing through my veins and the Neuralgia was not nearly so bad. My face and figure filled out, my cheeks got rosy, and I felt a different girl in fifty ways. A few more boxes put me in perfect health, with plenty of pure blood and good strong nerves. There is nothing like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for poor blood, headaches, neuralgia, or indigestion."

Miss Gardner was cured, after the doctors failed, because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually made new blood for her. In that way they struck straight at the root and cause of all her illness and pain. That, indeed, is the only way, to cure all blood and nerve diseases like anaemia, weakness, nervousness, St. Vitus' dance, head-aches, back-aches, kidney complaint, liver trouble, biliousness, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, failing powers, and the special ailments that prey upon the health and happiness of wives and daughters, sisters and mothers. But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—always in boxes, never in bottles. If any shopman tries to bamboozle you with bulk pills or tries to bully you into taking some worthless substitute of his own, order the genuine blood-making pills by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, N.Z.—3/- a box, six boxes 16/6, post free. Medical advice given free.

NO FOOD for BABIES equals ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY With Milk, upon which it acts as a digestive. KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., LONDON, Makers of KEEN'S MUSTARD.

ON SALE..... General Groceries, Grain and Produce, Agricultural Seeds, Sundries and Artificial Manures. SEED POTATOES and OATS. E. ELLINGHAM & CO. ESTABLISHED 1864. GENERAL MERCHANTS CUSTOMS STREET EAST, AUCKLAND. DEALERS IN Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Fungus, and all kinds of Farm Produce. KAURI GUM BROKERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS



Complete Story.

# An Advertisement.

By CHRIS. SERVELL.

"Wanted, by a gentleman living a short way out of London, an amanuensis. Must be capable, and have more than a superficial knowledge of Greek. Should be able to copy in that language legibly and well. Apply to 'Omega,' office of this paper."

"That's clear, isn't it?" observed Merrick Hibberton as he handed a slip of writing-paper to his mother. "More than a superficial knowledge will choke off the crowd, and I must have someone who knows what he's about."

Mrs. Hibberton sighed. She came of a hard-riding, robust race, and there were moments when she found it in her heart to wish that her only son was less of a scholar and more of a yeoman. Still, she tried not to dwell on this, for she was inordinately proud of his brilliant career at Oxford, and of the "double first" that no Hibberton had ever achieved before.

"I shall see less of you than ever now, Merrick," she commented rather plaintively. "You and your secretary will be glued to that interminable book day and night, I suppose."

The young man bent his grave, clever face close to hers, and kissed her.

"I am a desperate failure, I believe, mother," he said penitently. "I often think if Uncle Miles had only lived and reformed how much better things might have been. I was never meant for a country gentleman."

And then he returned to his study, and speedily became so absorbed in verifying a reference that the butler was compelled to respectfully tap his shoulder before he could bring himself back to such mundane matters as lunch.

A week later three people—two women and a man—sat in the blue drawing-room of Hibberton Towers, a prey to three distinct emotions. Merrick Hibberton was obviously perturbed. He spoke nervously, and looked first at the carpet and then at his hands, as if doubtful how to proceed.

His mother hid a smile of treasurable amusement behind a piece of fancy-work, which she feigned to be holding up to the light; but the third person, clearly a visitor, since she was in outdoor attire, appeared simply anxious.

She was a girl, tall and brisk looking, with rippling brown hair and eager blue eyes, and she looked wistfully from Merrick to his mother as she talked.

He had found, much to his surprise, that secretaries, with "more than a superficial knowledge of Greek" are hard to come by.

He had, it is true, received a few applications. A dilapidated, elderly man had turned up, with a sheaf of testimonials, and a strong aroma of whisky; and several newly-bled graduates had written patronising letters; but nothing in the least promising had so far presented itself.

So a few minutes, before, on this particular afternoon, when Randall, the butler, had brought in a business-like card, inscribed "Sidney Maine, S.B.A.," and an American address scratched through, and a London one substituted,

in pencil, he had in the manner of speaking, jumped at it.

"In answer to your advertisement, sir," explained the solemn Randall.

"Show him in, Randall," commanded Randall's master, with alacrity.

"Beg pardon, sir, but he's a young lady."

Merrick Hibberton started and blushed. Like most students he was anything but a lady's man. In the presence of women—young women in particular—he invariably felt ill at ease.

Then it struck him that she might have come for a brother or relative, and he decided to interview her.

"In here, Randall. I'll see her in here, please," he stipulated, feeling that his mother's presence would be some protection.

And then, a tall, alert, self-possessed young lady had walked smilingly in, and Merrick Hibberton's breath had gone from him when she firmly swept aside the idea of a brother, and announced without blinking that she was Sidney Maine herself.

"I've been through college," she was saying in a clear, pleasant voice, in which only just a pretty trace of her nationality appeared. "and I've done well, though—with a laugh—it doesn't become me to say so. Greek was my speciality. I have my diplomas with me, if you'd care to see them. I'm an orphan and only child. My father left just enough money for my education, and when I'd completed it I came to London to look for work. I've been doing odds and ends of journalism for some time, but London doesn't agree with me, and I'm anxious to get something outside till I've pulled myself together a little. Your advertisement seemed the very thing. I think if you'd give me a trial you wouldn't regret it."

"I don't doubt your capabilities," Merrick assured her, glancing helplessly in the direction of Mrs. Hibberton, and wishing she would come to the rescue. "Only—only, you see, I'd rather made up my mind to have a man."

"Had you?" she asked in genuine surprise. "In America a secretary's as often one as the other—only a woman's generally smarter."

A look of disappointment overspread her bright face. She put back into a handbag some papers that she'd extracted from it.

"Of course, if you've already settled—"

"I'm so sorry," murmured Merrick Hibberton. "Perhaps, as you've brought your diplomas I may as well look through them. I might know someone who would only be too glad to hear of you."

She extracted the small bundle again, and handed them to him, with rather a wintry smile.

"I'd be thankful if you did," she observed, "for to tell you the truth, I've pretty nearly come to an end of my savings. Doctor's bills have a knack of swallowing up everything."

He opened the packet and let his eye rove over the various sheets it contained. Suddenly he glanced up at her.

"In this piece of copy your own?" he asked quickly.

She nodded. "I can do better than that," she told him. "I just scribbled it before I came, to give you an idea—and the pen was bad."

"It's remarkably good," he observed quietly, and went on with his inspection of the rest of the papers.

Finally he folded them up and gave them back to her.

Then he smiled—a smile improved his naturally sad face wonderfully.

"Judging by these, you know your subject as well as, or better than I do," he said. "You—you would be very valuable to me. I did not know that women were ever so thorough. The book on which I'm engaged is a work on obscure Greek roots. Clear writing like yours is exactly what I want. My own—he glanced humorously at his mother—"what is my writing like, mother?"

"Absolutely unreadable in English," answered Mrs. Hibberton, without hesitation; "I don't know what it may be in Greek." And they all laughed.

"Will you allow me to think it over?" he asked suddenly. "I'll let you know without fail on Monday."

Miss Maine stood up, looking pleased and grateful.

"I can give you any references you like," she said eagerly. "My father, who's been dead for many years, belonged—so he always said—to an old English family. My mother was a Canadian, and also well born. She rose to go. 'I would do my best to please you,' she added.

"Mother, what am I to do?" exclaimed the young man half irritably, half amusedly, as the door closed behind her. "You might have helped me out."

"My dear boy," protested Mrs. Hibberton, allowing her pent-up feelings to escape in a hearty laugh. "I never enjoyed anything more in my life. What a practical, unassuming girl! If you'll take my advice, Merrick, you'll close with her at once. She'd do you no end of good—be a sort of tonic, in fact. Of course, if you were an ordinary young man, and she an average young woman, it might be unwise; but as things are—well, between whites she'd be a delightful companion for your poor old mother. I've been considering the advisability of getting a companion very much of late." And so it was settled.

The new secretary had been established at Hibberton Towers for nearly three months.

Meanwhile the book on obscure Greek roots had progressed apace, and its author—much to his own surprise—had never for one moment regretted that he'd taken his mother's advice.

Not only was Sidney Maine deft and neat with her work, but her outspoken, shrewd criticisms had saved him from shipwreck more than once.

He'd brightened up wonderfully—no one could help being cheerful when Miss Maine was at hand. Her gaiety was infectious. Not only was she at home in classical research, but she had studied the subject of English agriculture, and Merrick was obliged to confess that in the many problems that harass the brain of a lauded proprietor she was his superior.

To Mrs. Hibberton she was a most congenial companion, and, strange to say, her knowledge of fancy-work didn't fall below the average of sterner subjects.

In a word, she was an unqualified success.

Another fortnight would see the book

finished—a consummation to which the author had been looking forward for years. But when the goal was really within sight, he discovered that the idea was not altogether the unmix'd joy it ought to have been.

"One naturally gets attached to a work one has wrestled with for so long," he said to Sidney. "Launching it on the world is like sending a petted son out to get his own living."

And then he stopped, and wondered whether this was really why he was so loth to let it go—he'd taken to wondering about himself a good deal of late.

"We're going to have a holiday to-day, Miss Maine," announced Sidney's employer at breakfast a few days later. "We shall work all the better for it. First of all, I want to show you some rather fine carving in a room in the left wing. Being such a small family, we never use that part of the house at all. You told me once that you were fond of old carving, didn't you? And then we'll settle what to do next."

When the meal was over he borrowed a bunch of keys from the housekeeper, and led the way to a part of the building where Sidney had never been before. He was in a wonderfully festive mood.

"You're not superstitious?" he inquired, with one of his transforming smiles, which had grown quite common of late.

"Not a bit," laughed Sidney. "Are Americans ever superstitious? They'd simply want to catch a spectre in order to analyse its vapour under a microscope! What is your peculiar possession?"

"Oh! it's more a legend than anything else. In the time of the Commonwealth, after the death of a childless Hibberton, a usurper somehow got the property—not one of the legal line, you know. He kept it for five years, and then was found mysteriously strangled in his bed; and afterwards the fraud was discovered, and the right heir claimed his possessions."

"And he still bothers you—this usurper?"

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The Liebig Company's Initial  
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wrapper and jar of the genuine  
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## CITY FLOUR MILLS,

First Award at the Auckland Exhibition for Biscuits, with Special Mention for UNIFORMITY and EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.

Manufacturers of TULIP and SNOWDRIFT Brands of FLOUR, WHEATMEAL, PORRIDGE MEAL, SELF-RAISING FLOUR, also all kinds of PLAIN and FANCY BISCUITS.

# Shortland Street

"Not up to the present. It is said that in the event of an illegal heir getting the place again he might make himself disagreeable; but, of course, I've never had a chance of proving his capabilities." They had entered one of the rooms as he spoke. "This was a boudoir in my grandmother's time," explained Merrick. "It's been left much as it was."

Sidney looked curiously round at the heavy hangings and faded, old-world furniture.

"How quaint!" she exclaimed. "I can fancy any amount of ghosts here!"

And, despite her American blood, she shivered slightly.

Merrick stepped forward and threw open the shutters, and the light fell on a large oil painting that hung over the mantel-shelf. Sidney crossed the room to look at it.

"That was my father's brother," explained Merrick. "He was rather wild in his youth, and he went abroad and died young—Miss Mayne, what's the matter?"

Well might he ask. The secretary had gone quite white. She was clutching at the edge of the mantel-shelf and gazing with dilated eyes at the picture.

Merrick fancied that the heavy atmosphere of the room and their talk about the supernatural had upset her.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked anxiously.

She passed her hand slowly across her forehead, and looked at him dreamily.

"Oh, yes—I'm quite well—quite—only—you'll think me crazy, of course—but that man"—she pointed to the oil-painting—"that man was my father!"

"Your father?" cried Merrick, and his voice echoed and re-echoed in the silence of the chamber.

"Yes. Of course he's quite young there. But, oh! I couldn't mistake him—besides, I've got a little photo like this in my box somewhere. If I stand near the painting you can see the likeness."

She turned round as she spoke and placed herself in the full light of the window, where the sun shone on her hair.

Merrick uttered another startled exclamation. The inanimate face on the canvas and the living, eager face beside it were almost feature for feature the same.

They stood there for some seconds staring at each other—employer and employed—and Merrick was the first to recover himself.

"Come," he said hoarsely, "this means—so—so much. Let's get into a better atmosphere. I want to think."

It was late that evening when three people sat in the blue drawing-room once more and talked as, perhaps, three people have never talked before. Mrs Hibberton had been taken to the boudoir; had seen and acknowledged the remarkable likeness; Sidney had produced her little photograph; and all doubt on the subject was at an end.

"Then Miles Hibberton never died when we supposed. He let us all believe him dead, and all the time he'd simply taken the name of Mayne and married. Can you explain it, my dear?"

And she turned to Sidney.

The girl flushed, but her straightforward blue eyes did not leave the elder lady's face.

"I think—I fancy, from what my father let drop, that he'd somehow disgraced himself—embezzled money in

England years ago—and that there was a piece on his head.

The other two sat silent. Then all at once Merrick Hibberton got up.

"Well, we won't bother lawyers," he said. "We'll settle it in camera, shall we? The whole thing's perfectly clear. I'm a usurper, after all, and Hibberton Towers belongs to you."

The tears started to Sidney's eyes and her cheeks glowed crimson.

"I shall go away to-morrow," she said indignantly; "away where no one can find me! Do you suppose I would ever take away from you what has been yours all your life for all the lawyers in the world! Besides, you have every right to it. My father never troubled—"

"Still, justice is justice," put in Merrick Hibberton.

Mrs Hibberton said nothing, but murmured something about hunting for old letters, and disappeared.

The other two scarcely noticed she had gone.

"What's to be done?" asked the scholar. "I shan't hold another day what

doesn't belong to me. I wish you wouldn't let it distress you. I have plenty of interests. It comes hard on my mother, though. Perhaps, for a while, you would—"

"I'm going to-morrow morning," interrupted Sidney, firmly. "I wish I'd never spoken about that portrait; but it took me by surprise."

"Sidney—"

"Well?"

A little thrill went through her at the sound of her Christian name.

"There's one way in which we could settle it. I wonder—as I've wondered almost ever since I saw you—whether I could dare to ask you to take it! It seems such terrible effrontery now."

"How should I know unless you do ask me?" said Sidney, and her voice trembled a little, though there was laughter in her eyes.

And then the scholar took heart of grace, and before Mrs Hibberton had returned from a prolonged search after purely imaginary things, the future fate of Hibberton Towers had been decided.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

## Hunyadi János

For GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

Professor Immermann, Basle, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University—

"Hunyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient; which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."

AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

**CAUTION.**—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDRÁS SALLINGER, and the Medalion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

# ONE WORD ONLY.

If you stop and think a minute, you will realise how impossible it is to depend upon certain words in the English language. There are some words which have been used so promiscuously that they have lost all significance.

Take our English word "GIRL"—it means a female child anywhere between 3 and 21 years of age; but, nowadays, we call them all "girls" up to 100. When the baby's sex is asked, we say "IT is a girl," and, when you engage a 65 year old cook, she is still "a girl."

Go into a Restaurant and ask for lamb, and you will probably get a two-year-old sheep—ask for chicken, and you are sure of getting hen.

If you are a smoker, you will have found out by now, that according to the Tobacconist, everything is "THE BEST," "COOLEST SMOKING," "SWEETEST," and a few other superlatives in common use. The fact is, that you cannot, in the least, depend on adjectives when tobacco is up for discussion; but use one word only

# "HAVELOCK"

and you have solved the problem. You will be handed a Tobacco that needs no adjectives, no bolstering up, and no other evidence than your own taste and observation.

EVERYBODY SMOKES "HAVELOCK" because it just SUITS everybody, and that's all there is to it.

Aromatic and Dark,

Plug and Cut.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

### ANAGRAMS.

1. Sit any in. A mental affliction.
2. City rice let. A natural force.
3. His mute mar. A painful ailment.
4. Log all rare map. A geometrical figure.
5. Dear puss E. To take the place of.
6. Shout sand. Great numbers.
7. Ten mine. Distinguished.
8. Ha! Fatty in. A great dislike.
9. Moan, Tiny. A kind of metal.
10. A tall cry. Cheerful promptitude.

### BEHEADED WORDS.

1. I am a word of five letters, denoting an infirmity.  
Behead me, and I am an unfortunate monarch.  
Behead me again, and I am an organ of sound.
2. I am a word of five letters, signifying a figure of speech.  
Behead me, I am a strong cord.  
Again, I am a contraction used in poetry.
3. I am a word of five letters meaning a place of merchandise.  
Behead me, I am very high  
Again, I include everything

### WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in hatred, but not in sin;  
My second in necklace, but not in pin;  
My third is in anchor, but not in rope;  
My fourth in remorse, but not in hope;  
My fifth is in leather, and also in tan;  
My whole is a part of every man.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Soft towel. A seaport on the East coast of England.
2. Second rat. A town in Yorkshire.
3. Do rich wit. A town in Worcestershire frequented by invalids.

### ANSWERS IN NEXT WEEK'S PAPER.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you so much for posting my letter to Winnie. I have had a reply to my letter to her, and have sent another, so I expect an answer to that soon. I have not heard from Alison for a long time, and as I have written two letters to her one, I am determined to wait until I hear from her before I write again. In Cousin Muriel's letter the week before last, I saw she is collecting foreign stamps; so am I, and if she would tell me what she wants I might be able to exchange some. Oh! Cousin Kate, you promised some time ago to put your photo in the "Graphic," but it has never appeared yet. I do wish you would hurry up, as we are all doing to see it; at least, I suppose, the other cousins are quite as eager as I am. The Williamson Dramatic Company are here now, with Mr. Cuyler Hastings. I went to "The Light That Failed," and enjoyed it so much. I think he is such a splendid actor, don't you? I saw him in "Sherlock Holmes," and think I like it better than that. There was a swimming carnival at the baths yesterday, and it drizzled all day long. Wasn't it a pity? I couldn't go because I do not have my half holiday until Saturday. I like Saturday much better than Thursday, and wouldn't change for anything. I had read "The Honourable Peter Stirling," and liked it

very much, so could you please tell me another? Have you read the "Gold Wolf?" I forget by whom it is written, but I liked it immensely. Last week we had a garden party in the hospital grounds in aid of the "nurses homes," and in the evening a concert was held in the same place. I went at night, but not in the afternoon. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I must stop, with love—From Cousin Dora.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—I am always very glad to do anything for the cousins, especially if I can be of any help to them in their studies. Do you think that writing to Winnie will help you? It seems a splendid idea to me, especially if you keep it up and write regularly. I don't know whether Muriel is collecting stamps, but I know she has some, so I will tell her of your offer. Perhaps she may have some that you have not got. I went to see "The Light That Failed" on the opening night, and liked it immensely. I think I like "Sherlock Holmes" better though. I saw that when the company was here last time. I don't care for sad things very much, so I am looking forward to seeing the "Admirable Crichton," which is quite the reverse I hear. Have you read "Maid of Paradise," and "The Blazed Trail"? They are both good, especially the latter.—Cousin Kate]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to thank you for your kind answer to my last letter. How quickly the time flies. Just fancy we are in the third month of the new year and looking forward to Easter holidays. We went to Para blackberrying the Saturday before last, and had a most enjoyable day. I went with mother to hear the blind musicians; they sang and played very nicely. They had a good house, which I was glad to see, for I think every one ought to help the poor blind people, don't you? We are expecting Wirth's Circus to arrive in Picton shortly. You must excuse this short letter, as I am not very well. I had a bilious attack a day or two ago and am not quite over it yet. Hoping you are quite well, I remain yours affectionately, with love to all, Cousin Ruby.

[Dear Cousin Ruby,—Your letter was a little late this week, so I shall only have time to write you a very short answer, I am afraid. It does not seem nearly three months since Christmas, does it? The time certainly has gone very quickly. What are you going to do with yourself in the Easter holidays. The blackberry season in Picton must be much later than ours in Auckland, for ours are all over several weeks ago. I am glad the blind musicians had a good house, for I certainly think they want all the help we can give them. I am sorry to hear that you have not been well. I hope you will be quite well again soon and able to go to Wirth's Circus and enjoy yourself thoroughly.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you have not forgotten me. I am well and I hope you are the same. The badge you sent me is lovely. It is sewn on the front of my hat. Winnie gave Olive hers as Olive didn't have one. Winnie is looking forward to receive the new one. You have a lot of cousins now, haven't you? What a pity Cousin Hannah has left. I suppose you will think me a tomboy when I tell you I play marbles with my brothers. The fruit is ripe and the flowers are at their best. It is raining, so I could not go to Sunday-school. We had a lovely time at New Brighton; we bathed every day in the glorious sea.

We also paddled and there were sandhills along the beach covered with sandgrass; there was also a lovely river with ferns and wild flowers growing on the banks, with willow and birch trees too. One day we walked to the end of the beach. It is lovely there, as it is the mouth of a river. The tide was out, so we walked over the mud flats. There was a short strip of water between us and the other side. Another time we went to a place called the Plantation. There is a lovely lake there with flowers growing on the sides. Another day we went to a place called Bligh's Gardens. There were trees all round and grass and flowers in the centre. A delightful river flowed through. I have the dearest little baby brother, who laughs and coos all day. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I will close with love to yourself and all the cousins.—Cousin Fenton.

P.S.—I ought to tell you that I did not know about writing on both sides of the paper till Winnie told me.

[Dear Cousin Fenton,—I haven't quite forgotten you, because Olive and Winnie have been writing to me and they have mentioned you once or twice; but I hope you will write oftener now, so that I shan't have a chance of forgetting you. I am so glad you liked your badge. I think putting it on the front of your hat is a fine idea, and I wish all the cousins would adopt the idea. I am sending Winnie a badge this week. I don't think you are a tomboy just because you play marbles with your brothers. I used to often want to play myself, but I never could fire straight. You must have had a delightful time staying at New Brighton. I wish I could have been there to see you all enjoying yourselves so much. There must be some very pretty places round New Brighton. I have been to Christchurch, but I never had time to go for picnics. Do you know that at first I thought you must be a boy because your name is Fenton. How did you come to have such an uncommon name for a girl?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is a couple of months since I wrote to you last, so I shall have to begin afresh and write to you regularly. We have had very fine weather here lately, grand for picnics and excursions. Did you go to the Premier Picnic—people say it was a great success. Aren't there a number of picnics at Motutapu this year? I think I must go to one of them as I have never been to Motutapu yet, have you? Did you go to the regatta on the 29th of January? I was over at Northcote and had a splendid view of it. Didn't the yachts look lovely? Last year the yacht that I think would have won capsized about 50 or 100 yards off the Northcote wharf, but it was terribly rough that day. Have you been to the circus yet? I have not, but I went to the last two that were here, and I think they are all very much the same, so I don't care whether I go to this one or not. Have you heard about the coal they are making now (in Australia or America)? They make it out of common clean soil, mixed with certain chemicals, and can be burnt for 10/ per ton. They're different kinds of coal—some as soft as putty and some so hard that it rings like steel when struck, and it burns precisely like coke with a little blue flame. Cousin Kate, will you let me know when to post my letters so as to be in time for the "Graphic." Well, I must come to a close now, as I have no more news to tell you, so with love to

all the cousins and yourself, I still remain your loving cousin,—Kuth.

N.B.—I have another baby brother since I wrote last.

[Dear Cousin Ruth,—It is quite two months if not more since you wrote to me last, but I am glad you are going to write oftener now. The weather has been perfect for picnics and excursions lately, hasn't it? We had better make the best of it now, because we shan't have very much more of it. No, I didn't go to the Premier picnic, but I heard that it was a great success. I have often been to Motutapu for picnics, and think it is a lovely place for them. I went to the Regatta, at least I went on the flagship and watched from there for a short time this year. Last year I went out in a yacht and as you say it was terribly rough. We were all wet through long before we got home that day. I went to the circus one night and thought it awfully good; but they are all very much alike, I think. No, I haven't heard about the new coal. I hope it will be a success, don't you? If you post your letter on Tuesday night it will always be in time for the following week's "Graphic." What is your little baby brother going to be called?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for your nice long answer this week. I would always like them to be like that one, but I suppose I should not be greedy, as I know you often have a number of letters to answer besides mine. Mother said she thought that I had better keep to "Muriel" as my relations in Sydney and Melbourne always read my letters in the "Graphic," and if they saw a letter signed "Tricks" they probably would not take any notice of it. As my friend is back from Wanganui I am going to ask her to write to you. I suppose you will accept her as a cousin? I don't think she will be a very regular correspondent though as she took nearly a week to answer my letter when she was away. Last Wednesday afternoon mother took Desmond, Valerie, and me to the circus, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much. Have you been yet? If not, I suppose you will before it goes away. I was awfully taken with those two little ponies in the centre of the tent; I think their manes and tails were lovely. We were all very sorry that Newhaven did not jump on Wednesday afternoon, because we wanted to see it. I also think the performing dogs were very clever. In fact, I liked the whole thing. I don't think you will hear from me next week, as I will be away, and don't know how the mails run, but I will try and write, even if it is just a line. How lovely your three Gordon setters must be. "Puri" is a collie puppie. Cousin Kate, fancy your not liking pippis or oysters. I think they are both lovely, especially oysters. I am afraid my letter will not be very long this week, as Wilma and Valerie are playing hide-and-seek in the dining-room, and every time Wilma goes to run she bumps my elbow, or chair, or something, and, of course, I can't write properly. Mother got such a nice bunch of flowers to-day, given her by a friend, so I put them in the vases, and took out the grasses which I had in before. I think it is just as well to let your garden go to rack-and-ruin when you have two or three, or even one dog racing round the place, don't you? I suppose you are going to see Cuyler Hastings in "The Light That Failed." I wish I could see it. I dare say nearly if not all the "Graphic" cousins in Auckland will go. I am so sorry that Cousin Gwen says she will only be able to write once a fortnight now, but hope she will change it to every week. I am sure all the other cousins hope the same, too. Dear Cousin Kate, I am hoping you will try to alter the cousin's page, and your photograph in instead of the children on see-saw, as Cousin Ivy suggested. What did you think of Wilma's photo, in last week's "Graphic"? It is exactly like her, isn't it? I received the menu safely; thank you. What did you think of it? I wrote to my aunt in England last week, as I won't be home when the mail goes out, so it is all ready now, just to post. Of course father will do that when it is time. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude this note. With love to you and all the cousins.—Cousin Muriel J.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I am glad you liked my answer to your letter last week. I would like always to write long answers if I could, but sometimes I have

only such a short time to answer so many letters, that it is a great wonder some of them get answered at all. I think after all that Muriel is a prettier name than "Tricks," though the latter is more unpronounceable of course. I am always glad for new cousins to join the band, but I like them to be regular correspondents if possible. Yes; I went to the circus one night, and thought it very good indeed, but I believe I told you that last week. I hope I shall hear from you from "Mullet Point," even if it is only a short letter. I hope you will enjoy yourself, and feel all the better for your trip when you come back. What a pity you will miss seeing "The Light That Failed." It is a awfully good, but no very sad; I shall be very sorry if Cousin Gwon can only manage to write once a fortnight, too, but I hope she will manage to get a few minutes every week just to let us know how she is getting on. Wilma's photograph was very good, I thought. I am looking forward to having her for a "Graphic" cousin some day. You will be quite an old cousin by the time she is able to write. Won't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received Dora's letter safely, and have just answered I think you must be very kind and obliging to take such an interest in your cousins. Was that Cousin Gwon's photo in the "Graphic"? I suppose she is Ruie Nathan's cousin (I do not mean "Graphic" cousin)? What do you think of the war? Perhaps you, like me, do not take much interest in it? Papa is very keen on it. I am almost tired of the subject. If you want any information on it you had better go to him. We tell him he is a living war dictionary. I don't know if that is quite the right way to express it; but that seems to take it all in. I am not typing this letter, as I had no time to do so. Was it you who addressed Cousin Dora's letter? It was very pretty handwriting. Neville is getting prettier every day (at least we think so). I think Cousin Muriel is a very good correspondent; I think she will soon be a second Cousin Roie. Fenton is even lazier than I; she has not written for a very long time. On Saturday mother thought she would take us all to Brighton just for the day; it was lovely down there, so cool and pleasant after the heat and bustle of Christchurch. Olive and I had a bath. This was fully appreciated, as the water was delicious. We saw two men with a raft; they were sitting on it, and when a big wave came it carried them right over it, and then it would fall back into the trough of the sea, only to rise again when the next wave came; the tide must have been grand. The raft was constructed of airtight cylinders, with boards on the top. Then we saw a land yacht. This was a yacht on a light structure on wheels. When there was a good wind the yacht went sailing quickly along the beach. Hannah Hadfield was at our place yesterday; she said she would not be able to write again as they did not get the "Graphic." That will be another of our old cousins gone. I am afraid I will have to stop now. Good bye, Cousin Kate.—From Cousin Winnie.

Dear Cousin Winnie,—I am glad you got Dora's letter safely, but I don't think it is so very kind and obliging of me to send her letter on to you. You see, I can't expect my cousins to take an interest in me unless I take some in them, can I? Yes; Cousin Gwon's photograph was in the "Graphic," but it was not a very good one of her, and she is Ruie's proper cousin. To tell you the truth, I try not to think of the war at all if I can help it. It is such a terrible thing, I think; but, of course, all my sympathies are with the Japs; aren't yours? I shall be getting quite conceited about my handwriting soon; you are the second person to say it is pretty lately; I have always thought it ugly myself. What a lovely day you must have had at Brighton. A nice long day at the beach blows the cobwebs away, doesn't it? I shall be sorry if Hannah does not write to me again soon. Will you give her my love and tell her how next time you see her? I will post your badge to you to-day. —Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I must apologise for not writing before, but while we were at Brighton the weather seemed

too good to stop inside. It is astonishing how little inclined one feels for work in the holidays. We came home a week to-day, and Winnie and I started our school term to-day. Christchurch seems hot and stuffy after the cool breezes. To-day people say it is the hottest day this summer, but it is cooler now on the lawn. I am just scribbling this letter for Winnie to type for me to-morrow. We all enjoyed ourselves at the seaside very much. We had a large old-fashioned house about two minutes' walk from the beach, and ten from the tram. Every morning we went for a bath, wet or fine. On wet mornings the sea is much warmer, although it is colder coming out. What scrumptuous times Cousin Roie must be having in London, especially at Christmas time. I wish Cousin Alison would hurry up and write again; her letters seem so interesting, coming from South Africa. I saw Cousin Hannah on Saturday. She does not think she will write any more, as they do not see the "Graphic" now. She is staying at Brighton, but she does not care for it much, as they live a long way from the beach. Neville is growing such a pretty boy. He is not quite six months old, and can say Mum-mum and Dad-de quite plainly. I am afraid I have no more news, so I will say goodbye for the present.—From your loving cousin, Olive.

[Dear Cousin Olive,—I received your letter and Winnie's yesterday, and was so very glad to hear from you again. I had not heard from either of you since the beginning of the Christmas holidays, and was wondering what had become of you both. I know how little one feels inclined to do anything except enjoy oneself in holiday time, especially in hot weather. It is much nicer taking a house at the seaside than going into lodgings, isn't it? One feels so much freer. It must have been lovely being so close to the beach. Cousin Roie is having a lovely time, isn't she? I hope she will write soon and tell us how she spent her Christmas holidays. It is just about time Alison wrote to us again. I must ask Dora to write and jog her memory a little. Have you any photographs of Neville; I should like to see one so much.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am just going to write you a few lines this week, as I have a number of lessons to do. I don't think that you will confuse me with the other cousin Muriel, but it is very nice of her to let you call her by another name. She writes you such nice long letters. I never can think of enough news to make my letter a long one; but, Cousin Kate, if everybody wrote a long letter, you would want another page of the "Graphic." I am getting quite used to being back at school now, and I don't like staying away. To-day being so very wet I had to stay at home, and I did not like the idea at all. I am going out to Epsom to-morrow night to stay with my cousin for a few days. It does seem so nice to have some cousin living here that I can go and see. It was my cousin Eva's birthday last Saturday, and she was twelve. I am going to ask her if she will write to you when I go out to-morrow. Did we not have a great deal of rain last week? But I suppose that it would do a great deal of good, but I prefer the nice fine days to the wet ones. I was so sorry that it rained on Friday, because I could not go out to stay with my cousins, but I am going next Friday. Last Saturday I went out to Epsom just for the afternoon, and I enjoyed myself the short time that I was there. We went to the corner of Owen's Road to wait for the car, and after waiting for about twenty minutes two came; but they were both full, and they would not stay, so we walked to Newmarket, and got in the car there. It was just about 8 o'clock when we arrived home. I must close now, as it is getting time for me to go to bed. With love to you and all the cousins.—Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—Your letter for last week was too late to go in the "Graphic." I am sorry to say, so I have added this week's on to it, and will answer them both at once. If you go on writing regularly every week you will find that you will be able to write much longer letters, and that it gets easier every time. What a good thing it is that you like being at school, isn't it?

It is so much easier to work when one likes it. Have you never had any cousins living in the same town before? It is a pity they don't live closer to you, though because then you might go to the same school, and see so much more of each other. I hope Eva will write to me; I am always ready to welcome more cousins. It did rain a good deal last week. I suppose it was good for some people, but it rather spoilt the beginning of the polo tournament. Isn't it aggravating for a car to pass without stopping when you have been waiting a long time? It is rather a long walk from Owen's Road to Newmarket, too, but it would be nice and cool for walking then.—Cousin Kate.]

### Out-Grabbing the Grabber.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF "IBBOTSON'S PIECE."

"What are you staring at, boy?" Ibbotson the impudent surveyed the purple visage of his irate questioner with all solemnity before replying. "Give it up! Ask me another!" Perhaps it was just as well for Ibbotson that a six-foot fence divided old Jasper Grabben and himself at that particular moment.

Jasper sprang forward and shook the strong rails very much as an infuriated gorilla will shake the bars of his cage. "You young whelp!" he hissed through the fence. "Oh, if I had you by the neck—"

"Which you haven't!" chuckled Ibbotson.

"I'd make you squirm! You're a new sample of the boys of Rockburn School, and a credit to the obstinate little upstart who claims you as a pupil!"

"And dares to defy the mighty Grabben!" suggested Ibbotson.

"He won't defy me much longer!" roared the Squire, now beside himself with fury. "I'll root him out! I'll scatter his hornets' nest!"

"I have heard," remarked Ibbotson with exasperating calmness, "that hornets are best left alone."

And, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, Ibbotson sauntered off, serenely whistling the opening bars of "Rule Britannia."

To look at him now one would scarcely credit that Ibbotson was quite a new boy. He had, as a matter of fact, only arrived at Rockburn the day before.

He had heard from Charlesworth and Gibbons the story of the long-fought struggle between school and Squire.

The latter had bought farm after farm until one morning he discovered that a wedge-shaped piece of land—at the head of which stood Rockburn School and its grounds—cut right into the heart of his estate.

Behind the school grounds came a couple of small farms owned by Farmers Dixon and Dyke. The latter were not unwilling to sell, and the squire flattered himself that he could buy at any moment, but—and that little "but" sent Squire Grabben into a fury every time he thought of it—there would still remain "the hornets' nest" in the middle of the estate.

Dr. Deerby, the gentleman described by Grabben as the "obstinate little upstart," had fallen on evil days. He had lost the savings of a life-time in a recent bank smash.

The misfortunes that never come singly included an outbreak of fever in the school. This had been stamped out, and Rockburn School was now one of the healthiest schools in the kingdom, but the effect remained in the shape of sadly depleted dormitories and decreased income.

Still, Ibbotson was informed, the little Doctor was unconquered. Fighting with his back to the wall he hoped for better days, the while he warded off the tempting offers of the covetous Grabben.

"I see," Ibbotson had remarked with the assurance characteristic of him, "I see! The Head takes his coat off, so to speak, and—what are you fellows doing?"

There was an impressive silence. Apparently it had never struck the Rockburn boys that they could do anything in the matter.

"Afraid of him, eh?" went on Ibbotson. "That's a mistake! When you encounter a bully, purse-proud or pugilistic, the best thing you can do is to kick him!"

Gibbons and Charlesworth smiled. The idea of kicking Squire Grabben was dis-

tinctly rich. "Perhaps you think I'm impudent," continued the new boy, "and perhaps you're right—the fellows at St. Martin's entertained a similar opinion. I'm glad you've explained the position of affairs, as I intend having something to say in the matter. To begin with, I consider you've allowed this grasping old buffer to have too much of his own way. That's enough to make a bully bumptious. When you've known him a little longer you'll find that Ibbotson would rather knock down than knock under! Virtue, my boys, is bound to triumph in the end, and there is virtue in a forcible kick—figuratively or literally inflicted! I've not the pleasure of Squire Grabben's acquaintance. When I do meet him he'll probably come to the conclusion that there's quite a new sort of boy arrived at Rockburn. At any rate, he'll find that Grabben the Grasper has no terrors for Ibbotson the Impudent."

And as we have seen, the new boy was as good as his word.

### II.

Ibbotson was busy, very busy, for the next few days. It is, of course, only natural that a boy, on first arriving at a new school, should have a few extra letters to write, but Ibbotson's correspondence was, as Gibbons put it, "on a wholesale scale."

"He writes as he talks, by the hour," said Gibbons to Charlesworth. "I can understand a fellow dropping a line to the pater, but he should confine himself to four pages. Ibbotson's letter home, however, is simply indecent! I went with him to post it and fully expected to be called upon to assist him to cram the thing into the mouth of the letter-box. Fifty pages or thereabouts as a boy—what on earth will the fellow require as a man? And that was only one of a bundle of letters—some even into the town here—and, I say, Charlesworth, what do you think he asked me?"

"To pay the postage?"

"Don't talk rot! He wanted to know the address of the smartest firm of solicitors in Rockburn. I told him that Pickle and Pottem were reckoned pretty warm, and he promptly sent off another little note—sixteen pages, or I'm a Hottentot—to that firm."

"Phew!" ejaculated Charlesworth. "Who is the fellow? What is he?"

"Hanged if I know!" returned his chum. "I've had more talk with him than any boy in the school, but up to the present he hasn't touched on family affairs. I don't know whether he's the son of a marquis, a mountebank, or a millionaire. What I do know is that he's made up his mind to 'out-grab Grabben,' as he puts it. Moreover, what I'm beginning to strongly suspect is—he'll do it."

In due course Ibbotson received a reply to that letter described by Gibbons as "simply indecent."

It wasn't a very long one, but it sufficed to put Ibbotson on remarkably good terms with himself.

He promptly saw the doctor, who readily gave him permission to visit the town, where Ibbotson had a lengthy interview with Messrs Pickle and Pottem.

When Ibbotson returned to again quote Gibbons, "he wore the satisfied smile of the early bird with a worm in view."

He was still disposed to "talk by the hour" on the subject of new goalposts, or the need of an efficient dressing-room on the footer ground, but of Squire Grabben, of his visit to Pickle and Pottem, of the matters Charlesworth and Gibbons were particularly curious about, Ibbotson spoke not a word. He was as dumb and close as an oyster.

Ibbotson was a true son of his father, who had succeeded, perhaps, because he talked trivialities while he transacted business. It is often dangerous to "talk" the latter.

### III.

"Good morning, Dixon."

"Mornin', Squire."

As Jasper Grabben reined in his fiery little cob he noticed that Farmer Dixon looked quite cheerful this morning. Crops turning out well, perhaps.

"Surprised to see me so early this morning, eh?" went on Squire Grabben. "The fact is, I've trotted over to tell you that I've considered the little matter we talked of, and I'll take over the farm at the price named. If you'll call at my solicitors you'll find everything in readiness, and—"

"Sorry, Squire," interrupted Dixon, "but ye're just a trifle late!"

"Late? What do you mean?" gasped the Squire.

"Farm's sold this mornin', sir."

"Hut," stammered Grabben, "you offered it to me!"

"Sartainly!" admitted Dixon. "I made ye a sartain offer at a sartain time for a sartain price, but ye didn't close for sartain. Now this mornin' I has a sartain offer at a sartain bigger price—an' I sartainly closed!"

For some seconds Squire Grabben could scarcely believe his ears. The farm purchased under his very nose!

"I—I can't believe it!" he stammered.

"Who's the buyer?"

"Ibbotson."

"What Ibbotson?"

"Don't know, an' don't care!" returned Dixon cheerfully. "Pickle and Pottam, actin' for a party o' the name o' Ibbotson, bought the farm this mornin'. Shouldn't wonder, now, if they're off to neighbour Dyke's—"

That was quite enough for the squire. Wheeling his cob round he put him at a low fence, and tore off across country in the direction of Dyke's—

As he drew rein at the door of an farm-house he failed to notice a low bug, gy just turning out of the sandy lane in the high road.

"Your farm!" panted Jasper, when Mr. Dyke appeared in the doorway. "I'll buy it!"

"Ye won't!" came the decided reply. "Leastways not from me. Taint mine! Ye'd better see Pickle and Pottam, or, better still, the real buyer, Ibbotson. I don't know the gentleman, but no doubt, Pickle and Pottam'll—"

Squire Grabben waited to hear no more. In a blind fury he turned his cob's head and dashed down the sandy lane.

Out on the hard frosty road even he did not check the speed of his mount.

Instead of the old farmer's "properly, property, property," he heard, "Ibbotson, Ibbotson, Ibbotson," in the clatter of the cob's hoofs.

"Ibbotson? Ibbotson?" he muttered.

"Who is this impudent interloper?"

On his arrival home, Squire Grabben found awaiting him a crowning example of the "interloper's impudence," in the form of the following brief note:—

"Rockburn School,  
Dec. 7th. 19—.

Squire Grabben,

Sir.—Is it true that you wish to dispose of your estate? If so, any price in reason will be carefully considered by Messrs. Pickle and Pottam, solicitors, or by

Yours truly,  
Marmaduke Ibbotson.

When Squire Grabben, a veritable volcano, arrived at Rockburn School, and requested to see "Ibbotson," he scarcely expected to be confronted by the cheerful, smiling countenance he had seen once before—through the boundary fence.

"What's this tomfoolery?" demanded the Squire. "Do you mean to tell me you've bought Dyke's farm and Dixon's farm?"

"For a third party yes," smiled Ibbotson cheerfully, "and if your estate is still in the market—oh, very well!" he

broke off, as the Squire, purple with rage, let out a storm of expletives, "just as you like, Squire Grabben! I won't press you, but you won't interfere with the 'hornet's nest' just yet—now, will you?"

Jasper Grabben didn't promise. He took his departure, and has never been seen within half a mile of the school gates since.

Within a very few days the school knew all about Ibbotson. He was the

only son of a prosperous jam manufacturer, who at that time was badly in need of a new fruit farm.

On arriving at Rockburn, the centre of a rich fruit-growing country, Ibbotson, junior, at once came to the conclusion that the spare farms would be "just the thing for the pater!"

Ibbotson, senior, on receipt of his son's glowing report—albeit of "indecent" length wired Pickle and Pottam, instructing them to make the necessary

inquiries. The firm did so, and made a favourable report. The rest we know.

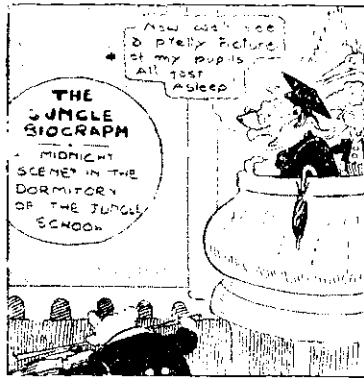
One thing more is worthy of mention. Four acres of fine level turf—Ibbotson junior's commission—has been added to the playing grounds. This, in the prospectus of the now flourishing school, is described as "The New Portion."

Rockburn boys, however, have another name for it, and as "Ibbotson's Piece" it will be known for all time.

Tom H. Fowler.

### A JUNGLE JINKS.

DR. LION FORGETS HIMSELF AND GETS IN A RAGE.



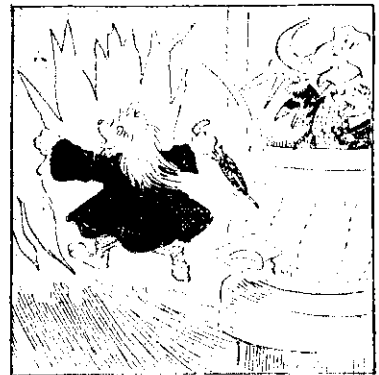
1. Of course you know it is Dr. Lion's custom to take some of his pupils to the pantomime after Christmas. Well, this year they had a private box at the Jungle Theatre, and everything went well till the moving photographs were put on.



2. When a picture of "a midnight scene in the Jungle School dormitory" was announced Dr. Lion was delighted, but the expression on his face suddenly changed when he saw all his naughty pupils engaged in a pillow fight. "You bad, wicked boys, how dare you get out of bed!" he roared.



3. In his anger the good doctor quite forgot it was only a photograph he was looking at. "Go to bed at once! Stop fighting, I say!" he cried again.



4. Of course, the boys in the photograph took not the slightest notice, and the doctor became so angry that he jumped out of his seat, right on to the stage; and it was only when he had gone clean through the sheet that he realised his mistake. How the boys did laugh!

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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Which Loves Best, a Man or a Woman.

BY HELEN OLDFIELD.

There are some subjects of never ending discussion, all the more so, it would seem, because they are such as can by no possibility be definitely decided one way or another. Among these unprofitable questions few are more thoroughly and constantly thrashed out than that: "Which loves best, a man or a woman?"

To this there would appear to be but one answer. Feelings cannot be measured excepting by results, and even this measure is but partial.

"We live together years and years, and leave unsounded still Each other's springs of hopes and fears, Each other's depth of will."

There are men and men, there are women and women, and, as Mulvaney says, "Love is like fighting; it takes people differently." Some men love more deeply than other men, more devotedly than some women, and vice versa. It seems the fashion of late to insist upon analyzing feelings and emotions, to strive to grasp the intangible, to discuss men and women as though they were of different species instead of one flesh, members, all, of the same family. Humanity is much the same, male and female. If:

"The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady Are sisters under the skin,"

So, also, the colonel and Patrick are brothers, and closely akin to their womankind. Love is, above all else, the "one touch of nature" which makes the whole world kin." Scout it, scorn it, deny it, as any man and some women may, nevertheless, it lies in wait for every one, and may, at any moment, arise to claim its own. Like the lightning it may fail to strike, but when it does there is no force upon earth equal to it, few which can resist its power. It is the passion which most entirely sways human nature, gives its colour to existence, dominates thought inspiring and controlling moods of mind. It aspects are so many and diverse, its changes so numerous, its influence so subtle and strong; so absolutely does it interpenetrate life, so vital is its effect upon humanity that preachers and teachers, poets and moralists have to this day failed to exhaust the subject. Its contradictions might well afford material for a volume of commonplace. At one time so wholly selfish that it thinks only of its own gratification, of its own trials, vexations, and suffering; at another it will welcome the greatest sacrifices with the spirit of a martyr, will yield everything and endure anything for the sake of the beloved. It is trustful, yet suspicious; timid, yet bold; humble, yet arrogant. One moment it is reproachful and complaining, at another it pours forth praises and tender protestations. Weeping one hour and smiling the next, no one knows what to expect of it nor what phase it may assume. All this applies as well to men as to women, and none can determine upon which side the balance sways lowest. One might fill a volume with apt quotations from noted authors in favour and disfavour of each. If Shakespeare wrote that "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," none the less he drew Romeo; if he pronounced woman "a very weath'ring-creech," he also declares men to be "deceivers over." Byron in one place calls the love of a woman "a fearful thing," and in another defines it as her whole existence, and so, praise and dispraise might be multiplied indefinitely.

Mrs. Browning and Miss Procter may well be classed as poet laureates of woman's love and constancy. While one wrote from the depths of a heart battered in the fulness of the one love of a lifetime, the other was jilted by her lover and is said to have died by slow degrees of a broken heart. In Washington Irving's exquisite sketch, "The Broken Heart," he says: "I believe in broken hearts and in the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a

malady often fatal to my own sex, but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave."

The balance of proof of strong and irresistible affection, as evidenced by desperate deeds, such as murder and suicide, is largely upon the masculine side of the ledger. But against this fact may be charged another—namely: that a man may, if he be so disposed, shout his love from the housetops. People may consider him a fool and suspect him of lunacy, but since love is not infrequently accounted madness, he will have no such measure of scorn and contempt meted out to him as is the portion of the woman who openly parades an unrequited attachment. Tradition and custom are inflexible in demanding that she shall be silent in such case and hide her wound, however painful. It is as instinctive with a woman, as with a wounded deer, to creep to cover when hurt through the heart.

No one can dispute the fact that men often love devoutly and suffer cruelly from the inconstancy or heartlessness of women, but fate, here as in many other things, is on their side, and against the woman a man has many resources, chief among which is his business, for hard work is a sovereign antidote for mental troubles. He can get away from the familiar places which speak constantly of his sorrow, can make himself a new life, and create a new atmosphere; while the woman, poor soul, must usually "stay put," with no chance of escape from her ghosts nor ability to seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

Woman's faith and unfaith, man's unshaken truth, and man's contemptible treachery, these are to-day, as they have been from the beginning, the never failing theme of poet and romancer, the threads interwoven with all human history, the underlying currents of life and love. Some ships are wrecked and others arrive safely at their desired haven, and none can prophesy beforehand which shall be saved and which shall be lost.

For aught we know to the contrary, Adam and Eve may have disputed the one with the other which gave strongest proof of love, he by eating the apple, with her, that whatever came he might share her lot, or she by refusing to partake of the fruit alone. Yet to all eternity the love which is truest and best is the love which "believeth all things, hopeth all things"; the love which is mutual the two halves of which united make a perfect whole. Those who feel this have never any inclination to dissect it in order to weigh the one part against the other.

After all is said, the prayer for lovers should be that of Solomon: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

## Fair Without and Within.

This unjust assumption is part of the folly of beauty worship. To blindly connect perfection of heart with perfection of body is nothing but blind adoration and prejudice—yet there is surely something excusable about assuming that purity and loveliness go hand in hand, for they ought to do so. The woman to whom God has given the priceless gift of loveliness should above all other women strive after perfection of soul. She wears on her face the fulfilment of an ideal. So fair without, she should be equally fair within. The low white brow, the sparkling eye, the pure white skin and soft red mouth should by Nature's right belong to the pure and upright and modest heart.

I often think that if two people mated who were both good as well as beautiful, and if they trained their children and their children's children to be virtuous beyond all other things on earth, they would produce a race of perfect physical beauty.

Note how a plain woman's face becomes irradiated when the nobler emotions pass over it, such as Love, self-sacrifice and good-temper. If a naturally plain face can thus be idealised,

what would not virtue do for a naturally beautiful one?

Let those among us then who are plain cultivate the beauty of mind that softens our unloveliness, and let the one who are beautiful cultivate the nobleness of thought, lowliness of heart, and the uprightness of soul that will make beauty more perfect than mere physical loveliness alone can ever really make it.

The man who marries a plain woman often discovers in her many virtues he has never suspected—virtues that daily endear her to him more and more. The man, alas! who marries a beauty often finds that he has a spoilt, wilful nature to deal with.

This should be so. La Bruyere tells us that "a beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man (which I take it means courage and truth, and judgment combined with pity and tenderness) is the most perfect thing in nature."

Bear this in mind, then, ye women who are beautiful! It is the beauty who ought to possess these secret hidden treasures, so that man in discovering them finds that he has allied himself to beauty and virtue as well, and is constrained by not only his eyes, but his heart, to worship in her an Ideal, a pure and spotless Eve, whom God has placed in his Garden of Eden.

## Laying the Dust Storm.

Another American inventor has been devising an apparatus for enabling motorists to avoid covering themselves with dust.

The car in its forward movement, especially if it is moving rapidly, creates air currents beneath it which stir up the dust, and it also creates behind it a partial vacuum. The dust-laden air from beneath the car rushes up behind to fill this partial vacuum, and, as a result, deposits or almost throws the dust over the rear top edge into the car and upon the occupants.

To prevent this a shield has been extended out behind the car, but such shield is only a makeshift, and is more or less unsightly on a touring car of the tonneau type. The inventor, after studying the problem, discovered that by controlling the air currents thus formed they could be deflected in such a manner as to break up and interfere with the objectionable dust-laden currents.

To accomplish this he uses a shield, preferably a thin sheet of metal, painted to correspond with the tonneau finish, which extends from the side of the car well to the rear, terminating just at the edge of the rear door. The air currents which flow into the front ends of these conduits are deflected and discharged across the rear end of the car in a zone with the upper edge.

The inventor explains that as this air, taken from a considerable distance above the ground and thus free from dust, is discharged from the rear of these channels, or air conduits, it creates a partial vacuum behind the car, and this zone interferes with the usual sudden uprush of dust-laden air, which, thus checked, is prevented from flowing over the rear edge of the car.

## Plain Women.

There are many types of feminine beauty, and even a type that is not attractive, and that repels while it attracts.

"There are," says a renowned writer, "beautiful flowers that are scentless, and beautiful women who are unlovable."

There are also beauties who are even less than skin deep—society ladies and "stage ladies, who are apt at slight notice to come to pieces. "Fine feathers make fine birds," and false hair and paint sometimes create a dazzling beauty that is quite undistinguishable from the real article—if seen in the right light. On the other hand, some women seem to take a kind of pleasure in lessening as much as possible the good looks with which nature has endowed them.

Athletic women sometimes make themselves unnecessarily unfeminine, and if I may coin a word, unbeautiful. You have only to look at a photograph of the champion golf team or the champion hockey team, to feel if you value your feminine supremacy that you will for ever eschew both games.

I think, quite apart from the necessary "useful clothes," that there is an unnecessary want of femininity sometimes about these man-despising, athletic girls. Please note that I say "sometimes," for I have known athletes to be exceedingly attractive.

It is the woman who affect to despise men who are the least lovely as a rule, although why because a woman has a grievance against men she should deprive herself of one of the rights after which she is striving, by making her appearance as unpleasing as possible, is more than I can understand.

I often think naturally plain women are notoriously generous about their more beautiful sisters. "It's awfully hard luck," said a plain girl to me the other day, "awfully hard luck that Mollie (Mollie is a pretty cousin) should get all the attention. Everybody is nice to her, and she gets her own way in everything. I wish she had my curly hair and my nose," she added, half viciously, and then laughed good-naturedly—plain girls are generally good-natured—and asked cheerily, "not that I grudge it her, because she is such a darling, isn't she?"

As a matter of fact, Mollie the beautiful, with her tip-toed nose, her soft little dimpled face, is by nature far less of a "darling" than the curly-haired cousin, with whom to judge by successful, deceptive outward appearances, it seems impossible to associate such a term. But such, alas! is the prejudice of human nature that is so deftly led astray by sight and sound.

## Do Names Influence Character?

A name, especially a Christian name—or "given" name, as they call it in America—is bound to be more or less of an accident. One baby is very much like any other. It is quite impossible at the early age at which an infant is usually christened to predict with any likelihood of correctness what profession or calling that baby will eventually adopt. If it were, one might be

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able to give the child an appropriate name.

For a country squire, for a clerk, for a mechanic, a day labourer, for anyone, in fact, who is just a steady-going, everyday kind of person, with no particular brilliance of intellect or aptitude for any special calling, his or her name is a minor consideration. But for him or her who is destined to become an author, an artist, an actor, a doctor, a great engineer, or scientist, it is quite certain that the question of name is of the very highest importance.

The first proof of this fact is that actors have for generations past made a regular practice of adopting stage-names, which eventually become property so valuable that ladies do not change them even when they marry. Authors, too, frequently write under noms-de-plume, which are equally likely to be remembered by their readers.

Who will deny, for instance, that "Mark Twain" is more apt to strike the eye than Samuel Clemens, "Max Adler," than Charles H. Clark, or "Dagonet," than G. R. Sims?

Quite apart, however, from pen or stage names, a calm consideration of Christian names seems to show that the possession of a strong strange-sounding or uncommon name has something definite to do with its owners success in life. Not that the individual whose parents or sponsors present it with such a name must necessarily rise to eminence in consequence of it. There are plenty of instances to the contrary. But the fact remains that a very large proportion of the leading men and women of this year of grace, 1904, do possess uncommon names, especially given names.

This is particularly true in the literary world. When the greatest bard of Empire published his first work, most people imagined that Rudyard Kipling was merely a pen name. The same may be said of the creator of Sherlock Holmes.

Rider Haggard is the sort of name which would strike one even if its bearer had no other claim on the mind. Hall Caine is another striking name. So are Shan Bullock, Marion Crawford, Max Pemberton, Justin McCarthy, Pott Ridge, Guy Boothby, Maclaren Colban, Augustine Birrell, Raymond Blathwayt, and a host of others that might be mentioned. All these, however, are genuine names which their owners received as babies.

The stage, too, has many most distinguished members whose own names are of themselves sufficiently striking for a self-given stage name to be entirely unnecessary. Beerholm Tree is the first instance to mind, and Squire Bancroft the second. Then how about Forbes Robertson, Olga Nethersole, Dion Boucicault, and Hayden Coffin? Could more striking combinations be easily invented?

Among the very best known artists of to-day are a number whose names are almost equally striking. One may note as examples Carruthers, Gould, Mortimer Menpes, Max Beerholm, Zebusia Shannon, Bernard Partridge, Briton Riviere. Brown, again is a com-

mon name enough, but there is only one Gordon Brown.

There is nothing specially distinguished about the name of Heaton, but in conjunction with Hennric, it becomes "familiar in our mouths." So, too, with Hardie, yet few M.P.s are better known than the hero of the deer-stalker—Keir Hardie. Mr Chamberlain seems to have had some inkling of the value of a good first name when he christened our youngest Chancellor of the Exchequer Austen. Among other diplomats whose names we all know well are Taubman Goldie, Schomberg McDonnell, St. John Brodrick, and Winston Churchill.

Quite half of our famous doctors have strong and uncommon combinations of names. Broadbent, Lauder Brunton, Dyce Duckworth, are examples.

Among kings of finance are to be found a wonderful assortment of names. There is something imposing in the mere four syllables, Pierpont Morgan. Waldorf Astor is another striking combination. Whittaker Wright, Clinton Dawkins, Blundell Maple, Jay Gould, Ohio C. Barber are others which come at once to mind.

It would be easy to fill pages of this paper with columns of strange names all belonging to well-known people. Kennerly Rutherford in music, Winington Ingram as a cleric, Ray Lankester as a scientist, Redvers Buller in the Army, Louthian Bell, Fletcher Moulton are one or two further examples. But enough has been said on this point.

There is one other thing which parents would do well to bear in mind. Without doubt some of the ordinary names are more lucky than others. Therefore, those who object to out-of-the-way or eccentric Christian names should consider the advisability of giving their children a lucky name. Alfred is one of these. Alfred Beit is probably the richest man in the world. Alfred Austin is Poet-Laureate. Alfred Lyttelton was a great cricketer, and is a coming statesman. Sir Alfred Jones is the greatest shipmaster, and Sir Alfred Hickman one of the greatest ironmasters. If more examples are needed, there is Alfred Deakin, Premier of Australia; Alfred Gilbert, R.A.; Canon Alfred Brook, and a host of other well-known and fortunate Alfreds.

Scientific Hints for the House.

Old napkins and old tablecloths make the best of glass cloths. To curl a feather bon that has been damped with rain or dew, rub in a handful of common salt, and shake until dry before a bright fire. The smaller the joint of meat the

hotter should be the oven. Of course, the time required for roasting the joint is proportionately less than that needed for a large one. The most simple way to clean tin covers is to make a paste with soap and whitening in equal quantities, add a little water to thin it, and apply to the tins with a piece of rag or flannel. Let it dry on, and afterwards polish with a leather and some dry inkling. Those who suffer from offensive breath will find that by taking a teaspoonful of common salt in a wineglassful of pure water the first thing every morning the breath will be much improved, and the mouth can be well rinsed with this mixture. The teeth should be brushed morning and night, a tooth powder of equal parts of precipitated chalk and powdered orris root being very serviceable. Very little sugar or sweets should be taken, and no onions or radishes. For the kind of sleeplessness that comes from overwork or nervous exhaustion here are two simple but effective remedies. One is to have the feet very warm, and put them against a rubber bag filled with very hot water. A rubber bag is better than an earthenware bottle, as it will retain the heat for hours. The first effect, that of seeing how much heat the feet can stand without being absolutely burnt, is rather interesting, and when this has passed away the blood has begun to leave the head, and sleep will come. The second method is much simpler. It is simply to discard the pillow, turn over and lie on the stomach, with hands clasped under the forehead to lift the head a trifle. This will often send one to sleep.

Hints for Housewives.

Many persons place a wide piece of oilcloth under the dining table over the carpet. The carpet is thus protected and the oilcloth can easily be cleaned. When laid on the floor before a sink, table, desk, or any spot where there is much wear the saving of carpets and floors is considerable.

The flavour of a duck is much improved by roasting with an orange and an onion in the body.

Salted almonds are now so fashionable that a hint as to preparing them may be useful. Blanch half a pound of almonds and dry. Scatter a teaspoonful of fine dry salt over, spread on buttered tins, and put in the oven till the almonds become a pale yellow, stirring frequently.

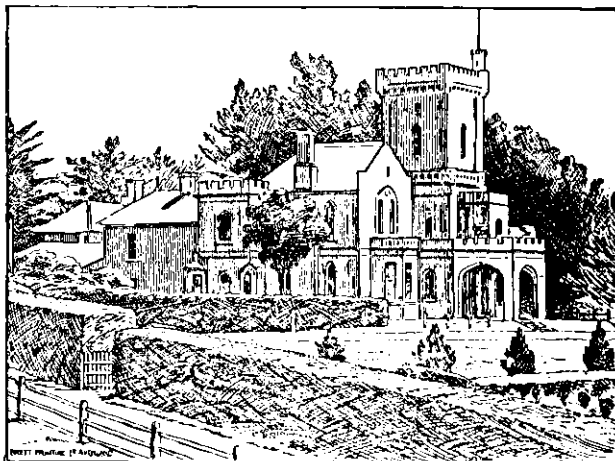
Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum into hot water, and let it boil until it is dissolved; then apply the solution hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where any insects may be found.

When baking a cake divide the time into quarters, and look at your cake only four times, taking it out the last time. At the end of the first quarter it should be somewhat risen, with bubbles on the top; the second quarter finds it well risen and beginning to brown very slightly; at the end of the third quarter it is "set" and evenly but lightly browned. The last look into the oven should find the cake ready to take out. Be sure of this before you take it out, however.

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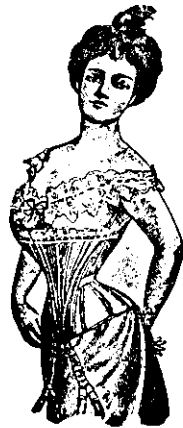
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**A Sure Way to a Man's Heart.**

**SYMPATHY IS A CHARM WHICH OFTEN WINS A HUSBAND.**

It can truthfully be said that men are more susceptible to sympathetic interest than to any other form of flattery. Ask what man you may which characteristic he most admires in a woman, and he will invariably reply "sympathy." It is undoubtedly the essence of true womanliness; and the girl who lacks the power of sincerely sympathising at all times with the man in whom she is interested, can never hope to win him for a husband.

In every pain and pleasure of life it is the society of the sympathetic woman for which each and everyone craves. A boy, youth or man, naturally turns to mother, sweetheart, or wife, for comfort, when Dame Fortune fails to smile upon him, feeling sure that in their deep sympathy they will try to evolve some way in which to help him in his misfortunes.

The lives of some men, of course, are so rosy and prosperous that they seldom need the sympathy of a woman to help them to overcome their trials and difficulties, and consequently they are unable to appreciate its full value. But to the man who has more than his share of "downs" in this world womanly sympathy is an invaluable antidote and strengthener. For although the woman to whom he appeals may not be able to help him in a practical manner to overcome his troubles, she can, and does, by her sympathetic interest and encouragement, induce him to try again, when he otherwise might be tempted to give up the struggle in despair.

A woman who is able to understand a man's perplexities by intuition, so to speak, is as ready to condole with him in his misfortunes as she is to praise him in his triumphs, is one whom he recognises will prove a true life helper. In every sense of the word. Consequently a man is always drawn towards the sympathetic girl or woman, and congratulates himself on having secured a real treasure when able to marry her.

The fact that she may be only moderately good-looking, or lacking in the accomplishments which most present-day girls acquire, is overshadowed, in his opinion, by the fact that true womanly sympathy is her most pronounced characteristic. Hence he chooses her for a wife, in preference to her prettier sister.

What can be more helpful to a man, when worried with the trials and troubles of business, than to go home to a sympathetic wife who, in a tactful and discreet manner, brings her soothing influence to bear upon him, and stimulates him to fresh efforts? He knows that come weal or woe she is ever ready

to stand by him, and that he can always count on her help.

In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that the man who is loved by a really sympathetic woman has half of life's battles fought for him. He is cheered by her encouragement, and made happier by the association. He averts failure by his superhuman efforts to overcome his troubles, in order to impart to her life some of the brightness she has instilled into his.

One often reads in fiction of instances in which the devotion and sympathy of a wife or sweetheart have set a man on the road to fortune again when he was enveloped in a dense cloud of trouble to which there appeared no silver lining. But there are undoubtedly thousands of cases in real life of happy homes which practically owe their existence to the sympathetic devotion of a wife and mother who has spurred her husband on to further efforts when matters seemed as bad as they could possibly be.

And what a treasure the sympathetic mother is to her children! She always finds time to take an interest in their work and pleasure. She is quite as ready to help them to smooth over their petty troubles and difficulties, as she is with regard to those of her husband. Her children learn to come to her at all times, even when merging into manhood and womanhood, in order to confide in her, knowing full well that they will be accorded her sympathy and advice, no matter what the trouble may be.

**Hobbies of Queens.**

Queen Alexandra is greatly interested in photography. She has taken snapshots of everything from crowned heads to pet dogs. She has any number of pictures of pretty scenes associated with pleasant memories, and good pictures, too, for her Majesty is far above the average amateur in proficiency as a "snapshotter." Another camera enthusiast is the German Empress. She has taken innumerable photos of things that have interested her, and her collection of pictures is unique. The Empress of Russia has a passion for caricaturing and the collection of caricatures. The hobbies of Queen Wilhelmina, the "Zifl Queen" of Holland, are skating and riding, but from childhood she has devoted herself to raising poultry. The Queen of Norway and Sweden outside of her family and public life is devoted to religion. The Queen of Greece is a yachts-woman. The Queen of Italy has chosen shooting and motoring as her principal hobbies. Portugal's Queen, who is said to be the busiest woman in Europe, is an expert physician, and has raised her amusement to the dignity of a profession.

**Why Every Man Should Praise His Wife.**

Apparently there are some men in the world who would not be likely to live long if by any possibility they should be betrayed into praising their wives. The man of this description is a self-sufficient creature, who evidently believes that creation was instituted for his benefit. He is a little surprised and a good deal annoyed that things were not arranged more to his liking, but he tolerates the arrangement, not because he approves of it, but because he cannot help it.

The wife of this man is a woman whom no old maid should envy. And no old maid should ever marry this man when his wife is worn out and laid in the grave; if she does she will regret it to her latest day—that is, unless she has backbone enough to put the man where he belongs and keep him there. And it is never pleasant to any true-hearted woman to feel she has to master her husband in order to live comfortably with him. The man who never praises his wife will find fault with everything on every possible occasion. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault—easier than the proverbial sliding down hill. It gets to be a habit with some men, and they are hardly conscious when they are exercising it.

Why cannot a man show his wife that he appreciates her efforts to please him? Why cannot he praise the cooking of his wife as well as the cooking of her neighbor, Mrs. Jones? Why cannot he speak kindly of her mince-pie, and charitably of her sponge-cake? Why cannot he say that the new hat is becoming to the face of the woman who loves him? Kind words make his wife happy, and no decent man ought to withhold them.

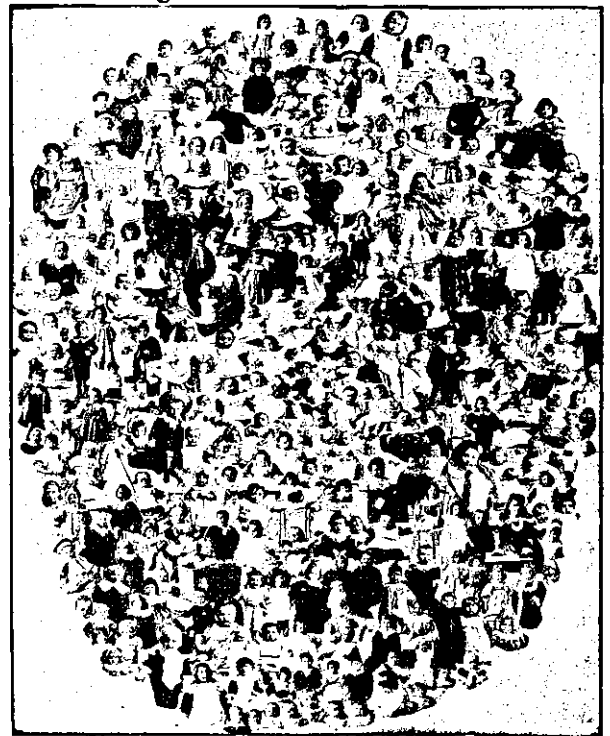
**Restoring Lustre to the Hair.**

Dr. Calsarato, for some years beauty specialist to Sarah Bernhardt, writes on this subject as follows:—The hair when washed loses for some days its suppleness, and is more apt to break. In order to remedy this, and give it back its lustre, you only require to anoint it slightly, at night before retiring, with some of the following brillianine:—Perovase-line, 25 grams; eau de Cologne, 25 grams; nitrate of picrocaprine, one gram.

Some people who have dry hair contract the habit of wetting it every day, either with water or with an alcoholic lotion, in order to dress it better and give it a harmonious direction. I cannot sufficiently condemn this habit, which is hurtful from all standpoints. Not only does it produce neuralgia, but it rots the hair, predisposes it to fall out, and induces baldness.

It is for some reason—outside, however, of a disease of the scalp—your hair is growing weak, in order to strengthen it and make it return to its original state you will only have to rub it lightly twice a day with some of the following lotion:—Tincture of cinchona, thirty grams; old rum, one hundred and twenty grams; acetate of ammonia, twenty grams.

Is it necessary to cut the hair in order to give it more vigour and strength? Unless when suffering from a pernicious fever or from some serious disease of the scalp it is not at all necessary to cut the hair. One may, every three months, singe the ends from one half inch to one inch only—but no more. I said before that the scalp needed air—plenty of air. This constant air must be given, either by letting your hair hang down your back as long as possible or by brushing and combing it.



All Taken in One Day at Love's studio.

**LOVE'S STUDIO GUESSING COMPETITION.**

**How Many Boys, and How Many Girls?**

The original of this picture is marked, sealed, and locked in safe. The first four correct or nearest correct to original marking will receive the following prizes:—1st, 12 Cabinets and Framed Enlargement; 2nd, 12 Cabinets; 3rd, 8 Cabinets; 4th, 4 Cabinets. Prizes will be printed in Love's New Radium Process, Sepia, Platinotype, or P.D.P., as desired. Answers must be sent to—


**LOVE'S STUDIO,**

**Queen and Victoria Streets, Auckland,**

Marked "Competition," with Name and Address attached, stating number of boys and girls.

**COMPETITION WILL CLOSE 30th APRIL, 1904.**

**LATEST**  
**Straight**  
**Front**  
AND  
**NOUVELLE**  
**FORME**  
**Corsets**  
**P.D.**



**All Leading Drapers.**



**The Love That Does Not Last.**

**A WIFE'S DUTY. THE UNSATISFACTORY WEDDED COURTSHIP. FOOD AND THE MAN. HOW TO SUSTAIN MUTUAL LOVE. THE WEDDED VOWS.**

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" is a time-worn adage, but, alas, there are numbers of couples who marry at leisure and repent in haste. And more particularly is this the case where a girl makes the halcyon days of courtship a long holiday for pleasure and amusement, instead of a preparation time for the wedded life to come.

For however free those treasured holiday hours may be, they are weighted with most sacred responsibilities, and these neglected mean that by-and-by sorrow and disappointment will cause love to fly from the home it was once so glad to enter. For a man's life, however great and real at the outset of an engagement, will not keep bright and undiminished in wedded oneness if the wife of his ideals fall in her duty or her love.

The lover will find excuses in his heart for every shortcoming of his sweetheart, but the husband expects no shortcomings in the wife, and will not overlook them either. Thus it is that the girl who would preserve her husband's love inviolate must prepare herself in courtship days for the duties of a wife. And surely this is no hardship, for the task is far easier when surrounded by love's unwedded glamour, than when the commonplace of matrimony, linked to disillusion, have robbed life and love of all sentiment and romance.

A wedded courtship is unsatisfactory at best, for no woman save she who has tried it can realise how hard it is to win back a husband's love when, through her own deficiencies and carelessness, it has grown dim almost to extinction. Browning understood something akin to her difficulty when he wrote:

"The little more, and how much it is,  
The little less, and what miles away!"

But the girl who finds her husband's love does not last under the strain of her own incompetence must not altogether blame the man. She should remember that the bachelor and the benedict are two very distinct beings. The former may appear the most indifferent home bird the wide world o'er, but once he is married, his home becomes the centre of his ideals, the pivot on which his world revolves, and anything that kills his illusions, kills also the love that was the very foundation of that home.

"Feed the brute," was the favourite adage quoted by our forebears to prospective brides; though there is a good deal of truth in its precepts, food however well cooked, will not keep a man in a good temper, and hold him still the lover, unless every other detail of his home be in keeping with its ordinary arrangements. The best dinner, served on a tumbled cloth, with unpolished silver and glasses, becomes as unappetising as the worst menu could ever be, for it is the little etceteras of refinement which, though they cost so little, mean so much, to the tired breadwinner when the day's toil is over.

A man wants a pretty home, a home every detail of which betrays the presence of a woman's loving fingers. Servants are all very well and most useful, but they cannot be expected to take the same interest in the house as the wife who owns it. The touch of love is lacking, and this is noticed by the husband, however neat and trim the place may seem.

So for the love that does not last is the young wife often responsible, as also the husband who, when the glamour wears off their wedded home, finds the girl he loved does not seem to love him as she did in those bygone days of courtship. Let him question if his own conduct is still that of the lover or whether his neglect of and indifference to his wife and home have not made her regret the presence of his fettering ring upon her finger.

A woman's love, equally with a man's, needs sustaining, and the girl who finds her efforts at keeping a loving home are not appreciated, soon wearies of her work, and in weariness love slowly but surely dies. The man who finds the club

and other outside amusements more attractive than his home, must not wonder when his wife's love does not last, for her illusions amid the days that were to be, have ended in pain and disappointment, and all life's fair promises have vanished. For

"Love must be absolute love,  
Faith in its fullness or naught."

if both husband and wife are to keep their wedded vows sacred against the odds of commonplaces that must inevitably assail them.

**Cupid in Lapland.**

When a young Laplander is in love with a girl he and she run a race. He is heavily handicapped, so that she may win if she chooses, and if she outrun him he cannot propose again. Of course she suffers herself to be overtaken if she cares for him; but the consent of her parents must be obtained before she can be married. The law of the land is very strict on this point, and in olden times the man was subject to capital punishment if he married without the consent of the girl's parents. After a Laplander has chosen a bride, he sends her a present of a girdle, a ring, and some brandy. He goes as far as the door of the hut, but remains outside until invited to enter, when a bumper of brandy is offered to the girl's father. If the latter drinks it, it is a sign that he consents to the marriage, and the lover then promises to make the girl a present of some clothes, and pays down a sum of money on the spot.

**Fun With Numbers.**

There is a whole hour of delightful nonsense in the new riddles found on the Arabic numerals—an hour of that nonsense which, according to the old verse, is now and then relished by the best of men. By using the full list the riddles may be made the nucleus of a very attractive evening sociable. Young people, particularly those who are still working in the various branches of mathematics, are sure to be charmed with this extraordinary form of arithmetic. And older members of society when school days are long passed will enter into the problems with equal zest.

The iden of school days might be carried out picturesquely on the evening of the party, presenting to each player an old fashioned school slate, with pencil, sponge and rag. The questions are written on the upper half of the slate in a clear, distinct hand. The lower portion is left for the answers.

Prizes could be laughable affairs suggestive of early school days, such as books of a very juvenile character. The booby might take the form of a fool-cap rendered brilliant with gold and silver paper. The booby winner should be obliged to wear this during the remainder of the evening.

Here are a baker's dozen of the questions to show the working plan. Those given here can be used as they stand, or added to, according to the discretion of the hostess.

What number becomes even by subtracting one?—**S—even.**

By subtracting two?—**El—even.**

What number by subtracting one belongs to us?—**F—our.**

What number by adding one becomes heavy?—**W—eight.**

What number is finished by adding one?—**One. D—one.**

What number becomes frequent by adding two?—**Ten. Of—ten.**

What number by subtracting one becomes a stronghold?—**Fort y.**

What number by the addition of one stands alone?—**One. L—one.**

What number by subtracting two is gone?—**T—went—y.**

What number becomes fourteen pounds by adding two?—**One. St—one.**

What number reversed becomes clean profit?—**Ten. Net.**


What number by adding three becomes foolish?—**Nine. As—nine.**

What number remains the same after subtracting one?—**Two. Two.**

**How the French Girl Holds Her Skirt.**

"Inherent grace is no greater in French girls than in English girls," said a lady authoritatively. "But in the dainty art of carrying their skirts in their hands while taking the air of the boulevards, French girls are incomparably superior to their English cousins. The secret is that the French maid's petticoat is made to clear the ground, while the English girl's drop skirt is as long as the outer garment. The English girl must lift both skirts to prevent their trailing in the dirt of the streets. She grasps a great bundle of unwieldy cloth, so heavy and clumsy that almost invariably she pulls it around in a way that plays havoc with the effectiveness of her gown. The French demoiselle has only the outer skirt to care for."

# WB ERECT FORM CORSETS



Weingarten Bros.' **W. B.**

American - - -  
LEADING CORSETS

These are specially recommended by the leading Physicians. They reduce the abdomen without pressure, and give a beautiful curve to the back.

Is the ONE Corset made that has a Special Model for every build of woman.  
FROM 5/6 UP.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For Sale by Leading Drapers

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

We are all occupied with thoughts of new autumn clothes, and there now seems no doubt that the best models will be less exaggerated as the season advances.

In the tailoring world we still avoid the outre modes, and the jupe trottouse always looks best when very full and raised slightly at the back by a tiny pad. The new pelerines with the costume tailleur are very pretty. They have cape sleeves and loose fronts, but the back fits tightly into a swathed band with a fancy buckle.

Truly do hands play an important part in every costume we wear. The toilette de reception and the house frock are quite charming in the new makes of light velvet or panne.

Corsages are simple, with draperies arranged in the most becoming lines, often edged with silken fringe.

Gaugings and pleatings are so much used, and the pretty, round effect at the waist is as necessary as the fulness at the feet.

But to return to the costume tailleur. With the coat and skirt the most charming little skirts are worn, nearly always in white batiste, showing a great deal of stitchery worthy of the finest lingerie.

Collars are getting higher and higher, and the neat little bow and cravat have become a feature.

Fanciful buttons appear on the tailor-made costumes, but the best firms are using them with discrimination, and I think, as the season advances, only very beautiful specimens will be used.

Many of the coats show collars in Oriental embroideries, very bright colours being used, such as scarlets, greens and royal blues on light grounds, finished with silk braids, cords, tassels and fringes.

Indian red is a favourite colour with the tailors, whereas wine colour is seen more in the sumptuous fabrics such as chiffon-velours, peau de soie, etc.

The hats which accompany these toilettes are for the most part of the long furban shape, pointed in front, with a sweeping coque's feather or plume going across the crown and down the back. There is a great deal of white worn both in felt and beaver, the long and short haired makes being equally popular. Cloths, too, are used for hats, and these are charming when adorned with a few small buttons.

Birds still appear on headgear, but I think their day will soon be over, though some beautiful models are covered with white wings.

## DOUBLE SHOULDER CAPE.

Double shoulder-capes are having considerable innings at the present moment. They give breadth and smarten a dowdy figure up considerably. In my sketch these shoulder-capes are introduced on a gown of brown heather tweed, piped round all edges with brown velvet, and opening over a vest of brown velvet with white spots. In this sketch I show, too, the new veil, which is run on a tiny ribbon, tied round the base of the crown, and then thrown easily and carelessly

back over the hat, to fall as it listeth. Coloured gauze with velvet spots is generally chosen for these veils.



DOUBLE SHOULDER CAPE.



DRESSES WORN AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

SMART OUTDOOR TOILETTE.

My illustration deals with a smart and useful outdoor toilette of dark red tweed, trimmed with cream cloth, embroidered with black braid. The double cape has a collar, shoulder-piece, and stole ends of the cream cloth; while straps of the same go down each seam to within a foot of the hem, where it is mitred, and the skirt spreads in four loose pleats. This is a favourite way just now of dealing with the skirt question. The short skirt is quite an accepted fact for all outdoor wear, and what a comfort it is, to be sure, to get about briskly without clutching desperately at several yards of material, which elusively dips into dust and mud while one is wrestling with a handbag, purse, parcel or what not! Nothing more disadvantageous could well be invented than the long skirt for outdoor wear; many a purse has been lost in efforts to grapple with its elusive folds by the pocketless woman; and gloves have been a ruinous item through the constant wear and tear of the holding-up. The short skirt now is made to stand out well all round the hem, and is stiffened sufficiently to keep it in place.



SMART OUTDOOR TOILETTE.



DES TOILETTES PARISIENNES.  
An elegant gown of black net with lace applique.



A CHARMING EVENING GOWN AND WRAP.



A NOVEL BLOUSE.

This blouse is of pale blue crepe de chine, gathered from a yoke. The entire yoke is of chiffon, with linings of ribbon covering it, the same idea being carried out in the sleeves.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture. "The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light." Sufferers from Scrofula, Neurveys, 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. Bold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

**TAILOR-MADE** Our Own Manufacture.  
Ready for **OVERCOATS.**  
Immediate Wear.



This Style, £3 3s. To Measure, 10s extra.  
All Sizes, Styles, and Colourings.

**Important Notice.**  
We have much pleasure in announcing to our lady customers that we shall in future always stock an assortment of Ladies' Overcoats, Jackets, and Wraps of our own manufacture, and ready for immediate wear. These will be made out of the finest materials only, and the finish will be in every way equal to our made-to-order goods. INSPECTOR TREVILLAN.

**A. WOOLLAMS & CO., LADIES' TAILORS**  
Queen Street, AUCKLAND.



A WIRELESS MESSAGE.

They were standing at the front door, and he had just said good-night for the seventeenth consecutive time, when a gruff voice was wafted down from the head of the stairs.

"Going home, young man?" queried the party behind the aforesaid voice.

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the love-lorn youth in the good night scene.

"All-right," said the gruff voice; "I wish you would stop and tell the butcher to send us up some lamb chops for lunch. Good-morning."

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE

She (angrily): What! all your money gone? Been betting on racehorses, I suppose?"

He (dejectedly): Not on what pretended to be racehorses.

WHY!

Cashleigh: "A dog is a man's best friend, because he never forsakes him."

Harduppe: "That's right. A man cannot borrow money from a dog."

A HUSBAND'S TROUBLE.

Bramble: "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself while your wife is away. Doesn't liberty agree with you?"

Thorne: "What is liberty without money? It costs all I can scrape together to keep my wife at the seashore."

HE RECOGNISED THE ANIMAL.

"Now, children," said the school teacher, "I should like to see how much you remember about the animal kingdom, and the domestic animals which belong to it. Now, what are they?"

There were various replies, specifying the cat, the dog, the cow, and others, but nobody seemed to think of the pig. Then came Tommy Traddles's turn, and the good-natured teacher determined to give him a hint as to the reply she required.

"We've had them nearly all, except one, Tommy," she prompted. "Can't you tell me what that one is? It has bristly hair, is fond of dirt, and loves to get among mud. Now, just think. Can't you tell me what it is?"

"Yes, teacher," said Tommy hesitatingly. "Its me!"

SUGGESTING BUSINESS.

"I want my photograph taken," said the man, as he shuffled into the studio.

"Certainly, sir," said the knight of the camera, as he sat the victim down in a chair and commenced posing him gracefully.

"Would you like a carte or a cabinet?"

The prospective customer glanced at a full-length picture of a small child in a hayfield and wriggled uneasily.

"It doesn't matter much whether there's a cart or a cab in it," he answered; "but if you could manage to put a railway-truck in it I should like it. I am a railway porter."

THE IRISH OF IT.

An English landowner out unusually early one morning for a walk on his estate, in turning a corner came suddenly upon an Irishman whom he knew as an inveterate poacher. This is the conversation that took place between them:

"Good morning, Pat."

"Good mornin', yer haner. An' phwat brings yer haner out so airly this mornin'?"

"I'm just walking around, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Och, be jabbers, O'm' jest walkin' around to see if Oi can't git a breakfast for me appetite."

WANTED TO SAVE HER.

Mr. Slimpursue: "But why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not like? You married for love, didn't you?"

Mrs. Slimpursue: "Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder."

PRaise AT LAST.

He: "But what reason have you for refusing to marry me?"

She: "Fapa objects. He says you are an actor."

He: "Give my regards to the old boy and tell him I'm sorry he isn't a newspaper critic."

OFF THE LINE.

"We were bounding along," said a recent traveller on a Kaipara single-line railway, "at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and the whole train was shaking terribly. I expected every moment to see my bones protruding through my skin. Passengers were falling from one end of the car to the other. I held on firmly to the arms of the seat. Presently we settled down a bit quieter; at least, I could keep my hat on, and my teeth didn't chatter."

"There was a quiet looking man opposite me. I looked up with a ghastly smile, wishing to appear cheerful, and said:

"We are going a bit smoother, I see."

"Yes," he said, "we're off the line now."

She: "Do you remember when we used to go round looking for sequestered spots?"

He: "Yes; I wanted one last night."

"What?"

"I mean cards, dear; but there wasn't one in the pack."



WITH THE SAME TACTICS.

The Irate Lady: "You miserable blackguards! You kept me awake all night with your roystering."

Mynheer Von Boozevant: "That's mighty strange, egad! We put five of our companions to sleep."

NEXT BEST!

Sporting Editor: "Our best football reporter is ill, and can't report the big game."

Managing Editor: "Never mind; we'll send the war correspondent."

Harold: "Ya-as, I went to the reception with a boil on the back of my neck."

Percy: "And what did your friends think of you?"

Harold: "All jealous, dead boy. It was the sweetest thing there."

THE HUSSY!

Excited lady (at the telephone): "I want my husband, please, at once."

Telephone girl (from the Exchange): "Number, please?"

Excited lady (snappishly): "How many do you think I've got, you impudent thing?"

Bessie: "Let's play we're married."

Johnny: "No, I sha'n't; you're bigger'n me. And, besides, mamma told me I mustn't fight."

A FIX.

"Look here, Mr. Editor," exclaimed an irate caller, "you referred to me yesterday as a reformed drunkard. You must apologise, or I'll sue your paper for libel."

"Very well, sir," replied the editor. "I'll retract the statement cheerfully. I'll say you haven't reformed."

VALUABLES.

"Don't you think we had better get a safety deposit box for our valuables?" asked the prudent Mrs. Bliggins.

"What's the use? They don't make any safety deposit boxes big enough to hold a ton of coal."

ONLY CHANCE.

"I have written dozens of articles and never had one accepted," sighed the discouraged author.

"Write something on vaccination," advised the bosom friend.

"Vaccination?"

"Yes; it might take."

THE SLIDING SCALE.

Country Lady: "Mr. Haysseed, I shall send my nurse-girl to you for milk every morning. How much do you charge a quart?"

Farmer: "Fourpence."

Country Lady: "You must give her good pure milk."

Farmer: "That'll be sixpence."

Country Lady: "And I should like my girl to be present at the milking."

Farmer: "Lemme see—I'll hev ter charge a shillin' a quart for that."

Mrs. Casey: "Yistiddy Mrs. Malony's old man pransited her wid a silver tuppot."

Mrs. Murphy: "Solid?"

Mrs. Casey: "Sure, yez be jokin'. How could she put tay in it if it was solid?"



GREAT LUCK.

Sportsman: "No, I haven't had any luck yet." "Yes, you have. You missed my cow about ten minutes ago."