

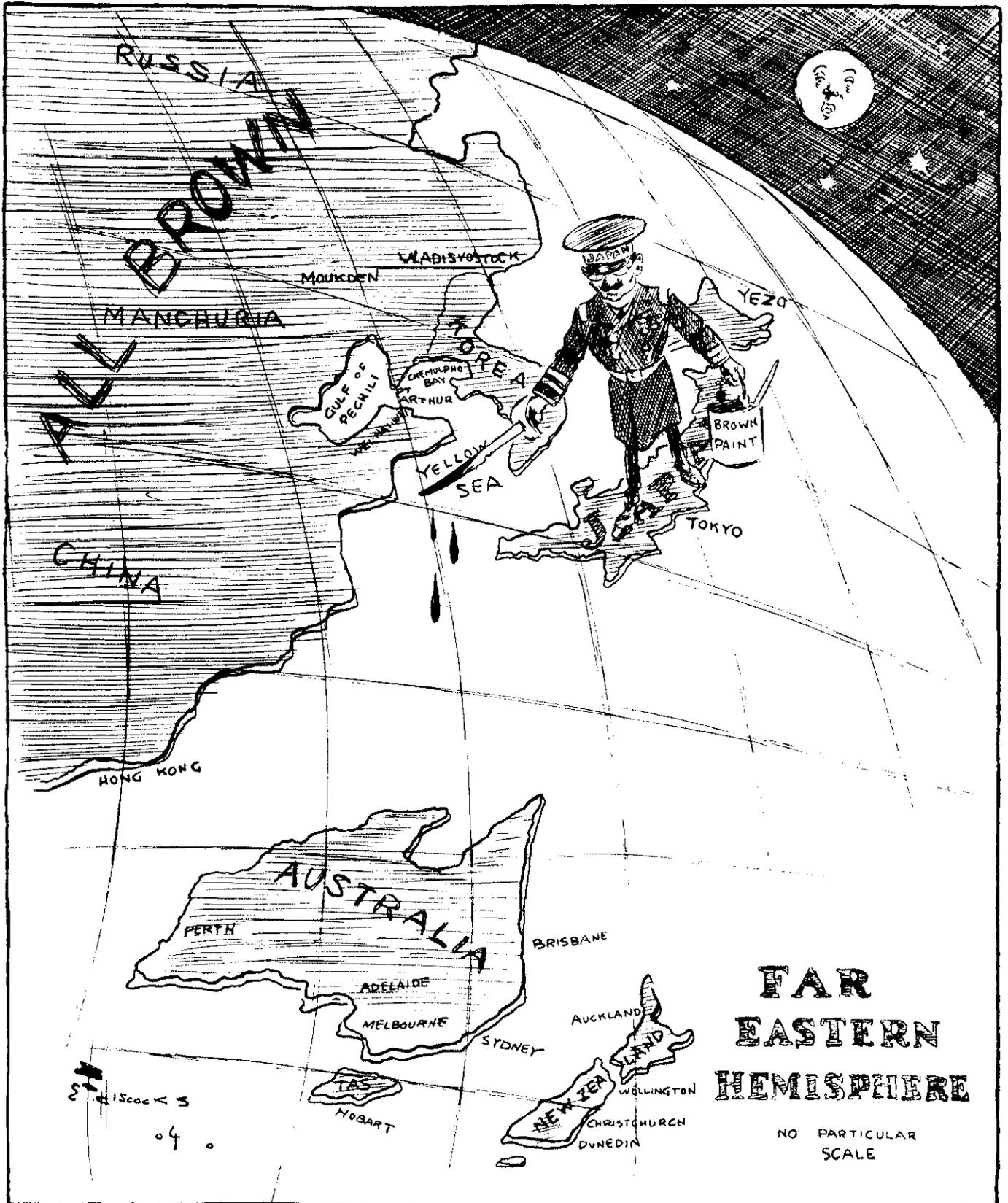
The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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PAINTING THE WORLD BROWN.

WILL OUR TURN COME?

People Talked About

King Edward's Household.

By half-past 6 o'clock every morning a subdued hum may be heard in every part of the Royal residence (says "Casell's Saturday Journal"). In corridor, breakfastroom, lift, personal apartment, bathroom, and what not, there is work to do, and the trained servants of the establishment pursue their tasks in busy silence. To each is allotted a specific duty, and the watchwords of the household are precision and fidelity. As the light grows stronger, the table deckers enter the breakfastroom and prepare for the company who will presently assemble. In the morning Household and guests alike observe the traditions of Liberty Hall; but the kitchen staff must be at hand to serve up an early meal to those whose work begins betimes.

The busiest hour of the day in the Royal mews is often that which follows upon the early breakfast to which the grooms and stablemen sit down before going to the coachhouses and stables. A general idea is formed from the list of guests and the known movements of the Royal family as to what horses will be needed during the day, and where necessary they are taken out into the park for an early canter. Some gentlemen of the Court are assiduous members of the liver brigade, and telephone to the mews overnight to have a hack ready for them at half-past 7 or so. After a heavy day's work in the height

of the season, with endless visits to railway stations, and drives about the town to the play or to dinner, the carriages require a lot of attention, and the harness must always be in readiness for instant use as soon as the occupants of the palace are astir.

No less activity is displayed at the Royal gardens and in the dairy. There are early fruits to gather, fresh milk to be delivered, flowers to cut for the tables, salads to prepare. When the Court is at Buckingham Palace supplies are sent up by an early train from Frogmore, and even when their Majesties are at Windsor this work has to be done in the early morning just the same.

The first post is delivered by a special officer as soon as the Postal Department is at work. The task of sorting out the correspondence for the many different classes of people in the palace is a laborious one, and the personal attendants are entrusted with the duty of conveying the early post to the apartments of their immediate chiefs. Before the King has had his bath the private secretary has made a special pile of letters addressed to His Majesty in person, and has familiarised himself with the contents of the missives which fall within his province. The huge stack of newspapers which are furnished for the Royal family and the Court are got ready, either for the business rooms, the library, or the per-

sonal apartments of those who subscribe for their own copies.

All this time the personal attendants upon their Majesties have been hard at work making ready for their first summons to the Royal presence. The King's confidential man has laid out the clothes required for the first hour or two of the day, has put the cigarettes within reach, looked to the fire in the dressingroom, and cleared away the raiment of the night before. The Queen's dresser has discharged kindred duties in her own sphere, and is ready at the proper moment to arouse her mistress, or to await the tinkling of the bell, which announces that Her Majesty is awake.

At half-past 8—sometimes earlier—a round of toast and a cup of tea are brought to the King, and he becomes immersed at once in the duties of the day. Perhaps the equerry is summoned, and a few necessary orders given; perhaps the private secretary is required to make a report upon a matter of immediate interest. Half an hour later the Queen's early breakfast is brought to her, and an hour afterwards their Majesties assemble for the more substantial déjeuner, whereat fish from the early market, crisp rolls baked in the morning oven, and eggs of the newest are displayed temptingly upon the table, and the labours of sovereignty begin in earnest.



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. REGINALD TALBOT, C.B., A.D.C.
New State Governor for Victoria.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.



GRANDCHILDREN OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Who's Who on the Stage

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AND MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Many actresses are hard-worked, but no woman I ever met could rival Mrs. Patrick Campbell in industry.

Rising early, she finds a great batch of letters on her breakfast-table.

Here is an invitation from a Cabinet Minister's wife, an entreaty from a great painter—perhaps that she should lunch at his house to meet half a dozen "really charming people, my dear lady." Dozens of missives from tradesmen asking her patronage of their wares; letters, too, craving her charity, her photograph, autograph—what not?

To all her work she attends herself. Yes, Mrs. Pat, is an example of what a woman can attain when she sets her mind to it. Fighting against the odds of delicate health and of the unwillingness of an English public to accept an actress-manageress, she has yet made her way. Of marked individuality, she is in private life an anomaly. Her poetic sense, her "temperament" are undeniable; yet, allied with these, she is possessed of the shrewd common-sense and capacity of a business woman; knows her public, gauges its strength and weaknesses, and knows when to defy or flatter it.

At home, in her charming old white-panelled house in Kensington Square, Mrs. Campbell is seen at her best.

She is a perfect hostess, and, entertaining some of the brightest spirits of the day, understands just how to make everybody talk and feel happy in her presence. The strain of Italian blood gives her gaiety and enthusiasm, and of English *mauvaise honte* she knows nothing.

In her home are everywhere evidences of her taste. Burne-Jones, Morris, Sargent, and Watts have painted pictures for her, and Sarah Bernhardt executed a piece of statuary. The little drawing-room, dim with dark-coloured draperies and wall-hangings, is crammed full of objets d'art.

Among her friends she numbers Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, Mr. Balfour, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Asquith, Mr. George Wyndham and his gracious wife Lady Grosvenor, and many other delightful people.

Her only son, "Boo," is doing capably in the navy, whilst her daughter, Stella, is still working hard at school.

"Mrs. Pat" has many talents, and even greater than her gift of acting is her taste for music. When still a young girl she won the Mendelssohn-scholarship at the Guildhall School. She has wit, too, and perspicuity. Mr. Pinero has said of her that she is the most interesting woman of her day.

MRS. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

"Happy the manager whose wife does not want to act the leading part at his theatre!" exclaimed a dramatic critic whose word is law to his countless disciples. When he gave utterance to this sentiment he was thinking of Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, and of the invaluable help which she renders by confining her attention to the dressing of other folks to appear on his stage; and he was right, as anybody who knows the enormous work entailed by an important production will readily admit.

To have everything that concerns the costumes and the furniture in the trust-worthy care of a tasteful and energetic wife must indeed be a relief.

Fortunately for the general peace, since "the artistic temperament" is not overburdened with good temper, Mrs. Alexander has tact as well as perception, so all goes smoothly and the result is delightful for the St. James' audience.

The management of that theatre, by the way, professes some amount of faith in the luck-bringing properties of a black cat, according in consequence in honourable position to a particularly fine specimen of the race.

The London home of "Mrs. Alick," as her friends call her, is in Pont street, pleasantly situated back behind a garden enclosure which keeps the traffic at a respectful distance; but week-ends and any such welcome little holidays are

spent at a pretty cottage near Chorley Wood, that easily attainable paradise of busy Londoners with a passion for golf, where the refreshing air is pronounced "worth a guinea a breath."

The Japanese Minister.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister at the Court of St. James', has been very much to the front of late, though few know anything of his personality, says a Home paper. Of medium height, and dressed in faultless English style, one would hardly take him for a Japanese. If you met him in the street and inquired your way, that would hardly assist you, for the Japanese Minister's English is perfect. No ambassador is more amiable, though if you expected him to talk on the controversy in the Far East you would probably find him exceedingly reticent. Nevertheless, he is a very popular figure in society, and much sought after. He is decidedly a man of the world. He has travelled extensively, having twice visited the United States. Before he took up his abode in London he held the important post of Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg. He has travelled all over that great empire, and probably knows more about Russia and her ways than any man in London. He has a very high regard for the Czar, whom he has met several times.

Mr. Gregan McMahon.

Mr. Gregan McMahon, of the Hawtrey Comedy Co., is, besides being a promising "character" comedian, a graduate and honour man of Sydney University, who threw up a prospective legal career for the stage, and was fortunate enough to receive his earliest training at the hands of Robert Brough. Returning to Sydney from a foreign tour with the Broughs, Mr. McMahon was re-

engaged by the same management, but subsequently was passed over to William F. Hawtrey. He had his first large opportunity as Horace Parker in "A Message from Mars"; made a success of it, and has since been busy establishing himself as a cultured and versatile comedian.

Wanganui Collegiate Schoolboys' Dinner in London.

A highly successful dinner was held at the Trocadero Restaurant recently, when the old boys of the above school met to do honour to the headmaster, Mr. W. Eupson, who is just about to return to New Zealand, after a month's stay in this country. The proceedings were marked by the greatest enthusiasm, the climax being reached when the toast of the guest of the evening was drunk, with musical honours, a very striking proof being given of the high esteem in which Mr. Eupson is held by his former pupils. The dinner, which was confined to old boys and ex-masters of the school, afforded an excellent opportunity for the renewal of many old friendships, and was thoroughly representative of the colony, those present hailing from every quarter of New Zealand. During the evening a musical programme was gone through, and shortly before twelve the proceedings terminated with the singing of God Save the King and "Auld Lang Syne."

The dinner, which is to become an annual one, was attended by the following: Mr. G. G. Russell (in the chair), Sir Kenneth Douglas, Bart., Rev. W. P. Besley, Messrs E. Bowden Smith, A. W. Harvey, J. Whiteman, M. Bethell, W. T. Ritchie, J. S. M. Ritchie, N. Gavin, H. D. Gillies, J. Allen, N. Whyte, B. Whyte, W. Fancourt, M. Earle, M. Spurdle, W. T. Collins, H. H. Enderby, J. Nairn, P. D. Russell, W. B. Martin, G. H. Dice, H. N. Coleman, F. B. Logan, R. W. Williams, H. Christie, J. Borsale and T. H. Thatcher.



WANGANUI COLLEGIATE SCHOOL BOYS' DINNER IN LONDON.



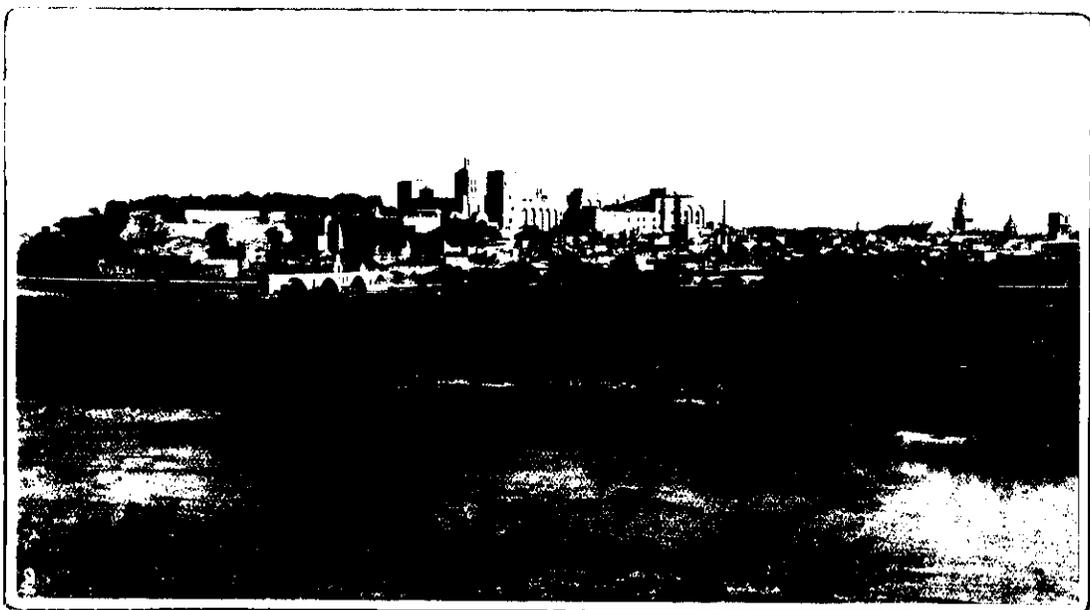
A POST SLEDGE IN THE GENEVA DISTRICT.



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.



DISTANT VIEW OF AVIGNON, AN OLD SOUTH OF FRANCE TOWN.

“ROUND THE WORLD” PICTURES.

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

PARTICULARS OF THE BATHS.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF ROTORUA are beneficial in a very large number of cases of Chronic and Subacute Disease; more especially in cases of Chronic Rheumatism and in Convalescence from Acute Rheumatism, in Gout, in Rheumatoid Arthritis, and in such local manifestations as Sciatica and Lumbago, in Peripheral Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when not of central origin, in Neurasthenia, and in certain cases of Hysteria, and in certain Urinary complaints; in many diseases due to failure of excretory organs such as the Liver or Kidneys, and in many skin diseases.

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

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

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

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

THE SULPHUR VAPOUR BATH. This is a natural hot vapour, highly charged with sulphur 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 or the whole of the body is immersed in hot mineral mud. These baths are especially useful in cases of stiff joints and localised pain.

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

THE DUTCHESS 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 Dutchess. In addition to the Dutchess 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 Rachel Spring.

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

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters are obtainable at Rotorua.

THE GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM

The charge for admission to the Government Sanatorium at Rotorua is 20s per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. Owing to the accommodation being limited, and the great demand for beds, intending patients are advised to secure accommodation in advance. Patients recommended by Hospital or Charitable Aid Boards and members of duly registered Friendly Societies are admitted at 2s 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, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Eng.**, is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by **WILLIAM R. CRAIG, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.)**. Either of these medical officers may be consulted at the Sanatorium, or will, on request, attend at visitors' residences.

TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

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

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This fine lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest clad mountains, is accessible from Wairoa (Hinze's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Wairoa. From Wairoa a coach leaves for Waikaremoana 35-weekly at 7 a.m., arriving at the lake the same evening. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well equipped house, established recently by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana, for the accommodation of tourists. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely little neighbouring lake of Waikareiti. Oil launch and rowing boats are available for the use of visitors at moderate charges.

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

HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

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

SOUTHERN ALPS. MOUNT COOK.

The Hermitage Hotel (under the control of the Tourist Department) is situated near Mount Cook (12,349 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (2306 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 3100 feet and 5700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted at the Hermitage Hotel.

LAKE WAKATIPU.

The Southern Lakes are unsurpassed for the grandeur of their surroundings. Wakatipu is the most easily accessible. Queenstown, on the shores of this lake, is reached in one day from Invercargill or Dunedin, by train to Kingston, thence by Government steamer 25 miles. From Queenstown the Government Steamers run to the head of the lake, past scenes of majestic beauty. Meats are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mount Earnshaw (2540 feet), Paradise, the Routeburn, Rete Lake, and other places of remarkable scenic charm. Comfortable hotels in the district.

LAKE TE ANAU AND MILFORD SOUND.

The overland route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is one of the finest scenic tracks known. Te Anau is reached from Dunedin and Invercargill by train and coach. The coach journey from Invercargill to Te Anau is 50 miles. Thence a coach journey of 52 miles lands the traveller on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 28 miles long) is Glade House, available for the accommodation of visitors; here a guide is obtained for the excellent Alpine trip. There are huts at convenient distances on the road to the Sutherland Falls, the highest in the world (3900 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. 1, 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.O.M.G.

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

Cable Address: "MAORILAND."

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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

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➤ A RACE WITH RUIN. ➤

By HEADON HILL.

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WILL THERE BE TIME?

Disappointed, though not surprised, at finding the window of her new prison guarded from the path below, Nance strained her ears to catch the conversation that was going on. Failing to overhear a single word, she sat down and waited. Brunnagem Jen and Ted the Pounder, she told herself, were not the sort of "hardy annuals" to remain watching in the open air all night. Something would happen before then.

Something did happen, of which we already have cognizance. The glow in the southern sky from the rocket suddenly illumined the room, and she caught a glimpse of the streak of fire as it sank behind the tree-tops. Only a faint echo of the commotion produced in the dining-room below reached her, but it was enough to show that the rocket had some sort of significance for her captors.

Then silence supervened, and she ventured to look from the window to see if the pugilists were still on the path below. They were not, but a broad band of light shooting from the French window on the ground floor showed up in clear relief the boots of some one sitting just within the room. Escape by means of the sturdy ivy stems was not yet practicable. It would be impossible to reach the ground without incurring the observation of the unseen man underneath.

Despair was claiming her again when a strange noise, or, rather, succession of noises, at the door of the room drew her attention. First there was the scraping of the key as it turned in the lock, presumably unlocking the door, as it had been previously locked. Then followed the turning of the handle in an attempt to enter the room, which was futile, because she had shot the inner bolts. After that the faint drumming of fingers on the panels reached her, probably a request for admission. And, finally, when she met all these advances with absolute silence, the patter of receding footsteps on the landing was distinctly heard.

Ignorant as to who her unknown visitor could be, Nance was congratulating herself on having had the power of keeping him or her from entering, when a novel sound from a fresh direction filled her with a vague thrill of impending change. It was the rumble of carriage wheels from the side of the house, and, running to the window, she was just in time to catch a glimpse of the brougham lamps as the vehicle turned into the drive from the stable-yard.

Could it be that her enemies had evacuated the citadel?

A glance downwards at the protruding boots showed that one at least had been left behind, but, encouraged by the hope that at least the garrison had been weakened, Nance ventured to solve the mystery of the door. Cautiously drawing the bolts, she found that in truth the door had been unlocked, and that she was no longer confined to one room.

Half fearful that it might be a trap to lure her to unknown perils, she ran back and procured her hat and stole down the unlighted stairs. The hall also was in darkness, but she shuddered as through the open door of the lamp-lit dining-room she caught sight of the broad back of Houdigan seated at one of the windows. Avoiding the front door, which would have brought her within range of his vision, she groped her way through dark and mouldy passages to a tradesman's entrance in the long-disused servants' quarters. The

door, which was the one by which Mother Fury and her companions had beaten a retreat, stood open, and, with a sob of thankfulness, Nance found herself a free woman.

Fearful of surprises, she made her way along the tortuous, overhung drive, and turned into the lane through the iron gates just five minutes before Tidmarsh, and six before Inspector Croal turned out of it. She did not meet them, since they both came from the opposite direction to that towards which she set her face.

For her first thought, now that she had fluttered from the snare, was whether there would be time to warn the people at the training-stable of the scheme for removing Starlight. Nance was a country-bred girl, be it remembered, and having learned the locality of the Rook's Nest from Moses Cohen, she knew that she was five miles from Epsom—a distance which she could cover in an hour on foot, and in less if she could strike the railway and pick up a train.

The dying glow of the sunset in the western sky gave her the points of the compass, and with that knowledge to guide her she took a southerly direction, and by luck hit on the main road which brought her to Sutton. At the station she found that a train was due for Epsom Downs in ten minutes, and, rejoicing that her money had not been taken from her, she bought a ticket.

In her impatience it seemed ages before the engine lights swung into view, and the moment the train came to a standstill she had hold of a carriage door and leaped in. She had no sooner sank into a seat than the window of the next compartment—a first-class one—was let down, and an authoritative voice called:

"Skinner! Where the deuce are you, Skinner?"

Nance shrank further into her corner. The voice was the voice of her arch-persecutor, Mr. Leopold Tannadyce.

"Confound the beggar! he's missed it somehow, and he promised to meet us here and act as guide," continued the moneylender in his affected drawl. "We shall have to find the stables without him, Bremner. I am glad I took the precaution of coming myself, when I remembered that you had been the girl's landlord. I'll see that you don't play hanky-panky."

Nance heard no more, for the train started on again, and the window was pulled up with a bang. The few words she had heard set her heart beating fast. At any rate, she was not as yet too late. If she could give the party the slip at the station, she should reach the training stables first by a short time, for she had the advantage of knowing exactly where they were, which did not seem to be the case with the others.

After a short run the train stopped at Belmont Station, and the window of the next compartment was lowered again.

"No; he doesn't seem to be here, sir," said a voice, which Nance recognised as Frank Bremner's.

"Well, keep your head out till the train starts," responded the fainter tones of Tannadyce. "He might come up at the last moment."

Nance, with all her faculties alert, realised at once that the moneylender was still expecting the person he had called Skinner to join the party, and had delegated the lawyer's clerk to look out for him. In a second she had decided on a bold course and taken it. She put her head out of the carriage window and, reaching over, touched Bremner on the arm, at the same time imploring his si-

lence by a gesture. It was a necessary precaution for Bremner started as though he had seen an apparition.

The guard was already waving his hand to the engine-driver; there was not a moment to spare. "Delay your arrival at the stables as long as possible, but when you get there act entirely on your instructions," she whispered. "Then all will be well."

The train moved on again before Nance could gather whether Bremner in his amazement had fully understood. But she decided to act on the supposition that he had done so and would fall in with her wishes. There was now but one station (Banstead) before the terminus of the branch to Epsom Downs was reached, and her plan was to leave the railway at the former, which was but a few hundred yards further from Barron's stables, and make up for the increased distance by running. By this means she would lessen the probability of being seen by Tannadyce on quitting the train, and if Bremner helped her in the way indicated she ought to arrive at the stables with a little time in hand.

She had hardly matured her programme when the train ran into Banstead Station, and, stepping lightly on to the platform, Nance darted through the booking-office and out into the road. With a prayer on her lips that she might not have been seen from the first-class compartment, she headed straight for the stables, and ran as she had never run in her life before. Her knowledge of the classic Downs, gained in happier days, stood her in good stead, and in something under twenty minutes she was at the great gates of the stable yard.

It was pitch dark now, but a gas lamp on one of the buildings shed a feeble gleam on the range of stabling and on the trainer's house beyond. The girl's hand was on the iron bell-pull, when two men came out of the stable nearest the gate. One of them remained to lock the stable door, but the other commenced to walk towards the house.

"You've quite made up your mind, then, Sir Charles? I can't persuade you to reconsider it?" said the man with the key.

"No; I've said the last word," returned the other. "I shall put the pen through the colt's name in the morning. It would seem to me sheer heartlessness to run a horse when I am in such ter-

rible doubt and uncertainty about the lady who is my affianced wife."

"It is simply chucking away a fortune—flying slap in the face of Providence," persisted the first speaker.

"I can't help that, Barron, sorry as I am to disappoint you and the colt's other backers. I should never forgive myself if I won a triumph which my darling had died to secure for me. As I have been telling you this evening, it is my belief that she is in a grave peril, if she is still alive, at the instance of the scoundrels whose interest it was to prevent my winning this race."

With which Sir Charles Roylance, who had halted to answer the appeal, turned and continued his way to the house, leaving the trainer to follow when he had secured the stable door.

Nance's eyes filled with tears at this signal evidence of her lover's devotion. All through those three miserable days she had been wondering how her strange disappearance would affect him, but that he should forego his chance of rehabilitating his fortunes because he feared for her safety thrilled her with the proud conviction that "Charley" was true.

Changing her mind about ringing the bell, she called softly through the bars of the gate to the trainer, who came suspiciously forward. Visitors to the stable at ten o'clock at night were an unheard of anomaly in the traditions of the establishment.

"For heaven's sake let me in at once, Mr. Barron," said Nance. "I am Miss Beauchamp—you saw me on the Downs once with Sir Charles, you know. Some people will be here in a few minutes to remove Starlight from your care under legal restraint."

Tom Barron would not have been the great trainer he was if he had not possessed presence of mind. Recognising the visitor as Sir Charles' companion on the eventful morning of the trial, he admitted her without a moment's hesitation.

"So they're going to distrain on Starlight. That's artful of them," he said, as he unlocked the gates.

"Yes, I knew it last Friday, and I should have warned you then if I hadn't been prevented," panted Nance.

"We were only speaking of you a minute back, Miss," said Barron respectfully. "I'm glad you've broken loose, and—"

"Never mind me—that'll keep," Nance interrupted him, and she broke into a

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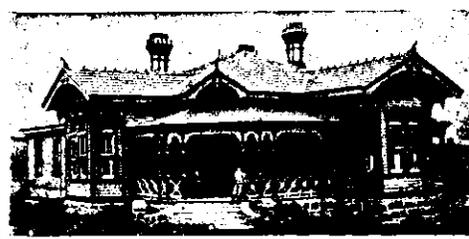
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concise narrative of the imminent catastrophe that was even now swooping down upon the stable. Barron listened in tense silence, but his snarled eyes twinkled as she finished.

"There was a talk of scratching the colt just now, but there won't be any need to do that if these sharks take him away from us, will there, Miss?" he said meaningly.

"I—I hope not. I have fought so hard for that horse, Mr. Barron," Nance faltered.

"I know you have," assented the trainer warmly. "Sir Charles, who is staying here to-night, has been telling me about it, but we mustn't stand here talking when we ought to be preparing to receive the representatives of the law. There is no time to explain matters to Sir Charles, so if you will kindly step this way I will find a snug hiding-place for you in the hay-loft while I ready Starlight for his journey. It wouldn't do for the plunderers to know that you had been here."

And Mr. Barron winked solemnly as he unlocked the stable again and passed in, followed by the bringer of the tidings.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TANNADYCE'S TRIUMPH.

In the meanwhile Sir Charles Roylance was pacing up and down in the trainer's parlour wondering why his host was so long in rejoining him. He looked years older than when he saw him last, the loss of his staunch little sweetheart having wrought a change in him which no financial troubles had ever been able to effect.

Inspector Croul had proved a broken reed. That officer's confident assurance of being able to trace Nance by keeping observation on Tannadyce had yielded no results, and for the past twenty-four hours the young baronet had seen nothing of his detective ally. In his despair he had come down to Epsom to tell his trainer that he had not the heart to run Starlight on the morrow, and he had accepted the offer of a bed which Tom had made in the straw-clutching hope of inducing his favourite patron to reconsider his decision.

It was a quarter of an hour before Barron came in with vague excuses for keeping his guest waiting excuses which were cut short as soon as begun by the sonorous clanging of the yard bell. He uttered an exclamation of annoyed surprise that any one should disturb the establishment so late.

"All the lads have gone to bed; I must go myself and see who it is," he said, leaving the room hurriedly.

In restless mood Sir Charles followed him to the house door and watched him cross the yard to the big gates, through which the figures of three men were dimly visible. The trainer had no sooner reached the gate than a heated altercation ensued, which tempted Sir Charles to stroll over to the group. On his nearing them Barron turned to him in a white heat of indignation.

"Here's a bit of cheek!" he spluttered. "Three d—d process-servers come to collar your colt Starlight under a judgment, they say."

"Oh, is that Sir Charles Roylance?" crackled the sharp metallic tones of one of those outside. "Good evening, Sir Charles. You'll have more sense than this firebrand, I expect. He hardly seems to realise the consequences of obstructing us. Be good enough to ask him to allow the law to take its course."

His enemy's voice came to Starlight's harassed owner like a gust of fresh air or a bracing tonic.

"Let them in, Tom," he said, with quiet scorn. "That is, when they have shown their authority. I wouldn't take that Jew's word for anything."

Showing his teeth in an ugly grin, but repressing a retort, Tannadyce bade Bremner and the sheriff's officer produce the necessary documents. The latter were in undoubted order, and, having inspected them through the bars by the light of his lantern, Barron, with every show of reluctance, unfastened the gate. As the trio passed in he eyed them with an insolent stare of affected pity.

"By jingo! but you're a rummy lot to fetch a thoroughbred colt away," he murmured as they filed by him. "You won't know which end to begin, I'm thinking, and you'll be a pretty sick crowd by the time he's done with you."

"We'll manage," said Tannadyce shortly. "Where's the horse?"

Grumbling in unmeasured language,

the trainer led the way to the stable and unlocked it, the disarming party following close on his heels, and Sir Charles bringing up the rear with the air of a disinterested spectator.

"There! I've given you access to the horse. You can't expect me to point him out to you," said Barron with a hostile laugh.

But Tannadyce was in no way put out by his ill-humour. After one comprehensive look round the interior of the building he beckoned his companions and marched straight between the rows of loose boxes to the end one, over which the name "Starlight" was annexed in enamel letters.

"Ah! but you're well posted. I see now what that snivelling rascal who came to apply for a job here was after the other day," exclaimed Barron with bitter emphasis.

Taking no notice of him, the money-lender entered the box with his assistants, and after a wary approach to the great raking chestnut with the conspicuous white star, succeeded in getting its head into the halter which his foresight had provided. Tossing the end of the rope to Frank Bremner, who was looking heartily ashamed of himself, he bade him lead the horse out.

"There! I think we may take credit for having performed an unpleasant business with courtesy and expedition," said Tannadyce, with a sinister glance at the baronet who had preserved his unmoved demeanour.

Leaning against a corn bin, Sir Charles let his gaze follow the animal as it walked proudly to the door in the clumsy grip of the lawyer's clerk. "A very unnecessary business, if your object was to prevent Starlight winning his race to-morrow," he said quietly.

"You have lost faith in his chance? Or else the grapes are conveniently sour?" sneered Tannadyce. As men ever hate those whom they injure, so he hated the well-born victim of his rapacity, desiring that he should drink the bitter cup to the dregs. He would have preferred to leave Starlight's owner in the belief that in losing the horse he had lost a certain win.

"On the contrary, I am more confident than ever that if he had started he would have won with ease. But, as Mr Barron will hear me out, I had decided not to run him," said Sir Charles coldly.

"Oh! then you were forestalled after all by the 'machinations,' as I think you called them, of 'Parker's Lightning Finals' and the mysterious sleeping partner whom you did me the honour to identify with myself," said Tannadyce, unable in his elation to resist the thrust.

"Again on the contrary, I have backed Starlight to win a sum which would free me from your usurious clutches for ever. My reason for deciding to scratch the colt is one which would be absolutely unintelligible to your Semitic mind," was the baronet's reply, uttered with a studied contempt that goaded Tannadyce to retaliation.

"Oh, come; you'll never cram me with the notion that you meant to stand out of a big win because of that girl from 'Parker's,'" he hissed through his white teeth. "You can make your mind easy about her. I got the tip about her this afternoon. She went off with Lord Hoolligan—you know the beauty I mean—to a little place he'd taken on purpose near Mitcham Junction, and I should imagine she's not worth looking for by now."

It was only the lash of Sir Charles's scorn that could have stung him to a rejoinder so sure of retribution, for he was always careful of his skin. But it was not his victim's swiftly raised hand that was to punish the braided speech. Tom Barron, who had been nervously casting furtive glances at the hay-loft trap-door during Tannadyce's vile assertion, sprang forward, and with a mighty kick projected the slanderer three parts of the way to the stable door—out of reach of the baronet's descending fist.

"No need for you to soil yourself by touching such as him, Sir Charles," cried the angry trainer. "Shoe-leather is good enough for the likes of him." And with another apprehensive backward glance at the loft, he followed the money-lender up so threateningly that in less than ten seconds the three intruders and the horse were outside the yard gates.

Tom Barron stood and watched them through the bars till they had dwindled to a brown patch on the white chalk

streak of moonlit road; then he locked the gates and returned to the stable, from the door of which Sir Charles was just emerging.

"Thank you, Barron," he said, wearily. "That kick of yours is something on the right side of the balance-sheet, anyhow."

"Keep a good courage, sir," cried the trainer, pushing past him into the building with less than his usual ceremony. Sir Charles watched him in mild surprise as he raised his lantern to the trap-door in the ceiling, whence a ladder ran down to the floor.

Even when honest Tom called out: "Coast's clear, Miss," he did not begin to understand till a pair of dainty ankles appeared on the ladder, followed by a slight girlish figure that drew from him the glad cry of—

"Nance! My Nance!"

"Charley!" was the single word, full of a thousand meanings, with which she flung herself into her lover's outstretched arms.

When she had told in a few breathless sentences all she knew of her capture and escape the trainer interrupted with a respectful suggestion that they should adjourn to the house.

"You did brave work when you brought warning of what that rascal Jew was up to, Miss," was Mr Barron's admiring comment as he piloted the way across the yard. "But in my humble judgment you did a braver when you kept quiet in the hay-loft under all that calumny. I was in mortal fear lest you'd show up, just to give him the lie, and so blow on the deal."

"What deal?" asked Sir Charles innocently. "I rather wish you had shown yourself, darling, and crammed the lie down his throat in person. I can't see that it would have mattered, as he has got Starlight in spite of your plucky attempt to warn us."

"Tell me, Charley," said Nance, linking her arm in her lover's, "now that I

am safe, Starlight's removal is a real blow to you? I mean that now you would not have adhered to that chivalrous idea of scratching him?"

"Thank heaven, there is now no need for what you are pleased to call my chivalry," said the young man warmly. "Certainly I should have run the horse if he had remained in my hands under present circumstances."

At these simple words Tom Barron's weather-beaten face creased into a grin, and he broke into a prolonged chuckle.

"There you are, Miss," he said, as he ushered them into his cosy parlour. "That bears out what I told you—that the deal would be a sight more satisfactory with you hidden in the hay-loft."

"What deal?" asked Sir Charles once more. But all he could get just then, either from his trainer or from his sweetheart, was an interchange between the two of mysterious nods and winks, and, on Barron's part, occasional convulsions of silent laughter.

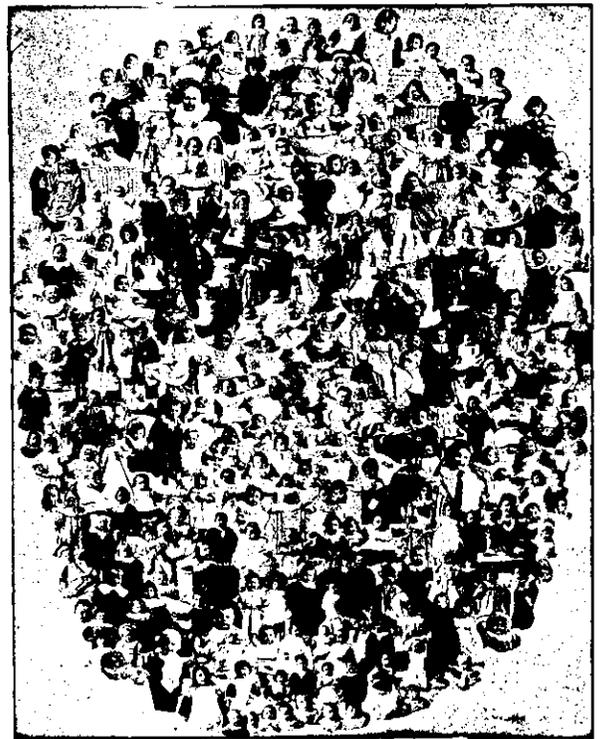
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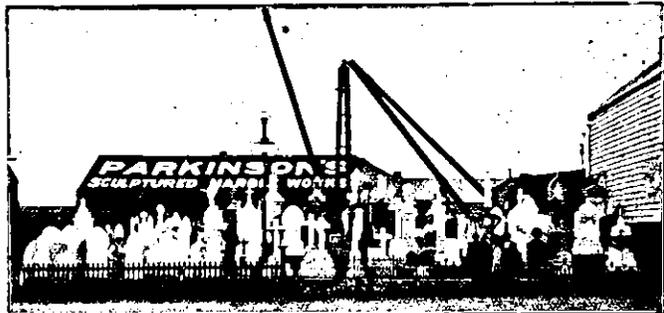
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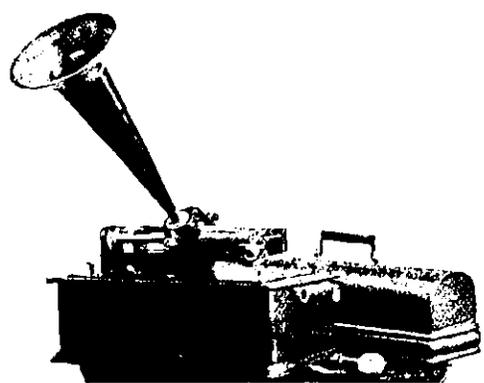
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CHAPTER XXIII. A THING OF FBAR.

Grantley Imason had intended to go down to Milldean that same evening, but a summons from Tom Courtland reached him, couched in such terms that he could not hesitate to obey it. He sought Tom at his club the moment he received the message. Tom had been sent for to his own house in the morning, and had heard what had happened there. He had seen the wounded child and the other two terrified little creatures. Suzette Bligh gave him her account. The doctor told him that Sophy was no longer in danger, but that the matter was a grave one—a very serious shock and severe local injury; the child would recover with care and with quiet, but would always bear a mark of the wound, an ineffaceable scar. That was the conclusion, half good, half bad, reached after a night of doubt whether Sophy would not die from the violence and the shock.

"Did you see your wife?" Grantley asked.
"See her? I should kill her if I saw her," groaned Tom.
"But—but what's being done?"
"She's in her room—she's been there ever since it happened. Suzette's seen her—nobody else. Nobody else will go near her. Of course, while there was a doubt about Sophy—well, the doctor made it a condition that she should confine herself to her room till the thing took a definite turn. I hope she's frightened at last. I don't know what to do. The woman ought to be hanged, Grantley."

But wrath and horror at his wife were not the only feelings in Tom's mind; the way the thing had happened raised other thoughts. He was prostrate under the sense that the fury which had smitten poor little Sophy had been aimed at him; his acts had inspired and directed it. He had made his children's love for him a crime in their mother's eyes. All his excuses, both false and real, failed him now. His own share in the tragedy of his home was heavy and heinous in his eyes.

"I ought to have remembered the children," he kept repeating desperately. He ought to have stayed and fought the battle for and with them, however hard the battle was. But he had run away—to Mrs Bolton, and left them alone to endure the increased fury of Harriet's rage. "I've been a damned coward over it," he said, "and this is what comes of it, Grantley."

It was all true, Tom had not thought of the children. Even though he loved them, he had deserted them treacherously, because he had considered only his own wrongs, and had been wrapped up in his personal quarrel with his wife. What he had found unendurable himself he had left those helpless little creatures to endure. All the arguments which had seemed so strong to justify or to palliate his resort to the Bolton refuge sounded weak and mean to him now—and to Grantley, too, who had been used to rely on them, lightly accepting them with a man of the world's easy philosophy. His friends had almost encouraged Tom in his treacherous desertion of his children; they, too, had looked at nothing but the merits of his quarrel with Harriet, putting that by itself in a false isolation from the total life of the family, of which it was in truth an integral, indivisible part. So Grantley meditated as he listened to Tom's laments; and the meditation was not without meaning and light for him also.

Tom had a request to make of him

—that he would go round to the house and spend the evening there.

"I daren't trust myself near Harriet," he said, "and I'm uneasy with only the servants there. They're all afraid of her. She was cowed, Suzette says, while there was danger; but she may break out again—anything might start her again. If you could stay till she's safely in bed—"

"I'll stay all night, if necessary, old fellow," said Grantley, promptly.
"I'll take a weight off my mind—and I've got about enough to bear. I'm going to stay here, of course; so you'll know where to find me if I'm wanted, though I don't see what can happen now."

Terror brooded over the Courtlands' house. Grantley rejoiced to see how his coming did something to lift the cloud. The two children left Suzette's side (they loved her, but she seemed to them a defence all too frail), and came to him, standing on either side of his knee and putting their hands in his. The listening, strained look passed out of their eyes as he talked to them.

Presently little Vera climbed up and nestled on his knee, while Lucy leant against his shoulder, and he got them to prattle about happy things, old holidays and bygone treats, to which Tom had taken them. At last Lucy laughed merrily at some childish memory. The sound went straight to Grantley's heart; a great tenderness came upon him. As he kissed them his thoughts flew to his own little son—the child who had now begun to know love, to greet it and to ask for it. How these poor children prized even a decent kindness! Grantley seemed to himself to have done a fine day's work—as fine a day's work as he had ever done in his life—when he sent them off to bed with smiling lips and eyes relieved of dread.

"You won't go away to-night, will you?" Lucy whispered as she kissed him good-night.

"Of course, he's not going!" cried little Vera, bravely confident in the thought of her helplessness.

"No, I'll stay all night—all the whole night," Grantley promised.

He made his camp in the library on the ground floor, and there presently Suzette Bligh came to him. She gave a good account of the wounded child. Sophy slept; the capable, cheery woman who had come as nurse gave her courage to sleep.

"We must get her away to the seaside as soon as possible, and she'll get all right, I think, though there must be a mark always. And, of course, the permanent question remains. Isn't it all hopeless, Mr Imason?"

"It's a terrible business for you to be involved in."

"Oh, I can only thank Heaven I was here! But for me I believe she'd have killed the child."

"What state is she in now?"

"I really don't know. She won't speak to me. She sits quite still, just staring at me. I try to stay with her, but it's too dreadful. I can't help hating her—and I think she knows it."

Grantley had had some experience of what it was like to come to know what people feel about you.

"I expect she does," he nodded.

"What will happen, Mr Imason?"

"I don't know—except that the children mustn't stay with her. Is she afraid of being prosecuted, do you think?"

"She hasn't said anything about it. No, she doesn't seem afraid; I don't think that her feeling. But—but her eyes look awful. When I had to tell her that the doctor had forbidden her to come near the children, and said he

would send the police into the house if she tried to go to them—well, I've never seen such an expression on any human face before. She looked like—like somebody in hell, Mr Imason!"

"Ah!" groaned Grantley, with a jerk of his head, as though he turned from a fearful spectacle.

"I've just been with her. I persuaded her to go to bed—she's not slept since it happened, I know—and got her to let me help her to undress. Her maid won't go to her; she's too frightened. I hope she'll go to sleep, or really I think she'll lose her senses." She paused and then asked: "Will this make any difference in—the proceedings?"

"Well, it gives Tom something to bargain with, doesn't it? But you can't tell with her. The ordinary motives may not appeal to her, any more than the natural feelings. I hope it may be possible to frighten her."

Anyhow, the children won't have to stay—you're sure of that?"

"We must try hard for that, anyhow," said Grantley.

But Tom had made even that more difficult, because he had considered only his own quarrel, and not thinking of the children, had run away to refuge with Mrs Bolton saving his own skin by treacherous flight.

Suzette bade Grantley good-night. She, too, must sleep, or her strength would fail.

"You'll keep the door open?" she asked. "And her room is just over this.

You'll hear if she moves, though I don't think she will. It is good of you, Mr Imason. We shall all sleep quietly tonight. Oh, but how tired you'll be!"

"Not I!" he smiled. "I've often sat up till daylight on less worthy occasions! You're the hero! You've come through this finely!"

Suzette's cheeks flushed at his praise. "I do love the poor children," she said, as Grantley pressed her hand.

He sat down to his vigil. The house became very still. Once or twice steps passed to and fro in the room above; then there was silence. In a quarter of an hour, perhaps, there were steps again; then another interval of quiet. This alternation of movement and rest went on for a long time. If Harriet Courtland slept, her sleep was broken. But presently Grantley ceased to mark the sound—ceased even to think of the Courtlands or of the house where he was. Led by the experiences of the day and by the feelings they had evoked, his thoughts took their way to Milldean, to his own home, to his wife and son. How nearly tragedy had come there, too! Nay, was it yet gone? Was not its shadow still over the house? And why? He looked back again at the Courtlands—at Harriet's unhalloved rage, at Tom's weakness and desertion, at the fate of the children—not thought of and forgotten by the one, ill-used and put in terror by the other. He recollected how once they used to joke about the Courtlands being at any

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Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

rate useful as a warning. That joke had taken on too keen an edge to sound mirthful now. But the serious truth in it came home to him, making plain what he had been groping after ever since that night at the Sailor's Rest at Fairhaven, ever since Sibylla had opened her mouth against him and spoken the bitterness of her heart. Yes, he thought he saw where the truth lay now. Calamity held up a torch to light his wandering feet.

No borrowed light had made plain the steps of the woman upstairs. The glare of her own ruin had been needed to illuminate the way she trod, so dense was the turbid darkness of her spirit. She saw now where she stood—and there seemed no going back. She had fallen into fits of remorse before—she had called herself cursed over her betrayal of Christine; that was nothing to this; yet she remembered it now, and it went to swell the wave of despair which overwhelmed her. Well might her eyes look like the eyes of one in hell, for she was cut off from all love and sympathy. She herself had severed all those bonds whereby a human being becomes other than a roving, solitary brute. There was no re-binding them. Nobody would come near her; nobody could endure her presence; she was a thing of hatred and of fear. Even Suzette Bligh shrank while she served, and loathed while she ministered. Her husband could not trust himself in the house with her, and she could not be trusted in the room with her children. By the narrowest luck she was not a madress; in the hearts of all, and in her own heart, she seemed a leper—a leper among people who were whole—an unclean thing—because of her bestial rage.

These thoughts had been in her mind all the night before and all the day. They did not consort with sleep nor make terms with peaceful rest. Sometimes they drove her to wild and passionate outbursts of weeping and imprecation; oftener they chained her motionless to her chair, so still that only her angry eyes showed life and consciousness. They left little room for fear of any external punishment, or for shame at any public exposure. They went deeper than that, condemning not the body, but the soul; pronouncing not the verdict of the world, but of herself and of Nature's inexorable laws. They displayed the procession of evil—weakness growing to vice, vice turning to crime, crime throttling all the good—till she had become a thing horrible to those about her, horrible and incredible even to herself. And there was no going back, no going back at all. Her will was broken, and she had no hope in herself. The weights were on her feet, and dragged her down the abyss which now lay open and revealed before her eyes.

Suzette had persuaded her to undress and go to bed. She must sleep—yes, or she would go mad with the thoughts. But where was sleep with the agony of their sting? She had her chloral—an old ally—and had recourse to it. Then she would fling herself on the bed and try to think she could sleep. Exasperation drove her up again, and she paced the room in wrathful despair, cursing herself because she could not sleep, battling against the remorseless thoughts, exclaiming against their tortures, refusing the imposition to which they subjected her. Then—back to bed again for another futile effort, another cry of despair, to be followed by another outburst of wild impatience, another fierce, unavailing struggle against her tormentors, new visions of what she was and of what her life must be.

This was not a thing that she would endure; nobody could endure it and keep sanity. It should be ended. Her fierce defiant fury rose yet once more; the temper which had wrought all the calamity was not tamed by it in the end. She turned to her drug again. She knew there was danger in that, but she put the notion behind her scornfully. Why, the stuff would not even make her sleep! Could it hurt her when it could not give her sleep? That was nonsense—stupid nonsense. She would have slept! Nature fell victim to her rage now; she would beat Nature down by her fury, as she had been wont to beat down all opposing wills. She had listened to nothing in her tempest. Now she rose again to the whirlwind of passion, denying what she knew, refusing to look at it. Kill herself! Not that! Yet if she did, what matter? Had

she anything to look for in life? Would anybody grieve for her? It would be a riddance for all of them if she died. But she wouldn't die. No danger of that—and no such luck, either! Each dose left her more pitifully wide-awake, more gruesomely alert in mind, more hideously acute to feel the sting of those torturing thoughts. An overdose indeed! No dose, it seemed, could serve even to dull the sharpness of her morbid reflections. But she would have sleep—at all costs, sleep! She cursed herself vilely because she could not sleep.

Thus came, as of old, now for the last time, the madness and blindness of her rage, the rage which forgot all save itself, merged every other consciousness, spared nobody and nothing. It was turned against herself now, and neither did it spare herself. She drugged herself again, losing all measure, and then flung herself heavily on the bed. Ah! Yes, surely there was a change now! The horrid pictures grew mercifully dim, the sting of the torturing thoughts was drawn, the edge of conscience blunted. Her rage had had its way, it had beaten down nature. For a moment she grasped this triumph, and exulted in it in her old barbarous gloating over the victories of her fury. All things had been against her sleep. But now it came; she had won it. She ceased to move, to curse, even to think. The blessed torpor stole over her. Her life and what it must be passed from her mind; a compassionate blankness spread over her intellect. She was at peace! To-morrow—yes, to-morrow! All things could wait now till to-morrow. She would be better able to face them to-morrow—after a good night's sleep. Who had dared to say she could not sleep. Her eyes closed, and her heavy breathing sounded through the room. She stirred no more. Her rage had had its way with her, as with all others. It had demanded sleep. She slept.

Dawn had broken when a hand laid on his shoulder roused Grantley Imason from an uneasy doze. He found Suzette by him in her dressing gown and bare-footed. Instinctively he listened for an instant to hear if there were any sound from the room above. There was none, and he asked her:

"Is anything wrong?"
"Yes!" whispered Suzette. "Come upstairs!"

Not knowing what the evil chance might be, he followed her, and she led him into Harriet Courtland's room. She had already opened one of the shutters, and the early light streamed in on to the bed. Harriet lay on her side, with her head thrown back on the pillow, and her eyes turned up to the ceiling. She lay above the clothes of the bed, and her nightgown was torn away from her throat. Suzette had thrown a dressing gown over her body from breast to feet. She looked wonderfully handsome as she lay there, so still, so peaceful, like some splendid animal in a reaction of exhaustion after savage, grand exertion. He drew near. The truth came home to him at once. The two stood and looked at Harriet. At last he turned to Suzette. He found her very pale, but quite calm.

"She's dead, Mr Imason," Suzette said. "How?" he asked.

"An overdose of chloral. She often used to take it—and, of course, she would be very likely to want a sleeping draught last night."

"Yes, yes, of course she would. Her nerves would be so much upset."

Their eyes met—Suzette seemed puzzled.

"What do you think?" asked Grantley in a whisper.

"I really don't know. She would really have been quite likely to take too much. She would be impatient if it didn't act quickly, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course she would. Have you sent for the doctor?"

"Oh, yes, directly I found her—before I came to you. But I've done some nursing, and—there's not the least —" She stopped suddenly, and was silent for several seconds. Then she said quietly and calmly: "There's not the least chance, Mr Imason."

Grantley knew what word she had rejected in favour of "chance," and why the word had seemed inappropriate. He acknowledged the justice of the change with a mournful gesture of his hands.

"Well, we can never know," whether it was accidental or not," he said, as he turned to leave the room.

"No, we can never know that," said Suzette.

How should they know! Harriet Courtland had not known herself. As always, so to the end, her fury had been blind, and had destroyed her blindly.

She had struck at herself as recklessly as at her child; and here her blow had killed. Her rage had run its final course, and for the last time had its way. She slept!

And while she slept her home was waking to the life of a new day.

(To be continued.)

He Was Tired.

A gentleman in a tramcar, while reading newspaper, discovered a paragraph which struck him as particularly funny.

"Here is something good," said he to his neighbour; and he read the item to him.

A tired look swept over the gentleman's face, but he never smiled.

Presently the reader came across another paragraph that tickled his fancy.

"I will try him with this one," he said. He did so, and a tear actually welled out of his neighbour's eye and coursed slowly down his cheek.

"Heavens, man!" was the exclamation, "what is the matter with you? Have you no sense of humour? What do you do to pass away the time?"

Looking mournfully at him, the stranger replied—

"I am a proof-reader on a comic paper."

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Complete Story.

The Romance of Yono-San.

By JOHN W. WOOD.

Yonder, across the beautiful valley, Fuji-san raised its head in majestic grandeur. Upon the winding paths and verdured slopes were perched picturesque little houses, and a toy-like bridge spanned the white foaming waters that were fed from the eternal snows that frosted Fuji-san's stately head. The waters sang merrily as they coursed down the ravines, and irrigated the verdure upon the parched plains below.

The picture was poetic and beautiful, and yet Jack Barnaby sat looking at it gloomily within the sliding screen that formed the side of his room. He wondered why he had come to Omiya, and having come, why he remained. The sweet scent of almond and cherry blossoms that was wafted in to him, the song of the robin and thrush, the chirping of Cicadas, the drone of the honey-bee were alike unnoted; while the hoarse cries of the jirikihsa men, trotting nimbly on their toilsome ways, across the little bridge and up the steep mountain ascents, irritated him more than usual. Jack had often, during the past week, fallen into the same line of reflection, and repeated to himself the same inward query. He had more than once resolved to pack his belongings and get him over to Yokohama or Tokio, where, in the bustling contact with many men, he could the easier forget his trouble and heartache. Yet such is the perversity of mankind, that Jack Barnaby had sought the quiet of this idyllic spot to escape the very thing which he now resolved to seek once more.

In brief retrospect, let us say, that a certain young lady of San Francisco had with deplorable inconsiderateness entangled poor Jack's heart. Reciprocating his affection, the two became engaged. Jack was rich; the young lady adorable, though gay and fickle. Coquetry did not suit Jack's ideas after he became engaged, half so well as before, and as the young lady's natural tendencies made it difficult for her to refrain, he became unreasonably jealous, perhaps, and she unnecessarily resentful. The result was that ere long the dream was over; and Jack, desiring to forget as soon as possible, set out for Japan. In Yokohama he met Milly's cousin, and being thus unpleasantly reminded of San Francisco, he went to Tokio. In Tokio he met her uncle, turned missionary, and in vexation he sought for a retired spot where relatives came not, and so it happened he went to Omiya, where, after having resided for a month, he found himself still un cured. A dull mouth it had been, as watching these adult children, as they seemed to him, making a pleasing job of life, and as this was contrary to his own uncheerful feelings he felt annoyed and irritated.

Presently, as he sat in darksome dependency, there fell upon his hearing the soft tumpety-tum-tum of a samisen, accompanied by a sweet little voice that drifted through the lattice into his room. At first, scarcely listening, he presently became fully attentive, for the voice was wonderfully sweet and melodious. He arose lazily and looked from his window to the pretty garden below. The words that were wafted up to him were distinct and pure, their burden an invocation to the god of love. This was interesting at all events, and the young man listened in admiration. It is true that as yet Jack knew little of the native tongue, but that little rendered by so sweet a voice was well worth hearing. The garden was neat and trim with its bordered walks and little beds of bright jonquils, hyacinths, and other pretty flowers, and in the centre a tiny fountain threw out a stream of sparkling water. In one corner, beneath a blossoming cherry tree, there was an arbour of wisteria, and from this cool refuge issued the sounds that had attracted Jack's attention. As he stood watching and listening, the music continued, now in light and merry cadence, then sinking low and soft, dying away and mingling with the murmuring of the splashing

fountain. Eager to miss no note, Jack leaned far out of the easement, resting his shoulder so heavily upon the sliding frame that, just at the finish of a fine diminuendo, it shot back and sent a potted oleander spinning to the garden walk below, where it fell with a loud crash.

The music came to an abrupt ending; there was a rustling within the arbour, and Jack caught a glimpse of a brightly-robed female hurrying up the pathway on the other side. With a quick turn of the head, the young lady cast a startled look upward, then disappeared with a half-smothered laugh amidst the umbrageous oleanders. "Well, she's a beauty," mentally commented Jack, and for the moment he forgot his late doleful humour. As he had no particular object in hurrying away from the place he postponed his packing, put away his valise and sat down by the window to smoke. Perhaps he expected a reappearance of the fair musician, but if he did it was not vouchsafed him that evening, although he sat there long after the sun had sunk below Fuji-san's snowy head. But he would inquire, and he had a plan already arranged, when old Naka-San, the woman who served his meals, came with his evening tea.

"Oh, Naka-San," he said, interrupting the humble prostration which anticipated her departure—"Naka-San, I love music much; I love sweet voices much, and yet you have their very possessor here and you send her not to me. Do you tire of pleasing the stranger, Naka-San?" Jack had intended to be diplomatic.

"Oh, noble Sir," and Naka-San courted to the floor, "you would have a geisha to sing and dance? Then it must be so, even this very night."

"No, no, Naka; I want no geisha. Is it a geisha who sings in the garden below of an afternoon?"

"What! a geisha sings in the garden there? Impossible, O Sir!" Ah, she would see about that—no geisha could be thus allowed to disturb his excellency.

The little angular eyes snapped, angrily perhaps. Jack surmised that she knew more than she cared to tell, and this piqued his curiosity the more of course. He would await developments.

The next afternoon he was on the watch, but intending to be more discreet. Presently, as he peeped through the closed screen, there was a flutter of a silken robe in the avenue of oleanders beyond, and a young girl came down softly and timorously, as if anticipating an inquisitor upon her retreat. She glanced curiously upward to Jack's closed window, and then, as if satisfied that it had no ruthless spy, sped into the vine-covered arbour, and soon the hum of the samisen and its sweet accompaniment silenced the shrill chatter of the cockatoo that was perched yonder upon the prune tree.

The wisteria hung low, yet but partially concealed a trim little figure, its soft flowing robes enhancing its rounding curves of beauty. Jack sat long behind the half drawn shoji (screen) listening and watching. After a time the music ceased, and the musician leaned back in her seat as if in contemplation of the clustering flowers above. Then, as if by the hypnotic power of Jack's steady gaze, her eyes were drawn toward the screen where he sat. Half unconsciously he had opened the sash, and as she looked she discovered him with a confusion that sent a thousand blushes across her face. A half coquettish smile broke forth, and then, as if conscious of her imprudence she leaped to her feet and was gone in a twinkling. Jack, impulsively and with grave lack of forethought, leaped through the low sash and quickly dashed after her, for what purpose he scarcely could have explained, then. He only succeeded in getting a final glimpse of her flowing robes as she disappeared behind the shoji of a cottage on the other side of the

grove. "It must be there she lives," thought Jack, as he returned to his room, considerably ashamed of his impulsive quest. Who could she be? Although he had been sojourning in the house of Naka-San for three weeks, never before had he encountered the maid of the samisen, and he determined to discover who she was. At all events he could try the persuasive power of gold upon old Naka, so, when that toothless dame came to serve his tea that evening as usual, he met her with an affable and friendly manner that surprised her.

He asked many questions concerning the neighbourhood and neighbours, which Naka answered cheerfully, but carefully. She was also diplomatic. Yes, she knew every one thereabouts, but mentioned no young lady that corresponded in description to the one in whom Jack was interested. As she was about to remove the little tray containing the tea-cup, she discovered a piece of gold therein. Naka started and looked interestedly about the room; her gaze rested upon the little pot of chrysanthemums, upon the bracket on the wall, upon the little wooden god that posed upon the stand in the corner, and finally settled upon Jack, who had patiently watched the workings of the charm upon the untutored Naka-San. Then, little by little, the piece of gold from the teacup, Naka, after gazing for some time upon the coin, slowly handed it to Jack. But Jack pushed her hand away.

"It is yours, Naka-San; yours for a keepsake. When I go away you will buy lots of pretty things with it."

Naka's face relaxed into a grim smile, and she made a courtesy to the very floor. "Oh, excellency," she broke in, "my memory so bad. Never can I remember some things. Let me think; yes, there is another—there is one more. She arrived day before yesterday; the little Yono-San, I mean. She and her aunt, who is a far off cousin of mine, lives there—in the little cottage. She has lived for two years at Tokio. There she went to school, and learned everything, everything." Naka-San's tongue was now loosened, and it ran as a mill race. Behold the power of gold!

Jack learned too that Yono-San was descended from an illustrious race; her grandfather was a daimio of the province of Yamashiro. She was even distantly connected with a Shogun. No, there was no plebeianism in pretty Yono's blood, no indeed! Another gold piece concluded the recital, and Naka even promised to effect a proper introduction to the granddaughter of the daimio.

The next day Yono-San failed to appear in the garden, whereas Jack was much cast down, but in the evening, he was gratified to learn from Naka-San that the fair Yono's Aunt Shorisha would be pleased to meet the young American stranger.

Two hours later found Jack comfortably seated in the pretty little drawing-room of Aunt Shorisha, a stiff and formal old lady who smiled at stated intervals and sipped tea continuously. But Jack did not mind this; his attention was chiefly devoted to the little Yono. "Yono is demure and beautiful, sweet and charming," thought he, as he noted her pretty dimples and graceful motions.

Her eyes glowed with interest as he described his country, its cities, and the thousand and one things heretofore considered by him so commonplace. The diffidence with which she at first met him wore off, and the English she had learned at the school at Tokio now proved useful to her. Then she played at his request upon her beloved samisen, and sang ever so many pretty little airs of her country in her own native tongue. The soft, spicy breeze that blew gently through the open casements came from tropical gardens like a sensuous caress. The half-lighted interior, with its grotesque bronzes and its old lacquer decorations, the striking, stately figure of Aunt Shorisha, and the pretty little figure that played upon the stringed instrument and sang those wild, quaint songs, seemed to Jack a dream of orientalism, and he thought long about it that night ere he fell asleep. And this was the beginning.

After that Jack came often; and often he and Yono sat in the garden in the cool summer-like afternoons and evenings, listening while Yono sang, or else bringing out his own favourite guitar, and playing thereon the old songs that had been silent to him for many years. And thus passed many weeks, weeks of listless pleasure to Jack; who had by this time ceased to remember the unpleasant past, or merely thought of it as a vexatious episode. He almost forgot San Francisco and every one there, and became inebriated to the soul with the soft and dreamy atmosphere of this lotus land, ever redolent with perfume—the land of never-care. And he welcomed its ensuering sensuousness with eagerness, and delighted in a life that carried with it no trouble, no exertion, no pain. And Yono—who could tell? Jack himself could not analyse the changeful but always charming humours that animated her, as many and as pleasing as the prismatic colours that broke from the sunbeams falling upon the snowy summit of Fuji-San yonder. At one time playful, bubbling over with merry willfulness; again, sedate in her studied decorum and conventional staidness, and then melting into grave and changeful moods. Sometimes her dark eyes softened into a fascinating intimation of fondness that made Jack's heart beat with keen pleasure, only to change suddenly to pain and anxiety as he stood upon the future.

They took many walks together amidst the magnificent old groves of cryptomeria that abounded. They inspected parks and gardens and drank sake from tiny cups served by pretty damsels. They visited Kori shops and drank tea, and sometimes Yono herself officiated in the brewing of it. Jack declared it noectar—although he had ever hated tea before—and drank many cups. They visited the little shops and bazaars that beset his way, and he purchased all manner of pretty and interesting things for Yono.

On a certain day—the Feast of the Cherry Blossoms—they started with light hearts to a bower at the foot of Fuji, where some of the exercises of the day were to be held. Aunt Shorisha also went, but being fat and elderly elected to travel in a kimono, but Jack and Yono would travel afoot, albeit it

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was no more than a distant. The morning was beautiful, the air soft and fragrant, and the birds melodious on the wayside. Yono was as a child on a holiday from school. She chased the great blue and gold butterflies, and when at last she caught one, tied it by its struggling wings to Jack's hat. He gathered blossoms and mosses and strung them into garlands which he wound about Yono-San's neck.

Presently Jack espied a gorgeous cluster of rarely beautiful flower hanging high from a moss-grown cryptomeria's projecting limb. Yono wanted it, of course, and of course, too, she must have it, although it was with no little difficulty that Jack climbed the great trunk to the depending blossoms. He was about to pluck the coveted flower when the slender bough upon which he stood, snapped short and he fell heavily to the ground below. The distance was not great, but the shock was sufficient to stun his senses. Yono screamed with true femininity as he fell, and seeing him lying upon the ground, his white face upturned, and his eyes closed, went at once into a spasm of wailing, believing him dead or at least fatally injured. Tenderly she drew his head upon her lap and fell to caressing his face with her hands, while tears fell from her pretty eyes. And thus it happened, when Jack's scattered senses presently returned, he found his head reposing softly and comfortably, and Yono's eyes looking into his with a mixture of tenderness and grief. And was he correct in the surmise that he had felt the warm pressure of a kiss upon his forehead? At all events he closed his eyes again, quite unnecessarily, and felt quite comfortable and contented, albeit he was aware of a sharp pain in his ankle. He almost forgot to rise until Yono inquired with affectionate solicitude whether he was hurt; then he discovered that he was unable to move without pain. Yono aided him to a reclining position against the offending tree, and presently Aunt Shorisha came along, and also soon a jirukisha that was empty. Into this latter Jack was carefully placed, with the help of its attendants, and they started homeward, Yono-San walking mournfully at the side of the jirukisha and constantly adjuring the carriers to select the smoothest part of the road.

It might have been a hardship for Jack to be laid up in his room thus disabled, but he found that there was a compensation in being the object of solicitude from the whole household, and particularly that Yono had constituted herself his almost sole nurse and attendant. A native physician felt of the injured member, and assured him that only rest, together with frequent applications of a magical lotion he himself prepared, were required for a speedy recovery. And it was Yono's fair hands that deftly applied the medicament and tenderly wound the bandages, and there seemed to be so much hypnotism about her soft hands that Jack was ever asking for repeated treatment! Then she attended his many other wants, filled his pipe and even lit it for him. She sang in her sweet way many songs, and wrote invocations in verse to the gods upon fragile bits of rice paper, asking for his speedy recovery. These she threw from the window from time to time, where they were taken up by the breeze and wafted far away on their missions of mercy. 'Twas thus the season wore on in happy abandonment. Aunt Shorisha came from time to time upon the scene, and seemed quite happy at the condition of affairs.

About three weeks after the accident, and when Jack had recovered sufficiently to walk about with the slight assistance of a cane, he sat one afternoon upon the little tiled piazza, looking in content and comfort upon the beautiful scene surrounding him and watching the graceful figure of Yono-San as she strolled about the garden, engaged in the pleasing pursuit of manufacturing a bouquet of japonicas and roses—for himself, as he well knew. He had almost forgotten the other world from whence he came, nor indeed did he desire to recall it. Why not take up his permanent abode here in this quiet paradise? The world would not miss him, neither cared he for it. This part of it was strange in its paradox—a kingdom of opposites—but a happy, don't-care life suited his temper now. And then with Yono-San he might be truly content and happy—who could say?

His meditations were interrupted by a footstep. It was the little bare-legged man who ran errands, did chores, and occasionally served as a carrier of let-

ters. This time he came trotting up to the piazza, where Jack sat, and suddenly dropped upon all fours before him, dipped so low that his forehead touched the ground, and the little bald spot upon the top of his head came prominently into view. Then he quickly arose, and, handing Jack a buff envelope, nimbly ran away. Jack knew it was a telegram, and hesitated to open it, for he knew its portent could hardly be less than an interruption to his pleasant summer. He looked at Yono coming up the path, waving a great bouquet over her head, then slowly opened the missive. As he feared, it was important, for it announced that a rich aunt in San Francisco was ill and besought his presence, as she feared her days were numbered. Poor Aunt Fanny! Jack had more than ordinary affection for his Aunt Fanny; besides he expected to be the chief heir to her great fortune.

He looked again at Yono-San, who was coming to him, her eyes bright and sparkling, her cherry lips parted with a smile that disclosed her pearly teeth. His heart grew tender, and he wondered what she would say when he told her. But it must be done, and at once. As Yono tripped lightly up the steps she noticed the little slip of paper in his hand, and glancing up at his sober face instantly divined trouble.

"What is it, Sir Jack?" she inquired anxiously. "Bad news, Yono; bad news indeed. I must go home."

Yono grew white and let fall the bouquet.

"You go away? Home—to leave me—us? Oh, you cannot mean it, Jack!"

Leaning heavily upon him, poor Yono closed her eyes and sighed deeply, her bosom heaving convulsively in her pain.

Jack, hardly knowing what else to do, kissed her tenderly upon her cherry lips. Half opening her eyes, she endeavoured to stand unaided. "Don't go, Jack," she murmured, "don't leave me."

"But, Yono, said Jack, and there was self-reproach within him—"Yono, I will come back. Yes, in the spring, when the cherry trees bloom again, I'll be here." And he meant it, too.

This revived Yono-San, and she tried to look happy. Then Jack went on to explain his connection with Aunt Fanny, financially and otherwise.

What Jack meant to do when he "came back" he could just then have hardly explained to himself. He tried to define his future relationship to Yono late that night, as he sat outside his room smoking, as was his habit when a problem was to be solved. The garden below was in obscurity, the remittent lighting of June bugs appearing in that dark space like a rapidly moving constellation. The soft perfume floated dreamily about him with its semi-intoxicating influence, and as he gazed pensively upon the thin crescent moon that hung like a silver scimitar above Fuji-San, he thought that nowhere else could he live so contentedly. Yes, he would return.

Next day Jack was ready to go. As a keepsake at parting he gave Yono a fine diamond brooch, and fastened it himself at her pretty throat. Then he jumped into the waiting jirukisha, and with a last kiss and word of promise, was off. Yono stood a long time at the wicket, watching the disappearing vehicle as it sped down the road among the low-boughed plum trees. At the bend of the road, leaning far out of the conveyance, he threw her a farewell kiss, to which she responded by a sad waving of her hand, and, as he was lost to view, she burst into tears, and going within the house consecrated gifts to Jizo, the travellers' deity.

Jack was petulant and cheerless during the whole journey. Ere he reached his destination his Aunt Fanny had died, leaving him a handsome legacy, together with an unfinished lawsuit that seemed hopeless in its harassing tardiness. Worse than all, it demanded his personal attendance, and what with this and other business necessary in the final adjustment of Aunt Fanny's estate, the whole winter was consumed.

The glitter and blaze of the city, the artificiality of the drawing-room, as he designated it, pulled upon him. The smirking young men and the frivolous young women made him sigh for the gardens and freedom of Omiya again. And then Milly Benson was married, and although he was glad of it, he felt grieved and injured because she seemed happy and almost forgetful of their past nuptial tenderness. At last, there seemed a prospect of getting through with it all, and just when he was congratulating

himself upon this prospect, he fell ill of fever, and lay for many long weeks unable to think consecutively upon any subject.

When convalescence came at last, the summer had almost passed. Many hours he had spent dreaming of the flower land across the Pacific. His thoughts dwelt with pleasure upon the green fields, the water-falls, the gardens of Omiya, and upon Yono-San. "Poor Yono," thought he, "what would she think of him and his promise now!" More than a year had passed since that day he left her, and he had promised to return in the spring. But at last he was able to travel. The swift speeding steamer was none too fast for his thoughts, that dwelt in the gardens at the foot of Fuji-San.

One afternoon he found himself ascending the road amid the rows of plum trees that ended at Yono-San's dwelling. He had come for a purpose, and Yono-San was a part of that—the whole of it—for he would remain here always. That he had decided at last. He knocked impatiently upon the door, once, twice, ere his knock was answered by a picturesque looking kato, a stranger to him, who with abject prostrations desired to know what the stranger wanted. Jack, who expected to be met by old Naka-San, or perhaps by Yono herself, was displaced. The strange servant knew no English, but he understood that Jack was inquiring for Yono. But Jack, in his impatience making no progress with that name (for his inquiries were met with a blank stare) asked for Naka-San. A look of happy intelligence overspread the kato's face, who made a low obeisance and hastily departed. Presently the panel slid back and old Naka dropped upon her knees before him, and tapped the polished floor with her head.

"Rise, Naka," said Jack. "I've come back to see Yono-San—to stay here forever! Where is Yono-San, Naka?"

A troubled look overspread old Nako's face.

"Alas, poor Naka, Angel of light," Naka moaned sadly; "Yono gone—Yono dead! Ah these many moons! The words came to Jack with a rude shock. Dead! he never had dreamed of anything like that! She might have gone away; she might even have been given in marriage—but to die! Instead of the shy, smiling face of Yono, the old beldame stood there, telling him that Yono was dead, and beating her shrunken breast as if that would appease him. The sun seemed clouded, the sweetly perfumed air grew rank and unpleasant to him as he sat there desolate and shooeked at the sudden termination to his dreams of the past months. At last, the exuberance of his grief being exhausted, Naka-San was induced to tell the story.

Long after his excellency had gone, Yono had pined like a wilted flower. Daily she had picked the choicest of Jack's favourite flowers and decorated his old room. In the spring she had brightened much, she sang gaily, and stood often at the wicket by the road looking in the distance. Summer came, and her eyes became more wistful; she grew pale and thin, but she

still watched down the road. Then at the end of the summer some dreadful fever came, and she lay very ill for a long while, pining slowly, uncomplainingly away. At last she died, clasping in her thin little hands the precious brooch she had worn constantly since Jack had given it to her—she even begged that it might be buried with her; and her wish was granted.

That was all. It was enough for poor Jack. After a time old Naka sorrowfully led him out through the garden where he had spent so many happy, careless days. Through a long lane running therefrom, and over a little mountain path, within an enclosure of bamboo bushes where the shadow of Fuji-San fell at twilight, they came to a little mound on which loving hands had planted lotus flowers in abundance. Here Jack found the grave of Yono-San.

A CLOTHIER'S CONVICTION.

Mr F. Cohez, of Willis-street, Wellington, is a busy business man, with no time to waste on letter writing for fun. He tried to waste on letter writing for fun. Mr Cohez says:—"Last Friday I experienced a very bad attack of rheumatic gout, in fact so bad that I had to leave business, and being unable to walk I was assisted to a cab. On arrival at home I immediately took a dose of your Rheumo, repeating same every four hours. The pain soon left and in the morning I came down to business as usual. I cannot say too much for the prompt and effectual manner in which your Rheumo acts on pain." Rheumo cures every time. Chemists and stores, 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, Barnet; Graves & Aitchie, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores, at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle. Wholesale Agents: N.Z. DRUG CO.

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Here and There.

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, novelist, hymn-writer, folk-lorist and half-a-dozen other things, was 70 in February. It is 50 years since he began to write, and he has been a prolific producer all the time. Mr. Baring-Gould has an estate in Devonshire, and deals in his stories preferably with Devonshire scenery and folk. He is a High Churchman, and does not always fairly represent what Non-conformity stands for in his novels. Mr. Baring-Gould will live longest, perhaps, in his hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers."

Since the sudden and pathetic death in his arms of little Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Tsar has been more than ever devoted to his religious duties. He always has been religious, but now he spends hours at his private devotions and in writing prayers in Russ and Slavonic for the Imperial family. A strange rumour is current in both Moscow and St. Petersburg that if the child expected next June should be a son the Tsar will abdicate in favour of his brother, who will become regent until the Tsar's son comes of age.

The damage done to the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, by the recent fire was small. The fireproof floor and roofs were not damaged either by heat or by water. The partition dividing various dressing-rooms from the stage formed a complete barrier to the progress of the fire. The columns in this partition were covered with wire lathing and plaster, and their protection remains intact. The girder supporting a heavy brick wall over the proscenium arch was protected with rinder concrete and wire lathing covered with plaster. In this case the plaster was destroyed, but the concrete was uninjured.

Sir William Ramsay's name has been constantly before the public lately in connection with his discovery that the much talked-of element, radium, changes into a gas known as helium. Sir William is the son of the late William Ramsay, C. E. His uncle, a sugar planter, left his library to Mr. Ramsey, and his son found among the books "Graham's Chemistry," which he devoured eagerly. It is a curious coincidence that he has lately been appointed to the very post which Professor Graham himself once held—that of Professor of Chemistry at the London University College. Sir William's name first became known to the world at large as the discoverer of three new gases—neon, krypton, and xenon. All these exist in the air.

After a disappearance of forty years, an early opera of Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," has come to light. It is entitled "Don Procopio," and is an opera bouffe in two acts. When Bizet won the "prix de Rome" in 1859, he was expected, under the terms of the scholarship, to send to the Paris Conservatoire a mass composed in the Eternal City. "Don Procopio" was the work that Bizet forwarded; and Ambroise Thomas, then director of the Conservatoire, while acknowledging the invention and verve of the composition, expressed surprise that an opera bouffe should have been sent in place of a solemn mass. "Don Procopio" is to be produced at Monte Carlo, and although it is unlikely to prove another "Carmen" or "Pêcheurs des Perles," it is certain to be both melodious and original, which are rare features in operas bouffes nowadays.

Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, lectured at Church House, Westminster, recently, on "Shakespeare and Music," pointing out that in the time of Elizabeth music was an important part of general education, also that beyond question Shakespeare was a lover of the art. In his works appear upwards of one hundred words that are exclusively musical. Sir Frederick discussed the setting of "Where the Bee Sucks," by R. Johnson, a contemporary of Shakespeare, and Pelham Humfrey who was sent from the Chapel Royal by Charles II. to study in France and Italy, the ex-

pense being defrayed out of the Secret Service Fund. John Canister, who gave the first public concert at a tavern in Whitefriars, then a London Alsatia, was represented by his music to "Come Unto These Yellow Sands," Miss S. Maris, Mr. Bertram Mills, and the Westminster Abbey boy choristers rendered these and other examples.

Clerics, as fellow-passengers at sea, were not to Thackeray's liking, to judge by a passage from one of his letters to Mrs. Baxter, published in the "Century Magazine." Writing on board the Baltic in May, 1856, he said: "There are three yellow-gilled Popish priestlings in the cabin now—they know all about Kingdom come, and have the keys of heaven in their portmanteaux—yet why did one of 'em faint almost the other night because it blew a little hurrykin? What numbers of gates to heaven have we built? And suppose after all there are no walls? But this is a mystery. The Rev. Osgood, the Rev. Hawkes, the Rev. Hughes have the keeping of it—I am come, twaddling in the dark almost—to the end of my page. Good-bye and God bless you, my dear friend."

In "Macmillan's Magazine" for February, Mr. H. F. Abell writes scathingly about the tyranny of football in England. He inveighs not only against the players for commercialism, but against the spectators, who are pictured as thoroughly unsportsmanlike in sentiment. "When the game is quiet the vulpine and sullen faces are eager, but not happy; when an exciting phase occurs the general expression is one of malignant anxiety, here broken by an outburst of frantic disappointment, there by one of savage joy. There is enthusiasm, plenty of it, but it is an ungenuous one-sided enthusiasm, without a spark of chivalry or appreciation of alien worth in it. . . . Every Saturday during eight months of the year at least 200,000 men, for the most part young and strong, are idling round a football ground in a state of perpetual excitement and passion not to be soothed by incessant smoking."

A memoir of Charles Wolfe, prefixed to a volume of his poems just issued, tells how his one famous piece, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," came to be written. The account is that of one of Wolfe's college friends, the Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan. He says that one day in the summer of 1814 or 1815 he read Wolfe the account given in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" of the burial of Sir John Moore. The two friends then went out walking, and Wolfe was so unusually silent that his companion wondered at his unresponsiveness, especially as their walk took them through a beautiful country. When at last he broke silence, it was to repeat the first and last stanzas of the poem that was to join Moore and himself in a common immortality. The next morning the rest was finished, and before very long the piece appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine."

On the list of works to be staged at his theatre in Paris this year, M. Antoine has included an adaptation of "King Lear" by M. Pierre Loti. Although not one of the subsidised houses, the Theatre Antoine has been styled "the second theatre in Paris" by no less authority than M. Emile Faguet, the leading French critic of the day. So that the projected production ought to prove an event of the greatest interest from a literary and dramatic point of view, ranking next to the famous presentation of "Hamlet" at the Theatre Francais, with M. Mounet-Sully as the Dane. It may seem strange to consider the performance of Shakespeare by a company of foreign actors as an important theatrical event. But there are many excellent judges of acting who consider that the greatest Hamlet ever seen in London was Charles Fechter, a Frenchman, who was also famous as the original Armand Duval, of "La Dame aux Camelias." Another foreigner who achieved considerable repute as Hamlet was Herr Bandmann, who was the first to introduce the business of the two miniature portraits—

one of the dead King's, the other of the reigning usurper—"the counterfelt presentments of two brothers."

"It's all very well to talk about the wonders of radium," said the scoffer, "but what I want to know is, what practical use is it?"

"My friend," said the man from Invercargill, "you cannot have studied your subject very closely, or you would know that among other uses radium is used down South during the winter months as a means of catching rabbits."

"Pooh, nonsense!" scoffed the scoffer. "It is quite simple," continued the other. "At dark a glass tube containing radium is placed on the snow near the burrows. The brilliant rays given off by the precious metal of course attract the rabbits. When, with their well-known curiosity, they approach the tube, the glare causes tears to flow copiously. These are frozen into icicles, which hold the rabbits firmly fixed to the ground till the morning, when all that remains to be done is to go and collect the rabbits. Dear me, I'd no idea it was so late! I must be going."

In one examination paper the meaning of eum grano salis was given by the intelligent scholar as, "Although with a corn thou dancest," while the Knights of St. John were described as a sacrilegious order who lives on an island. The question, "Why does true English history begin with the reign of Henry VII.?" evoked the answer "Because up to this time it was all lies." Other facts that will strike most people as new are: The population in the neighbourhood of coal-fields is very dense because of the smoke coming from the coal; the sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the West, and our colonies are in the north, south and east; the chief feature of the play of "Richard II." is the decomposition of the King; the feminine of "he-goat" is "she went"; Isaac Walton was such a good fisherman that he was called "the judicious Hooker"; a cuckoo is a bird that does not lay its own eggs; pedigree means a schoolmaster, emolument a scathing medicine; in the United States people are put to death by execution; the primate is the wife of a Prime Minister; a Job's comforter is a thing you give babies to nother them; political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labour.

Many ex-patriated London theatre-goers in the colony will read the following from the "Era" with a throb of London—and the Strand—sickness: "There is something very pathetic in the sight of the dismantled ruins of an old playhouse. A few days since the gallery staircase of the old Gaiety Theatre stood almost isolated, amongst heaps of rubbish, the legend of the price paid for admission standing out distinctly in the daylight. There must have been many passers-by who cast pensive glances at the "remains" of the ladder by which in the past they had climbed so often to enjoyment and amusement; and the Olympic Theatre, which has been attacked by the house-breakers, is suffering similar denudation. The Olympic was one of the finest West End minor theatres which won a prominent position in the days of privileges and patents, Drury-lane, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was known as the "Via de Alhweh," until Drury House, built towards the close of the sixteenth century, gave the thoroughfare a new title, Near Drury House the Earl of Craven erected a mansion for the use of his bride, the daughter of James I. In the course of years, the old house was turned into a tavern; and in 1895 it was pulled down, and the ground cleared as a site; and Lord Craven, the owner of the land, granted the celebrated circus proprietor, Philip Astley, a lease for a term of 61 years, at an annual rent of £100. Some old naval prizes being on sale, Astley bought the timber of one of them, the "Ville de Paris." With the yards, masts, and bowsprit of the French vessel, Astley made the main props and supports of his playhouse, and they were noticeable in the old Olympic Theatre till it was destroyed by fire in 1849. The new house consisted of a tier of boxes, a pit, and at the back of this space called a gallery, parted off from the rest of the house by an iron grating."

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"Bradshaw" is essentially a British institution, like "The Times," football, "Punch," and cricket, observes a writer in "The Strand Magazine." It is about 65 years since George Bradshaw, a Quaker, and by profession a map-maker, reprinted the time-tables of the seven railways then existing, together with some maps and plans of his own, and issued the production, in cloth binding, as "Bradshaw's Railway Time Table" at sixpence. It was badly received by the railway companies. "Why," they said, "if this fellow goes on in this way he will make punctuality a kind of obligation." They refused to supply him with their time-tables, and to secure these promptly Bradshaw went so far as to become a stockholder in the hostile companies. The railway guide has grown from 38 pages to 1100, from a couple of ounces in weight to a pound and a half. Every single page is literally "packed" with bursting with type, not merely with words and numerals, but with characters and spaces—altogether 3000 to the pages; and the contents are "equivalent to a dozen ordinary octavo volumes."

Admiral Fanshawe is a great favourite with his officers and men (writes "Cristina" in the "Australasian"). He does not seem to have forgotten the time when he was a young midshipman, and he enters into their sport with keenness, and understands their attitude towards things in general. At the Hobart regatta he stood on the bridge and followed every race with the telescope glued to his eye, and when he thought the galley belonging to the Royal Arthur was leading he became as excited as any punter in front of the Marybrynon stand at cup-time, calling out "the flag's galley, the flag's galley!" This applies to the hearts of the bluejackets; they, themselves, stand in rows on the fo'c'sle and shout as their own boats shoot past those of other ships. Though the Psyche had six wins to its credit and the Royal Arthur five, the men of the Royal Arthur won the most money—their prizes were the most valuable, I suppose I should say. The other day, when the admiral went on board the Katoomba for inspection, he had all the stokers and engine-room artificers collected together in the netter regions, and said many nice things to them. The stokes of the Wallaroo, after the accident off the coast of New South Wales, were "turned over" to the Katoomba. The admiral told them "that he admired their pluck, endurance, and presence of mind." They were delighted, although they declared that they only did their "duty."

Bob Fitzimmons has had his mouth put in order by a prince among dentists; he has had 162 diamonds fixed in his teeth to fill cavities.

This dazzling installation has just been made, and Fitz will now be able to masticate anything and everything. There was a man once who had difficulty in mastication—he wanted a diamond set—and used to sit all day and sigh because he could not tackle as of old such tough lovelinesses as porter-house steaks, devilled turkey drumsticks, and crackling off the pork.

Presumably these luxuries, as well as the bones, would be easy to Fitzimmons with his De Beers molars.

There is really a lot of common sense in the use of rough gums for the purpose named, as any one who has seen a diamond drill at work can appreciate. In fact, it would make one's living much easier if every youth and young girl had the fit-up, even if parish or State aid were solicited—they could get the artificial emulment on the time payment plan.

How much cheaper would one's bills be, and how much less fastidions would be the community? A tough leg of mutton would cease to be the cause of bad language, while a good but hard-as-brick wing rib of American beef—delivered as best Scotch—would never again cause dissension at a family Sunday dinner at Teatime.

No longer would the diamond tiaras, sprays, and collarettes of dainty ladies be the sole attraction at the theatre, as there would be a premium for the low comedian to make the men of the party laugh, for at the first burst of hilarity from boxes, stalls and dress-circle there would be a flush from hundreds of masculine mouths.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the diamonds for teeth-building are used in the fillings and bridges, and are for the most part visible.

The story that Lord Russell of Killowen thought Mrs Maybrick innocent continues to be repeated.

The unfortunate part of it is that he never thought her innocent at all, neither at any period of his career did he give utterance to any statement open to such a construction.

What he did say over and over again was that there was not sufficient evidence to hang her; in other words, had the trial taken place across the border the verdict would have been "Not proven," as in the case of Madeline Smith.

Lord Russell wrote to successive Home Secretaries on the subject, because, in common with most people, he was of opinion that the verdict being "Guilty," Mrs Maybrick should either have been hanged, or, if the Home Office interfered at all, allowed to go scot-free.

Innocent or guilty, the unfortunate woman has now to undergo an ordeal far worse than either hanging or penal servitude, for, like Isabel in "East Lynne," she must never reveal her identity to her own offspring. A more terrible punishment cannot be conceived. To the majority of people it will perhaps appear a needless and superfluous act of mental torture.

Viscount St. Cyres contributes to "Cornhill" a very rare account of Theodore Hook and his jokes. He quotes Coleridge's tribute, to the effect that Hook was a genius, like Dante. The story is told how he took his revenge on an old lady who had offended him. He wrote to every sort and kind of person, over four thousand in all, asking them to call upon the old lady on a certain day.

But, perhaps, the most entirely typical of all Hook's jokes was the hoax he played on the doctor. Driving back from a party at some unholy hour in the morning, he found he had not a farthing in his pocket. Suddenly he remembered that in the same street as his own there lived a medical man, famous for his skill on interesting occasions. He stopped the cab at the doctor's house, jumped out, and rang with frantic energy. Presently a half-dressed figure appeared at the window. "For heaven's sake, doctor, come at once," panted our hero. "My wife—prematurely—not a moment to be lost!" "Directly," answered the doctor, and soon emerged with all his paraphernalia under his arm. In a twinkling Hook hauled him into the cab, slammed the door, and bade the cabman drive as fast as he could to the address of a prim old maiden lady against whom he happened to have a grievance.

According to the latest genealogical calculations, there are more than eleven thousand people in England alone who are descended directly from royalty. This may seem a somewhat startling statement though, nevertheless, a true one, and the reason for it must be looked for in the fact that from the thirteenth century onwards to the sixteenth, sons of kings, and, in some cases, even kings themselves, thought nothing of wedding the daughters of the nobles who very often had won their way to fame and riches though of humble birth.

The children of these marriages in turn intermarried with those of the "upper ten," and so, as generations passed on, royal blood became suffused throughout all the more important families in the land.

The eleven thousand people referred to, however, have not to go as far back as the Plantagenets to trace their claims as descendants of royalty, for, according to a work which has just been issued under the title of "The Blood Royal of Britain," 11,723 living people are the direct descendants of Henry VII., and from that time till the last generation no fewer than 36,735 people have lived who carried the blood of the Tudors in their veins.

It is rather interesting to trace the descent of these people from the Tudor family. History records that Henry VII. had two daughters. The elder of these married James IV. of Scotland, and so became the grandmother of Mary Queen of Scots. The younger daughter was Mary Tudor, who married first, against her will, Louis XII. of France, and afterwards Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a great favourite of Henry VIII.

Now, the descendants of the younger daughter number, as far as can be judged at the present time, some 10,283 persons in a direct line. It is a remarkable fact

that the descendants of the two sisters have kept in two distinct lines, for from the elder sister, Margaret, came the Stuarts, who afterwards occupied the English throne; and all the crowned heads of Europe to-day, with the exception of those of some of the minor States in the South, can trace their descent back to Margaret, but none to Mary. Thus, all European monarchs are more or less related.

Once, in a country branch of a big bank, the manager issued a number of new notes, but forgot to notify head office of the fact, and the omission was not discovered until the worn-out notes began to come in to be destroyed. Then a letter came from headquarters asking for an explanation, and the manager, in reply, told the simple truth—that he had forgotten to send the notice. Headquarters were not satisfied. "Mr X. has not yet explained why the omission was made," the next memo. ran, carefully marked "3" in red ink. The manager marked "4" with equal care and wrote—"Mr X. regrets that he cannot explain his forgetfulness. It may be that he has forgotten why he forgot." There was no further correspondence; but that manager left the bank long ago.

Large sums of money are spent annually by society women in England on scents and toilet waters, and the fashion among them is to keep to one perfume only. Rose water has come into vogue again.

In the matter of scents the Queen is most fastidious, and soaps and sweet-smelling washes are made for her in great variety. The perfume which Her Majesty always favours is a delicious compound of flowers, and the secret of making it is in the possession of a Parisian perfumer. The name of the scent is "Coeur de Jeanette."

One of the tokens of signal favour on the Queen's part is when Her Majesty bestows a box of this scent, as she is most particular to reserve the brand for herself and prevent it becoming popular.

The Queen naturally recognises the smell wherever she goes. The liquid costs something like six guineas a pint, which is by no means expensive as perfumes go.

The Czarina favours an especial brew of violets redolent of fresh Parma flowers, but she is capricious in her tastes, and for a long time she was devoted to jonquil and jessamine extracts made for her by a Russian chemist.

The German Empress, who is characteristically simple in her tastes, prefers "Newtown Hay." The Queen of Holland cannot endure scent of any description with the somewhat uncompromising exception of eau de cologne.

"Leon Brodsky": A letter just received from Mr William Archer, to whom I wrote for advice concerning an Australian National Theatre, suggests that the best way to start is with municipal theatres in Melbourne and Sydney. He thinks the cash difficulty the least of all. "A manager, actors, repertory and traditions will all be very hard to obtain." The repertory will certainly offer its problems for solution, but it and the traditions can stand over. The absence of a past in Australia certainly militates somewhat against the creation of an artistic atmosphere (who was it

said there was nothing as uninteresting as the woman and the country without a past?), but, then we shall have the chance of avoiding much error which is encouraged in a lot of European tradition. Of the four difficulties mentioned by Mr Archer, the one that seems the greatest to me is that of the actors. I doubt if at the present moment we were to get a theatre for purely art purposes, whether we could get together a good enough company. At present the plays produced in Australia mean nothing, and consequently an actor's success is conditioned by his personality, his looks, or something else that does not count as art. The sooner, therefore, we can get a new school of young men and women, with a broad general knowledge and some real enthusiasm for art, to train for the stage, and to train only in good plays, the better. Valuable work can be done in this connection by amateur clubs.

An M.D. says that it is worth while reflecting that the following diseases may be directly or indirectly caused by some form of alcoholism: Acute gastric catarrh, chronic gastric catarrh, gastric dilatation, intestinal indigestion, constipation, gout, cholera, morbus, peritonitis, dropsy of the abdomen, catarrhal jaundice, congestion of the liver, cirrhosis (hob-nail liver), chronic tubal nephritis (chronic Bright's disease), diabetes mellitus, chronic bronchitis, congestion of the lungs, oedema of the lungs, lobar pneumonia, fibroid phthisis (interstitial pneumonia), chronic valvular disease of the heart, dilatation of the heart, chronic fibroid heart, fatty degeneration of the heart, palpitation of the heart, arterio sclerosis, aneurism of the aorta, meningitis (brain fever), apoplexy, congestion of the brain, brain thrombosis and embolism (in youth), nervous vertigo, tremulencia (a plain drunkard), delirium tremens, dipomania.

Alcoholism predisposes to sunstroke, chronic pleurisy, inflammation of the nerve trunks, spinal congestion, spinal meningitis, spinal sclerosis (four forms, one of which is locomotor ataxia), disseminated neuritis, melancholia, mania (insanity), delusional insanity, phagedenic ulcer, erysipelas, blood tumour, fatty tumour, monomania, general paralysis (paretic dementia), acquired feeble-mindedness, acne rosacea (whisky nose and cheeks), and trifacial neuralgia.

It will surprise many people that the origin of "lynch law" and "lynching" is declared in the latest instalment of the "Oxford Dictionary" to be undetermined. The expression, say the editors, is often asserted to have arisen from the proceedings of Charles Lynch, a justice of the peace in Virginia, who in 1782 was indemnified by an Act of the Virginian Assembly for having illegally fined and imprisoned certain Tories in 1780. But Mr Albert Matthews informs us that no evidence has been adduced to show that Charles Lynch was ever concerned in acts such as those which from 1817 onward were designated as "Lynch law." It is possible that the perpetrators of these acts may have claimed that in the infliction of punishments not sanctioned by the laws of the country they were following the example of Lynch, which had been justified by the act of

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Indemnity; or there may have been some other man of this name who was a ringleader in such proceedings. Some have conjectured that the term is derived from the name of Lynch's creek, in South Carolina, which is known to have been in 1768 a meeting-place of the "Regulators," a band of men whose professed object was to supply the want of regular administration of criminal justice in the Carolinas, and who committed many acts of evidence on those suspected of "Toryism."

What literary geographers chart as "Thackeray's London" is sympathetically described by Mr William Sharp in the "Pall Mall Magazine." "Thackeray enthusiasts were formerly wont to seek more than any other place (for now Godalming claims what was once the glory of Smithfield) the Charterhouse—the Grey Friars of 'The Newcomes' and elsewhere, and for ever now associated with the beloved memory of incomparable Colonel Newcome. Others, perhaps, sought first those 'dark alleys, archways, courts, and backstairs' of the Middle Temple, so beloved by Thackeray; and in particular Brick Court, and the stairs leading to the chambers once occupied by Goldsmith. . . . visiting these no doubt for Thackeray's sake rather than for other associations, though remembering his 'I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his (Goldsmith's), and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.'"

The following on the "Sign of the Cross" revival in Sydney is amusing:—One simply cannot take the "Sign of the Cross" seriously, chiefly because the early Christian martyr seems so unpleasant and sorrowful and needlessly husky. We are quite willing to give him all the honour we don't want for ourselves, but we would much rather have Marcus Superbus or Licinius to dinner. Mercia is unpleasant, hence she is the cause of a lot of trouble. The most convincing thing in the present revival is Julius Knight's love-making. He has a good idea of how "the brute aroused in the man" would roar and rend its prey. He folds his arms high up on the roof of his chest at times, and the hang of his toga is a marvel of skill. If the original Marcus wore his with the same artistic but negligent droop Mercia must have indeed been unimpressible. Maud Jeffries plays the white-faced spiritual maiden who goes about Rome bare-headed in so beautifully passionless a way that one doubts if the lions got any red blood and satisfaction from their meals in the days of old. Memorists of Caleb Porter and after him Atholwood as Nero handicap actor Warburton for the majority of the audience. Arthur Wontner as Tigellinus and Johnston Weir as Licinius are well fitted. So are Madge Hope as Poppea, Olive Noble as Dacia, and Rose Pendennis as Berenice. Farley Turner is good in everything, and as the drinky Glabrio he pleased a very crowded house on Saturday.

There are in operation to-day 252,436 miles of ocean cables, of which only 38,797 miles, or about 15 per cent., are owned by governments, the remainder being in the hands of private owners. Englishmen opened the first cable line—across the Channel between Dover and Calais, on August 23, 1850—and Englishmen still control a larger mileage than the capitalists of any other country and more than half the total length of the submarine lines.

The British cables that connect London with all parts of the world have a length of 154,000 miles, of which 14,903 miles are owned by the Government. Of the 139,136 miles owned by private companies, the longest mileage is in the Australian and Oriental lines. The Eastern Extension, Australasia, and China Telegraph Company controls 97,809 miles, and the Western Telegraph Company 19,880 miles.

The most important of the British cable lines are the five that stretch across the North Atlantic, and also the first line stretched across the Pacific, which connects Vancouver with the Fiji Islands, Norfolk Island, Queensland,

and New Zealand, and which was opened on December 8, 1903. Among the many British lines also are cables to South America and along both of its coasts.

The craze for jokes of the "Why did the fly fly?" order had its day, and had almost ceased to be, but Carolyn Wells reviews it with a page of clever play on authors' names in "Everybody's Magazine":

For how much did Eugene Sue?
For what he let George Borrow.

But wasn't he Owen Wister?
Yes, but so did Harriet Martineau.

When did George Ade?
When he found Clement Shorter.

Why did Mary Abigail Dodge?
Because she thought she saw Elmore Elliott Peake.

Why didn't Charles Dudley Warner?
Because he was watching Josephine Dodge Daskam.

Why did Josephine Dodge Daskam?
Because she had George Wither.

Why did Charles Lever?
Because he didn't wish to see Samuel Lover.

What made Victoria Cross?
Because Albert Herter.

What made Winston Churchill?
Because he let Eliza Cook.

Why couldn't Joseph Cook?
He didn't ask Julia Ward Howe.

Why was Madeline Lucette Ryley?
Because Elizabeth Custer.

What made Oscar Wilde?
To see George Madden Martin.

What made Maxwell Gray?
Because he saw Jesse Lynch Williams.

How do you know Mrs. Campbell Praed?
Because Johann Herder.

Whom will Mrs. Humphry Ward?
Hamilton Wright Mable.

What did William Ware?
John Godfrey Saxe and Edward Noyes Westcott.

Why was Irving Bacheller?
Because he couldn't Marie Corelli.

When was John Gay?
When he saw Henry Blake Fuller.

When did Anthony Hope?
When he saw Robert Treat Paine.

When did Susan Marr Spalding?
When she saw Julia Deat Grant.

What is it William Hazlitt?
The Henry Francis Lyte.

Is that the kind Robert Burns?
Yes, and I saw Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

Why doesn't Clara Louise Burnham?
She and Molly Elliott Seawell enough without.

Where did Henry Cabot Lodge?
Ou A. Quiller Couch.

The "buried treasure" schemes adopted by some of the London newspapers as a means of running up their circulations have been responsible for some remarkable ebullitions of character on the part of some London crowds. The rush for clues to the treasure hidden by two of the Sunday newspapers led to remarkable scenes on Saturday evening and yesterday morning (remarks a recent issue of the "Daily Express"). Thousands of people thronged Carmelite and Douverie streets at midnight, waiting for copies of the papers the instant they left the printing presses. In the adjoining thoroughfares were long lines of cabs waiting to hurry the disc hunters to the places indicated by the clues. "This way for the discs!" shouted the cabbies, and one offered to throw in the use of a trowel and his lamp without extra charge. But many of the treasure-hunters had provided their own vehicles. There were bicycles by the score, and innumerable traps and tradesmen's light vans. The crowd swayed round the publishing rooms, fighting for places. Many women were among them, and they neither asked nor gave quarter. At one of the offices, where police assistance had been engaged, a constable was

asked to stand in front of the publisher's window. "Not me," he replied; "I don't want ahoving through the window." While the crowd were waiting someone threw a handful of paper scraps from an upper room. "The clues!" shouted an enthusiast, and dashed off to pick them up. But he found nothing worth having, and lost his place for his pains. Then a flashlight photograph of the crowd was taken, and another was taken afterwards as the people muddily scampered away in quest of the gold. When the papers appeared, copies were snatched from hand to hand, and many paid extortionate prices to agents who had secured bundles. The rush to the suburbs followed. Cabs, carts, and bicycles dashed off in every direction, determined to be first on the spot indicated in the latest clues. One of the most remarkable searches was prosecuted at Woolwich, on the south end of the common, opposite the Royal Herbert Hospital. Over a thousand people were to be seen prodding and digging in the most business-like fashion. From dawn until nine o'clock in the morning they continued, and the state of affairs became so serious that mounted troops had to be called out to clear the common. For a time it seemed as if there would be a riot. The crowd was angry and determined not to be driven away. The tact of the troops, however, turned the danger, and in a short time the upturned common was clear. This part of the common has been, by permission of the War Office, the people's pleasure ground for many years, being closed only on "Boundary Day" to preserve the Government's authority. So incensed, however, are the authorities at the depredations of the treasure-hunters, that Colonel Coke, the officer commanding the garrison, yesterday closed it, and not a soul was allowed to cross. The identity of one of the men who have been engaged in hiding the gold-bearing discs has been established, and his friends and acquaintances are giving him a very lively time. They cultivate his company in the most embarrassing manner, dodge his footsteps, and lay all kinds of wily traps to get the information which is worth gold to them. The outcry against this new method of advertising is growing, but, so far from being inundated by it, one of the papers intends to follow up its success by burying hundreds of discs for smaller sums of 5/ and 10/ each. Scotland Yard, according to the "St. James' Gazette," has issued instructions to the divisional stations of the metropolis with a view to putting an end to the destruction caused by the treasure-hunters.

The "Monthly Review" contains a very interesting article by that high authority, M. Tugan-Baranowsky, on "Anti-Semitism in Contemporary Russia." M. Tugan-Baranowsky does not find that the Russian peasant detests the Jews. He has recently lived two years in a Little-Russian village, and found the attitude of the peasants distinctly friendly to the Jews. The Russian "feels himself anything but fleeced or oppressed by the Jews;" and the majority of the Jews are honest and industrious folk, forming the commercial and industrial element in Little-Russia, an element whose expulsion into the towns would place the peasants in an awkward position.

Of course the working-class Russian finds the Jew to be a "foreigner." But there is so little enmity between the races that it requires some exceptional factor to bring about the sack of a Jewish Quarter. When M. Tugan-Baranowsky inquired of some of the assassins at Kief, he got the reply, "The Jews have murdered our Tsar." Many peasants thought that the Tsar had deliberately abandoned the Jews to their mercy.

But the root of the evil is the Anti-Semitic press, inspired by the Russian Nationalist Party. The Government is not primarily responsible, for Russian Nationalism is not a Governmental invention. It has been growing in Russia of late; it inspired the oppression of the Finns, and makes war against all non-Russian races. When M. Witte was still in power, he prepared a secret memoir in which he advocated the removal of all legal restrictions on the liberties of the Jews. This he did on purely economic grounds. But the Nationalist Party proved too strong, and M. Witte was beaten. Anti-Semitism, in fact, is merely one branch of the Russian Nationalist campaign.

It is an acknowledged fact that the pursuit of health is one of the most absorbing cults of the present time, and that to eliminate disease by common-sense means is as interesting a pursuit as any that can be offered to the modern man or woman. Munching parties are an outcome of the latest craze in health-production. They require a little explanation, to those who have not yet joined the large and ardent band of persons to whom the Gospel of Clean Eating, pioneered by Mr Horace Fletcher, means so much, remarks a Home journal. When Mr Fletcher was pursuing his investigations concerning nutrition his attention was called to Mr Gladstone's famous observation that each mouthful of food should be bitten thirty-two times before being swallowed. He made a careful study of this idea, and found that while some food may be swallowed after less than half the number of bites prescribed by Mr Gladstone, other kinds require hundreds of bites more. For example, a young garden onion will require seven hundred and seventy-two bites before it disappears by the action of involuntary swallowing, and, more curious still, when this is accomplished, it leaves no odour in the mouth whatsoever. That expression "Involuntary swallowing" requires a little explanation. One of the rules the munchers are bound to follow is that they chew their food until the throat takes it down automatically. The food must be systematically and carefully tasted and turned in the mouth slowly, so that it becomes perfectly incorporated with the saliva, and when this process has been accomplished the throat takes it in charge, and sends it down to the stomach to deal with further. Thus the office of the teeth is so to reduce the food placed under their protection that each particle can be acted upon by the saliva, which is freed by the action of the mouth for this purpose. Dentists tell their patients that one reason why a perfect mouthful of teeth is necessary, by artificial means if not by natural ones, is that salivation is not produced to perfection unless the teeth are in a completely satisfactory condition.

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After Dinner Gossip

and

Echoes of the Week.

How It Feels to Be the Wife of a Mormon.

The universally discussed question of the hour, the declining birth-rate, has, as we all know, been even more prominently before France than these colonies, and if interest in the matter is more keen here, it is only because we have not, as France has, had time to get hopeless over a problem which seems unsolvable, and wearied of discussions which lead nowhere. But a sort of spurt was the other day given to the question by a serious suggestion that by polygamy, and by polygamy only, was the present unsatisfactory state of affairs to be mended. The idea had frequently been ventured tentatively by individual writers, and hotly opposed, as was only natural, by the great bulk of individuals; but it was not until recently a great Parisian journal took the matter up heavily, gravely, and seriously, reviewed the pros and cons judicially, and, in short, conducted a social analysis on the whole problem of plural marriages. Amongst other means as arriving at a definite conclusion as to the excellencies or evils of polygamy, Mons Jules Huret, one of the best-known French journalists and critics, went over and interviewed some prominent Mormon wives of the old school, and he writes of his impressions and theirs in his paper, the famous "Figaro." Now, though Mormonism can never be tolerated amongst us in New Zealand, and though no one would ever urge it seriously here as a solution for the decline of the birth-rate problem, yet there is no doubt that it is a solution of a kind, and though we now regard it with abhorrence, it is idle to deny that there is interest in finding how those Westerners, who have lived in polygamous wedlock, explain the institution. Mons Huret, having secured the proper introductions, announced his inability to understand how a woman outside the Oriental nations could share the love of a man with an indefinite number of rivals. One of the ladies (a Mrs Wells) promptly responded that they are not rivals. They are drawn together by their common love of the man. To this the Frenchman objected, as most readers of the "Graphic" would do, that this sounds all very well in theory, but that it could not work out in practice. Love would cease on the woman's part directly the "sharing" principle began. "No," said Mrs Wells, "not if the man knows how to distribute his love equally, but this needs power and tact, and in this way many men were unquestionably not worthy of plural marriage, and should not be allowed its advantages and responsibilities. The Mormon husband must of necessity be a superior man, and it was better to share the love of a superior man with ten others than to be the sole wife of an inferior personage." This Mrs Wells appears to have thought unanswerable argument, but Mons Huret completely turned the tables by asking if she would not rather be the sole wife of a superior man. "Certainly," responded the lady, "but it is a fact that in a family of twenty children—one of ten girls and ten boys, for instance—the girls are generally superior to the boys. Now, since there are more superior women than superior men, it becomes necessary for the women to share with one another the superior men." Mons Huret then ventured to hark back to the question of jealousy, and drew the following rather sinister admission from another plural wife, which seems worth quoting: "Of course, it is necessary that the men should know how to divide his love equally."

"If one suffers one should not show it. It is not necessary to show it."

"But how can that be done," I objected, "if your suffering is violent? This is a question of sensibility."

"It is a question of discipline!" she answered.

There is a good deal of food for reflection in that last sentence most New Zealanders will admit. According to Mrs Wells "the descendants of a Mormon are stronger. There are fewer infirm, and deformed children are of rare occurrence. The wives of a polygamist are much happier than other wives. They rapidly rise in superiority above their sisters in single marriage, because, as they are not required to slave continually for their husband, they have leisure time for cultivating their own minds—time for self-improvement. When the husband becomes ill-humoured, also, it is an advantage to be one of several wives, because his anger, like his love, will be shared. Moreover, as husband and wife see less of one another and are not compelled always to be in one another's company, their love will not become dulled and the joy of loving becomes more intense and at the same time more pure."

There is a great charm about the girl who agrees with you, all argument to the contrary notwithstanding. The girl who argues with you may be the girl who keeps you up to the mark mentally. But there is a certain soothing something about the girl who agrees with you that is delightful.

A Monstrous Gamble.

There are one or two forms of wickedness which make even those of us who are most modern in our ideas on such matters hopeful that there may after all be somewhere in the next world a hell of the fire and brimstone type on the horrors of which the clergy of our youth so delighted to dilate. An instance of what one means is reported in one of the latest London dailies, and it is, moreover, reported without comment, and quite as a matter of course. It concerns Mr. Daniel Sully, the notorious "cotton king," whose gigantic attempts to corner the cotton market have recently collapsed, and whose failure for an enormous sum was cabled the other day. It would appear that on February 17 Sully had some lady friends to lunch at a famous restaurant near the cotton exchange, New York, and as a means of providing entertainment for his guests proposed a visit to the exchange. Shortly after two he took the party to the public gallery which overlooks the fateful arena, and began to point out prominent men. Big because a reaction had set in after the tremendous transactions of the previous week, the exchange happened to be dead quiet, and the ladies who had read sensational reports of the noise, and scuffling were disappointed. According to Mr. Sully's admissions afterwards to a reporter, he determined to brighten things up a bit—to use his own words, "just for fun and to please the girls." He went downstairs and spoke to a man on the exchange. Now mark what followed.

Every person in the Exchange was all attention in a second. A busy hum of conversation filled the place. Men came running in from the corridors and the ante-rooms. The floor filled in less than five minutes.

The ladies looked on delightedly. More, however, was to come. Brokers came rushing across the pit as Sully strode about, buying cotton on every side. A loud din filled the place where silence had reigned a few minutes previously.

All were offering Sully cotton, and Sully was ready to buy all and more than was offered. Excitement deepened. Prices were shouted from side to side.

Messenger boys came flying into the arena in response to the frantic calls of brokers and dealers, who saw in Sully's diversion the chance of making large sums of money. Cables were despatched in scores. Pandemonium reigned as it did in the fiercest days of the battle of prices when Sully and his men were struggling with might and main to corner the market.

Scores of dealers, not knowing the secret, thought that a great new strategic move was being engineered by the Sully clique. Scores rushed to sell on the rise. Scores more rushed to cover themselves in the fear that they might be caught short and have to pay the penalty.

As a result of this diversion, July cotton rose several points a pound. Then, again to show his command of the market, Mr. Sully suddenly ceased to buy.

To the uninitiated there may not appear much in this exploit, but it must be remembered that this dealing was in "futures" in cotton—that is to say, which was non-existent, and that the forcing of the market to please his friends meant ruin to someone. Incidentally no doubt it was part of the millions for which he has failed, and that failure will bring ruin and desolation to thousands. Sully knew his move would cause enormous loss to someone, yet to please a few ladies he was content to do this thing. Moreover, while the "Cotton King" was conducting his frolic, thousands of cotton operatives were walking the streets of Lancashire towns starving, the absolutely direct result of the machinations of the Sully clique in putting up the price of cotton to a figure which will not allow the factories to work at a profit. Well might the "Express" publish its account of this deplorable affair under the heading, "Gambling in Lives."

A Preposterous Proposition.

A PROMISE OF MARRIAGE MADE ON SUNDAY IS NOT BINDING.

Such is the momentous decision of a Brooklyn Judge, according to the "New York Herald," and there is consternation and desperation amongst the maidens of the United States, for in America Sunday is the day on which more courtship is done than on any day of the week. In England, especially amongst the wealthier and more leisured class one day is pretty much as another to lovers, and it is even odds that a proposal will come on Friday as on the "day of rest." But here and in America we know how almost entirely lovemaking is confined to Sunday, or to be more precise, how large amount of it is done on that day. We may therefore share very completely in the resentment which the Judge's extraordinary decision has aroused amongst fair Americans. It is a well-recognised fact that the Sunday suitor is the only one who is taken seriously. The boys who call on week day evenings are charming no doubt, but as one indignant lady denouncing the law points out, it is only when a man begins dropping in regularly on Sunday afternoons and evenings that his attentions begin to wear a serious aspect. No doubt a dance, where the sitting-out room has been arranged with forethought, is provocative of sentiment, and has led up to many denouements of a satisfactory nature, but will anyone who has studied youth contend that it can compare with sharing a hymn-book in church, loitering home—

by the longest way round—afterwards, and turning over music-books or photographs after supper, as do properly-conducted lovers all the New World over on Sunday. If the statistics were available, and the writer were a betting man, he would wager his all that \$5 per cent proposals take place on Sunday. And here is this dangerous precedent from Brooklyn. Suppose Mr Seddon in his might should consider it good to copy this law—he is always up to something—what should we do? The girls of New Zealand must be watchful and on the alert.

For there can be no doubt to a certain unregenerate section of young people the Brooklyn law would be welcome. One can, for instance, foresee that the flirtatiously-inclined might enjoy all the raptures of being engaged for an entire Sunday, and be light heartedly irresponsible on Monday. The situation would doubtless have its charm. Yet how such uncertainty would undermine society. The man whose feelings could no longer be concealed, and who had to propose on Sunday or burst—so to say—would be regarded with suspicion by his lady love; an estrangement might follow, and the whole dream of two lives be wrecked. No, our girls must keep their eyes very wide open, and nip any move in this direction in the bud.

An Infernal Machine.

Auckland seems particularly unfortunate in its public bodies. If the Harbour Board ceases from blundering for a week or so, the Charitable Aid Board take up the running and give some new and novel exposition of the height of ineptitude and incompetence to which it can reach, and opens the eyes of the public to some fresh scandal. The state of the public ambulance has been inadvertently upon times out of number, it has been complained over and over again, that it is rough and utterly unsuited to its purpose, and that it ought to be forthwith destroyed. The authorities have taken these complaints with the insolent indifference to public opinion which is its chief characteristic. The Costley Hoard inquiry resulted in a condemnation which would have crushed any less thick-skinned body of men. But not so here. The Charitable Aid Board simply smiled superior, said the report was exaggerated and unfair, and went on its way rejoicing. Last week, after a distressing lift accident, the ambulance was called, and no one who reads the evidence given at the Coroner's inquest, can feel the smallest doubt that the horrible making and jolting of the truly "infernal machine," supplied to the sufferer by the Charitable Aid Board indirectly contributed to the fatal result of the accident. Many people will feel with the writer that while the law may hold the Board guiltless, they are through culpable negligence not free of moral responsibility for the boy's death. It is a pity some painful accident could not befall some apathetic member of the Board that he might be able to give an account from personal experience of the pleasures and pains of being jolted from side to side in the ambulance when suffering of mortal agony.

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SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.

The work at Ellerslie every morning becomes more entertaining. One of the features for some time past has been the appearance of a thirteen band pony ridden by a woman in a black jacket with the object of getting the pony fit for the purpose of getting at himself dependent upon a two round task under pressure.

It has been decided by the South Australian Jockey Club that on every nomination paper the place where the horse has been trained should be stated. It will not be a sufficient compliance with this rule to use the word "private," or name of the trainer of the horse nominated, and any other equivalent, but the actual name of the trainer must be stated.

The King of the Belgians is said by the English paper "World" to have decided to exhibit his racing colours on the Belgian turf, and to found a racing establishment of his own in imitation of his cousin, King Edward. It is at least certain that he is going to spend £50,000 in the laying out of a racetrack at Ixelles on the lines of Ascot.

In glancing through the catalogue of the Moscow Douglas's yearlings, I note that the game little mare Whinliff, who ran second to the champion Nelson in the Auckland Cup twice, and being Club Handicap cases, also winning that event once, and second in the Wellington Cup, besides winning other races, has produced no fewer than fourteen foals in fifteen years, seven of which have been returned winners.

Baltimore, who was entered for the A.R.C. Easter Handicap, and treated to set, was not satisfied with the impost allotted. Not having started in a race and being now four years old, Mr. Evelt must have feared that he was something out of the ordinary to treat him to the weight he did. On reflection, however, Baltimore has nothing special to recommend him.

The A.R.C. starter and official messenger, Mr. C. O'Connor, is taking two-hundred pounds on behalf of the Auckland Racing Club, and certificates of measurement will be furnished. All pedigrees racing must be measured before the Easter meeting. Arroyo and Signal are the first that have been put under the standard since Mr. O'Connor's arrival.

The Canterbury Jockey Club has decided to try the experiment of a five shilling totalisator on Easter Monday and Tuesday. The club has also under consideration the holding of a "double event" totalisator on the Great Easter and Great Autumn Handicaps, available to occupants of both enclosures. Money will be returned to investors if the winning double is not picked.

On Wednesday a banker took 100 to 20 Waterki for the Easter Handicap, and 100 to 20 Waterki for the Century Stakes, from a local bookmaker, who, on reading over the acceptances for the Easter Handicap, and learning that Achilles had not arrived with the other members of the Porting team, concluded that the banker had a bit the best of the second wager at all events. At the same time he laid 50 to 10 Achilles, 50 to 5 Butchways, and 50 to 5 Starshot.

The most notable defections from the Easter Handicap at the A.R.C. Meeting are Achilles, Conway, Exmoor and Gold Seal, all acceptances for the Easter Handicap, and learning that Achilles had not arrived with the other members of the Porting team, concluded that the banker had a bit the best of the second wager at all events. At the same time he laid 50 to 10 Achilles, 50 to 5 Butchways, and 50 to 5 Starshot.

The "Special Commissioner" of the London "Sportsman" says that the late Sir J. Blundell Mapp would long ago have attained to the height of his ambition and won a Derby had the management of later years been adopted. The plan so often advocated by the writer named of giving the stock complete change of air and pasture has worked wonders already, but for late in the case of any practical good may be except to the buyers of the childwick mares, foals, and yearlings that will come up for sale next July.

Sportsmen must feel regret that we are not to see Achilles at the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting owing, it is reported, to his having contracted a cold at Wanganui from which he did not recover in time to be ready for the trip North. To lose valuable weight-for-age or classic engagements is a serious matter. Good horses almost invariably receive plenty of weight in handicaps, and Achilles in that respect has been highly estimated.

The "Referee" states that Mr. Stead intended sending a handicap horse to Auckland with Silkworth, who was engaged in the Great Northern Fed Stakes. The weights for the Easter Handicap did not appear in time in the South, and Mr. Stead reluctantly abandoned the idea of sending any horses to Auckland. It appears that the handicaps published in Auckland on Monday morning were not published in Southern morning papers until Wednesday, and owners were waiting without knowing the reason for the delay.

In Hungarian studs a number of well-bred English stallions are doing duty at low prices. The best of these is the one known as Jeddah is about the most extensive, his fee being 42 guineas, but only 84 guineas each are asked for the services of The Rush, Pety, and Owell, the latter being a brother in blood to Grand Royal. Lancer is the latest English addition to blood stock in Hungary, and he is at the Royal Stud, Kishler, where his services will be available to Hungarian owners at 125 guineas, and foreign owners at 25 guineas.

Old Nelson, one of the hardest worked and hardest raced of our thoroughbreds, and one of our very best stayers and most neglected sires, looks a different horse to the wreck he appeared when his old mentor Cutts got him, as a gift from Major George on leaving for England, and for whom he did such signal service. For years the old horse did not carry any flesh, but Cutts soon got him as sleek as a seal, and he is a great favourite at Chokebore Lodge. The dual Auckland Cup winner who in twenty-one years has won 120 races, and will have a few more representatives on the turf in all probability later on, as he was mated with a number of mares last season.

Our London correspondent writes: "Mr. Spencer Colburn's Modra, which in the season 1903 won 11 races in New Zealand, including the Wanganui Steeplechase, and the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase, under a burden of 13st, ran third in the Male Handicap Steeplechase, a two mile event, given at Sandown Park last week. The field numbered a dozen, and Moffan, which carried 11.10, started at 10 to 1, led for a mile, and then compounding rapidly in the boggy ground, was caught and passed by Azno (11.4), and Perdious (12.4), the former winning by a neck, with the New Zealander four lengths off."

Manofium is the name by which Sir Hotchkiss Forme two-year-old colt is to be known. This colt is a good mover and has pace, and is sure to come to hand sooner or later, all going well with him, but he is one of the sort that it should pay to give time to. Another colt by Hotchkiss that has not to be hurried is General Average, and he has already shown his ability to gallop. He may run well during the coming meeting of the A.R.C., but should have a useful colt next spring, and he and Manofium look as likely to furnish into Derby candidates as anything at Ellerslie just now. They are both in the Champagne Stakes to be decided on Saturday next.

The Phoenix Apollo—Musket Maid, the Phoenix Apollo—Blind, and the South-Princess Alice colts, purchased by Mr. T. Fennell of West Australia, are to remain in New Zealand to fulfil New Zealand classic engagements, a place of news which should be very pleasing to Aucklanders generally. The Musket Maid colt is not heavily engaged, or would have made more money at the sale that he did. He is a rare fine clean to look at, and so also the Blind colt, and the Princess Alice colt is a level tows little fellow. The Hotchkiss—Lady Augusta, the Castor—Radiant, and the Phoenix Apollo—Chrysalis colts, all nice ones, are to be sent to West Australia after the Easter meeting here.

Contrary to traditions, the Arabs have no written pedigrees. Family connections of Arabian horses live in the memory of the owner only. Alleged pedigrees of Arabian horses are the result of the fully carried about in a leather bag hung around the animal's neck are pure fiction, gotten up by horse dealers. The breeding of Arabian horses is carefully preserved, however, and is a matter of common knowledge among the natives, which renders it difficult for an owner to sport a false pedigree even if he should wish to do so. Some of the pedigrees are being carefully preserved. They have never known to lie about the age of their horses, of their marvellous qualities, but, regard to pedigree they are straight—than some published records in more civilised countries.

A New York paper has it that at some time during the latter part of the season, the St. Louis World's Fair people hope to bring together Lou Dillon, Dan Patch, and the horse that is recognised as the best racehorse of the year, if such a decision can be made. These three are wanted as special attractions for the autumn horse show that is to be a feature of the Exposition. There will be no opportunity to show speed, but the people will appreciate seeing Lou Dillon and Dan Patch in the show ring of the amphitheatre, even if there is no opportunity for them to be shown at faster than an ordinary road gait. The runner that will be sought to complete this exhibition of the champions of the three is difficult to select at this time. Last September there were about "four greatest horses in America," and the same condition may exist next autumn.

The C.I.C. acceptances must be accounted very satisfactory. There are eighteen paid up for in the Great Easter Handicap and fifteen in the Great Autumn Handicap. Fit and well, Field Batter and Lady Lillian would be a hard pair to beat on their side of the Easter Handicap, but Field Battery is unsound and Lady Lillian has done no racing for some time. Full City has recent form to recommend him, and cannot be written out. I opine that most danger may be looked for from those lower down than above him. Quarryman and Brave Heart, Grand Rapids and Butchways, should have winning chances, if dressed in their best, and the English-bred year three-year-old colt Martian, in the Yaldhurst stable, reads nicely treated for a holder in both his engagements. Butchways, Full City, Grand Rapids, and Bagpipes are those that may furnish the winner of the Autumn Handicap, so many of the others being stale, recently out of form, or up from enforced retirement.

In America in a discussion as to who was the champion three-year-old colt of that country last year, it was agreed that Dick Welles, the Western crack, was entitled to the palm because he started in fourteen races, was beaten once, and made a new world's record for a mile, 1:37.35. He did not meet Aftercider, High Lad, and Golden Heat, consequently Eastern turf men are not willing to concede the superiority of the son of King Eric. He won eight times in fifteen starts, was second three times, third once, and unplaced three times, carrying all kinds of weight and winning the Reclamation at a mile and five furlongs and the Saratoga Cup at a mile and three-quarters. Irish Lad ran six times, winning three races and finishing second in each of the others. Saville defeated McChesney, but the race was a run for a fluke. There were 230 three-year-olds who won last year, twenty-three of them capturing ten or more races. Irish Lad, Flying Ship, Virgin, Nell, Captain Buckle, and Reliable were never outside of the money.

Country stewards in some parts of this colony are often referred to by racegoers as great sinners, but in my experience they more often err through ignorance of racing law and usage, than through a commonly accepted belief that they find it to their interest to do so. A proverbial coach and four through the racing code. There is always a class who attend race meetings who are ready to put the worst possible construction on the action of racing officials, and there are here and there a few racing officials who will take war risks in order to make money by speculating and sitting in judgment in cases in which they

are monetarily interested, but the proportion of such men, it is to be hoped, is small. The influence of men who do these things is exercised very often to such an extent amongst those who know little of racing that unfair decisions are come to, but on the whole even handed justice is aimed at by the majority of racing officials acting to the best of their light, up to the limit of their instruction. For those who when they fail it is almost invariably through want of knowledge, and is led away by evidence tendered by interested parties.

If Englishmen are not very careful and alert (says an exchange), they will eventually lose their prestige as the breeders of thoroughbred stock. Other countries are rapidly overtaking them. For years the French, German and Russian buyers have been outbidding them at the Ringside. What is more, they will have to make some radical alterations in the management of their race meetings. A Home paper says: "When compared to racing in France, the expenses in England are enormous, and only the other day we were talking over the matter with Mr. Frank Gardner, who used to keep a large racing stud at Foxhill, Wilts, and sold the entire for £100,000 in the Newmarket December sale of 1902. Although Mr. Gardner had a very fair share of luck indeed on the English turf, and could not complain of not winning races, his balance was always on the wrong side, and he never returned to the turf again. In France (Mr. Gardner informed us) his expenses were not more than one-third of what they were in England, while the prizes were more substantial."

Horse-owners, particularly along the West Coast of the North Island within Tararaki, Wanganui, Wellington, and Hawke's Bay metropolitan areas, have so out of race meetings as to which to engage their horses, and are beset with requests for nominations, and it must be said respond most liberally. There are many, however, who think the time has arrived when clubs should only ask owners to nominate for first day races, leaving nominations to go in for the second day when acceptances are due for the first day handicaps, and they are thus given an opportunity of satisfying themselves as to the treatment of their horses before the nomination for the most races and light, but when an owner nominates for as many as two races per day, and he is not satisfied to go on after the appearance of the first day's weights, it comes heavy, and more especially to owners who have a number of horses nominated at a number of meetings at one time. Shortly put, owners complain that nominating horses for so many races is a heavy part of their expenditure, and that they are often unnecessarily taxed in this respect.

Much interest, as well as curiosity, is being shown in the mode that will be adopted by the authorities in establishing the proposed Government stud, and many men are not willing to concede the superiority of the son of King Eric. He won eight times in fifteen starts, was second three times, third once, and unplaced three times, carrying all kinds of weight and winning the Reclamation at a mile and five furlongs and the Saratoga Cup at a mile and three-quarters. Irish Lad ran six times, winning three races and finishing second in each of the others. Saville defeated McChesney, but the race was a run for a fluke. There were 230 three-year-olds who won last year, twenty-three of them capturing ten or more races. Irish Lad, Flying Ship, Virgin, Nell, Captain Buckle, and Reliable were never outside of the money.

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Government for troop horses leaves no margin for profit after the animal has been kept till he is five years old, before which age it is not fitted for any kind of hard work. The registration scheme, which it went, worked better than was declared with South Africa, but the supply of horses was not anything like sufficient to meet the demand; it is probably due to the difficulties which were afterwards experienced in securing commission for the War. There has been no doubt that something must be done to prevent a recurrence of the same in the future. It is sincerely to be hoped that whatever plan is adopted in the establishment of a stud it will be carried out in a practical way.

There are plenty of moderate hurdle horses in the country, but not many recent additions to the ranks that can be pointed to as anything but of the ordinary. We have nothing so good as Spalpeen in Auckland, and this young horse has no superior at his age in the colony, and waiters, who have been racing longer than we, our own judges, are in general in possession of being the best hurdle horse of the older division at present in commission within its borders, and is probably as good to-day at ten years old in his sixth season as ever he was. These horses are thoroughly sound and no doubt there are other pedigreed horses that would do equally well if put to the jumping game. A good many that have come under my notice during the season would be expected to pick up, but their owners had it more profitable to keep them to flat racing, for big hurdle prices are not numerous enough to tempt them to school their horses. In England and in France there are owners who pick out certain of their horses who do not run too generously on the flat, and while they are young subject them to an easy course of schooling over hurdles, and by doing this in time to come they are found to be improved them for flat racing. No doubt some of our racehorses would be all the better for tuition of this kind. We have had instances in this colony of horses running on the flat, on the hurdles, and across country, but mixing the tasks set horses is not to be recommended. A horse requires different training for each particular business, and cannot at one period of preparation be expected to pick up at all at any two games or at all three. Marmont, who won the Australian Cup recently, is also a Grand National Hurdle winner. At the time he won the Grand National Hurdle Race could not have won a race like the Australian Cup with the preparation he received for the jumping race, nor could it be expected that he would have won a big hurdle race after having been following the Australian Cup victory with such a weight as would have been allotted him. Experience shows that when horses are wanted for particular lines of business they must be trained specially for, or, if they are to be used for one line must receive a great advantage in weight for the particular race they have not been got ready especially for. A horse in condition to show his best form on the flat could hardly be shown at its best on the flat, say on the following day, though good horses have been often known to run well.

I have been present at many equities upon what is termed inconsistent running. Protests under this head were tendered with persistence at the Sydney race, and as often as three times in one day. The mere fact of an apparent inconsistency of form was quite enough for some people to put in a protest on, and many an unfortunate owner had the misfortune of being taken from him under the old order of things, simply because his horse had not shown the same form or something approaching it each time it had run. It was common, indeed, to have protest put in because horses had run differently a week or two previously had come out and reversed positions with other horses that had met. One never hears of such a thing now, and Sir George Childers' ruling on the question of inconsistency in racing put a stop to so many frivolous "off chance" protests, and there would be still fewer were every horse owner in the colony furnished with that ruling and asked to commit it to memory. It must be said that we shall seldom find horses are not machines, and happenings in races in the riding and starting enter into account. Inconsistent running in the absence of proof of connivance, threat and conclusive evidence in any direction, should not be. At a recent equity, at which I happened to be present, an owner had protested against another owner's horse for inconsistency. He had no evidence whatever to offer but insisted that he should be allowed to act on the evidence of his own eyes. The protestor owned the horse that had run second. That horse and the winner had met over a shorter course earlier in the day, and the winner had run second third, and the protestor's horse sixth. The weights on each were practically the same each time. The protestor's horse was closer to the horse protested against than in their first go, and he was just almost throughout as good as the winner. The race was run and ridden brought about different results, but what most people were surprised at was to see the protestor's horse finish in second place after his normal position. It was a very interesting episode. Apropos of inconsistent running I happened to read in the report of the Obenmore races that a protest entered on behalf of Corporal's owner for inconsistent running was lodged against Pinkie, the winner of the Welter Handicap, remembering that Corporal's owner had only appeared against a decision given against him a week before for a similar thing.

Though there is just now a scarcity of good horses in commission for jumping events, we are within measurable distance of the winter season, when we should expect some flat horses of some being ready for the chief jumping races of the colony, provided during the months of May, June, July, and August, and I have no doubt

Auckland will contribute a fair proportion during the season. Cavaliero, not altogether a past light, is working. The Wanganui and Taranaki districts will contribute some horses to the ranks, and some that have been racing on the flat down that way look likely enough sorts to perform with credit later on over sticks, while from the Bark Hurdle ranks we may expect to see scores of horses from the south there are horses in a number of right stables to receive education in the jumping line, and from the hunting fields in different parts of the colony we may expect a good many recruits for our chasers. Though at present there are not many first-class hurdle or steeplechase horses racing, there is reason to anticipate that the winter season will provide us with fields well up to an average of two years, both as to number and quality. Looking at the field engaged in the Brighton Hurdle Race, we find Spalpeen, our best hurdle horse, handicapped at 12.11, a safe margin indeed, and given the weight ranging from 17 to as much as 53.10 to many 12.11 will read as a little short of a cruel weight for a four-year-old, and it is about the first time such an inauspicious start has been given to any one of the same age over such a distance if my memory serves me. Some may infer from this that our jumpers are not getting better, or that Spalpeen is an exceptional coming horse, but I am inclined to think that Spalpeen had one of the same age as himself in Achilles set to concede him no less than 42lb. How would they both meet in a hurdle race? Achilles, on appearance, is a horse of a different class than Spalpeen, but I judge a more perfect hurdler than Spalpeen would be hard to find. Given a nice course of schooling, what a smasher Achilles would probably make over the fences in this colony, yet I cannot recall such another hurdler as Record Itzig either in this colony or out of it. Turning to the horses in the hands of our country trainers at Ellerslie, there is not much to be said. Old Haydn continues to do fair work, and Tip-to-Dote is probably on the improve. Princess of Thule is doing good work at the Thames. King is doing well. Aka Aka is full of promise, but Val Rosa is moving about. Hautapu and Mousas have been racing lately, and they both look well, but the former has not been successful lately, and the latter does not appear to have improved at all since being put to the cross-country business, and is evidently not now so good as he was last winter. His half-brother Hippis, now in the hands of a trainer, has been doing better than ever before, but his success may be put down more to the inferiority of the class he has been opposed to than to super-excellence he may now be supposed to possess. His half-brother Hippis is a horse of a different class, and his jumping stands to him; but a good hurdler would present him with a liberal allowance in weight. Casanagata is going over more and more in the Feltchick line, and work is being done up to the well-known Khana has been blundered, and is an improvable runner at the meeting.

Referring to the generosity of sportsmen, the Sydney Town and Country Journal has the following: "We are again reminded of the liberality which finds a place in the breast of the sporting man. Knowing that the late popular secretary of the Kensington Race Club, Mr. J. W. King, has been laid to rest, we are reminded of the way of worldly goods, the kindly spirit of the racing men is once more demonstrated. This time it is not the aristocrats of the turf, but the people who are known as pony and gallopway racing. Such heartiness and good fellowship have they thrown into the matter that, should the weather prove him, the work of the sportsmen at the meeting being a great success. Now, this sort of thing stands out boldly when contrasted with the actions of those who are always railing against sport and against the turf. It is not very long ago that we saw for anyone who happens to partake of a little pleasure, no matter in what class of sport, for they look and hold up their hands in holiness at the very sight of the turf. It is not very long ago that we saw, in the field, athletes of all descriptions, and rowing men, we could name numbers who never miss their church duties, and live good and clean lives. Very few people have a good word for the bookmaker, yet we know that amongst those who have made a living in the past, and are doing so in the present, by the laying of the odds, are men who are as good as the sportsmen, and do not act in the least unbecomingly. What is more, take them as a body, they are generous to a fault. In fact, we feel sure that we are making no boastful or untruthful statement when we say that in Sydney alone, not only do they give away anything like the sum of money in a year to charity as do the bookmaking members of Tattersall's Club. They do it, too, in a most unostentatious manner, by the way of the bookmaker's contribution to the columns of a newspaper, as do others. Take, for instance, one man a sporting man who lives by betting. This man supports his wife and family, yet he gives for and supports his club, either in a style and manner which reflects the greatest credit upon him. Such cannot be said of many who talk loudest against sport, and it is not very long ago since there was held in Sydney a meeting of ladies for the purpose of raising sufficient money to endow a bed in one of our hospitals. A Hawke's Bay trainer happened to be a speaker at the meeting, and his daughter attended at the meeting. At home that evening she explained to her father what was required—£1000 in a year of £50 per year. The father threw out the hint that if the sum could be written to the wife of one of his patrons—a leading racing man—that she might assist in the matter. The daughter did so, and the result—a cheque for £1000. Now comes

the question, do we ever hear of such kind-ly acts and assistance being done by those who profess to be so much better than the followers of sport? No, and what is more, when they do fail, and are in want of assistance, it is invariably the sporting man who comes to their rescue, for he does not discriminate as to whom he should assist, and his fellow creature is in want, his hand goes into his pocket, and comes out well filled. It is given with a kindly heart, and when all is reckoned up, we feel sure that the kindly acts and charitable deeds of the sporting man far outweigh the deeds of which he is adjudged guilty of by anti-gamblers and their friends.

The cable received on Saturday announcing that Mr. R. H. Gollan's New Zealand-bred gelding Mofia had won the Liverpool Grand National is about the most welcome item of sporting information that has ever reached this colony from the Old Land, and a venture to say that it will be received with a feeling of satisfaction by sportsmen throughout our sister colonies as well as in New Zealand, and by all admirers of a plucky owner—indeed, all Britisners will accord Mr. Gollan hearty congratulations on the success of his horse, and will extend to Mr. Gollan a vote of sympathy for his victory of a colonial owner on British soil could have been more thoroughly deserved than that which has come his way. But on trying to win the greatest jumping race in the world, and to do so with a horse which he considered with the greatest confidence in New Zealand, made many purchases in this colony in order to try and secure one to which to accomplish his object, and it is not to be wondered at that he was not only to own a Liverpool Grand National winner, but to ride one himself. Norton—a good, honest, weight-carrying, big fencing, Norton was the first with which he was concerned in the task. James Hickey, a New Zealand horseman—now Mr. Gollan's head trainer in England—being Norton's pilot, Norton was a good horse in this colony, a reliable performer over the fences, but he was not an out-and-out stayer, and, moreover, was somewhat delicate to train, and though he won steeplechases in England, was probably never seen quite to the same advantage in New Zealand. It is not probable that under more reasonable handicaps, horses of Norton's class would be good enough to win Grand Nationals occasionally. Mofia was a comparatively young and untried horse when he won this colony, but had demonstrated that he was a set above the ordinary, though there is no doubt whatever that we have had a number of horses that performed better than he had, and better than he has done in England, and we have had many that were just as capable, if not more so, of worthily upholding the name of New Zealand. It is not my object here to make comparisons between Mofia and the other horses Mr. Gollan and Hickey, his trainer, Mofia's rider, and all concerned in the great achievement, which in its importance dwarfs into insignificance the deeds of Australian, Scotch, and other other horses Mr. Gollan has raced at home. To win the Derby is an achievement of the highest order, but in the opinion of a multitude of people, winning the great jumping race is a more important achievement to some other, and, whereas since the day when the French bred Gladiateur broke the spell of British supremacy on the turf, by carrying off the Derby, and one of the horses of the Derby party of the world have succeeded in winning that race, no horse bred outside of England has won the big coveted cross-country race. Colonial-bred horses have been at the task from time to time, but Mofia succeeded with the Moorlander Mofia triumphed on Friday, so that New Zealand has special cause to rejoice. Mofia's New Zealand performances include winning the flat and steeplechase, the Wanganui Steeplechase, Hickey's Hay Steeplechase, and other events. Mofia's breeding is obscure in the back lines, but by comes of the stock Naitimu, his sire, produced by the sire of the horse, the late Mr. Gollan's sire, and also did his grandfathers, Traducer. His dam, Denbigh, was a game, good performer over hurdles and between the flags herself, and was one of the many excellent jumping event winners the Marquis horse, Painter, left during his all-too-short stud career. Natural jumpers were the Painter's gets, and rare stayers, and the pages of the Turf Register testify to the deeds of horses produced by his blood. Denbigh's dam, a nice mare, was got by Naitimu, a son of Sir Hercules and Flora McIvor, who gave the turf in New Zealand many wily, game horses with good legs, and there is no reason to believe that the Naitimu mare which Mofia claims as a maternal ancestress was of thoroughbred origin. Many of Naitimu's gets were big, plain horses, indeed, but some of them were of a good deal of bone and substance, combined with some of them quite as big as Mofia, whose dam Denbigh was a mare of mild size, as also her dam. Mofia has demonstrated his ability to get on over a succession of big obstacles that take

a lot of jumping. Mr. A. Hillebrand owned Mofia during his career in his New Zealand, and sold him to Mr. J. P. Fisher, acting on behalf of Mr. Gollan, for 500 guineas and contingencies. Mr. Hillebrand, brother to Mr. A. Hillebrand, bred him, and Denbigh was bred near Wanganui, where Norton, Mr. Gollan's previous favorite, was raised. Mofia's sire, amongst other horses Mr. Gollan had from this colony in England may be mentioned The Possible, Sternhammer (a brother to Norton), Whiluku, Pope, Turk, and others. Mofia, as their judges would testify from Australia, but though only successful with the two last named to any extent, and Norton previously, the win of Mofia would be the crowning one of this plucky sportsman's successes.

Now that the special committee of the Wellington Racing Club have dismissed the claim of Mr. Walter Young, owner of Conroy, to the stakes won by Gladstone at their January meeting in the Wellington Cup and Racing Club Handicaps, comment can fairly be indulged, as it is improbable that Mr. Young will seek to take the case to appeal. A good deal has already been written on the subject, and opinions were freely expressed in the papers while the matter was still in issue. Most of my readers are aware that Mr. Young based his claim upon the fact that James, who rode Gladstone, had no license, and relied upon the rules of racing on the ground that the spirit of the regulations was to be construed in support of his claim. With the rules of racing only a small proportion of followers of the pastime are familiar, but that they were framed for the proper conduct of the sport, and to guide the conduct of those conducting it, and those racing for pleasure or profit, so that even-handed justice might be done to all participants, as one can see from the rules who have taken the trouble to read them. That cases not provided for in these rules are contemplated is clear, and a special rule empowers stewards of companies to determine such cases, and to determine the claim of Mr. Young, the committee set up to deal with the facts would first have to decide whether the case was provided for under the rules, and then to interpret the rules as to their intention. Under rule 143, section 1, it is provided that only holders of jockey and apprentices' licenses shall be qualified to ride. James, an apprentice, had not applied for an apprentice's license, and was therefore not qualified to ride. It is a rule, however, which does not provide for such a case. What rule provides for this? A special rule, which may have been framed by the racing club, or by an unlicensed jockey, or any trained who shall train or take any part in training, without a license, shall be fined a sum not exceeding £20, and any horse so trained or ridden in a race shall be disqualified. No mention is here made of apprentice, so that no penalty whatever is actually provided for employing an unlicensed apprentice. It is not, however, a rule which is binding on any amateur or gentleman rider, but it has been submitted that the word "train" had been substituted, then the extreme penalty for employing such a rider is laid at 20 pounds, and the taking out of a horse ridden. Now, how could such a construction be placed upon this section of the rules, as to determining the committee in determining Gladstone's owner of the race, the way, for knowingly employing jockey or trainer who is without license, a fine not exceeding £20, but for employing a well known unlicensed apprentice, without a black mark, and the taking out of a horse whose value was not over £100, to cost an owner some hundreds of pounds sterling, would be far from the spirit and intention of racing rules, equity, and good conduct, however, the committee in considering the rules in this strictest sense, it would have been required to be fully established that Mr. Young had employed someone he knew to be without a proper qualification, before he could be held liable persons with little sense of responsibility, or those prepared to take any risks, by such things. The next Racing Conference, we may take it all the same, will see some material alterations made by the wording of the rules, for they are not so complete as even those who endeavour to make themselves conversant with them find once or twice in the course of the year, and many cases may be said to have still to be provided for. One I may mention here that I quite expected would be dealt with at the last conference, there is a rule relating on the back condition. When a horse has won a race of the value of £500, his back status is gone. Now, when two horses run a dead heat, and divide a stake of £500, both are deemed to be winners for the purpose of the rule, but there is nothing to determine why both should or should not be deemed winners for the purpose of estimating their position in the matter of the rule. The rule is not a great amount received or payable to each should be the basis to work on.

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1st. 1st. 1st. 1st.
FAUST (IN CAMERA FORM).

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2.
ADMISSION 1/.

F. LILIAN TREE.....MARGUERITE
WALTER WHYTE.....FAUST

Messrs. Litsca Marx and Co., the well-known cigarette manufacturers, have received an order from Messrs. Alexander Loftus and Jack Dale for 20,000 hand-made cigarettes, which will be used as an advertisement on the forthcoming "New Barmaid" tour.

"Pasquin's" correspondent advises that Harry Qualey, the clever dancer of Tom Pollard's Opera Company, has become engaged to Miss Nellie Finley, the principal dancer of Hall's Juveniles. The wedding is set down to take place in Perth this month. Congratulations!

Apropos of a remark heard during the performance of "The Lady of Lyons," that the central situation and idea of the plot (the impersonation of a prince by a peasant) is impossible and absurd; one would like to ask how many months it is ago, since a valet successfully impersonated a prince, and in that guise married so exceedingly sophisticated and experienced a young person as "Babs," sometime Lady Russell?

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has been christened by the Americans the "lightning playwright," has written five new plays during the past twelve months: "The Little Princess," "The Pretty Sister of Jose," "That Man and I," "The Making of a Marchioness," and "Lisbeth."

Jo-Jo, the Russian dog-faced man, a well-known figure among the freaks at Barnum's show, died on January 31 at Salonika from pneumonia. He was a Russian from Kostroma. Jo-Jo was "boomed" by Barnum 20 years ago as "the wonder of the world." He was merely a boy with a phenomenal growth of hair on his face, yet this enabled him to amass a fortune.

Frank Lincoln, the American humorist and mimic, who was boosted by his brother journalists into a huge Australian success, is now giving a turn at London Criterion as a curtain-raiser to the Duke of Killiecrankie, a farcical romance of a somewhat thin kind, and with highly artificial characters, by Captain Marshall, author of "Second in Command."

It appears that Lydia Thompson, sister to Mrs. Henry Bracy—who used to act as Clara Thompson in her youth—will return to the stage, after a fifteen years' absence, in a new musical comedy at the Savoy. Miss Thompson's farewell benefit at the Lyceum realised nearly £4000.

On May 20 next, by the Orontes, the great Paderewski comes to Australia. The pianist previously intended to visit the Far East and then come on here, but he thinks the fortississimo duet between Russia and Japan will rather clash with his performances. There is enough excitement out there already, says Paderewski, and it mightn't be safe.

On March 7th Fred Graham was accorded a complimentary benefit at Sydney Royal by Mr Williamson to mark the conclusion of his three years' engagement. The Musical Comedy Co. played the first act of "Florodora," then Frederick the Short joined the Waverley Musical Society to play "Charles Brown in the first act of "The French Maid"; Elton Boyd sang the "Honey-suckle and the Bee"; the Little Mac-Leans danced; and Fred Leslie and six of the boys rendered "Keep off the Grass," from "The Toreador." There was a large and enthusiastic house.

"Faust in camera form" is advertised for production in Auckland at the Choral Hall on Wednesday, April 6, and amongst music-lovers great interest will attach to the success attending so commendable a venture. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that "in camera" means in concert form and without the choruses. All the solos, duos and concerted numbers for the principals will be given. The cast is a really capital one, and if anticipations are confined, a most enjoyable evening is assured patrons of the immortal opera.

Amongst the many sterling English pianos, it is safe to say that none stand in higher esteem, or is more widely sold than the "Challen." The makers, Messrs Challen and Son, Oxford-street, London, insert in this issue an advertisement of these pianos, and also invite representation in every town in the colony. For further information see advertisement in another column.

Mrs. J. C. Williamson and Miss Marjorie Williamson, wife and daughter of Mr. J. C. Williamson, one of whose companies is at present playing here, arrived by the Ventura last week in order to meet Mr. J. C. Williamson, who arrived here by the Sierra on Monday. Miss Marjorie is the subject of a famous picture in the Sydney Art Gallery.

Mrs Langtry and her theatrical company, while recently touring in Western America, were travelling down a steep decline on the railway, when the carriage occupied by the company went off the line. Mrs Langtry coolly drank the toast, "Here's to the one who keeps the coolest head"; but the train stopping suddenly, she was thrown against the side of the car and fainted.

Commenting on the common fault of an orchestra rendering the vocalists almost inaudible, "Table Talk" observes:—"When shall we have the orchestra in the position which the one at the Opera House, Bayreuth, occupies—below the level of the floor? Then perhaps we shall no longer suffer the infliction of overwhelming accompaniments, as at present, for apparently the conductor either cannot keep his forces sufficiently in hand, or is under the mistaken impression that the instrumental music is the chief point of interest, and the most important portion of the entertainment, whereas it should be the foundation and background only, upon which to build the display."

Houdini, the amateur "prison breaker and handcuff king," who was in Liverpool when the mail left, succeeded in so interesting the police force of the city in his performances that, by special permission and in the presence of the Head Constable, he was permitted to demonstrate his prowess at the main Bridewell. As a result, the Head Constable wrote the following testimonial:—"I certify that to-day Mr Harry Houdini showed his abilities in releasing himself from restraint. He had three pairs of handcuffs, one a very close-fitting pair, round his wrists, and was placed, in a nude state, in a cell which had previously been searched. Within six minutes he was free from the handcuffs, had opened the cell door, and had opened the doors of all the other cells in the corridor. Had changed a prisoner securely locked him in that he had to be asked to unlock the door.—Leonard Dunning, Head Constable."

That capital actor—so great a favourite in New Zealand—Mr Cecil Ward, is not only letting his Sydney house, he is also selling off its fine furniture—not yet two years old—prior to leaving on a European tour; some say with a view to getting attractions for Australia. Mr Ward was so bent on going that he refused a leading engagement from Mr Williamson for "The Marriage of Kitty and Cousin Kate"—at £25 per week, it is said. The part has since been offered to Mr Herbert Fleming.

Mr Wilson Barrett's new play, "The Never Never Land," proved a huge success at the Grand Theatre, Hull, at least so says the "Era," and when at the

close Mr Austin Melford appeared with a sheaf of telegrams in his hand, and read a kindly wire from Mr Barrett, his request to know if he might tell Mr Barrett that they liked his play was answered by a roar of applause which could not be mistaken for anything but a unanimous "Yes." Mr Melford's creation of Nat Rudder, a drunken wastrel, is another proof of his marvellous versatility.

Miss Rosina Buckmann, a New Zealand soprano, who is about to tour the colony, having completed a course of study in the Old Country, gave the first concert of her tour in Auckland on Monday before an appreciative audience. For so young an artist Miss Buckmann possesses a voice of exceptional power and range, and she uses it with taste and discretion lacking sometimes in artists of wider reputation and greater training and experience. In her operatic work Miss Buckmann proved herself a very capable artist, and each item was thoroughly enjoyable, and she was excellent in "Carmenita," a waltz song, which is always popular. Miss Buckmann should do well in her Southern visit.

Mr Francis Holworthy, who has recently arrived here from London, has arranged to commence a tour of the colony almost immediately, and on April 21st and 23rd, "Shakespeare week," will give two Shakespearian recitals in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Wellesley-street. Mr Holworthy brings with him an exceedingly high reputation, and the "London Times" of April 23rd last, writing of his "Taming of the Shrew" performance, said: "Mr Holworthy met the demands made upon him in a manner that was entirely satisfactory. He possesses a finished and scholarly style of elocution, and he showed unflagging spirit and humour in the presentation of the characters and the unfolding of the successive stages in the development of the plot."

The flatness and lack of news with regard to stage matters in New Zealand continues, and one notices—with some poor comfort—that all our New Zealand contemporaries are feeling the same pinch, and curtailing the space devoted to drama and music. The making of bricks without straw is certainly a wearisome business to the manufacturer thereof, and it is to be doubted if the product is widely appreciated by the public.

Joan of Arc's beatification, which will be celebrated in Rome in the course of 1904, has inspired French dramatists, and the Parisians are threatened with an invasion of Maids of Orleans. M. Iostand is putting the finishing touches to a Jeanne d'Arc specially written for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who was so eager to impersonate that heroine that she actually accepted another Jeanne d'Arc from M. Moreau. The latter author being too modest to compete with his great colleague, he will probably take his play to the Vaudeville, where, since Madame Rejane's departure, Madame Suzanne Despres reigns supreme. A Jeanne d'Arc drama has been written by M. Anatole France; and it is rumoured that Parisians will see Joan in an opera bouffe, dancing the cake-walk.

The suppression of tone and concentration and rapidity of utterance, which is one of Mr Hastings' more pronounced mannerisms, has curiously suited such parts as he has played in "Sherlock Holmes," "Secret Service," "The Admirable Crichton," and even to a great extent "The Light That Failed," in which, however, a monotony of elocution was somewhat noticeable. Still, it is a mannerism, and while it has no doubt helped to build his reputation in such a character as Holmes, yet it wants watching. Irving is the only actor the writer has seen who can have mannerisms, but by sheer force and magnetism triumph over them. Far less irritating, ludicrous, and pronounced mannerisms in lesser stars may mean perilous approach to failure. In "The Lady of Lyons" Mr Hastings showed he realised his weakness, and made an heroic effort to emancipate himself from his usual style. He was so far successful, that the performance was thoroughly enjoyable, and even artistic on his part, though he failed to reach the height of passionate emotion necessary to make this fine acting but somewhat stilted play thoroughly impressive.

"I would like to shake hands with every man, and hug every woman in this vast audience," said Mr. Cuyler Hastings, in a rather suspiciously felicitous and painful "improvisation" (?) speech at the conclusion of the Auckland season. The sentiment met with a perfect thunder of applause, which was redoubled amid uproarious delight when an ingenuous young lady in the dress-circle observed in tones of ecstasy audible all over the house—"Oh, I wish he would!" The remark was so deliciously spontaneous, so impetuous in pronouncement, and so obviously genuine, that the house fairly roared its appreciation.

Certainly no actor made himself more popular in the northern metropolis than Mr. Hastings. He has magnetism and charm, and his very mannerisms, and accent add to the favour with which the bulk of theatre-goers regard an actor, whom the most captious critic must pronounce as very far above the average of "star" artists visiting the colonies, and a man of whom it is certain more will be heard in his own country.

Other professional theatre-goers will doubtless agree with the critic of this paper that Mr. Hastings has very greatly developed his powers since he arrived in Australasia, and that he returns to the States a far more finished artist than he left. His performance in "The Light That Failed" showed a depth of power and a subtlety which was certainly not observable on his former tour, and though the part had no doubt something to do with it, it is very doubtful if before the long experience of his tour Mr. Hastings could have proved so impressive.

Melodrama of the ultra-sensational and most liberally spiced description continues the attraction at the Auckland Opera House. The appetite of a large section of theatre-goers for this class of entertainment must surely "grow on that it feeds on" in the Northern capital, for one company follows another with relentless rapidity, each with a series of plays—if one can call these extraordinary productions such—more sensational than the last. Everyone to his taste, of course, and Mr Anderson and his co-managers in melodrama know what to give the public, but one cannot but view the development of so abnormal and pronounced an appetite for melodrama without apprehension. There is perchance no very actual harm in melodrama, but a constant diet thereof is much like a prolonged study of literature of the Dendwood Dick and half-penny novelties order, and must inevitably be followed by similar results. Auckland has now had a full three-quarters of a year of melodrama at one or other of her theatres, and on occasion

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at both. It would still appear to pay, but one wonders not without apprehension what will be the ultimate effect on public taste. At present little harm has been done, if one may judge by the appreciation bestowed on "The Admirable Crichton," which under the circumstances was astounding. Is it possible the same people can enjoy both? It seems incredible, yet the fact remains that the theatre-going public is limited, and the same persons must go to both classes if financial success is achieved.

The virtuous occupants of pit and gallery are often sorely vexed at the turpitude of the stage villain, and often cause considerable laughter by their occasionally unrestrained use of expletives towards the evil doer. We remember Phelps being told very loudly by an excited and elderly female that he was a "wicked old man," when, as Shylock, he expressed his determination to have his pound of flesh. A similar rebuff was hurled on Monday at an actor who was playing the part of Grey, in Mr John Lawson's sketch "Sally in Our Alley," at the King's Theatre of Varieties, Walthamstow. Grey remarks to Bernard Gaster, the hero, "What if I tell you that your affianced wife is in his studio at the present moment." A lady of the audience could no longer suppress her pent-up feelings, and rescuing through the house came the exclamation, "Oh! you scoundrel!" Charles Wagner made a similar "statement"—quite without prejudice, of course—when he was present at a matinee performance of "The Heart of Maryland" a few years since at the Adelphi. The villain in this case was subjecting the heroine (played by Mrs Leslie Carter) to considerable persecution, and this involuntary exclamation of one of England's leading melodramatic actors was regarded as a great compliment by his American brother, who certainly played his part very finely.

The next Drury Lane drama on Bland Holt's list, and the one with which he will conclude his present Melbourne season, differs essentially from "White Heather," "Great Ruby," "Price of Peace," "Great Millionaire," or any other of the Drury Lane plays, produced of late years. This forthcoming novelty—"The Flood Tide"—is described by author Cecil Raleigh as a melo-farce, and its fattest part falls to the low comedian. Bland Holt will play the foremost character in the "Flood Tide," speaking only the lines allotted to it, whereas in some of the previous plays by Raleigh, and Hamilton and Raleigh, the low comedian's part has been altered or padded (in Australia), to give Bland a prominence which marred the effect of the work, though it probably pleased the gallery. In "The Great Millionaire" this was absurdly noticeable (says a "Bulletin" writer). The omission of the old-fashioned "comic relief" from the modern Drury Lane melodrama, and the introduction of a grande dame comedy character, written for the inimitable Mrs John Wood, has put Bland Holt's show at a double disadvantage. He played his own part in the wrong key, with interpolated variations as a rule, and thereby put the whole performance rather out of tune. The parts intended for Mrs. Wood in London have been

undertaken here by Mrs. Holt, who treats them quietly and pleasantly, but is not able to give them their proper value. She lacks the florid dignity, the humorous mannerisms, and the trick of pointing pungent lines in a pungent style. Mrs. Holt imparts the necessary kindness to those serio-comic grande dame characters, but her success otherwise is only negative. She is better than many another might be, if called upon to take her place. All the same, it is a pity that such fine parts should be only moderately well displayed, while the most versatile and accomplished "old woman" actress in Australia—meaning Mrs. G. B. Lewis—is mostly out of engagement. Always a trifle overwhelming, i.e., a little too much of the old-school actress in modern comedy, Mrs. G.B.L. would give all colour due, and importance to a congenial character in literary melodrama. One would like to see her as Lady Janet in "White Heather," for instance.

Mr. R. C. Knowles has just published, through Messrs. M. Whitmark & Sons, a book of reflections and stories under the title, "Of Stories—Just a Few."

When a motor race is in progress do not cross the track. You may hurt the feelings of the chauffeur and die before you have time to apologise.

Many men, suspected of being good fellows, have, when the evidence was summed up, proved an alibi.

I think it would be a good idea to have an orchestra in each of Mr. Carnegie's libraries. Then the people might be driven to read in self-defence.

Everything is here for a purpose. Even the fog has its uses. In the glorious climate of London it prevents the glare of the sun's rays from affecting those poor unfortunates who have weak eyes.

There was a time in London when quite a number of hansom cabs had bright yellow panels. A horse attached to one of 'em was slowly and carefully making its way along the wood pavement on a frosty morning when it was very slippery.

It had reached Trafalgar Square, and was going down towards Parliament street when a heavy omnibus coming behind, the omnibus horses sat down on their haunches and slid, with the pole of the omnibus far in front.

No brake could stop the slide that omnibus got on because of its weight, so the end of the pole went right through the back of the yellow cab.

The caddy turned in his seat on the suspended hansom, and had a mouthful of language ready to throw at the omnibus driver, but before he could commence the driver quietly asked, "Will you kindly take that mustard pot off my pole?" The sun shines for all. But some get all the polish, while others are—just shines.

I have often heard the ejaculation, "Oh, Jerusalem!" but I never realised its full significance until I reached the city myself. The phrase should be spelt, "Owe Jerusalem," for everybody there seems to be under the impression that you owe them something.

On my first night in Venice I thought I would take a walk. So I stepped out of the main entrance of the hotel. When I came to they were about to hold an inquest on me.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WELLINGTON FIRE.

The great fire at Kempthorne, Prosser and Co.'s establishment in the Empire city is the third occasion on which the fire fiend has wrought devastation to the firm's property. In 1892 the firm underwent great loss through a serious fire in Christchurch, and seven years later its Auckland business similarly suffered. A chemical bomb weighing 50lb was shot from the burning building when the explosions were in progress through the roof of the warehouse of Messrs Macky, Caldwell and Stein in Harbour-street, making a big rent which was being repaired this morning. Smoke issued all day from the burning pile, and stifling flames burst from the ceiling and rafters from between the floorings and in piles of debris. Many of the large warehouses and business premises in the vicinity of the fire sustained a considerable amount of damage by the breaking of windows, which were blown in by the force of chemical explosions. Foreman Woolcott, of the fire brigade, who had charge of the operations in the absence of Superintendent Hugo at Auckland, had lost his voice this morning, and had three times changed his clothing. Not only the firemen, but the dense crowd which assembled in the vicinity of the fire had a narrow escape from experiencing the effects of a tremendous explosion from some 40 large barrels of methylated spirits stored on the ground floor in the south-eastern corner of the building. Altogether 17 leads of water were playing upon the building at the same time. Had the fire occurred during the recent drought, or had the wind blown with anything like its force this afternoon, there must have been a terrible devastation to chronicle. One immense column of smoke which shot up and spread itself over the city like a huge cloud, first an ominous black then gradually whitening, and finally dashed with an angry red, could be seen, it is asserted, 70 miles away at sea.

The insurances on the building, the stock, and the fixtures and fittings total £35,500, as shown in the following figures in the official list:—

Buildings: Liverpool, London and Globe, £1000; National, £1650; New Zealand, £1000; North British, £500; Royal, £2000; Standard, £500; United, £350; total, £7000.

Stock: Alliance, £3000; Commercial Union, £3000; Guardian, £2500; Law, Union and Crown, £1000; Liverpool, London and Globe, £2000; National, £350, and a special line of £200; New Zealand, £3500; North British, £500, and a special line of £100; North Queensland, £2000; Norwich Union, £3000; Royal, £1750; United, £400; Lloyd's, £3000; total, £20,000.

Fixtures and fittings: Law, Union and Crown, £500; Liverpool, London and Globe, £1000; Manchester, £500; total, £2000.

ST. MARY'S WOMEN'S HOME.

The dedication of the Women's Home at Otahuhu last week was well attended,

amongst those present being the following clergy:—Bishop Neligan, Archbishop Calder, Canon Nelson, Canon MacMurray, Revs. M. E. Luch, E. M. Cowie, J. Cowie, M. H. Sutton, W. E. Budd and H. Mason. After the Home had been formally dedicated, Mrs Neligan unveiled a brass tablet containing the following inscription:—"In loving memory of Mary Ann Martin, wife of the first Chief Justice of New Zealand, who died at Torquay, January 2, 1884; and of Eliza Jane Cowie, wife of the Primate of New Zealand, who died at Auckland, August 18, 1902. 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.' This tablet is placed here by one who was privileged to share their work for the rescue of their fallen sisters."

The Bishop in the course of an address said that the object of St. Mary's Women's Home was not the herding together as outcasts, women who had fallen either from wilfulness or from ignorance or from frivolity, but rather the gathering in of those who needed to be brought back into the Father's family. Those who were sought out by God's Church, through the ministry of faithful men and faithful women, would learn that they were still wanted in the Father's home; that it was the Father's love that impelled the search after the lost sheep or the lost coin; that the Father's love and the Father's heart was hurt and grieved at the wilfulness when the child would leave the Father's home, and that there was always a welcome for the returning prodigal. The homes were some attempt towards national purity.

The buildings consist of two portions, the first being of wood, and the Maternity Home proper being of brick. The brick building is built with double walls, and is plastered throughout. The sanitary arrangements to each building are most complete, the drainage being delivered to a large septic tank and filter beds. The water supply is from a good well, the water being pumped up by an aeromotor to tanks holding 4000 gallons. The whole cost will be about £3000. The architect is Mr Ashley Hunter, and the contractor Mr G. Handcock.

Before returning to town the visitors were given afternoon tea.

Here are some figures for conciliation by strikers and those who are not blessed with a compulsory Arbitration and Conciliation Act, such as we have in New Zealand. Over 28½ million working days have been lost in the United Kingdom during the past five years owing to strikes and lock-outs. The figures for the past three years are as under:—

1902	3,573,290 days
1901	4,132,257 days
1900	3,152,094 days

The figures are very moderate, however, compared with the "black year"—1895—when the lost days numbered 15½ millions. Of 442 disputes last year, 202 were settled in favour of the masters, 107 in favour of the men, and 123 were compromised, the remaining ten being left indefinite. The boards of conciliation and arbitration averted 669 disputes last year.

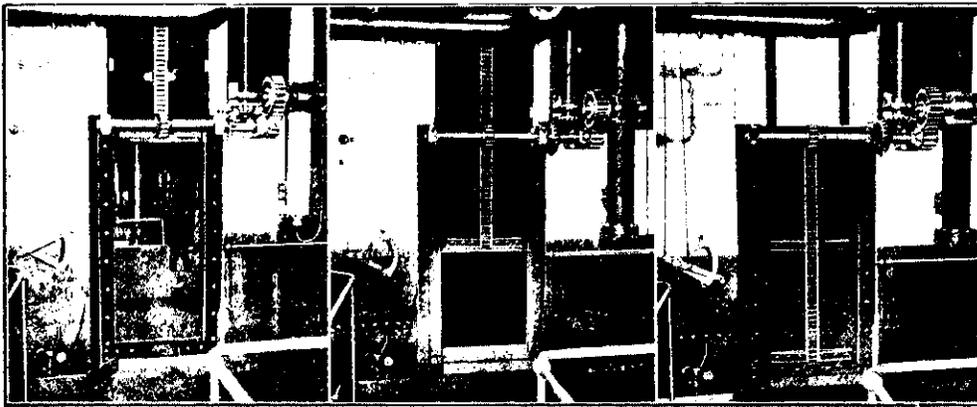
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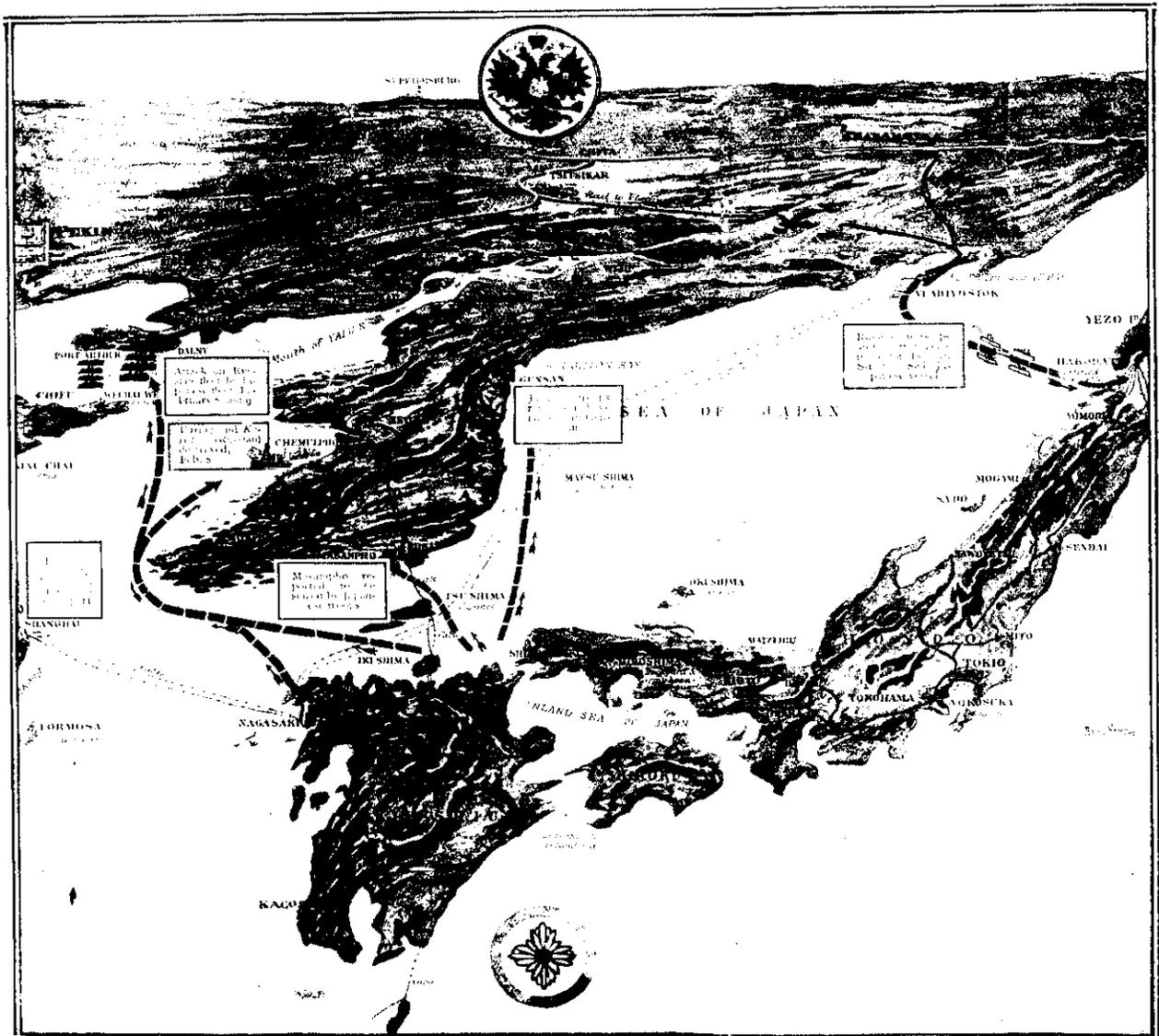
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THE NEW METHOD FOR RENDERING VESSELS UNSINKABLE BY MEANS OF HYDRAULICALLY-CONTROLLED DOORS.

Steamers nowadays should be unsinkable owing to their watertight compartments, but through the hitherto imperfect working of the doors which allow the officers and crew to pass through these openings in the bulkheads many sad catastrophes have occurred. A system known as the Stone-Lloyd system has been devised which does away with the difficulty of closing these doors on the approach of danger or in case of a sudden collision. A small hydraulic installation gives the docile but resistless force necessary for closing all the doors in the bulkhead slowly but certainly. The officer on the bridge has only to move a lever which rings alarm bells, and after ten to twenty seconds interval sets the doors slowly but surely descending. Should a member of the crew not get through the door in time a lever opens it, and the door again closes automatically behind him: he cannot leave the door open. The great ocean liner, "Deutschland," has been fitted with these doors, and a few days ago a public exhibition of their working was given.



The various movements which have taken place since Monday, February 8, are shown by black lines. The movements of Japanese troops are at present uncertain, but it is reported that landings have taken place both at Chemulpho and Gensan. It was from Gensan that the Japanese troops marched across the peninsula to the Yalu in the Chino-Japanese War.

[Since this appeared in our most enterprising contemporary, Japan is reported to have seized the mouth of the Yalu River and to have landed troops near From "The Sphere," February 20. Newchwang.]

The Russo-Japanese War.



RUSSIAN TROOPS REPEL A JAPANESE LAND ATTACK, FORT ARTHUR.



THE BATTLE OF CHEMLUPOO. THE SINKING OF THE "VARYAG."

The Russo-Japanese War.

From the "Penny Illustrated" Paper



Winkelmann, photo.

Progressive Auckland Harbour Board Improvements.

A VIEW OF THE WATER FRONTAGES IN THE CENTRE OF AUCKLAND CITY WHICH CERTAIN OF THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD WISH TO SACRIFICE TO WATER STREETS, THUS LOSING MAGNIFICENT QUAY ACCOMMODATION IN THE FUTURE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PREMISES AND GROUNDS.



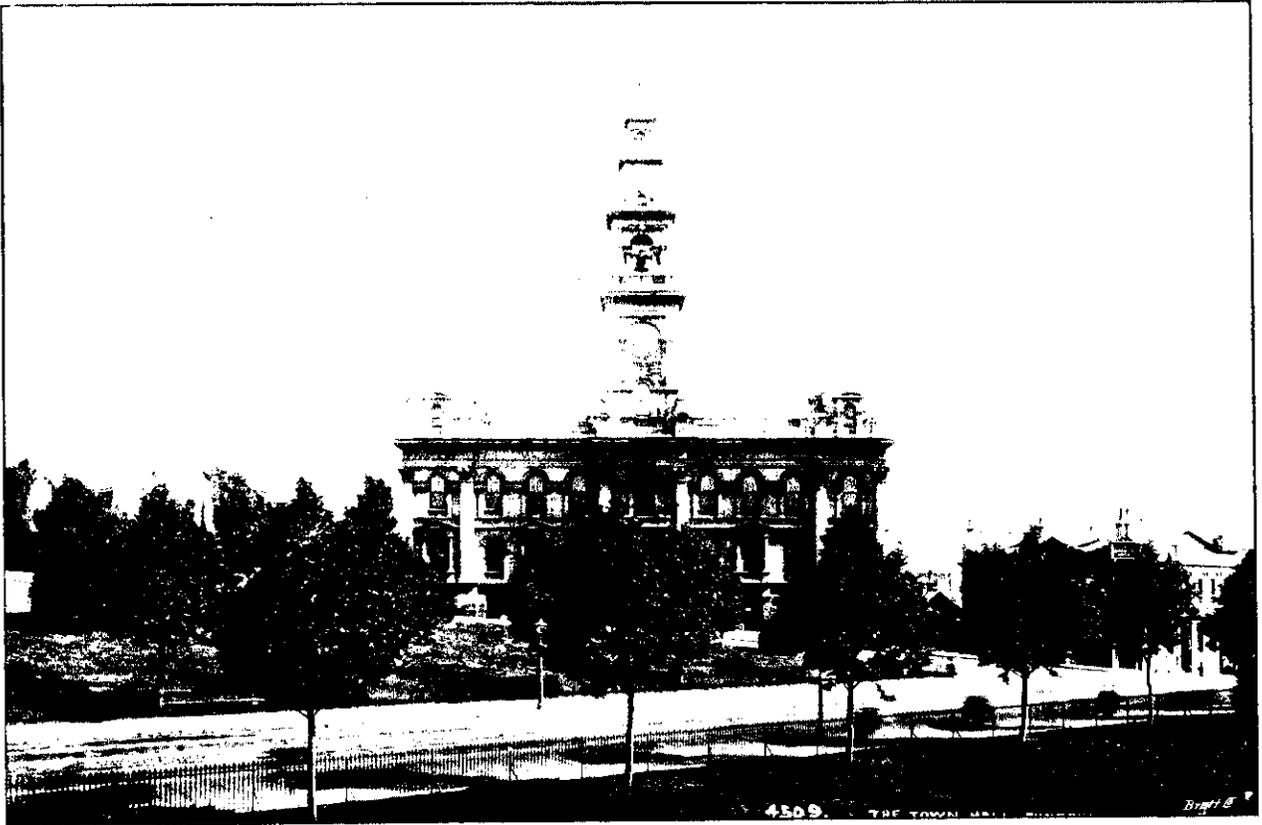
A FRONT VIEW OF THE BUILDING.



Reid, photo.

BISHOP NELIGAN SPEAKING AT THE DEDICATION CEREMONY.

St. Mary's Womens' Home, Otahuhu, Auckland.



THE TOWN HALL.



LOWER HIGH STREET.

McLachlan and Moodie, photo.

DUNEDIN: The Edinburgh of the South.



PRINCES STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.



Muir and Moodle, photo.

ANOTHER VIEW OF PRINCES STREET.

DUNEDIN: The Edinburgh of the South.

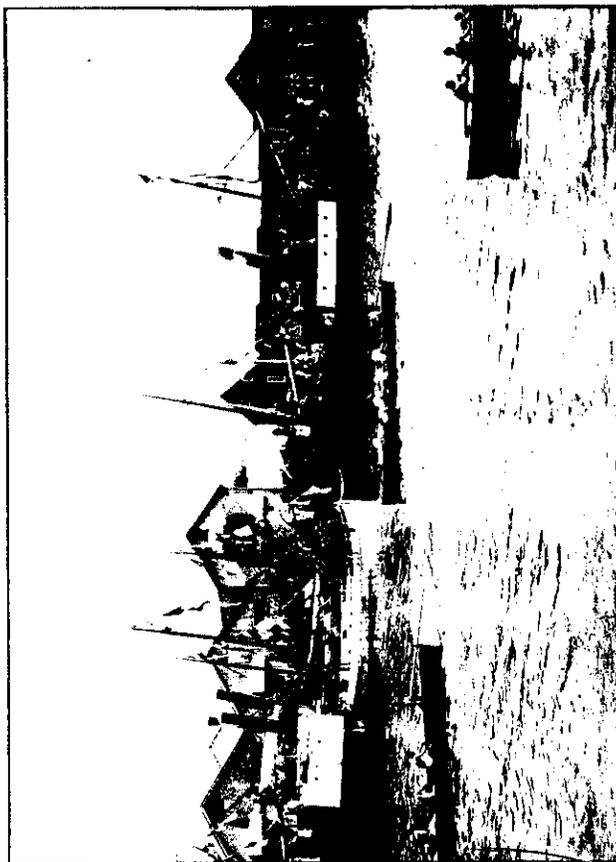


TENNIS CLUB MEMBERS, TE ARHIA.



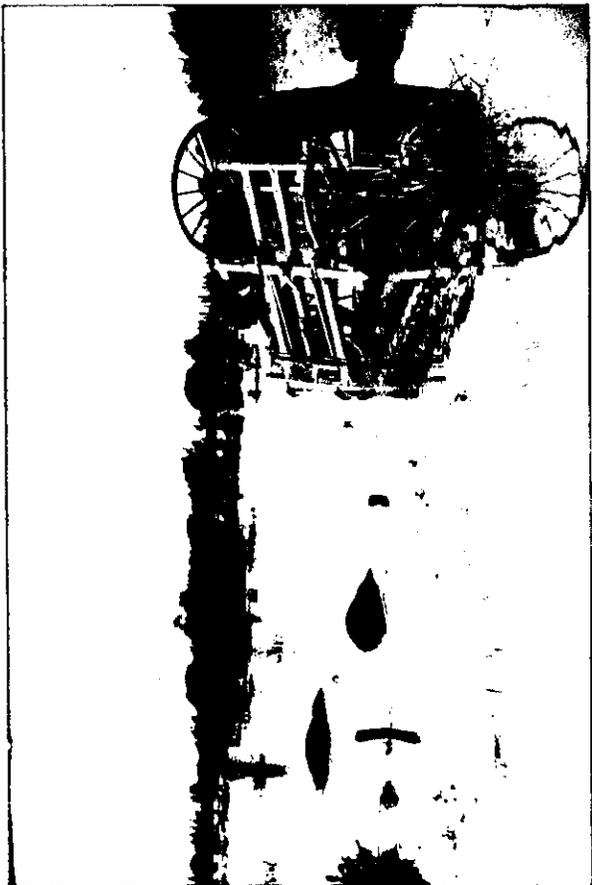
FIRST AND SECOND PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE MOST HANDSOMELY DRESSED BOAT.

Hanna, photo.



CHAMPION WILALEBOAT RACE.—Tikouangi, 1; Clifton, 2; Mokeu, 3.

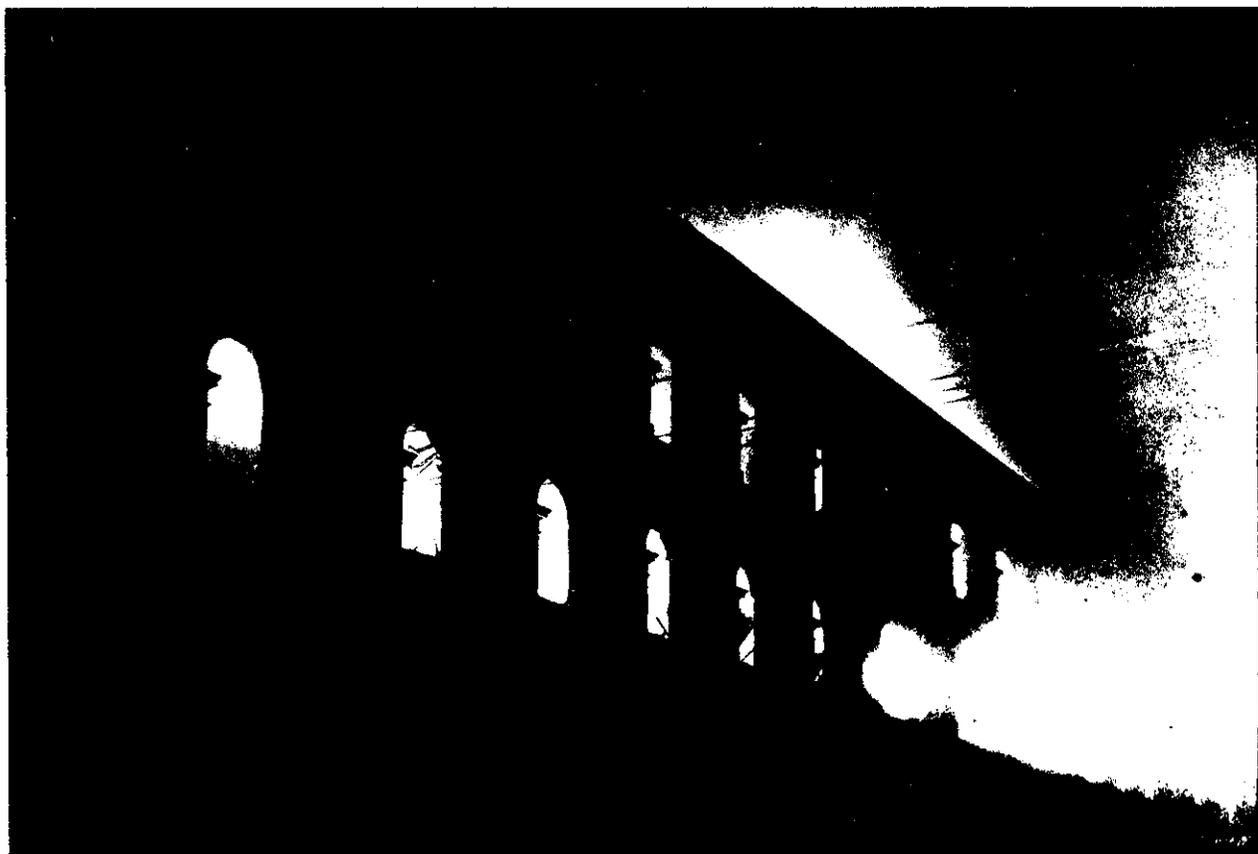
TARANAKI REGATTA, WAITARA.



THE REGENT FATAL COACH CASUALTY. BLENHEIM. The driver of the coach was drowned, also two horses.



VIEW OF MESSRS. KEMPTHORNE PRONSSER'S HUGE WAREHOUSE DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE FIRE ON THURSDAY NIGHT.



Scheerf, Sarouy Studios, photo.

THE WAREHOUSE ON FRIDAY MORNING ONLY THE OUTER WALLS STANDING.

The Great Fire in Wellington.



The New Offices of the New Zealand Railway Department, Wel



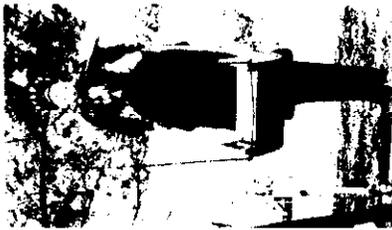
ington.—One of the Finest of the Many Splendid Public Buildings in the Colony.



THE WHEELBARROW RACE.



AN AWKWARD SQUAD.



ON THE SWINGS.



WAITING FOR THE FINISH.



Reid, photo.

A GENERAL GROUP AT MOTUTAPU.

The Auckland Fire and Marine Underwriters' Picnic.



Reid, photo.

A GROUP OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Auckland Fire and Marine Underwriters' Picnic.



Reid, photo.

OFFICIALS OF THE AUCKLAND AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND CYCLE CLUB'S CARNIVAL, HELD IN THE DOMAIN, MARCH, 1904.



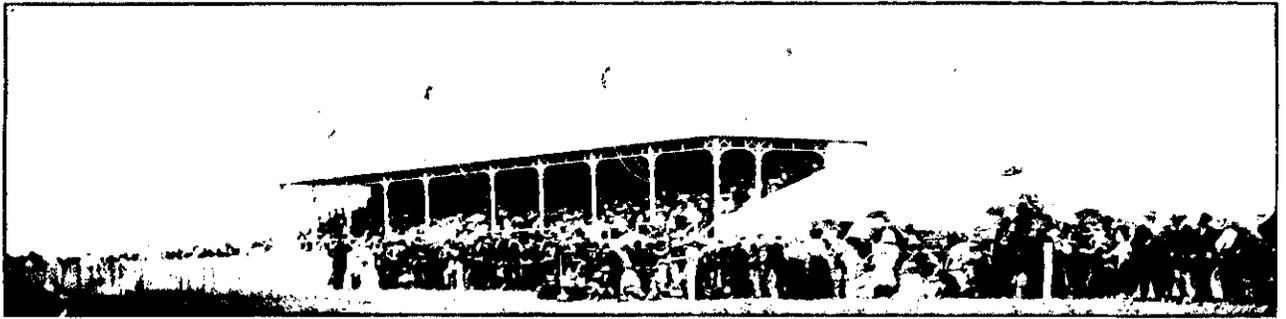
SOME WANGANUI LEGAL LUMINARIES.

1. MR. G. GORDON. 2. MR. THOS. FLOYD. 3. MR. RAMEL. 4. FITZGERBERT (O'ROURKE). 5. MR. E. McFETTER. 6. MR. W. A. DZARD. 7. MR. W. TREADWELL. 8. MR. T. ALLISON. 9. MR. C. W. BARTON. 10. MR. W. H. BARNHART. 11. MR. GIFFORD MARSHALL. 12. MR. E. COLLEN.



SUTHERLAND FALLS, MILFORD SOUND.

Muir and Macfie, photo.



THE HANDSOME GRANDSTAND.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.



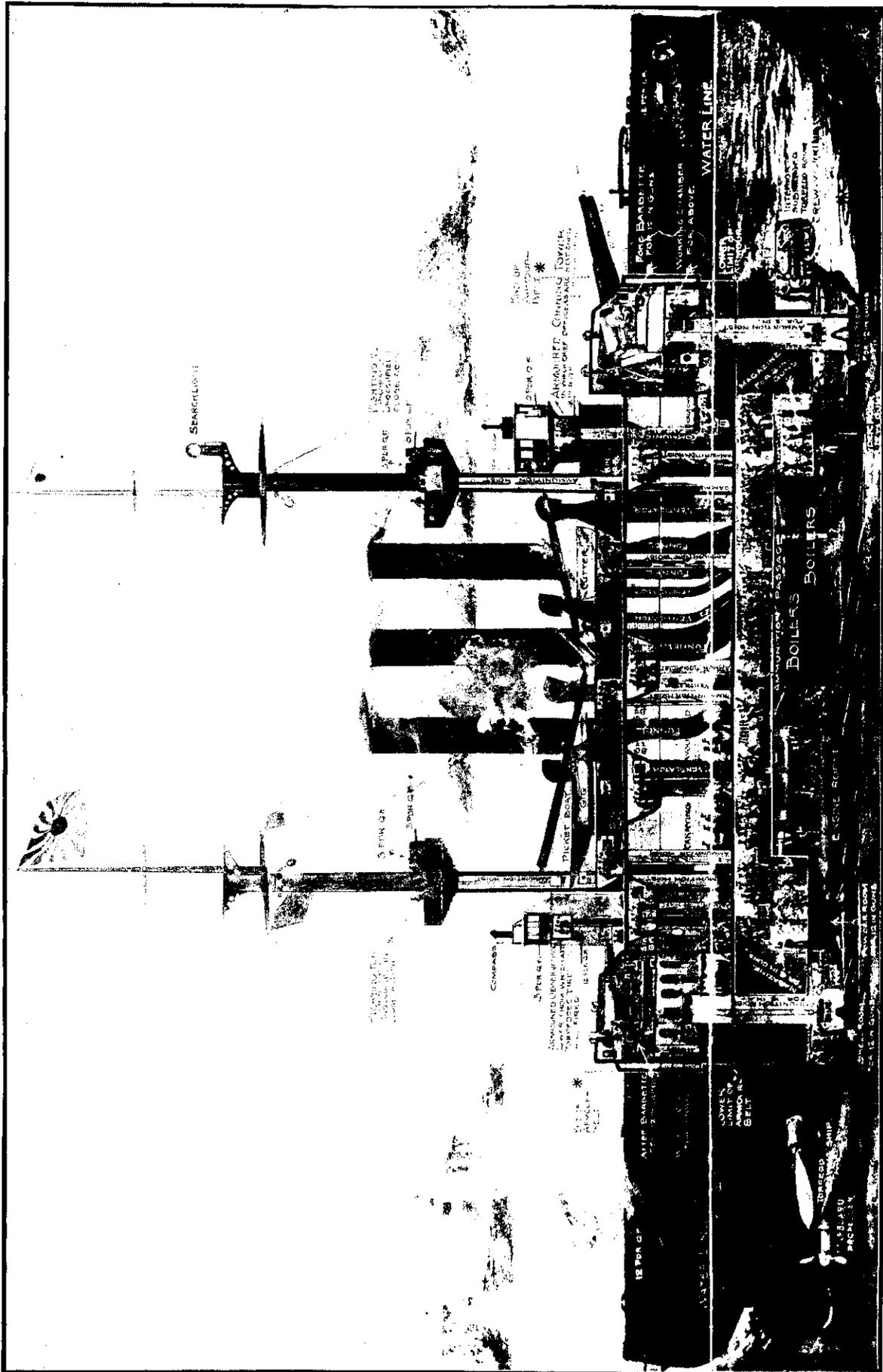
MISS OLIVE BUCKLAND ON TARANAKI FIRST PRIZE FOR BEST LADY RIDER.



TROOPER RICHARDSON. WINNER VICTORIA CROSS COMPETITION.

Rowe Studios, photo. Cambridge.

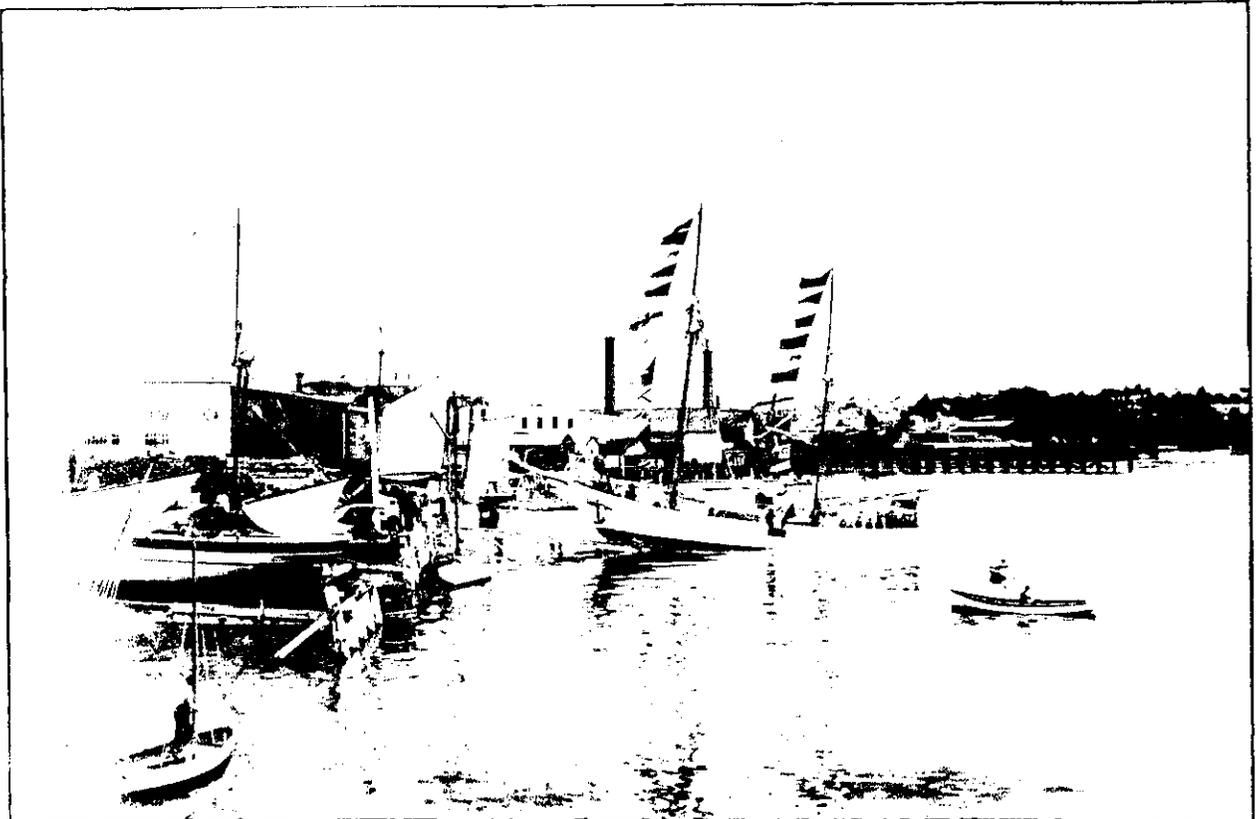
The Newly Inaugurated and Highly Successful Show at Cambridge.



From the "Illustrated London News".
Behind the Armour Belt.
 THE INTERIOR OF THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP "YATSUSE" IN CLOSE ACTION.
 Drawn by C. Sappington Wright from materials supplied by the courtesy of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., Elswick Works.



THE BEACH, NAPIER, showing Bull Hill, the Breakwater, some bathers, and steamer leaving the bay.



LAUNCH OF MESSRS. BAILEY AND LOWES' AUXILIARY SCHOONER "ETHEL," built for the Manukau Steam Navigation Co. Winkelmann, photo.

Victor:
 Rev. W. BEATTY, M.A. (St. Mark's, Rotorua)
 (Headmaster)
 GEO. RIGG WITHERS, B.A. (N.Z.)
 Resident Chaplain
 Rev. C. M. TIDDALL, M.A.

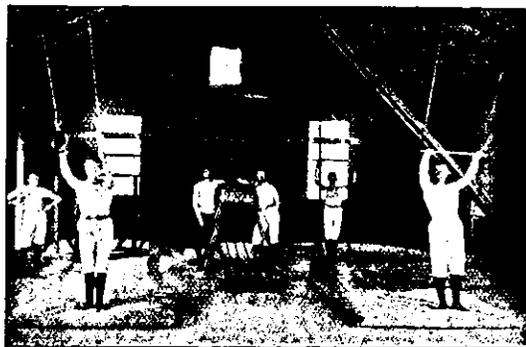
KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

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



THE COLLEGE.

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



THE GYMNASIUM.

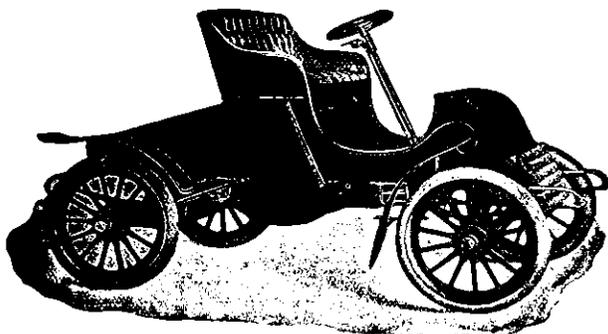
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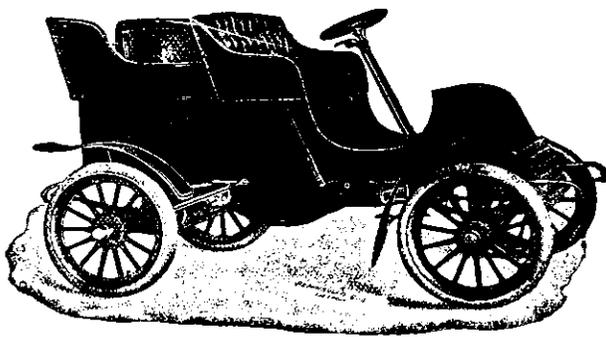
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TELEPHONE No. 1836

The Real Makers of Empire.

WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE.

(By JOSEPH G. HORNER, A.M.I.,
Mech. E.)

In the character which the struggle for existence assumes at the present period, the nations who achieve the highest industrial developments are bound to survive. The arts of peace and war alike are all dependent on the manufacture of machinery, and the engineers—using the term in the most comprehensive sense—are the most indispensable men alive.

Try to conceive of the state of the world without the work of the engineers. The picture would be that of prehistoric times. Industrial supremacy is synonymous with the growth of engineering enterprises, and the ability to carry through all other important industries—even the printing of newspapers and books—depends on mechanism. Such being the case, we want to know whereon that supremacy depends for its life and growth.

A DISPELLED IDEA.

The industrial supremacy of Britain was once devoutly held to be a direct result of the superiority of the British workman. This legend has descended from the days of Bonaparte, when one Englishman was believed to be a match for three Frenchmen. When this idea became sadly dispelled, most people went to the other extreme, saying all kinds of hard things against that vast body of estimable men who toil patiently in factory and mill. The only excuse for such indiscriminate slander is that the people who talk in this way know nothing about the workman or of the factory system.

Then we were told that it was necessary to give our workmen a sound technical education of a more or less elaborate character. At the present time the voices of the advocates of this remedy are wholly drowned in the shouts of the missionaries of fiscal reform. Which of these is right, or are they all as right as right can be? The truth is that neither of these theories takes account of the most important conditions that make for national supremacy. Each takes but a partial view, and ignores the broader conditions.

Is the British workman the backbone of British industry? Why do we see our shores invaded with quantities of splendid machinery from America and Germany?

The great international exhibitions have been eye-openers—notably that of Paris, 1900, where English goods were in no wise superior to those of foreign make. The workman, moreover, is a mere cipher in a big modern factory. He is simply an obedient unit, held in the bondage of a rigid system which is controlled by his employers—a subservient of machinery, with the pace of which he must keep abreast. A walk through any big modern factory will convince the most sceptical that this statement is one of fact.

VALUE OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Technical education is a subject that cannot be dismissed in a summary fashion. It is one essential element in a nation's industrial progress, when used aright, and directed to definite ends. But industrial supremacy will never be assured by squandering twenty-four millions sterling on universities, nor in teaching workmen subjects which they cannot utilise in their daily tasks. It is in such misdirection of studies that money has been, and is, wasted, and little gained beyond that intellectual grip of things which is the salt of life. But just here it is necessary to clear the mind of cant, because the question is not one of intellectual charm, but of industrial supremacy.

The point is: Will a big scheme of technical education enable Britain to beat America and Germany in the struggle for supremacy? Those who know how machine production pre-

dominates over handicraft in all the principal trades will not cherish such a delusion. Why, let a man labour with all the skill born of intellectual grip of his task, he will in many branches be beaten fifty, a hundred, or a thousand to one by the latest modern machinery, attended to by a youth taken from the street, or the plough, a week or a month before.

We therefore have to face the indisputable fact that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of competing firms, the one who is able to undersell the other does so by means of its machinery, in a far greater degree than by its "hands." It is overwhelmingly true that "hands" count for less and less by comparison with machines. If I were to give some statistics of the output of some modern automatic machines I should be disbelieved.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MACHINERY.

Machinery has developed during the past ten years at a rate absolutely unparalleled in any previous periods, and it is the early possession of this that enables a firm to make money faster than its rivals who try to work with the older, slower machines.

Those who advocate the necessity for technical education and long apprenticeship for workmen do not realise the fact that much machine-minding requires only the training of a few hours or days. Often no skill is required, save that of pulling a few levers, or putting material in and taking out the finished product. There are thousands of girls employed in engineer's shops minding machines, or doing handwork that requires plodding patience but minimum skill. In some workshops, numbering hundreds of hands, the skilled men who lead—the craftsmen—may not exceed a couple of dozen or score.

Technical training, then, has but a limited scope, its utilities being confined to the comparative few who design and who conduct, and not to the machine-minder, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. What employers are anxious to secure is the latest labour and time saving machinery. Never has there been such a rapid growth of this money-making agency as at the present, and those who are best qualified to judge believe that it is as yet not half as highly developed as it may be.

WHAT WE LACK.

Look at the facts squarely. The nations that survive industrially are those that possess the greatest natural advantages. These are chiefly iron, coal, and the means of transit. These attract and develop a nation of strong men; out of these grow the battleships and the machinery of war, as of peace. Great Britain was in this enviable position fifty years and more ago. America and Germany were only named with contempt. As the coal and iron fields in those countries have been developing, ours have been dwindling—drawn upon deeply to supply our own wants and those of foreigners. No amount of skill on the part of our men, no stores of technical knowledge, no protective tariffs, will alter these facts.

Our national supremacy, therefore, depends on our iron and coal—that is, on natural advantages, supplemented by constructive skill on competitive lines, which is a question of machinery. If these are threatened—and they most certainly are—it is essential that we seek new worlds to conquer, and to exploit, by the arts of peace. Iron is the thing we require most of all, for we have to import most of our iron-ore from Spain over an ocean journey of a thousand miles. We must in some way or another secure cheap iron and cheap steel, or yield our long-held supremacy to foreigners.

An interesting account of Salvation Army work in Japan is given by Mr. Charles Duce, the "Chief Secretary" of the Japanese contingent of the army. Starting work eight years ago on a small scale, they have now thirty-eight corps and outposts, and ninety officers and cadets, nearly all of whom are Japanese. Ten thousand copies a fortnight of the Japanese "War Cry" are circulated, a phenomenal sale for a religious periodical in Japan, where even some of the great "dailies" have a circulation which barely equals that of an ordinary provincial paper here.

Scottish Songs and Lullabies.

In many Scottish songs and lullabies, notable in Burns and the older writers, the continual repetition of lines and phrases grows wearisome to the Southern ear, and were it not for the music to which these lays are set, their beauty would not be appreciated. Here is a good "Croun" translated from the Gaelic by Lachlan MacBean:—

"Hush-a-bye, darling, and hush-a-bye, dear O;
Hush-a-bye, darling will yet be a hero.
Nae war will be bigger or braver or stronger;
Lullaby, lullaby, my love no longer."

And here is another old Lullaby translated by Malcolm MacFarlane. The piece, says Mr Alfred Moffat, whose "Ministry of Scotland," is an authoritative work on the subject, "speaks of a time when 'at the lifting' was considered an honorable occupation and engaged in by every chief who could venture to do so." The Clan McKay were known as "Clan Aoidh ran creach," Mackay of the Raids.

"Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee laddie;
When ye're a man ye shall follow yer're daddie.
Lift me a coo and a goat and a wether,
Bringing them hame to yer Minnie together."

These certainly are old moral principles to wait a baby heavenward with!

"O can ye sew cushions?" is an old traditional nurses' lullaby which appeared for the first time in print in Johnson's "Musical Museum." It was communicated by Burns. It is an odd composition:—

"O can ye sew cushions?
And can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing lullaloo
When the bairn sleeps?
And can ye mend a baby's bonnet,
And see and haw, lamb?"

Dr. J. G. Holland sings feellingly and enters into the mother's heart:—

"Over the cradle the mother hung
Softly cooing a slumber song,
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:
Check or chin, or kneeckle or knee,
What's that the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my baby again?"

Then an angel repeats the question, and the mother, after some cogitation, crouns again:—

"Not on the limb, O angel dear,
For the charms with thy youth will disappear;
Not the cheek shall the dimple be
For the harbouring smile will fade and
die."

But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

Is there a legend connected with the dimple in the chin? Most affectionate people possess one there.

This is the first verse of two from Miss Eva Best's "Lullaby":—

"Close your eyelids, baby darling,
Like soft clouds o'er skies of blue!
All unseen the baby's angels
Keep their watch, dear, over you.
To his couch in golden splendour
Sinks at last the summer sun;
While the twilight, soft and tender,
Tells the day is done.
Lullaby! Sleep and rest,
Cradled on this faithful breast!
Safe from life's storms fierce and wild,
Sleep and rest, my little child.
Slumber!
Lullaby!"

Rich as the Isle of Man is said to be in traditional songs and carols, up to the present there have been only two collections of the works of long ago. One was printed in London in 1820, under the title of "Moors Melodies," and the other in 1890, "Moors National Songs," issued by Messrs Roesey and Co. Therefore I can only give one pure Maux carolic song. It is entitled "Hush, Little Darling":—

"Hush, little darling, the daisies you love
Under the stars now sleeping;
Hush thee, oh, hush thee, little white dove,
Trust thou my life to thy keeping.
Mother is near thee, sweet, what can befall?
Angels are guarding thee, Gods guard us all!
Hush thee, oh, hush thee, my little white dove,
God has us all in His keeping.
Hush, little darling, my blossom, my dove!
Is it the night wind thou fearest?
How should you fear what's wanted o'er with my love?
Hush thee, oh, hush thee, my dearest!"

The English words are by Mr Emil Ingram.—"Carols from Cradle-land," by S. J. A. Pitt Rivers, in "Lloyd's Weekly."

The little girl stood by the street
letter-box, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked the elderly philanthropist, who happened to come along.

"I—I wanted to post a letter," she sobbed, and I hadn't any st—stamp. So I—I dropped two ha' pennies in the slot at the top, and the—the stamp won't come out!"

Here the elderly philanthropist burst into tears.

"Wh—what are you crying about?"

"I weep, my child, he said, wiping his eyes, "to think that a nice little girl like you should try to work me for a penny with such an old chostnut as that."

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr and Mrs Elgar (Wairarapa) have just returned from a trip to England.
Mrs. and Miss Ramsden, of Blackhead, are visiting Napier.

Captain Maxwell, of the Opanake Rifles, has been gazetted a major.

Miss Dalrymple, of Bulls, is the guest of Miss Izard, in Wanganui.

Miss Mackenzie, Otago, is staying in Picton with Mrs Eason.

Mr and Mrs J. Burns, of One Tree Hill, Epsom, are at present staying at Tirau.

Mr D. L. Murdoch and Miss Todd are at present staying at Tirau.

Mr A. J. Hastie, of Manuka, is visiting Auckland by way of Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Wells (Amberley) are staying at Summer for a little change.

Miss Bremner is visiting Miss Brown, of the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mrs. Deans and Mrs. Symes, of Canterbury, have been staying in Napier.

Miss E. Dawson (Wellington), is back from her trip to Nelson.

Dr. and Mrs Wilson (Palmerston North) were recently in Wellington.

Miss Kirkby, of New Plymouth, has gone to visit her relatives in England.

Mr E. G. Allen (Dunedin), is visiting Wellington.

Mrs Lethbridge (Wanganui), is on a short visit to Wellington.

Mr E. C. Blomfield, S.M., arrived in Auckland from Russell on Friday.

Captain Austen went to Suva by the Moura on Wednesday.

Miss Moore, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Powell, Silverhope, Rangitikei.

Mr T. de C. Malet (Christchurch), is at present in Wellington.

Miss Warmington, of Wanganui, is visiting friends in Wellington.

The Hon. H. F. and Mrs. Wigram, of Christchurch, leave for England by the Ruapehu; also Mr. and Mrs. J. Gould.

Captain O. Stein, of the wrecked Norwegian barque Saphro, left for Norway, via Sydney, on Monday.

Major and Mrs Cayzer (England) are engaged in fishing at Makuri Gorge (Wellington).

Mr and Mrs C. A. Briggs are back in Wellington after a trip to England and Europe.

Mrs J. L. Kelly, and Mrs and Miss Petersen (Wellington), are going to England by the Athenic.

Mr and Mrs. T. Cowlshaw are back in Christchurch from a very enjoyable trip to Nelson and the West Coast.

Mr A. B. Robinson, of the "Melbourne Age," was recently in Wellington after a sojourn at Hauser for his health.

Mrs and Miss Seddon are shortly going to Rotorua for the benefit of the former's health.

Mrs. and the Misses Buller (Auckland) are staying at "Fassifer," Papanui road, Christchurch.

Miss Renee Ballin, of Riccarton (Christchurch), is on a visit to Auckland, and is staying at the Star Hotel.

Messrs Nelson and Pike (Wellington), are going to England by the Athenic very shortly.

The Rev. G. P. Hunt and Mrs Hunt (Wellington), have gone to Christchurch.

The Rev. W. Shirer (Wellington) has been presented with a silver-mounted walking-stick by his parishioners.

Mr. A. J. Hastie, of Manuka, intends to ride on horseback from Manuka to Auckland, via Wanganui, in a few days.

Mr F. Mauder, M.H.R. for Marsden, arrived from Whangarei on Thursday last.

Mr and Mrs W. P. Snell, after their pleasant trip to the Old Country, have returned to their home in Waitara.

Lieut. Carter (formerly of New Plymouth) was presented with a cheque before he left Eltham.

Mr. and Mrs. John Notman, of Wanganui, left this week for Sydney to join the Orizaba for England.

Lt.-Colonel Sommerville, who has relinquished the charge of the Veterans' Home, went South on Sunday.

Mr J. Sewers, the well-known dairy expert, was in New Plymouth last week.

Miss H. Humphries and Miss S. Capel, of New Plymouth, have gone on a visit to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mrs. and Miss Christie, of St. John's Hill, Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Wellington.

Mr Charles Rhodes, attorney of the Waipi Company, was on Friday last in Waipi.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Parsons, of Christchurch, are at present staying in Wanganui.

Mrs Alexander, who has been on a visit in Invercargill, has returned to New Plymouth.

Miss Logan has arrived from England, and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Logan, of Lincoln road, Napier.

Lieut-General Sir O. V. Tanner, who is spending a week at Rotorua, returned to Auckland on Saturday.

Dr. J. C. Hood, who was recently practising in Auckland, has commenced practice in Opotiki.

Mr L. J. Bagwell has returned to Auckland from Te Aroha, where he was recuperating for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull left Napier for Hawera by Wednesday morning's express.

Mrs. John Stevenson, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to her sister, Mrs. Oldham, Kimbolton.

Dr. Scott, who has resided in Picton for 26 years, died on Monday, aged 71 years.

Miss M. A. Cargill (Dunedin) is staying with Mrs. Kettle, Carlton Mill road, Christchurch.

Mr. E. M. Smith, M.H.L., of New Plymouth, is still confined to his residence by the effects of the recent accident.

Mrs W. Coker (New Plymouth) is visiting her many friends in Sydney and Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodson left by express on Friday for a stay at Rotorua prior to visiting England.

Miss Hobbs and Miss Neal, of Napier, have gone for a trip to the Haanier Springs.

Mr and Mrs H. C. Seymour and family, "Tynterhill," Renwick, have gone to reside in Picton, their old home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid, of Motutapu, went to Australia in the Mokioia for a short holiday.

Mr E. P. Webster, accountant of the National Bank, New Plymouth, has been transferred to Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Percy Allen (Sydney) were passengers to Wellington last week.

Mr. Robert Johnston, of Motutauria, left Napier by the Mokioia for Sydney on Friday evening.

Mrs George Seymour, "Meadowbank," is in Picton for Easter, staying with her sister-in-law, Miss Seymour.

The Misses Daisy and Blanche Worsp are visiting their sister, Mrs. Thornton, at Cambridge.

The Mayor of Hobart (Mr T. Bennisson) went to Rotorua on Thursday for a few days' holiday.

Mrs A. M. Ferguson, of Epsom, has been staying with her children at Hira for some time, and intends to remain there for a few weeks longer.

Mrs Rees-George (England) has decided to stay on longer in this country, and has taken Mr R. Longman's house in Tinakori-road, Wellington, for a year.

Mr Martin Kennedy, accompanied by Mrs Kennedy and their four daughters, leaves Wellington on the 6th April on a visit to the Old Country.

Mr Haraboe of Wellington is on a visit to Auckland, and is staying at the Star Hotel. He has been spending some time in Rotorua.

Mr Jas. Jamieson, Auckland, left for Christchurch this week by the Takapuna on a short visit to his mother and brother.

The Hon. Heron Wilson, M.L.C. in Queensland, who stayed at the Star Hotel, went to Rotorua on Friday with his sister, Mrs Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Crockett Wilson recently returned from England, and were here, for a short time, and have now taken up their residence at Cashmere.

The Hon. Edward Richardson, M.L.C. (Wellington), is a brother-in-law of Sir Robert Duncan Lockhart (Auckland), who has just succeeded to the title.

Mr C. F. Robinson, Government Engineer, has been on a short visit to New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Joseph Barngh, of "Wartle," near Hamilton, left by the steamer on Monday for Sydney, en route to England.

Mr and Mrs Watson, of Bulls, are at present staying at the Grand Hotel, Auckland. They intend to spend some time in the Rotorua district.

Mr. W. H. Field, member for Otaki, was banqueted at Johnsonville on Wednesday night. Mr Seddon was among the guests.

Mrs McPhail, who is on the staff of the Wellington Technical School, is going to Scotland for a holiday trip; she will be absent about a year.

Dr. A. Hudson, of London, who arrived by the Sierra, left the Grand Hotel on Thursday for Rotorua, where he will have a week's fishing.

The Rev. Newman-Hall and Mrs. Newman-Hall are visiting New Zealand, and are at present staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

The Rev. J. N. Battle, who was stationed in Canterbury last session, and is now located at New Plymouth, went there on Thursday by the Barawa.

Lieut-General Sir O. V. Tanner and Lady Tanner returned to the Grand Hotel from Rotorua on Friday, and proceeded to Sydney on Monday.

The Hon. Sir Alfred J. Cadman has just recovered from a severe attack of influenza at Wellington, and is returning shortly to Auckland.

It is stated that Mr A. Hatrick, the Mayor of Wanganui, will contest the Wanganui seat at the next general election.

A very handsome time-piece has been presented by the staff of the New Zealand "Times," to Mr Kirby (sub-editor), in honour of his marriage.

Mr H. Collicott, of Singapore, has left Wellington for an extended tour of the Hot Lakes district. He returns home via America.

Mr. John Murrell, who goes to the St. Louis Exposition in an official position, left to join the Vancouver boat at Suva by the Fiji boat last Wednesday.

Major-General Babington was a passenger to New Plymouth by the Barawa on Sunday. Captain Campbell, his A.D.C., accompanied him.

Mr and Mrs Harry Watts (Sydney), have just arrived in Wellington, and are on their way overland to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mr. Garrick, solicitor, who has been staying in Auckland for some time, returned to Fiji by the Moura on Wednesday.

Mr. Malcolmson was installed as President of No. 10 District of Druids at the Pride of Waipi Lodge on Wednesday night by P.D.P. Searle.

Mr. and Mrs. Munro, of Taranaki, are spending a short holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Babiage, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

A marble time-piece has been presented by the Bookbinders' Society (Wellington) to Mr Hugh Douglas, in honour of his approaching marriage.

Mr Brownlee, Havelock, Marlborough, and Mrs Tossell, Pelorus Sound, are going for a trip to England by the Ionic.

Mr C. A. Trotter (New Plymouth) has returned to Auckland from England, where he went to place before the War Office his patent range finder.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Roper (Christchurch) are leaving for a trip to England, taking in the St. Louis Exposition on their way.

Mr J. A. Kinsella, Chief Dairy Commissioner, who has been in South Africa for nearly a year, will return to New Zealand in May.

A gold Albert pendant has been presented to Mr Keith, of Khandallah (Wellington) by the Presbyterians of that borough.

Miss Furlong, matron of the Huwera Hospital, gave a most enjoyable farewell afternoon tea before her marriage to Mr Hamilton Wilson, dentist.

Mrs. McLeod, of Wellington, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Cameron, "Wharenui," Wanganui, has returned to her home.

Mr. Mrs., and Miss Wark, of Sydney, who have been staying in Auckland for the past week, left for the South on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. and Miss Drury, of Fiji, are the guests of Mrs Brookfield, in Wanganui. Last week their hostess gave a most enjoyable little evening in their honour.

The Rev. A. H. and Mrs Sedgwick have returned to Picton from a trip to Rotorua. The vicar, though still in delicate health, is better for the change and rest.

Mr H. M. Holmes, who recently arrived from Australia to take up the duties of secretary to the Wellington Y.M.C.A., has been entertained at a welcome social.

Captain J. Robertson, of the Union steamer Rototiti, had to come ashore at Onehunga on Wednesday on account of an illness which makes it necessary for him to stay ashore for a while.

Dean Kirk, for many years in charge of St. Mary's parish, Wanganui, died there last Thursday after a lengthy illness. His death is greatly regretted by all classes of the community.

Messrs. Archibald, Macleod, and Gibbs, and Misses Gibbs and Macleod (2), of Sydney, who have been staying at the Star Hotel, proceeded to Rotorua by express on Wednesday last.

Mr and Mrs F. E. Brittain, of Dunedin, left on Thursday morning for Okoroire for a few days, and then go on to Rotorua. They have been staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr and Mrs E. Anderson and son, of Wellington, who have been staying at the Central Hotel, left for Rotorua on Wednesday. They intend returning to Auckland for Easter.

Miss Fitzgerald (Australia) has been paying a long visit to New Zealand, and was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Palmer, "Woodford," Papanui. She left for the South this week.

Mrs W. J. Miller, who was formerly one of Wellington's leading vocalists, has concluded her holiday trip to New Zealand, and left for her home in Johannesburg last week.

Mr A. McCosh Clark, of the firm of Arch. Clark and Sons, Ltd., has returned from London, and was a passenger to Auckland by the Rototiti from Wellington on Wednesday.

Mr T. C. Williams, of Wellington, who makes his home in Auckland the Central Hotel, returned from South after spending a few weeks in the Empire City.

Mr and Mrs W. Butterworth, of Dunedin, passed through Auckland on route to Fiji by the Moura on Wednesday, and made their headquarters the Central Hotel.

Mr Wm. Smith and Miss Smith, of Nottingham, who have been staying at the Central Hotel for some time past, left by the Moura for Fiji on Wednesday.

Captain de Bathe, and Mr Hugo de Bathe (England), are at present engaged in deer-stalking in the Wairarapa district. Mr Guy Pilkington (England) is also there on the same errand.

Mr W. Bark, chief officer of the Northern Co's Glenlogh, has been appointed to the command of that vessel vice Captain Haultain, who is engaged on the River Limits Commission.

Included in the passengers who have booked for London by the Athenic is the Rev. Mr. Kyndon, who is returning to England after a lengthy visit to the colony.

The new president of the Canterbury Society of Wellington is Dr. H. J. McLean, Messrs Hogben, Knowles, Loughnan and Preston are vice-presidents.

Mr James, chief officer of the Takapuna, has been appointed to the command of that vessel, Captain Lambert taking charge of the Rototiti during Captain Robertson's indisposition.

Mr Sidney Sherwood, who is one of new Customs inspectors of hardware for the colony, is a Nelsonian who was in the employ of one of the big mercantile firms in Nelson for many years. He is the son of an old Crimean veteran.

Mr W. J. Smith, of the Whangarei Post Office, has left for Auckland en route for Napier, whither he has been transferred. He received a handsomely-mounted pipe from the post office staff as a token of their esteem.

The Dunedin "Star" reports that Mr. J. Grattan Grey, formerly chief of the New Zealand "Herald" staff, has been appointed editor of the "West Australian Record," Perth.

Mrs. Buchanan (Little River) is going home for a trip in the Ionic, and Mr. and

Mrs. A. Jeffry, nee Buchanan, who returned from England this week, will stay at "Kinloch," Little River, during Mrs. Buchanan's absence.

Mr Gibbons (manager of the Bank of New Zealand at Palmerston North), has gone on a holiday trip to the United States and England. He is accompanied by his brother, Mr Hope Gibbons (Wanganui).

Mr T. W. Rowe, M.A., Chief Librarian of the Wellington Public Library, who has just resigned, has been associated with the library from its inception. He was formerly headmaster of the Rangiora High School.

Mr Thomas Bennisson, Mayor of Hobart, and his son, Mr Ernest Bennisson, have reached Auckland from the South in the course of a holiday tour of the colony. They go hence to the Hot Lakes district.

Inspector Moorhouse, of the Tourist Department, has been deputed to proceed to America for the purpose of bringing back with him the waipiti presented by President Roosevelt to New Zealand.

Miss Rachel Richmond, granddaughter of Major Parris (New Plymouth), passed her final examination with first-class honours, in all subjects, at the Froebel Educational Institute in London.

Mr and Mrs Allan Strang, and Mr and Mrs John Strang, of Palmerston North, and Miss Reid, of Wellington, returned to the Grand Hotel from Rotorua on Wednesday night, and all went home on Thursday by the Barawa.

Mr J. Blackmore, of London, who has been touring the colony, and for the past week or so has been at the Grand Hotel, joins the Fiji boat en route to Vancouver. He visits Canada for a little while and then goes home.

Musical circles in Wellington are looking forward to the Easter visit of Mr Hamilton Hodges (Auckland), who created such a favourable impression by his singing at the Musical Festival at Wellington in October.

Captain Stanton Harcourt (Wellington), is leaving shortly for a round-the-world trip, returning to the colony by Christmas. He travels by the Vancouver line going, and by the Red Sea route on his homeward journey.

Mr R. King, of Te Puke, will shortly pay a visit to the Old Country. It is now about 22 years since he left his native land to make his fortune in the colonies, and he now proposes a holiday of about six months' duration.

The Rev. Father Mansour, superior of the Syrian order of "Our Saviour," is in Auckland. He has just completed a tour of the southern centres, and expects to leave for Sydney, where his headquarters are established, after the Easter holidays.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Duder (of Devonport) will be pleased to learn that after a period of nearly three years on crutches and sticks, he has now recovered, and gets about conveniently, with little assistance from those articles.

Mr W. Ranstead, of the Waikato, who came out to New Zealand with a party of colonists some years ago, joined the Moura on Wednesday to meet the Aorangi on her way to Vancouver. He returns after spending a holiday at home.

The Canadian Trade Commissioner (Mr J. L. Larke) went to Taumarunui last Friday by the express train to join the Hatriek motor-launch for the Wanganui river trip.

Mr O. Riley, the well-known Auckland and Sydney footballer, has returned to Auckland from Sydney. It is probable that he will assist the Ponsonby Club during the coming season.

Mrs Van Staveren, and Miss Van Staveren (Wellington), have taken passages for England by the Athenic. The Rev. H. Van Staveren (Jewish Rabbi) is unable to get away at present, but will probably take a flying trip later on.

Passengers down the Wanganui on Saturday by the Hatriek motor-launch booked by Messrs T. Cook and Sons include Mr J. E. Shacklock and son, Mr and Mrs F. E. and Messrs Fraser, Price, Misses Preece and Atkinson.

Bombadier M. Jurias, well known as the instructor in physical culture to the New Zealand Royal Artillery, was married to Miss Ada Tiso in Wellington on Wednesday. A handsome dinner set was the wedding gift of the Artillery.

Mr John H. Grainger, of Perth, W.A., with his niece, Miss W. Falconer, are staying at the Central Hotel. They returned from Rotorua on Tuesday after spending some time there for the benefit of Mr Grainger's health.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Neligan, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, arrived back in Auckland on Tuesday last from his tour of the North. He speaks very warmly of his tour, and returns to town more optimistic concerning the future of the diocese than ever.

Mr. C. F. Bourne, of Christchurch, is at present acting as an assistant master at the Wanganui Collegiate School during the temporary absence of Mr. J. R. Orford, who is at present taking a holiday at Hawera for the benefit of his health.

His Excellency the Governor visited Whangarei on Saturday, where he was received with enthusiasm. On Sunday, His Excellency and party went overland to Wharekōke, and thence by steamer launch to Dargaville, where he spent the night. He returned to Auckland on Monday night.

Messrs. H. Bray, J. M. Skinner, E. Sutherland, and A. McKeever are going to England and America for a time, and being amongst the oldest members of the Manukau Yacht Club, they were given a smoke concert by the Club on Saturday night at Onehunga.

Mr. W. H. R. Teape, who recently resigned the management of the Auckland Friendly Societies' Dispensary to take a similar position under the Christchurch Societies, left Auckland on Saturday by the East Coast boat for Christchurch.

Dr. Frengley, the new District Health Officer, arrived from Nelson on Wednesday and assumes duty in a few days. Dr. Mackgill, who is going into the bacteriological section of the Health Department, shows him round the district, and then goes South.

Mr. T. Mackenzie, who is delivering post-session addresses in various parts of Waitomo, was entertained at a social at Shag Point on Thursday evening, and given a presentation, with the wish that he would continue to represent the electorate.

Mr R. M. Simpson, manager for the Phoenix Assurance Company, who leaves on a trip to England on April 20th from Auckland by the Sonoma, will visit the St. Louis Exposition. He will be accompanied by Miss Simpson.

Mr. Charles Smith, of Te Korito, Wanganui, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Troup, of England, leave by the Ionic next week for an extended tour to Great Britain. They also intend to spend some time in Norway, both being keen fishermen.

The many friends of Mr. Karl Marris, formerly of Wanganui, and brother of Mr. W. S. Marris, of the I.C.S., will be glad to hear that he has been promoted to the command of one of the steamers of the Koc Guan line of Penang, Malay Peninsula.

Mrs. and Miss Waymouth and Miss Amy Garforth (Christchurch) have taken passages by the Ruapehu for England, leaving in a week or two. Miss Waymouth intends remaining in England for some time to continue her studies in painting.

News has been received by cable of the death of Mr. Alfred C. Garrick in London, one of the directors of the Loan and Mercantile Company and of the New Zealand Shipping Company. Mr. Alfred Garrick was a brother of the late Mr. J. F. Garrick (Garrick, Cowlishaw and Fisher), solicitor, Christchurch.

The Rev. W. Baumber and Mrs Baumber, of Christchurch, depart for England by the Ruapehu, which makes a direct passage, leaving Wellington on April 14. Mr Baumber hopes to visit Scotland and Ireland, and possibly the Continent. To a large extent the trip is being taken for the benefit of his health. Mr Baumber expects to be away for about ten months.

Mr. Jas. Kirker, general manager of the South British Insurance Company, returned to business for a few hours on Thursday after an absence of four weeks on account of serious illness. His reappearance in the city was warmly greeted by his numerous friends. Mr. Kirker goes to Rotorua to recuperate in a few days.

District Judge Kettle, who has just been appointed to the Auckland district, was at Nelson College in 1862-3. He passed the Law examinations in 1873, and after practising in his profession some years, was appointed district judge in 1880. It is a noteworthy fact that Mr Kettle was the first native of New Zealand to be appointed a Judge.

Mr. R. D. Stewart, manager of Mr. Williamson's Dramatic Company, left Auckland on Monday to meet the rest of the Dramatic Company joined the Zealandia on their way to Sydney. Its double tour of the colony has been one of the most successful theatrical ventures of recent days in our records.

Among recent tourists who have toured the Otago Lakes and Sounds districts are Miss D. Daniell, of Berkshire, and Miss Alice L. Appack, daughter of Mr George Francis Appack, of Camden Hall, Cranbrook, Kent. They intend now to tour the North Island, including a visit to Rotorua, and proceed from Auckland to England, via America.

Mr. Wallace, who was engaged in England as instructor in art and hand and eye work by the Board of Education, arrived by the Ruapehu at Wellington on Sunday, and came on to Auckland on Wednesday. Mr Wallace was present at the meeting of the Education Board on Wednesday afternoon, and was introduced to the members.

Mr and Mrs Gordon Saxby (Napier) have just returned after a delightful trip to England and Europe. They were absent about a year, and thoroughly enjoyed their travel, in spite of the bad weather so many New Zealanders have complained of in their sojourns in England for the last year or two.

The Rev. J. K. Elliott (Wellington), who is going to Australia for a holiday, has been presented by his parishioners with a purse of 70 sovereigns, with the request that he should spend the contents of the purse during his visit to Australia in pleasure and profit. Mr Elliott has been in charge of the Kent-terrace Church for 17 years without a holiday.

A notable wedding was solemnised at Oropi (Bay of Plenty) on March 17 between Miss S. Z. Blundell, youngest daughter of Mr. Arthur Blundell, one of the principal land-owners in the locality, to Mr. Gerard Lane, son of Mr. James Lane, of "The Ferns," Clevedon. The bride was attended by her small niece, Miss Ethel Alley, and the groomsmen was Mr. Louis Ludwig.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Donald Robertson and Lady Robertson leave for England by the Ionic. Other passengers by the same vessel are: Mr and Mrs J. B. Kennedy (Auckland), Mr and Mrs W. B. Kebbell (Wellington), Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Nathan (3) (Wellington), Col. Mrs. and Miss Pitcher, Major Maxwell (India), Mr E. P. Orna (Sydney), Mr and Mrs Brownlee (Havelock), Mrs Perkins and Miss Nisbett.

Mr J. L. Larke, Commissioner of Trade for Canada in Australasia, is at present visiting the colony in the interests of the Dominion. He addressed the Chamber of Commerce on Thursday, and after the conclusion of his visit here goes South to the other principal cities and towns. Mr Larke is very hopeful of the prospects of reciprocal trade, and what he has to say on the matter is published in an interview in another column.

Mr Paul M. Hansen, managing director of the Auckland Electric Tramways Co., Ltd., has decided to make a visit to England, mainly on business, but partly on pleasure bent. He will be away for six months. His departure, however, will not be till after the Arbitration Court proceedings next month are over. Mr Hansen will have been working in the colony five years without a break or holiday on the 28th of this month, and he feels that he deserves a holiday.

Miss Alice L. Nicholson, second daughter of the late Mr. E. O. Nicholson, of Niue Island, was married on Wednesday at Wellington to Mr. F. J. Kirby, senior sub-editor of the "New Zealand Times." The bridesmaids were Miss Irene Kirby, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Flore Nicholson, sister of the bride. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Emil Schwabe. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. Reed Glasson at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. James Cowan.

At the Union Company's Dunedin office on Saturday the directors and executive officers met Captain Chatfield, to present him with a token of esteem on the occasion of his retirement from the Company's service. The Hon. G. McLean, in presenting a valuable timepiece, said Captain Chatfield had come into the Company's service with a high reputation, and he was leaving it after 25 years with his reputation unimpaired, and the knowledge he had never caused the directors a moment's uneasiness. Mr Jas. Mills, managing director, also spoke in eulogy of Captain Chatfield, who suitably replied.

Mrs Dillingham, of Gladstone-road, Parnell, Auckland, wife of Consul-General Dillingham, of the United States, has been seriously indisposed and confined to her bed for some weeks, but is now so far recovered that she hopes to be able to leave on a visit to her American home on April the 8th. Miss Julia Dillingham will accompany her mother, but the Consul-General's heavy duties in New Zealand preclude his taking a holiday. After a visit to her mother Mrs Dillingham and her daughter visit the St. Louis Exhibition, and will also do a considerable amount of travelling.

Mr. John Lowe, who died on Saturday last in the Palmerston Hospital, was an old soldier, who had served in the army for 21 years. He was discharged from the 8th Regiment in 1871, after he had served in the Crimea and received the medal and clasp, Turkish medal, long service and good conduct medal. He also served in India during the Mutiny, and had a good record. His eldest son is now serving in India with rank of sergeant.

"Christchurch Press" says that there are at least three gentlemen in New Zealand who were also with Admiral Togo as cadets in the old R.M.S. Worcester, their names being Captain Marciel, Superintendent of Mercantile Marine at Lyttelton, Captain Berryman, also of Lyttelton, and Captain East, who is Marine Superintendent in New Zealand for the Tysar Company. Still another of the old Worcester "boys" is Captain Sutcliffe, commander of the New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer Tongariro.

At the Paeroa Methodist Church last Wednesday was celebrated the marriage of Miss Maggie Hamilton, eldest daughter of Mr. M. Hamilton, at one time an Auckland resident, and Mr. John Tetley, of Paeroa, formerly a member of the First Contingent. Misses Lily Hamilton and Tetley were the bridesmaids, and Mr. W. Wallace the groomsmen. The Rev. W. Greenslade, of Devonport, solemnised the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Tetley are going to South Africa next week.

Dean Kirk's death has been received with great regret all over the colony. Born in Monaghan, he commenced his studies there, continued them in England, and finished his collegiate course in Dublin. He was ordained in November, 1870, in the pro-Cathedral in Dundalk. About a year later he was sent out to Sydney as curate of St. Patrick's. He remained in Sydney for three years, and then went to Wellington, in February, 1874, and shortly afterward was appointed to Wanganui, where he resided ever since. In Wanganui he did excellent work for his church, and at the same time endeared himself to every section of the community.

Among visitors to Wellington at present is Lord Monk-Bretton, C.B., who is on a holiday visit to New Zealand. After spending a few days at the seat of Government, Lord Monk-Bretton goes up the Wairarapa on a deer-stalking expedition; he hopes to visit the principal sights of the colony before returning to England in a few weeks time. Lord Monk-Bretton, who is the second Baron of that name, was formerly secretary to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, but his trip to the colonies is unconnected with politics.

A pleasing ceremony took place at the Thurms last Wednesday, when Mr William McCullough, president of the Lawn Tennis Club, on behalf of members, presented Mr C. V. Beckford, who is leaving for Auckland to conclude his professional studies, with a purse containing sovereigns, with a request that the recipient should purchase some memento. Mr McCullough referred to Mr Beckford's many good qualities, his willingness to oblige, and his energy as a worker whenever his services were requisitioned. Mr

Beckford carried with him the best wishes of his many friends, regret at his departure, and good wishes for his future success.

A pretty wedding was solemnised in St. Sepulchre's Church on Wednesday afternoon last, the contracting parties being Miss Maud Brerley, eldest daughter of Mr J. Brerley, and Mr A. Morris, son of Mr Morris, both of Avondale. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by four bridesmaids, two of whom were dressed in cream and two in lavender. At the conclusion of the ceremony the party drove to Avondale, where the wedding breakfast was served in a large marquee erected in the grounds of the couple's future residence. A large gathering of relatives and friends were entertained in the Victoria Hall in the evening.

Mr and Mrs C. A. Richardson returned from South Africa by the Ruapehu after an absence of some months. Mr Richardson had a good appointment in Rhodesia, but continued attacks of fever have undermined his health, and necessitated a return to New Zealand. While in South Africa, Mr and Mrs Richardson had the great misfortune to lose their only child, a boy of four years old; the deepest sympathy is felt with them on their sad loss.

The late Mrs Clark, widow of the Rev. James Clark, of Dunedin, who in her life was very benevolent, left at her death large sums to different religious and charitable bodies. She bequeathed £100 to each of the following schemes of the Presbyterian Church:—Maori Mission, Indian Mission, New Hebrides; £200 to China; £1500 to be funded for the mission work of the Church in India; and £250 to the Palmerston South congregation to be funded for the use of the Sunday school. For some years she used to give £20 per annum as a theological scholarship, and shortly before her death she donated £1000 to found a scholarship for divinity students in memory of her husband. She bequeathed £500 to the Presbyterian Church to form an endowment the income of which will be applied, under the direction of the assembly, without any denominational test, to promote sound learning on the part of the students at the Otago University; and she also bequeathed £250 to the Dunedin Hospital.

Mr J. H. Dalton, who, with his wife, is leaving on a holiday visit to England and the Continent, was on Friday presented by his employees with a travelling case, a similar presentation being made to Mrs Dalton. The employees, to the number of nearly 80, assembled in the factory, headed by Miss Smith, the forewoman, and the presentation was made by Mr Harry Levy, manager of the retail branch of the business. Mr Levy in a brief speech said they had assembled with the object of presenting Mr Dalton with a slight token of the great esteem in which he was held. In asking him to accept it they desired to say that he had been the best employer it was possible to have, and if any man deserved a holiday it was he. Since the speaker had joined the staff, some twelve years ago, they had worked as a united family, their employer giving them nothing of which they could complain. They had seen the business grow so rapidly that now it was a very large concern, and they all felt that, besides giving him a holiday, the trip would enable Mr Dalton to see the methods pursued in the up-to-date factories of the Old World and America. On behalf of the staff he desired to wish Mr and Mrs Dalton a happy and prosperous voyage and a safe return.

Mr Dalton, in the course of his reply, said that the presentation came to him as a genuine surprise. It was more than kind of them to think of him in the way they had done. He was going away for a holiday in full confidence that the factory under the direction of Miss Smith and the retail business under Mr Levy, assisted by Mr Stevens and Miss Moore, would go on as in the past. He hoped when he returned to meet an united gathering as he was leaving. The proceedings closed with the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" by the whole of the staff. The dressings presented were very handsome, being of tan and black morocco, silver-mounted, the inscription setting forth the occasion of the presentation being the work of Messrs Kirkman and Dennistow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS

The charge for inserting announcements of Births, Marriages, or Deaths in the "Graphic" is 1s for the first 14 words, and 2s for every additional 7 words.

BIRTHS.

ADAMS.—On March 3, at Wellington, the wife of Edward Charles Adams, a daughter.
ALLEN.—On March 14, at Newtown, Wellington, the wife of Jas. Allen, Jun., a daughter.
BARNETT.—On March 8, at Sydenham, the wife of A. J. Burnett, a daughter.
BROUWFIELD.—On March 14, at Christchurch, the wife of E. J. Brouwfield—a daughter.
BROWNLEE.—March 9, at Christchurch, the wife of J. J. Brownlee, M.D.—a daughter.
CARPHERILL.—March 21, at 55, Hanson-st., the wife of Alexander Campbell, a son.
CUNY.—On March 17, at Dendalton, the wife of G. E. Cuny of a son.
DEW.—March 20, at Queen-st., Petone, the wife of T. E. Dew, a daughter.
DEAY.—March 19, at "Ellingwood," Riddiworth-st., Wellington, the wife of W. J. Gray, a daughter.
DODD.—March 7, 1904, at Barbadoes Street South, the wife of H. Goodland—a daughter.
DRENDRIE.—On March 1, at Kanra Hill, Napier, the wife of H. J. Drendrie—a daughter.
JOHNSON.—On March 12, at Linwood, Mrs. T. O. Johnson, a daughter.
JONES.—On March 5, at Pietersburg, Transvaal, the wife of Mestyn Jones Jones—a son.
LANHAM.—On March 17, 1904, at the St. Paul Station, Piccadilly, Wellington, the wife of William J. Lanham, a son.
LORD.—March 18, at Petone, the wife of J. Lord, a daughter.
MACRETH.—On Friday, March 11, at Watson's Avenue, the wife of Norman Macbeth, a daughter.
MYERS.—March 19, at 2, Woodcomb-st., the wife of John Myers, a son.
NEW.—March 11, at Balclutha, the wife of J. P. New, a daughter.
SLAAN.—On March 4, 1904, at Abington, the wife of G. Slaan—a son.
TRALOG.—On March 7, at Roxburgh, Otago, the wife of Henry Yeale, of a daughter.
WILLIAMSON.—On March 17, the wife of A. S. Williamson, Wellington, a son.

MARRIAGES.

ADAMS-COOK.—February 17, at Manurewa, Charles Edward, second son of Geo. Adams, Manurewa, to Elizabeth (Lizzie), third daughter of the late John Cook, Lincolnton.
CHRISTIAN-RUSSELL.—February 22nd, 1904, at Invercargill, Frederick, youngest son of Robert A. Christian, Christchurch, to Alice Christina Russell, third daughter of William Russell, "Ashbourne," Invercargill.
CLONDISLEY-KING.—On March 9, at Christchurch, Thomas Arthur, son of M. J. Clondisley, Springfield, Canterbury, to Jessie, fourth daughter of Mr. T. King, of Sydenham.
COOP-LOUGH.—Feb. 3, 1904, at Aronside, Edward W. fourth son of the late William Coop, Little River, to Bertha Ada youngest daughter of Henry Lough, Linwood.
FAWCETT GREENFIELD.—Feb. 17, 1904, at Musselburgh, George, only son of George Fawcett, of the Glen, Mornington, to Minnie, youngest daughter of John Greenfield, Christchurch.
HASLAM HURSTON.—March 22, at Wellington, Jonathan Henry (Harry), eldest son of Charles Haslam, of Wellington, to Florence E. eldest daughter of Ed Hurston, also of Wellington.
LANE-BLUNDELL.—On March 17, 1904, at the residence of the bride's parents, Gerard, youngest son of James Lane, Esq., Cleveland, to Sarah Zilla, youngest daughter of Arthur Blundell, Esq., "Birtwell," Grop.
LEIGH-THOMSON.—On March 16, 1904, at the residence of the bride's parents by the Rev. J. M. McKerron, George, fifth son of the late William McLeod, Otago, to Linda Torrance, fourth daughter of William Torrance, Mosgiel.
MURRAY-WARD.—February 24, at Dunbar, by the Rev. James Clarke, Andrew, seventh son of Walter Murray, Dunbar, to Barbara Alice, fifth daughter of Thomas Ward, Dunbar.
RICHARD-MEYER.—At Wellington, on December 7, 1903, Frederick Louis, eldest son of the late Frederick William Orchard, of Christchurch, to Flora Mary, second daughter of the late Nell Campbell Muir, of Christchurch and Waiuku, Auroa.
PEARCE-VOICE.—Feb. 25, 1904, at Ad-Elmington, Edith, only daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Pearce, Christchurch, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Mr. G. Voice, Templeton.
PLATE SCOTT.—March 6, by the Rev. W. Haughey, Henry Edwin Plate, Melbourne, to Eleanor, youngest daughter of J. L. Scott, Christchurch.
MONTON-MOORE.—March 10, at Amberley, James Donald, Hokitika, to Hannah, daughter of the late John Moore, Amberley.
RICHMAN-HAYDON.—February 4, at St. Paul's Church, Paparua, by the Rev. C. H. Gossett, Robert Lushman, fourth son of the Rev. D. W. Ruchman, Auckland, to Mary Brock, second daughter of Joseph Haydon, Hawkesbury.

land, to Mary Brock, second daughter of Joseph Haydon, Hawkesbury.
THOMSON-THOMSON.—On November 4, 1903, at East Talbot, by the Rev. J. M. McKerron, James Ferguson, son of William Thomson, of Otago, to Catherine Torrance, youngest daughter of William Thomson, Mosgiel.
WATSON-KILLER.—On March 22, at Bulls, Rangitikei, by Rev. C. Isaacson, Frederick James Watson, youngest son of the late Robert Brown Watson, of London, to Ethel Margaret, third daughter of the late William Kettler, of Ferwood, Waimbledon Park, Surrey.

DEATHS.

ANDREWS.—March 8, 1904, at Invercargill, Margaret Mary (Midge), beloved wife of Charles R. Andrews.
BEVIN.—At Winton, on the 7th March, Bevin and youngest sister of Mrs. E. Dent.
BLYTH.—March 18, 1904, after a severe illness, Robert, eldest son of Mr James Blyth, Temuka.
BRYANT.—On March 3, at Wellington, Duncan William, son of Charlotte Ann and the late John Bryant, Lawrence.
BRUCE.—March 13, at Linwood, Margaret, the beloved wife of Joseph Bruce.
BUCHANAN.—March 23, at Kakarama, Ian Iver, youngest son of Mr and Mrs David Buchanan.
BURTON.—March 20, at North Dunedin, Jessie, the beloved wife of John Burton; aged 69 years.
CRESSWELL.—March 4, at Marybank, Wanganui, Myrtle Louisa, the dearly beloved and youngest daughter of John and Louisa Cresswell.
CULLIFORD.—March 17, at Woolston, Alfred, beloved husband of Sarah Culliford.
HASLAM.—Harriet Haslam, wife of the late John Haslam, and sister of the late Thomas Butt, Hunt.
HICKEY.—On March 18, at Mornington, Dunedin, Eliza, relict of the late James Hickey, aged 67 years.
HUNTER.—On February 29, at Lower Sautover, Donald, the beloved husband of M. Hunter.
HUNT.—On March 16, at Dunedin, Herbert, dearly beloved husband of Agnes Hunt, and youngest son of James Hunt.
MANNING.—March 11, at Sawyers' Bay, Leslie J., infant son of Joseph and Maria Manning.
MACDONALD.—March 15, at Roslyn, John, the beloved husband of Elizabeth Macdonald; aged 58 years.
MCKENZIE.—March 22, at South Cliff, James Donald McKenzie, aged 51 years.
MORTLAND.—On March 17, at Flaxton, John Mortland, son of Alexander Mortland.
M'LENNAN.—On the 14th inst., at his residence, Manurewa, beloved husband of A. B. M'Leenan and third son of Alexander and Elizabeth M'Leenan, aged 59 years.
NORTHCOTE.—At Dannevirke, on March 19, Cecil, the beloved husband of Mary Northcote; aged 49 years.
PLAYER.—March 21, 1904, at Wellington South, Edward, the beloved husband of Annie Player.
SOUTHBY.—March 19, 1904, at the Upper Hutt, George Southby; aged 73 years.
STYLES.—March 25, 1904, at Petone, George Styles, in his 80th year, after a short illness.
TRASK.—March 21, at Petone, Isabel, the beloved wife of George Trask.
WINSTONE.—At West End, Pickenham, Somersetshire, England, Sarah, relict of the late John Winstone.
BEVIN.—At Winton, on the 7th March, suddenly, Mena, beloved wife of Henry Bevin and youngest sister of Mrs. T. Dent Hunt.
On March 18, at Dunedin, Herbert, dearly beloved husband of Agnes Hunt, and youngest son of James Hunt.

Some doctors spend a lifetime In hunting after germs, And by the time they've killed them, They've grown as big as worms; Microbes would bid adieu to earth, Chest troubles would be fewer, Life would be gay, if every one Took WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

NOTICE... To sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all pains of Head, Face, or Limbs. The Old Reliable English Remedy. PATERNOSTER'S PILLS. PREPARED BY POINDESTER & TRUMAN, of 71 OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON. Renowned for over a Century for quick efficacy, as proved by testimonials from all parts of the world. It is sold by all Chemists in the Colonies.

Current Verse.

The Grinning Photograph. She had a picture taken with her wedding harness on— It surely did look good enough to eat; It made a splendid bait for the common herd to con; They cried, "Who e'er saw anything so sweet?" They had a stunning carbon made and hung it on the wall; Of what they called the parlour, in their cosy little nest, And there it hung and grinned at them and never stopped at all; It grew to be a regulation, trouble breeding pest. It grinned when they were angry and it grinned when they were sad; It grinned when they were worried or distraught; It grinned when they were plous and it grinned when they were bad; It grinned when all the air seemed trouble fraught. It seemed to grin the hardest when dear wifely looked the worst— Dark mornings, when her frowny hair and smitten eyes were fright; And when her fiery temper made her feet as though she'd burst. It grinned and grinned ten thousand devilish delights. 'Twas awful in the centre of a bad old family fuss, To have her hobby point at her and sneer; 'Twas awful, when her feelings were all tangled in a mess, To have him call that photograph a dear. So one day in his absence she got busy with an axe; She jerked that picture off the wall where it so long had been; She chopped it into shivers with some well directed whacks and— She'll never have another picture taken with a grin! B. W. GILLILAN.

The Man Who Doesn't Dance.

Of course you know the sort of man, Who always goes upon a plan That makes you wish him in Japan, Or else in Southey's bay, "I fancy For he affects a form of 'side' That thinks the only 'Ballroom Guide' Consists in telling one with pride, "He really doesn't dance!"

Nor is his bee-haw voice un-tuned— The deep and throaty "Oxford" tone, Halfway between a grunt and groan, With just a touch of "snore"— That is the sort of voice that he Employs when he remarks, "Not met! Can't stand that tussling one-two-three— Ya-as, waltzina's 'souch' a bore!"

You're sure to find him at a ball, Propped limply up against the wall, Conversing in a languid drawl; With one foot for his himself; Regardless of the obvious fact That rows and rows of chairs are packed With damsels eager to attract, Yet left upon the shelf.

He says the Johnnies in his "set" All much prefer a cigarette, Or bridge, or flutter at roulette. If they can get the chance, "He" can't depend himself to think About those girls in blue and pink: "Excuse me, but I want a drink!" He drinks, but doesn't dance.

Some men think dancing "awful rot," But then one rather wonders what They go to dances for, if not To try to overcome A foolish prejudice like this, By choosing out some dainty Miss, To rowl her from the show; Of wallflowers dull and plain.

It seems to think it rather grand Inert against the wall to stand The while he bides behind his hand And yawn and look at us askance At girls who feel quite pretty mad With one who is a half-baked snail; Some even label him a "mad" The man who doesn't dance!

DAISY. A very handsome presentation of silver plate, comprising a solid silver salver, a soup-tureen, a set of entree dishes, and a set of salt collars, has just been made to Mrs T. Kennedy Macdonald (Wellington). During Mrs Macdonald's absence in England, her husband was appointed to the Legislative Council, and a complimentary banquet tendered to him resulted in a handsome monetary surplus, which was devoted to procuring a souvenir of the occasion for Mrs Macdonald. The presentation took place privately at Mr Macdonald's residence. Messrs Cameron, Haytittle, Plimmer and Hannister, represented the donors, who expressed the hope that Mrs Macdonald's health (which has been very unsatisfactory since her return) would rapidly improve.

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.

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 54.

The Competition does not close till March 31, 1904.

Many members of the Auckland Bar gathered in the Police Court on Friday afternoon to bid farewell to Mr T. Hutchison, S.M., who presided for the last time in Auckland prior to his removal to New Plymouth.

Mr. T. Cotter, president of the Auckland Law Society, spoke for his colleagues and himself in expressing thanks to Mr. Hutchison for the services he had rendered while discharging his duties, and the courtesy invariably extended to the members of the Bar. They heartily wished His Worship a continuance of the success which had attended his efforts in the Auckland district.

Mr. Hutchison replied that it was seven years since he had taken up his duties in Auckland, and during that time the great outstanding fact in his mind had been his ever-widening and deepening regard for Auckland, and for the many friends it had been his privilege to meet within the city and in the country districts. It was no mere form of words when he said he was leaving Auckland with regret. He cordially acknowledged the help which had been given to him by the members of the Bar, and the loyal and faithful service of the officials.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Parsons, youngest daughter of Mr George Parsons (Wellington), to Mr George Greenwood, of Perth, West Australia.

MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS.

If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. **YOKO MATS** (the new flower pot cover) Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices. **FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY. TELEPHONE 922. Opposite D.S.C., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.**

Orange Blossoms.

SHIELD—ALLAN.

A large congregation met at the Church of the Epiphany, Ormondville, last Wednesday afternoon, for the wedding of Horace L. Shield, eldest son of Mr. A. Shield, of Waikonihi, with Hester Rosa Barrington, daughter of the late J. H. Leslie Allan, M.D., of Napier. The chancel was tastefully decorated with tall palms and a profusion of lovely white flowers. The bride entered the church at the appointed time, and passed to the steps of the chancel, where the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Marmaduke Shield, had already taken up their position. The bride wore a dress of white silk, the bodice inserted with lace, and much tucked. She wore a broad coronet of orange blossoms, and an exquisite Limerick lace veil, which was arranged in most becoming fashion; she carried a posy of white flowers. Two bridesmaids—the Misses Christabel and Fanny Allen (sisters of the bride)—followed, wearing pretty costumes of white muslin, trimmed round the shoulders with soft lace and pale blue bebe ribbon; the sashes were of turquoise blue silk. Their large hats were of black open-work straw, trimmed with black velvet and turquoise silk. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. Lambert. As the party left the church the "Wedding March" was played by Miss E. Webb. Mrs. Allen afterwards had a reception at her house in Ormondville. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Shield subsequently started for Waikonihi.

LAMBOURNE—M'GILL.

On Wednesday, 23rd inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, Princeps-street, Surrey Hills, Miss Violet M'Gill, third daughter of Mr Colin M'Gill, was united in marriage to Mr Nelson Lambourne, eldest son of Mr Lambourne, of Mangere. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. F. Macnicol, assisted by the Rev. R. L. Walker. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked pretty in a white silk sunray pleated gown trimmed with lovely point lace, and wore a gold necklet with pendant of tourquoises and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridal veil of soft tulle fell gracefully over a spray of orange blossoms, and she carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridesmaids, Miss Diana M'Gill and Miss Inas Lambourne wore deep cream silk. The bridegroom's presents to them were gold rings set with sapphires and diamonds. Mr Arthur Lambourne attended his brother as best man, and Mr Colvin M'Gill as groomsman. The wedding breakfast was laid in the dining-room, and presented a very pretty appearance, the table being artistically decorated with white flowers and maiden-hair fern, while from the gasolier among flowers and foliage hung a number of silver bells. Those present at the breakfast were Mr and Mrs M'Gill, Mr and Mrs Lambourne, Mr and Mrs Lambourne (Grafton-road), Mr and Mrs Gash, Rev. R. F. and Miss Macnicol, Rev. R. L. and Mrs Walker, Mr and Mrs Bruce Lloyd, Mr and Mrs, and Miss Shadders, Mr and Mrs Macky, Mr and Mrs McNab, Mr, Mrs, and Miss Butler, Mr and Mrs Brown, Mr and Mrs Macintyre, Mr Arthur Lambourne, Misses Lambourne (2), Masters M'Gill (3), Misses M'Gill (4). The honeymoon is being spent at Rotorua. The bride's travelling dress was a navy coat, a skirt with cream silk vest, white felt hat trimmed with navy. In the evening a number of friends were entertained by the bride's mother, when a very pleasant evening was spent in dancing, etc.

Dear Bee, March 29. AT THE THEATRE.

The Cuyler Hastings' season concluded on Saturday evening in Auckland with a capital performance of the "Lady of Lyons," before a packed and brilliant audience. Not a seat in the orchestra stalls was untenanted, and the cheaper parts of the house were absolutely crammed. Such enthusiasm I have seldom seen in our local theatre, and Mr. Hastings' wish that he could shake hands with every man and every woman in the audience met with wild applause. Amongst the dresses I noticed during the week were: Mrs. Sharmar, smart black crepe de chine, with berthe and flowing sleeves of accordion-pleated chiffon; Mrs. (Dr.) Coom was also in a pretty black frock, with V shaped yoke and elbow sleeves of black lace; Mrs. Leo Myers, black skirt, with lovely cream blouse of point d'esprit and Paris lace; Mrs. Coleman, black skirt, pretty light silk blouse, finished with lace, and narrow black velvet ribbon, handsome black opera cloak; Mrs. Foster, cream satin, with pink opera coat; Mrs. Moss Davis, black gown, with very handsome black and white opera coat; Miss Moss Davis, black, with tiny yoke of white net; Mrs. Robert Moss (Sydney), white, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Edmiston, black gown, finished with lace; Mrs. Rosenthal (Sydney), lovely pale pink satin, inserted with lace, pale pink bows in coiffure; Miss Want (Sydney), handsome black gown, with cluster of crimson roses on shoulder; Miss Mont (Sydney), pretty black frock, green chou in coiffure; Mrs. Abbott, black satin gown, with transparent lace yoke and large chou of mirror green ribbon, beautiful black satin opera coat, finished with Paris lace; Miss Cameron wore a pretty white silk gown, trimmed with lace and insertion; Mrs. T. W. Leys, rich black merveilleux silk gown, with berthe of black and white lace, handsome black opera coat; Miss Winnie Leys wore a pretty white silk frock, with frilled skirt, the bodice draped with lace, and with hanging sleeves of the same, black velvet bow in coiffure; Miss Dolly Scherff, black skirt, pretty floral silk tucked blouse; Miss Kathleen Hill, black skirt, soft white silk blouse, inserted with Paris lace, turquoise blue ribbon chou; Mrs. (Dr.) Parkes, black evening gown, with large spray of crimson poppies on bodice and small cluster of the same in her hair, white opera cloak, with deep cape collar of white satin and accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss Ivy Alison, pretty white frock, tucked and inserted with lace, pale blue sash and ribbons; Mrs. Percy Dufaur, black voile skirt, black and white silk blouse, finished with lace and ribbon; Mrs. Montague wore a dainty white silk blouse and black skirt, and her sister, Miss Wells, was in black, with pink silk blouse, trimmed with black bebe ribbon; Miss Peacock wore a pretty white gown with pelerine of Paris lace and Brussels net; Miss Peacock, black crepe de chine, with deep cape collar of ecru lace, chine ribbon sash and chou; Mrs. F. E. Baune, white gauged silk frock, banded with black wavy insertion, and trimmed with fine black lace and black velvet ribbons; Miss Ida George, black crepe de chine gown with lovely real lace berthe, wreath of green leaves in her hair; Miss Zoo George, pretty black gown, with deep lace berthe, handsome crimson opera cloak; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, pale pink frock, with pink ribbons laced through

her hair; Mrs. Ludlow Rich, black satin, with black and white in her hair; Mrs. De Clive Lowe wore a pretty pale blue crepe de chine, trimmed with lace and narrow black velvet ribbon, large black velvet bow on left shoulder; Mrs. Whitson, black silk toilette, finished with lace, dainty white Maltese lace cap; Miss Maribel Whitson, soft white silk, tucked and inserted with lace over pale pink glove; Mrs. W. Philson, black skirt, pale blue and white silk blouse, with vest and collar of white; Miss Maud Philson, black skirt, dainty white silk blouse, inserted with lace; Miss Matthews, pretty white silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Olga Beatty-Kingston wore a black skirt and a charming blouse of point d'esprit, finished with turquoise blue velvet; Mrs. Lawry wore a black satin skirt and pretty black and white silk evening blouse; Mrs. Archdale Tayler, pretty, pale blue gown, with frilled skirt and daintily finished with lace; Mrs. McCosh Clark, very handsome black merveilleux silk toilette; Miss Pearl Clark, black satin, finished with lace, smoke-coloured opera coat; Miss Kitty Clark also wore a dainty white frock; Mrs. Rose, black satin; Mrs. Basley, rich black silk gown, trimmed with jetted lace; Miss Basley, pretty pale blue gown, trimmed with lace and insertion; and her sister, Miss Mabel Basley, wore white, with pretty rose-coloured opera cloak; Miss Jackson was daintily in soft white silk, with lace; Miss McCrae, black gown, with pretty rose-coloured opera coat; Mrs. Ansenne, white skirt, very pretty pale blue blouse, trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss Snodgrass, cream voile skirt, dainty white Liberty silk blouse, trimmed with lace and insertion; Mrs. (Dr.) Collins, black; Mrs. Rees, black voile skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Miss Muriel Dawson, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with lace and insertion; Mrs. Lawson, pretty pink silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Cotter, black evening toilette; Miss W. Cotter was in white; Mrs. Seymour George, handsome black and white silk gown; Miss Lily Kissling, black skirt, pretty black crepe de chine blouse; Mrs. Russell, handsome green silk gown banded with ecru lace; Mrs. Phil Morris, black skirt, and soft white silk blouse; Miss Grierson, white gown, finished with lace and pale blue ribbons, pale grey opera coat; Miss Marjorie Pole, pretty pale blue frock; Mrs. H. Jones, white frock with pale grey opera coat; Mrs. Birch, black satin and chiffon; Mrs. Meyers, black silk gown, with lovely Maltese lace collar; Mrs. Leo Meyers, black skirt, very pretty cream evening blouse; Mrs. Carmine, black skirt, dainty cream satin blouse; Mrs. Clayton (Sydney), black evening toilette; Miss Gorrie, black satin, with medallions of cream lace; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white frock, with choux of turquoise blue; Mrs. Gorrie, handsome black silk gown; Mrs. E. D. O'lorke, white, with pale blue choux, rose-pink opera coat; Miss Eileen Lewis, black skirt, blue crepe de chine blouse; Mrs. Black, black satin, the bodice trimmed with black and white insertion; Miss Amy Cooke black skirt, pretty striped silk blouse; Miss Nesta Cooke looked pretty in a black skirt, and dainty white silk and insertion blouse; Miss McIlvaine, black satin, with white lace berthe; Miss Goldsbro', black, relieved with white.

THE SPORTS IN THE DOMAIN.
To those of us who can remember the brilliant and crowded gatherings in the Domain, when the Auckland Amateur

Athletic and Cycle Club was at the height of its popularity and prosperity, some ten or twelve years ago, there was something almost pathetic in the sprinkling of spectators who fringed the sports arena on Saturday. Fashion has changed; sports are, for good or bad reasons no longer popular, and the sm of athletics—as a public draw—has met, definitely, and one imagines for some time. One was not at all surprised on Saturday to hear that this final experience of lack of public approval had practically decided the committee to discontinue these gatherings for the present. It is quite on the cards, that with enforced abstinence for a time, appetite may return—and true Amateur Sports Club's gatherings regain their pristine brilliancy. There were few ladies present comparatively speaking, but amongst the few I noticed near the grandstand were: Mrs. Brewer, black skirt, pretty pale blue blouse inserted with lace, black picture hat; her little daughter was prettily dressed in white; Miss Gladys Beale, black voile skirt with wide sunray pleated frill white silk blouse with transparent lace yoke, and wide collar of same pale blue ecru-fine, and pretty hat to correspond; Miss Elsie Gilliland, navy blue cloth Russian costume, with turn-down collar of navy blue and white spitted velvet, white muslin and insertion vest, country girl hat of pale green trimmed with violets and green ribbon; Miss Pycroft, pretty white muslin frock, and black hat; Miss Alice Pycroft also wore white, with burnt straw country girl hat; Miss Brown, very smart champagne coloured voile over glace silk, with wide frilled skirt trimmed with lace, large black hat; Miss — Brown wore a very pretty gown of cream canvas voile, with accordion pleated frill, beautifully trimmed with Paris lace, smart crimson hat; Miss Lewis (Wanganui), wore a tucked grey linen ceotee and skirt, with white vest, large black picture hat; Miss Pearl Hay, green linen ceotee costume, with white vest, smart country girl hat to match; Miss Mab. Rice, black skirt, dainty white silk and insertion blouse, with pretty black hat; Miss Palmer, cream voile costume, with deep sunray pleated frill, finished with Paris lace medallions, cream vest, and large black picture hat; Miss Lottie Phillips, black voile skirt, with band of cream lace motifs, white blouse trimmed with lace and insertion. Burnt straw hat with splash bow of black glaze silk.

PHYLIS BROWN.

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WATERPROOF
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ARTHUR YATES & CO.,
190, Queen Street, Auckland.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee,

March 26.

Our long-talked-of autumn show eventuated on Wednesday and Thursday last at the Victoria Park, adjoining "Rardowie." Wednesday morning looked most unpromising, as a steady rain had set in during the night and continued until about eight a.m., when the clouds began to disperse, and by 10 o'clock the sun was shining brightly, and our spirits rose accordingly. A most picturesque spot has been chosen for the show, and £1000 has been spent in improving it, besides all the voluntary labour bestowed upon it, and those who worked so hard to make it the success it was must feel amply rewarded by the result. A very complete little grandstand to seat 1100 is situated on a gentle rise, and all the grass was so beautifully green and dry. A handsome belt of trees is planted round the grounds. It is estimated that there were fully 6000 people on the ground on "The People's Day," and the takings at the gate amounted to £100. Amongst such a crowd it was almost impossible to note many of the dresses, but the few I did get a glimpse of were: Mrs. James Taylor, black and white delaine, black toque; Miss Taylor, white silk, black Country Girl hat, trimmed with black and pink roses; Miss Hay, white silk, black hat; Mrs. W. Graham, figured delaine, black hat; Miss Brunsell, white silk, black hat, with roses; Mrs. C. Hunter, champagne coloured voile, much tucked, and large black picture hat; Miss Hunter, white muslin, relieved with black, and large black hat; Mrs. Buckland, black silk, with Paris lace collar, with stole ends, black and cream toque; Miss Buckland, blue and white spotted delaine, trimmed with a border and white hat, with white rosettes and white roses; Mrs. Brooks, black and white muslin, handsome black silk jacket, black bonnet, with pink roses; Miss Brooks, tussore silk, white silk, white hat, trimmed with cherries; Miss J. Brooks, white silk, white hat, trimmed with forget-me-nots; Miss Young, tussore silk, white hat, with forget-me-nots; Mrs. Jax, Hally, black silk, black picture hat; Mrs. A. Gibbons, blue grey voile coat and skirt, and hat trimmed with wisteria; Miss Hally, string coloured muslin, with insertion to match, black picture hat; Mrs. N. Hunt, black gown, white hat, trimmed with black and white; Mrs. John Hally, black silk greendine, black and cream bonnet; Miss Kirkwood, white muslin and lace over yellow, white hat, with yellow roses; Miss Keesing, white silk blouse, with string coloured lace, black voile skirt, black hat; Mrs. Richardson, string coloured muslin, with white spot, black picture hat; Miss Richardson, white muslin, white Country Girl hat, trimmed with green ribbon and foliage; Miss Souter, blue and white spotted delaine, white and blue hat; Miss K. Souter, white muslin and white hat; Mrs. A. Souter, black voile, with white silk applique, black hat; Mrs. Wells, black voile, grey and pink bonnet; Mrs. R. Campbell, black gown, black and white bonnet; Miss Campbell, heliotrope muslin and hat to match; Mrs. May, bright navy blue voile, trimmed with cream lace, and hat to match; Mrs. W. M. Douglas, black canvas voile, black hat; Miss Cousin, grey voile, white ostrich feather bon, grey and white Country Girl hat; Miss Willis, black coat and skirt, white hat trimmed with white rosettes; Mrs. A. Stone, white silk blouse, black skirt, black Country Girl hat; Miss Wright, white silk, black hat, with plumes; Miss Dunne, pink drill, black hat; Mrs. Polmarth, black costume, black hat; Miss Margery, tussore silk, black hat.

On both evenings of the show a concert and an amusing operetta, "Old Knuckles," were given in aid of the grandstand fund, and which, it is hoped, will realise close on £50. The first half of the evening was devoted to the concert and the last to the play, which went with very much more spirit on the second night. Mr. and Mrs. Boston Couper were instrumental in getting up the entertainments, and must have been gratified at the bumper houses which greeted them each night, and the show committee, I am sure, must feel very grateful to them for their help.

EISIE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

March 25.

Miss Belle Napier was warmly welcomed on her return from England by a number of Hawke's Bay friends at the Athenaeum on the 18th inst. Several of her delightful recitations were given by Miss Napier, and perhaps the most successful of these was "The Bells of Iva," recited with great dramatic power. Some smart costumes were worn. Miss Napier looked particularly well in a handsome gown of tussore silk and cream lace over pale blue, biscuit coloured hat with pale blue feathers; Mrs. Edgar had a stylish green dress, and a hat to match; Lady Whitmore wore a rich black silk costume with a coat of pleated chiffon, and a black bonnet; Mrs. Dixon was in grey and black; Mrs. Cornford wore a stylish gown of black voile, and a black bonnet relieved with red; Miss Cornford looked dainty in pale green, becoming picture hat; Mrs. Howell was also admired in a green voile gown with bands of green silk round the skirt and on the bodice; Miss Howell had a graceful grey costume and a large clip hat; Mrs. Lusk was in a fawn dress trimmed with the long fringe so fashionable at present, fawn hat to match; Miss Large looked well in grey, becoming toque prettily trimmed with yellow poppies; Mrs. P. S. McLean wore a dark blue cloth tailor-made costume; Mrs. Hamlin wore black; Mrs. Bowen was handsomely dressed in light coloured voile with motifs of cream lace and a smart black toque covered with silver sequins; Miss V. Twigg wore a sky blue dress, which suited her to perfection, large cream clip hat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs. Ormond was in black, cape of handsome black lace and bonnet to match; Miss Ormond had a grey dress much tucked and gathered, and a toque trimmed with pink roses; Miss Wood looked well in a white dress trimmed with lace and insertion; Mrs. Stedman wore a tussore silk dress much trimmed with insertion, over heliotrope, deep cream hat with shaded heliotrope plumes; Mrs. Pharaayn wore black silk; Mrs. Henley wore cream, large black hat with plumes; Miss Van Dodelzen was in black and white; Mrs. Johnston looked well in pale grey tweed faced with white; Mrs. W. Anderson wore pale grey voile trimmed with innumerable rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, large black hat; Mrs. George White was in black, and she wore a hat to match.

A series of tableaux vivants, under the management of the Rev. John Hobbs, were given at Hastings on the 24th inst., in aid of St. Matthew's Church. One of the great attractions of the evening was the recital given by Miss Belle Napier, of "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot," which she gave with dramatic force and pathos. The tableaux were thoroughly successful. The grouping and colouring deserve especial praise. They were of a sacred character, illustrating the events of the Resurrection. The final group was capitally treated; all were arranged in an effective tableau, which was an appropriate finish to the entertainment.

MARGORIE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

March 25.

We have had quite wintry weather lately, and oh, such rain! On Friday night the storm was so bad that several windows were blown in and the roof of the observatory was moved some inches. Owing to the heavy rain and flood in the river two picnics in the oil launch had to be postponed—one given by the Misses Cowper in honour of their guest, Miss Knight, of Dannevirke, and the other a party of Mr and Mrs H. Holes' friends, who intended going up to the river and having afternoon tea with them. After Lent is over several weddings are to take place in Wanganui. Early in April Miss Jessie Griffiths and Mr Frank Hatherley are to be married. Miss Mabel Stewart and Mr Cave, of Waverley, and Miss Ethel Christie and

Mr Lance Stedman, of Christchurch. I hope soon to be able to describe the bride's gowns and some of the pretty frocks worn at the different weddings. Local dressmakers are quite busy, and several ladies have sent to Christchurch and Wellington for their costumes. Miss Fraser, the lady principal of the Girls' College, gave a most enjoyable and instructive lecture in the large college dining-room on Friday evening in aid of the new swimming baths that are to be built in the hockey ground. Her subject was "Japan," illustrated with magic-lantern pictures. The lecture was particularly interesting, as Miss Fraser has just returned from a long visit to the Flowery Land, and she told us of so many of her personal experiences. Miss Fraser wore a rich costume of pale grey silk, the skirt having white silk tassels at intervals, the bodice had a transparent yoke of white silk embroidery edged with a frill of embroidered chiffon, the same material forming the sleeve with full bishop under sleeve of chiffon. Amongst the large audience I noticed Mrs Pattle-Zett in an old rose gown with San Toy sleeves profusely trimmed with champagne insertion; Mrs Grieg, black silk skirt, white silk blouse and handsome real lace collar; Miss Cowper, black brocade skirt, pale pink brocade blouse with chiffon rouchings; Miss Knight (Dannevirke) wore a dainty frock of white muslin with shaded butterflies embroidered in silk; Mrs Gray, pale green voile costume with champagne insertion; Mrs G. Humphreys, dove grey canvas with pink and green gallow trimmings; Mrs A. Bundell, black skirt, white silk blouse with medallions of cream lace, Mrs Fairburn, black silk skirt, pale pink crepe de chine blouse with pink shaded gallow and chou to match; Mrs Morton Jones, black silk with white lace collar; Miss Jones, black evening silk gown and cream transparent lace yoke; Miss Baker, black silk skirt white silk blouse with insertion; Miss Knapp, white silk evening gown; Miss Taylor, shaded pink and blue silk; Miss Barnicoat, pale grey bengaline frock with grey chou; Mrs Reaney, black silk skirt, blue silk blouse with insertion; Miss O'Brien, black skirt and pretty white silk blouse; Miss Brabant, black skirt and blouse of a soft shade of blue silk and cream lace trimmings; Mrs Mason, navy blue silk costume and large collar of cream lace. There were also present—Mr and Mrs H. Sarjeant, Mr and Mrs Babbage, Mrs and Miss Alexander, Mr and Mrs L. Jones, Mr, Mrs and the Misses Fred Jones, Misses Brewer, Newcombe, Christie, Gould (Auckland), Mesdames Moss, Taylor, MacLean, Fitzgerald, H. Taylor, Browne, Allison, Furlong, Misses Anderson, Stewart and many others.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

March 25.

The doings and dissipations of the Medical Congress are still the only things to chronicle, and without them we should be dull indeed.

Quite an unique function in its way was

THE CONVERSAZIONE

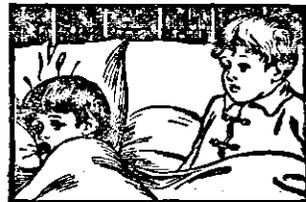
held in the Colonial Museum, which went off with great eclat. The dingy building was hardly recognisable in its festive adornments of palms, flowering plants and ferns, while the gay draperies and vari-coloured bunting gave very effective notes of colour. Supper was laid in the carved Maori house, where the scene was most picturesque, the gigantic figures, with their gleaming pawa-shell eyes, forming a delightfully incongruous background to the smart modern men and

women, who were enjoying the well-chosen menu.

The programme was admirably selected, and the audience was most appreciative. Mr. R. Robertson's clever vocal duets (in which he takes both parts) were very successful, and evoked storms of applause, more especially "The Miller and the Maid." Miss Floyd-Hassell and Mrs. Glover-Eaton both sang charmingly, and Mr. E. J. Hill was in very fine voice. Dr. Carbury (Stratford) also gave an amusing recitation, which was vigorously encored.

The committee of ladies is to be congratulated on the success of their efforts, which were mainly devoted to decorations and the more important branch of refreshments, and altogether the occasion was quite one to be remembered.

Dr. and Mrs. Collins received together, the latter wearing a lovely dress of black and white chiffon and lace, over satin, diamond ornaments; Dr. Elizabeth Platts-Mills wore black satin; Dr. Isabel Watson, black silk crepe, with raised motifs of Paris lace; Dr. Jessie Maddison, pale grey silk voile, with handsome lace insertion; Dr. Edith Huntley, champagne silk, with touches of black velvet; Mrs. Kendall, black velvet and Maitese lace; Mrs. Beauchamp, black satin, and Paris lace; Mrs. Fell, black brocade and loose beribe; Mrs. Henry, grey satin; Miss Harcourt, black satin and net; Miss G. Harcourt, white satin; Miss Harding, pale green brocade; Mrs. Cooper, white satin; Miss C. Smith, black crepe de chine and pale green sash; Miss McLean, pale blue silk voile; Mrs. G. Kemp, black satin and lace; Miss Kemp, white silk; Mrs. Gilmer, ivory satin; Mrs. Young, blue crepe de chine; Mrs. A. Young, black satin; Miss Brandon, white silk and net; Miss Lloyd-Hassell, black jetted chiffon over satin; Miss Coates, black brocade, relieved with white; Mrs. Polten, grey crepe de chine; Mrs. Macarthur, black brocade; Misses Hislop, black dresses and pale blue choux; Mrs. Jeffcoat, mauve Chinese crepe; Miss Waldegrave, black satin and lace; Miss May Seddon, ivory voile and lace; Miss Heywood, white silk and net; Miss Scully, white silk, with touches of pale blue;



Poor little fellow! He coughs so hard he cannot sleep. That makes him weak and sickly all the next day. His brother thinks this coughing is terrible. So do we, for we know that just a few doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

will cure this cough. For 60 years it has been the standard cough remedy for children. Look out for cheap imitations. Get the genuine.

In large and small bottles.

Avoid counterfeits. Hasten a cure by the use of Ayer's Pills.

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C. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd. Circular Pointed Pens.

Seven
Prize Medals.



Made in Birmingham, England.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

Mrs. Glover Eaton, black poplin and Irish lace; Mrs. Rankin-Brown, black satin; Miss Marchant, pale green silk; Miss Richmond, black, with lace berthe.

THE GARDEN PARTY AT BELLE VUE

(Lower Hut) was not graced with the best of weather, but in the beautifully planned grounds there was complete shelter from the wind and dust, which made town so unpleasant. A string band was stationed under the trees in the lawn, where it discoursed popular operatic music, and afternoon tea was served on the wide verandah.

Mrs. Collins wore a gown of lilac silk linen, with a smart toque of the same hue; Lady Ward was in grey-blue voile, and a black picture hat; Mrs. MacGregor, black silk and handsome mantle; Miss MacGregor, blue and white voile; Miss S. McGregor, pale green linen; Miss Pitt (Nelson), white serge bolero costume; Mrs. Mills, black canvas voile; Miss Mills, white silk and lace; Miss —, Mills, pale green voile; Mrs. A. McKenzie, white silk and voile coat; Mrs. Jeffcoat, grey voile, with steel pessengerie; Mrs. Kendall, white cloth dress; Mrs. Fitchett, grey-blue frieze, with handsome galeon; Mrs. Tohurst, black silk; Miss Davy, blue cloth, piped with red; Mrs. Miles, black voile and red hat; Miss Miles, champagne muslin, with sash of red; Mrs. Edwards, grey poplin; Miss Edwards, pale blue silk voile; Miss Warburton, rose voile and white hat; Mrs. Kane, grey tweed; Mrs. Savage (Auckland), black voile and Paris lace; Mrs. Pollen, black canvas cloth; Mrs. Wilford, grey green voile; Mrs. Moore (Napier), black canvas; Mrs. Hales, black satin foulard, with white spot; Mrs. Wilson (Palmerston North), turquoise voile and black hat; Miss Bay (Wairarapa), tussore gown and red hat; Mrs. Quick, black brocade, handsome mantle; Miss Quick, pink and white muslin; Mrs. Fell, black cloth piped with white; Dr. J. Maddison (Christchurch), pale blue cloth and Paris lace; Dr. Isabel Watson, black canvas voile skirt and white satin blouse, black toque; Mrs. Young, white serge Eton costume, with vest of pale blue.

OPHELLA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, March 22, 1904.
The flood, quite a modern edition of Noah's, is par excellence the whole and sole topic of our thoughts and our conversation. It came like a thief in the night, though it was broad daylight fortunately for us, so that our male defenders were able to go out and its battle with spade and shovel, strengthening weak places in the banks which surround Blenheim and stopping up leakages. Grove-road suffered considerably, the water being into the houses and running out of the windows before people had time to remove their furniture and carpets to a higher level upstairs. Out Tuamarina way, and Spring Creek, cattle and sheep were washed away with the rollers of flood water which suddenly swept over the low grounds. Fields of corn and potatoes have probably gone over the bar out to sea. One

thousand sheep sent down to feed at the Wairau pah were all swept away, and the Maoris had a very narrow escape, having to get on to the roofs of their houses to wait for boats. As yet the damage in Blenheim and its surroundings is not estimated, but the residents are a light-hearted people, and make the best of a bad business. They were planted in a swamp between three rivers by some who wanted to make money out of a previous bargain. They have turned the swamp into a thriving township, banked the rivers to keep them from turning their natural courses round the town into unnatural courses through it, and so when a little water does percolate through they do not sit down to grieve over it. The country, and roads, and bridges suffered far more than the town. The Canvasstown bridge, over the Wakamarina River, being destroyed, also that much admired structure the Pelorus bridge, where tourists liked to stand and gaze in wonder at the beauties of the fern-laden rocky banks, and the monster boulders below, with a peep up and down of densest foliage, overhanging silent pools or miniature cascades. Mr Brownlee has lost his tram-line and bridges to the heavily timbered Pelorus Valley, but perhaps the greatest loss of all was the drowning of the driver of the Nelson coach, who left Blenheim in the early hours of Saturday morning, and two of his horses. At all times he was a careful driver, and never risked going the usual route when the rivers were in flood, even a small one, so on this occasion he took the usually safe way, and started to go round by Tuamarina, and along the North Bank. He had crossed the Wairau River safely over the ferry bridge, but the coach capsized in a hole further on, and being encumbered with his oilskin, leggings, and gloves, he was only able to swim a short distance, and sank out of sight of some settlers who were trying to direct him. Two young ladies waded in above their waists to give the alarm by calling Mr Barr, who telephoned to Blenheim for the police. Two of the unfortunate horses were rescued alive from their perilous position. Much sorrow is felt for the loss of the driver.

St. Patrick's Day was a very successful one. The Hibernian Society held their annual sports and their annual concert. Both went off well. A good many for whom a whiff of sea air has magnetic attractions, as they go down to Picton on every conceivable occasion, went there to celebrate St. Patrick's Day also. Steam launches galore went off laden with picnic parties, some to the Grove, some to Torea, and some to Double Bay, returning in the evening laden with spoils from bush, beach, and sea.

Picton folk are highly elated at the finding of limestone, and the establishment almost at their doors of cement works by the Wellington Cement Company at the Elevation, close by the railway line. The land belongs to Mr Cragg, a go-ahead resident of Picton, who has spent large sums in prospecting for coal, when he came across the limestone, etc., and deserves to reap the reward of his faith.

A picnic held last Thursday at Bottly's Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound,

was a most enjoyable one. Among those at it were Dr. and Mrs. Redman, Mr and Mrs. Le Coq, Mr and Mrs. Stow, Mrs. and Miss Allen, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Smith, Mr and Mrs. C. Philpotts, Misses Speed, Greenhill, Philpotts, and Morgan.

MIRANDA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee,
There is very little going on just now, and everything is very quiet. The winter amusements have not yet begun, and it is getting almost too late for tennis and croquet. At the latter courts last week the handicap final for Col. Wood's prize was won by Miss Robertson, who was also runner up for the championship singles.

On Wednesday Miss Bunny, accompanied by her mother, who is going with her as far as Wellington, left for Australia, where she goes to be married to Mr. Walter Colt. A few days before Mrs. Bunny entertained some of her daughter's friends at afternoon tea. The many beautiful presents were placed on tables in the garden—among them Mrs. Colt's present to her future daughter-in-law a beautiful diamond cross, a family heirloom. Mrs. Bunny received her guests in black, with black and white trimming. Miss Bunny was in blue flowered muslin, large black hat. Some of those present were: Mrs. Selanders, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Blackett, Miss Huddleston, Miss Stevens, Miss Robertson, Miss Duff, Miss Gibbs, Misses Boyd, Miss Richmond.

Miss Fell has returned from Melbourne, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Daubany, for some months. Miss Rawson, Wellington, is staying with Mrs. Clifford.

There is to be an encampment of all the volunteers in the Nelson district here at Easter. The scene of operations is to be between Cable Bay and town.

WAKATU.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, March 23.
With the constant stream of departing friends for the Old Country, it would seem with first thoughts there would be no one left, for as each steamer leaves our port she is a full ship, "not another berth," and so it has been for several months. And still the exodus goes on, quite a long list of Christchurch citizens leaving during the next few weeks.

There has been a great change in the weather during this week, and winter seems not very far off; rather sharp frosts have been noticed in the country. It does seem terribly early to begin fires, but we have had to do it. Outside there is a draggled, untidy look about the gardens, and many of the trees are almost bare.

A VERY CHARMING BIRTHDAY PARTY

was given for Master Harry Woodroffe by Mrs. Wigram, Park Terrace, last week, when a large number of juvenile guests had a right royal time. Many were accompanied by mothers or grown up

friends, who helped to entertain them. A Punch and Judy show (so dear to children) was perfectly fascinating. Many games and a delicious tea, with lovely iced cake, all helped to make a most successful party. Mrs. Wigram was gowned in all black and picture hat; Mrs. Woodroffe, cream muslin with black spot, green straw hat; Mrs. J. C. Palmer, cream linen costume, white hat and feather box; Mrs. Harma (England), green linen skirt, white embroidered blouse, burnt straw hat with green silk and autumn leaves; Mrs. J. H. Beswick, pink

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TRIMMING DEPARTMENT. In this important section we have opened up the new Oriental Galoons, Figure Eight Strappings, Silk Applique Gimps, Drop Ornaments, etc.

During this week we are holding a SHOW of all our LATEST IMPORTATIONS and you are cordially invited to visit

JOHN COURT'S TWO SHOPS IN QUEEN STREET, CITY.

linen and cream insertion, hat to match; Mrs Pyne, white linen costume, black hat; Mrs Vernon, all black; Mrs Blunt, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs G. Gould, black coat and skirt, black hat and feathers, and touch of pink chiffon; Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw, pale grey voile; Mrs W. Fox, cream serge and pretty hat with pink roses; Mrs E. Turrell, green linen skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Elworthy, pale green silk skirt, white satin blouse, tan cloth coat with green velvet collar; Miss Rutherford (Amuri), green linen costume, hat to match with cornflowers; Mesdames Archer, Harley, J. R. Scott, Misses Wynn-Williams, Tabart, Mills, and others were present.

Bridge (or as I saw the other day the correct spelling was "brich") has become quite the fashionable game, and two very enjoyable parties have been given during the week to almost the same players by Mrs J. Gould (Merivale) and Mrs Pyne ("Fayrestowe," Park Terrace). Among the players were Mrs J. Gould, Mrs Wigram, Mrs Woodroffe, Mrs Pyne, Mrs Wardrop, Mrs P. Campbell, Mrs Harma, Mrs Fox, Mrs Cowlishaw, Mrs Lee, Mrs J. C. Palmer, Mrs Cotterill, Mrs G. Gould, Mrs Kettle, Mrs Randall, Mrs Beswick, Misses Elworthy, Stead, Lee, Fitzgerald, Murray-Ansley, Fenner, Kettle, Mills, N. Reeves, and Neave.

Miss Fairhurst gave a farewell afternoon tea for Mrs Hargreaves prior to her departure for England, when a large number of friends wished her bon voyage. Some of those present were Mrs J. Fairhurst, Mrs Price, Mrs Cook, Mrs Hargreaves, Mrs Waymouth, Misses Way, K. Wood, Preston, Waymouth, Hanaman, Freeman, Fodor, Grant, and others.

Mrs R. D. Thomas gave a small but very charming afternoon tea to say good bye to her niece, Mrs R. Johnston, who has returned to her home in Western Australia, after spending the summer in Christchurch. Among the guests were Mrs Sweet, Mrs Gould, Mrs J. Gibbs, Mrs and Miss Martin, Mrs Percy Cox, Mrs J. Hume, Mrs P. Hunt, Misses Sweet, A. Martin, A. Cox, Tennant, etc.

Mrs Henry Cotterill gave a small tennis party last week at her pretty home, Pandalton, which was much enjoyed both

by players and onlookers. Among the guests were Mrs Ronalds, Mrs J. Gould, Mrs Kettle, Mrs Randall, Mrs G. Gould, Mrs Malet, Mrs Beswick, the Misses Cotterill (2), Mills, Egerton-Jones, Hill, Wilson, Fitzgerald, etc.

The polo sports took place on Saturday afternoon, but were very sparsely attended, greatly owing to the damp state of the ground and the cold afternoon. The most interesting event (the ladies' handicap) was won by Mrs Alister Clark's Ladybird, ridden by Mr K. Neave, and the Polo Cup by Mr F. Courage's Mermaid. Among the ladies present were Lady Clifford, in black coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs Stead, dark navy coat and skirt, blue and green hat, white fox fur; Miss Stead, navy skirt and military coat, white and red hat; Mrs Heaton Rhodes, dark green costume trimmed with lace and pale blue brocade, hat with pink roses; Mrs Alister Clark, navy blue cloth trimmed with red Oriental embroidery; Mrs Denniston, brown zibeline flecked with white, toque to match; Mrs Denniston, pretty grey cloth; Mrs Ronald Macdonald, fawn tweed costume, red hat; Mrs J. Gould, fawn cloth, white feather stole and cream hat; Mrs J. D. Hall, grey cloth trimmed with black, picture hat; Mrs T. Cowlishaw wore green; Mesdames W. B. Cowlishaw, E. V. Palmer, Ogle, W. Bond, C. Daigety, E. Turrell, G. Gould, W. Fox, Clarkson, Wardrop, the Misses Neave, Lee, Julius, Elworthy, Helmore, Hill, Tabart, Mills, and others.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS

was opened on Monday evening by the president, Mr R. D. Thomas, in the presence of a very large gathering of members and friends. The collection of pictures is a most creditable one for this year's work, and we have been fortunate in having several fine pictures added to the permanent collection by the generosity of Christchurch citizens. Among those present were Mrs R. D. Thomas, in a rich black silk with Maltese lace berthe; Miss Thomas, rose pink silk and silver grey coat; Miss Gladys Thomas, black evening gown and pale grey coat; Mrs Denniston, all black even-

ing gown; Mrs Haslam, black satin skirt, heliotrope blouse; Mrs (Dr.) Thomas, black gown relieved with white lace; Miss Thomas, black skirt, pale blue blouse; Mrs Haselden, cream voile with wide insertions, transparent yoke; Mrs Snow, handsome black brocade relieved with white lace; Major and Miss Snow; Mrs Cobham, black silk with long owing net sleeves; Miss Leach, turquoise blue skirt trimmed with insertion, white silk blouse; Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, black silk bodice and sleeves trimmed with old lace; Mrs Litchfield, black skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs Waymouth, cream voile gown, handsome mole coat; Miss Waymouth, white with orange velvet bands; Miss R. Waymouth, cream and navy blue; Mrs Tyree, black evening gown; Mrs T. Gibbs, black silk, sequin net sleeves, and lovely lace on bodice; Mrs Alfred Evans, pale green silk and net with touch of crimson on bodice; Mrs Burns, cream canvas trimmed with black; Mrs T. Garrard, black brocade, net yoke and sleeves; Miss Barraud (Wellington), pale blue silk; Mrs G. Harris, all black; Mrs Gilbert Anderson, black with cream lace; Miss K. Wood, pale green silk; Misses Gardner (2), Colborn-Veel, Waller (2), McIntyre (2), Mrs J. S. and Miss Guthrie, Mrs H. Hargreaves, Mde. Winter, Miss Cabot, and many others.

The marriage of Miss Mary Neave, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs

Neave, of "Okover," Riccarton, and Mr Percy Acton-Adams takes place very shortly, and will be followed very soon by that of Miss Muriel Elworthy, a daughter of the late Mr Elworthy, of Pareora, South Canterbury, and Mr Williams, of Gisborne.

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COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND'S MISSION.

The country through which Colonel Younghusband's mission is advancing into Tibet is so little known to the outside world that the account of the roads through it which Mr Douglas Freshfield gives in the "Geographical Journal" is particularly welcome. It is, on the whole, of a very satisfactory character. It dispels some picturesque illusions which have been widely spread by imaginative persons, and it encourages the expectation that the mission and its escort will have a fairly easy journey to their present destination at Gyantse. The distance from our railway base at Siliguri in Sikkim to that point is only 213 miles, while the road to Lhasa itself does not exceed 327 miles. The passes are of great height, it is true, ranging from over 14,000ft to over 19,000ft, but they afford no serious difficulties to ordinary travellers, and the Chinese defences, which have been raised here and there to protect them, are beneath contempt. The Tibetan regular army consists of 4000 soldiers, who were armed, at all events up to a very recent date, with nothing more formidable than matchlocks and pikes, and who are warranted to be a very peaceable set of men. Our real enemy is the cold, which has already cost us some loss amongst the transport animals, but, severe though it is, it does not put a stop to ordinary traffic during the winter months. The climate is distinctly healthy, and although some of our native troops suffered to some extent from bronchitis and other affections of the lungs when they were quartered at Gnathong in 1888, it agreed very well with the force as a whole. The best proof that the obstacles which the mission will have to overcome are not of the formidable kind with which we have been threatened, is that parties of travellers from Lhasa to the British frontier do not usually spend more than a fortnight on the road, and that with despatch it can be covered in eight days, while the journey to Gyantse is not more than a week's or ten days' travel. The roads on our own side of the frontier have been much improved within the last few years, while within the Tibetan border those between the chief towns are good mule tracks, or at the worst do not fall below the average condition of an Indian by-road.

Two main roads run from India to Shigatse, Gyantse, and Lhasa. When the mission was first despatched it advanced by the shorter route which leads to Khamba Jong up the valley of the river Lachen. The Tibetans had appointed to send their delegates to meet Colonel Younghusband at Khamba Jong, and as this route continues longer in British territory than the other, and is quite practicable for a small party, he elected to travel by it. The conduct of the Tibetans, which has led to the despatch of a considerable escort with the mission on the present occasion, is doubtless fresh in the public mind. They

kept Colonel Younghusband waiting for months without sending the promised emissaries to negotiate with him, and finally they made an insolent demand that he and his party should withdraw to British territory, and refused to have any further dealings with him until he complied with this condition. He did withdraw, but it has been only to advance again with a force amply sufficient to protect him from further insult, and to ensure that the negotiations shall be carried on at whatever point in Tibetan territory we may choose to name. For this second advance the Chumbi route, which enters Tibet sooner and is easier for a large body of men, has been selected. That it is well suited for the movement of a much larger force than we are employing may be gathered from the fact that the Tibetans used it in 1838-39 to invade Sikkim. Since the time of Warren Hastings and, doubtless, for many hundreds of years before his day, it has been the chief gateway through which the trade of Tibet and India has passed to and fro. The bridge on the River Tietsa in Sikkim, which is thirty miles by cart-road from the railway base at Siliguri, is the point at which the ascent begins in earnest. Twenty-two miles further on the wheel-road ends at Pedong, but it is succeeded by a fair horse-road "metalled in places and bridged throughout" up to Gnathong, where our troops passed the winter of 1888 at an elevation of 12,000 feet. Infantry, baggage, animals, and mounted artillery can reach Gnathong, we are assured, without difficulty. One more day's march over the Jelep La, an "easy, smooth pass," 14,400 feet high, where the bridge-path has been lately repaired by our engineers, and Yatung, on the Tibetan side of the great range, is reached. The Tibetans are bound by treaty with us to keep an open market at Yatung, but the only signs of the market as far seem to be the Chinese Customs commissioners. Chumbi itself, which is only twenty miles from Gnathong, is described by all writers as situated in a delightful valley which enjoys a warm and dry climate and is very fertile and highly cultivated. The road from thence to Pari, the last point which we have heard that the mission has reached, ascends 4000 feet in the 21 miles which it covers. It is used at all seasons by mule caravans and passes through numerous villages.

The rest of the way to Gyantse appears to be easy enough. There is another pass to be crossed at the great elevation of 15,700 feet, but the Tang La, as it is called, is described as a "gradual and hardly noticeable ascent." Except in the valleys, the country is wild and barren. The sun is hot and the nights are very cold, but we have again the experiences of the Tibetans in 1888 to guide us as to the military capabilities of the route. Major Iggulden tells us that they kept the transport of their force on the Jelep La, which had of course to pass through this region, in "first-class working order. They had a thousand yaks and 500 mules working supplies up regularly from Gyantse." It will be strange if we cannot march easily over a road which the Tibetans were able to use for the supply of a considerable force during a long period. The valley at

Gyantse is said to be extremely rich. Its name Nyang means, we are told, "the Land of Delicacies"; and Chandra Das, one of the native explorers to whose courage, patience and observation we owe so much of our small knowledge of these wild regions, draws a picture of it which goes far to justify its name. The general conclusion to which Mr Freshfield's most instructive paper comes is that, except from possible suffering on the Jelep La and the Tang La, there is little to fear for our troops, and that if the passes are crossed in fair weather the mission may have a pleasant winter at Chumbi or Gyantse.

Lamas, who are the real rulers of Tibet. As may easily be imagined, this system of polyandry gives rise to a vast number of complicated questions regarding parentage, inheritance, and cognate matters. These are settled by a long and elaborate code of laws, which have been perfected for a thousand years. One husband always has a priority, usually the oldest, and as long as he occupies the position of husband the others are expected to stay away. He indicates that he is in residence by hanging his boots and his bow and arrows outside the door.

Last in Lhasa.

Appropos of Colonel Younghusband's mission in Tibet, it is interesting to recall the fact that the Rev. Kawaguchi Kei-Kai, an enlightened Japanese priest, is the latest individual that has succeeded in penetrating into this mysterious city of Lhasa. He went there as a Buddhist priest, and, after inspecting Lhasa thoroughly, he entered the University of Sera, a mile and a-half from the capital, intending to graduate there. He stayed in the university fifteen months, when his relations with the outside world were discovered. He was then obliged to flee for his life. Since then he has written some of his observations of Tibet in Indian and Japanese papers, and is compiling a large volume on the subject of his travels.

Most curious of all are the revelations which the Rev. Kawaguchi makes concerning the practice of polyandry, the strongest domestic institution in Tibet. Polyandry means the possession of one wife by many husbands, exactly the reverse of polygamy. It is fostered and encouraged by the priests and

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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 pain 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.

Advertisement for E. Ellingham & Co. featuring 'ON SALE . . . General Groceries, Grain and Produce, Agricultural Seeds, Bonedusts and Artificial Manures.' The central text reads 'SEED POTATOES and OATS various kinds.' The company name 'E. ELLINGHAM & CO.' is prominently displayed in a large, stylized font, with 'ESTABLISHED 1864' and 'GENERAL MERCHANTS' written above it. Below the name, it says 'CUSTOMS STREET EAST, AUCKLAND.' At the bottom, it lists 'DEALERS IN Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Fungus, and all kinds of Farm Produce.' and 'KAURI GUM BROKERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS'.

TONSON GARLICK CO., LTD.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Balance of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Dress Baskets, Hampers and Picnic Baskets, and such like, now selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

***** CALL AND INSPECT FOR YOURSELVES AT THE PEOPLE'S FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, TONSON GARLICK COY., Ltd., AUCKLAND.

Auckland's Commercial Expansion

THE TALLEST WAREHOUSE IN THE CITY.

Messrs L. D. Nathan's huge new warehouse in Customs-street is now receiving its first cargo of stores. The building stands on the site of the old store which was burnt down about two years ago, but it is a much more extensive and convenient building. It covers about one-fifth of an acre of land, and consequently has nearly an acre and three-quarters of floor space, and presents a total frontage to Customs and Commerce streets of 183 feet. Its height is 70 feet, and counting the cellar, it has seven storeys. In colour the building has departed from the orthodox stucco grey, and presents a pleasing bright red frontage. Its walls are of great thickness, exceeding that required by the city regulations even for a building of such immense height. Its beams and pillars (which may be counted by the hundred) are of Australian ironbark wood, a material which costs as much as iron, but is preferable in case of fire. It is one of the eccentricities of iron girders that they writhle under the influence of intense heat and water, and so pull down the walls, which they are expected to support.

Considered from all points of view, therefore, the ironbark beams are now regarded as preferable to iron girders. There are many interesting plans adopted to resist fire. All the doorways are protected by duplicate iron doors which slide in miniature tramways in cement thresholds, and thus effectually prevent the passage of fire. Many of the windows are similarly protected by iron shutters. Then again Messrs Nathan have shown great shrewdness in preparing against the floods, which are a cause of anxiety to many cellar holders in Lower Queen-street. The drains are all placed high up, so that there may be no fear of flooding unless the flood be sufficiently severe to pour in from the street above.

The building is supplied with three powerful lifts. One set of floors is devoted exclusively to the bonded stores, and these are separated from the free rooms by the iron doors already described, which are secured by padlocks of the Customs department. In the cellar of this section will lie the imported wines and spirits in which Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co. do a large trade. In the top floors, which are specially well-lighted, the famous teas will be blended and packed by a party of about fifteen operatives; and one of the newest forms of blenders, a kind of huge churn, is now waiting to be placed in position. Another interesting machine is the fan-cutter used in reducing the leaves to the required size. Close by, on the same floor, the kauri gum is displayed. The selling of gum on commission is a very important branch of the firm's business, and at the time of our visit a party of the gum exporters were examining the same with a view to making purchases.

Between the ground floor and the ceiling the many storerooms are being rapidly packed with merchandise of numerous kinds, and the proceedings give a striking impression of the enormity of the firm's business. On the ground floor there are to be handsome offices for general and private use, and accommodation for the American Tobacco Company, in which Mr. Nathan is chairman of directors.

The cost of erecting this handsome building was about £13,500, and the work has been carried out by the Auckland builder, Mr. J. J. Holland. The architect, Mr. J. Currie, has for 25 years past been the firm's architect. He is familiar with large undertakings, having been the architect engaged in the building of the new factory of the D.S.C. behind the Northern Club, the new warehouses of Messrs. Hayman and Co. and Messrs. Kronfeldt, and the large block erected by Messrs. Nathan and Co. some years ago at the bottom of Victoria street, and now occupied by the D.S.C. and the Central Hotel. Messrs. Nathan's present building, somewhat Italian in appearance, is the largest of many large warehouses which have lately been erected in Customs street, which is now Auckland's great commercial centre, and indicates great faith in the future of this city.

Messrs. Nathan intend to still carry on their counting house, shipping, and sales departments in Shortland street, where they have been during the last 64 years.

YOUNG LIVES SAVED.

HOW DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS BUILD UP SICKLY CHILDREN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the finest medicine in the world for sickly children. They are sweet, pretty, easy to take, and do not contain the smallest grain of any drug that could harm the youngest child or the most delicate woman. When given to children Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill their little veins with plenty of good, pure, strong, rich, red blood. In that way they strike at the root of all weakness and ill-health. Every blood-building dose breeds bone and muscle. The pure red blood makes the appetite keen and the cheeks rosy. It fills every child with romping energy and robust health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for all the troubles of childhood, such as paleness, peevishness, stomach complaint, diarrhoea, weak lungs, wasting muscles, rickets, St. Vitus' dance, nervousness, and all other ailments caused by weak or impure blood.

Read what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for little Ethel Jones of Enfield, Oamaru. "Ethel was only six months old when we had her vaccinated, and she was very ill after it," says her grateful mother. "At first the doctor said it was on account of her teething, but soon he found that she had congestion of the lungs. She was so thin and weak that she could hardly move. She suffered so much from griping stomach pains that we had to be always putting poultices on her. Night after night we sat up with her. The second doctor said she had consumption of the bowels. 'She may live a fortnight,' he said to me, 'but she can't possibly live more than four months.' Horrid lumps came up on her little legs. The doctors wanted to operate, but my husband and I said 'No' when we heard that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured children who were wasting like this. We made her take some, and they helped her to hold her own for a while. Then she gradually grew stronger. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually made new blood for her, and that soon stopped the Consumption of the bowels. She suffered no more from the stomach pains or peevishness. She slept soundly and ate heartily. At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her completely. Ethel is quite a big girl now, and is a perfect picture of chubby health and brightness though her mother has to say it herself," added Mrs. Jones.

But Ethel Jones, of Enfield, is not the only child who has been snatched from an early death by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "They are the grandest medicine in the world for children," says Mr. Henry Donnelly, the Feilding tobacconist. "My little son Henry fell into a decline. He grew very thin and pale, his appetite was wretched, and he was always fretful and peevish. In fact, he was like an old man worn out with worry. Some friends made us give him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills -- and three boxes made him a bright, strong, healthy boy. This was over two years ago, but he has been in perfect health and strength ever since."

And, of course, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as good for men and women. They are not common pills. They don't act on the bowels. They simply make new pure rich red blood -- only that and nothing more. It is because they do this one thing well that they have such success in curing all ailments arising from bad blood. That, of course, is the one great cause of anaemia, paleness, pimples, eczema and other skin diseases, bad complexion, biliousness, indigestion, headaches, backaches, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, palpitation of the heart, asthma, decline and the special sufferings of growing girls and women when the regularity of their blood-supply becomes disturbed. These diseases can only be cured by setting the blood right with the great blood-building nerve tonic, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. But you must get the genuine New Zealand kind (always in wooden boxes), manufactured in Wellington from the special N.Z. formula. When did you ever hear of any of your neighbours being cured by foreign substitutes in glass bottles? Accept no substitute at all. If you can't get the genuine kind in wooden boxes from your local storekeeper or chemist, send 3/ for one box or 10/0 for six boxes to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. Medical advice given free.

IMPORTANT TO

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Competition on New Lines.

EVERY PHOTOGRAPH USED PAID FOR

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

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

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

Five £1 Prizes

Will Be Awarded.

BUT THIS IS NOT ALL

EVERY PRINT USED WILL BE PAID FOR AT STANDARD RATES

NO DISTINCTION IS MADE REGARDING SUBJECTS.

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RULES FOR COMPETITION.

1. Every picture used, in addition to the five which win the prizes of One Pound each, will be paid for at standard rates.
2. No print accepted by THE GRAPHIC must be supplied for reproduction in any other Journal or Publication.
3. No print submitted must have been previously published in any newspaper or magazine.
4. Name and address must be lightly written in black lead pencil on each Photo sent in.

All Photos for Competition must be posted in N.Z. not later than March 31, 1904.

IMPORTANT.

To Amateurs and Others Who Object to Competitions.

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

David and Goliath.

THE STRENGTH OF RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

A "DAILY MAIL" FORECAST BEFORE THE OUTBREAK.

The position of Russia and Japan presents a deeply interesting study. On the one hand is a Power whose modern history constitutes something in the nature of an eighth wonder of the world; on the other is a Power whose destinies not the most far-seeing statesman can foretell.

Japan, the England of the East, consists of but a handful of islands of a total area of 162,665 square miles, and a population of 44,260,000. Russia's vast Empire embraces a sixth of the whole earth, peopled by 135,000,000 souls. The disparity between the two rivals is not lessened when their fighting forces are examined. Russia stands to the world as one of its greatest military Powers, and has, on paper at any rate, the men to justify the position. Her army on a war footing is capable, according to the estimate of its organizers, of being raised to three and a-half millions of men; and that without taking into account the last reserves. At a liberal computation the land forces of Japan in time of war would be about 393,000 officers and men, with 1100 guns, against the 3400 guns of Russia.

THE FIGHTING FORCES.

The appalling balance in favour of Russia is, of course, largely discounted by the immobility of the Muscovite forces, inevitable in view of the huge area over which they are distributed. From the days of Hannibal, who, entering Italy with but twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse, annihilated armies of twice and four times the size of his own, and overran the land, down to that of Napoleon, the world has from time to time seen the alert and skilful little army triumph over the larger, more unhandy.

But, in all likelihood, naval strength would be a great factor in a war between these two countries. Here accessibility to what would prove the battleground favours Japan sufficiently to counterbalance the numerical superiority of her enemy. Spread over the ocean area which she must cover, Russia has a great number of vessels, but how many of these could come to close quarters with the concentrated strength of Japan is a debatable point.

The navy of the greater Power has cost five times that of the lesser, but it is agreed by all naval experts that Japan has got a magnificent return for her money in the shape of one of the finest fighting machines afloat. The like consideration applies to her army.

A point which the onlooker does not leave out of his calculations is the important one that, should it come to land-fighting, the Russians, even with the difficulty of transport and food supply overcome, would be at a disadvantage, in that their troops would not have the incentive to utmost effort that would inspire the Japanese, who would be battling within sight of home, as it were, whose patriotism is fired by that spirit of devotion to their fatherland which has brought such amazing results during the last forty years.

Between Japan and Russia, although they are geographically associated, there is a great gulf fixed temperamentally, socially, constitutionally. Japan embodies the spirit of democracy and progress; Russia represents the worst phase of tyrannous autocracy. The Muscovite forces are reputed to be superbly disciplined; it remains to be seen for how much that discipline counts when the fighting has to be done far from home, and for a cause which cannot appeal very strongly to the imagination of the soldier who is little better than a serf. Pride of race with love of his land has a considerable place in the Japanese. He has borrowed the wisdom of the old-world West to enlighten and revivify the older-world East, but he loves those ancient traditions to which he may with propriety still cling.

THE EMPERORS.

The relations subsisting between governed and governing classes are altogether different in Russia from those which obtain in the Flowery Land. The Emperor of Japan, who has wrought the mighty reforms which have come about in our own day, enjoys the confidence and love of his subjects, to whom he has given a constitutional form of government. The Czar rules as he is ruled. With his gigantic army and his terrible system of secret espionage he has neither the confidence nor the affections of the millions over whom he is placed. The stringent discipline exercised throughout his realm does not render human life sacred, nor the rights of property respected. An attempt was made not long ago to organise a trade union at St. Petersburg. It was suppressed at a cost of 250 lives of the workmen. From St. Petersburg congratulations were sent to the governor of the district. The letter arrived two days after the Governor's triumph had been ended by his murder. While riot and bloodshed are continually resulting from collisions between the Russian authorities and the students, the course of study in Japan is made a national concern, and the system of education, compulsory in the elementary schools, followed by model university courses, receives not less attention from the Government than from the modelling of the army and navy, the building of railways, the rendering navigable of all watercourses, the opening of national ironworks and mighty arsenals.

The present Emperor of Japan is one of a succession of sovereigns whose dynasty has been unbroken for 2500 years. His first kingly ancestor ascended the throne when Manasseh, King of the Hebrews, was offering human sacrifices upon the altars of Jerusalem, and when the great Assyrian empire was in the death throes of dissolution. There remains in the land to-day no relic of old-time feudalism beyond that close binding of class to class resulting from a long period of inter-dependence.

NATIONAL STRENGTH.

Japan has got beyond the era of the vendetta and of all the appanages of feudalism, but the bonds of brotherhood remain to make the race one of wonderful unanimity for a national purpose, and it is conceivable that did war occur with Russia every one of the twenty-four millions of males comprised in the population who is capable of bearing arms would be willing and anxious to take his share in the heat and burden of the battle.

War can bring nothing but disaster to Japan just now. A few more years of such prosperity as she has enjoyed since her victory over China would make her a protracted war at this period of her history might break her. Her revenue to-day is nearly 28 millions sterling; a dozen years ago it was only 8½ millions. In 1895 to 27½ millions, and her exports, while still short of what is desired, have grown in the same period from 13½ millions to 25½ millions. Since the war she has spent six millions on her navy and two millions on education, has established legations and consulates all over the world, has aided great harbour works, assisted colonial development by railways and other works, has founded banks, and so forth.

She has unlimited coal and minerals, and abundant raw material for the manufacture of articles which should soon send her exports soaring above her imports. What she most needs is a little time to recover from the tremendous outlay she has undertaken. Of her imports, Great Britain supplies nearly eleven million pounds' worth. All these figures are again dwarfed by those of Russia, who has a revenue of 206½ millions, and an expenditure nine and a-half millions less. Her exports amount to 33½ millions, and imports to less than 6½ millions.

Considered from every point of view the threatened contest is one of a David against a Goliath, with all the forces of might on the side of the big battalions, but with victory not necessarily assured to the giant. E.A.B.

PEARS

SOAPMAKERS

BY ROYAL WARRANTS



to

Their Majesties



THE KING AND QUEEN.

HOLDER OF THE ONLY GRAND PRIX EVER AWARDED

FOR TOILET SOAP—

IN GREAT BRITAIN ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

THE COWARD.

A Complete Story by Edwin Pugh.

I.

"At peep of dawn on a certain morning four men sat at cards in a famous gaming house in London. They had played from six o'clock on the previous evening, and the stakes had risen feverishly hour by hour. Of the four were two men of middle age, two were young men, one little more than a boy and a good deal less than a man, as I am about to prove. There were a few onlookers chained to the spot by the fascinating spectacle of ruin, but they had thinned out steadily for the last hour, and gone yawning into the keen air, in pairs, in knots, and singly. The room was hot and tainted with a hundred heavy odours, hideously commingled. The yellow light of the candles shivered and grew pale before the insidious attack of the cool blue light of morn. The faces of the players were greasy and pallid, smudged with floating notes of soot, and stained about the mouth with wine. The two men of middle age were named Major Hardebecke, and Stepney Gore. The major was a man who lived on his evil reputation; Stepney Gore had been a poet before he took to shaking the elbow. The two younger men were Robert Granby and Sir Simeon Vale. Granby was a sturdy, upstanding limb of the national oak; Sir Simeon was a blonde, effeminate boy; he had lost heavily, nearly all his lately acquired patrimony, it was whispered, and he was bearing his losses with increasing ill grace. He had not spared the wine, and his hands shook and his eyeballs were shot with gout of blood. His pretty face was screwed into an expression of acute peevishness, his dried-up mouth was slack and tremulous. His friend Granby, who had also lost, seemed anxious for the good conduct of the young baronet, and from time to time whispered him to stop playing, to which the other sulkily replied:

"No, curse you! I want to win first—curse it. I must have my revenge on 'em—curse 'em!" This in a tone clearly audible all over the room. And Granby would fall back in his seat with a despairing face.

"As before, Sir Simeon?" asked the major, with his head cocked insinuatingly askew.

The young man answered with a sullen nod. The cards were dealt, and again he lost. He pushed his stake across the table with so rough a hand that the pile of money broke and scattered over the board, a few coins falling with a jingle to the floor. The major frowned, then smiled. Stepney Gore pursed his lips, and hummed a gentle note. Robert Granby with a shocked face looked from his friend to the two elder men, anxiously. Sir Simeon got up stilly.

"Finished?" asked the major.

The young man growled assent.

"You have been unfortunate, Sir Simeon. It was not your night. Perhaps to-morrow—who knows?—you may win all back, and more."

Sir Simeon faced him and muttered an answer of some length. His words were unintelligible, but his manner was conspicuously aggressive.

"I do not understand you, Sir Simeon," the major said sternly.

"I said," repeated the young man more clearly, "I said that it is possible I may win to-morrow, for I shall not play with you again."

"Sir Simeon is not himself," cried Robert Granby in an agonised voice, catching at his friend's arm. "You will see that, sir?"

"I see nothing, sir, except that my honour has been impugned," the major replied. "But I presume your friend is willing to give me full satisfaction for the insult he has offered?"

"Do you hear, Vale?" whispered Granby fiercely. "You must fight!"

"Fight?" faltered Sir Simeon, twisting round his drowsy head the better to survey his friend.

"Fight, of course."

"Fight! What for?"

The major caught up a glass of wine and dashed some lees in the young man's face.

"To make yourself clean, Sir Simeon Vale."

Half a dozen of the onlookers rushed forward with intent to restrain the young man from falling upon his opponent. But Sir Simeon seemed dazed, unwitting of his position. He stood wiping his face and staring blankly about him through the lace of his handkerchief.

"You will appoint a friend, sir?" said Robert Granby, bowing to the major.

The major turned to Stepney Gore.

"With pleasure," murmured the ex-poet.

"Granby, what is this?" asked Sir Simeon, speaking suddenly, as one awakened. There was a shrill note of panic terror in his voice. "What have I said—done?"

"Do not disturb yourself," said Granby. "Come, let me conduct you home." He turned to Stepney Gore, who hovered with fluttering hands in their vicinity. "I will communicate with you, sir."

The other bowed low, and Robert Granby led his quaking friend through the lane of silent onlookers into the sun-dusted street.

II.

It was late in the afternoon when Sir Simeon awoke from feverish sleep and rang for his man. The winter twilight was ruddy with the glow of the great frosty sun, and the heavy hangings of the bed-chamber were tinted a generous wine colour.

"Rock and seltzer, sir?"

"Of course, doll."

The man, with a mask-like face, made a stately bow and withdrew.

Sir Simeon began to dress slowly. His man returned, and he quaffed his "morning" dram.

"Any news, Ryan?"

"Mr Robert Granby has been awaiting an audience with you this last hour, and Mistress Nancy—"

"What does Mr Granby want, I wonder?"

"An audience with you, Sir Simeon."

"So you said. I was not asking you to divulge the unknowable, fool! Go and tell him I will join him in a moment. And ask him from me what sort of a lining he has to his head this afternoon. You will remember that? It is important you preserve the words exactly."

"I will remember, Sir Simeon."

"And, Ryan?"

"Sir Simeon?"

"Perhaps he had better come up here. No; I will go downstairs. He stood twitching his hands nervously. "At what hour did I arrive home, Ryan?"

"At twenty-three minutes before nine, Sir Simeon."

"Ah!"

The man left the room once more, and the young baronet slowly finished his toilet. It was dark when he stepped dizzily downstairs, and the tapers were lighting in the hall. Robert Granby greeted him with a cold, set face.

"This is a serious imbroglio, Vale," said he.

"You must forgive me. I have forgotten what has happened. Except just one moment....I....What happened, Granby?"

"You accused Major Hardebecke of cheating. He threw a glass of wine in your face. I have just come from Mr Stepney Gore."

"What concern has he in this matter?"

"He is Major Hardebecke's friend. The major has elected to choose pistols. With your pleasure, Vale, the affair is arranged for to-morrow morning at eight, behind The Bottle at Chalk Farm."

The young baronet collapsed into a chair.

"Granby," said he, "I—I cannot fight."

"Not fight! Granby's eyebrows climbed his forehead.

"I—I disapprove of duelling."

"You offered him the worst insult. He retaliated grossly. There is no possibility of escape from the inevitable meeting. All London has heard of the affair."

"Granby," wailed the young man, "I—I tell you it is impossible, I—I cannot fight this man."

"He has held the king's commission."

"I will apologise!"

"Impossible. It has gone too far. I should be compromised, made to appear ridiculous. And how can you apologise for the insult he has put upon you? The glass of wine?"

"I was the original offender. I was drunk."

"If you apologise for your offence you will but humiliate yourself to no end. He will not apologise for his."

Sir Simeon bowed his head on his hands and groaned.

"You will perceive that a meeting is unavoidable!"

"I do not see that it is imperative in the least. I do not see why I should expose my life to this risk. I do not want to fight. I will not fight."

"My dear Vale, I protest that you astonish me. I had looked for a better spirit in my friend, and one of your house. What you mean by this strange pusillanimity I cannot divine. You must fight, or forfeit for ever your title to the rank and name of a gentleman."

"Because I think from bloodshed?"

"Because there is a code of manners—must be. Because all London echoes with the bruiting of this affair. Because it is the one course open to you in honour."

"I deny that."

Robert Granby took an impatient turn up and down the room.

"He will surely kill me if I fight."

"He will surely horsewhip you if you do not."

"He is a dead shot. I am but an indifferent one."

Robert Granby paused before his friend.

"Are you afraid to fight, Vale?"

The young baronet looked up shamefacedly. His lips quivered and went white.

"Are you afraid?"

Still there came no answer.

"Are you a coward, Sir Simeon Vale?"

"I...O my God, I do not know."

Robert Granby turned his back on him.

"Shall I say that my principal is afraid? That he shirks the encounter, fears to offer satisfaction? That he is a coward?"

"Is it such an unpardonable thing to love your life?"

"It is unpardonable to love it above honour." He crossed to the door. "I await your final word."

"I will—will not fight," whispered Sir Simeon huskily. He started up. "O Granby!" he cried. "You don't think so much the worse of me?"

"I abjure your friendship from this moment. I will never touch your hand again. A coward! My friend a coward! I could not bear to hear that said. To hear it said in public, with a laugh behind a hand. God! Vale, Vale, you don't understand. You have some noble reason. Or you are suffering from some passing affliction that maddens you. You are tainted by some insidious madness. You cannot really intend to sordid the world this opportunity of levelling at you the finger of such intolerable contempt. You cannot intend to forfeit to a quail of the stomach all claim to rank with men of honour. A coward!"

"I am not afraid of a convention. Granby."

"The coward's argument."

"O God!" cried Sir Simeon Vale, rising in a sudden access of wintry passionate despair. "If I could but bring myself

to fight, if I could but bring myself to think that I should not disgrace myself upon the field, I would let the challenge go. But I cannot trust my courage even as far as that." He held out his hands in appeal. "Am I to blame for the nature Fate has thrust upon me? Do you think I am a coward from choice, Granby?"

"This is mere froth," said Robert Granby. "I cannot listen to it. Good-bye to you, sir." He passed out. "Coward!" And the door shut.

III.

The young Sir Simeon sank down on a chair, and hiding his face in his hands rocked back and forth, back and forth, in agony of emotion. His heart was riven with shame. Now that he was alone he could no longer entertain any sophistical defence of his turpitude. He knew that he was a coward—a coward self-confessed. And self-condemnation scorched him as with a living fire. He remembered the face of his friend; the contempt mingled with grief, reproach, and shame that it had showed, and he sobbed aloud.

"Why," he asked vainly of the silence, "why did God endow me with a man's body and a woman's heart?"

The door opened noiselessly, and a woman entered the room—Sir Simeon's sister the famed Mistress Nancy Vale, one of those meteoric creatures of a decade who flash across the social sky, and leave no trace save a dim radiance and a name. In her day, notable alike for her wit, for her virtue, and for her beauty, she ruled a gorgeous little world with beck and nod and smile. And books of beauty vainly tried to fix her charms in elegant futile verse and pictured page. Her sayings enjoyed a vogue which the record of them seems hardly to justify, because they now lack the setting of rose leaves and pearl her dainty mouth provided. That she was a good woman who can doubt who remembers that appreciation of her virtues was on five occasions fired into a man's body from the muzzle of a pistol, and twice pinked into him at the sword's point? And that she was beautiful as rumour sayeth, the mere existence of such champions as those who defended her name must prove beyond all possibility of cavil.

She stood against the door, very erectly, with her mouth set in a tragic line, her face drawn and pale, her great blue eyes slumberously afixe. Her pile of powdered hair showed blue-grey against the milk-white pallor of her face. She uttered her brother's name—

"Simeon!"

He raised his haggard head.

"Nancy!"

She stood looking at his degraded figure, and his face questioned her helplessly.

"Simeon, I have overheard what has passed between you and Mr Robert Granby. I know—something clicked in her throat—"I know that my brother is a coward!"

He tried to meet the indignation of her eyes.

"It is easy for one who is but a woman to talk," he quavered.

"It will be hard for one woman to talk of her brother after to-day."

"You do not understand, Nancy. You are only a woman."

"Are you a man?"

He crouched and covered before her. "Oh, for the love of God, O, my sister, do not you condemn me also! Pity me! Pity me!"

"My brother asks pity of a woman!"

He gurgled out a heartbroken appeal to her. She wavered. The stiffness of her bearing relaxed. She made two angry gestures of impatience at her own weakness, then knelt on the floor beside him, a very woman, pleading, tearful, loving.

"O, Simeon, you will not play the coward?"

"I am afraid," he whispered.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

All who suffer from the prevailing heat should add a few drops of Condy's Fluid to the daily Bath or Foot Bath.

A Condy's Fluid Bath imparts a delightful sensation of coolness, freshness, and purity, it invigorates the body and braces the nerves. The strengthening effect is Simply Magical. Condy's Fluid is sold by all Chemists and Stores. Beware of local Substitutes, all of which are inferior in Composition and in Strength. Caution.—Ask for and insist on having "Condy's Fluid."

"What of that? You need not betray your fear. Courage is but a sublime hypocrisy. Bear yourself as a brave man, and you are the braver for being a coward at heart."

"I wish before God that I could!" "You can. Remember our name, the line of which you are. For what have our forefathers fought if not to build into their children's children the lesson of the fear of naught save fear? Let the thought that thousands of brave men have passed through the ordeal that you are passing through, and emerged triumphantly, nerve you to vindicate your honour now. Come, Simeon, brother, wear the body of a man if you have not the heart. Show a man's face to this fear. Stare it out of countenance."

"It is too late," said he. Granby is gone, and the words of my cowardice is gone with him to be spread over the world."

"It is not too late. He is my lover. I know his heart. He will wait and wait and hope against hope for a sign that shall redeem the friendship between you. He will not betray your cowardice to the world so long as concealment of it is possible. He is waiting now. Send a message after him. Tell him you are a man again, that you will fight." Her voice was low and earnest; it thrilled him as an inspiration. With her arms she was essaying to raise him up. "Go now and save our name, Simeon!"

He leaped to his feet. "I will!" He struck a vainglorious attitude. "I am a brave man now. She encouraged him with her eyes as he strode about the room." "Give me paper, a pen."

He sat down, a flush deepening in his cheeks, and wrote his cartel of defiance. An hour later Robert Granby, sitting in mute sorrow for a departed illusion, had his despair lightened by receipt of it.

Thus ran the cartel:—"I will afford Major Hardebecke the satisfaction he demands, and will meet you to-morrow at the eighth hour before noon, beyond The Bottle, Chalk Farm. I ask your earnest prayers for my successful emergence from this encounter and subscribe myself your friend,—Simeon Vale."

IV.

At the hour of assignation, Robert Granby loitered in the fields that lay over against the hills of Hampstead, awaiting his principle. A clammy mist hung low upon the rank grass, and bent against the rimy hedgerows in snaky whirls of cloud. The heights loomed impassable through the gloom edged with a line of red dawn. The trees upon the slopes were massed in a wavering similitude of smoke that seemed to pour down in a flood from the vanishing flame-touched summits. It was cold, but not the cold alone caused Granby's limbs to shiver beneath him. He had yet to regain faith in the new-found courage of his friend, and his mind was a-quiver with the pangs of apprehension. There was a rumble of wheels adown the road and a chaise drew near. He went to meet it. As he advanced he saw the figure of his friend approaching him, swollen and large in the shifting mists. They met, and he looked hard into the face of Sir Simeon, pearl-white and shadowy as a dream-face in the clinging dimness of the morning light.

The young baronet seemed to have attained to a new dignity. His eyes were steady and calm, his bearing stately.

"Good-morning to you, Vale," said Robert Granby.

The other whispered a response to the salutation, and turned and walked with a firm step beside his friend.

"Major Hardebecke has not yet arrived," said Robert Granby. But even as he spoke the rumble of a second post-chaise came to them. The horses seemed to be driven very furiously. The chaise rocked up and passed them, then stopped with a rattle and clank and slither of boots on the stiff mud of the road. Two figures alighted.

"There is no reason for any delay, I sincerely trust," the ex-poet murmured hurriedly, as he came up bowing. "My principal has the ill-fortune to be chased by the Crown officer, and can spare no more than a few minutes to the encounter. If you will permit me to arrange preliminaries with you at once, Major Hardebecke will be everlastingly grateful to you for the favour. A few minutes should be sufficient. He will not need to fire twice."

Sir Simeon uttered a tiny gasp and swung back his cloak across his chin.

They moved along in a disjointed body to the field. Even as the seconds paced out the allotted distance that was to separate the principals a clamorously faint pad-pad of hoofs sounded far along the road.

"'Tis cursedly unfortunate," breathed Stepany Gore. "If they should interrupt us, Major Hardebecke will be consumed with spleen. 'Fore Gad, these hounds are all ears. They must have picked up knowledge of the affair from the clubs. But it is a favourite device of theirs to take a man at sport of this kind. They know it is an appointment not to be evaded by men of honour."

"If Sir Simeon Vale is ready—" breathed the major, throwing an anxious glance through the driving mist.

"Quite ready," said Robert Granby.

The principals moved to their stations. The seconds placed the pistols in their hands acock, and Robert Granby drew out his handkerchief. The sound of the officer's approach was now thunderous upon the adjacent highway.

Granby dropped his handkerchief, and the two shots rang out as one. Even as the report split the humid air some flimsy figures burst in upon the scene and seized on Major Hardebecke as he stood uninjured with his smoking pistol at his side.

Robert Granby turned to Sir Simeon, who had dropped limply to the ground, and knelt beside him on the hoar-laden grass. His hat had fallen off, and his face was now more plainly apparent. A gleam of sunshine rent the mist and touched the golden hair.

"O Robert!" sighed the sinking figure. "O Robert!"

Robert Granby drew a hissing breath. He stooped and raised up the broken figure, and kissed the white face passionately.

"Hush!" whispered Nancy Vale. "Do not let them guess." And she collapsed weakly in his arms.

Stepney Gore mined towards them.

"I trust," said he, "that Sir Simeon is not more than slightly injured. My principal regrets that by reason of the incivility of the Crown myrmidons he is

unable to express personally that solicitude for the condition of the unfortunate victim of his bullet which he so deeply feels, and the cause of which he so ardently deprecates."

Robert Granby, bending low over the stricken sister of the coward, made an unintelligible answer. He raised her senseless body up and bore it to the post-chaise.

V.

A word in conclusion to explain.

This story is one well known in county chronicles, and on them rests the burden of all its omissions and inconsistencies. The truth of it did not leak out until all chance was gone of spoiling Mistress Nancy's high-spirited scheme for saving the family honour. Which was well. Her impulse to impersonate her brother in the affair was consequent on her discovery, on the morning set apart for the duel, that he had fled abroad before a new gust of fear. In a shameful agony the inspiration had come to her. She acted upon it, as we have seen. And the result was the more satisfactory in that Mistress Nancy did not lose her life, but only a portion of her beautiful flesh above the waist. It is not to me remarkable that the deception was successful. Added to the fact that few of us observe our intimates very closely, it must be remembered that in those days most of the visible part of humanity was artificial as fashion could make it; hair, colouring, and figure were alike disguised. So, endowed with the family features and clad in her brother's clothes, the imposture was easy enough to Mistress Nancy. And to those young ladies reading this story who are inclined to believe that their lovers would recognise them through any disguise, I would suggest the test of an eighteenth century costume of the powdered hair and patches period. Or, failing that, a little burst of anger—after marriage.

do solemnly and sincerely declare that this is my Testimonial to you on behalf of my cure. I have been a sufferer with Cancer in the mouth for the past six years. I went to the hospital, and the first thing they did was to take the tongue right out. In two months' time, after the operation, the Cancer grew again; it got larger than before. The doctors said that nothing could be done, and so I went home and was put to bed. I asked my wife to get me a bottle of VITADATIO. I took half a bottle that night, and in three days I was able to take oatmeal and sugar, and have had no other medicine but VITADATIO within my month. I can solemnly declare that the world does not know the power of VITADATIO. I am the only one living out of 45 cases of Cancer treated last year, and I can solemnly swear that only for VITADATIO I would not be here now, so I think you can guarantee a cure for Cancer, as mine was a very bad case; there being no hope, the doctors said, and now I can take any kind of food, the same as before the operation. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of an Act of Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

F. PARKS.

Declared before me at Bendigo, in the State aforesaid, this 14th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

J. M. DAVIES, J.P.

For further particulars, S. A. PALMER, WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY, WELLINGTON. Or, 350, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.

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CANCER CAN
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IF NOT, READ THE FOLLOWING CASE.
MR PARKS, of California Gully, Bendigo, Victoria, swears that
Vitatatio.
Has Cured Him of
CANCER IN THE TONGUE.
I, Frederick Parks, of California Gully, near Bendigo, in the State of Victoria,

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Stamp Collecting.

A four cent. yellow stamp has been issued for the Argentine Republic, current type.

The 12d black stamp of Canada, issued 1851-7, lightly cancelled, and on laid paper, realised at auction in London £28 10/.

Three high value stamps are to be issued for Dutch Indies, the 1 guelden violet, 1½ guelden mauve, and 2½ guelden steel blue.

The New Zealand Government penny blue insurance stamp has been issued on the Cowan paper with the water-mark sideways, and perforated both 11 and 14 by 11.

Ten years ago the £1 stamp of Great Britain, watermark Anchor, was catalogued at £4 unused. Since then these stamps have sold at £50 and even as high as £100 each.

The new two cent. United States stamp came to hand this week in quite a distinct shade, being nearer orange vermilion than carmine.

The garter watermark was used for 4d and 8d stamps of Great Britain alone. Specialists assert there are five distinct types of garter. It is somewhat singular that all the garter water marks have been found inverted on most of the stamps bearing them.

A tete-beche pair of the 2d Sydney View has been discovered on an original envelope which had franked a letter O.H.M.S., and was endorsed "Col. Treasury," 30th July, 1850. The post marks are "Sydney," "New South Wales," "Melbourne," "Port Philip."

A pictorial set of stamps has been issued for the French Colony of Madagascar. The values range from 1 centime to 5 francs. The Parisian journals denominate the new stamps as "ridiculously ugly."

In 1841 the 2d stamp of Great Britain was printed in another kind of ink (presumably more sensitive), the object being to prevent the obliterating mark being easily removed by unscrupulous persons. To distinguish this from the former printing, two heavy white lines were introduced into the design.

The half anna stamp of India, with portrait of King Edward, has now been issued in a distinct shade of grey. The 2 rupee has also appeared in yellow, brown, and carmine; the 3 rupees, green and brown; and the 5 rupees, violet and ultramarine, all three denominations carrying a portrait of the King.

The Post Office at Long-Tcheow has been closed down, as it was found impossible for Europeans to live in such an unhealthy place. No less than 11 of the employees of the post office died within the year of its establishment by the French Government. The special stamps printed July, 1903, were not even issued. Perhaps they may, however, yet

reach the market for the benefit of collectors. Eight values were printed, totaling 135,000 stamps altogether.

The rapid increase in varieties of stamps during the last year or two is causing collectors to begin to wonder how those necessary to be collected can be reduced in number. One suggestion already made in London is that all stamps over-printed for Departmental accounts should be excluded. It is claimed that surcharges such as O.H.M.S., Service O.S., etc., do not alter the essential nature of a stamp, although it naturally limits its use. At the same time, the postal value of the stamp is spoiled as far as public use is concerned.

The high price of £1420 paid for the 2d Post Office Mauritius has naturally created considerable notice. Of the two very rare Mauritius stamps only fourteen of 1d and 12 of the 2d are known to exist, which explains the high prices paid for such undoubted rarities. At the same time, there are several other varieties of which not more than a dozen exist, yet these stamps never realise the high figures that are readily paid for the Mauritius. For instance, the 1/ blue error of Barbadoes, 1861 to '70, of which it is believed that only nine copies exist, sold at auction in London in December last for only £23, and yet it is scarcer than either of the rare Mauritius stamps. The fact is that there is a fashion in stamps, as in everything else.

PILES FOR 17 YEARS.

ZAM-BUK AGAIN EFFECTIVE.

"For seventeen years," says Mr. J. Metcalfe, of Marion street, Enmore, Sydney, "I suffered from Piles, which at time caused me great agony. As you may believe, during that extended period I tried many so-called pile cures, but they all failed to afford relief. About six months ago, Zam-Buk was brought under my notice as a reliable cure, and decided to give it a trial. I applied it in accordance with the directions, with the result that the piles disappeared, and I can, therefore, confidently recommend Zam-Buk as an undoubted cure for piles. I also find Zam-Buk invaluable as a general healing balm, and always keep a pot in the house." Zam-Buk, the Great Herbal Healing Balm, is a speedy cure for Piles, Ringworm, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Legs, Boreos, 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, Boils, 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 for postage. Address as above. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ITS POT OF ZAM-BUK.

Are you quite sure

you are enjoying the exact Tobacco that suits you, or are you simply smoking on, the same old pipe that you have smoked for years—because, you've smoked it for years? If you are the least little bit inclined to make a change, do it *now*, for never in the history of Tobacco manufacture was there such a wonderful improvement, both in the growing of the leaf and in the making of the tobacco therefrom.

You would be pleasantly surprised to find that in

HAVELOCK Tobacco

you had found something far and away better than anything you had dreamt of. There is no brand in the World that is so alluring in flavour and solid in *quality* as "Havelock," and one trial would convince you, that there is more real satisfaction and pleasure to be got out of smoking a genuine tobacco than you were aware of.

Try a Plug or a Tin of "Havelock" Tobacco. Smoke it, say, for a month, and then see if anything would tempt you to go back to any other brand.

"Havelock" makes friends and keeps them.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send and addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Would you mind accepting me as one of your cousins? We get the "Graphic," and I think the cousins' letters very interesting. I used to write to "Captain Kindheart" and "Dot's Little Folk," and I have my badge yet. I have ten correspondent comrades in England, Africa, Holland and British Guiana, and we exchange stamps. Dear Cousin Kate, will you please send me a badge? Hoping you will receive me as a cousin, I remain, your loving cousin, Eileen.

[Dear Cousin Eileen,—I shall be very glad indeed to have you for one of my cousins. I have never had one at Hawera before, but I hope now that you have joined some of your friends will join us too. I am glad you like reading the cousins' letters; but you will find them much more interesting now that you are writing yourself. Have you left off writing to "Captain Kindheart" and "Dot's Little Folk"? I have often seen letters to them, but I quite forget what papers they belong to. It is a very good idea to have correspondent comrades like you have. You must get a great number of good stamps, don't you? I have posted a badge to you, and I hope you will like it. Did you go to see the Hawera Exhibition? I heard it was very good indeed. I wish they would have another exhibition here soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I'm very sorry I did not write before this. Mother and father were at Leithfield for two days. We had such fun. We went to the bowling green on Saturday afternoon. We enjoyed ourselves very much. They play bowls, and tennis and croquet. We had afternoon tea. On Sunday Cecil and I went down to Sumner on the tram, and the band played. A lady from Leithfield, where father and mother were staying, sent us a big jar of thick cream. I have a nice big doll; the dress-maker made a nice dress for her. I think I have told you all the news. I will try and write once a fortnight if I can. Give my love to all the other cousins, and to yourself, from Cousin Doreen.

[Dear Cousin Doreen,—I was very glad indeed to get your nice little letter this morning. You are proving a better correspondent than Cecil after all. I thought he was going to be one of my "good" cousins, but he seems to have forgotten me, as I have not heard from him for weeks. I am so pleased that you are going to try and write once a fortnight. It makes it so much more interesting for everybody, I think, when the cousins write regularly. Do you and Cecil trot about Christchurch all by yourselves when your mother and father are away? I expect you enjoyed that big jar of cream, didn't you? It was a pity that strawberries are out of season, because they would have been delicious with the cream, wouldn't they? You never told me what your doll's name was, nor what colour her new frock is.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the circus on Wednesday afternoon, and I thought it was lovely. The horses were lovely, and some of the tricks they performed were wonderful. Br. Gordon, the strong man, was more wonderful than them all. It was really worth going to see, I think. Dear Cousin Kate, I will try my very best to be a regular correspondent to please you. I am sure you like getting letters every week from your cousins. I simply love reading your nice answers to my letters. Lorna came back to-day, and Amy and myself were so glad. When Lorna was away I missed my rides in the evening very much. Do you collect post-cards, Cousin Kate? Amy does, and she has a good number. I collect photographs, and have a good number, too. Dear Cousin Kate, have you read "The Family at Misrule"? I think it is a lovely book. I like "Miss Bobbie" also. On Saturday morning at 9 a.m. we left for Motutapu; we arrived there about 11 o'clock. After lunch Amy, myself, and two other girls went for a walk along the beach. The water looked so tempting that we could not help taking off our shoes and stockings and going into the water, which was lovely. After that we went in for two races. I came fourth in one, and, I think, last in the other. We spent a very enjoyable day. Coming home Amy and myself were on one boat, and mother and father on another; it was awfully funny. There was somebody looking after us. We had to wait nearly an hour till mother and father came, but that did not spoil the effects of our lovely day at all. There was another picnic down there besides our school picnic. There were a great number at both picnics. I think Motutapu is a lovely place for picnics, don't you? It is Saturday to-day. This afternoon father hired a trap, and we put Lorna in it, and we went for a drive, which was simply lovely. She guesses beautifully in a trap. Dear Cousin Kate, I do wish you would have your photograph put in the "Graphic." I am sure all the cousins would like you to. I tried to do some of the puzzles in last week's "Graphic," but found them too hard for me. Dear Cousin Kate, I think your handwriting is lovely, and so does Amy. Amy hurt her hand very much at school to-day, and it prevented her from writing to you this week.—With love from Mary S.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I am glad you went to the circus, as you enjoyed yourself so much. It really was very good, and I quite agree with you that Dr. Gordon was the most wonderful of all. I am sure that some day he will break a blood-vessel or hurt himself very seriously some way. It is very good of you, dear, to want to try to please me; you are quite right. I do like to hear regularly from my little cousins. I don't wonder you are pleased to have Lorna back, because you must have missed your evening rides very much. Still, you will not be able to go out much longer now, as the evenings are getting quite chilly. I am so sorry Amy hurt her hand so badly. How did she manage it? Will you give her my love, and ask her to write to me as soon as it is better. You must have had a very pleasant day at Motutapu; weren't your mother and father nervous about your coming home in a different boat? Valerie was there too, so I suppose she and Amy enjoyed themselves together. Do you and Muriel compare notes about your photographs?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—My letter that was in last week's "Graphic" was really meant for the one before, and it was written in time, but my brother forgot to post it. I am feeling rather sad just now, as our darling baby has gone. They went at two o'clock on Tuesday morning. I was going down to see them off, but got so sleepy while waiting up at the house that I fell asleep. On Saturday evening I went to see "Sherlock Holmes," and enjoyed it immensely. Have you ever been to it? I did not go when they were here last time. I am looking forward to "The Country Girl." I hear it is a sweetly pretty piece. Last Friday evening I and my cousin went to spend the week end at my aunt's at Epsom, and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. We had lessons in riding while out there, and I managed to stick on the horse's back, but that was all. Can you ride, Cousin Kate? I find it very difficult, but suppose it will be easier as I learn. I do hope the Japanese beat the Russians, don't you? I am afraid you will think me very lazy when I tell you I am not going to do any of those riddles and puzzles that were in last week's "Graphic," but I have really no time, as I have not half finished the point-lace bonnet I was making for Margot yet, and I want to get it done for her birthday in August. Has it not been cold these last few days, though to-day it feels quite warm. I love the cold weather, and would not mind if we had snow here. We are only going to have

three days' holiday at Easter. I don't think we might have a week at least, don't you, Cousin Kate? I am sorry to say I did not find baby's first tooth. I was always putting my finger in her mouth and looking for it. I am reading all my old books over again for about the fourth or fifth time. Do you know, we have quite a lot of roses in the garden. They are growing on a hedge, and look so lovely, as the rest of the garden is pretty bare. I thought my photograph was going to be put in the "Graphic," and I will try and find out why it was not in time for my next letter in the "Graphic." When did you go to "Sherlock Holmes"? I simply loved it, and was not a bit frightened for his safety, as I went with someone who had seen it before. Am I the only Cousin Gwen who writes? I have never seen any others that I can remember. There seem to be two similar names of all the other cousins. I am afraid I will have to close now, as my letter has got to go, with bundles of love to all the cousins, not forgetting your dear self. I remain, Cousin Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I was rather surprised at not getting your letter at the usual time last week, but I know what brothers are about posting their sisters' letters. I find it is much safer to post my own nowadays. I expect you do feel sad now that Margot has gone home. You will miss her dreadfully at first, but you will have more time to work at the bonnet. How much more have you got to do? What a dreadful time two o'clock in the morning was to start on a journey. I don't wonder you fell asleep. I have been to see "Sherlock Holmes" several times, and like it very much indeed. I saw it when Cuyler Hastings was here last time, and have been twice this time. Have you ever read any of Sherlock Holmes' adventures? He always comes out of them safely after the most hair-breadth escapes. I think we are all looking forward to Williamson's Comic Opera Company. They open here some time in May, and I have been told they are splendid. You seem to spend all your week ends away from home. You live so close to town that it must do you good to go further out for a day or two. I can ride a little and I am awfully fond of it. I think it is my favourite exercise. You will love it, too, when you get used to it. Yes, you are the only



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Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the
WORLD. **Milk**

Given who writes to the "Graphic," but there are duplicates of most of the others. Are you only going to have three days' holiday at Easter because you had a few days extra at Christmas? I want the Japanese to beat the Russians badly. I think most colonials sympathise with the Japs.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have just come home from school, and I am going to write to you before doing anything else. We have lived in Auckland four years now, and I like it very much. I used to like Wellington when I lived there. I was only six when I came up here, so I do not know a great deal about the place. My sister would far rather live in Wellington—she likes it far better than Auckland. You don't see half so many nice gardens in Wellington as you do here. I don't think that they have anything so lovely as Albert Park. I do like going to see all the flowers there, the beds are made so many different shapes. I have another Christian name. It is Lyndal, but I do not like it, Cousin Kate, and I would like you to invent a name for me. We had a letter from my grandma in Invercargill a while ago, and she said that she likes reading the "Graphic." We send ours down to her every week. I must close now, with heaps of love to you and all the cousins. Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—It is very good of you, indeed, to write to me before you do anything, especially as I know you would much rather be playing out in the fresh air with your school-fellows. I have never lived in Wellington, but I have stayed there once or twice, and I did not like it nearly so well as Auckland. It was always blowing, and I hate wind. I would sooner have rain, I think. Is your sister much older than you? I expect all her friends are in Wellington, and that makes a great difference. Albert Park is very pretty, but several of the towns in the South have much prettier parks than we have. The Recreation Grounds in New Plymouth and the Botanical Gardens in Dunedin are lovely. What an uncommon name you have. Do you know, I have never heard it before. It is a pity you don't like it. I was wondering what we could call you instead of Muriel. What names do you particularly like? I think we will ask all the other cousins to send us one or two of their favourite names, and then you could choose the one you liked best. I am glad your granny in Invercargill likes reading the "Graphic," and it is very good of you to send it to her every week. Have you been out to see your cousins since you wrote last?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Would you accept me as a cousin. I take great interest in the "Cousins' Page," as I am very fond of reading. I am 13 years of age, and am in the sixth standard. We are all looking forward to the Easter holidays. We are having very wet weather. It is raining nearly all the time, but I hope it will be fine for Easter time. What sort of weather are you having in Auckland, Cousin Kate? The Industrial Exhibition is over, and it has been a great success. I suppose you have heard of it. I have a very nice little pony, but at present it has a foal, so I do not ride. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude, with love to all the cousins.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Kathleen.

P.S.—I enclose an addressed envelope. Please would you kindly send me a badge.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen.—Of course I shall be delighted to welcome you as one of my cousins, and I am posting you a badge to-day, which I hope you will like. I am glad you like the "Cousins' Page," and I expect you will take more interest in it now that you have begun to write yourself. Some of the other cousins tell me that they are twice as anxious to see the "Graphic" now than they used to be. The Easter holidays seems to have come so early this year, and I hope we shall have fine weather for them too. We are having glorious weather just now, but it was dreadful last week. Yes, I heard about the Hawera Industrial Exhibition, and I am glad it was such a success. Did you go to it very often? I expect you miss your rides, don't you, now that you cannot use your pony?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I could not write to you from Mullet Point very well, but the mails did not suit, so I had to let last week go. Had I wanted very badly to have had a letter in last week's "Graphic" I could have given it to the captain of the Orewa to post in town, but I did not care to do that. We used to get such lovely oysters, and sometimes we made a fire on the beach and roasted them. I had a lovely time and enjoyed myself very much. We had as much fruit as we could eat—apples, and pears chiefly—and they were lovely. The weather was beautiful nearly all the time we were down there, so of course that made our holiday all the nicer. The beach at Mullet Point is no nice and a mile in length, and every evening after tea four of us used to go for a walk right to the end and back; it was lovely in the cool of the evening, and often we would sit down on a broad plank at the end for a little while before coming back. Not many people were staying there, only fourteen, four of which were children. We did not go out fishing much because fish were very scarce; but the Monday before we left four gentlemen went out in the afternoon and caught 60 between them. That was a good haul, wasn't it? I wanted to bring home a little kohai tree for mother, but the day before we left was so dreadfully wet that we could not go out of the house, so we played cards all the morning and most of the afternoon. It was the first time I had played for a long time, and I can tell you the time did fly. I don't think I have ever known it to go so quickly before. Although it rained so heavily during the day it was not too wet for our walk after tea. We had a frightfully rough day to come home, and had to leave at eight in the morning. Owing to the rough sea, and having to call in at Waiwera, we were an hour late in arriving at Auckland wharf, so you can just imagine what it was like. Going down it was as smooth as glass and simply lovely. We were nearly an hour and a half late going down, as we had to call at the lake and Tiri; it was the first time I had ever been so close to Tiri. Cousin Kate, does Cousin Dora live in Auckland? I am not collecting stamps, but I would like to see hers, all the same. Father gave me such a nice Tongan one on Friday. What a long time it must be since Cousin Fenton wrote last. I never remember having seen a letter in the "Graphic" before. Perhaps it was before Desmond and Valerie wrote. I used not to read the cousins' letters until they wrote, but now I have started writing I can't get the "Graphic" quickly enough. I hope, like you, Cousin Kate, that Wilma will be a "Graphic" cousin some day, but I think it will be a long time yet; don't you? Never mind, we will wait and see. I wonder when we will hear from Cousin Roie and Alison again? I think it is so nice hearing from them when they are such a long way away, especially England and South Africa. I would love to wonder when we will hear from Cousins Kate? Perhaps I may if I have patience and wait long enough; but am afraid I have very little patience. What do you think? Last Saturday week was our school picnic, which was held at Motutapu, and Desmond, Valerie and Olga went and had a lovely time. They had a beautiful day, didn't they? Have you ever read "John Halifax, Gentleman"? I have just started it. Did you go up to the Domain to-day to hear the band? I sat on the verandah and could hear it quite plainly. I am anxiously waiting for my piece of music to come out from Home called "Bells at Sunset," as I am sure it must be very pretty. I used to think "Angels' Harp" lovely at one time, but I have played it so often that now I am quite sick of it. Won't it be a sell if the rest of "Bells at Sunset" is not pretty? Of course I only have a scrap of it on the back of another piece of music, and you know that is not much, but I am judging from it all the same. I will be so mopsy if it is not nice—wouldn't you? Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude, as I have no more news. With love to all the other cousins and yourself.—From Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I was sorry you had to miss a week while you were at Mullet Point, but you have written such a long letter this week that you have more than made up for it. I am very glad you enjoyed yourself so much, and hope you feel better for your trip. Doesn't fruit taste different when you

pick it straight off the trees like that? Pears are a most delicious fruit I think, but I don't care so much for apples. Didn't you tell me once that Valerie and Desmond were very fond of playing cards, but that you did not care for them much? What day did you come home? Friday and Saturday of last week were terribly rough. We went down to see the mail steamer off, and were very glad that we were not going out when it was blowing so hard. We could hardly keep our hats on, and when we got to the end of the wharf we were so dreadfully untidy we were not fit to be seen. No, Cousin Dora doesn't live in Auckland; she is a New Plymouth cousin, so I am afraid you won't be able to see her stamps unless she comes to Auckland for a holiday. Cousin Fenton writes from Christchurch, and is a sister of Wilma and Olive; I think she has only written one letter before this last one, so I expect you missed it. It is very nice hearing from Roie and Alison, but, of course, we cannot expect them to write very often. I don't care about going to South Africa at all, and I would much rather go to India or America, and I think that sometimes Cousin Alison would like to be back in pretty little Auckland again. I haven't been to the Domain for ages; there always seem so many other places to go to somehow. I hope you won't be disappointed in your new piece of music. It was rather risky getting it when you had only seen such a little of it, wasn't it? Perhaps you will have forgotten all about it by the time it arrives. It takes such a long time to get here.—Cousin Kate.]

Animals With Human Ways.

An old circus proprietor thus discoursed concerning the human traits shown by wild animals.

Nearly all animals (he said) are vain, and all are of a jealous disposition. Even the best tempered creatures are annoyed at the attention paid to other animals. I have known elephants to grow quite sulky as the result of watching people displaying an interest in other creatures to the neglect of the great animals in the elephant house.

Tigers are very fond of being taken in parade through the streets, and get quite impatient when preparations are being made for this purpose. When the procession starts they show every sign of pleasure, for they love the crowds, the music, and the excitement.

A noticeable trait about wild animals is their love of children. They seem instinctively to recognise the hopelessness and innocence of childhood, and it is a very rare thing to hear of them attacking young people. The story of the savage elephant which was quieted when the keeper's wife whom it was about to attack threw her baby in front of it, is a case in point.

Elephants, in fact, by reason of their intelligence, show affection, grief, remorse, and other emotions in a marked degree.

A female elephant which had been badly

ly treated by her keeper, at dusk one evening attacked another keeper, mistaking him for the offender. Fortunately she discovered her mistake, and turning the unconscious man over with her trunk, she tried her best to revive him.

When at last he came to himself, she was overwhelmed with delight, which she showed by every means in her power. But she had not forgotten her grudge against the other attendant, for within a few days she caught him unaware and nearly killed him.

Another elephant died of a broken heart. She was the doting mother of a baby elephant, on which she lavished all her care and affection.

One day the little elephant was removed to another part of the menagerie, and the mother, taking it for granted that the separation was permanent, became greatly depressed. Hearing her young one call to her from a distance, the old elephant trumpeted loudly in response and then fell dead.

A Money-Loving Rat.

A rat has recently caused considerable consternation in a French family. A gentleman on leaving his office in Paris locked up in his cupboard for temporary safety, a canvas bag containing about fifty gold coins. Next morning, when he went to fetch the money to put in the bank, the cupboard was as bare as that of Mother Hubbard. The police were called in, and set to watch certain suspected persons, but in the meanwhile someone noticed a small hole in the cupboard, suggesting a four-legged thief. So small parcels of meat were locked up in the cupboard for two nights. These also disappearing, some of the woodwork was taken up, and the remnants of the meal, showed the way to a rat hole four feet away, where the remains of a canvas bag and the missing coins were duly discovered.

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A Boy's Essay on the Life of Samson.

The following is an extract from an elementary schoolboy's essay on Samson:—"The life of Samson which I has to give. Samson was the wonderfullist man you ever seed. He was so mighty strong that he thought no more of lions and bears than boys do of cats and things. If you think he was a giant, that's just where yer wrong, coz he wasn't a bit bigger than yer father is. But mind yer he had very long hair, and that's just where it was. It went right down his neck and under his coat, and then all the way down. That's how it was. Samson became very sinfull, for he got a courtin a young woman who was a relation of the wicked Phillistins. Men should never court young women from other countries, except they are good. Never mind abart them being nice looking, if they are not good. Why this young woman aetsully wurshipped them ugly little imiges wot yev seed misshenaries bring in bags and put in a row on the table. As Samson was going a-courtin one fine night a lion sprung at him from over a garding. And see yer, Samson just cote it by the chin, and give it such a crack betwixt its eyes that it dropped down dead, like as yev seed cows behind butchers shops. You'll never know how strong he was. When they got married behold Samson arskt a riddle while the Phillistins was all eating their dinners around him. He told them that if they could guess it, he would give them without joking 30 new suits of close apiece. Didn't they try after that: coz they knowd that if they found it out they'd never have to buy no more new close. But they couldn't riddle it with all their thinkin. Then that nasty imige woman went and told them wot it was. So Samson had to give all of them 30 new suits. How they would harr while they was a carrying them home, speshully when they was trying them on. But Samson never forgived the imige woman, and he woodnt be married to her no longer. You woodnt think this strong man wood have gone and got married to another imige woman. Behold, he did, and the next one was wurser than the first. A roon hadan this one was. Her name it was Deliler. Never mind her uther name. Deliler was aitis a worrying Samson to tell her wot made him so mighty strong. He told her all sorts of things abart switches and ropes, but when she'd tied him with them and cried, 'Here they are a comin.' Samson just sprung up and killed them right off as usnerl like flies. At last mighty Samson told her abart his long hairs. Then this bad imige woman got Samson nicely off to sleep, and clipped all his hair off as short as yours with a big pare of sizzers, she'd got lent her. And then the nasty woman nudged him, and cried out a gigglin, 'Here they are a comin.' But poor Samson couldn't do nothin this time; and when they bustled him away to a big dark prison with his hands tied behind him, he said it served him right for tellin what he knowed. Poor Samson nearly cried. Then they put out both his eyes, and forced him to turn a bigstone wheel all day long. O that bad imige woman; that second one, that was her." And so on in the same style down to the hero's death.

Told of Wild Animals.

A tamer of wild animals asserts that of all creatures elephants are the most easily trained for circus performances. They not only learn tricks with great readiness, but show none of the aversion to performing that many other animals exhibit. Monkeys are very quick to learn, but they lack the general intelligence of the elephant, their memory is not so good, and they are far less trust-

worthy. Indeed, except as pony riders, monkeys have been almost abandoned by trainers, so little can they be depended on. They forget a trick as quickly as they learn it.

It takes a trained lion about six weeks to learn a simple trick. Tigers and leopards generally take longer still.

It is curious to learn that so intelligent a creature as the horse is one of the slowest of learners. To teach a horse to take a few steps on its hind legs is a matter of three or four years'

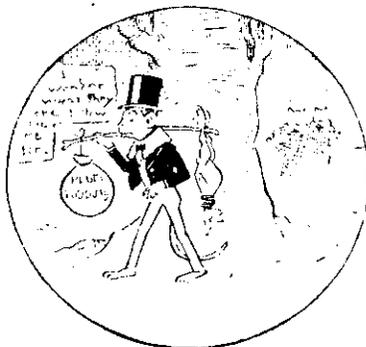
training, whereas the tiger can be taught the same trick in as many months. It should be remembered, of course, that horses are far less nimble in their movements than the cat tribe.

Sorry He Spoke.

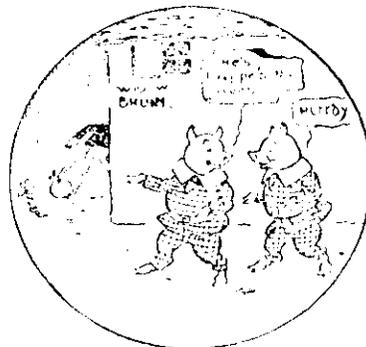
Bobby: "I had three fights to-day, and I didn't get licked once."
Parent (feeling for a cause): "Well, my son, the day is not over yet."

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

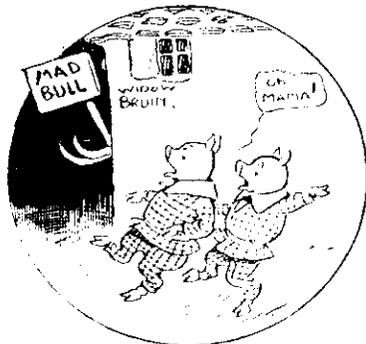
HOW JACKO DODGED THE BOARS.



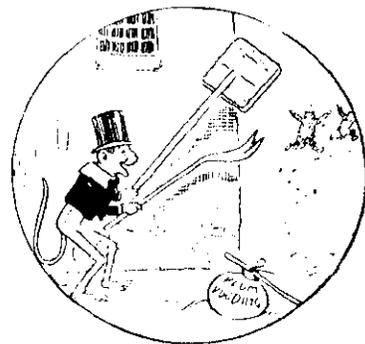
1. Jacko gets his fair share of paddy-whacks, but he has some good luck sometimes. Last Thursday, for instance, his uncle sent him a sovereign. Of course, Jacko jumped for joy, and, being a nice, kind-hearted little boy, he decided to spend half of it on a present for his old nurse, Widow Bruin, and the rest on a banquet to his schoolfellows.



2. Widow Bruin, who was very poor, lived in a little cottage about a mile from the Jungle School, and Jacko, who wanted to keep his kind action a secret from the other boys, crept out of the Jungle School, when he thought nobody was looking.



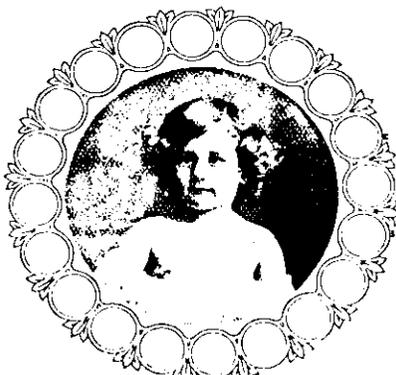
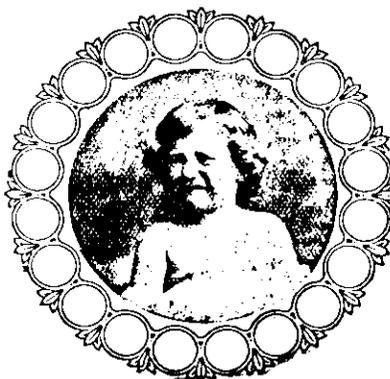
3. But, as bad luck would have it, Jacko was spied by the Boars. "Oh!" cried Billy Boar, "what's this I see? Jacko sneaking out alone to have a feast all by himself." "And he has the cheek to call us greedy pigs!" snorted brother Willy. "Let's follow him and see where he is going."



4. But there was a surprise in store for the two little lussybodies. "Look out!" cried Billy Boar, "there's a mad bull round that corner!" "Ooo!" shivered Willy, "I think we had better run off home!" "I think so, too, chuckled artful Jacko. "This is a very neat idea of mine."

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LIKENESSES

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

How Women Have Invaded Professions Hitherto Held by Men.

The recent rejection by the Benchers of Gray's Inn of the suite of Miss Bertha Cave has called attention to the undoubted success of lady lawyers abroad, particularly in France and the United States. Indeed, in the latter country they have ceased to excite comment. At the same time, a family of lady lawyers is unique.

Such a family is to be found in the town of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. It consists of Mrs. Kate Pier and her three daughters, all of whom have been admitted to the Bar, though the youngest has only just attained her majority.

In Milwaukee these lady lawyers are well known, and have on more than one occasion distinguished themselves by the able manner in which they have piloted their cases through the courts. Business men who have placed matters in their hands have never had occasion to regret the venture, for they have quickly discovered that the fair lawyers have had their clients' interest at heart, and their advice on legal matters has been practical and to the point.

Miss Pier evidently had a legal mind, for during her last school years she began reading law, and became absorbed by it. Mrs. Pier had never given the profession any thought, but on the death of her husband the management of the estate devolved upon her, and immediately she realised what a help a knowledge of the law would be. Inspired by the example of her eldest daughter, who was then studying in earnest, Mrs. Pier determined to take the course, and began immediately. She applied herself with such zeal to the task that before the end of the year she and her eldest daughter, Kate, graduated from the law school of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, New York. Next year—1895—the family removed to Milwaukee, where the two graduates opened an office, Miss Pier devoting herself to the office work while her daughter went into general practice.

No sooner had Miss Pier begun to understand the practice of law than she set about making more possibilities in it for women, and it was mainly due to her efforts that the Wisconsin Legislature passed a Bill making women eligible for the office of Court Commissioner. Then Miss Pier had the great pleasure of seeing her mother receive the first appointment, which she has held ever since.

It was not long before the second daughter followed her elder sister's example, and donned the gown. A year or so later Harriett Pier entered the legal profession. Neatly printed on the letter paper of the firm you read the following inscription: "Kate Pier, Kate H. Pier, Caroline H. Pier, Harriett Pier, Lawyers."

All four are admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, Miss Kate being the first to attain that honour. She is an expert in the modish legal lanch of her profession. Mrs. Pier is devoted to Court commission business, guardianships, and trusteeships, and Miss Caroline looks after the family estate, while Miss Harriett attends to the general civil practice which comes to the firm.

It has been said that lady lawyers, with the exception of the family just mentioned, have by no means been a great success. Such a remark cannot be brought against Miss Kate Clark, of the C. M. Clark Publishing Company, of Boston. She is said to be the only successful lady book publisher in the world. This plucky American girl netted £10,000 during 1903 in publishing books. The feat is all the more commendable when it is remembered that Miss Clark has built up her vast business single handed and without

any influence. Her two most recent successful novels were "Quincy Adams' Lawyers" and "Blomberhassett"—books well known on the other side of the Atlantic. After she accepted the manuscripts she printed and published the works, advertising them in a manner in which no American novel had ever been advertised before.

For the first three years of her career as a publisher Miss Clark worked very hard, from morning to night. Now she employs quite a large staff of assistants. Periodically she makes extensive journeys to various cities, and commercial travellers have been astonished at the ground she covers and the immense amount of business transacted. Arriving at a town, she spends two or three hours visiting her agents and arranging important sales. The moment her work is finished train is taken to the next stopping place, and so on until the programme is completed. It should be explained, perhaps, that Clark is her maiden name, for she is a married lady. Her husband, Mr. Atkinson, is a well-known Boston business man, and even he has marvelled at his wife's wonderful fact and sound commercial judgment.

One might suppose that engineering would be man's exclusive province. Yet Miss Myerda M. Stout, a bright, dashing American girl, has shown that women can compete with men as engineers. She holds the position of engineer in a large flour milling establishment. Her duties consist in looking after a large stationary engine. She shovels her own coal upon the fire, attends to the furnace, performing her work as competently as a man.

Previously she was employed in the firm as a bookkeeper, but, finding this position offered no great advancement, she decided to make a bold plunge into a work hitherto untried by woman-kind and learn milling.

In her study of milling Miss Stout had to learn the uses and construction of the various kinds of machinery and how to operate them. She then braved firing, and in the end persuaded her employers to allow her to take charge of the entire plant. In a recent test the district examiner found that Miss Stout answered more questions correctly than most men. He regards her, he says, as a model engineer, and one who could compete with any man and hold her own.

In speaking of her work, Miss Stout says:—"Engineering is not the hard work most people consider it, and although it calls for a pretty thorough understanding of and liking for mechanics, I see no reason why women should not follow the profession with success equal to that of the men."

Another lady deserving of mention is Miss May Nannary, a clever and talented actress. In the theatrical world she has earned the title of the "Memory Wonder." According to her own story she has committed to memory no less than 500 plays during a period of three years, and can at an hour's notice recite the words of any leading part she has studied. Such a power of retention, involving as it does the memorising of over two million words, may be fairly termed prodigious.

"The most rapid, and at the same time most intelligent, method of learning plays," said Miss Nannary to the writer, "is reading aloud. I began by reading aloud attentively a chapter or two of some engrossing work at short intervals, so as to cultivate the power of sustained and continuous attention. I made myself interested in what I was reading, for those matters which are best comprehended by the understanding are longest retained by the memory.

"I would then try and recollect what I had read, for it is impossible to recall what one has not consciously put away. Once, on a wager, I memorised fifty pages in less than fifty minutes, and did it, as it seemed, without any mental effort."

It is in America where women have successfully invaded those professions in which man has hitherto reigned supreme. There we find women station-masters, women postmen; while in one small town the majority of the tramway-cars are driven by women.

Why the "Only Daughter" is, After All, the Best Girl to Marry.

(By a Man who Married One.)

Young man, if you ever come across an only daughter, the only child of her parents, who is looking around for a husband, snap her up at once. Don't let the chance go. Propose immediately, and hasten on the wedding. This is advice based on experience.

The mother of an only daughter can take pains with her training. She can teach her thoroughly all the different things which, had she possessed a number of daughters, would have been divided among the lot. Consequently, if you wed such a girl, she comes to you with all the knowledge which has often to serve a good-sized family of girls. Each of the latter knows a certain amount; the only daughter is thoroughly trained in everything.

And her temper is so sweet, too, as a rule. You see, there is no opposition in the home to ruffle it; she has not to fight and scramble with brothers and sisters for a share of everything; consequently she is not selfish. Moreover, her manners are much better than those of a girl from a home where there were many brothers and sisters. The latter type is apt to be a bit of a tomboy; the only daughter is womanly altogether. There is no forwardness with her.

An only daughter can manage a household well. Her mother has taught her the value of method. She won't get into difficulties. She knows just how to set the day's work going, and all things are done with precision.

And she will guard your money well. Her mother has taught her where to buy, and how to buy; the kind of articles to avoid, and the right kind to purchase, and so forth. Economical she is, but never stingy.

You will find that she does not care over much for company, and in wearing apparel she is thrifty. The girl who is extravagant in dress is usually one from a large family of girls, where each sister tries, so far as possible, to outshine the other. The girl with sisters, too, has many companions; some, perhaps, of doubtful character; the companions of the only daughter are generally highly respectable girls. The father and

mother see to it that the daughter's friends are well behaved.

True enough, it takes a little courage to woo an only child, and when it comes to asking "papa" the matter is serious; but there is usually no difficulty; the girl herself will attend to that. She can manage father all right, and will make a man's way as smooth as a suitor's well could be.

There is another way of looking at the matter. You may think it a sordid way, but there is a deal of the practical in it. The girl will, in all likelihood, inherit most of her parent's goods and cash. Now, this is something in these days. You need not deny it; you would be very pleased to marry a girl with the certainty of cash coming her way one day.

But a very important consideration where an only daughter is concerned is the absence of any kind of brothers or sisters, old or young.

We all know how lovers are tormented when there is a crowd of boys and girls around, but look at the peace and contentment which reigns when the courting epidemic is strong within you and your "object" is an only daughter.

Her Opinion.

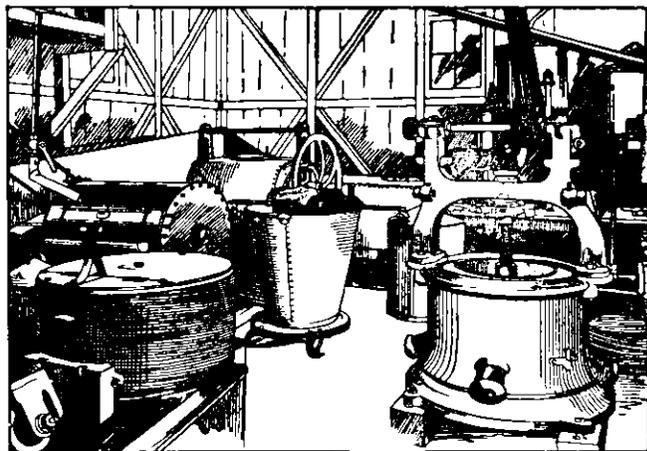
He was very badly gone in love indeed, as may be judged by the fact that he sat up till the wee sma' hours and nibbled two inches off a pen in composing the following epic:

"Beautiful one with eyes so blue,
Oh, how my fond heart sighs for you!
Sweet spirit, listen to me now,
Hear once again my ardent vow!"

There was about two feet six inches of this soul-inspiring verse, and he sent it to the object of his adoration, with a request that she would express an opinion on its merits. He got it.

"Dear Mr. Theodore Hopkins (she wrote), you ask for my opinion of your verses. I do not like to hurt your feelings; but if you will read the initial letters of the first four lines downwards, I may say that you express my sentiments exactly.—Yours very truly, Mabel Browne."

And when Theodore strung the first four letters together, he pondered bitterly.



Nettoyage à Sec.

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The only ones in Auckland, if not in the colony.

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Falling Hair.

Can falling hair be successfully and satisfactorily treated?

Most emphatically "Yes!" I would guarantee to make a vast difference in the hair of ninety per cent. of girls in the space of six weeks, if they would only promise to faithfully and regularly carry out the treatment ordered (says a specialist writing in "Home Chat"). It is no use at all to make spasmodic efforts at brushing and massaging and electric treatment, and the application of wonderful hair-restorers of unknown ingredients. "Discover the cause, then apply the proper treatment," is the golden rule. The chief causes of falling hair are dandruff of the scalp, and a condition of lowered vitality and dryness of the hair, which is most commonly found in girls suffering from anaemia. Dandruff, (technically known as "seborrhoea," is an affection from which most people suffer at one time or another, and it is easily enough recognised by the scaly or scurfy condition of the head, the dry, lustreless hair, and the fact that the hair comes out steadily in spite of all the brushing and the hair applications which are tried. One can confidently anticipate satisfactory results if the following treatment be faithfully carried out.

Any chemist will procure a soap for you called "resorcin, sulphur and salicylate soap," a medicinal soap of ordinary appearance, costing about sixpence, which is to be applied to the scalp in a lather with warm water at night.

The lather is to be well rubbed into the scalp and left on for about five minutes; the hair then rinsed thoroughly with warm water, and dried with hot towels.

This is done for three consecutive nights, and each morning a little brilliantine must be well brushed into the hair. The treatment must be thorough to be of any use.

The same washings at night and the morning applications of brilliantine are to be continued twice a week for a fortnight, then once a week for a month, when the hair should be markedly improved, and the loss of hair effectually stopped.

In less serious cases of dandruff a simpler treatment will prove effectual. A liquid soap, made up of equal parts of soft soap and rectified spirits (say, three ounces of each) is an excellent shampoo.

The hair is to be washed with a lather of soap and warm water, and afterwards thoroughly rinsed in luke-warm water. This soap should be regularly used once a month by anyone with a tendency to dandruff; and, if the hair is dry, a few drops of brilliantine may be well brushed into the hair about twice a week at night.

An ointment of precipitated sulphur in cold cream (in the proportion of one in ten) is a most efficient application in dandruff associated with dryness. If this be rubbed in every night for a week, and the hair shampooed with the soft soap and rectified spirits mentioned above, at the end of the week, it may be all that is required in mild cases.

But do not forget to use absolutely clean brushes, to nightly brush the hair and, whenever possible, to dry it in the fresh air, and get all the sunshine possible.

Anaemia is often the cause of falling hair, the scalp being poorly nourished with blood deficient in quality. Cure the anaemia, and the falling hair is very simply disposed of. For the hair itself, the following prescription will be found of value, rubbed in night and morning. Any chemist will make it up: Liquor carbonis detergens, one ounce; glycerini, four drachms; apuae distillatae, four ounces.

Brilliantine, or simple lard, or a little lanoline and vaseline rubbed or massaged into the hair with the finger-tips about twice a week will help to nourish and strengthen the hair-bulbs in anaemia.

Electricity, properly applied by a competent person, will often do good in cases of lowered vitality of the scalp and hair.

Some Austrian Children.

Austria is so far away, and the Austrians are so little known to most of us, that it is really interesting to hear something of how the children are brought up. In the case of the high nobility ("White Nobility," as it is called there) the interest is doubled, for is there not a halo of romance around the title of Prince, and a charm in that of Countess? But, first, you must know that a prince who is not of the blood royal is of the same rank as our duke, nobility, and is styled "His Highness," not His Royal or His Serene Highness, as English journalists so often wrongly designate them.

One of the first of Austria's White Nobility is the family of Windischgratz, and it has been my good fortune to be the guest of this honoured and illustrious family on many occasions. In fact, it has been my privilege to see the ten children of their Highnesses Prince and Princess Hugo Windischgratz grow up from infancy to youth, and a better trained—or as they say, "educated,"—in a broad, all-round sense, little regiment of youngsters I should think does not exist in all Europe. We hold an idea that British youth is the model for everything contained in those two little words "pluck" and "sports" as applied to the sterner sex, and "refinement" and "accomplishment" as concern the gentler. But with intimate knowledge the staunchest Britisher must confess that there are others who run

them close, and in some respects surpass them. Granted, all are not favoured by birth and fortune like the noble Windischgratz, so that the pick of tutors and of governesses is theirs. Nevertheless, at back of this there is the desire, the will, to have the children, like young shoots, trained in all things in the right way, and that desire, that will, is to be sought and found in the parents. If only parents generally realised this! Each visit I have paid to Austria has astonished me more on marking the development in these little Princes and Princesses, and, without forcing or "crum," which is always attended with disastrous results. A merry, happy family they are, who take their driest studies cheerfully. To hear their baby lips chatter fluently in four languages is cause for amazement, while on the score of foreign history and literature they can tell you more about Good Queen Bess, Marie Antoinette, Teunyson, and Lamartine than John Bull and Monsieur know themselves. But one of the most pleasing sights is to find them, all ten, in company of the Princess, and under the supervision of "the drawing-master from Vienna," sketching in the castle grounds; even the "bunny wee thing" has her sketch-book, and all are engrossed in their work. Then, when recreation time comes, all may be seen. Her Highness included, gardening, or, maybe, playing croquet or tennis on the spacious lawn or court. Whatever it be, it is done properly, while the number of tutors and governesses runs into tens. And a lucky lot is theirs, for when no longer required, each is graciously given a pension and is never forgotten.

Each season brings its suitable recrea-

tions. In winter, which is severe in Austria, tobogganning is much in vogue, as well as skating on the lake attached to every Schloss. Each little Prince, moreover, is a sportsman home; he handles a gun as a duck takes to the water, and in his hunting dress of gray and green, with a coquettish tuft of feather and bit of ochreous at back of the Alpine hat, is a picture to make any girl's heart bound.

And now for the Princesses. I am aware of the horror the up-to-date English girl has of the Hausfrau; I have myself. But in the case of these Austrians that odious designation is modified and embellished by the simple yet stately grace of their accomplishments as chatelaine. Sometimes at the early age of twelve the keys of the store closets of the lovely castle are given up to her, the daughter, this little damsel holding the responsibility of the whole establishment, and having to keep an account of all expenditure. An excellent education it is, too. Her heart being in it, just as much as in her other lessons and pastimes, it is no work to her, but pleasure.

We English are only now awaking to this system of education, to which the Kindergarten opened our eyes. In time the children's horror of the school-room will disappear. If all could see the pretty bungalow in the grounds of Schloss Windischgratz, where the children have their lessons, and to which the little Princesses invite you to tea, with delicious cakes made by themselves in their school-kitchen, one would not be surprised at the happy, easy and graceful manners that distinguish the children of Austria's "Noblesse Blanche."

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.

Dales' Dubbin
 GOLD MEDAL
 WATER PROOF as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. 3/6. Wholesale Price 1/6. Awarded for superior quality. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers etc. Manufacturing—Dulwich, London (E.C.)

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,
 FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.
 The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House. Half Term commences March 20th.

The Problem Solved.
 How a woman who is thin, pale and enervated through poverty of blood, may become plump, rosy and strong.
WILTON'S BOVO-FERRUM
 (Beef and Iron)
 Has done this for many women, and can do it for many more.
 A chemist who agreed to try it on his own daughter made the following statement:
 "BOVO-FERRUM has worked wonders on my girl. I have since tried it on others with equally good results. It not only imparts new life and vigour, but it gives quite a characteristic complexion. I call it the 'BOVO-FERRUM COMPLEXION.'
MORAL.
 If you are Anemic, take it.
PRICE.
 Half-a-Crown, all chemists.

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 REGISTERED.
 Straight Fronted
 Unequaled for Style, Durability and Comfort.
 PERFECT FITTING.
 Obtainable at all the Leading Drapers and Warehouses in the Colony.




This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and over-seees English and Foreign.
 Prospectus on application of Messrs. Epton and Co., or Principals.
MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

Do Widowers Make Good Husbands?

THEIR QUALITIES FULLY DISCUSSED.

There is no gainsaying the fact that a prejudice exists against widowers, not only amongst marriageable girls, but also amongst their parents. For evidence in support of this assertion, one has only to take note of the manner in which the announcement of a girl's engagement and impending marriage to a widower is received by friends and relatives alike.

There is an upturning of the eyebrows and a scornful shrug of the shoulders from female friends, while congratulations are uttered in a tone which seems to imply that the future bride is to be pitted for not being able to find a bachelor for a husband.

Nor is this all. The parents of the girl are inclined to view with suspicion and distrust her once-married lover. He is not an eligible suitor in their eyes, and should the unfortunate man possess any children, they more often than not proceed to lecture their daughter on the folly and responsibility of marrying a man who simply wants someone to look after his little ones.

To accuse every widower who wishes to marry a second time of such selfish motives is, in the majority of cases, both unjust and unfair. There is no doubt that thoughts of his children do sometimes urge a widower to marry again against his own inclination; but he above all men judges by experience how absolutely necessary it is for the happiness of married life that true love and respect should exist between husband and wife, and he rarely marries a woman for the sake of having someone to attend to his children's requirements, quite irrespective of his own feelings. He may not at first be able to bestow upon a second wife his greatest love—which may be, still clings to the memory of the woman he first wooed and won—but he does bestow upon her a second love, which, after a time, will equal the first in strength and sincerity, if the woman he marries proves herself to be all that he expected of her.

The greatest argument which most girls have against marrying a widower is that they do not consider that a man can love twice. This, to be quite candid, is foolish reasoning. A man may have been most passionately attached to his first wife, and sincerely mourn her loss for a considerable period. But by and by he meets a woman who seems to possess many of the characteristics which he loved in the dear one taken from him. If he is a sensible man he recognises that it was not meant that we should always mourn the loss of loved ones, and having found a woman who is capable of filling the blank in his life, he slowly but surely transfers his affections to her.

And if his love is truly returned, the presence of even three or four step-children will in no wise detract from the happiness of his second wife, although, of course, she must work hard and use every endeavour to win the affection of the little ones also.

But there are other convincing reasons why widowers make good husbands. Their experience of married life, for instance, enables them to easily remove many of those troubles and difficulties which often prove such a stumbling-block to the happiness of a woman who marries a single man. The first year of married life is usually filled with innumerable little worries for the young wife. She has so many things to learn, and so many things to discover, and if she marries a bachelor, he can help her but very little, seeing that he is almost, if not quite, as ignorant as herself.

When a girl marries a widower, however, the pathway of married life is made much smoother. Her husband's experience enables him to guide his wife to a great extent, and he is able to teach her many things. If any little trouble connected with the household arises, or any untoward event happens, she has but to go to him, and he will usually be able to show her a way out of the difficulty.

Furthermore, he knows that woman is a creature of moods and fancies, and acts accordingly. His knowledge of woman's little ways, humours, and ec-

centricities stands him in valuable stead. He knows the kind of things which offend or raise the temper of a woman; he understands the many signs which show when trouble is likely to arise, and in obedience to them he acts in a manner calculated to make the wheels of domestic life work smoothly together. When one considers all these little points, the advantages to be derived from marrying a widower at once become apparent. He is invaluable as a counsellor, knowing exactly what to do, and what to avoid. He may not be so sentimental or demonstrative in his affections as the average youth—his bereavement, probably, almost destroyed such characteristics—but there is real worth in the love which he does display.

How to Look Your Prettiest in a Photograph.

A curious fact relative to a woman's personality is that the two sides of her face are in not in accord one with the other. In other words, every woman has two faces, and one shows certain characteristics which the other does not, and each contradicts the other.

The left side is nearly always the prettier, although it would take a very keen eye to discern any difference; but it is worth while to remember this when posing for one's photograph.

The moral of this is obvious. The left side of the face showing to far better advantage than the right, it is every one's duty to keep the good side turned toward an observer.

Nursery Accidents, and How to Prevent Them.

1. Let the fireplace have a wire guard securely fixed before it.
 2. Have a bracket placed high on the nursery wall. On this always keep the matches. When nurse leaves the room, even for a minute, let her place the lamp or candle on this. Lights have a powerful attraction for young children. No fear of punishment will prevent some children playing with them if they get the chance. (Note: Whenever possible nurseries should be lit with electric light. It is the healthiest and safest light for use where there are children.)
 3. Have a gate, with a bolt on the outer side, placed at top of stairs leading to nursery.
 4. Keep all medicine bottles and pill boxes, liniments and ointments locked up.
 5. Never give very little children buttons, beads, marbles, or very small toys to play with. They are apt to put such things into their mouths, and the swallowing of them may easily lead to fatal accidents.
 6. Never give painted toys to little children. They are sure to suck the paint off. Remember the nursery rhyme:
- Willy had a purple monkey,
Climbing on a yellow stick;
When he had sucked the paint all off it,
It made him deathly sick."
7. Always pour cold water into the bath first, then add hot. Neglect of this

has led to children falling into the bath and being scalded to death.

8. Keep knives, scissors, pins, needles, and sharp implements out of reach of little fingers.

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'
(Reg'd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK!

For Blouses, Nightdresses, Pyjamas, Children's Frocks, etc.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

"'Viyella,'" says *The Queen*, "has borne the test of years; you can wear it for night-dresses all the year round."

From the leading Drapers.

See the "VIYELLA" Label on the selvedge.

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 incurve 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.

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EVERY GOOD NURSE

USES AND

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For upwards of 60 years they have held front rank as
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINES.

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—❧ **PILLS** ❧—

CURE LIVER COMPLAINTS,

Such as

BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE,

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Has no equal in the treatment of

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,

STIFF JOINTS, BAD LEGS,

BAD BREASTS, OLD WOUNDS,

SKIN DISEASES,

AND AILMENTS OF THE

FEMALES WILL FIND THEM INVALUABLE. THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.

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Advice gratis daily (Saturdays excepted), between the hours of 11 and 4, personally, or by letter.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

There is a promise that our millinery will show higher crowns as the autumn and winter advance. Whether this will be so or not I do not propose to promise, but without a doubt many of the newest models show a noticeably raised crown-piece. Broad brims and sweeping curves follow as a natural climax, and the ostrich feather is becoming larger and longer as time advances. Flat hats, however, are still with us, and those who have invested in an expensive model of the kind may rest assured that their chapeau will be fashionable for still a little longer. It is too early yet to say what is and what is not to be worn, but,

in my experience, if a hat is really becoming few folks stop to inquire whether its shape illustrates the very latest mode.

GENERAL HINTS.

I think navy serge is more worn than ever, but there is a distinct variety about its modern-day appearance—it is certainly bluer than it used to be! The very dark navy serge is now not nearly so popular as the much brighter and more purple-coloured shade. Then, again, the modern-day navy costume is now so elaborate as to be quite suitable for very best wear. Handsomely-cut skirts set in box pleats, and stitched and strapped, are

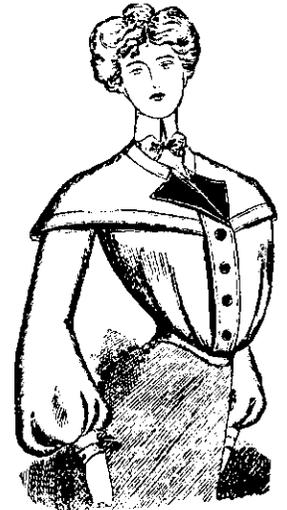
frequently finished with rows of little gilt or silver buttons placed at intervals. Groups of three set here and there lighten the darkness of such a frock very considerably, while the bodice is frequently lined with white satin cut in the open telerio fashion, and finished with from one to three collars set in cape fashion one over the other. A folded waistcoat of scarlet or rifle-green panne, ringed with white, is set inside, and so composes some of the smartest models it is possible to find.

White caracul fur promises to be immensely worn for best wear during the winter ahead. Moleskin is also to be

excessively popular, and, although it started life as quite an ordinary fur, its price is going up by leaps and bounds, because the supply in no way meets the demand. Moleskin is very soft and pretty, and quite becoming in colouring, but it is not so hard-wearing as economical folks would like.

Lace is always popular—of course it always must be; but the newest kind without doubt is the lawn insertion arranged with squares of Paraguay lace let in. This is stronger and harder than just the simple fine lace, and trims blouses and dress bodices of every kind most effectively.

The newest travelling cape is made with a long sack body and a double cape set over the arms. The neck-piece is very flat, with long stole ends at the centre of the front. The garment is loose, cosy, and very smart, while as a slip-on for travelling and calling it is quite ideal.



ALL ABOUT BLOUSES.

Still they continue to be worn—those of plain flannel, flannelette, cashmere, de-laine, and even fine cloth during the morning, and a much richer kind during the afternoon and for best wear. The two styles, indeed, show such a complete difference that it seems hardly fair to give the same name to both bodices. So severe is the make of the morning kind that frequently a deep collar, cut almost in the shape of a cape collar, is adopted. This, when worn with a plain linen collar and tiny bow tie, proves, however, especially suitable for every-day wear. Most of the blouses show a fairly light tone in the actual colour of their material. Grey, stone, biscuit, and the lighter tones of blue are among the most fashionable, while almost always such blouses are turned back or trimmed with velvet in a darker shade; and one of the prettiest styles I have seen was arranged with tiny velvet revers and four handsome velvet buttons set down the centre box-pleat.

The first sketch is a Race Toilette of champagne coloured grenadine, with designs in black silk. Tucked pelerine embroidered with pastilles and white guipure. The skirt has five tucked flounces edged with black trimming, upper part embroidered. The other gown is of green voile. The skirt, formed of four flounces, is very full, and gathered down the front, with an outline of guipure lace. The blouse bodice is similarly trimmed.



A VERY HANDSOME COAT.



A GRACEFUL WRAPPER.



A LACE COLLAR.

There are some pretty collar bands of real lace made with a deep vandyke of lace with the points downwards which will be found useful by anyone with a thin neck, as they are intended for wear with evening toilettes, and are fastened

here and there with pretty little brilliant brooches and pins. The accompanying sketch is made of one of these pretty and useful novelties, by which it will be seen that the ugly part of a thin neck, where the collar bone is apt to prove unpleasantly visible, is softened and concealed by the points of lace.

TAILOR-MADE Our Own Manufacture.
Ready for Immediate Wear. **OVERCOATS.**



This Style, £3 3s. To Measure, 10s extra. All Sizes, Styles, and Colourings.

Important Notice.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our best customers that we shall in future always stock an assortment of Ladies' Overcoats, Costly Wraps, and Wraps of our own manufacture, and ready for immediate wear. These will be made out of the best materials only, and the finish will be in every way equal to our made-to-order goods. ASSOCIATION 1871/1904.

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DES TOILETTES PARISIENNES.—A Beautiful Wrap for Evening Wear.



LATEST
Straight
Front

AND

NOUVELLE
FORME
Corsets
P.D.

All Leading Drapers.





DONE!

Bobby—Mamma, would it make any difference if the baby took all his medicine at once?

The baby's mother—Heavens! Yes! "But it hasn't made any difference!"

A COMFORT.

"Didn't you say there were accidentals in that music?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"A great many," answered his daughter, who has musical ambitions.

"Well, it's a great comfort to know that you were not doing it all on purpose."

FUNNY FELLOW.

The curate—So the thief overlooked your vest in the vestry?

The rector—Yes, but stole my stole and every surplus surplice.

"Pshaw! It's a wonder the knave left the nave."

QUITE SAFE.

Van Antler (entertaining Witherby at his country home)—Now, old man, if you should happen to want anything in the night, just touch this bell.

Witherby—Sever! I know how hard it is to keep servants in the country. Catch me touching that bell.

Van Antler—But I assure you, you are perfectly safe. The bell doesn't work.

SEND IT UP!

Customer—Waiter, a beefsteak! quick! I'm in a hurry!

Waiter—We haven't any beefsteak, sir!

Customer—A chop, then.

Waiter—Chops is off!

Customer—Well, then, an omelet.

Waiter—Impossible, sir; we—

Customer—What! Why have you nothing at all in your restaurant?

Waiter—Yes, sir; we've got a bail-off.

Customer (sharpening his knife on the edge of the plate)—Then let's have one.

MEAN MAN.

He: "Have you heard that Miss Turner has joined the great majority?"

She: "What! You don't mean that she's—?"

He: "Yes, she's—married a man named Smith!"

HER WEAK SPOT.

"How is it you are so weak to get into debt! Isn't your dress allowance sufficient?"

"I'm not weak; it's the allowance!"

THEY KNEW HIM.

"Why does Mr. Badshot fail to get a single bird?"

"Oh, we give him blank cartridges now. It makes no difference to the bag, and it saves the dogs from being shot!"

THE SOFT ANSWER!

Chloe: "It's no use fishing. You won't catch me!"

Phil: "I see—I'm wild goose chasing, eh?"

"Love makes the world go round."

"Yes; there's no crank like a lover!"

SO HELPFUL.

"I really don't see how the bachelors get along without a loving help-mate," began Mrs. Benedick. "Yes, a woman can help a man in so many ways," replied her friend. "Exactly. Now there's my Henry; whenever he sits down to mend a tear in his coat or sew on a button, he always has to get me to thread his needle for him."

THE TRIMMINGS.

"Shade of St. Croesus!" howled old Hysen when Mrs. H.'s millinery bill came in. "Bank of the Universe! Eight pounds for a bonnet!" "Yes, dear," she said so sweetly, "these are the days of simplicity. The bonnet only cost five shillings; the rest is for the trimmings." And the old man paid the bill without a murmur.



THE NEW FASCINATOR.

Extraordinary seizure of old Mr. Rubison, a gentleman of strict antiteetotal principles, on meeting an up-to-date young lady of his acquaintance.



A TRAGEDY.

Fellow Traveler (sympathetically): "Wot's the matter, mate—anythin' wrong?"

Gloomy One (despairingly): "Yes; I've lost all me luggage."

F.T.: "Wot—lost or stolen? Or did yer forget it?"

G.O.: "The—the cork come out!"

HOW HE KNEW.

Briggs: "There are a number of strangers in town just now."

Griggs: "How do you know?"

Briggs: "Well, to-day I noticed in the cars that quite a number of ladies were offered seats."

MUTUAL.

Mamma: "Johnny, I'm disappointed in you."

Johnny: "Oh, well, you ain't just the mother I thought you'd be. But it's too late now to cry about it."

THE PRIZE ECONOMICAL WOMAN.

Husband: "You are not economical."

Wife: "Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is like!"

INGRATITUDE.

Jaggles: "What did that college do with the money it got from the millionaire?"

Waggles: "Established a chair of socialism."

STRONG PROOF.

"So you think he's a genuine count? Did he show you his credentials?"

EASILY CAUGHT.

"So you think he's a genuine count? Well—er—he showed me his bills."

"I say, my good man," exclaimed the city youth, who was undecided whether to buy shrimps or minnows, "what do you catch fish with around here?"

"Give me a shilling, and I'll tell you," grunted the ruralite, with newly-cured stick.

"Here it is. Now what do you catch them with?"

"Hook!"

PROOF.

He: "But why do you think your new photographs are horrid?"

She: "Because all my girl friends ask for one, and none of my men friends do."

RIGHT ABOUT TURN.

Bootles: "What! not know Miss Smith? Why, I thought you were courting her."

Coottles: "So I was—once. Now she's courting me—breach of promise, see?"

A LUCKY COINCIDENCE.

Boardinghousekeeper: "Cutlets, you may bring me just one-half the usual amount of meat until further notice."

Cutlets: "Indeed! Have any of your boarders left?"

Boardinghousekeeper: "No; but the three biggest eaters have fallen in love."

NEW VERSION OF THE BUTTER JOKE.

New Boarder: "Will you pass the butter, please?"

Old Boarder: "Every time. Haven't intercepted it in four months. You'll pass it when you get acquainted with it."

A TRUTHFUL CHEMIST.

Customer: "Have you any cure for the toothache?"

Chemist: "No."

Customer: "Let me shake hands with you. You are the first chemist who has told me the truth!"

A FINANCIER.

"What will happen to you if you are good, my boy?" asked the kindly old lady.

"I'll get a penny."

"And what will happen to you if you are bad?"

"I'll get two for promising to try to be good."

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Father (sternly): "Didn't I tell you if any of the other boys said anything to make you angry you should count twenty before you said anything?"

Tommy: "Yes, sir; but I didn't need to say anything. Before I'd counted twelve the other boy yelled 'Enough!'"