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PUTTING HIM ON HIS GUARD.

JOHN BULL.—“Go slow, Willy, me boy, go slow. You're not the only one who knows about this neutrality scheme of yours. Just look through this gate, me lad.”

People Talked About

The Senior Wrangler.

Each walk of life nowadays has its blue ribbon; and in the educational world, of all the many honours and distinctions, the position of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge is regarded by the public as "the" blue ribbon. It is one thing in which everybody takes an interest, and each year the story and career of the holder of this proud position is told in all the papers. This year it is a particularly interesting one, as the latest addition to the Senior Wranglers is not only exceptionally brilliant, but is also a self-made scholar who has climbed the educational ladder from the bottom rung of an elementary school to the top of the tree by means of a splendid series of scholarships. Mr A. S. Oddington, though born at Kendal, is really a Somerset man, as his father, the late Mr A. H. Oddington, was from Weston-super-Mare; and it was a Somerset County Council scholarship which laid the foundation of his final success, enabling him to go to Owen's College, Manchester. Born on December 28, 1882, the Senior Wrangler is only twenty-one, yet he is a B.Sc. both of London and Victoria Universities, having held at the latter the University Scholarship for Physics. Two years ago he won a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, from Owen's College, and since then he has swept the board, taking the Mathematical Tripos at the end of his second year instead of the third, which is a most unusual thing, showing great self-confidence and exceptional ability. Second to Mr Oddington came Mr Blanco-White, the son of a London solicitor, hailing also from Trinity. The third on the list was Mr Stratton, of Caius; and fifth came Mr O. H. B. Starte, a Clare man, and a native of Cambridge, who, like the Senior Wrangler, fought his educational way by scholarships. Of the women, Miss Glanert, of Girton, was first, bracketed with the twenty-sixth wrangler.

Stage Stories.

In "Behind the Footlights," recently published in London, Mrs Alec Tweedie chats pleasantly and vivaciously about the numerous famous players and playwrights she has met. One of the most interesting of chapters contains an interview with Ibsen. Here is an excerpt from it:

"On the table beside the inkstand was a small tray. Its contents were extraordinary — some little wooden carved Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cuts, dogs, and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin. 'What are those funny little things?' I ventured to ask. 'I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them,' he repeated. 'Why I use them is my own secret.' And he laughed quietly."

"Madme. Sarah Bernhardt," writes Mrs Tweedie, "is an extraordinary woman. A young artist of my acquaintance did much work for her at one time. He designed dresses, and painted the Egyptian, Assyrian, and other trimmings. She was always most grateful and generous. Money seemed valueless to her; she dived her hand into a bag of gold, and holding it out bid him take what would repay him for his trouble. He was a true artist, and his gifts appealed to her. 'More, more,' she often exclaimed. 'You have not reimbursed yourself sufficiently—you have only taken working pay and allowed nothing for your talent. It is the talent I wish to pay for.' And she did."



See Drama."

MISS ROSE MUSGROVE.

In one of the charming Frocks she wears in the "Marriage of Kitty."



MR. HAROLD ASHTON.

The well-known and Popular Advance Agent for Mr. J. C. Williamson's Companies.

Kipling's Old School.

Many interesting reminiscences are just now being recalled of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's school life, by reason of the recent closing of the United Services' College at Westward Ho! The distinguished author's school period covered the years 1878-1882, and during that time, from all accounts, he was "the best hated fellow" in the "Coll," though now with old U.S. boys he is probably the most popular: The characters in "Stalky and Co.," the novel which dealt with his college days, are drawn from life, and although they are not distinctly flattering, some of the adventures and exploits of "Stalky" and his companions are not far removed from the truth. "Bates," the famous "head," was Mr. Cornell Price, the first headmaster; "Padra," the Rev. G. Wiles, the then chaplain; and "Foxyey," the senior gymnastic instructor, Sergt.-Major Schofield.

The common-room of the College contained many of Mr. Kipling's works, with autographic dedicatory poems. On a copy of "Echoes" there were the lines:

To
 "My very noble and approved good masters."
 "Place the Dominant?"—in far Lahore
 I wait your verdict, 'mid the palms and roses,
 Much as I did those judgments writ of yore
 Upon my "Proses."

In the "College Chronicle," the journal published in the interests of the school, Kipling first displayed his literary ability, and some forty odd numbers, a little time ago, were sold for the trifling sum of a hundred pounds. He also contributed sketches in prose to the local papers, long before he graduated as a journalist in India, and became known to fame as the "poet of Empire." Writing of the school, many of whose past pupils have distinguished themselves in the Services in all parts of the globe, he described them as:

A scattered brotherhood, in truth,
 By mount and stream and sea,
 Who chase with all the zeal of youth
 Her Majesty's rupee.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

It is some time since the popular author of "The Pirates of Penzance," "H.M.s. Pinafore," and other equally well-known musical plays has delighted London audiences with a production from his versatile pen, and the announcement of this new play of his caused all the more interest and curiosity from the fact that its nature was kept a most profound secret until the last minute, says a Home paper concerning Mr W. S. Gilbert's new play, "The Fairies' Dilemma," which has recently been produced in London.

The utmost precautions were taken to guard against the smallest clue escaping as to its character before the right time. Rehearsals were conducted with the iron curtain down, and all doors approaching the stage were locked to everyone except those actually required by the author and manager.

Mr Gilbert is always as secretive as this when bringing out a new play; but there is one thing—when at last the secret is divulged, it is always something well worth waiting for!

Like that other eminent playwright, Mr Henry Arthur Jones, Mr Gilbert makes a point of personally conducting all rehearsals of his own plays, and seeing that everything is carried out to the letter as it is set down in the libretto.

Every stage pronoun, every action, every gesture must be "just so," and woe betide any artist who dare excuse him-

self with "Oh, it'll be all right on the night!"

During the dress rehearsal of his play "The Pirates of Penzance," one of the actors, on being asked to sing, and not hum through, a line of recitative, made use of the above remark.

Mr Gilbert flared up, and thundered out. "It's for the public to judge whether it's all right on the night! I'm here to see that it's all right at the dress rehearsal!"

An instance of Mr Gilbert's "pernickety" ways where rehearsals are concerned is given in a little story told by "M.A.P."

At a dress rehearsal of "The Sorcerer," at the Savoy, the well-known actor Mr Rutland Barrington, in the

ecclesiastic attire of his character, spoilt an otherwise dignified entrance by bringing in with him a small, flighty-looking cane. He was about to drop languidly into song, when Gilbert, who was conducting the rehearsal from the orchestra, called out:

"I'd like to know what you think you represent—the Church or Tattersall's?"

"Why! what's the matter?" inquired the actor in surprise.

"Matter!" retorted the author angrily—"that cane! That cane!"

"Oh! won't this do just for now?" pleaded Mr Barrington.

"It may do for you!" shouted Gilbert.

"But as I have done nothing to deserve it, this rehearsal doesn't go on till you've got the proper stick!"

And it didn't. A messenger was sent off post haste to search the Strand for the required article, and not until he returned, accompanied by an ebony stick with a plain ivory handle, was the rehearsal allowed to proceed!

Mr Gilbert takes great delight in occasional little sparring matches, and one night, at a party, he was trying in vain for a long time to "draw" Sir Francis Burnand, the renowned editor of "Punch." But it was no good—Sir Francis wasn't having any. A little later in the evening, however, Mr Gilbert went up to him, and said, "Ah, Burnand, it must be rather gratifying to be editor of a paper like yours, and have so many good things sent up for publication!"

"Yes," replied "Punch's" editor, completely off his guard for the moment—"yes, I must confess it is extremely gratifying!"

"Then why on earth don't you put 'em in?" cried Mr Gilbert.

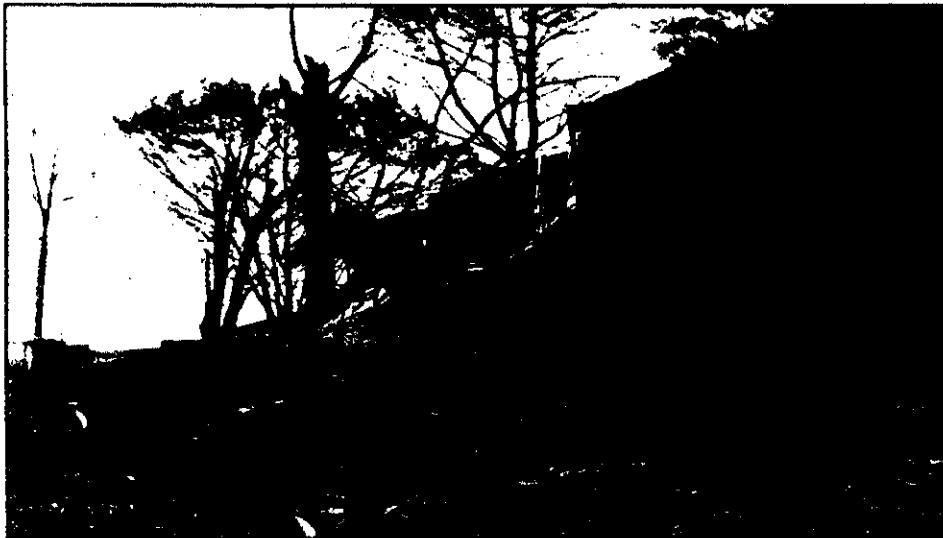
Quick repartee is certainly not one of Mr Gilbert's weak points.

After a large dinner party one evening, Mr Gilbert was standing near the front door, waiting for his hat and coat, when a swagger young man came up to him, and, taking him for one of the men-servants, said: "Here! Just call me a four-wheeler, will you?"

The dramatist looked him up and down, and then said coolly: "Well, I certainly couldn't call you—handsome!"



THE FISCAL REFORM COMMISSION OF BUSINESS EXPERTS WHO ARE INQUIRING INTO MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SCHEME.
 From the "London Graphic." [The Commission has just issued its first report.]



VIEWS OF DAMAGE DONE IN THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF THE CYCLONE IN THE GARDEN
Photos. by Anthony Cumming, Sydney. OF AN EX-NEW ZEALANDER.

The Recent Frightful Hurricane in Sydney.

“ROUND THE WORLD” PICTURES.

“Success Among the Nations.”

A Hungarian, Dr. Emil Reich, who is a great traveller, has just published his impressions in a book called “Success Among the Nations.” Of old time successes and failures he writes learnedly enough. But it is when he deals with the present and the future of the world that he awakens a keener interest. Every nation believes in itself, in its own powers and destinies. But what does a disinterested observer think of it all? The growth of the Imperial spirit in Germany is Great Britain's most pressing danger. “Germany,” says Dr. Emil Reich, “is arming herself with patient, calculating, and laborious perseverance for the day when she shall at last feel ready to throw down the gauntlet of defiance in the face of England. Germany is of those that look, meditate, and prepare before they leap, in order that they need have to leap but once.” Expansion is a necessity for the Fatherland. She has no elbow-room left. Her population has well-nigh doubled since 1870, and her emigrants are forced into colonies beneath other flags than their own. He does not, however, prophesy that Teuton jealousy may actually result in the defeat of our Empire. He is certain that France has not forgiven, nor will ever forgive, Alsace and Lorraine. Unless Germany made a good bargain with her, it is probable that she would throw herself into the balance against the usurpers of her provinces. Moreover, within her own land, Germany will find her dreams imperilled by the rise and growth of Socialism. That party is opposed to the immense naval and military expenditure which alone would admit of a successful attack upon our country. Truly, the task before Germany is not a light one, nor are her problems easy of solution. When he turns to Great Britain, Dr. Emil Reich confesses to a certain bewilderment. There are no historical parallels to our Empire. It is something unprecedented, something that has never happened in the world before. In the Homeland he also finds many curious traits of national character. The English are more mediaeval in their system of classes than any nation which he has studied. The middle class, comprising the shopkeepers, the small manufacturers, and other traders, are not proud of their position as are those of similar rank in France, Germany or America. Briefly, it is the snobbery of Great Britain that he considers one of the heaviest drags upon the wheels of national progress. The English woman he considers to be a devoted wife and mother; but beyond these spheres she does not go. She is not a business woman; she does not assist her husband to manage his affairs as do the wives of France. She has a tendency to “degenerate into Mrs Grundyism, and thus become a centre for the propagation of gloom.” The middle-class woman, like the middle-class man, lacks self-respect. As she prospers she pretends to despise trade. In other words, she, too, is a snob. The splendid isolation of which England has made so proud a boast has ceased to be possible. Her navy is no longer the only navy upon the seas. She could not land troops in Europe, for they would be swamped by the immense national levies. It would be well for her, he says, to seek an alliance with a Continental Power. The stumbling block to such an alliance is British Imperialism, which arouses the jealousies of the European nations. Will we decide to continue British prosperity by alliances, or will we oppose an unbroken front to the world by drawing together our colonies into a splendid whole? That is the burning question of the British day, in Emil Reich's opinion.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

Mrs De Style: “Doctor, that complexion wash you gave me has worked like a charm, and my skin is as soft as a rose leaf.”

Physician: “Did you follow my directions and use that and nothing else?”
“Not another thing, not even powder. But I am going away, and you must tell me how to make it.”

“Certainly.”

“What are the ingredients?”
“Soap and water.”

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, 935 feet above sea-level, is 177 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 of the lake-side. Lovely flowers; artificial geysers; ornamental shrubberies; winding walks; lakelet covered with native water fowl. Pleasant recreation grounds; afternoon tea; music. Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns, and Bowling Greens are provided.

PARTICULARS OF THE BATHS.

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

THE PRIEST'S BATH.—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and aluminous 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 of the whole of the body is immersed in hot mineral mud. These baths are especially useful in cases of stiff joints and localized pain.

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

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

THE BLUE BATH, an open air hot swimming bath, fed by the Maifroy Geysers, and furnished with cold shower bath; 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 20/ 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 21/ per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

The Government Bacteriologist, **ARTHUR S. 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 B. 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 boils its water, mud and stones a thousand feet into the air. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and lands passengers at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Tugger boats convey the visitors across Lake Tarawera. A short portage is crossed, and a boat trip is made across Rotomahana, a wonderful lake, where excursionists may be rowed over boiling water. Thence visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. Government accommodation house at Waimangu.

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This fine lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest-clad mountains, is accessible from Wairoa (Hawke's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Wairoa. From Wairoa a coach leaves for Waikaremoana bi-weekly at 7 a.m., arriving at the Lake the same evening. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well-equipped house, established recently by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana, for the accommodation of tourists. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely little neighbouring lake of Waikare-iti. 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 Baring Gould). Natural hot mineral private baths are provided; also, hot air and douche baths and massage. The springs are sulphuretted saline water, possessing valuable properties for both external and internal use in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, certain forms of indigestion, Kidney complaints, and Skin Diseases. Inhalation in certain forms of Bronchitis and Asthma is also found effective. Dr. Little visits Hanmer Spa on behalf of the Government. Tennis Court, Croquet Lawns, and Bowling Green are provided for the use of visitors.

SOUTHERN ALPS. MOUNT COOK.

The Hermitage Hotel (under the control of the Tourist Department) is situated near Mount Cook (12,340 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (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 3404 feet and 5700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted at the Hermitage Hotel.

LAKE WAKATIPU.

The Southern Lakes are unsurpassed for the grandeur of their surroundings. Wakatipu is the most easily accessible. Queenstown, on the shores of this lake, is reached in one day from Invercargill or Dunedin, by train to Kingston, thence by Government steamer 25 miles. From Queenstown the Government steamers run to the head of the lake, past scenes of majestic beauty. Meals are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mount Earnslaw (9300 feet), Paradise, the Routeburn, Rere Lake, and other places of remarkable scenic charm. Comfortable hotels in the district.

LAKE TE ANAU AND MILFORD SOUND.

The overland route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is one of the finest scenic tracks known. Te Anau is reached from Dunedin and Invercargill by train and coach. The coach journey from Invercargill is 50 miles, thence a coach journey of 62 miles lands the traveller on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 38 miles long) is Glade House, available for the accommodation of visitors; here a guide is obtained for the overland Alpine trip. There are huts at convenient distances on the road to the Sutherland Falls, the highest in the world (1904 feet). Accommodation house at Milford Sound, in the midst of majestic and sublime scenery. Oil launch on Milford Sound. Lake Manapouri is easily accessible from Lake Te Anau.

ALL INFORMATION

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

Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department.

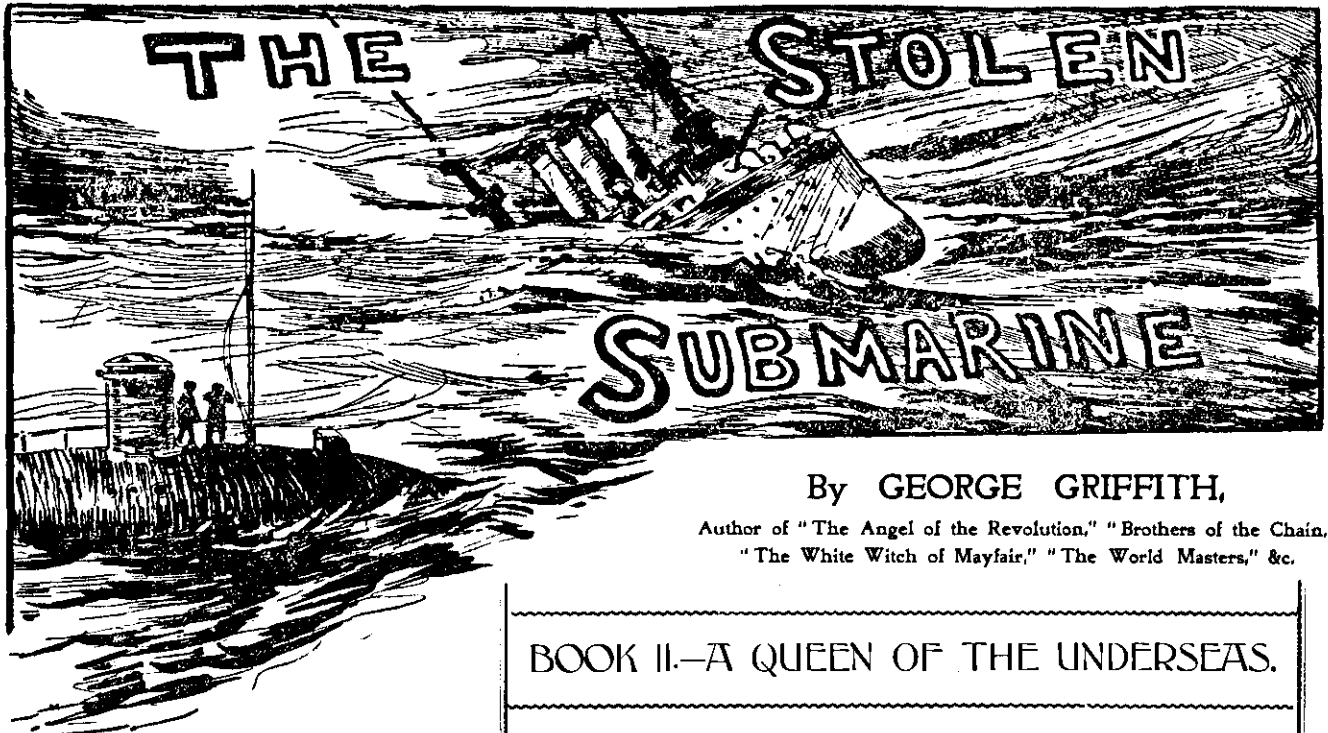
The Hon. Sir JOSEPH G. WARD, K.O.M.G.

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

Cable Address:—"MAORILAND."

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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED



By GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "Brothers of the Chain,"
"The White Witch of Mayfair," "The World Masters," &c.

BOOK II.—A QUEEN OF THE UNDERSEAS.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SEA DUEL.

Within two hours Captain Merrett had got his instructions to patrol the mouth of the harbour of Nagasaki, and the Zanita had started for Shanghai. The Naval Council had believed that the great southern port would be the first objective of the Russian submarine, and therefore the admiral in command retained the Mermaid, since she was the only organism, with the possible exception of L'Anonyme, which could see under water.

The conversation between Hillyer and the admiral had taken place at eleven o'clock on the night of March 12. At daybreak the next morning the Zanita was a hundred miles outside Nagasaki, spinning through the cold, calm waters of the Yellow Sea towards Shanghai.

As the dim, grey light began to come out from eastward Hillyer came on deck in rubber boots and oilskins, and went on to the bridge.

"Good morning, Captain Norman; this weather is about as bad as an English spring. What's the speed?"

"We are still doing thirty, sir, and I suppose you don't want to meet anything on the way if we can help it."

"No, but we must keep our course. I've got to get to Shanghai as quickly as I can, and—well, I suppose if we do meet anything that wants to stop us we shall have to fight. Guns loaded, of course?"

"Oh, yes, I think we are ready for anything from battleship to destroyer that wants to stop us," replied Captain Norman, taking a look round his floating domain, "and I should really like to see what the effect of those shells will be if we do hit anything with them."

"There's no mistake about the hitting," said Hillyer. "If the gun is laid right and fired at the proper time the shell must hit. That's only mathematics. I haven't left anything to chance. What's that?"

The Zanita was tearing through the water at 30 knots or nearly 35 statute miles an hour while this brief conversation was proceeding, and it so happened that the Russian cruiser Donovoi was crossing her track at 18 knots. When vessels are approaching each other at these speeds it does not take very many minutes for them to get within shooting distance.

"That's a Russian," cried Captain Norman, as he took the glasses from his eye, "most likely the Donovoi. She's been about here for three weeks or so now. What shall I do, sir?"

"Keep ahead. All the speed you've got. Just now I'd rather run away than fight; but if it's fight, it will have to be so. Get a bit more to the southward."

The captain of the Donovoi happened to be taking his morning look round on the navigating bridge, when the Zanita hove in sight. From the rapidity with which the two vessels were approaching each other it was quite evident that she was no ordinary craft, and within a few minutes his glasses showed him that she was armed. She was not flying any flag, and she was evidently in a tremendous hurry.

"I don't like the look of that fellow," he said to his first lieutenant. "A yacht has no business to be travelling at that speed or to have guns; and she's certainly coming from Nagasaki. We will have full speed and you can give him a three-inch shell across his bows. He's probably carrying dispatches which may be worth looking at. Ah, he's heading off to the southward. Follow him at once and fire."

"Confound the fellow!" said Hillyer, as the Donovoi swung round a couple of point and a three-inch gun barked from the fore-castle, "that means heave to or fight, I'm afraid, and we certainly can't heave to or his six-inch guns would make precious short work of us. Keep her stern on, captain, and tell Mr. Macgregor to give her all he's got. I'll go and see to the working of the after guns."

By this time the shell had come screaming through the air purposely end-wide about a couple of hundred yards to starboard, where it splashed into the water, bounded up again, and went skimming away along the surface ahead.

The Japanese naval commander came on deck at this moment, and after exchanging salutes with Hillyer and Captain Norman, who was now practically acting as sailing master, said with a jerk of his thumb towards the Russian: "Ah, that's the Donovoi, I suppose. She has been hanging about the neighbourhood of Shanghai for some time now, looking for our mailboats and merchant ships, I suppose. Are you going to fight him with these wonderful guns of yours?"

"That is for you to decide, sir," replied Hillyer. "I was just sending for you to ask if we should put the flag up and fight, or run. We shall be out of range of the three-inch guns in a minute, but the next will probably be a six-incher. Ah, I thought so."

At that moment a flash of light and a thin puff of smoke appeared on the Donovoi's fore-castle. The air overhead seemed to be rent with a shrill, shrieking noise. A hundred-pound shell thumped with a mighty splash into the water, some 60yds to starboard, pitting up a cascade of foam, then, rising into the air again, as the other one had done, and disappearing in a succession

of leaps, marked by a train of splashes to the southward, and meanwhile the dull, hoarse bang of the big gun smote their ears with an unmistakable note of warning.

"That means business," said Hillyer. "Now I suppose we've got to fight." I will take one of the after guns and try a sighting shot."

"And I will try one with the other," said the commander, as they went aft.

By this time the banner of the Rising Sun had run up to the top of the flag-staff, and was standing out as flat as a board, for the Zanita was now travelling about 32 knots, and half a gale of wind was tearing along her decks. Another six-inch shell came howling through the air, and pitched about 20 yards wide to port as the commander released his projectile. There was no smoke or report, for the Zanita's guns were fired, if the term may be used, by a charge of liquid air, which was capable of driving the 20lb projectile a distance of five miles.

What happened on board the Donovoi no one who was left alive on the fore-deck had any clear recollection of. Two somethings came from somewhere and landed among the guns. The captain and the lieutenant saw two blinding flashes of light, and felt the bridge jump under their feet. Then they became insensible. The big 6000-ton warship shook through the whole of her fabric, and even the great engines down below the water-line seemed to stop for a moment and shudder.

On the fore-deck itself not a man was left alive, and yet when the bodies came to be examined they were not torn or mutilated in any way. The men had simply fallen down where they stood, as if struck by lightning; but it was found afterwards that over a score had totally disappeared. These had, of course, been standing in the focus of the explosion, and had been practically annihilated.

As soon as the effect of the two shells had been seen from the Zanita the commander said to Hillyer:

"That is excellent. These are marvellous guns! Both shots struck, I think?"

"You couldn't miss a big thing like the Donovoi at this range," he replied. "If you have the telescopic sights in line and let go when the range-finder tells you the shell has simply got to get there. Now, we've evidently silenced his forward guns; what do you propose to do?"

"Well," replied the commander, "he carries five of those six-inch guns forward, three aft, and eleven three-pounders on the broadside. I think we had better run round him and give him a few more. The moral effect of these shells of yours must be very great. I should think two or three more ought to be enough to keep the men away from the guns."

"If we drop another half-dozen on her deck there won't be any men left to go to the guns. Nothing can live within a radius of twenty yards of the focus of

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explosion," said Hillyer, "so if you wish to capture the cruiser—"

"I'm afraid we can hardly do that, because that would mean a prize crew, you see, and we haven't the men. At the same time, it is my duty to my Government to disable her if I can. Ah, that was too near to be pleasant."

As he spoke another six-inch shell struck the water only 20 ft. from the Zanita's stern and sent clouds of spray flying over her. If it had hit her it would have blown her after parts to fragments and sunk her to a certainty. In fact, it she had not already swung round in a pretty sharp curve the probability is that her voyage would have ended there and then.

Within a few minutes she was broadside on to the Donovoi, when by tons time had burst into thunder and flame from stem to stern and was sending a storm of shell across the water. Then the Zanita's four broadside guns got to work, and shell after shell dropped round the top works of the Russian cruiser, the fire died down, and the smoke drifted away from the silenced guns.

The yacht, moving at full speed, was not hit once. In fact, she was almost invisible at the distance, and the Russian gunners, appalled by the fearful effects of this silent, smokeless, and flameless bombardment, not only fired wildly as long as the officers could keep them at the guns, but within a few minutes of the bursting of the first shells most of them were seized with uncontrollable panic, and ran below, shouting and screaming that they could not fight magic guns which struck men dead as the lightning of heaven did.

The Zanita ran round the Donovoi's stern and did the same with her port broadside as she had done with her starboard. Shell after shell dropped with relentless precision on the cruiser's decks, tearing great gashes in them, dismounting guns, and killing every man within the radius of explosion. The top works were almost reduced to ruins, two of the three funnels had been reduced to masses of crumpled iron, and by the time her terrible assault had made one circuit of her the big Russian cruiser was reduced to silence and impotence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SURRENDER.

The theory upon which Mark Hillyer had designed his guns and shells was a very simple one. The effect of the higher explosives is to produce within a given limited area such a terrific concussion of the atmosphere that all animal life is destroyed within that area, while for a short range outside it fainting is the result.

This is due to direct action on the heart. It is not generally known when fish are killed by dynamite their hearts are found to be divided as cleanly as though it had been done with a razor. This was the effect of the explosive which he had managed for the first time in the history of chemistry to bring under control.

Frightful as its effects appeared to be, it was yet far more merciful than any other explosive in use, for it either killed instantaneously and painlessly, or, beyond a certain distance, produced instant insensibility which might or might not be fatal according to the severity of the shock.

Its effects on metal and stonework were twofold. Within a few feet of the explosion metals cracked like glass, and stone was reduced to powder; but a shell bursting in a confined space, such, for instance, as a barbet or turret, or a casemate, would instantly reduce it to fragments, besides straining the fabric of the ship so severely that her engines would probably be no longer workable.

This was practically what had happened on board the Donovoi. By the time the bombardment had ceased both the port and starboard engines had been so badly shaken by the furious concussions that it was no longer safe to work them at full speed. It was, of course, the duty of the chief engineer to report this to the captain. He tried the telephones and speaking tubes, but none of them would work; in fact, all the electrical appliances on board had ceased to operate, and so he was obliged to go on deck.

The scene which he beheld appalled him. From end to end of the decks there was neither sound nor movement. The

dead lay about in all attitudes just as they had fallen, apparently asleep. Here or there an arm, or a leg, or a head, had disappeared, reduced to its original elements or scattered far and wide in tiny fragments. The great cruiser, in fact, looked as though within the last few minutes she had passed through a tempest of death and destruction which had left nothing alive on board her.

He made his way amid sights of indescribable horror, a horror made infinitely worse by the glastly silence, up to the navigating bridge above the conning-tower, and as he gained this he saw for the first time the grey-blue shape of the Zanita just visible as she lay on the water about four miles to the south-westward off the starboard bow.

On the bridge he found the insensible, if not lifeless, bodies of the captain and the first lieutenant, and inside the armoured wheel-house the quartermaster was lying on the floor, his hands still grasping the spokes of the wheel. He began to understand now the nature of those frightful shocks which had penetrated even to the engine-room and shaken two of his engines out of true.

He raised the captain and the first lieutenant to a sitting position after he had found that they were still breathing faintly, and tried to rouse the quartermaster. But it was no use, and so he laid them out full length, and ran below to the captain's room to look for some brandy. On deck he found the doctor and three of his assistants examining the dead.

"What has happened?" said the doctor, looking about the corpse-strewn decks with the eyes of a man who has just awakened from a nightmare. "They're all dead! There is not a living, wounded man among them. What horrible thing is this?"

"I know no more than you do, doctor," replied the engineer. "All I do know is that the concussion of these shells, whatever they are, has shaken the Donovoi so badly that I can only work my centre engine. As for these poor fellows, they might have been struck by thunderbolts. But come on to the bridge, please, the captain and first lieutenant are still alive, but insensible. You can still do something for them."

They went together on to the bridge, followed by the assistant surgeons, and the two officers and quartermaster were carried below. By this time others of the ship's company had come up on deck, and were looking with wondering eyes at the strangely terrible scene which the cruiser's decks presented, and asking one another what kind of an enemy it could be that was able to work such havoc as this.

Meanwhile the Zanita had been running up at easy speed with her men at quarters, and ready to begin the terrible bombardment again if a shot was fired. But there was no more fight left in the Donovoi. Even if she possessed a gun fit to use she had not a man with the heart to fire it. Two more men had been sent to the wheel, and she was crawling along at about five knots, practically crippled, but the ensign with the blue St. Andrew's Cross was still flying from the flagstaff. As the Zanita came up the signal "Do you surrender?" flew out from her foretruck.

Nearly all the fighting officers of the Donovoi had died at their posts, and, as the captain and first lieutenant had not yet been restored to consciousness, the chief engineer was the highest responsible officer on duty. He saw the men on the Zanita standing by the long, slender, strange-looking guns, and he knew what a couple of the shells which had already produced such devastation would do if they struck the cruiser below the water-line, and so he gave an order, and the flag fluttered down.

Even the Japanese commander was horrified at the frightful appearance of the decks when he came on board. The chief engineer offered him his sword and explained the situation as far as he could. The commander touched the hilt of the sword with his hand and asked him to keep it. Then he hoisted the Japanese flag and ordered the cruiser to shape her course to Nagasaki.

Presently one of the assistant surgeons came on deck to say that the captain and first lieutenant had recovered consciousness, and that the former desired to know at once what had happened.

"Perhaps you will come with me, sir, to the captain's room," said the chief engineer. "I was, of course, below when all this happened, and as those horrible shells of yours have not left a man alive

on deck, you will be able to explain matters better than I can."

"Certainly," replied the commander, "I am entirely at your service."

And so ended the Zanita's first duel.

But the capture of the Donovoi was one thing; to get her into Nagasaki was quite another. Still it would not do to leave her drifting with man-crippled engines about the Yellow Sea, and so it was decided that she should go under her own steam, while the Zanita, having left a crew of 20 men on board her, should run ahead at full speed, using her search apparatus in the hope of picking up a Japanese battleship or cruiser, when would be able to take charge of the prize.

The captain and the first lieutenant were too ill for some hours after they had been brought back to consciousness even to comprehend the extent of the destruction which had befallen their vessel. The captain gathered that he had been defeated and lost his ship in some mysterious way, but the shock of the two shells had come so near to killing him that there was nothing for it but to put him and the rest of the crew and wait for time to restore the balance of their minds.

But the Japanese commander had not been in charge very long before the great importance of the capture became apparent. He, of course, confiscated the ship's log and all papers not of a purely private nature, and among these was found a complete record of the arrival of the Sea-Snake and of her journey to Port Arthur, together with details of an elaborate sea campaign, which was to be begun, and, indeed had begun, with her assistance.

This practically priceless information rendered the journey to Shanghai easy of postponement for the present, and so the log and plans were given into Hillyer's charge, to be carried post haste to Nagasaki, so that the authorities might have as much time as possible to form their counter plan of campaign. It was arranged that as soon as he had delivered these he should, with the admiral's consent, run over to Shanghai and carry out his original mission.

He had, however, no sooner landed and reported himself to the admiral than a cablegram from Shanghai was put into his hands. He opened it and read as follows:

"I have very serious news from London, so if you are still at Nagasaki I should like to communicate with you. This is not only privately but publicly urgent.—Leone Erskine."

BOOK III.

THE FINAL FIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

AT SHANGHAI.

Hillyer at once showed the cable to the admiral, and the latter at once decided that, in view of possible international complications, a visit to Shanghai, which was only 800 miles away, or about three days' running there and

back for a craft like the Zanita, was of the first importance. A couple of fast scouts were at once sent out to pick up the Donovoi and bring her in, and so Hillyer, unless unexpectedly detained, would be back in ample time to take part in the proposed expedition.

Just before starting he had the satisfaction of receiving a long letter from Marian, quite of the sort that his soul most desired, but also of a nature quite too confidential for stranger-eyes to read. Wherefore, he went on his way rejoicing, and more eager than ever for that final fight in which he hoped, for reasons yet to be made plain, to prove, not only to the combatants in the Far East, but also to the world at large, that he had succeeded in making warfare so hopelessly terrible that any nations which attempted to wage a war of aggression would have to choose between arbitration and destruction.

Like all men who really are men, he was prepared to fight when just occasion arose, and not even the hope of winning Marian for his own would have tempted him to take the side of Japan if he had not honestly believed that the island kingdom was fighting in the only rightful cause in which war can be waged—for independence and liberty, and the defence of hearth and home. But, on the other hand, like all sound-hearted men, he loathed war as such from the depths of his soul. He believed it to be a crime against humanity, and he was determined, at whatever cost, to put an end to it if he could.

He recognised, of course, that the presence of the stolen submarine on the Russian side at Port Arthur very considerably increased the difficulties of his task. In fact, until L'Anonyme was either captured or destroyed it would be sheer folly for the Japanese fleet to approach within at least 15 miles of Port Arthur; wherefore, his counsel had been that all the fleets of the Mikado should be withdrawn into the dockyards and arsenals to undergo a thorough cleaning, and refit, while the Zanita and the Mermaid, of whose existence the Russians were totally unaware, should go and seek out L'Anonyme and light her for the supremacy of the underseas.

It was true that this would give the Russians time to repair something of the tremendous damage that had been done by the fleet bombardment; but also to proceed with the concentration of their troops, but on the other hand the last action had proved conclusively that the finest battleship would be just as helpless before the attacks of this invisible enemy as the Ching-Yan herself had been, and so, sweeping as the proposition was, it had been taken into careful consideration. This fact was in itself a proof that the Japanese authorities were even now beginning to learn the lessons of the new warfare. As there might be some difficulty, if not danger, in taking an armed vessel into Shanghai, which is not only a neutral, but also a treaty, port, Hillyer decided to leave the Zanita off Tsung-Ming Island, outside the three-mile limit, and run up to the city in his launch. There was, of course, no fear of capture now that the Donovoi had dis-

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appeared from the scene, but he knew there were three or four British warships in and about Shanghai, and he didn't want to have any awkward questions to answer.

When he reached the English settlement he went first to the club, of which he had been made a visiting member on his trip out, to have a wash and get tiffin. He also hoped for the chance of meeting Arthur Erskine here before he went up to his house.

The fact was that he had not yet been able to find a reason why the cable had come from Leone and not from her husband. Did Arthur know anything about it, and, if not, what was the matter. How, too, should Leone have got involved in international questions, and Arthur not—or, for the matter of that, what could either of them have to do

with such matters? To his mind there was only one possible explanation. He knew now of some at least of Sir Victor's dealings in connection with L'Anonyme. Did Arthur's sudden departure for Shanghai mean that he was really out here as his brother's agent, in other words, as a sort of spy? The reflection was not a pleasant one, especially if Marian's sister, as seemed quite likely, was personally mixed up in Sir Victor's dubious schemes.

The matter, however, was settled for him by the steward of the club, who, in answer to his inquiry, told him that a couple of days before Erskine had started on a business expedition up the Yang-Tse towards Nankin, and would probably not be back for a week. Mrs Erskine had not gone with him.

This information decided Hillyer in

the opinion that Erskine did not know of the cable, and that Leone had cabled to him instead of writing, so that she could get whatever she wanted to do with him over before her husband returned. The prospect was not by any means a welcome one to him, for he was one of those men who have a constitutional objection to confidences of any sort with other men's wives, or, for the matter of that, any women to whom they are not related, engaged, or married. Still, he had come to learn what she had to say, and it was both his business and his duty to learn it, and so when he had finished lunch and smoked a meditative cigar he took a rickshaw and went to the address which the steward had given him.

When the boy ushered him into the drawing-room Leone got up from a

wicker chair half-filled with furs and cushions and came towards him, saying in a voice which sounded somewhat strange to him:

"Ah, and so you have come. How good of you to come so soon! I hardly thought it possible, even with that wonderful yacht of yours."

He looked at her in the half light, for the afternoon sun was shining on the windows and the shades were down, and as he took her hand in his he both felt and saw that a great and serious change had come over her.

She was no longer the beautiful and brilliant girl whom he had known as Marian's sister in London only three short months before. She looked five years older, and his first impression was that she was just recovering from a bad attack of river fever. Her hand, too,



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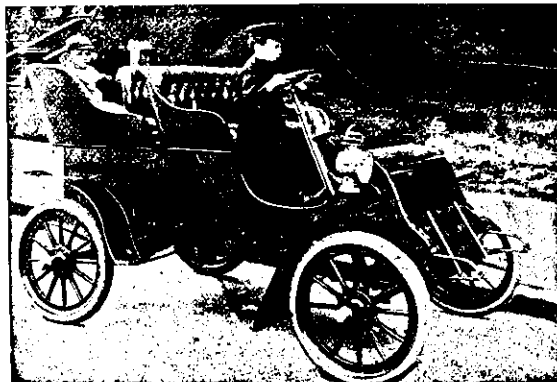
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had lost all its spring and grip. The eyes which he, like others, had admired so much were dull and heavy and ringed with blue-grey shadows, and her voice seemed to have the echo of a great sorrow in it. In fact, he was so astonished at the sudden change that he could not help saying:

"My dear Mrs. Erskine, before we go any farther, for goodness sake tell me what has been the matter with you! Either you have been very ill or the East has begun to disagree with you very quickly. What is it, fever?"

"No, Mr. Hillyer," she replied, in a slow, weary voice. "It is nothing physical, I'm sorry to say. It is just sheer misery, and I may as well tell you that at once and save time."

"Misery! You miserable!" he said, in a low tone. "But how on earth can that be? You—only three months married, with one of the best of fellows for a husband, and everything else, except, perhaps, Park Lane and Peter Robinson! Honestly, you've completely astounded me, and I don't quite know how to put it. Still, you have asked me to come here, I presume, to see if I can help you, and that explains something—but there, it's no use going on guessing. You are Marian's sister, and if you're in trouble I'm going to get you out if I can. I suppose that's what you asked me to come over for. Well, now, here I am. Suppose we sit down and you tell me all about it?"

His voice had grown much softer as he went on. He could see that she was suffering, and of all things he hated most it was to see a woman suffer.

She sank back with a slow, weary motion into her chair again, and he took another opposite to her.

"Don't sit there, please," she said with a quick little wave of her hand, "sit more round this way. I don't want you to look at me. If you do I can't tell you what I have got to."

"Surely, it isn't as serious as all that!" he asked, moving his chair, and wondering what on earth was coming.

"It is quite as serious as it very well can be," she replied, putting her elbow on the arm of her chair, and leaning her chin on her hand, so that her face was turned away from him. "So serious and so—so horrible—that ever since I sent you the cable I have been torturing myself with the thought of this talk with you."

"But is it absolutely necessary?" he asked—"I mean to tell me? I suppose Erskine knows. Why didn't you leave it to him?"

"My husband does not know," she said with a note of hardness in her voice, "at least, he knows part of the horrible story, as you will hear, and there's no other man or woman that I could or would tell it to but yourself. Besides, my husband could do nothing. He would be totally helpless. You, perhaps, can and will help us, and, if you are going to marry Marian, it is only right that you should know."

"I certainly am going to marry her, whatever it may be that you have to tell me, Mrs. Erskine," he replied quietly, "and, furthermore, of course, if it is anything that concerns her perhaps I'd better hear it as soon as possible."

She noted the change in his tone and turned her face half-way towards him as she replied:

"Of course. But I had better begin by explaining that Marian, happily, so far has not the smallest notion of anything that I'm going to tell you about."

"I can hardly help saying that I'm glad of that," he said, "and I hope I need not say that if it's a matter of protecting them from any trouble or sorrow, you may consider any help I can give as already promised."

A possible sigh escaped Leone's lips. If it had only been her happiness to have won such love and trust as this from such a man! If only she had learnt to love as Marian had done, instead of falling a victim to the blind mania for excitement and extravagance which is the most grievous curse of the modern girl in society; if she had not entered upon the fatal course which sooner or later infallibly leads into the clutches of the harpies who prey upon such folly as hers—in a word, if she had not begun by squandering money and the frinkets which it can buy, and had waited contentedly for that which no money can buy—how different everything would have been.

But it was too late to think about that now. She had sinned, and now the time had come to pay more of the penalty. Some of it she had paid already in the misery of a marriage in which there was

now no love on either side—only fear and aversion.

"Yes, I thought—I knew—that you would say that; but you must not say any more until I have told you everything. Now, listen, and for pity's sake don't interrupt me until I've done."

"That also I can promise you," he said, with a note of sympathy in his voice which helped her a little. And then she began and told him in a hard, strained, unnatural tone, which nevertheless shook every now and then with a quiver of shame, the story of the forged cheque and the use that Sir Victor had made of it.

He listened in silence, and with an amazement which was not altogether unmingled with anger and disgust. When she had finished she got up, and faced him, and with a half-fearful, half-questioning look at him said:

"There, that is the first part of the story, and so much, of course, my husband knows. Now, I will tell you the part that he does not know."

And so saying, she went to a little writing table, unlocked a drawer, and took out several sheets of notepaper covered with her own handwriting.

CHAPTER II.
SIR VICTOR'S CABLE.

"I don't know what you must think of me by this time," she said, turning towards him again, "but whatever you do it cannot be worse than what I think of myself. It would have been bad enough even if I had loved Arthur Erskine when I tempted him to commit crime; but I didn't. I only knew that he loved me, and I used that knowledge, as I thought, to save myself from the results of my miserable extravagance—and when you have read this you will see what a fate I have brought upon myself, and what ruin my action may perhaps bring upon the world."

She gave the sheets of paper to Hillyer, who took them in silence, and went back to her chair. Then she went on:

"Sir Victor sent me two long cables. The longest one was the message, and the other was the key to the words. Fortunately or unfortunately, I don't know which, they came just after my husband had gone. When you have read the message you will be able to imagine what might have happened; indeed, what may still happen, were he to read it."

Then she turned her head away from him, half buried it in the cushions, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"This is what Hillyer read: 'Circumstances have lately arisen which make it evident that I gave you to the wrong man. If I had known how high a price Sir Julius was prepared to pay I should have acted differently. For the treachery of which you were guilty with regard to myself and my brother no punishment could have been too great, and I am sure that Sir Julius would have treated you very handsomely.'

"Certainly whatever treatment you had received from him would have been quite good enough for a woman who tempted an innocent man into crime by such means as you used, when all the while you wanted to marry his brother simply because you thought that he could give you an unlimited supply of that which you were plainly prepared to sell yourself for."

"It now appears that Sir Julius was really in earnest in his admiration and affection for you, and circumstances have arisen which make it absolutely essential that you shall return at once and accept; not the offer he made to you before, but a far more splendid one which he has put before me, and which ought certainly to commend itself to the consideration of one who has such exalted ideas as to the value of what money can buy as you undoubtedly have."

"You will explain this matter to Arthur or not, as you please. That will not affect the issue in the slightest. Personally, I am a little sorry for him; but, still, a man must pay the penalty of his fault, and, after all, he knew the sort of bargain he was making. On the whole, perhaps, it might save trouble if you said nothing to him about it, and just placed yourself in the hands of Dr. Chen-yu, who is a great friend of Sir Julius and myself, and who will provide you with the proper escort and make every provision for your passage home. Dr. Chen-yu will call upon you, soon after you receive this. His introduction will be a short cable signed by myself in this cipher."

"I do not anticipate that you will be foolish enough to make any objections to this course of action; but, in case such an idea should suggest itself to

you, it would be well for you to understand the very serious consequences which might result from your refusal. In the first place, I still retain the cheque which you persuaded the man who is now your husband to forge. What I gave him on his wedding day was a good imitation, but perfectly genuine. It is therefore still in my power to prosecute him for forgery. Your share in the transaction would, of course, come out in the trial, and I need not remind you what very unpleasant family consequences this conviction would have."

"Another reason for your compliance is that, to put matters quite plainly, differences have arisen between Sir Julius and myself on the question of war or peace, which only your agreement to his terms can settle. Were they not settled the results would be disastrous to myself, and you may be quite sure that I should not be over tender as regards the means I used to enforce your compliance in case of necessity."

"Sir Julius Aekerman's interests are at present on the side of intervention, and, therefore, general war. Mine are on the side of peace. If you accept the conditions and return to Europe at once there will be no European intervention, and my position will be saved. If not I shall be crushed by the weight of his heavier metal, there will be almost universal war, and he will probably find means to make you come to terms, after all."

"I am quite sure that when you have carefully considered the matter you will find the best of reasons for doing as I suggest and desire.—Victor Erskine."

Hillyer read this interesting document very carefully the first time, and then he looked through it slowly again. Under ordinary circumstances it would have infuriated him beyond control, but what he read between the lines had a strong sobering effect on him.

For the time being personal considera-

tions receded into the background, for here was direct evidence of a financial plot to bring about a world-war—that very war which he was determined to prevent—of the most sordid and despicable of human menages. Somewhat to his own surprise he had, for the time being, ceased to regard Leone Erskine as Marian's sister, or as a woman who might possibly bring disgrace upon the name of the girl to whom he meant to give his own name. These, after all, were personal considerations which could be dealt with afterwards.

Leone remained silent until he spoke, and when he did speak his voice and manner were so completely changed that she sat upright in her chair with a start and looked at him.

(To be Continued.)

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CAPTAIN SHEEN, Adventurer.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY CHARLES OWEN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Tamaiharanui bore himself proudly. Stretched to his full height he stared into the malicious eyes of Te Rauparaha, unmoved by their triumphant gleam. The latter was supported on either side by Rangihauata and Te Pehi's son. Nga Roimata clung to her mother, who faced her husband's foes, courageous as himself. I bit vainly on the rope in my mouth and made a desperate effort to get free of the coils that bound me. Not a sound broke the silence. After the first astonished moment, Tamaiharanui, with lightning glance, saw that escape was hopeless, and awaited the attack of his enemies with calm and silent dignity. Te Rauparaha was the first to speak.

"Te koura mauhanga a Tama!" he exulted, "Avero rua—ngakau rua."
"The dog is caught!" said Rangihauata.

At the same moment Te Hiko, son of Te Pehi, stepped forward and tore Tamaiharanui's lips apart, with such force that the blood dropped from his mouth, and hung in beads down the kiwi mat which was fastened over his left shoulder.

"Teeth that devoured the flesh of my father!" he taunted. "Cursed mouth of a shark! Your body shall be ripped open by the tooth of a shark, and your children shall be the slaves of my people!"

Te Hiko's eyes burned with brutality and just as he fixed them on the weeping Nga Roimata. I strained at my bonds, and writhed till every muscle gave out.

"Has the pakeha, taura?" Te Rauparaha asked Stewart.

The brute left the cabin, returning immediately with a set of irons. Instructed by the two white scoundrels, the Maoris placed these on the unresisting Tamaiharanui. They then threw him on the cabin floor and went on deck, leaving the four of us, his wife Te Whe, Nga Roimata and myself, imprisoned. I signed to Te Whe, and she understood. With eager fingers she undid the ropes that bound and gagged me. To examine the irons on Tamaiharanui was the work of a moment, but, just as I expected, we were powerless to aid him without tools.

"I tried to warn you, that's why they bound me," I said. "The belly of the waka is filled with your enemies from Kapiti."

Tamaiharanui uttered a deep groan as he looked on the fearful faces of his wife and child, and foresaw their fate.

"Leave the bonds," he said, stoically, surveying himself, bound hand and foot. "Leave the badges of the slave. Te Rauparaha has conquered."

I turned to the cabin portholes. Open to seaward, they were so small there was no hope of exit that way. As the chief already realised, even if we got our irons off, escape was impossible. At this moment a Maori voice, between us and the shore, hailed the brig, showing the canoes were near. It penetrated to the cabin, followed by Sheen's answer.

"He kokonga whare kitea,"[†] murmured Tamaiharanui; "but not the heart of the pakeha. That is truly a darker place."

He ended in a deep guttural growl. "Aue! Aue—!"[‡] wailed Te Whe. "Alas our people are betrayed; the decks of the waka will be red; Te Rauparaha has truly conquered!"

She sheltered her face with her hands. In a gesture of despair, while the graceful Nga Roimata nestled fearfully to her side. In my endeavour to offer consolation I broke the agony of silence that ensued.

"Your daughter?" I asked.
"Taku hei pihiri," he answered, in heartrending tones, "taku hei mokimoki, taku hei tawhiri, taku katitarama."
"My God!" I cried, in anguish. "Can I not save her?"

As he grasped the meaning of my words, his fine eyes kindled, then softened into supreme tenderness.

"There is one refuge for the fatherless," he said; "there is peace with the spirits of our ancestors. Nga Roimata, go to thy mother! There shall be no slavery for thee. Better, far better, the short lullaby that precedes the everlasting slumber."

"We shall ne'er see again the hills of Akaroa," she lamented.

A death cry on the deck overhead, accompanied by a yell of triumph, broke on our ears, sending a shiver to my heart. It was followed by another, and another, in quick succession.

"Aue—!" moaned the distraught woman.

"Listen," exclaimed the chief. Then he deliberately turned to his trembling wife.

"Ee kui,"[†] he commanded. "Let her spirit go to her ancestors!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded.
"Nga Roimata shall never be the slave of my enemies," he said proudly. "Her beauty shall not be a feast for Te Rauparaha."

"You will not kill her," I cried, appealingly.

"Pene, pakeha," he answered, "if you are the friend of Tamaiharanui."

As I gazed upon that girlish figure, my mind revolted at the thought that Te Rauparaha's rude hand should even touch her. Moreover there were the other chiefs to be reckoned with. No indignity they could subject her to would be too great for the satisfaction of their revengeful lust. She would be at the mercy of that relentless horde upon the brig. In the ghastly carnage that had just begun, what would be her fate! The frightful din above us increased, dying shriek on shriek, the scuffle of vigorous feet and the heavy thuds as men fell lifeless, or grappled together on the deck. This girl had brought release to me. Her singular beauty had in some mysterious way broken the power of Sheen's malevolence. And I could not save her! There was only one escape. Her maiden honour could yet be saved by death. This much was certain! In face of it what right had I to interfere?

Tamaiharanui had turned his back upon us. The mother calmly approached Nga Roimata, a determined look upon her dark face. Transfixed with horror, I stood astare. A streak of sunshine peeped through the porthole. It seemed a mockery! In the girl's sweet eyes there lurked the fear of death and with a low pained cry she cringed back, as if seeking an escape. There was no wavering in the steadfast purpose of Te Whe, no softness on her pale face as, unrelenting, she stretched out her quivering fingers and circled the shapely throat. The rest must remain unfold. When all was over, and I had steadied myself sufficiently, I ventured to lift my head from my hands. Tamaiharanui

stood like a rock, with tight lips and downcast eyes, while the agonised mother cast herself beside the lifeless body, uttering wail on wail over the livid and distorted features of my once beautiful Nga Roimata.

"Aue—! Aue—! Aue—! Aue—!" she wailed, tearing her breasts with her nails. "My child! My child! I have clasped thee like the rata vine, and it is well! My sweet-voiced hui! Sleep in peace! We will follow thee on the ebbing tide, the swiftly ebbing tide of death. Aue—! Aue—! It is best, it is best!"

I heard steps on the companion, a hooted tread followed by the pad-pad of bare feet. Then the barred cabin door was unfastened, and the blackguard face of Captain Sheen appeared. He was followed by the exultant Te Hiko and Te Rauparaha. Sheen took in the situation at a glance. I was free, with the ropes that had bound me lying on the floor. Beside me lay the body of the strangled Nga Roimata, from which Te Whe had raised herself to her knees.

"Good God!" he gasped, agape with astonishment.

"Come in! Are you afraid?" I challenged. "You treacherous dog, disgracing the race that bred you! Come in!"

Te Rauparaha stood on the lower steps of the companion, Te Hiko immediately behind him.

"Fiend incarnate!" I stormed, impelled beyond all bounds by the scene I had just witnessed. "You shall give an account for this villainy to the Justice of your country."

Sheen's face set like a flint. It confessed no feelings. The pitiable form upon the floor, the suffering man in irons, the poor bereft woman with the dark face—in which grief was tending to madness—were to him only pawns in the game of life, and affected him no more. That such misery did not appeal to the enemies of Tamaiharanui was not to be wondered at. In a European the callousness was damnable. This thought brought my Uncle Ronald's warning words to mind and, therewith came the recollection of the English home where I had left my mother. Did she still pray for me, night and morning, and was there a barrier between those prayers and Heaven's answer—the barrier of my own folly and weakness. At any rate, henceforth, my will was to be my own and I would die rather than lift a finger in support of Sheen's nefarious schemes. I was equally determined that he and Stewart should be informed against and brought to justice. That was my firm resolve, but I knew, even as I spoke, that I was a fool to give it utterance.

"So you're loose, you yapping whelp," he said, stepping into the cabin. "Is that your handiwork?" he snarled, pointing to the body of the dead girl.

With native intuition the Maori woman understood the question.

"Aue—! Aue—!" she wailed.

Then Te Rauparaha strode past, ignoring the wailing woman, and faced Tamaiharanui. In one hand he carried a large fishhook to which was fastened a length of strong cord. Te Hiko followed him like his shadow.

"Eater of Te Pehi!" cried Te Rauparaha. "Shark of the land!"

Tamaiharanui made no answer, but looked into his enemy's eyes with calm indifference; a look in which there was not even a hint of the despair he must have felt. Sheen's attention was diverted from me by the action of the chiefs.

"The wise one is trapped," Te Rauparaha taunted; "the cunning bird is taken in a snare; the shy fish is netted! Ugh! I came many times to Akaroa, but Tamaiharanui took refuge in distant paha, behind the shelter of the pallisades, in the darkness of his whare. But now I have him! Mine is he ringa whiti!" How shall Te Rauparaha fittingly revenge himself on such a one?"

To this there was no reply.

"Come, Te Hiko," said Te Rauparaha, "help me hook this fish."

Together they got the hook through the loose skin of the chief's throat and fastened the cord to the roof of the cabin, so tightly that the chain was drawn up as far as it would go. Stretched to his full height, in this manner, he endured excruciating torture, but no sound escaped his lips, and he did not afford them their looked for gratification of seeing him suffer.

"The devils!" even Sheen admitted.

"So are we to stand idly by and see it done?" I said.

"Well, after all, he's only a savage," he reflected. "The deck's black with em. Ha! Ha! How they rolled 'em over. Like playing ninepins, only more exciting. Bah! I care nought for savages!"

"That's evident enough!"

"And less for mutineers!"

"Anyhow your power over me is gone!"

His eyes blazed with pent-up rage.

"There's always force, bear in mind," he said.

"A confession of weakness?" I enquired, derisively.

"There's a yard-arm and a rope," he threatened.

"You're not captain!"

"Stewart is!"

"You're twin devils," I rejoined; "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

"We'll soon order your goings, anyway," he said. "Wait till we get rid of these stowaways. They might hand over extra tax for a white slave."

"That's the threat you used to Coulished," I retorted. "It's a whip that has no sting for me. I'd be flayed alive before I'd move for you."

"Coulished was an angel to you," he said. "He was open to reason and tried to oblige. All the same I hope you'll enjoy the play that's been prepared for your pleasure aboard this brig. Only, I'd advise you, as a friend, not to come up on deck if you want to keep your breakfast down."

With this, he turned, and mounted the companion. I could hardly stay in the cabin and see the brutal torturing of the Maori chief; much less witness the heaps of slain above. The massacre, for such it was, continued throughout the day. All who came

[†] The hand quick at reaching out (obscure).

* The grayish pulled out of his hole after long pulling by Tawa. Double tongue! Double heart!

† The corner of a whare may be searched.

‡ The wall of the Maori—untranslatable.

* Part of a Maori love song equivalent to "My necklace of scented moss, my necklace of fragrant fern, my necklace of odorous shrubs, my sweet smelling necklace of thorns." Tawauca is a spear grass, acophylla squarrosa.

† Old woman.

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board were killed instantly. Then, leaving the brig, Te Rauparaha and the Ngaitotoa made a raid upon the pah, Takapuneke, when upwards of a hundred were butchered. Apera Puhenui, Paorini and other leading men among the Ngaitotoa tribe were slain, either on the brig or while resisting the overwhelming attack up the shore. What followed I need not describe. Others have written. What good purpose could be served by an eye-witness recalling those horrors from their graves after the lapse of years. No further punishment can be visited upon the guilty. Te Rauparaha, Te Hiko, and the Ngaitotoa, in some measure must be forgiven. It was the custom of their race to be revenged, to eat their enemies, to torture those they hated, and to rejoice in their death. Tamaiharanui, in like circumstances, would have been equally ferocious. Even to regard it as a blot upon the greatness of Te Rauparaha's character would be manifestly unfair. Let a veil be drawn over the horrors of that forgotten day: He who would read of them must search the scant records relating to the brig Elizabeth and her ghastly and treacherous errand. Here I leave it, to resume the narrative of her doings when we were once more anchored off Kapiti, with only Tamaiharanui and his wife, of all Te Rauparaha's captives, left alive.

(To be Continued.)

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TOLD TO PARSON.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Author of "A Tiger's Cat," Etc.

A little girl came rushing into the gate of the vicarage at Postbridge, Dartmoor; and it chanced that she met the minister himself, as he bent in his garden and scattered lime around upspringing seeds.

"These slugs would try the patience of a saint," he said, hearing footsteps and not looking up. "They have eaten off nearly all my young larkspurs. How can one fight them?"

Then a small, breathless voice broke in upon him:

"Please, sir, mother sent me, an' I've runned a most all the way from our cottage w'out stopping once. 'Tis old Mr. Mundy please. He'm dying—so he told mother when her fetched him his milk this morning—an' he says he've got something very special to tell anybody an' he wants to come an' listen to it. But nobody don't want to hear his secrets in the village; so mother said 'twas your job, please, an' sent me for your honour."

"My job?—yes, so it is, little maid. I'll come at once. An' they'd better send for the doctor. It isn't his regular visiting day until Thursday; but probably it's 'his job,' too."

"Mother axed the old man that; an' he said as he didn't want no doctor, nor his trade (medicine) either. He says I'm nearly a hundred years old; an' he won't be messed about with at his time of life; but just die easy an' comfortable."

In 20 minutes the clergyman had walked a mile and crossed a strip of the wilderness that stretched round about the little hamlet on Dartmoor where he laboured. A single cottage, separated from the rest by wide tracts of furze and heather stood here, and near it lay a neglected garden. But Gaffer Mundy had long ceased to fight the Moor or care for his plot of land. His patch of the reclaimed earth returned fast to primitive savagery. Brakefern sprouted in the potato bed; rush, heather, and briar choked the currant bushes; fearless rabbits nibbled every green thing.

"Come in, whoever you may be," said an ancient voice. So the visitor obeyed and entered, to find the sufferer fully dressed, sitting by a fire of peat. Noah Mundy was very tall, but now his height had vanished, and he had been long bent under his burden of years. A bald yellow skull rose above his countenance, and infinite age marked his face. As the earth through centuries of cooling has wrinkled into mountains and flattened out into ocean beds between them, so these aged features,

stamped and torn with the fret and fever of long life, had become as a look whereon time had written many things for those who could read them. Very weak was the man and very thin. He was toothless and almost hairless; the scanty beard that fell from his chin was white, while his mousethe had long been dyed with snuff to a lively yellow. His eyes remained alive, though one was dimmed over with an opaline haze. But from the other he saw clearly enough for all his needs. He made it a boast that he could not write, and he would not read. There was no book in his house.

"This you—eh! I could have wished for a man out of your trade, but it won't matter. I've got a thing worth telling; but mark this: I don't care a button what you think of it, an' I don't want none of your bunkum an' lies after I've told it. Sit down in that thick chair an' smoke your pipe an' keep cool. Ban't no use getting excited now, for what I be going to tell 'e happened more'n sixty years ago—afore you was born or thought about."

"My smoke won't trouble you?"
"Bah! I've smoked and chowed an' snuffed for more'n half a century. I'm as easy through an' through—soaked in it as you might say. An' as for smoke, if what you tell to church be true, I shall have smoke, an' fire too, afore long. But hell's only a joke to frighten females. I don't set no store by it."
"Better leave that, Mr. Mundy. If you really believe your end is near, let us be serious. Yes, I'll smoke my pipe. And you must feel very, very sure that what you tell me is absolutely sacred, unless you wish it otherwise."

"Nought sacred about it, I reckon—all 'otter way. An' as for telling, you can go an' shout it from top of Believer Tor if you'm minded to. I don't care a farden curse who knows it now. Wait till I'm out of it; an' then do as you please."

He drank a little milk, remained silent a moment with his eyes upon the fire, and presently began to tell his life's strange tale.

"Me an' my brother was the only children our parents ever had; an' my brother was five years older'n me. My father, Jonas, Mundy, got money through a will, an' he brought it to Dartmoor, like a fool, an' rented a bit of Moor from the Duchy of Cornwall, an' built a farm upon it, an' set to work to reclaim the land. At first he prospered, an' Aller Bottom Farm, as my father called it, was a promising place, so

long as sweat of man poured out there without ceasing. You can see the ruins of it yet, for when Jonas Mundy died an' it fell to me, I left it an' comed up here; an' the chap as took it off my hands—he went bankrupt inside three year. 'Tis all failed to pieces now, for none tried again.

"But that's to overrun the matter. When I was fifteen an' my brother, John James, was twenty, us both failed in love with the same maid. You stare; but though fifteen in years, I was twenty-five in understanding, an' a very concealing youth where women were concerned. Nelly Baker had turned seventeen, an' more than once I told her that though a boy of fifteen couldn't wed a maid of her age without making folks laugh, even if he could get a parson to hitch them, yet a chap of three-an'-twenty might very properly take a girl of five-an'-twenty without the deed calling for any question. An' her loved me truly enough; for though you only see a worn out scarecrow afore you now, yet seventy year ago I filled the eye of more maidens than one, and was a bowerly youth to look upon—tall, straight, tough, wi' hair so black as a crow.

"John James be never knowed that I cared a button for Nelly. I never showed it to a living soul but her by word or look; an' she kept quiet—for fear of being laughed at no doubt. Her folks were dead on the match with John James, an' he pressed her so hard that she'd have took him but for me. He was a pretty fellow too—the Mundy's were very personable as a family. Quite different though from me. Fair polled, wi' flaxen hair, an' terrible strong was John James, an' the best wrestler on Darty-moor in them days.

"Me an' her met by appointment a week afore she'd got to give him a final 'yes' or 'no.' I mind it very well to this hour; an' yet 'tis seventy odd years ago. On Harland Tor us sat in the heather unseen, an' I put my arms around her, an' loved her, an' promised to make her a happy woman. Then I told her what she'd got to do. First I made her prick her finger wi' a thorn of the furze, an' draw blood, an' swear afore the Living God she'd marry me as soon as I could make her mistress of a farm. She was for joking about the matter at first, but I soon forced her to grow serious. She done what I told her, an' since she believed in the Living God, I reckoned her oath would bind her fast enough. As for me, I laughed out of sight, for I never believed in nothing but myself—not even when I was a boy under twenty years old. Next I bade her fall out with John James. I put words in her mouth to say to him, 'I know the fashion of man he be—short an' fiery in his temper,' I told her. 'He hot an' quick with him.' Tell him he's not your sort an' never will be—quarrel with his colour, if you like. Tell him he'm too pink an' white for 'e.' Say, 'tis enough that your own eyes be blue, an' that you'd never wed a blue-eyed man. Make him angry—you ban't a woman if you don't know how to do that. Then the rest be easy enough. He'll flare an' flame like a tar barrel on Guy Fawkes night. But he'll trouble you no more, for he'm so proud as Satan.

"Nelly Baker took in all I said; an' inside a week she'd dropped my brother. But 'twas what he done after that startled folks, for without a word to any living soul, he vanished, like the

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few of the morning, four-an'-twenty hours after she'd flung him over. I was the last that seed him. We were working together out pon' the land; an' he was sour an' crusty w' his trouble an' hadn't a word to fling at me. Dimpy light fell, an' I went in a tooth-shed to don my jacket an' go home. 'Twas autumn an' us had been spreading manure upon the meadow. 'Be you coming, John James?' I said. 'You go to hell,' he answered. 'I'll come when I've a mind to, an' maybe I won't come at all.' So home I walked w'out an' other word; an' he never comed; an' nobody ever heard a whisper about him again from that day to this. For a soldier he went 'twas thought; but the after history of an never reached nobody at Postbridge; an' whether he was shot or whether he gathered glory in foreign parts none 'pon Darty Moor can tell you.

"A nine days' wonder it was; an' it killed my mother; for John James was the apple of her eye. Her never cared a button for me, 'cause I was the living likeness of her brother—my uncle Silas Pond. They sent him to Botany Bay for burning down wheat-stacks. A bad lot he was, no doubt; an' a fool to boot, which is worse. For he got caught an' punished. An' he deserved all he got— for letting 'em catch him.

"With John James out of the way, I comed to be a bit more important in the house, an' when my mother died, father got to trust me with his money. I was old for my years, you see. As for Nelly, she kept so true to me as the hind to her nest—for five years; an' then I'd got to be twenty, an' had saved over three hundred pound for her; an' she was twenty-two. A good many chaps wanted to marry her; but she kept our secret close; an' said 'nay' to some very snug men, an' just waited for me an' Aller Bottom Farm.

"Then, when I'd reckoned to name the day an' take her so soon as I comed of age Oliver Honeywell turned up from down country an' rented that old tenement from what he called Merripit. So good land as any 'pon all Dartmoor goes with it. An' he comed w' a flourish of trumpets an' plenty of money. He was going to larn us all how to farm, an' how to make money 'pon weekdays, an' how to get to heaven Sundays.

"Rot the devil! I see him now—smug, sleek, fat, handsome, prosperous man, with the insolence of a spoilt cat!

He'd preach in the open air of a Sunday, for there was no parson nor church here in them days. Strong as a horse—a very practical man—always right. Did plenty of good, as the saying goes, an' went about like a procession, as if he expected angels from heaven to be waiting for him at every street corner with a golden crown. His right hand was generous, but he took very good care his left hand knowed it. He didn't do his good in secret, nor yet hide his light under a bushel. He was a black-haired man, with scholarship an' money behind him. He knew the bettermost folks. They called upon him, I believe, an' axed him to their houses, it was said. He hunted and paid money to help three different packs o' hounds. An old mother kept house for him. He tried to patronise the whole of Postbridge an' play the squire an' vicar rolled into one. Men as owed him nought an' thanked him for nought pulled their hair to him. But there be some fools who will always touch their hats to a pair o' horses. There comed to be an idea in people's minds that Honeywell was a Godsend, though if you asked them why, they generally couldn't tell you.

"An' my Nelly falled in love with him. 'At least she said so, though Christ knows that the pompous fool, for all his fine linen, weren't a patch on what I was at twenty-one. Any way he comed courting her, for 'twas not known yet that me an' Nelly was more'n friends; an' then when he heard how we had been secretly tokened for no less than six years, he comed to see me with a long-winded lie in his mouth. An' the lie was larded w' texts from Scripture. Nelly Baker had misunderstood her feelings about me, he said; her had never knowed what true love was till she met him; an' he hoped I'd behave as honestly as he had; an' all the rest of it. In fact, she'd throwed me over for him an' his money an' his high position; an' he comed to let me down gently with bits from the Bible. As for her, she always lusted after money an' property.

"Us fought hand to hand, for I flew at the man like a dog, an' I'd have strangled him an' tore the liver out of him, but some chaps heard him howling an' runned along an' pulled me off his throat in time.

"He didn't have the law of me; but Nelly Baker kept out of my way afterwards, like as if I was the plague; an' then six months passed an' they was

axed out in marriage so grand as you please at Widercombe Church.

"I only seed her once more; but after lying in wait for her, weeks an' weeks, like a fox for a rabbit, it chanced at last that I met her one evening going home across the moor above Aller Bottom Farm 'pon the edge of the last of our fields. Then as had a bit of a tell, 'Twas only a fortnight afore she was going to marry Mr Oliver Honeywell.

"I axed her to change her mind; I spoke to her so gentle as a dove croons; but she was ice all through—cold an' hard an' wicked to me. Then I growed savage. I noticed how mincing he'd growed in her speech since Honeywell had took her up. She was changed from a good Devon maid into a town miss, full o' airs an' graces that made me sick to see. He'd poisoned her.

"'Do try an' be sensible,' she said. 'We were silly children all them years, you know, Mr Mundy. You'll find somebody much better suited to you than I am—really you will. Have you ever thought of Mary Reep now? She's prettier than I am—I am sure she is.'

"Her named the darter of William Reep, a common labourer as worked on Honeywell's farm at ten shilling a week. Then the devil in me broke loose, an' quite right too.

"'We've gone up in the world of late then. 'Twas always your hope and prayer to come by a bit of property. But 'tis a coorious thing,' I said, 'do you know that you'm standing just where my brother, John James, stood last time ever he was seed by mortal eyes.'

"'What's that to me?' she said. 'Let me go by, please, Mr Mundy. I'm late as it is.'

"'He was never seed again,' I told her. 'Tis a coorious thing to me, as you be standing on the same spot at the same time—just as he did—in the first shadow of night. His going, you see, made me my father's heir, an' rich enough to give you a good home some day.'

"Then her growed a thought pale, an' tried to pass me.

"I went home presently; but from that hour Nelly Baker was seen no more. None ever knowed I'd been the last to speak with her; an' none ever pitied me; but there was a rare fuss made over Oliver Honeywell. He wore black for her; an' bided a bachelor for five year. Then he married a widow; but not till his mother died.

"An' that's the story I thought would interest some folks."

The minister tapped his pipe on the hob and knocked the ashes out. He cleared his throat an' spoke. He had learned nothing that was new to him.

"It is a strange story indeed, Mr. Mundy; and I am interested to have heard it from your own lips. Rumour has not lied for once. The tale, as you tell it, is substantially the same that has

been handed down in this village for two generations. But no one knows that you were the last to see Nelly Baker. Did you ever guess what happened?"

The old man smiled and showed his empty gums.

"No—I didn't guess, because I knowed very well without guessing," he said. "All the same, I should have thought that you, with your mighty fine knowledge of human nature, would have guessed very quick. 'Twas I killed my brother—broke in the back of his head w' a pickaxe when he was down on one knee tying his bootlace. An' me only, 15 year old! An' I killed Nelly Baker—how it don't matter. You'll find the dust of 'em side by side in one of them old 'money pits' 'pon Believer Tor. 'Tis a place that looks due east, an' there's a ring of stones a hundred yards away from it. The 'old men' buried their dead there once, I've heard tell. Break down a gert flat slab o' granite alongside a white lichen tree; an' you'll find what's left of 'em in a deep hole behind. So she never comed by any property after all."

The ancient sinner's head fell forward, but his eyes were still open.

"Good God! After all these years! Man, man, make your peace; confess your awful crime!" cried the clergyman.

The other answered:

"None of that—none of that rot! I'd do the same this minute; an' if there was anything that comed after—if I met that damned witch in hell to-morrow—I'd kill her over again, if her still had a body I could shake the life out of. Now get you gone an' let me pass in peace."

The reverend gentleman departed at his best speed, but presently returned, bringing soups and cordials. With him there came a cottage woman who performed services for the sick. But when Mrs. Badger saw Noah Mundy, she perceived that little remained to do.

"He's gone," she said, "soft an' sweet as a baby falls to sleep. Some soup an' water an' a coffin be all he wants now, your honour; not this here beautiful broth, nor brandy neither. So you had best go backalong, sir; an' send old Mother Dave up to help me, if you please."

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Of course nature intended that every one should feel strong and vigorous all the time. We are usually to blame if we do not enjoy this good health. We are overworked, worry too much, have too many cares, and perhaps the warm climate debilitates us. What shall we do? Keep right on suffering in this way? Or take medicine that will remove every impurity from the blood, make the blood rich and red, and give vigor and tone to the nerves? Such a medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A medicine that has been sold for over sixty years.

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BY OTTOMAN JANTHED MOONHO

Here and There.

The most magnificent piece of architecture in the world is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, India. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with every sort of precious stone. The work took 20,000 men 20 years to complete, and though there were numerous gifts and the labour was free, the cost was £3,200,000.

"This manuscript," remarked the middle-aged, long-haired gentleman as he took a seat in the editorial sanctum, and produced a bulky packet from his pocket, "this manuscript is an inquiry regarding the whereabouts of the long lost ten tribes of Israel."

"Lost ten tribes?" replied the editor, briskly. "Our charge for lost and found notices is a shilling a line. Apply at the publishing office, please."

The horse dealer is said to be a man of great natural shrewdness, but wanting in a sense of honour or probity—as far as transactions over horses are concerned. You might buy a cow from him, for example, and trust to getting a fair deal. In this particular case there was a dispute with a customer which the dealer carried into court. "Is it not a fact," asked the solicitor for the plaintiff, "that my client sold you a pair of carriage horses?" "No, it is not," said the defendant emphatically. "The facts are that I bought and paid for a pair of carriage horses, but what he sold me was a pair of cart horses. Do you see the difference?" The Court did, anyway.

Mr. W. H. Phillips, late Mayor of Waikato, in company with a few friends had a most exciting experience when returning from a fishing expedition to Whale Island the other day. They were coming in a 6-ton yacht from Tauranga with a haul of some 300 snappers. The yacht ran into a strong ebb tide. With a heavy sea running, little or no headway could be made, and for two hours the crew battled against sea and tide, and were in danger of getting into the breakers. A kedge anchor was got out, but was lost, when another was tried with better results. After considerable difficulty the party got clear of danger, but it is considered they had a narrow escape.—(Waikato correspondent.)

On a rainy day people carrying umbrellas in front of them frequently collide with each other, but now this annoyance is to be avoided. Pedestrians picking their way through the rain are relieved of this bother and care by the use of an umbrella which is provided with a window, through which the pedestrian may pick his way in absolute freedom from accidents of this character. The invention consists of a circular frame of metal sewed into the centre of one of the panels of the umbrella, and this holds a sheet of celluloid or other transparent material, through which the pedestrian can have a constant view of the path in front of him.

The indefatigable Felix Tanner is engaged in building another "ark" at Wellington. The new craft will measure 25ft long, 6ft in breadth, and 6ft depth of hold. The barrel, which is a prominent feature of the "ark," will measure 12ft long, 6ft 6in broad, and 5ft deep. The vessel will carry one mast, and will be cutter-rigged. The craft will weigh about 18cwt. White pine will be used for the planking, and the vessel, Mr Tanner says, will be a vast improvement on all previous "arks." The new boat will be ready for launching in about a month, and will make a trial run from Wellington to Waunganui and back. It will then be exhibited at Wellington, after which Mr Tanner proposes to visit in turn Hokitika, West Coast ports, back en route to Nelson, Lyttelton, Dunedin, Auckland, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Albany, Zanzibar, Suez, Gibraltar, London, thence round the British Isles to the U.S.A., and back to New Zealand. Mr Tanner paid a visit recently to the scene of the stranding of his last "ark," which he set fire to, as a safeguard to prevent its being carried to sea.

One of the queerest notices of marriages I have ever received," says a Yorkshire parson, "was the following, which came from one of my parishioners: "This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jemima Arabella B— is coming to your church on Saturday afternoon next, to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour." "Forewarned is forearmed. I was 'prompt,' and the 'operation' was performed while the cab waited."

A parish minister, who was getting up a sale of work, sent his man round the parish to deliver circulars regarding the event. Next afternoon he came upon the luckless beadle lying upon the roadside in a state of intoxication. "Dear me, John," said the minister, in great concern, "how has this come about?" "Weel, ye see, sir," John explained, with some difficulty, "when I gaed to the hooses w' the circulars they insisted on givin' me a dram, and, of course, I couldna refuse, seein' it was a' for the benefit o' the bazaar." "But surely," said the minister, "there were some total abstinents in the parish?" "Oh, ay," replied the beadle, "but I sent them theirs by post."

Mark Twain and W. D. Howells were one day hunching in a cafe. Two over-dressed young men entered, and the first said in a loud voice:

"Waiter, bring me some bisque of lobster, a bottle of white wine, and a chop. Just mention my name to the cook, too, so that everything will be done to my liking."

The second young man said:

"Bring me some sole with peas, and tell the cook who it's for."

Mr Twain gave his order a moment later. He said, with a wink at his companion:

"Bring me a half-dozen oysters, and mention my name to each of them."

The following little story of the late Mr Herbert Spencer illustrates his love for children. One day a little boy paid a visit to the great philosopher's library. After a long and patient perusal of the titles of the works that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Spencer, and asked in a piteous sort of way: "Haven't you got 'Jack the Giant Killer'?" The philosopher regretted to say that in all his immense library he had not a copy. The child looked at him in a pitying way, and silently left the room. The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies clasped tightly in his chubby fist, and laying them down, told the philosopher "that he could now buy a 'Jack the Giant Killer' of his own."

Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, and Macaulay were politicians first, authors incidentally. Nowadays the tables are turned, and the literary men are making letters a road to politics. Sir A. Conan Doyle has already contested Edinburgh, and will be seen again at the coming election. Mr Rider Haggard is another Unionist who will possibly be returned for one division of Norfolk. Sir Gilbert Parker is in Parliament. Mr Anthony Hope has lost one election but may contest another. Mr Stanley Weyman has entered the arena as a supporter of Mr Chamberlain; but Mr A. K. W. Mason, of "Four Feathers" fame, has joined the opposite camp, and has been adopted as Liberal candidate for a Midland constituency.

A true story of Herbert Spencer—none the worse, perhaps, for being a little belated. He once won a curious wager. He was staying for a fishing holiday in the house of Sir Francis Powell, the president of the Scottish Academy, and, while angling for trout, he happened to drop his eye-glasses into a deep pool of the river. In the evening he related his misadventure to his host and the guests, and said that he was prepared to bet that he would recover the piece from the bottom of the pool. His friends declared that this was an impossible feat, but Herbert Spencer still offered to make the bet. His challenge was accepted by one of the visitors. Upon the following evening

Spencer returned to the house with his missing eye-glasses. He had fastened a strong magnet on the end of his fishing-line, and fished for the glasses until it came into contact with their steel rim.

The Auckland Scenery Conservation week by the committee, states that in the past year there was a considerable increase in membership and in revenue. The death of Mr W. Berry is recorded with regret. Thanks are accorded to the Cornwall Park Trust, Captain McQueen, Mrs Pierce and the Avoca School Committee for donations of trees and bulbs, and the Epsom Road Board for turf. These, with a number of trees paroled, were distributed to schools and public bodies, anxious to improve their grounds. Considerable improvements have been made in the Parnell public school by the Board, School Committee and the society. The report records the part the society took in the Domain discussion, and regrets the failure to secure removal of the buildings in the Domain. The society recommended numerous places to the Scenery Preservation Commissioners for reserve, and was promised every consideration; and the representations of the society to the Government against the destruction of Pohutukawa for railway sleepers. The Survey Office has also decided to save the native bush on coastal cliffs, etc., where possible. The City Council is being approached to have a sundial erected in Albert Park. The society is moving in the direction of "having established a strong State Forestry Department." The improvement of the city parks and reserves is recorded as now occupying the attention of the City Council.

It must be gratifying to all that substantial progress is being made with the great Indian memorial to Queen Victoria at Calcutta (says a Home paper). It is only three years since the project was raised, when it was then decided it should take the shape of a great marble hall, to be known as the Victoria Hall, and be erected on the Calcutta Maidan. It is to serve primarily as a monument to the great Empress Queen, and in the second place as a national gallery and Vahalla for the Indian Empire. It is being built with the subscriptions of the Princes and the people, the European and the native communities of India, and the money began at once to pour in. Within the space of three months thirty-four lakhs of rupees (£227,000) were raised, and the fund now exceeds £350,000. So magnificent were the offers of some of the Indian Princes—the Maharaja of Kashmir, for instance, offered 15 lakhs, the Maharaja of Gwalior 10, and the Maharaja of Jaipur five—that the Viceroy was compelled to suggest a curtailment, and fixed the limit at one lakh. The Victoria Hall is estimated to cost £200,000, and will be of pure white marble in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. It will stand upon a terrace six or seven feet high, extending in some forty feet in width all round the building, and will face northwards across the parade ground. The great dome rising into the

air to a height of 160ft, and surmounted by a statue of Victory, will cover the Central Hall, in which will be placed a marble statue representing the Queen in her youth. One of the chief features of the Memorial is the Hall of Princes, which will be set apart for the contributions and collections of the Indian chiefs, and there will also be a Durbar Hall, to be used for investitures and public meetings.

A German naturalist, M. Werner, of Vienna, has recently reported the result of observations that he has been making for some time on the senses of inferior vertebrates.

On certain points the conclusions of M. Werner are very surprising, and in all they are worthy of notice.

M. Werner has observed 136 individuals, of which one-third were at liberty, and he took all possible precautions not to let the creatures know they were watched.

One general fact is evident, that reptiles and amphibians are strongly attracted by water. They go straight for it, even when they are at a distance so great that they could not divine its presence by any of the senses known to us. It seems really that a sense of which we have no knowledge informs them of the direction in which water may be found.

Alligators and crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances of more than six times their length, according to M. Werner.

In the water, fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem, perhaps, unlikely to anglers, although some of them can cite proofs.

Snakes seem to have a very mediocre sense of sight. The boa, for instance, does not see at more than a quarter of a third of its own length; different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length.

Isn't it strange that people should go to New York to rest up? You know what Broadway and Fifth Avenue are from Thirtieth to Thirty-fifth street—the densest, noisiest place in the world. Yet I know a prominent Pittsburgh business man, who, when he gets tired, slams down his roll-top desk, seizes his case and takes the train East. In New York he patronises a well-known hotel, much favoured by Pittsburghers, asks for a room on the twelfth floor, and if he gets it, or one on the floor either above or below, he is happy: Twelve floors up he is removed from the noise of the busy pavement below. So far as quietude is concerned he might as well be in a country village. In the morning the bright sunshine steals in at his window, which overlooks the river and the docks below. At night the view is one of enchantment, watching the vessels moving to and fro with their myriad of lights. And, although there is quietly below in a dozen corners of that self-same hotel, no sound of it ever penetrates to his quarters. But this is only one of the many possibilities of a very wonderful town.—"Pittsburg Dispatch."

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We were lovers when first we met, my sweet,
 Or ever the Sphinx was planned.
 And I kissed the prints of your sandalled feet
 In the soft Saharan sand.
 You wore a gown that was not so slow
 And I wore a cheerful smile,
 In the lone some land of the Long Ago,
 On a neck of the nervous Nile.

Now were a maiden of Rome, my pet,
 Toga'd and trim and tall,
 And the flit of your fan I remember yet
 As my legion marched for Gaul.
 But we stotically stayed our trembling tears—
 That day in the brave year One—
 For we knew that our love could vanquish years
 And make a century run.

In Ethiother's time we sought, my dear,
 A tower of bitumen shade
 Where the swains and the birds did not
 Look queer
 To a tapestry man and maid,
 And we saw no cloud in the saffron sky
 As you gave me a four leaved rose,
 But love leaped high as we said good bye
 For your hair were pointed toes.

Once more, on the age-old feast of Idris,
 I thrill with the same sweet fits,
 Do I ask too much if I crave kind words
 But once in a thousand years?
 It is not my fault in the pitiless plan
 Of the centuries writ and whirl,
 If I am only a Remington man,
 While you are a Gibson girl.

"Reincarnation," by Herman Knickerbocker Viole, in the N.Y. "Bookman."

There was a boy named Grumble Tone,
 Who ran away to sea,
 "I'm sick of things on land," he said, "as
 sick as I can be!"
 A life upon the bounding wave is just the
 life for me!

But the seething ocean billows failed to
 stimulate his mirth,
 For he did not like the vessel or the dizzy,
 rolling berth,
 And he thought the sea was almost as un-
 pleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw
 each wondrous sight,
 But nothing that he heard or saw seemed
 just exactly right,
 And so he journeyed on and on, still seek-
 ing for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies grand; he
 dined in courts, they say,
 But always found the people dull and
 longed to get away,
 To search for that mysterious land where
 he should want to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair
 grew white as snow;
 He reached that fabled bourne at last where
 all of us must go,
 But never found the land he sought; the
 reason would you know?

The reason was that north or south,
 wherever his steps were bent,
 On land or sea, in court or hall, he found
 but discontent.
 For he took his disposition with him, ev-
 erywhere he went.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,
 in the New York "American."

Here is a quaint zoological rhyme from
 an English journal:—

No sweeter girl "ewe" ever "ent"
 Than Betty "Marten's" daughter Sue,
 With "wable" hair, small "tapir" waist,
 And his you "goose" like to taste;
 Bright "mud"-ent eyes, like the "gnelle,"
 "Nheep" portly brought to "bear" so well;
 "Ape" pretty lass, it was avowed,
 Of whom her "marmot" to be proud,
 "Dreer" girl I "love" her as my life,
 And vowed to "heifer" for my wife,
 Alas! a sailor on the sly,
 Had cast on her his "wether" eye,
 He said my love for her was boss,
 And my affection I "mangroosh"
 He'd "dog" her footsteps everywhere
 "Antenter" in the easy chair;
 He'd "settle" round this sailor chap,
 And "pollter" out upon the map,
 Where once a pirate "cruiser" "bone"
 Him captive to a foreign shore,
 The cruel captain far outdid
 The "yala" and crimes of Robert "Kil"
 He oft would "whale" Jack with the "rat,"
 And say, "My love, do you like that?
 What makes you "btag" around so say?
 The "cutamounts" to something, hey?
 Then he would "seal" it with an oath,
 And say, "You are a lazy "loth"
 "I'll stave you down, my sailor fine,"
 Unfit for beet "don" "ponnie"
 And, fairly "horse" with British laughter,
 Would say, "Henceforth, mind what "gir-
 affe" ter!"

In short, the many ricks he ran
 Might well be "huan" huan
 Then he was wracked and "reaster" shore
 While feebly clinging to "onoar"
 "Hyeau" cleft among the rocks
 He crept, sans shoes, and minus "ox"
 And when he had "sent" it to bed,
 He had to "lion" leaves instead,
 Then Sue would say with troubled face,
 "How "koodoo" live in such a place?"
 And straightaway into tears would melt,
 And say, "How "dager" must have felt!"
 While he, the brute, "woudneck" her
 chin,
 And say, "Ag-ay, may I am" and grin.

Excuse these "loers" 'n' 'I's h'ter now!
 There's naught like grief the "hart" can
 "cow."
 "Jackedness" her to be his, and she—
 She gave "Jackull," and "Jited" me.
 And now, alas! the "h'm" me
 Is bound to him with Hyman's "linz."

Mr. Lewis Waller is coming out in a
 new role—that of a racehorse owner. Li-
 lac with green sleeves and white cap are
 his newly registered racing colours. The
 famous actor, who has always taken a
 keen interest in the turf, will doubtless
 have as big a following of racegoers as he
 has of playgoers. Among people con-
 nected with the stage who own racehorses
 may be mentioned Mr. "Gaiety" Est-
 wairdes, Mrs. Langtry (known on the turf
 as "Mr. Jersey"), and Mr. Sleuth Skel-
 ton.—London "P.P."

Humboldt raised seeds in a solution
 of chlorine in six hours, instead of the
 30 to 36 hours they would otherwise
 have required. These seeds may be
 steeped for 10 hours in ordinary water,
 and then in a solution of three grammes
 of chlorine to the litre. After being ex-
 posed to the sun for six hours, they are
 dried and sown in the usual way. Seed
 steeped for eight hours in a solution of
 a gramme of camphor in two litres of
 water containing a few drops of alcohol
 will produce an excellent effect. It not
 only hastens the germination, but if the
 solution is afterwards used for watering
 the plant, the plant is greatly strength-
 ened. Heckel's experiments with radish
 seed showed that if the seed be soaked
 in a solution of iodine it will germinate
 in five days; three days are required
 after soaking in a solution of bromine,
 and the solution of chlorine will reduce
 the period to two days, which is a quar-
 ter of the normal time required. Heckel
 eventually reduced the period to a day
 and a half by a solution of camphor and
 bromine. In fact, all substances which
 readily part with the oxygen they con-
 tain, have this accelerating power. Sul-
 phuric, nitric, muriatic acids, litharge,
 all, of course, strongly diluted, possess
 this property.—"Westminster "Gazette."

Once upon a time there was a Bathing
 Suit which differed from all its asso-
 ciates, for it was modest. It was
 much distressed at being so much talk-
 ed about and caricatured in the papers.
 It had figured in the seashore scene in
 a spectacular play. But, as I say, its
 mortification was extreme that it was
 obliged to bear such undesirable public-
 ity. No one would believe that a re-
 tiring disposition could belong to a
 bathing suit, and it was merely laugh-
 ed at for its attempted vindication of
 its character.
 But after thinking for a very long
 time on a possible course of action, it
 remembered that everyone called the
 violet modest, and determined to go
 and ask the little flower what it did to
 get up such an international reputa-
 tion. So the Bathing Suit came to the
 Violet and asked it the momentous
 question, "What do you do to make
 people all call you modest?"
 The Violet dropped her pretty head,
 and softly answered, "I shrink!"
 So the Bathing Suit went away and
 began to shrink, and the more it shrank
 the more it got itself talked about, un-
 til at last there was an unbearable scan-
 dal.

Which goes to show that what is em-
 inently proper and respectable for one
 person to do is often poor taste for an-
 other.—"Puck."

Since more boys than girls are born
 in the countries of Western Europe,
 the proportion being from 1040 to 1060
 boys to every 1000 girls, how can we ac-
 count for the fact that there are more
 women than men in those countries? To
 this question M. de Varigny, a French
 scientist, replies at length in a leading
 Paris paper: "Since there are more wo-
 men, although more men are born," he
 says, "we must conclude that more men
 die than women, because they are not
 as healthy. There is no other solution,
 and, moreover, all the obtainable facts
 point in the same direction. More boys
 are born than girls, yet there are
 almost always more girls alive than
 boys. Many persons think that the
 principal reason why more men die than
 women is because they lead intemperate
 lives. But though there may be some
 truth in this, it cannot be the sole
 solution of the problem, as the mortality
 among males is greatest during their
 early years, before they know what vice
 or intemperance means. The first two
 years of life are extremely dangerous
 in the case of boys, and those among
 them who are attacked by almost any
 ailment are less likely to recover than
 girls of the same age are. Indeed, un-
 til he is five years old the average boy
 is delicate, and this fact alone explains
 why the number of women exceeds that
 of men."

The tune of "Bedelia," which George
 Lauri introduced in "Tapu," is now being
 whistled by every "divorvik" in Moscow.
 An ingenious Russian named Mirsky, be-
 ing at a loss for music for a patriotic
 song, adopted the popular melody which
 has "caught on."

The music is nightly played in the
 Grand restaurant, and ultra-patriotic
 diners sometimes rise and chant the Mus-
 covite version, the first verse of which
 runs as follows:

"Japanese, we're going to lick you.
 Japanese O, pig-tailed dwarf!
 Get your back to your geibas, O
 cowards!
 Leave fighting to men!"

The "London Gazette" of a late date
 states that the Lord Chancellor has
 abolished the following fees received in
 the office of the Clerk of the Crown in
 Chancery:—(1) The warrant for letters
 patent to be passed under the Great
 Seal on the grant of the dignity of a
 Knight Bachelor, £10; (2) the letters
 patent for the creation of a Knight
 Bachelor, £50. Honours are officially
 granted by means of letters patent, on
 which fixed stamp duties are payable.
 These are as under:—Duke, £350;
 Marquis, £300; Earl, £250; Viscount,
 £200; Baron, £150; Baronet, £100.
 These are the bare fees alone; there are
 "extras," which add heavily to them.
 The great Orders are more costly still.
 It will be remembered that in Decem-
 ber 1902 Lord Roberts contested the
 demand of the Court officials for a
 payment of some £450 for the Order of
 the Garter which was bestowed upon
 him. Altogether the famous soldier
 was asked to pay nearly £1000 for his
 honours. In the case of the Garter
 there is material wealth to show for
 the sum paid. The collar alone, richly
 enamelled with roses and mottoes,
 weighs twenty ounces of pure gold, and
 is jewelled as well.

Not a few readers of the "Songs and
 Verses" of Lady John Scott, edited by
 her grandniece, and published by Mr
 David Douglas, of Edinburgh, will re-
 gret the omission of "Annie Laurie,"
 one of the most popular songs in the
 English-speaking world (remarks a Lon-
 don journal). Lady John Scott, who
 died four years ago, at the age of 90,
 was a sister-in-law of the late Duke of
 Buccleuch, for whom she made a collec-
 tion of old Scotch songs and tunes;
 she was an accomplished musician as
 well as a verse-writer, and it is worth
 remarking, that, in her youth, she was
 for some time under the tuition of
 Manuel Garcia, who is now in his 100th
 year. Lady Scott, who, with Lady Cav-
 dor, was the only person, it may be re-
 called, in Dalkeith Palace to receive
 Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, on
 the occasion of their visit in 1842—re-
 lated to Lord Napier the story of
 "Annie Laurie." "I made the tune long
 ago," she stated, "to an absurd ballad,
 and once, before I was married, I was
 staying at Marchmont, and fell in with
 a collection of Allan Cunningham's
 poetry. I took a fancy to the words
 of 'Annie Laurie,' and thought they
 would go well to the tune I speak of.
 I didn't quite like the words, however,
 and I altered the verse—'She's backit
 like a peacock'—to what it is now; and
 made the third verse—'Like dew on the

gown hyin'—myself, only for my own
 amusement." Lady John Scott, who dis-
 liked publicity, gave "Annie Laurie,"
 and other songs to a London publisher,
 in 1856, in aid of the widows and orphans
 of soldiers killed in the Crimean War.
 A volume of Lady John Scott's music
 will be ready shortly.

In an article in "Photography" the
 editor irrefutably dispels the supposition
 cherished in certain circles that the
 spirits of the departed can be photo-
 graphed.

With infinite care he has "treated" a
 large number of photographs alleged to
 represent the 'spirits' of dead persons,
 and he shows them all to be "mere
 fakes."

"The allegations of the spiritualists,"
 he says, "are sufficiently striking to justify
 an inquiry, and that inquiry we
 have pursued for several years."

Among the points to which he draws
 particular attention are the following:—
 "The 'spirit form' in many cases is
 'lit' from the opposite side to the sitter."

"The peculiar degradation of tone
 values, well known and easily recognised
 by photographers as resulting from copy-
 ing a photograph," characterises the
 "spiritual" part of nearly all "spirit
 photographs."

"Spirit portraits" of persons who died
 before the introduction of photography
 take the form of copies of paintings, or
 even crude engravings or line drawings.

"A notable case was shown of the
 actor Kean, in which the 'spirit' was clearly
 a copy of an early Victorian engraving."

"In no instance of a 'spirit portrait' of
 a well-known or eminent person is the
 'spirit' represented as looking at or wel-
 coming the material person, as suggested
 by the medium, but is in one of the well-
 known attitudes in which he was photo-
 graphed in life."

"Many 'spirit faces' bear unmistakable
 evidence of the interposition at some
 stage of the process of a half-tone
 screen."


"Somewhere or other, in the produc-
 tion of these photographs," he adds,
 "where or by whom we are not called
 upon to show, there has been deliberate,
 intentional, and, as we hope we have
 made plain, very clumsy trickery."

A recent issue of the "Leisure Hour"
 has an interesting article on the British
 Ambassador, by Miss Mary Spencer War-
 ren.

Miss Warren begins her article by tel-
 ling us of the Ambassador's apprenticeship—
 how he passes through the various
 grades of secretaryship to that of charge
 d'affaires, how he may become an envoy
 and receive his credentials from the
 Sovereign, and then a Minister formally
 accredited to a foreign Sovereign or State,
 and, finally, after several years' service,
 how he may attain to the exalted position
 of Ambassador. Only very few, however,
 can hope to attain this high position;
 for although the Diplomatic Corps of
 Great Britain is large, there are only
 seven personages of the rank of Ambassa-
 dor, and the countries to which they
 are attached are France, Germany, Rus-
 sia, Austria, Italy, America and Turkey.
 The salaries range from £4000 in Italy to
 £9000 in France. Every Ambassador has
 an official residence, and he may at any
 moment be called upon to receive in his
 house the monarch of the country where

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he is residing.

He practically plays the role of a king. Also he can negotiate with foreign Governments, for when he first arrives at the Court to which he is admitted he has with him a sealed letter from his Sovereign to the Sovereign to whom he is sent, saying that the former will approve of everything his representative does in his name.

An Ambassador has many privileges; he is entitled to either public or private audience with the Sovereign of the Court to which he is attached, and he may, if he choose to do so, enter and remain in that Sovereign's presence with his hat on.

An Ambassador is exempt from the taxes of the country in which he resides, and may even refuse the payment of local rates. Moreover, he enjoys perfect immunity from that country's laws, and not only he, but his family, his staff, and his servants. He and they cannot be arrested for debt, and he can import a certain amount of foreign goods free of duty, the amount varying in different countries; that is, some concede free importation for first six months of office with after annual concessions; others give periodical free importation up to a certain value.

Should His Excellency be guilty of any offence against the country his recall can be demanded of the British Court, and, needless to say, if any member of an Ambassador's suite should offend the criminal law of the country, the Minister would probably hand him over for trial, otherwise a grave breach between the countries might be incurred; but the emissaries of the law could not by any possibility enter the Embassy to make an arrest or serve a writ, as, once having crossed the threshold, they would be on English ground; everyone living beneath that roof is amenable to British law only.

John Kendrick Bangs, who wrote "The House Boat on the Styx," is giving the "New York Herald" some choice extracts from "The Diary of Father Time." This is how the diarist deals with the tactfulness of Edward VII.:—If there is one characteristic for which the seventh Edward of Great Britain has always been noted it is his tactfulness. Many anecdotes illustrative of this have been told by his loyal subjects of the British Empire, and by his numerous staunch admirers in America as well. I recall visiting the royal nursery on an afternoon in 1844, or thereabouts. The Prince was enjoying all the delights of babyhood, and he took the greatest pleasure in contemplating his own name—which, as my readers may recall, in full is 'Albert Edward George Henry Fitzmorris John Thomas William Hubert Reginald Chauncey Theodore Henderson Alfred Howard Lewis Edgar James Saxe-Coburg de Gotha-Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Waitin, he having been named after all the family who could be recalled at the time of his christening. It was a long name and hard to remember, and yet when one of his distant relatives who had been forgotten at the moment the Prince was named—a certain Prince Peter from Russia—asked the child what his name was, upon the occasion to which I refer, he replied instantly, but with rare tact: "Well, my name in full is Albert Edward George Henry Fitzmorris continued in our next Waitin, but my best friends call me 'Pete' for short." It was predicted by the Platinum Stick in Waitin, at that time that the young Prince would prove the most diplomatic monarch in history, a prophecy which was no doubt in the mind of "Punch's" editor, who said that Edward would not consent to reign until all his subjects were provided with umbrellas.

The precocity of Alfred Austin is another subject upon which Father Time descants. He says:—However much surprise certain persons may have felt at the appointment of Mr Alfred Austin to the Poet Laureateship, his friends who had followed his career from boyhood up took the selection as a matter of course. I must confess that my own acquaintance with the poet began with that appointment, and I have always rejoiced at the selection, because otherwise I should probably never have heard of him and should thereby have missed much in the way of English verse that is unquestionably charming. From the aforesaid friends, however, I have heard much of the earlier days of the Laureate, and from one little incident, dating back to the poet's seventh year, I can quite understand how it was that the friends of his youth expected great things of him. The incident referred to tells very simply of a Limerick which the boy

Alfred wrote at that tender age. As reported to us it ran this way:

"There was a young lady of France,
Whose father he came from New Jersey;
When asked, 'What's his name?'
She said, 'I don't know,
But I think it is spelt with a Q.'"

"That," said my informant, "strikes me as the most remarkable Limerick that was ever written." And considering that it was written by a lad not yet seven years of age, I must agree that the poet's friend was right. As has been said by another, it takes real genius to rhyme French with New Jersey, not to mention the Q.

"A great army," Napoleon once said, "marches on its belly"; but it must pay for everything out of its own pockets. When war breaks out, enormous purchases must be made of materials of every kind—in the South African War England spent nearly £17,000,000 in foreign countries in the purchase of horses and mules alone—means of transport by sea and land must be hired or bought, and credit or paper money counts for little when the guns are firing. The commander of any army in the field must drag with him a cash-box of stupendous size and weight. Nations engaged in fighting must have agents in every civilized land buying supplies, hiring means of transport, etc., and for this purpose hard cash is necessary. All the Great Powers, therefore, hold in reserve vast accumulations of actual gold and silver in readiness for war purposes. The exact locality of these secret hoards, and their scale, are, of course, kept profoundly secret. But a list of the "war-chests" of the Great Powers, with an account of the precautions taken in guarding them, would be a highly interesting bit of literature. Mr Henry Norman was allowed to visit, and to actually photograph, the war-treasure of the Russian Government, it may be already suspected, for the purpose of persuading a somewhat credulous world that Russia has sufficient cash in hand for the purpose of carrying on the war.

"I felt," says Mr Norman, "as if some fairy had conducted me to one of the caves of gold I used to read about with awe as a child. Most of the floor-space was occupied by long rows of bags, ten bags high, two bags wide, and from fifteen to thirty bags long. When I had made a general inspection, I was informed that I had only to indicate which of the cupboards or bags I desired to have opened, and it would immediately be done. First of all, therefore, I went in succession to three of the cupboards, the seals were broken and the locks removed, and I examined the ingots. There was no doubt about them—they were the real thing. Then I went to one of the rows of bags, walked down it to the twentieth vertical row, and pointed to the third bag from the top. It was at once carried to the iron table, the seal broken, and the contents turned out. There were several smaller bags, of which I selected one, which was opened, and out poured a stream of new five-rouble gold pieces. There were 30,000 roubles in each large bag, and the row from which I had selected one was thirty bags long, two wide, and ten deep. Of the cupboards round the walls, about forty were full and a number partly full of gold ingots."

Within the little room in which Mr Norman stood was over £62,000,000 sterling! The Monte Christo treasure cave, or the cave of Aladdin in Eastern fable, seems tawdry compared with the Czar's treasure chamber in St. Petersburg.

The authoress of "An English Girl in Paris" (Miss Constance E. Maud) has some amusing passages in her new book, "My French Friends." One of the best of the casual character sketches is that of a hairdresser, who extols the virtues of a wig for young ladies, which he terms "transformation":—

"They are indispensable, see you, for the traversing of the ocean. Mademoiselle, she who has made the traversing to England, she will support me, is it not so? The own hairs they become, except in cases rare, of an ugliness, of a limpness insupportable—no means otherwise—by the humidity of the sea. While with the transformation behold the difference, the beauty of these travellers is not only preserved, it is enhanced, and without trouble or inconvenience of any kind. Never, mademoiselle, must she make the imprudence of a long voyage on the sea without this

precaution," he warned me. The other day only it was that a real tragedy arrived to a young friend of one of my clients, a demoiselle Anglaise, young, beautiful even as mademoiselle herself! She was fiancee, and should celebrate her marriage immediately on arriving at the Indus. On the road she is to encounter the fiance, and complete with him the voyage. She embarked from England with a cousin, a miss no longer in her first youth, it appears, and lacking altogether the beauty of the other, as one says, but of the appearance as you say, "tailor-made," well-constructed, and—observe the essential—coiffed always in transformation, enfin, at four-pips. The misfortune behold it then, when mister the fiance he joins these two young ladies at the Suez. The young fiancee she wears no transformation. Her hairs they rest never in place; they become of an ugliness extreme, framing the face in torn rags, as though she represented an old sorceress. No longer can her fiance support to look at her, and to console himself he turns the eyes to the picture more agreeable of her companion. That one finds herself only too content to replace her young cousin. Before the end of the voyage behold it is all finished with our poor demoiselle! It is a history true but true that, wound up Monsieur Rodolphe, impressively.

"Well," I observed, "he will be finely punished, that fiance false and fickle. One cannot voyage always on the sea, and imagine to yourself what will be the emotions of that bridegroom when he beholds on the toilette-table of his bride the transformation. For no Englishman would have realised that it was a wig she wore!"

"No?" asked Monsieur Rodolphe, in surprise. "The Englishman he is innocent till that point there? The Frenchman no, not, he is initiated—he knows all—that one!"

Of all the ceremonies connected with the sea, perhaps that held on board some ships when crossing the line, as the equator is called, is the oldest of all. It has been in vogue possibly for centuries, though of late years it has, unfortunately, rather fallen into disuse. But the most venerable sea-dog will tell you that in his early days to forgo the ceremonial when the vessel was crossing the line would amount to almost a crime in the opinion of seasoned sailors.

When the ship is nearing the equator, a strange-looking figure appears at the bows one morning, with a long beard and hair made of oakum. He is supposed to be Neptune, the God of the Sea, and he comes to convene his court. When all are gathered round him, including the captain, he asks, in a loud voice: "Have you any chickens aboard?" By which he means the youngsters who are now crossing the line for the first time. "Yes, sir," answers the captain, in his politest tone; for does not this strange figure represent the God of the Sea, the controller of all the craft that sails on the mighty main? "Then," answers the deity, "I will hold my court on board at half-past nine to-morrow morning."

Throughout the day extensive preparations are made. A sail is rigged up on the gangway of the upper deck, and when half-past nine the next morning arrives it is filled with sea water. At the same time a throne, generally consisting of a gun-carriage, is brought alongside, so that when Neptune and his court approach everything is in readiness.

The sea-god and his satellites, to the number of twenty or thereabouts, make their way to the captain's quarters, and are regaled with grog prior to the opening of the court. Then, followed by the captain, they go to where the throne stands waiting, and Neptune and Amphitrite sit in the centre, while the barbers, the "bears," and others range themselves on his side.

Meanwhile the sailors have been hunting the craft over for the youngsters, and one by one they are dragged before the gaudily-dressed tribunal, whereupon they are tried and sentenced according to the trouble they have given in being brought to justice.

As soon as the sentence is passed the victim finds his arms pinioned behind him, and an executioner approaches with a bucket filled with a mixture of grease and lime, and with the aid of a whitewash brush he then proceeds to lather the youngster's face with this concoction. At the same time Neptune puts a number of questions to the victim, concerning the date of his birth, the

county from which he comes, and so forth; and when the latter opens his mouth to reply, the whitewash brush is quickly pushed in.

After five minutes' good lathering, one of the barbers comes forward with his razor, which is nothing more or less than a barrel-loop considerably notched. There are three barbers, and the razor of each is notched to three different depths. If the victim has been condemned to the full sentence the court can pass he is shaved with the worst-notched razor of the three, which, as can be imagined, scrapes the face until the skin becomes thoroughly sore.

The ceremony of shaving the victim lasts five minutes or so, and then, at a signal from Father Neptune, the "chicken" is tilted head over heels into the sail filled with salt water, where the "bears," standing up to their waists, are ready to receive him. Here he is ducked time after time, and pushed under by one person and another until he is practically exhausted. Every time he attempts to break away from his tormentors and climbs up the slippery sides of the sail he is hit in the face by someone standing on the deck armed with a truncheon filled with oatmeal; while simultaneously some of the "bears" will grab at his legs and drag him back again for an extra ducking as a reward for his audacity in trying to escape. Not until he is thoroughly exhausted is he allowed to go in peace, and a fresh victim is taken in hand to be treated in the same way.

The court generally holds this revel up till mid-day, whereupon a number of sailors, with hose-pipes, appear on the scene, and send sharp jets of water into the faces of everybody. Up in the rigging several men are waiting with buckets of water, which they empty on to the head of a victim as he passes beneath. This sort of thing may be kept up for several hours, until the decks are running with water and everyone is drenched to the skin.



A little vanity is a good thing. Every woman should try, at all times, to look her very best. But it certainly must be discouraging to have your mirror tell you that your hair is gray when you are only thirty or fifty! Gray hair adds twenty years to the age. Why not look as young as you are, or even younger?

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After Dinner Gossip
and
Echoes of the Week.

Statues and Sites.

Those who admire such things have long deplored the absence of statues about the City of Auckland. Dunedin is comparatively rich in memorials to eminent pioneers, and Christchurch also has several effigies which remind the rising generation of the men who worked so hard for the privileges we enjoy, but neither Wellington nor Auckland have any to speak of. The Empiro City has but one, I think, a striking statue in marble of John Ballance. Auckland has certainly a few in the Albert Park—including a bronze figure of our late Queen of blessed memory—but their disposition has not been particularly happy, and so the citizens do not see them to the best advantage, while one or two of them we would be better without. Soon, however, we are to have monuments to Sir George Grey and Sir John Logan Campbell, and in spite of what utilitarians may say, I am certain we will be the better for these mute reminders of what we owe our nation builders. Sir George Grey is to look down on the city he loved and honoured from the intersection of Queen, Grey, and Rutland streets, and when we drive into Cornwall Park a marble statue of rugged Sir John at the entrance will remind us of a princely gift and the revered giver. The choice of sites for these two monuments has been most satisfactory, and I do not think anyone would feel disposed to question their appropriateness. I only hope that on subsequent occasions the selections will be as happy. This seems a small point, but we all know what an unfortunate experience befell the huge equestrian group with which the English sought to honour the Iron Duke, before it reached its present resting-place. Did it not go half round London? In England there is now a recognised authority which regulates the disposal of public monuments, and after looking round our own Albert Park one regrets that we had not some such body here.

War at Any Price.

Now that (at the time of writing) the tension with Russia has somewhat relaxed, one may, I think, legitimately and profitably protest against the mischievous vapourings of what may be termed the "War at Any Price" Party. Wherever one went last week—at the luncheon table confabs, on the trams, or ferry boats, everywhere—the situation was discussed, and it was astonishing and really rather distressing to find how large a proportion of men otherwise sensible—I had almost written sane—clamoured loudly for lead-lunged action which would have precipitated war, and such a war probably as has not occurred in the history of modern Europe. The game of Russia was (and probably remains) so simple that it is positively irritating to find that there is even a section blind to it and willing to dance to her martial piping. Surely everyone who has been at school remembers the ruse of the bully, who jostles and shoulders the lad with whom he wishes to fight, until he can bring off the combat and yet escape the responsibility of striking the first blow. That is precisely what Russia has been trying to do, and what she probably will continue to try and do. "Sink a few of her ships," howled the jingoes of the moment, and talked non-

sense concerning what would have been done in the good old times. What futile rubbish! Nothing would have pleased the Russ better. War would have resulted inevitably, the nations would have taken sides, and whatever the result, the Muscovite would have been able to cover the shame of defeat and disaster in the East with the cloak of a European embroilment. It would be easy to retort contemptuously that one is desirous that the nation should stand by and allow itself to be kicked. That is again nonsense, as Mr Balfour has already shown. There is no weak and mild business about the Government, but it is a matter for universal gratitude that those in control can, under the severest strain, keep their heads and tempers, and not be rushed into needless war by foreign ruse or popular clamour. We need not fear, our turn will come; the irritation and insults of this outrage will be amply and dearly paid for, and if war does come—and it seems as if it must sooner or later—we shall not fight worse or punish more scientifically and thoroughly because we bottled up our wrath when deliberate attempts were made to force a premature encounter.

The Russian Reign of Terror.

The Empire of the Tsars is passing through one of its periodic paroxysms of outrage and anarchy. When despotism is tempered only by assassination neither the tyrant nor his subjects are likely to discriminate fairly or to act wisely. The air is thick with rumours of plots and arrests, and the seething discontent that here and there bursts forth into violence is being repressed with brutal ferocity. What life in Russia is like at such a time we may learn from Kennan, Lamin, Stepniak, and a score of other creditable authorities. What the better class of Russians think of it themselves may be read in the famous letter addressed by the Liberal executive to the late Tsar: "There exists," says this document, "a condition of things, which is a flagrant violation of the most elementary principles of justice. For the past ten years, upon trivial suspicion, or upon false accusation, the police have been allowed to break into houses, to force their way into the sphere of private life, to read private letters, to throw the accused into prison, keeping them there for months, finally to subject them to an inquisitorial examination without even informing them definitely of the charges made against them." Exile by administrative order, on the barest suspicion of revolutionary sympathies, has been the lot of thousands of the most refined and cultured and the noblest of Russia's sons and daughters. Even without the extreme penalty, life under police surveillance is intolerable. Stepniak tells us of a Russian lady of noble birth and unimpeachable loyalty, who, after suffering seven domiciliary visitations within twenty-four hours, fled from the country, never to return. No great empire has ever striven so earnestly as Russia to exterminate or drive beyond her borders the best and bravest of her children—not France, when she persecuted the Huguenots, nor Spain in the worst days of the Grand Inquisition, ever laboured so earnestly in the work of self destruction, and just as Spain is now paying the penalty for centuries of bloodshed and tyranny, so for Russia the day of reckoning has surely come.

The universities are generally made the excuse for any unusually brutal outrage upon justice and liberty in Russia. Readers of "Underground Russia" will know that the large bodies of University students at Moscow or Kazan or St. Petersburg resemble nothing so much as mutinous garrisons overawed by military

force. Since 1884 the university appointments have been vested in the Crown, and the professors, to retain their posts, are compelled to make common cause with the police against the students. It is natural that the men and women whose eyes are opened by education should in such a country hold strong views about intellectual and spiritual liberty, or should strive to mitigate the effects of the ignorance, the vice and the poverty around them. In Russia criticism of authority is unpardonable, independence of spirit is the worst of crimes. Thousands of students have been imprisoned for years or exiled to Siberia, for reading pamphlets to workmen, or possessing forbidden books. In the universities they live subject to the unrelenting vigilance of the police. To each educational centre is attached an inspector, who directs several agents, whose sole duty is to watch the students. These police agents can do almost anything they please to render the lives of the students unbearable. They can prevent them from taking private tuition; they can report them to the inspector for breaking arbitrary rules about haircutting and the shape of hats; they can imprison them on their own responsibility for nine days in the common cells. Occasionally the students call mass meetings to protest against this tyranny. The professors must order them to disperse; and on the slightest sign of hesitation the police, with the Cossack guards, are called in. The mere assemblage of students in a public place amounts to a political crime. Nicolas II. is slow-witted and obstinate. So long as he follows the teachings of Louis Melikov and Pobodonostzoff Russia must remain enslaved to a crushing tyranny, finding hope for the future only in the prospect of some revolutionary cataclysm by which the old order of things will be engulfed, and from which a new nation and a new political and social life will arise.

German Army Scandals.

A book which is being widely read just now (it has recently come out in the colonial edition) is "Life in a Garrison Town," in which Lieut. Bilsé gives a photographic study of everyday life in the army of the Emperor William. It is, one imagines, pretty generally known that the book has been suppressed in Germany, and that for writing it, the young lieutenant has been court-martialled, dismissed from the army, and has suffered imprisonment for a lengthy term; but I fancy the majority are under the impression that the scandal exposed was confined to the brutal treatment of privates by their officers. This is what we have mainly heard of through the cables. But though this matter is introduced, and though we see how incredible and brutal is the state of affairs in this direction, it is to the life of the officers themselves that the lieutenant devotes most of his book, and which provides the most sensational revelations. The truth of the book was admitted at the court-martial on the author, and substantiated by the subsequent compulsory retirement of the majority of officers, who figure under different names in the book, and who were, as the court declared, libelled, and the truth certainly discloses an appalling lack of morality, and, in fact, of everything save iron discipline. Debt, drunkenness, debauchery, dishonour, stare at one from every page, and it is easy to understand how intense must have been the rage and horror which the book created in Germany. The tyranny of the officers to the men is bad, but it is equalled by that of the senior to the junior officers. If Kipling be true, there is some occasional breaking of the law against adultery in our army in India, and liaisons are not infrequent; but, according to Lieutenant Bilsé, it is absolutely shameless and common in the German army. We have heard much, too, of expensive messes and extravagant habits of certain regiments, but in our army this is confined within certain limits, and applies mainly to cavalry. In the German regiments, whether of the line or cavalry, it is almost impossible to escape ruinous debt, and a demoralising credit system prevails. In short, the book gives a very sinister impression of what claims to be the finest and most powerful army in the world.

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The Casualness of the Australasian.

The casual habits of the Australasian have excited much comment. Students of character are divided on the point as to whether it originates in indolence or dislike to emotion.

"Why, bless me if it ain't Joe! Where have you been these years?"

"Oh! not back," was the meagre answer. The old lady put the sixpence in the till, Joe drank his beer, and staying just about as long as the taste of it lasted, said, "Well, so long."

"Where are you going to now?" asked the old lady. "Oh! out back—so long!" and he left. "Do you know him?" asked the visitor. "Do I know him?" exclaimed the hostess.

"Why, of course, he's my son, and I ain't seen him these years." The characteristic is Australasian as well as Australian. A staff officer of the Commonwealth forces tells that he was camped one day on the wald, and part of his command were New Zealanders.



TURF FIXTURES.

Aug. 18, 19, and 20—C.J.C. Grand National September 1.—Amberley Steeplechase Club September 7, 8.—Marton Jockey Club Hack September 17, 21, 24.—Avondale Jockey Club.

TURF NOTES.

C. Weal has had an addition to his team from Napier.

New Zealand Cup acceptances are due on Friday next, August 30th.

Geologist and Belfast have been schooling together during the week.

St. Peter is again in work. J. Chaeffe, jun., has charge of him.

F. Macmaehin will not journey to the New Zealand Grand National Meeting.

Hippoval left for Canterbury last Wednesday to fulfil his New Zealand Grand National engagements.

Hautapu was shipped South by the Rakawa on Sunday to fulfil his C.J.C. National engagements.

Rosehoot was scratched for all engagements at the C.J.C. National Meeting at 9.25 a.m. on Tuesday.

Mr C. F. Mark left for Christchurch to attend the August meeting of the New Zealand Trotting Association.

Auckland pencilers have good books on the Southern double—the two Nationals—this year.

Only once in twenty five years was there a larger field than the 28 runners for the Royal Hunt Cup.

The Yorkshire "Herald" says that the Royal Ascot Meeting was the greatest social function seen for a generation past.

Mr Frank Macmaehin has received a message from France, who is in charge of Haydn at Riverton, saying that that horse was doing well.

An unnamed half brother to Splinter, Mid City, and Geologist and Belfast did schooling work at Ellerslie on Thursday morning.

Nor-west was yoked at the Loan and Mercantile sale yards on Friday, but there was no offer for the old horse, who is looking much in the rough just now.

The report that J. Hickey, trainer for Mr S. H. Golden, had taken over the stable vacated by Mr Sevier turns out to have been premature.

The Ascot Stakes, run over a distance of two miles, was contested by a field of 22 horses, and was run in 3m 2.5, nearly 12sec faster than the previous best time for the race.

Waiki, by Tossig—Spray, ran in the nomination of Mr W. G. Nicholson, owner of Bawa Boy, at Aspendale, on the 14th inst., and Hewitt had a winning mount on that gelding.

The Trenton mare Palmy days started at 3 to 1 in a field of 10 when she won the Northumberland Plate at Newcastle (Eng.) last month. The favourite was Prudella (3 to 2), and finished nowhere.

It has, I understand, been finally settled that Waiki will go to Melbourne for the Cup, but the date of his departure has not been definitely fixed. He will probably race first at Handwick.

Geologist is getting plenty of schooling exercises in company with Helmet and Straybird he was out Saturday morning sent over four flights of hurdles. Geologist shows like a veteran at the game.

S. Lindsay is reported to have jumped Krewlin over hurdles one day last week. A good many people would like to know whether the Grand National Hurdle Race will be one of that gelding's misadventures.

J. Rae visited Manheim for a few days after the Wellington meeting, returning to Auckland last Sunday. He has left for the New Zealand Grand National Meeting, where Kiatara, Ranaia, and Illucoko are engaged.

My warning note of last week as to the condition of one of Papat's legs receives confirmation from headquarters at Riverton this week. It is to be hoped that the intervention there may give the injured member a chance to mend.

Mr G. P. Donnelly has called out that he has purchased three handsome cups, which he intends presenting to the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, Hawke's Bay Agricultural and Pastoral Society, and the Hawke's Bay Mounted Rifles respectively.

The long distance weight for ace event the Ascot Stakes, has been noted for the number of outsiders that have won it. It is quite evident that,

like several colonial long distance events, such results have been brought about owing to the race being run at a false pace.

His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Lady Puket, the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, Captain Braithwaite (A.D.C.), and Mr J. Waterford (private secretary), will visit Christchurch during Grand National week—from about the 13th to the 19th proximo.

Victor Wild, whose death occurred recently, cost £70 as a yearling, and achieved great distinction, after racing in selling places. He was a great public favourite, and, it is said, broke half the street bookmakers in London when he won his first Jubilee Cup.

The Northumberland Plate, the "Pitman's Derby," as it is called, was won by a slimy Dava. In the last time of 3.25-4.5 for the two miles, Sealmore II. was last. If the ground was all there, and the time correct, the pace must have been a cracker, and the going wonderfully fast.

Mr Leopold de Rothschild celebrated the victory of St. Ann in the Derby by donating half a ton of coal, a parcel of groceries, and £100 in money to each of the victors. The owners of the Grand National school child in the neighbourhood with half a crown.

Last year there existed some wide differences of opinion in the handicapping of Messrs Menzies and Millard, the respective handicappers for the Melbourne and Caulfield Cup events. This year it is remarked how singularly alike the productions are.

The "Daily Mail" says that on her return to the paddock, after winning the Thousand Guineas, Mr Leopold de Rothschild made the following remark to Mr Gifford: "You cannot run her in the Derby." Mr Gifford, the owner of St. Ann, to Mr Leopold, "but you will win the St. Leger all right." "Oh, I don't know," was the laughing reply. "We'll have a fight for it. This may prove true should the French bred Ajax be there, and well, next September."

A London paper states that the Indian Government having Association in the return to the paddock, after winning the Thousand Guineas, Mr Leopold de Rothschild made the following remark to Mr Gifford: "You cannot run her in the Derby." Mr Gifford, the owner of St. Ann, to Mr Leopold, "but you will win the St. Leger all right." "Oh, I don't know," was the laughing reply. "We'll have a fight for it. This may prove true should the French bred Ajax be there, and well, next September."

The following from the pen of a prominent London sporting writer suggests that the compulsory retirement of other English owners than Mr R. Sherier is by no means improvable. There are at present one or two other owners, including a prominent part in racing who "limitation" is simply a matter of time, and should any of their horses come into the market, they will be sold, unless he very cautious about paying anything like their apparent value for them."

The London and Provincial Commission Agents' Protection Association is strenuously opposing the bill for the suppression of betting in streets or other public places, which has passed the House of Lords. The Association is petitioning the House of Commons to reject the bill, and is also working classes, while leaving the wealthy section of society free to pursue betting. The association is strongly supported.

Very seldom, even in England, says an exchange, has 1100 guineas to be paid for a horse which is entered in a selling race, the conditions of which are that the winner shall be sold for 1000 guineas, but Mr Hill-Wood could retain Twelvebore after he had won the Mickleham Plate at Ipswich on June 3rd last, he had to run up the sum of 1100 guineas. Twelvebore is a son of Matchmaker out of Bess, daughter of Carbine. Mr Fern, whose departure selling finished second, was able to share the substantial surplus of 1000 guineas with the race fund, while the value of the race was only 2000 guineas.

The "Asian" says that by Sceptre's defeat in the Ascot Gold Cup (won by Throwaway) S. J. Phipps loses all interest—except the melancholy interest connected with the operation of paying up—in a rather remarkable sextuple event here. About a month ago he induced a horse bookmaker to lay him forty thousand guineas to a hundred against St. Ann for

the Derby. Pretty Polly for the Oaks, Sceptre for the Gold Cup, Pretty Polly again for the St. Leger, and Great Scot for the Derby and Victoria's Cup. When the "Asian" says that all right he was beginning to be on good terms with himself, but now regards his hundred guineas as a throwaway.

The well-known light-weight, C. Jenkins, put up a good performance in the "Thorndon Hack Race" which has not yet, I think, been published. "Advance" in the "New Zealand Mail," Ngatarua and Ellibank were racing together, the former with a slight advantage. As is generally known he fell on his hind and it was then that Jenkins, with great presence of mind, threw himself forward and just got hold of Jullian as he was leaving the saddle in the van of a field of twenty-one starters. A big effort and Jullian was back safe in the saddle, and Ellibank went on to finish second, just beaten. Riders in the race are agreed that if Ngatarua had fallen there would have been a catastrophe. If Jullian really had gone he must have stood a big chance of being killed.

At a military race meeting at Atherstone recently a particularly bony-looking major made a frontal attack on one of the principal bookmakers (says an English exchange), and demanded to know what was the highest price to be had about the favourite. "Two to one to you, Major," "No, no! Really? Can't you make it 5 to 2?" "Very sorry, sir; but no." "Well, then, I suppose I must have the best price I can get; I'll take four to one to two." Whereupon an irreverent Tommy—who, it is needless to say, was not in the Major's regiment—drew forth the largest piece of iron in his pocket, and said in great British, and tending it to the ring-master, said, "Yuss; and while ye're about it, yer can put me down two browns to one."

The Manchester "Sporting Chronicle" says: "For some time past the competition between telegraphic agencies concerned in the quick despatch of result messages from race meetings has been most carefully keen, to the extent that telephones, telescopes, bicycles, and even an adoption of the Marconi apparatus have been introduced in the services. The various systems have been utilized at Newmarket, this spring, and the stewards of the Jockey Club quickly realised the possible danger which threatened their meetings from a financial point of view. Consequently, the strenuous efforts to improve upon the system of the telegraph agents, and the authorities is viewed with the greatest disfavour by the Jockey Club, whose officials will put down with a strong hand attempts to forestall the legitimate use of the public wires."

In France recently, says an exchange, Mr G. G. Clarke had a slice of really bad luck in connection with his horse Mark Time, who was started at 66 to 100 with a view to winning the Grand Hurdle Race, of 2000 guineas, at the Ascot meeting. Mark Time straggled in good form, and started favourite at 6 to 1 in a field of seven. Always in a good position he came to the home turn in front, and with the race apparently won, but owing to the absence of flags to mark the course, missed a hurdle at that point, and was pulled up. Three other competitors, under the same misadventure, and after a great finish the French horse Hippomane beat Vendale, one of the English representatives, by a head. So little was thought of Hippomane's race that, as stated at 66 to 100, it is stated that Hippomane palpably interfered with Vendale in the run home, but a protest on behalf of the latter was dismissed. Altogether the race was an unpleasant affair for the English division, who no doubt returned home thoroughly disgusted with French management and racing stewards.

The reputation from the New Zealand Trotting Association lately yielded upon Sir Joseph Ward with a view to obtaining more permits for trotting meetings urged that they were not getting the number due to them. Mr Pollock, who acted as secretary, suggested that permits for galloping meetings, such as Waiki, Tapanui, Lake County, and Ito-rara could be put to better use. Sir Joseph Ward stated in reply that since he had been in charge of the trotting department the number of permits was the same as at present—150. That number only was available, and he had not power to issue any more. He had issued the permits as soon as he received the recommendations of the racing and trotting conferences, and had not held any back. He was not bound to carry out the recommendations of the racing authorities, but the present system made them responsible for the present number of permits, and he did not think it would be advisable to depart from it. There were two ways out of the difficulty—either to get the number of permits increased, or to approve the Racing Conference's recommendation to get that body to agree to let the trotting clubs have certain permits which it had been pointed out were not such use to the clubs at present holding them. It is to be noted that a number of the amount of money clubs put through the totalisator, as to which should or should not have it, then there would be plenty of remaining all over the colony to take care of the racing and trotting clubs. It is a well known fact that there are some of clubs in the colony that cannot obtain totalisator permits, many of which would put a lot more money through than

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more of the old established smaller clubs are doing. It does not follow, however, that the sport either of racing or trotting would be improved by additional permits being granted on the system. There is already quite enough racing in New Zealand without offering encouragement for more; indeed, a disinclination rather than an increase might be found in the interests of the greatest number.

Some interesting episode was seen at the Crystal Palace recently. Some of the best horsemen in the world, eleven well-known jockeys and a team of professional hunters, gave a capital exhibition of good class cricket. Mr. Morgan the hunter, and the jockey, winning the toss, elected to bat first. Doherty and P. Chaloner opened fire with such good effect that five of the batsmen were dismissed for 75. Then C. Turner, who hits with English class, came in, and with much cheerfulness smote Chaloner twice to the boundary. The batsmen settled down to play on the runs, which was very interesting. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Doherty, and P. Chaloner bowled frequently. In the end the batsmen were all out for 125. P. Chaloner and Tom Cannon provided the first line of jockey defence, and they opened with splendid strokes. Congratulatory messages of a humorous nature were received by Mr. Morgan Cannon during lunch time, and the two teams were supported in time to be out for 125. P. Chaloner, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Williamson 32, and W. Matthews 40. The jockeys thus won easily by 151 runs.

The first application of the law against doping, etc., was recently made in Germany. The Castropier Stepphease at Dortmund was won by Asson, riding No Lady. After the race the manager of No Lady's stable made a formal objection to the winner, and some say that a man was seen to approach the winner, and remove something from the saddle, while others declare that on removing the saddle cloths wires were found, which had evidently generated a battery worn as usual in the boots of the rider with electric poles. At any rate, the police present took possession of the saddle and clothing, and charged Asson with a view to putting them in as evidence should the Public Prosecutor decide to prosecute the offenders for fraud and complicity. The objection lodged prevented the totalisator from paying out its winnings over Asson, and the committee, having examined the statements made by the owner of the second, awarded the stakes and ordered No Lady to be considered as the winner, of course, the accusation is stoutly denied by all concerned with Asson, but according to the continental correspondent of a London paper some difficulty will be experienced in explaining the wires which, according to the official report of the stewards, connected an electric battery with the tail of the horse; and, also, in getting over the semi-admission of the jockey, who was not inclined to take all the blame.

When a favourite is beaten, there are always a host of excuses made for the defeat. Eight times out of ten, the same horse wins every time. The defeat of the French colt Government in the English Derby was a great surprise to French sportsmen. Not so to "Ranger," of the "Dramatic News," who says: "Government's French victories and his English possibilities could not be explained rationally on any real basis of comparative merit—his defeat did not surprise me. As a matter of fact, despite much enthusiasm in France, when he appeared for paddock inspection, Government was not generally admired, except by French visitors, whom a large number were present. Their conviction was that he was virtually walking over, and they wagered with proportionate fervour. How much money would have been taken out of the ring—taken to foreign parts, if he had not been compelled by ordinary accountants who do not soar into the regions of romance. A bashy chestnut, with two white legs behind, the French champion is a billy, weight-carrying colt, who does not give the impression that he is a veritable stayer. I should also imagine that he is an awkward horse to ride, since he bore and jawed with M. Cannon in the preliminary canter past the stand, and he seemed to me to have a one-

stalled mouth. He got badly away at the start, he never looked like going near the front, and at the finish he was further behind the winner than at any other point. Excuses were made for him, of course, after the race, a wise plan in perhaps, to disregard them. We must study results, not excuses; and the best horse to-day is pretty sure to be the best horse to-morrow."

The fact that there is always a large number of horses nominated for the Melbourne Cup, and that the fields for that event come from the various States, indicates that some horses are always engaged that have been purposely reserved and raced so as to get in on favourable terms, makes the race one that is hard to win as at most general rule still an advantage thinking that winners of the New Zealand Cup on an average are so very much behind the class of Melbourne Cup winners. I feel sure that on the days that many of the New Zealand Cup winners got home they would have taken a lot of beating had they been competing in the Melbourne Cup under the same conditions. A good deal has been said about Wairiki's Melbourne Cup weight, and the handicapper has been voted to have dealt out a bigger impost than many writers anticipated. It is hard to expect a horse that had run such a good race in the New Zealand Cup, under 92, and had afterwards won the Auckland Cup, carrying 98, in record time for the same distance, to get in with less than Wairiki has received. I cannot understand. Wairiki is such a big grown young horse that one might naturally expect him to get on against any horse carrying a substantial burden for they may be quite a number of good ones whose form has not been so fully exposed, upon much more favourable terms. The prominent positions occupied by the great carrying weights in recent years, as well as many of the contents for the Melbourne Cup in earlier years, goes to show that racehorses of high quality are carrying a heavy load, though they have more often had the bad luck to suffer defeat. This year we are to have Canteen, the best New Zealand Cup winner as well as Wairiki, the same-up to do battle for us, and if Canteen could be landed at the post as well as he was at Riccarton in November he would not do New Zealand disgrace. However, I have no very great faith in Mr. Moss' grey, and Mr. Bradley's horse, at the weights, allowing for age improvement, should best him. Both will carry the great weight of 100, when being battle across the water, their owners being popular men.

"Ranger" in the "Illustrated S. and D. News," delivers himself as follows: "I have seen a perfect horse this week," said an expert on Saturday, "also a perfect mare." Zisfauld and Pretty Polly were the objects of his eulogy, and they deserve it. I have never inspected two more beautiful specimens of the thoroughbred in the Epsom paddock. They possess plenty of size with exquisite racing ability; their heart is in the right place; they carry a heavy weight, and stay right on to the bitter end; whilst, fortunately, they show no eccentricities of genius that prove harmful. Both are champions of the top class. Pretty Polly made a sorry example of her rivals in the Oaks; they did not seem able to gallop fast enough to bustle her out of a brisk canter. They were Bitters second, Flancee third, and St. Mildred beaten by a quarter of a mile. Ironical cries of "Where have you been?" were addressed to the jockey of St. Mildred as he ambled back with the crowd, when he was also informed that the fox had been "killed long ago, and stuffed." The stuffing process was thought to be in his honour, so as to give him time to return, before the starters were weighed out for the next race; a more solitary ride has not been experienced by W. Halsey. On Pretty Polly, W. Lane had simply to sit there in state with his knees up as if he were monarch of all he surveyed, especially as Pretty Polly's ring—which was, perhaps, how he felt. He won in a canter, his mount not being appreciably extended. Assuming that she had not much to beat, she beat it, as the

saying is, with a ton in hand. Comparisons are necessarily odious to some of the parties involved; yet, if I were permitted to indulge in that form of depreciation, I should place Pretty Polly on a higher pedestal than Bitters. But how happy could I be with either (for my own) of either dear charmer were not fussing.

I have both witnessed and heard of big swimming feats accomplished by horses in order to get back to their homes. One I recorded some years ago at a horse and foal attempting to get back from Brown's Island to Drakki. They were taken to this island in a scow together with a number of other horses, but the old mare with her foal near morning was overtaken by the scow within a short distance of her destination being carried along by the incoming tide. She was secured and hauled on board, but the foal took a lot of capturing, as he was going stronger than his dam at the time. Her return account was given in South Australia of a mare swimming Lake Alexandrina some years ago. In a straight line the distance is between 15 and 16 miles. The animal was old at the time—probably over 10 years of age—so was exhausted by the journey that she could not rise for two days after she stumbled ashore. Mr. Luckett, manager of Narzur Station, gave the particulars. The mare was bred on Glenosce Station, the West Macintyre country, in the Sydney "Town and Country" furnishes a remarkable exploit performed by the racehorse Cangou a few days ago. When the flood waters were rising around Meropeh in the adjacent district, it was found necessary to remove Cangou and other racehorses stabled on the low-lying land to places of safety, and while in a hotel yard at Meropeh it is said that Cangou, who was rugged, broke away from the boy, jumped over the fence, galloped down to the river, into which he dashed, and, though the swollen stream was running at a great pace, successfully swam it. On the Phoenix Park side there was a great expanse of flooded country with many fences, and the intrepid Cangou is reported to have safely made his way across these, great as the task was, until he landed high and dry near Large, where his owner resides. The distance travelled in this manner, however slight, rugged and all as the horse was, estimated over several miles, but Cangou's only mishap in his adventure is said to have been the loss of two shoes.

In speaking to the proposition recently carried in England limiting the distance to be run by two-year-olds to four furlongs, Lord Dutham said that all observers of racing would notice that two-year-old races now were run from end to end, that there was no feeling, and pulling back and coming with one run at the finish, as in the old days, which many of them could so well remember. He, therefore, thought that for two-year-olds it was far better, should they have to go at full speed early in the year, that it should only be for four furlongs, instead of five. If a two-year-old had to run for five furlongs, any owner who really wished to ascertain his horse's form and prospects of winning that year, and try him for five furlongs, and, therefore, the trainer was called upon not to train his horse for a distance of five furlongs, but very likely to try him early in the year—January or February—so as to know whether or not the horse was capable of running a race of that distance during the early months of the year. Whereas, if they allowed them the option of racing for four furlongs or five furlongs during the first month of the year, he thought that the horse's training would be less severe, and he would have less strain imposed upon him at home and also on the trial ground, and in the race itself. They ran from end to end in four furlong races, they jumped off as quickly as they could, and they went on as long as they could. . . . The old style of riding was a very different thing. Much as he admired the riding of Tom Cannon and Fordham, and others, he ventured to say that if Tom Cannon were riding at the present day he would either have to alter his style of racing or he would not win any five furlong races. Of course, all the other jockeys used to ride in the same style as he did, or tried to imitate brilliant horsemanship, and the running of five furlong races was very different from what it was now. They had

all seen jockeys pulling their horses back, walking on each others' heels, watching each other, and indulging in a regular game of chess as to which should get first run in the last furlong. It was soon after that if a jockey's horse was riding slow against the modern system, unless they came through from end to end, they would not win any two-year-old races.

THE RACING CONFERENCE.

Members of Auckland Tattersall's Club seem to have accepted the expression of opinion of the delegates of the Auckland Racing Club at the recent conference of Clubs of New Zealand, as voting the opinions or intentions of the committee of the metropolitan body, and as these gentlemen supported Mr. George Clifford and Mr. G. G. Mead in their remarks about the advisableness of clubs discontinuing to permit bookmakers to do business on their courses, it is not to be wondered at that some little uneasiness has been caused, at least to a good many members of the Auckland Ring. Some members are quite content to believe that the question has never been formally discussed by the Auckland Racing Club's Committee, and that the opinions which the delegates gave expression to are merely individual ones that will not be generally endorsed by those in authority. The question of licensing bookmakers is one upon which there is considerable disagreement, and has been for a long time, amongst the clubs of this colony. It is not so in other parts of the world, where the totalisator, where the totalisator is in use, there also bookmakers are licensed, and in other states where the totalisator is not legalized, they are also licensed. In South Africa the bookmaker is totalisator, and runs side by side in France, where the Parisiens are so cunning, and in America where pool selling is in vogue, there also bookmakers are to be found doing business, with the sanction of clubs, who control them. This is the custom on almost all courses in the countries referred to. In England bookmaking goes on in all parts. In New Zealand we have a divided house on the question. Mr. George Clifford, who has been the champion of the totalisator, does not believe in the bookmaker, is against the bookmaker. Mr. Mead at one time was an extensive backer, and on several occasions hit the New Zealand and Australian Ringmen fairly hard, and though he did not always receive all he wanted, is generally credited with being considerably on the right side over his betting transactions. Mr. Mead does not bet now, either with the bookmakers, or through the medium of the totalisator, but that actually he does not swell the revenue of the bookmakers or the clubs directly. His horses, however, have sold supporters always through both channels. If all owners were like Mr. Mead, and did not back their horses at all, smaller stake money would have to be given than at present. The more money taken at the totalisator and from the bookmakers, the better the prize money. Mr. Mead has been the biggest winner for many years. Mr. George Clifford has also been a big winner, and for the season just closing these owners come out on top, and it is somewhat of a coincidence that both favour the totalisator, and are opposed to the bookmaker. It would be interesting to know the opinions on this subject of the main body of the horse owners of the colony, for it is well known that there are a good many in a prominent way who could afford to see without betting who nevertheless do bet for the gratification it affords them, while there are scores who let because they are not so fortunate as some owners in possessing the better class of horses, and have to be content with smaller stake earnings, which they desire, and sometimes do, supplement by appreciating. Then the public, or a very considerable section of it, like to have their choice of methods of doing business. They have shown a liking for creating so many betting men all over the colony, until there are now probably dozens of layers of the odds for every one in the pre-totalisator days, the totalisator notwithstanding. Every other person who has been educated to have an investment on racing events, either through the medium of the totalisator, its walking substitute, or the legit-

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MIRAWKA	Oct. 3	Oct. 11	Oct. 8

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made bookmaker. The people of Auckland have been educated to do business with the bookmaking members of Tattersall's for a little longer than the totalisator has been in existence in this colony, and the two have worked side by side, so to speak, the pencilers being almost, if not really, as popular as the machine with Auckland bettors. It has been generally agreed that clubs should cease to permit bookmakers to do business in competition with the totalisator is not quite clear. Let the Auckland racing clubs try it at their peril, as the people are not yet educated to do so. Let it be published that there will be no pencilers plying their calling at Kilsbarr, Avondale, and Takapuna, and the public opinion will soon be gauged. Let the people most concerned have a voice in the matter, the big and small owners, and the main body of racers, and the clubs who have had experience of the licensing system for so long. There has been too much agitation against bookmakers in the South, both in the two clubs that have tried to exclude the bookmakers without success, and other clubs that have succeeded. It might be better to have a referendum on racing. If the system of bookmaking could be applied all round, but it seems improbable that this will ever be the case. People who have become accustomed to the Auckland public leave, who have in the past been successful, have, are not prepared for, and so far as I can judge do not seek, a change, and it is very questionable whether a change would be in the interests of the clubs and the public. Who then makes the New Zealand Cup the great event of the year is but one answer. It is the great winter-book race of the year. The nominations are taken early, before they even appear on the public eye. When they appear they are in brassing, and continue from the time of running, until thousands of pounds are depending upon the issue. Now, how would the bookmaker be able to refrain from manipulating the odds, and what would be the result? Is any answer required? Is it not really the book betting for months before the big event that adds to its importance, and attracts people to and assists to make the C.J.F. spring carnival what it is? The betting is the fruit to the pudding. It does not countenance but gives the favouring. The people will support straight-out and double books on horses they are not sure of, and all attempts to divert their investments to the totalisator, indulge in methods of speculation they desire. Some like to know the odds they are getting; others like to get on the horse they are betting on, and getting a large or small return in the case may be, being content to accept the same as other people? We have ample evidence of this sort of thing, for there are clubs who have been persistent opponents of the bookmakers in keeping them off, or in trying to keep them off their courses, whose totalisator returns have not increased as a result. There are some country clubs who have the power and do keep the bookmakers off their courses, and are not right in supposing that their totalisator returns would not be so large were they to adopt the other course. All the clubs, however, that could keep the bookmakers off if they so desired do not do so, and some that could not do so have the power, and it may be said that the business generally is not in a satisfactory position. The bookmakers have their enemies and their friends; they could not exist if they were not liked by a large number, as said of the totalisator and other systems of betting. The question is an open one, and it is just as well that the Racing Conference has not taken up the matter. A majority of the clubs might be found against bookmakers, but it is doubtful if a majority of the people of New Zealand might be in favour of abolishing the totalisator, or closing up hotels; but there are many questions that should not and cannot be definitely decided by the Racing Conference, which will always go on, whatever happens. Clubs that do not want the bookmakers should find means for keeping them off their courses. Those that do not object to the bookmakers should find how to get rid of them, and should take the responsibility of seeing that they are duly accredited men before giving them a footing. The members of Auckland Tattersall's are nearly all established, and have been contributing largely for many years to the funds of the local and country clubs.

CHRISTCHURCH, Thursday.

It was a beautiful morning on the course today, and a large number of spectators were present to see the work. Murray commenced operations by sending Hoke through the course at a trot. The first two at half and the third at three-quarter pace. Casual Chief went a mile by himself and was fully extended. Rose Shield, Catherine Gordon, separately, a mile by herself, then the straight at the end of each circuit. Ability did good half-pace work. Methuen did steady exercise. The Mohican (Hegarty) and Hayzet (McGregor) covered a mile and a half over six furlongs of hurdles. The former jumped splendidly, and was far too good for his companion. Hoke was sent once round at steady three-quarter pace. Narcissus and Mithras did useful half-pace work. Zetonia and Golden Hangle ran six furlongs; the former with the best of the weights had all the best of the gallop. Makowhiti (McGregor) started for a turn over the hurdles, but fell heavily at the second fence. McGregor received a very bad fall, and the doctor says that his chest is badly injured. Short Society and Petrova started for a mile at half-pace in a day or two. Gerise and Blue and Lee-Kelied over seven furlongs on the turf finished together under slight restraint. Mantaganai ran a mile, and burst a blood vessel near the finish. Short Society and Petrova started for a mile at half-pace and cantered. Chalmers did once round. Foreman picked him up at the last six furlongs post, and they finished together, but the former was best. Quikthree, with a high weight, easily won Short Society round over a mile at half-pace. Foreman was schooled over fences. He ran off at the second fence of the double twice, otherwise he jumped well; at a steady pace afterwards he went once round at three-quarter pace, and once round at half-pace. Haydn and Hagan went twice round, the first at steady three-quarter pace and the last at a good striding gallop. Kilsbarr cantered twice, once at half-pace, and once at three-quarter pace. He was given a moderate task. Orlinane and De la Rey ran five furlongs together at a snail pace. Wet Hangle did three-quarter mile of schooling and a circuit on the grass. Lady South (Derrill) and Manasse (Donovan) were well matched over five furlongs, and there was very little to choose at the finish. Pip galloped once round at the end of the course. Graduated Tax led Makolui, his companion, for two circuits at half-pace. Sultana did a similar task by herself. Wonderful (Laughlin) and Oryx (Gibson) cantered once at half-pace over the hurdles. Oryx taking the double each time, but ran off at the second fence twice. Crespin and Aka Aka then made a start over the double, and ended a circuit on the grass. Crespin entirely spoiled the gallop by repeatedly refusing to face the first fence of the double. The pair cantered again, twice, and then the latter again refused. Aka Aka went on for a third round by himself, but pulled off after jumping the soil wall. The latter gave a splendid exhibition, and made a pleasant outlook. A dozen or so spectators armed with sticks subsequently persuaded Crespin to jump the fence he disliked. Slow Tom and De la Rey were sent twice round the schooling course, and jumped well, but were only going at good hunting pace. Meeasin (Quinton) was given a similar task, but slightly faster, and sent twice round at a circuit on the grass. Inside the fences, Phaeonotis (Moraghan) and Comfort (Laid) ran twice round in company over the same obstacles, both going too slowly, and jumping stickily. Hagan was schooled by the latter at a quarter pace over two circuits on the grass, and Merry Boy a similar task. Tan, Taine, Oblivion, and Haro cantered once round, then did a good striding gallop for the same distance, and finished together. The Gussier and Krenlin have arrived and look well. They were out doing steady half-pace exercise this morning.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Star.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The ranks of the visiting horses for the Grand National Meeting continue to swell. Amongst the recent arrivals are Princess of Thule, who got down on Thursday, and Krenlin and the Gussier, who put in an appearance yesterday.

As I anticipated, we are not to have the pleasure of a visit from Rosehoun. His withdrawal was left quite a number of local backers lamenting.

Hip either has been working away from the course, or has been unwell. Hip yesterday he had not been stripped for three days. He moved freely enough in steady work yesterday.

Huku has fully recovered from the effects of the slight injury he received in previous letter. The old son of Vanguard is fairly revelling in his work, and is bound to run a good horse in the Grand National Hurdles Race.

Meeasin created a most favorable impression on the manner in which he jumped the hurdles on Tuesday morning.

Merry Boy and Phaeonotis gave an excellent exhibition over the big fences on the same morning.

Phaeonotis is fast throwing off the surrings with his bounding hind legs. He got through a useful gallop yesterday in good style, and pulled up sound.

Crescut is suffering from a cold, and usually works in the afternoon. He is hardly likely to be seen at his best next month.

Comfort and I accomplished an excellent schooling gallop on Thursday morning. The former fenced the better of the pair, but I had her companion safe on the flat.

Haydn continues to do useful work, but is still under slight.

The Geraldine Racing Club is making a

Number of Improvements to its course.

Mr. F. Watson, having decided to relinquish racing, intends to offer Okoaki and Tapara for sale in Christchurch during the progress of the Grand National Meeting.

If Krenlin starts in the Grand National Hurdles Race he will probably be ridden by Hail.

An Ashburton resident, whose name is not familiar to racing men, has purchased from Mr. Hathburne, of Hawke's Bay, Thyzus, by Apremont—Thyva, and Kingdom, by King George—Kruandee.

Mr. Friedlander has sold Keshuras to Mr. C. White, of Otago. The price paid for the son of Hibernia was between 300 guineas and 400 guineas. As I told you in a former letter, he is quite sound.

Mr. J. B. Reid has leased the stallion Kant Harlo to Taggart for the coming season.

Mr. Stead's team, consisting of Marlin, Cruciform, Grand Rapids, and Nightfall, was shipped for Sydney by the Morrak yesterday. All were well when they left, and Cruciform, although scarcely as fit as she was in the time of last year, is coming on fast. Matou was in charge.

H. Jackson, the owner of Blazer, who has trained the old son of St. Cible practically ever since he was broken in, has accepted an engagement to act as private trainer to Mr. Moore, of Wanganui.

I understand that Vladimir will not accept for the Winter Cup, the reason given being that his owners consider him badly treated. It is extremely unlikely that he will take part in the Grand National Meeting.

Mr. Moss has decided that Canteen shall fulfil his engagement in the Melbourne Cup. He will take the son of Canteen over to Melbourne directly after the close of the Grand National Meeting.

The Dunedin Jockey Club has decided to exclude bookmakers and layers of totalisator odds from its course during the coming season.

Mr. H. Friedlander suffered a loss yesterday, his rising two-year-old filly, by explosion from Waltonian breaking one of her legs and having to be destroyed.

The Winter Cup candidate, Lady Lilian, who has been having an easy time for a day or two, is exhibiting her usual anxiety. It is feared that she has developed strangles or influenza.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

So far as schooling is concerned, Saturday was the finest morning of the present season. Aka Aka gave a capital exhibition of fencing. He is a bold, free fencer, with a capital style of moving. He is much liked at Riccarton. Crespin's display was as bad as his stable companion's was good. He refused over and over again, and it was largely owing to the inconsistency of an outworker with a broomstick that he was ultimately persuaded to scramble over.

Crescut is recovering from his illness of influenza.

Crescut is recovering from his illness of influenza, from which he has been suffering, but is not likely to start at the meeting.

Slow Tom jumps well when going slow, but there is a suspicion that slow will not show the same proficiency when the pace is put on.

At first it looked as if McGregor was badly injured when Makowhiti fell with him on Saturday. He is practically all right again, except for a few bruises. The horse was supposed to be knocked about, but is recovering fast, and may be able to start at the meeting.

Haydn is improving considerably; he is building up and freshening a great deal.

Huronka has done very little work since her arrival; one of her legs is giving trouble.

Phaeonotis continues to throw off the surrings which he troubles him.

No horse at Riccarton is doing a more satisfactory season than Comfort. He needs more schooling, however, and for this reason will hardly be seen at his best for another year.

To-morrow has gone lame. This is particularly unfortunate for her owner, who has had to contend with a great deal of bad luck in connection with his assets. It is supposed that the lameness is due to a strain.

O'Brien, who has been riding in Hawke's Bay for Mr. Hathburne, has gone into Taggart's employ.

Influencing and strangles have been very prevalent at Riccarton this winter.

As I told you on Saturday, Lady Lilian is the latest victim. This is very bad luck for Lewis, as the daughter of Phaeonotis was getting nicely seasoned.

Hippoval and Mantaganai are the latest arrivals at Riccarton. They arrived on Sunday. The former, who is an ugly but big, outstanding horse, is in fine condition. The latter is a particularly nice-looking animal.

The following business has been transacted during the week:—Grand National Steeplechase and Hurdle Race: 2500 to 1 against Summus and Kahlwal, 2500 to 1 against Plate Hill and The Mohican, 1500 to 15 Aka Aka and Zetonia, 1500 to 2 Meeasin and The Mohican, 1400 to 4 Catherine Gordon and Crescut, 1100 to 11 Merry Boy and Merry Boy, 1100 to 10 Tapanu and Watwera, 1000 to 20 Haydn and Spalpeen, 1000 to 10 Plate Hill and Watwera, 1000 to 6 Aka Aka and Meeasin, 1000 to 5 Comfort and Hantapu, 1000 to 5 Merry Boy and Catherine Gordon, 1000 to 2 Agilator and Hantapu, 1000 to 1 Plate Hill and Summus, 1000 to 1 Pip and The Mohican, 1000 to 1 Tapanu and Kahlwal, 1000 to 1 Pip and Graduated Tax, 900 to 15 Aka Aka and Hantapu, 800 to 2 Agilator and Catherine Gordon, 800 to 10 Aka Aka and Spalpeen, 800 to 2

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RICCARTON TRAINING NOTES.

CHRISTCHURCH, Wednesday.

Very little work of importance was done this morning. Zetonia and Agilator went twice round on the inside grass at half-pace. Haydn and Kilsbarr did three times around the same track at a similar pace. Taine, Aka Aka, and Crespin did three circuits of the flat at steady half-pace. Hagan trotted and cantered. Phaeonotis went twice around the inside grass at a solid half-pace, and pulled up sound. Comfort did a similar task. Slow Tom cantered. Meeasin went three times around the grass at a snail pace. Hantapu went twice around the same track between half and three quarters pace. Pelras and Secret Society did a useful working gallop at once round. The following did steady half-pace work: Chief, The Mohican, Methuen, M. Reef, Catherine Gordon, Ability, Rose Shield, Golden Hangle, N. Narcissus, Phaeonotis, Graduated Tax, Har, Oblivion, Gerise and Blue, Mantaganai, De la Rey, Lady South, Sultana, and Lee-Kelied.

OUTDOOR SPORTS.

RESULTS OF SATURDAY'S MATCHES.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY.

AUCKLAND REPS.

A trial match between the "A" and "B" teams took place at Epsom on Saturday, and resulted in a draw—14 all.

The teams were as follows:—
A Team: Kenwick, Absolom, Murray, Carlaw, R. McGreggor, Kiernan, Fraser, Heath, Tyler, Gaisner, Lewis, Nicholson, Mackrell, Joyce, Trevarthen. **B Team:** Mays, Marshall, Phillips, Lendras, Shera, Young, Wells, W. Taylor, Irvine, Capill, Cunningham, Antrigge, Scott, Francis, McCloskie.

With so many of the originally chosen "A" team absent, it was hardly to be expected that a first class game would be witnessed, and beyond a few flashes of exciting play, the game was very uninteresting. Kenwick, at full-back, was again disappointing, and his omission from the representative team will not cause any surprise. Of the three-quarters, Murray was a long way the best, his handling of the ball being first class, while his kicking was excellent. It was a pity the kick he received compelled him to retire, as after his retirement the "B" squad consisted of Absolom as the Absolom of old. Carlaw was patchy. Dick McGreggor unexpectedly turned out (and although there was a trifle too much condition noticeable), gave a good display, he has lost none of his old tricks, and will be a decided acquisition to our team. Kiernan took matters easy. The forwards were evidently only out for exercise, and did not play with the dash that we know they can show when called upon to do so. Joyce and Nicholson were perhaps the most prominent. Of the "B" team Mays at full did not play up to expectations. His kicking was the strongest point, but his tackling was watched. The three-quarters were very moderate, Phillips doing the greatest amount of work. Shera, at five-eighths, was not prominent, but Young, at centre half played right up to his last form, and got through his work in good style. Wells on the wing, was easily the best of the wingers, some of his foot work being splendid. Of the forwards Irvine, Antrigge and Scott showed up most prominently.

TO PLAY WELLINGTON.

Mr Murray's final selection of the Auckland team to represent us against Wellington next Saturday was posted after the "A" and "B" trial match. Mr Murray has sprung a bit of a surprise on us in the selection of Harrison as full-back. After Gerrard's inclusion in the New Zealand team for that responsible post, it was looked upon as almost certain that he would be called upon to act in the same capacity for the local team. In choosing Harrison Mr Murray has evidently been guided by the opinion of those who saw him play against the Auckland team. Harrison has lately shown a good form as he displayed last year to justify his inclusion. Mr Murray has decided to drop Wood on account of his unaccountable, and in replacing him with R. McGreggor has made a good move. Certainly McGreggor is a bit above himself, and may not do himself justice against Wellington, but by the time the British match is played ought to be right well. There is no doubt to be found with the forward division, every man of whom has well earned his place.

THE THIRTEEN.

Full-back: W. Harrison (Northern Wairoa); three-quarters: Acher (City), Gerrard (North Shore), McKenzie (Grafton); five-eighths: R. McGreggor, Ward (Grafton); half-back: Kiernan (Grafton); wing forward: Galliner (Ponsonby); forwards: Gray (City), Irvine (North Shore), Lewis (Newtown), Nicholson (City), Seehing (City), Trevarthen (Newton), Joyce (North Shore).

Emergencies: Murray, Young, Mackrell, Francis.

CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY PONSONBY.

The Ponsonby and North Shore third fifteens played off for the championship again on Saturday last, the match of the previous week having resulted in a draw. Ponsonby had the better of the game throughout, and won by nine points to nil, thus winning the championship for the season 1904. Tries were scored by Carlaw, Matheson and Trevarthen.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS MATCHES.

Sacred Heart I. v. Grammar School I.—Sacred Heart won, 8 to nil.
 King's College I. v. Prince Albert I.—King's won, 12 to nil.
 Grammar School II. v. Sacred Heart II.—Grammar School won, 12 to nil.
 Prince Albert II. v. King's College II.—Prince Albert won, 12 to 2.

OLD BOYS' MATCHES.

Onehunga v. Mt. Eden.—Onehunga won, 27 to nil.
 Beresford-st. v. Chapel-st.—Beresford-street won, 29 to nil.

PUBLIC SCHOOL MATCHES.

Nelson-street v. Newton West.—Nelson-street won by 3 points to nil.
 Parrnell v. Richmond-road.—Parrnell won by default.
 Onehunga v. Wellesley-street.—Onehunga won by 4 points to nil.
 Ellerslie v. Remuera.—Ellerslie won by 3 points to nil.
 Marist Brothers v. Mt. Eden.—Marist Brothers won by 18 points to nil.
 Bayfield v. Epsom.—Bayfield won by 14 points to nil.

NORTH V. SOUTH ONEHUNGA.

Teams representing the North and South Onehunga Clubs played a very well contested game at the fairs on Saturday, the result being a win for North Onehunga by 7 points to 3. In the evening dinner was served in the Public Hall.

A. AND T. BURT V. MASSEY BROS.

Teams representing these firms played on No. 8 ground on Saturday, the result being a win for Burt's team by 4 points to 3. J. Taylor kicked a goal for the winners, and A. Wannop scored a try for Massey Bros.

COASTGUARDS V. PSYCHIC TEAM.

The former won by 20 points to all. Tries were scored by Woodward (2) and Little (2). Woodward and Little converted one each, while Booker kicked a goal from a mark.

WISEMAN'S V. D.S.C.

A team from Messrs Wiseman and Sons met a team from the D.S.C. at Ellerslie on Saturday, and played a very interesting game. The match resulted in a win for the former by 13 points to 6.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO THE NEWTON TEAM.

A complimentary dinner was tendered by Mr P. Quinlan at the Clarendon Hotel last week to the members of the Newton District Football Club, to commemorate their success in the senior championship for 1904. Fully 80 guests sat down to dinner, which was served in host Quinlan's best style, the menu cards being neatly printed in the colours of the club. Mr H. Conquer, president of the Newton Club, presided, and as soon as the eatables were disposed of gave the toast of "The King." Mr F. J. Ohlson, chairman of the Referees' Association, followed, and in a neat speech proposed the health of the Newton Football Club, coupled with the names of the captain (Mr T. Roberts) and the chairman. In the course of his speech Mr Ohlson congratulated the team on their success, and on their conduct on the field. Messrs. Conquer and Roberts suitably replied. Other toasts honoured were the "Auckland Rugby Union," "Kindred Clubs," "Auckland Referees," "the A.R.U. Selector" (Mr Murray), and "Our Host." The chairman, in proposing the last-named toast, referred in eulogistic terms to Mr Quinlan as a constant supporter of the Newton Club and of football generally, and on behalf of the senior team presented him with a handsome shield of the members of the committee and the team. The popular host suitably responded. Musical items were rendered during the evening by Messrs. Lewis, Chevis, Brown, Perry, Lockhard, J. Quinlan, jun., McAuliffe, and Fox. Amongst the guests present were the members of the A.R.U. Committee, and representatives of the Referees' Association and kindred clubs.

WAIKATO MATCHES.

In the football matches played here on Saturday City beat No. 1 by 5 to 4, making a tie for the championship. Paterson defeated Pirongia by 17 to 0. Kihikihia and Otterohanga had a draw, 8 all.

FRANKLIN RUGBY UNION.

A meeting of the delegates of the above Union was held on Friday, July 23rd, in the Pukekohe Hotel, Mr Reid (president) in the chair. There were eight present. The chief business was the consideration of certain statements made by the Waiuku Club against Mr Williams, who acted as referee at a match played at Waiuku three weeks ago between the Waiuku and Pukekohe teams, and the refusal of the Waiuku Club to pay the referee's expenses. After careful investigation and hearing Mr Williams' statement, the delegates decided to disqualify the Waiuku Club for two years. A member of the Waiuku team was also disqualified for ten years on a charge of having insulted the referee.

PAEROA V. WAHUI.

The inter-union football match, Paeroa v. Waiuku, was played here on Saturday afternoon, but was not very interesting. The ground was heavy, and the game was confined practically to the forwards. Up to within five minutes of the time no score had been registered, but then James got the ball from the line, and Vingar passed to Bickets, who made a nice run. Then he gave to Coote, and the latter ran over. No goal resulted. Immediately on resuming Paeroa got the ball into Waiuku's 25, and from forward rush Bickets picked up and forced his way over. The game thus ended; Paeroa, 6; Waiuku, nil. Mr J. McGreggor gave every satisfaction as referee.

MANAIA V. COROMANDEL.

The Rugby Union cup match, Mania v. Coromandel, was played in Bates' paddock on Saturday, and after a very rough game resulted in a victory for Coromandel by 6 points to 3. For the winners, tries were scored by J. Gairland and W. Jones, and Doctor scored for Mania. Two players were ordered off the field for rough play. Mr Fernandez was the referee.

COROMANDEL, Monday.

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WHANGAREI UNION.

A large number of spectators were present at the Union matches in North's paddock on Saturday, the weather being fine. The Whangarei seniors played the Mangawhai juniors, the match ending in favour of the home team by 12 points to 8. During the match C. Foote, of Whangarei, had his collarbone broken, and McKenzie, who attempted to jump over one of the Mangawhai men, was thrown heavily to the ground, a number of his teeth being knocked out. The Mangawhai juniors played the Whangarei juniors, the result being a draw.

HAWKE'S BAY UNION.

A large number of spectators found their way to the Grand Stand on Saturday, and were treated to the finest exhibition of Rugby seen on the ground for many years. Both Seaside and Te Aute teams were in excellent fettle, and the game was fast and exciting throughout. In the first half the ball went up and down the field with great rapidity, owing to the College backs invariably securing it from the scrum and starting dangerous passing rushes, which severely taxed the defensive powers of the opposing backs. Seaside forwards were a shade better than Te Aute's. They put in some fine dribbling rushes, and only hard kicking when near the line prevented several likely scores. Half-time was sounded without a score on either side. The second spell opened and ended merrily. Bishop dashing up gained possession from a punt by McVay, but when near the line lost the ball, which was snatched up by Snyvik, who registered a try. McVay, converting with a lovely kick, a magnificent passing rush by Te Aute ended in Grennell dashing through his opponents and going over at the corner flag. Erekan had a simple kick, but failed to equalise matters. The final result was: Seaside 5, Te Aute 2.

NAPIER, Monday.

The junior match, Te Aute v. Tongareu, was won by the former by 9 points to 5. Mr F. Logan, president of the Rugby Union, delivered a short address on Saturday night on various points of the game, to a large assemblage of footballers who evinced great interest in the proceedings. The Hawke's Bay team selected to play Wellington on Tuesday is regarded as a very strong one in all departments, and is expected to give a good account of itself against the visitors.

Handicap sub-union matches resulted:—Seniors: Tamatea v. Heretaunga United.—This match was very keenly contested, and ended in a draw, neither team scoring. The

latter team have now secured the senior cup for the season. Juniors: Havelock (Old) beat Tamatea (Old); Rovers (Old) beat Rovers (New); Waiwhaka beat Waiwhaka; Heretaunga United failed to put a team in the field. The contest for the junior cup is still very open, as there are three teams within a few points of each other.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

Owing to the representative team being on tour no senior matches were played. The junior championship matches resulted:—Melrose 6, Johnsonville nil; Petone 3, King's College nil; Athletic 13, Oriental nil; Third Class Athletic 19, Selwyn nil; St. Patrick's College 30, Old Boys nil. Fourth Class: Seiwyn 4, St. Patrick's College nil; Athletic 25, St. James' nil; Railway 16, Oriental 3. Fifth Class: St. Patrick's College 18, Selwyn nil. The Athletics' Oriental fixture was postponed, the referee failing to turn up.

WELLINGTON BEAT MANAWATU.

The northern tour of the Wellington rugby team opened successfully at Palmerston North on Saturday, when Manawatu were defeated by 8 to 2. The show ground was in good order, and the weather conditions perfect, until the beginning of the second spell, when light rain converted to a fall. The game was very contested, and although the better team won, the result was marvellous all through the second spell. The Manawatu men lacked combination in the first half, but they improved considerably from the second half on. Wellington forwards did some great work in the first spell. A new feature of their play was the passing rushes from the line out. The backs on both sides were not above their form. Coote was probably the best forward on the field. Wilshear, McMillin (2), Johnston, and Heppner were the picks of Manawatu scrummers. In the first spell a loose forward rush of the visiting forwards closed with Moss diving over at the corner, passing rush by the black forwards enabled Cattin to add another try, which Wallace converted. Manawatu scored a try in the next half, A. McMillin breaking through the Wellington corner from 25 yards. The game ended Wellington, 8; Manawatu, 2. Wallace has been elected captain of the Wellington team on tour.

About 2000 people witnessed the game, which constituted a record attendance at a football match in the district, and amounted to 268 1/2. There was a very large attendance of ladies.

L. Allen, late of Taranaki, is coaching the local reps.

WANGANUI RUGBY TO WAIRARAPA.

The Wanganui Rugby Union were indeed unfortunate in regard to the conditions prevailing for the Wanganui-Wairarapa match, which was played on the "Bree." Up till one o'clock the weather promised most favourably, but it rapidly clouded over, however, and the match was played in a dreizzling rain, which practically settled the chances of the Wanganui team. The heavy Wairarapa forwards proved veritable "amphibians" in the soft going, and their weight combined with their strength and staying, and the clever work of their backs, proved altogether too much for their lighter opponents. During the first twenty minutes before the ground and the players became saturated, the local men held the upper hand, and their play and scores at this stage suggested that with a dry ground the result might have been different. Their running and passing was very effective, and their all-out come when the ground became soaked, caused their supporters great disappointment. Owing to D. Udy being injured Jackson took his place. Shortly after the start O'Leary kicked a penalty goal for Wairarapa, but later on the Wanganui forwards passed to Sheehan, who scored at the edger. Mitchell next made a good run and scored for Wanganui. (3-6) Wanganui backs continued the attack, and some clever line-out work followed. Wairarapa tried a try, (6-6) Caldwell was the next to score for his side. (8-6) In the second spell Wairarapa dribbed over the line, and Jackson scored. This time O'Leary converted. (14-6.) In quick succession tries were scored by Rogers and Wrigley, and the game ended Wairarapa 29 points, Wanganui 6.

WANGANUI, Monday.

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WAIKARARA JUNIORS.

The results of Wairarapa junior matches on Saturday were:—Carters beat Matimbore by 8 to 3; Gladstone beat Thibungui by 11 to nil; Carterton and Gladstone drew nil all; the champions of the district, the School beat Gladstone by 6 to nil. A good practice of the Wairarapa School reps, was held, and first-class form was shown.

MANAWATU MATCHES.

There was a large crowd of spectators to watch the match between Wanders and Otaki at Waverley. The game was evenly contested in the forwards. In the first half the game was slightly in favour of Wanders, who scored a try, which was not bettered. Wanders received a pass and scored a try, which was not converted. After this Otaki went to pieces, and Hiltchins, Taitui, and Hiltchins, were the only ones who showed any form, one of which Wanders converted. The game ended: Wanders 17, Otaki nil. The positions of the teams are:—Levin, played 0, won 4, lost 3, drawn 2, points 10; Wanders, 8-4-2-3-10; Otaki, 8-3-2-8.

WHANGAMARINO UNION.

The final match of the Whangamarino Union championship was played on Saturday at Mercer between Mercer and Manuatu. After a hard game Mercer won by 8 points to 4.

OTAGO V. SOUTHLAND.

DUNEDIN, Monday.

A very interesting game was seen at the 'old-boat' grounds, Dunedin, between Otago and Southland. The latter's forwards beat their opponents in the scrum, but their backs did not utilise the opportunities, and Otago in the first half had the better of the game.

BRITISH FOOTBALL TEAM.

AUSTRALIA DEFEATED BY 16 POINTS TO NIL.

SYDNEY, July 30.

Excellent weather was enjoyed for the third test match between the British footballers and the Combined Australian team, this afternoon, at the Sydney cricket ground, including the sculling championship. It is estimated that 25,000 people witnessed the game.

the spell, and later Moulson scored for

Thistle v. Tabernacls.—Thistle beat Tabernacls on the Domain ground by one goal to nil. The goal was scored by Tompkins in an excited mood near the goal in the first spell.

JUNIORS.

The Junior match, St. John's v. Corinthians, on which the award of the cup depended, was a draw, neither side scoring.

THIRD CLASS.

Grafton v. W.Y.M.I.—This match was played on the Domain, and resulted in a draw, the score being 2 goals each. For W.Y.M.I., A. and G. Clarke scored one goal each, while Blacklock kicked a penalty, and Dudgey scored for Grafton.

W.Y.M.I. A v. Pomsonby.—This game, which was played at Kingsland, resulted in a win for W.Y.M.I. by 2 goals to 1. This match closed the round for W.Y.M.I., who have played 11 games, won 3, and lost 2, scoring 28 goals during the season, against 9.

END OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES TOUR.

DRAWN GAME AGAINST NEW ZEALAND.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The second test match between the New South Wales Association football team and New Zealand was played on the Athletic Park on Saturday, in the presence of 3000 spectators, including Lord and Lady Plunket, Hon. K. G. Kitchener, Hon. J. Plunket, and several Ministers of the Crown. The day was fine, and there was no trace of wind, but the ground was a trifle heavy, and the visitors were somewhat handicapped in consequence.

The game ended in a draw, both sides scoring three goals, but on the play, if anything, New South Wales deserved the victory. The Maori players played more vigorously than their opponents, but the latter exhibited more science, and had to contend with a good deal of hard luck.

The teams were as follows:—New Zealand: Goal, Sambrook; backs, Chapman and Jones; halves, Taylor, Clark, and Elicourt; forwards, Morrison, Mount, Foreshaw, Sale and Hiley. New South Wales: Goal, Spencer; backs, Coudou and McMahon; halves, Byers, Hilder, and Thomas; forwards, Waddell, Carey, Moore, McDonald, and Rae. For the home team, goals were scored by Foreshaw, Sale (2), Hae (2), Moore scored for the visitors.

A silver cup presented by Mr Pinnock, proprietor of the 'readers', for the best player in New Zealand's side, was handed by Lady Plunket to Sale, of Auckland, at the close of the match. McMahon and Aulie were the best backs on the ground, while Sale, Carey, and Moore were the most prominent forwards. The Welshmen left for Sydney by the Mootaki in the evening.

AUSTRALIAN GAME.

AUCKLAND V. WAHII.

WAIHI, Monday.

A representative team of Auckland Australian Football Association players arrived here Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday played the local team. They were welcomed upon their arrival by the Mayor and a number of football enthusiasts. The match was witnessed by a large number of spectators, and after a very interesting game Auckland won by 4 goals 10 behinds (34 points) to 2 goals 9 behinds (21 points).

BOXING.

WELLINGTON CENTRE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The boxing tournament under the management of the Wellington Centre of the New Zealand Boxing Association concluded in the evening at the Barracks, when the final for the championships of the Centre were decided. There was an enthusiastic audience, and the contests being fought were greatly appreciated. In every instance the referee's reference met with the approval of the audience, a fact which speaks well for Mr R. Jarrett's judgment. The contests were decided as follows:—Bantam weight: E. E. Clifford beat J. Gosling, the former showing superior generalship. Featherweight: Spl. Thomas beat W. Crawford, the winner being stronger and getting in effective work. Lightweight: J. Simpson beat Goal Williams, after the best boxing bout of the evening, there being little to choose between the men. Middleweight: W. P. Redgrave beat H. Rogers, the former outpacing his man. In the final, a hard and unrelenting encounter saw J. W. Rogers get the verdict over H. Rather. The winners and runners-up were subsequently presented with handsome gold and silver medals by the president of the Centre, Mr C. M. Mountford. The meeting gives a small impetus to the Centre.

COURSING.

NOVEL STAKES AT WELLINGTON.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

There was a moderate attendance at Teitubans Park on Saturday, when the Wellington and Suburban Coursing Club held a novel stake for members' race 16 dogs at £1 1/2 each. Hares were strong and fresh, and in every instance except one saved their fur. Mr H. Davie's Hay Jones, by Watchman—Young Hovell's Daughter, won the final, followed by Mr J. Stevens' hrd B Lady Advance, by Advance—Lady Helford.

HOCKEY.

AUCKLAND RESULTS.

JUNIORS.

United A beat College Rifles by two goals to nil, after a good game, although United had the better of it from the start. Hoy scored early in the first spell, and got a second shortly afterwards. For the rest of the game there was give-and-take play, which never came to anything. Auckland still leads for the junior championship, and there is but one match more to be played. That will not be till Saturday week, as the match is put off on account of the football.

LADIES (SENIOR).

Te Itua and Ladies' College met on the latter's ground on Saturday, a fast and exciting match being played. During the first spell Te Itua scored one goal, for which Misses Gannon and Smith were responsible. From a good hit from one of the Te Itua backs Miss Smith succeeded in getting possession of the ball, returning it to Miss Gannon, who dribbled it some distance and then from a pass to Miss Usher succeeded in scoring. On resuming, Ladies' College rushed the ball down the field, but Te Itua backs returned, and give-and-take play took place until Te Itua scored a second goal. For the College, Misses Macklow, Tucker, and Montgomery played well; and for Te Itua Misses Usher, Smith, Gannon (2), and Jackson were the most conspicuous.

Varsity met Moana on the latter's own ground, and a fast game resulted. Varsity won by 3 goals to 1. Goals were scored for the winners by the Misses Jacobson (2), and Gorrle, and for Moana by Miss Douer.

THAMES WINNERS.

THAMES, Monday.

Thames again played Hauraki on Saturday, the sixth occasion, and Hauraki won. Thames still leads for the championship, with three wins, two losses, and a draw; Hauraki having two wins, three losses, and a draw. For the win-

ners, the Rev. William Kingham (in the 2nd spell) scored, and Ferguson got a goal for Thames.

FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

One of the best senior matches of the season was witnessed in the playing off heat between the two leading teams, United and Karori. Karori players made things lively during the first spell, but their opponents employed them throughout the second spell, and when the numbers were equal Karori had won by 3 goals to nil. The scorers were Elliott (2) and Smythe.

Waiwera beat Y.M.C.A. by 3 goals to 2. Waiwera team was beaten by Wellington by 6 goals to nil, the scorers being Lope (5), Inul (2), and Fell.

In the junior championship United beat Karori by 2 goals to 1, and the Varsity V. Wellington A beat resulted in a win for the former by 3 goals to 2.

The ladies' matches ended.—Kiaoi Juniors v. Victoria College team 1; Miss Freeman's School team beat the representatives of Miss Shipperd's School by 2 to nil.

REF. PRACTICE AT WANGANUI.

WANGANUI, Monday.

Rain did not damp the enthusiasm of the men picked for the ref. hockey practice—although one or two prominent players might have made an effort to attend. The team soon got to work, Soler and J. Thompson each scoring in the first five minutes. The first spell ended in favour of the "colours," 5 goals up. The second spell was more even, and towards the end A team had the best of the game. 3 teams added one goal to their tally, while Graham scored the only goal for A.

CARTERTON LADIES DRAW WITH PETONE.

MASTERTON, Monday.

A very interesting hockey match was played on Saturday at Carterton between teams of the Petone and Carterton Ladies' Hockey Clubs, and resulted in a draw, neither side scoring. The game throughout was fast and open, each side making strenuous efforts to score, and the ball travelled from one end of the field to the other with impartial regularity, but on each side the defence was sound. Carterton ladies are showing wonderfully improved form. For Petone the players who were most conspicuous were the Misses M. Adams, Brian, Turner, and Fleet; and for Carterton Misses Llands, Telford, Pull, Molloy, and Lawrence. The visitors were hospitably entertained by their country opponents.

ATHLETICS.

WELLINGTON HARRIERS.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The Wellington Harriers held a scaled handicap race, the course being about four miles. Eleven men faced the starter, and all completed the distance. The following was the result of the race:—Bennett, time

£2,000 WON IN PRIZES, Besides CUPS, TROPHIES & MEDALS BY SHOOTERS IN NEW ZEALAND

Within 2 years, previous to the 30th June, 1904, was the Colonial Ammunition Company's Shotgun Cartridge and Patent Wadding. The Company are now making a specialty of Shooting Cartridges with specially prepared G. filled shot, which gives a more even size than 6 or 7 respectively. The Company recommend it for both Field and Pigeon Shooting. To avoid disappointment orders should be placed early.

Address: THE COLONIAL AMMUNITION CO., AUCKLAND, N.Z.

MERIT ALONE HAS KEPT... BARTLETT'S CLINCHER TYRES... EASIEST TO DETACH... RESILIENT. RELIABLE. DURABLE. THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., LTD., EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEPARTURE FOR WELLINGTON.

THE NEWCASTLE INCIDENT.

SYDNEY, July 31.

The British football team are passengers by the Waimona, which left for Wellington last night. The British departure steward announced that both Hume and himself would be sufficiently recovered to play in New Zealand.

THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.

WELLINGTON, July 27.

The following team was chosen to-night to represent New Zealand against Great Britain at Wellington on August 13:—Full-back, Gerard (Auckland); three-quarters, Wallace (Wellington), Harper (Christchurch), McGregor (Wellington); five-eighths, Wood (Auckland), Stead (Southland); half, Harvey (Canterbury); wing forwards, Porteus (Otago), forwards, Tyler (Auckland), Cook (Wellington), Gilmour (Taranaki), Gallacher (Auckland), Cooke (North Canterbury), Fanning (Canterbury), Seeling (Auckland).

We are informed, through Mr Murray, the Auckland selector, that the New Zealand Rugby Union has decided that some sacrifices are necessary to allow of the team that is to meet Stewgwick's attack in Wellington having an opportunity to work up some combination. All the players will be in Wellington on the Tuesday preceding the Saturday for which the British-New Zealand test is fixed. To allow of this the Wellington men included in the team after the Auckland match will not play against Thames, but will play at home to Wellington; and Otago and Southland will lose the assistance against the Englishmen of the players who are engaged in the New Zealand match. By this means the New Zealand side will have on Tuesday (11) Saturday to practice.

ASSOCIATION.

AUCKLAND FIXTURES.

SENIORS.

Cornhillians v. North Shore.—This match ended in a draw, each side scoring a goal. Both sides scored for Colquhoun early in

For distance 25m 40m, less handicap 25m, 25m 40m, M. Barrett, 25m 40m, handicap 10m, 25m 40m; J. Caldwell, 25m 40m, sec, 25m 40m; H. J. Fothergill, 25m 40m, handicap 10m, 25m 40m. The fastest times were recorded by Barrett and Caldwell—25m 40m—and Fothergill—25m 40m.

GOLF.

ONE-TREE HILL LINKS.

ONE-CLUB MATCH.

A novel competition, a one-club match, played on Saturday afternoon at One-Tree Hill, Auckland, for a prize presented by Mr. Lewis, was won by Mr. J. Reidell, who returned a score of 120, less 20 (net 100). Other cards returned were: E. Horton (25), 101; J. Gillies (plus 2), 99; T. Leather (10), 87; Connor (10), 90; Bloomfield (9), 100; B. A. Dargaville (14), 102; E. W. Payton (12), 103; E. Bloomfield (18), 104; Pinton (14), 104; Pollen (12), 104; M. Clark (21), 107; W. Hoathes (9), 109; B. Hill (10), 108; Walker (18), 110; Turner (11), 110.

FOUR-SOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, Monday.

A foursome played at the local golf links on Saturday, resulted as follows: Miss Young and Mr. Reid 43, Miss Brooks and Mr. Dixon 49, Miss Coates and Mr. Walker 53, Miss Willis and Mr. Batty 55, Miss N. Young and Mr. Coates 57, Miss J. Brooks and Mr. Reid 60, Miss Skeet and Mr. Madison 62, Miss Duggins and Mr. Farrell 63.

LEAP YEAR MATCH AT NAPIER.

NAPIER, Monday.

There were a large number of entries for the Napier Golf Club's Leap Year Mixed Foursomes, which took place at Waiotiki Links. The principal scores were as follows: Mrs. Wenley and G. M. Morris, 88, gross 77, handicap 81 net; Miss Burke and K. Tereha, 85—87; Mrs. Carr and J. A. Jardine, 101—13—89; Miss Kennedy and W. Wood, 94—5—89; Mrs. K. Tereha and K. Kawli, 93—3—90; Miss Balfour and W. J. Peacock, 100—10—90; Miss Linda Davis and A. Kennedy, 100—10—90; Miss Macfarlane and E. Gordon, 96—7—91; Miss Faunah and L. Jardine, 106—13—93; Mrs. Kennedy and H. Peacock, 103—9—94; Miss D. Kennedy and Murray, 107—13—94; Miss Dinwiddie and Dinwiddie, 124—20—94; Miss Wood and E. S. Coates, 117—15—94; Mrs. Smith and H. J. Smith, 105—10—100; Miss Campbell and D. Cotterill, 108—8—100; Miss Leticia Davis and Brabant, 121—18—102.

WELLINGTON BEAT HUTT.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The Hutt Golf Club played a B team of the Wellington Golf Club on Saturday, the city combination winning by seven games to five.

W. E. REID WINS THE WELLINGTON CHAMPIONSHIP.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

The club championship of the Wellington Golf Club was brought to conclusion on Saturday, when Reid beat E. A. Kellbell 2 up and 1 to play; A. J. Abbott beat E. S. Pearce 3 up and 1 to play; W. E. Reid beat J. B. Macrae 2 up; W. E. Reid beat A. J. Abbott 3 up and 1 to play, and so won the club championship.

WANGANUI RESULTS.

WANGANUI, Monday.

A golf match Wanganui Club v. Palmerston North, played on the Balcornie Links on Saturday, resulted in a win for the local reps, by seven games to four. The visitors, however, were handicapped, by the absence of one of their best players, notably Messrs. Nicolman, Pryde, and Dr. Wilson. The weather was anything but pleasant; indeed, the second round was played for a steady downpour, rain. The scores were as follows: Strang (captain) Wanganui 6 v. Maxoid (Wanganui) 10; Harman 3 v. G. Saunders 0; G. Sun 0 v. L. Saunders 0; W. Strang 2 v. Meldrum 0; Freeth 0 v. Bates 2; Newbould 0 v. Dr. Wilson 2; Murray 0 v. Palmer 7; Moore 0 v. Watson 3; L. Abraham 3 v. Francis 0; Colonel Gorton 6 v. D'Arcy (captain) 7. The Maroro Club finals for the captain's and vice-president's trophies were played off on the Maroro links on Saturday. For the captain's trophy the competitors left in were F. S. Stevenson and J. C. Richardson, and the former proved victorious by a very small margin. The flush for the senior trophy for the vice-president's trophy was fought out between Lewis Gordon and Mackay, who played a "three-some." Mackay secured the trophy with only one stroke to spare, with Gordon in second place, and Lewis third.

MASSTERTON FOUR-SOMES.

MASSTERTON, Monday.

Foursomes were played at Landowne, Masterton, on Saturday, with results as follows: Men (18 holes up), medal play: W. H. Robinson and G. C. Summerell, gross score 106, handicap 9, net score 92; W. H. L. Galway and J. P. Butlerland, 107—rec. 10—107; V. E. Donald and H. A. Hannu, 102—rec. 102; C. C. Cox and J. C. Gurnham, 111—rec. 0—102; J. A. Sellar and N. D. Bunting, 111—rec. 5—106; D. Donald and W. J. Jones, 115—rec. 115; Donald, Mather, J. Robinson and Rayson, 87—rec. 87; Misses Bussy and M. Payton, 87—rec. 87; Mrs. W. P. James and Miss G. Robinson, 89—rec. 12—87; Mrs. W. H. Heuckstaub and Miss Holman 90—rec. 5—

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY GEORGE TOWNS.

SYDNEY, July 30.

After an interval of twelve years the Parramatta River was to-day again the scene of a contest for the sculling championship of the world, George Towns proving his right to the title by easily defeating his challenger, H. Tressidder. Great interest was centred in the event, crowds taking possession of all the points of vantage along the river, while several steamers which followed the race were largely patronised. A cold south-east breeze blew across the course, heading the boats into some of the longer reaches to some extent, but had no practical effect on the result.

Tressidder, who sealed 12st 4lb. to Towns' 11st, won the toss for positions, and selected the southern shore. The men got away well together, Towns rowing 31 strokes to the minute, and Tressidder 35 strokes. Tressidder forged ahead, and before reaching Uth's Point was leading by a length. Towns taking things stealthily, gradually reduced the gap, and at the mile, which took six minutes and a half, had drawn up level with his opponent. At Putney, where the champion was rowing 26 strokes, and Tressidder 25 strokes, Towns had half-a-length's lead, which increased to a length and a half by the time the gasworks was reached; thence he had the race in hand, rowing well within himself. Towns increased his advantage to four lengths at Carbarita, and six lengths at Gladsville, finally winning by about ten lengths. Tressidder made several game attempts to overhaul the leader, but after passing Putney, where he first showed signs of tiring, failed to make any impression on the champion. At the Abbotsford Tressidder ran into a pleasure-boat, which stopped him for a time, but he kept on gamely plugging to the finish.

The time was 21m. 48.45s.

The race was for the world's championship and £500 a side. Speaking of the contestants the Sydney "Referee" says: "Both have splendid records in every respect, and both are well qualified to row for the proud honour of the aquatic premier-ship." It is over twelve years since a race for the championship was rowed on Australia's classic course, for it was in May, 1892, that Stanbury defeated Tom Sullivan. The following is a statement of the contests for the championship during latter years: Searle beat O'Connor on the Thames in 1889; Kemp beat Matheron, 1890; Kemp beat McLean, 1890; McLean beat Kemp, 1890; Stanbury beat McLean (twice) in 1891; Stanbury beat Sullivan, 1892. All these events, after the first-mentioned, were on the Parramatta. In July, 1896, Stanbury beat "Wag" Harding on the Thames, and in September of the same year Gaudaur defeated Stanbury, the world's championship leaving Australia for the first time since Beach beat Hanlan in 1884. Towns has the credit of bringing it back again.

This week an interesting change in the signalling system of the Auckland railways is to be inaugurated. Up to the present the "block" system has been used between Auckland and Penrose, but the "tablet" system has been introduced between Auckland and Onehunga, and also between Newmarket, and Henderson on the Kaipara line. On Sunday the final work of transferring the wires to the new machines was performed. The machines have been placed in the stations as far as Pukekohe, and shortly the new system is to be working as far as Frankton. It is considered impossible when the tablets are in use for a collision to occur. The essential point of the system is that no engine-driver is allowed to leave a station without a tablet in his possession, and the element of safety rests on the fact that the machines are so made that it is an impossibility for two of the tablets to be out at the same time. If a train leaves Auckland for Penrose with a tablet, that tablet has to be deposited in the machine at Penrose before another tablet is issued allowing a return train to leave Penrose for Auckland, and the electrical connection between the two stations, although the two machines contain between them 24 tablets, makes it an impossibility to extract a tablet from the Auckland machine until the tablet has been put into the machine in Penrose. It follows that it is utterly impossible for two trains to be on that section at the same time, and so the possibility of a collision is done away with.

Music and Drama.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR J. C. WILLIAMSON'S Brilliant NEW COMEDY COMPANY.

The following Repertoire has been arranged for the remainder of the Season:—

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY, AUGUST 5th, 6th, and 7th.

FIRST PRODUCTION IN AUCKLAND.

COUSIN KATE, Followed by MARGERY'S TROUBLES.

SATURDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY, AUGUST 6th, 8th, and 9th.

FIRST PRODUCTION IN AUSTRALASIA. THE DUKE OF KILIECRANKIE.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th.

FIRST PRODUCTION IN AUSTRALASIA. HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR. Full particulars daily papers.

The news comes from U.S.A. that Wallace Brownlow in "The Beggar Student" is an ideal baritone lover. He has several duet bottles with Dora de Philippe, which is a good, stimulating name for a frisky stage songstress.

Two of the latest English comedy successes, viz., "The Duke of Kiliecrankie" and "His Excellency the Governor," will be produced for the first time in Australasia during Mr. Williamson's present Auckland season. The former goes up on Saturday evening next, and the latter on the following Wednesday or Thursday.

"Would you mind keeping that hat on?" "Keep it on! Why, I was just about to take it off." "I know it. But I don't want to see any more of the play than I can help."

A second visit to "The Marriage of Kitty" confirms the writer in the opinion expressed last week, that this is one of the pleasantest, brightest, and most laughable comedies we have had over this side for some considerable time. The opinion was expressed by some that it was very light. Of course, it is light—what else would you have? The only fault I can find in the production is the prodigious length of the intervals. The management think it essential, presumably, that the audience should not leave the theatre till ten thirty, for by means of much music between the acts they are detained till that hour, though the play could be over easily and with advantage by ten. The argument is that the majority would consider they had not had money's worth if turned out of the theatre by ten, and of course one must allow experienced folk such as Mr. Ashton and Mr. Vincent to know their own business best, but still one ventures to think they are in this mistaken, and that an experiment might be tried. Many people—most people, we believe—would prefer to get home early. After all, the play's the thing, not the music, even when good—for a theatre orchestra—as it undoubtedly is in this instance.

"Cousin Kate," which is being played by Mr. Williamson's company on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week, is the work of Mr. Henry Hubert Davies, who is billed as the latest, youngest and most successful dramatist of the year in England and America. The London "Playgoer" says:—"In the author of 'Cousin Kate,' London seems to have found the new dramatist for whom it has so long been pining. There are obvious reasons for the popularity of Mr. Davies' latest play. Its story, charmingly told, is of the ever-popular love-at-first-sight; its characters are well-drawn, and its dialogue is bright and full of humour. And story, characters and dialogue are all quite simple, so that the audience has no harassing complexities to worry over, but it is charmed to laughter and sympathy, and into forgetfulness of the cares and struggles of every-day life."

Miss Gerlie Campion, who has been an invalid in Johannesburg since November last, has left for Durban, and after a short stay as the guest of Mrs. Waite, Berea (in New Zealand lady), she will take ship for her home in Melbourne. Miss Campion is getting strong again, and it is hoped the sea voyage will quite set her up. Miss Kitty Campion returns to Australia with her sister.

Dr. Joachim, the grand old man of the world of music, celebrated a few weeks ago the diamond jubilee of his first appearance in England. The celebration took the form of a reception at the Queen's Hall, and the presentation to Dr. Joachim of a portrait of himself. It was a memorable night. The Prime Minister attended to make the presentation, and the hall was crowded from floor to ceiling.

After the Auckland season, and prior to opening in Wellington, Mr. J. C. Williamson's Comedy Company have the following country dates arranged:—New Plymouth, Monday and Tuesday, August 15 and 16; Stratford, Wednesday, August 17; Hawera, Thursday, August 18; Wanganui, Friday and Saturday, August 19 and 20; Palmerston North, Monday and Tuesday, August 22 and 23; Napier, Wednesday and Thursday, August 24 and 25; Masterton, Friday, August 26. "The Marriage of Kitty" will be played in the one-night towns, and this piece and also "His Excellency the Governor" where the company appear twice.

Our new theatre, which is to be named His Majesty's, is nearing completion (writes our Gisborne correspondent), and many are the gaities promised us when it is finished. Mel, J. Spurr, of whom we have heard so much, will open His Majesty's on Wednesday, August 17. The first dance to be held in the new building will be the East Coast Mounted Rifles Ball, to take place about the end of August. The last assembly is also to be held there, and there are also to be numerous concerts, etc.

Here is a little story of Albert Chevalier. His manager saw a man gazing doubtfully at the poster, outside a provincial hall just before the recital commenced. He ultimately bought a ticket, but seemed inclined to be very critical. Afterwards the manager saw the same man going away with a particularly pleased and happy countenance. "I hope you enjoyed Mr. Chevalier's performance?" said the manager. "Yes, yes!" answered the man, with a broad smile. Then, assuming his critical expression—"But I think I prefer oratorio."

Preparations are being made for a revival of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Royal Schauspielhaus, Berlin. It is to be on a new and splendid scale. The royal scene painters and costumers are busy preparing for the event, the whole of the decorations having been specially ordered. The cast has not yet been decided upon, but it will be composed of the first members of the company. His Imperial Majesty—who is never happier than when he is "hosting the show" at the State theatres—is taking a great personal interest in the revival.

Mr. George Grossmith's advice to the people who wish to keep a railway compartment exclusively for their own use in a crowded train was one of the best things in his last Recital of the season the other day (says a London writer). He deprecated the time-honoured device of filling the vacant seats with bundles of railway rugs, umbrellas, or newspapers. His plan was much more ingenious. A tip to the guard secures the locking of the door, and directly another passenger (usually a disagreeable elderly man with an equally disagreeable wife) begins to rattle the handle and shout to the porters for a key, "Gee Gee" deliberately folds his handkerchief over his head, jumps to his feet, assumes the expression worn by the polite lunatic in Phil May's well-known Dootyville sketches, and dances wildly in front of the window, shouting, "Come in! come in! lots

of room! Come in!" He says that this simple plan is never known to fail. It would enable any man—who would do it with sufficient spirit—to keep a compartment to himself.

The most popular song of the century so far has been "Viens poucoule," which rivals "Tu-ra-ra-ra Bloom-de-ay" in its universality. Originally a French ditty, for the last year it has haunted the whole of Europe. At latest dates it was one of the items of the "Empire" programme. It is said to have done more for the "entente cordiale" than all the efforts of politicians. "Viens poucoule" has not yet reached the colonies.

Geo. Edwards has his finger well in the English theatrical pie. He had running, when the mail left, in London, "The Orchid," at the Gaiety Theatre; "La Poupée," at the Prince of Wales; "The Duchess of Dantz," at the Lyric; "Verenogue," at the Apollo; and the Empire Music Hall; and in addition touring companies of each piece, to say nothing of a company in Australia and one in South Africa. Rather a good record this.

In "The Man From China" is a song entitled "Fifty-seven Different Ways to Win a Man." The refrain:

"There are fifty ways and my ways
Simple ways and my ways
Ways that have been practised since the world began.

He would run—but don't you let him
Keep on trying, you will get him—
There are fifty-seven different ways to win a man."

It is a very lengthy song, but not a word is said or sung by the vocalist or anybody else throughout the whole of the two acts about the one hundred and sixteen ways to lose a woman.

The Orient, the great Yiddish theatre that is projected in the East End, will be open an hour before the performance commences, and every seat will be bookable in advance. The site secured was the property of the London Hospital. The price was £10,000, and the total cost of the great Ghetto playhouse is expected to be £60,000. The syndicate which is building it has in the past paid the management of the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, £80 for a single night's hire for the production of a Yiddish play, and has been able to do so at a profit. The plans are now before the County Council.

Now that the piano boom is upon us, the "Critic," Adelaide, would like to record the strange case of an instrument in a N.A. hotel parlour. One night a mildly inebriated person with musical tastes grew exasperated with the piano because it wouldn't sound B natural when he struck C, and in a frenzy opened the lid and shook the keys inside with a bottle of whisky. The landlady nipped up the booze, and after she had effectually wiped the clinging whisky away sat down to play something sentimental. She had no sooner struck a note, however, than the blessed instrument commenced playing, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," all on its own. Now, there's a piano for sale, cheap.

Mrs Minnie Madden Fiske, a cultivated American actress, is thoroughly disgusted with the town of Ann Arbor, with the University of Michigan, and with the audience that greeted her in "Hedda Gabler." She went so far as to order the curtain to be rung down in the middle of the first act because some students in the gallery were eating peanuls, and she made her manager announce that if peanut-eating during the performance was not stopped, the play would cease altogether. Mrs Fiske says the Michigan professors are to blame for the fact that musical plays will draw full houses in Ann Arbor, while Ibsen's dramas attract "an audience that, in itself, is the greatest humiliation she has received in her whole career."

For lovers of the drama who prefer something deeper than the trivial, frothy plays now so popular, the New Century Theatre in London arranges for afternoon performances of good classical plays. The "Hippolytus" of Euripides, translated by Dr. Gilbert Murray, was the latest piece produced by the New Century at the Lyric. Dr. Murray's work is said to be eminently poetical, and the characters were generally well played. Public interest,

however, was only moderate. "Hippolytus" was presented as a "live" tragedy, not in an academic or educational manner, and that the great themes of human subjection to destiny and the impotence of men in the grip of the immortals have not lost their thrilling interest was made manifest by the intense emotion displayed by the audience. Presented (says the "Athenaeum") with no remarkable accessories and no noteworthy cast, this Greek play impressed and enthralled.

A German pianist, Herr Max Lutzow, struck Tasmania with a sudden, musical bang the other day. Lutzow may not be a world-famed man in his profession, but he has some slap-up ideas, and is daddily expressing his mind to evolve a scheme that will abolish tonality. Says Herr Max: "Music in no key at all is the music of the future." A man with very long hair might understand this, but the general public doesn't. Even the midnight cat on the galvanised iron roof must sing in some key or other. Lutzow is a vegetarian, and laments the fact that nuts don't grow well in the Fatherland. After his Tasmanian visit he will proceed to New Guinea and the East, where any sort of nut, from a peanut to a coconut, grows wild and unprotected from the enthusiastic vegetarian.

An interesting theatrical suit was settled in London on May 9 (writes a correspondent in the Sydney "Bulletin"). In 1893 Madame Trebelli-Bettini died, leaving her money and jewels to the Royal Academy of Music. Her daughter—Mdlle. Antoinette Charlotte Alexandrine Zelle Bettini, contested the will, but lost the case, and was ordered to deliver to defendants the jewellery, of which she had taken possession. The defiant damsel fled, however, to South Africa, and has toured that country and Australia ever since. The matter has at last been compromised by the now Admre, Dolores paying £1000 to the R.A.M., and all is peace again. The sweet-throated Dolores has had lucrative offers to sing in England, which she will now accept.

Mr Beerbohm Tree, in an interview in "Cassell's Magazine," describes some of the voluminous correspondence which he receives. He says: "A lady connected with the Salvation Army wrote acknowledging my annual contribution to the Self-Denial Fund—May God reward you, dear Mr Tree; the Salvation Army cannot." Another letter explained: "I have four girls from Switzerland home for the holidays. It would be a great treat if they could see 'The Darling of the Gods.' But that would be rather expensive. Will you please send us five stalls?" One gentleman called at the stage door and left a note: "Immediate. Bonner awaits reply. Sir, unless you send me down 10/- at once I shall end my sorrows in the river." Two hours after Mr Tree went into the street. The first person he saw was the would-be suicide dancing a hornpipe outside the stage door. "I thought you were in the river," dreamily murmured Mr Tree. "Well, sir, I went down to the Embankment, but when I saw the water my better self conquered! I have come back for the ten shillings."

It makes us smile now to observe that the greatest offence given by Sir Henry Irving to his opponents was created by his "mannerisms." As an old dramatist once said, "No man has ever been a popular favourite in my time unless he was a pronounced mannerist. Charles Kemble was a silver-tongued, sententious mannerist; Edmund Kean was a stuttering and spasmodic mannerist; Macready and Phelps always gibed and growled over their bones; Charles Kean had a chronic cold in the head; Keeley was sleek and sleepy; Luckstone, a chuckler; Lou Webster was always imperfect, and had a Somersetshire dialect; Mathews was a Mephisto in kid gloves and patent boots; and Hyder was a roarer." The absurdity of attaching so much importance to merely superficial characteristics is obvious to us now; but in the "early seventies" such things were deemed of great pith and moment. The reform which Henry Irving came to effect was as much in the dramatic criticism of his day as in the conception of character and the mounting of plays.

Speaking of the Gaiety Company's success in Melbourne, the "Australasian" remarks that it has opened two

eyes of the men of the Victorian metropolis to the latest fashions, and it goes on to say there is a keen satisfaction in being kept up to date, even if it is only in waistcoats. Mr E. H. Huntley, Mr Farlow, and the rest have displayed the "new" vest, a kind of Directoire affair, terminating its brief double-breasted career in two V-shaped points high above the waistline; they have also taught that champagne-coloured gloves are "in," that a purple tie spiked with a pearl-headed pin is the "latest cry," as the fashion papers say they say in Paris, and that the man of fashion must brilliantine his hair until it is as smooth and glossy as his hat. About the women's gowns no fresh revelations have been given, but Melbourne women don't require hints in that line from anybody.

"Fiddle-Dee-Dee," which comes to New Zealand some time soon, is one of those formless, invertebrate entertainments which sometimes pass for musical comedy in the United States. The Australian production was attended by a good deal of laughter and a crowded audience at the Palace Theatre, Sydney. The dialogue by Edgar Smith consisted principally of anagrams from "Funny Bits" and anything else of the same kind the appropriator could lay hands on, and the music by John Strouberg was similarly hilarious, noisy, and unskillfully undistinguished. To give "the full sum in the brief narration," as old Massinger tersely puts it, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" forms a bustling, bustling, irresponsible piece of nonsense which may prove below the standard of what Australian audiences expect in burlesque, but which is just as likely to "catch on" with the main body of playgoers. The verdict will rest with the public, and not in the least with the opinion formed of the entertainment by any one critic, whether of the press or otherwise.

"A Woman of Pleasure" is the title of Mr. Anderson's latest and most sensational melodrama, which is a big success in Melbourne, and which he intends to send round New Zealand when his company visit us again shortly. According to the "Critic" on the other side, there are almost sufficient sensationalism and incident crammed into "A Woman of Pleasure" to serve for two dramas, from which assertion it will be gathered that Mr. James Willard has built a very powerful play, with many strong and thrilling situations. The title certainly seems somewhat of a misnomer, for during the action of the drama the heroine sees little pleasure, and much undeserved suffering. Her action in the prologue, of forcing the Earl of Carlingforth to marry her, because she accidentally obtains a hold over him, is reprehensible, and so is her flirtation, some years afterwards, with their treacherous guest, Major Burrows. Still, the studied coldness and aloofness of her husband is partly to blame for this, and when the hour for the elopement arrives she realises how much of her pleasure in Major Burrows' society is brought about by mere pique, and that she truly loves her husband. She utterly refuses to accompany the Major. Now he takes her by force, and uses her note to him as a letter of farewell to the Earl, forms one of the most telling incidents in the play. The action moves to South Africa, where, by the irony of fate, Major Burrows is placed under Lord Carlingforth's command. Here he proves himself a traitor to his country and his comrades, a man without feeling or honour. He plans to lead his men into an ambush, to kill his commanding officer, and to again secure Lady Carlingforth, who has escaped from his clutches, and followed her husband to South Africa, in order to prove her innocence. Making besieged is shown, and its brave inhabitants repulse an attack of the Boers, who fail in their attempt, despite Burrows' treachery. He escapes in a balloon from Mafeking and punishment, taking Lady Carlingforth by force, but killing his servant and fool, Silas Ferrit. The balloon descends on a rocky coast, where the Major is injured, and is nursed by Lady Carlingforth. When the opportunity for rescue offers, he plans to abandon her, takes to the balloon himself, but she, in desperation, seizes a rope and hangs on. They are rescued by a troopship, upon which are the Earl and his men. The boat takes fire in mid-ocean; the passengers have to take to the boats, and it seems as if the poor heroine would never get comfortable, but she does somehow in the last act.

On page 2 of this issue we give a capital portrait of Mr Harold Ashton, known throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand and the Australian Commonwealth as a leading "advocate man" for Mr J. C. Williamson's larger organisations. When that most charming and courteous of avant-couriers, Mr "Jack" Lohr, retired from his labours, and settled down in his seaside hotel, where he is doing remarkably well, by the way, it was thought there was no one who could possibly step into his shoes, or on whom the mantle of his enormous popularity would descend. But with the opportunity came the man, and Mr Ashton certainly now occupies much the same position with all who are brought into contact with him that was erstwhile achieved by his predecessor. Like Lohr, Ashton has what the Irish call "a way wild him," and has a faculty for booming his shows, and charming paragraphs out of sub-editors, even on the busiest days, which amounts to positive genius. It is the idea of some that the principal duty of an advance agent is to get hold of pressmen, and others able to assist in pushing the production he is interested in, and to fill them up with as much liquid refreshment and as many brightly cereulean stories as can in nature be achieved. There may have been such days—there may have been days when the average pressman loved her better than clean linen—but if so, they are in the dim legendary past. Nowadays pressmen and advance agents do their business like other folk in their offices, and the avant-courier is far too busy a man to have time to spend retailing naughty stories and setting up drinks. Of all those off the stage, or even on, he is the business man. He must if needs be be his own bill-sticker, he must be able to see a great scenic "set" properly set up, he must be able to be as popular with supers, stage-hands, and the hot-pot of theatre, as he is with the smart society set whom he must also be able to meet. In fact, he must be an all-round man with a vengeance, and something of a marvel. Wherefore in saying that Mr Ashton is now unquestionably the most successful advance agent on colonial rounds, one is paying a higher compliment than falls to most men, and one which is well deserved, as all who know him will readily admit.

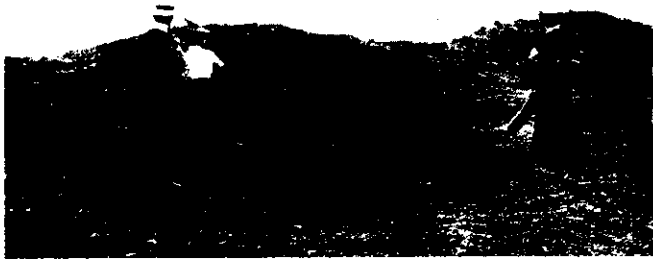
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NOW VISITING NEW ZEALAND.



ON THE WANGANUI LINKS.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE RECENT LADIES' GOLF MATCH, WANGANUI V. PALMERSTON NORTH, WON BY THE HOME TEAM.



W. S. Best, Strand Studio, Auckland.

HULA HOCKEY CLUB.

BACK ROW (Left to Right)—Misses G. Usher, I. Usher, Young, M. Dormer, M. Gannon (Vice-Captain), N. Whitaker.
 MIDDLE ROW—Misses H. Gannon, K. Whitaker, W. Smith (Captain), Keeford, N. Gannon (Coach), E. Currier (Secretary).
 FRONT ROW—Misses Ives, N. Usher, D. Jackson, M. Marfarland.

Why Work so Hard?

NOT SUCH A FOOLISH QUESTION AS IT LOOKS.

One of the curious outcomes of civilisation is that people who are civilised have to work much harder than savages and barbarians.

The savage spends most of his life in enjoyment; the civilised man is fortunate if he can snatch a few weeks, or even days, out of the year to enjoy himself. And even this relaxation he looks upon as a preparation for more work. So hard have we to work, indeed, that we regard labour as the chief end of our lives.

Of course, this view is absurd. What we work for is to provide food, clothes, houses, and other necessities of existence, and over and above these to procure good furniture, pianos, pictures, books, jewellery, theatre-tickets, rooms to dance in, cricket and golf apparatus, yachts, bicycles, horses, and other means of enjoyment.

Now, to spend nine-tenths of our lives in getting these and only one-tenth in the enjoyment of them is absurd. Yet that is what most people do, and, in fact, the man who gives the most time to labour and the least to enjoyment is looked upon as the most sensible member of the community. He is actually quite the most foolish.

Ask that man a few questions and you will discover his stupidity. "Why do you work so hard?" "I am happy only when working." "What do you work for?" "To make money." "What is the use of money?" "To buy things." "What are the things for?" "To be enjoyed." "When are you going to enjoy them?" "When I knock off work."

But he only knocks off work when he has given himself consumption, heart-disease, rheumatism, or some other disabling malady by overwork.

The irony of it all is that one of the chief aims of civilised people is to invent labour-saving machines. They have been inventing these for hundreds of years, yet work is carried on at higher pressure than ever. The Americans, celebrated for labour-saving machinery, are the greatest slaves to work in the world.

Then look at all the unnecessary

things that we work for—for instance, silver-mounted and perfectly useless cans. These are a mere survival of barbarous times, when everyone had to protect himself. White linen shirts, most expensive to keep clean, and very uncomfortable; silk hats, etc., etc., etc.

Half of the things we buy with money earned by overwork we should be just as happy without, and very much happier, for we would have more time for enjoyment.

Take an individual case. A man works from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, and earns six pounds. He rushes to the seaside in a crowded train, arrives there tired, is bored all Sunday,

gets up before he has slept enough on Monday morning, and back to work. What does he go to the seaside for? To make himself fit for more work. If he does not go to the country he breaks down—a clear proof that he has worked too hard. As a result we have a Royal Commission inquiring into the deterioration of the race.

A great doctor says that we all work too many days in the week, and if a medical commission were appointed to draw up a scale of work-hours they would probably turn out something like the following:

For school-children, three hours in school and one hour's lessons at home.

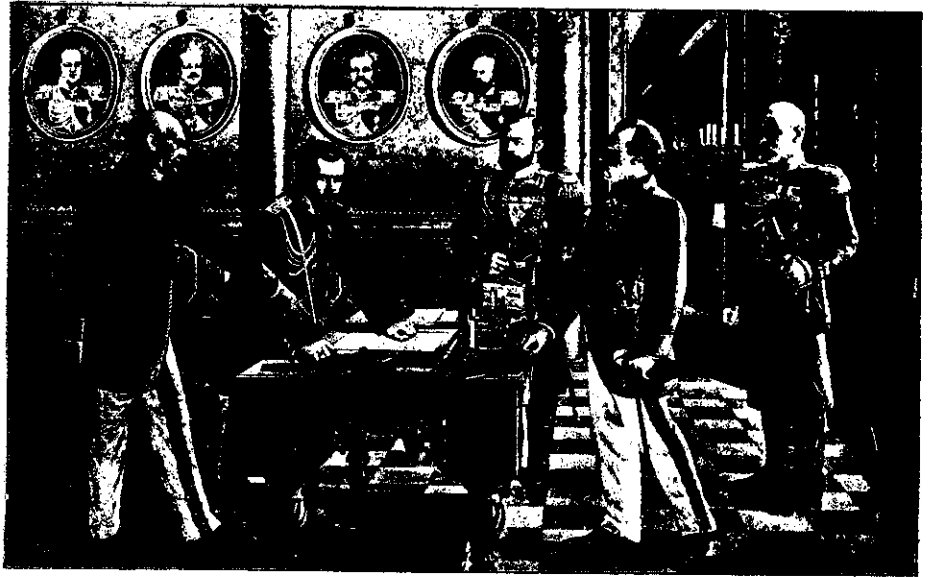
For outdoor workers, eight hours daily.

For factory hands, clerks, shop-assistants, etc., seven hours daily. For writers, professional men, and other brain-workers, five hours daily. (Hear, hear!—Answers staff.)

The week to consist of five days—four days' work and one day's rest.

Holidays, two weeks at least, four times a year.

If something like this rule were adopted we might not be so rich, as a nation, but we should enjoy better health, greater happiness, and longer life.



Pobedonoszeff. Nicholas II. Kuropatkin. Von Plehve. Bobrikoff.

THE BUREAUCRACY ASSASSINATIONS IN RUSSIA.

This print, since suppressed in Russia, shows the Tzar signing away the liberties of Finland in 1899. It is of special interest now as giving portraits of the assassinated Governor of Finland, Bobrikoff, and Minister of the Interior Plehve; also Prince Kuropatkin and Pobedonoszeff.



A JUVENILE SANDOW.

Prize Figure Study in the "Graphic" Competition, by W. S. Best, Strand Studio, Auckland.



STRENGTHENING PORT ARTHUR.



JAPANESE CROSSING THE YALU.

The War in the Far East.



The War in the Far East.

Difficulties of Campaigning. Japanese Infantry Forcing the River Ai to Attack a Russian Stronghold.



STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE, 1904.

BACK ROW—R. St. J. Beere (Hon. Treas.), Miss E. M. B. Lynch, M.A. (Resigned), T. E. Y. Seddon, Miss F. Smith, F. A. DeLa Mare, B.A., Miss F. G. Roberts J. A. Brailsford, F.A.
 (Hon. Sec.), Miss M. Hales (Hon. Treas.).
 FRONT ROW—A. G. Quarterly, Miss A. Batham, B.A. (Vice-President), G. F. Dixon (President), A. Tudhope, A. H. Johnstone, B.A. (Vice-President), Miss W. Griffiths.

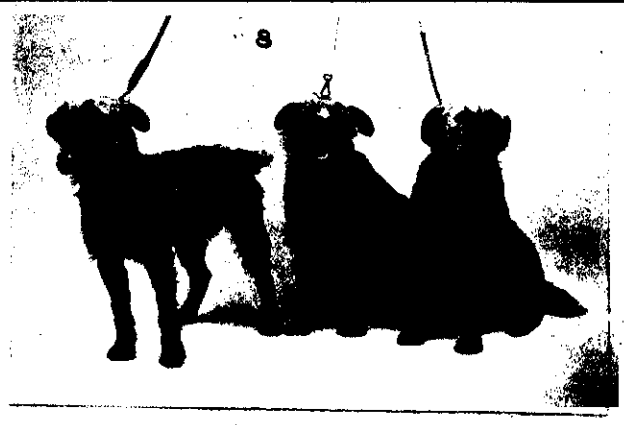


GRADUATES, 1901.

TOP ROW: J. Graham, B.A., LL.B., F. A. de la Mare, B.A., F. P. Wilson, B.A., P. W. Robertson, B.A., F.C.S., W. G. Beckett, LL.B., H. Vickermann, B.Sc. CENTRE
 ROW: Misses A. H. Tasker, B.A., E. Williams, B.A., M. M. Itzig, B.A., I. Robertson, B.A., E. C. Wilson, B.A. BOTTOM ROW: E. H. Wallachey, B.A., C. T.
 (Wild, B.A. ABSENT: F. Stuckey, M.A., B.Sc., A. B. Charters, B.A., Misses E. F. Wedde, B.A., E. M. B. Lynch, M.A.

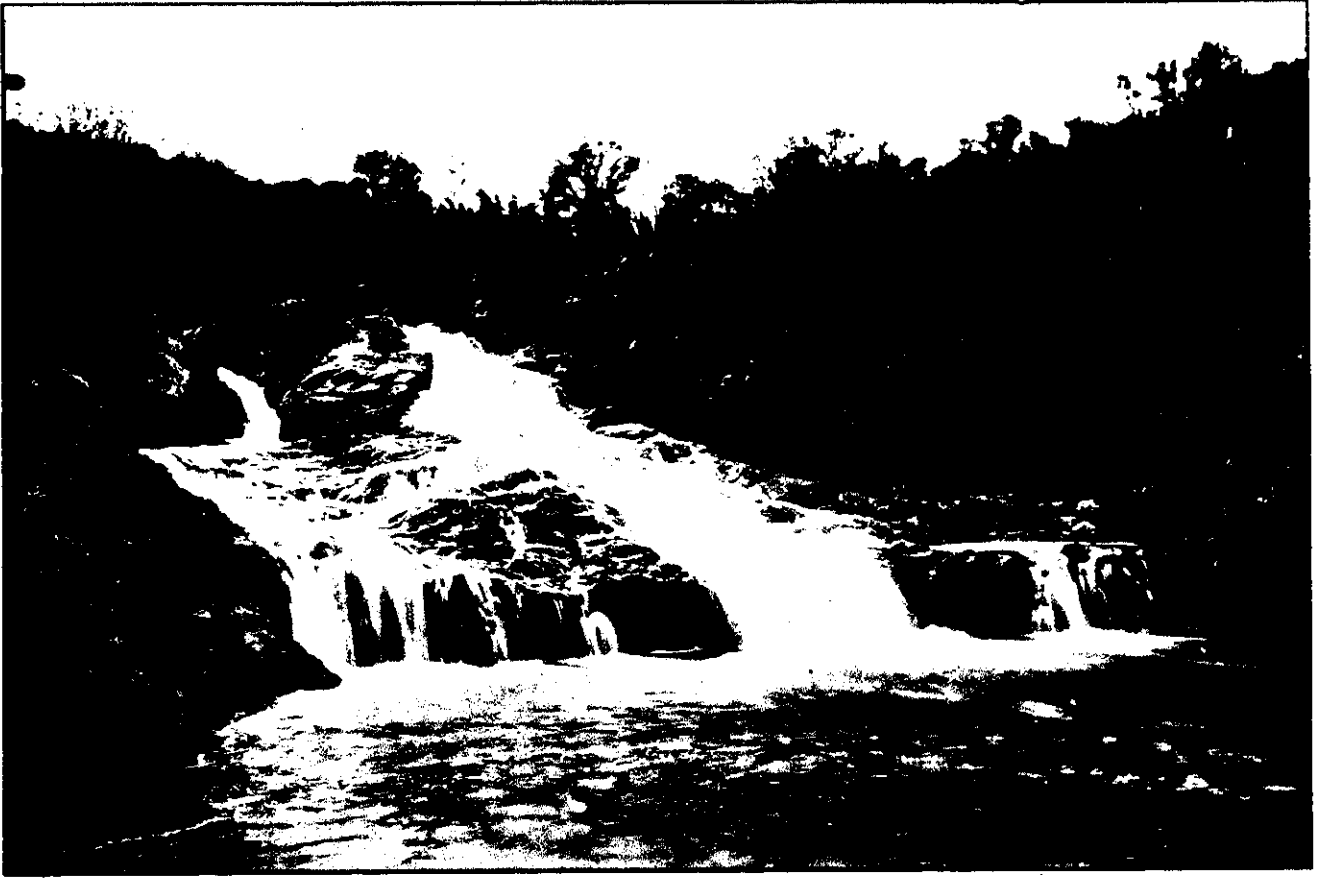
Kinsey, photo.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, WELLINGTON.



1. Mr. A. Reatty's Irish Setter "Doctor." 2. Mr. E. T. Howell's Fox Terrier "Grafton Buzz." 3. Mr. J. W. Winks' Skye Terrier "Sailor Jock." 5. Mr. Paul Hunter's English Setters "Belton Shot" and "Belton Riplet." 6. Mr. George Duncan's Bull Terrier "Sailor Jhn." 7. Miss Currie's Collie "Doncrist." 8. Mr. H. Sheppard's Irish Terriers "Killarney Nelly," "Armagh Biddy," and "Hallowderry Biddy."

SOME MORE PRIZE-TAKERS AT THE AUCKLAND DOG SHOW.



FAIRY FALLS, SOUTHERN WAIROA.



ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL CREEKS ON THE SOUTHERN WAIROA RIVER.



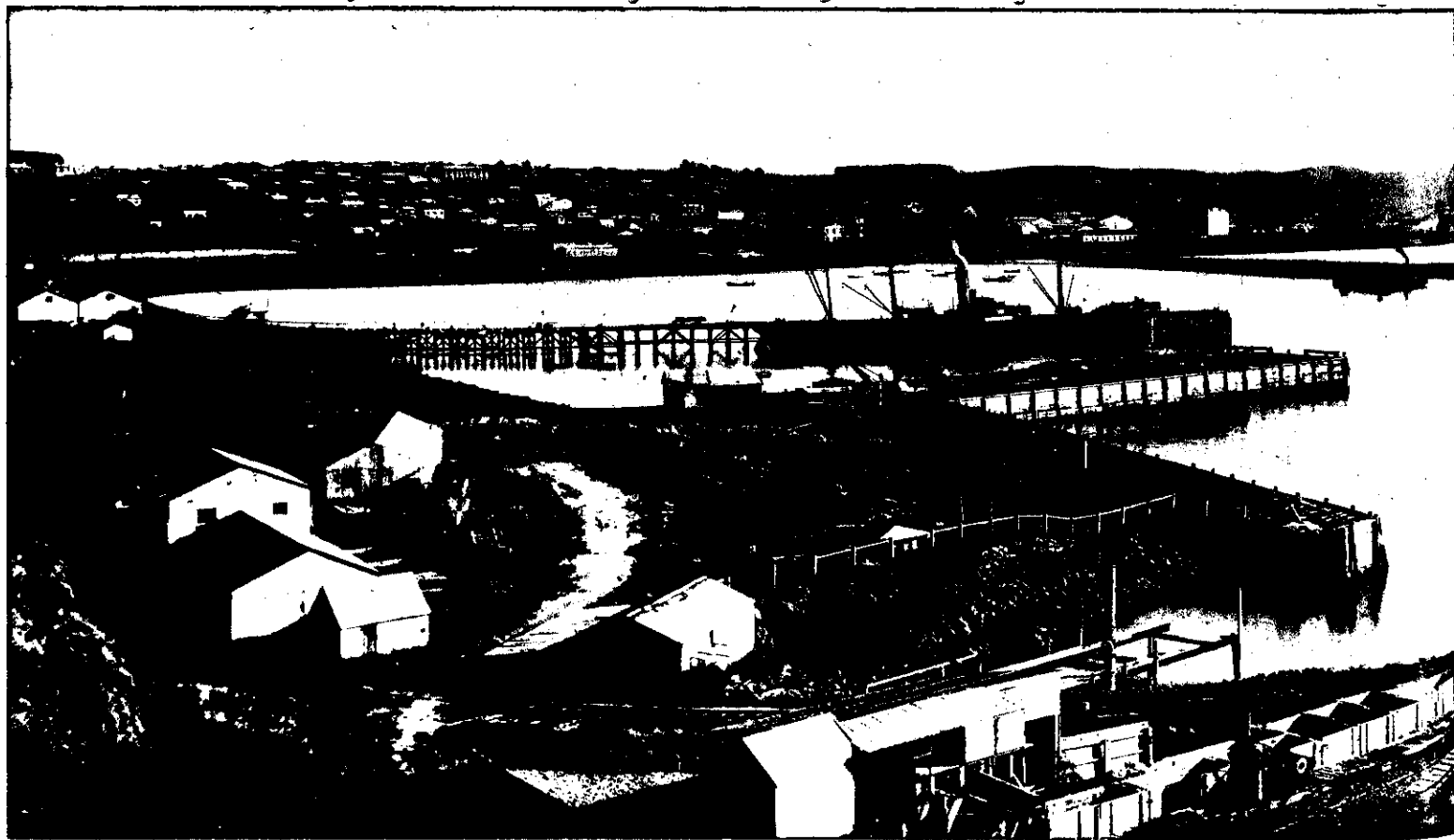
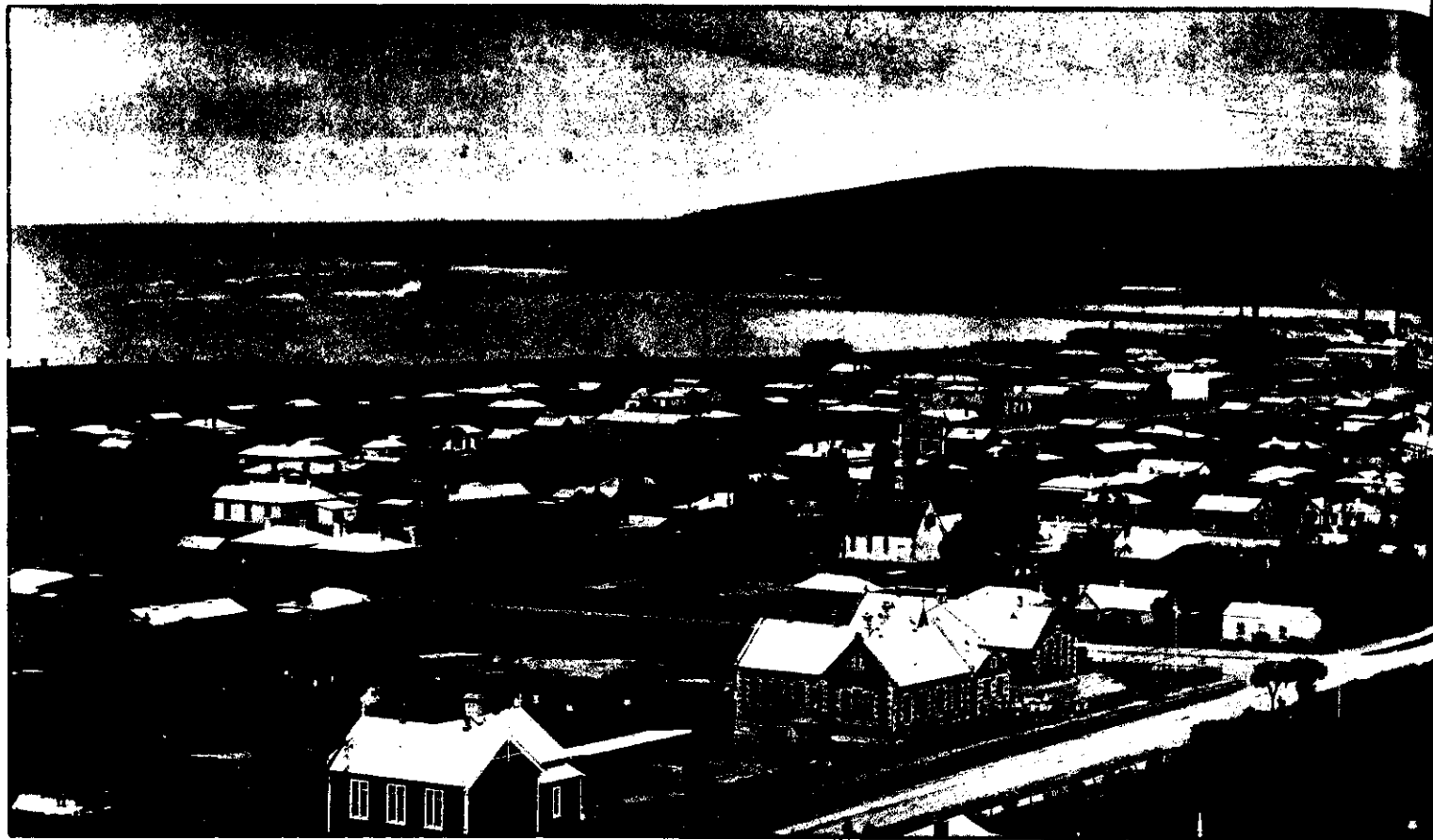
IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS.



LOOKING UP THAMES STREET.

Muir and Mouille, photo.

OAMARU—"The White City."

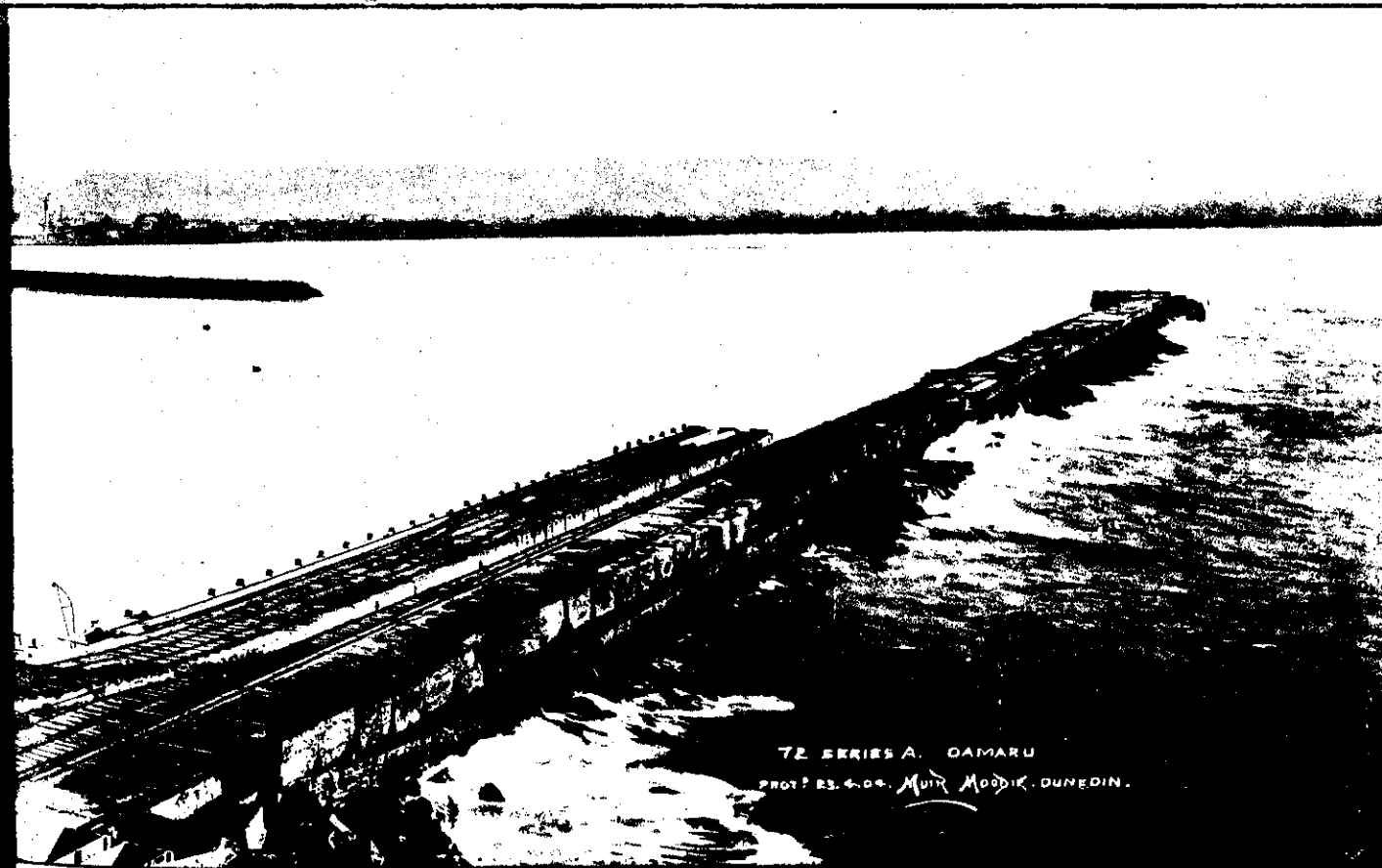


Muir and Moulle, photo.

OAMARU—The White City of the



71 SERIES A. OAMARU.
 PROT. P. 3. 4. 09. Muir MOODIE, DUNEDIN.



72 SERIES A. OAMARU
 PROT. P. 3. 4. 09. Muir MOODIE, DUNEDIN.

the South, Otago, New Zealand.



WASHING DAY AT WHAKAREWAREWA.



"ALWAYS IN HOT WATER."—THE FIRST BATH OF THE DAY, WHAKAREWAREWA.



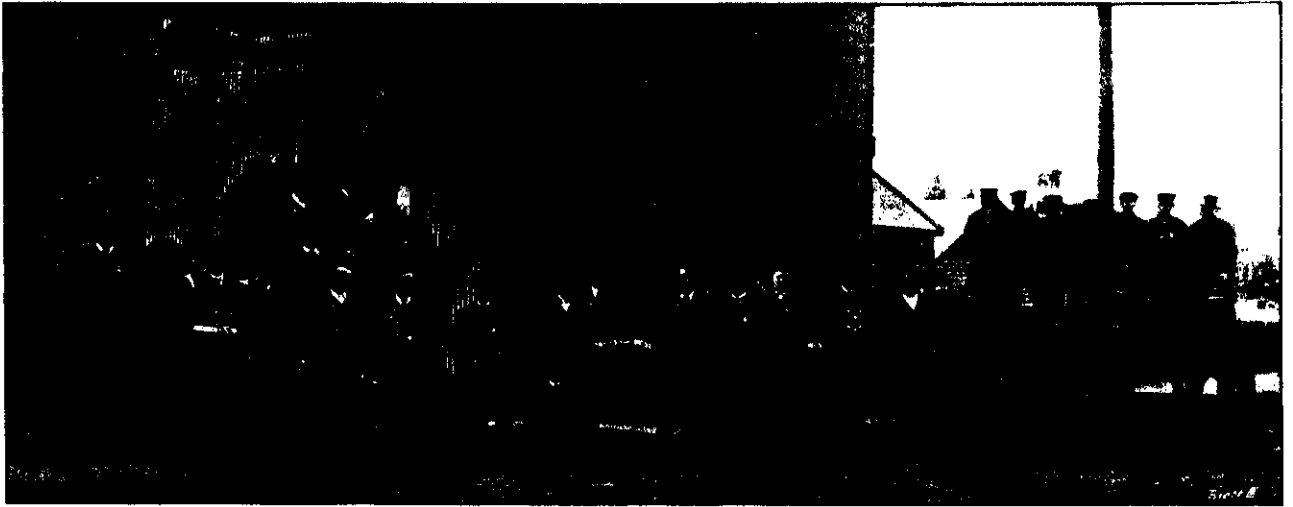
A VALUABLE NATURAL PRODUCT OF THE HOT LAKES DISTRICT—THE SULPHUR FIELDS, ROTORUA.





GATE OF THE MODEL PAH, WHAKAREWAREWA.

THIS GATEWAY, SAID TO BE THE FINEST IN NEW ZEALAND, HAS JUST BEEN PLACED IN POSITION AT WHAKAREWAREWA. Guide Warbrick, who supervised the erection, is standing in the gateway.



THE FIRE BRIGADE STATION AND PLANT.



THE MASTERTON FIRE BRIGADE AND FIRE POLICE.
A SMART CROWD OF FIRE FIGHTERS.





St. Petersburg takes fifth rank in Europe in bulk of population. In the year 1901, the number of inhabitants of the city was ascertained to be 1,281,108 within the city boundaries, and 298,463 in the suburbs.

The number of premises, all having courts or yards, in the city of St. Petersburg, is 10,340, of which 87½ per cent. are dwelling-houses. Of these 7947, or 84 per cent., are of private ownership; 573, or 5½ per cent., belong to Government; 226, or 2.8 per cent., belong to charitable societies; and 169, or 1.8 per cent., belong to trading associations.

According to the report of the Inventory Committee of the City Executive

Council, the total number of residential buildings in 1901 was 18,931, containing 137,000 tenements.

The houses are generally built in two storeys. This is the prevailing type, and represents 42 per cent. of the total number.

In consequence of the rapid growth of the population, there is a deficiency of lodgings; rents have accordingly risen, and at the same time many new houses have been built on the outskirts of the city, most of them on Peterburgski Island.

In the lowest estimate formed by the Inventory Committee of the present year, the value of all the Government

properties is put at 807 million roubles (£91,902,000), municipal property is valued at 209,681,135 roubles (£22,226,000), and private property at 633 million roubles (£67,098,000).

As a general rule the streets in St. Petersburg are straight and of great length, the total number of streets being 681, and the collective length 237 miles. The main artery is the Nevski Prospect, three miles in length, but beside this many other wide and handsome thoroughfares have been made within recent years. The total length of the quays—which are granite built—and riverside ways is seventy-four miles.

Most of the streets are paved with

cobble stone (covering 1350 acres); some of the best streets are paved with octagonal wood blocks, underlaid with plank on a tarred and gravelled foundation. But this does not last long; the subsoil and surface water, and the effects of winter frost and snow render this mode of street paving very unsatisfactory. Experiments are constantly being made, but no system has yet been found to suit local conditions. The wood-block system covers an area of about six acres.

Highways leading into the suburbs are macadamised, but these are generally in a very bad condition.

Fully 150 streets, with an area of 360 acres, remain in a primitive state, their surface representing 20 per cent. of the entire street acreage of the city. The footwalks in the main streets are laid with granite slabs and hard clay; in other parts plank is laid down.

Boulevards form a prominent feature in St. Petersburg, and there are 53 gardens and parks open to the public, occupying about 352 acres.

Exclusive of footbridges over canals, there are 120 bridges in St. Petersburg. Many of these are arches in masonry, cast-iron and wrought-iron; five are suspension bridges; and two are built on boats over the Neva. The Neva is spanned by only two permanent bridges—the Nikolai and the Alexander—both very handsome structures. The Nikolai bridge is 980ft long, and is supported by seven granite piers, calculated to withstand the severest pressure of ice. It has a splendid bronze balustrade, and on the north side it is adorned with a handsome chapel of marble, and provision is made at the same side for the passage of vessels. The Alexander Bridge, 1519ft, is an arched structure with granite piers.

Very little attention is paid by the municipality to the provision of facilities for street traffic. Only three lines of tramways, all worked by horses, are owned by the city authorities, and the length of these lines is less than five miles. Including the undertakings of private companies the total length of the tramway system is about 90 miles, intersecting the city in all directions, and affording means of communication with the islands and suburbs. Nearly 40,000,000 tramway passengers are carried annually, and in addition about 10,000,000 passengers are conveyed by services of steamers on the Neva and some of the canals.

Several of the main streets and public places, as well as the offices of the municipality of St. Petersburg are lighted by electricity, under contract with three private companies.

Street lighting is still effected in many parts of the city by means of kerosene lamps, which, however, are of an improved type, with incandescent "Rossia" burners of Galkin's system.

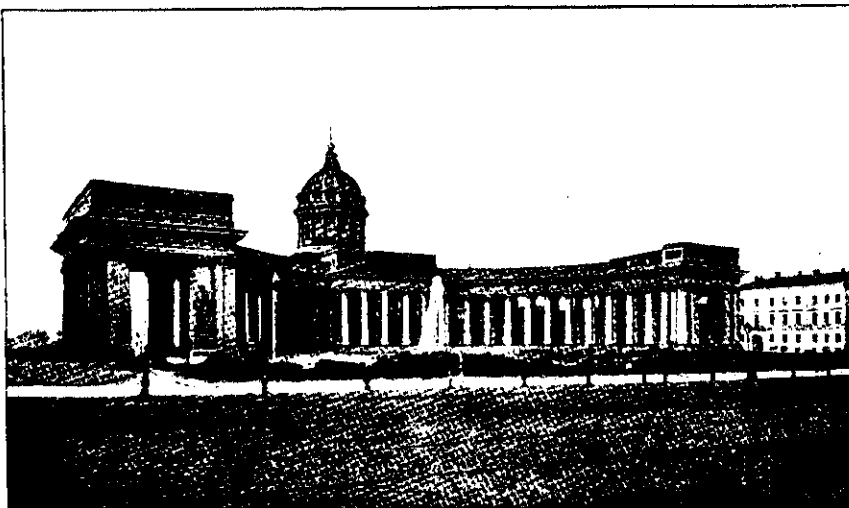
The conduct of the fire brigades was taken over by the municipality in January, 1901. There are 14 fire stations, seven reserve depots, and two river fire-boats with all necessary appliances.

The staff consists of a chief officer called the Brand Major, 16 Brand Meisters, or officers in charge of the different stations; two officials under the Public Authorities, four supernumeraries, and fourteen assistant Brand Meisters, with a force of 983 firemen. Over and above these, eleven men are engaged to be on guard at the private theatres, and eight men, not in receipt of pay, are told off to service with a private brigade maintained by Prince Lvof.

One of the most serious blots on the municipal government of St. Petersburg is the antiquated and insanitary nature of the drainage system. The



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.



THE KAZAN CATHEDRAL.

surface drainage of the streets and the partial drainage of premises in the central parts of the city are effected through pipes discharging either into the nearest canal or into the river.

So many pipes and conduits discharge into the rivers and canals that all the waterways of St. Petersburg are seriously polluted. This state of things is largely responsible for the maladies and epidemics from which the city suffers. The question of drainage has been, and still is, under the consideration of the municipality. Two projects are now before the city authorities—one embodying underground canalisation, and the other a network of cast iron culverts with a pneumatic system of discharge.

The disposal of house refuse is also effected by cartage to depositing areas in the suburbs. For dealing with both departments of sanitary work the city authorities maintain three so-called "parks" in the suburbs, each having its own complement of carts, horses, and other necessary equipment, and forming separate departments of transport under the control of the Sanitary Committee of the Council.

The clearances from private premises are effected by private contracts with these "parks," the city authorities removing the refuse from municipal buildings, police barracks, and stations.

St. Petersburg is supplied with water drawn from the Neva, a little distance above the city, near the Smolni Monastery. The water furnished from this source was formerly believed to be of good quality, but recent analyses have made clear the fact that even samples taken from the centre of the river contain bacteria in far greater numbers than are permissible.

In 1883 the quantity of water delivered daily to the south side of the city amounted to about 7,000,000 gallons, and seventeen pumping engines were then employed by the waterworks company.

The steam bath forms a great feature in Russian life, and is indulged in, in most cases, once a week. There are 350 establishments leased by the municipality, where such baths can be taken in St. Petersburg. On the Neva, and on some of the canals, there are altogether thirteen floating bathing houses.

Under the control of the Hospital Committee are ten city hospitals with 6171 beds, various almshouses containing 3185 beds, two public disinfecting stations, attached to two of the hospitals belonging to the School for Midwives, and eight free ambulance surgeries where medicine is dispensed without charge.

Among the public works of the municipality of St. Petersburg, we may class its charitable and benevolent work, conducted by the Charity and Benevolence Committee, and which is expressed in the care and education of orphans, in donations of fuel and money to the indigent and helpless classes of the community, and in contributions to various charitable institutions.

A striking figure under the head of benevolence is the pecuniary assistance given to certain stipendiary students and pensioners, who, besides a regular money allowance, are relieved by the municipality of fees for courses of study and learning in universities, colleges and schools.

Taking all things into account, St. Petersburg is fairly well off with regard to educational advantages.

The first two Free Libraries were opened in the year 1847, and a six years' experience having shown their utility, four others were established in the capital, one in each succeeding year, from 1894 to 1897; two more were opened in 1900, and one has recently been added.

There are seventeen large markets in St. Petersburg. The largest and most important market place is the Gastinnoi Dvor, of which the great facade fronts

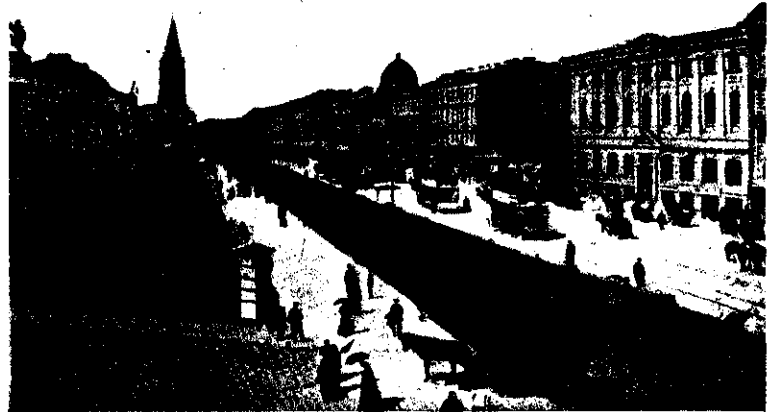
the Nevski Prospect. This is not, however, a provision market. Food supplies are quartered separately in different parts of the city.

Considering the public municipal works of St. Petersburg as a whole, the chief conclusion to be drawn is that the city offers almost virgin soil for the planting of Western ideas with regard to sanitation and the responsibilities of a municipal council.

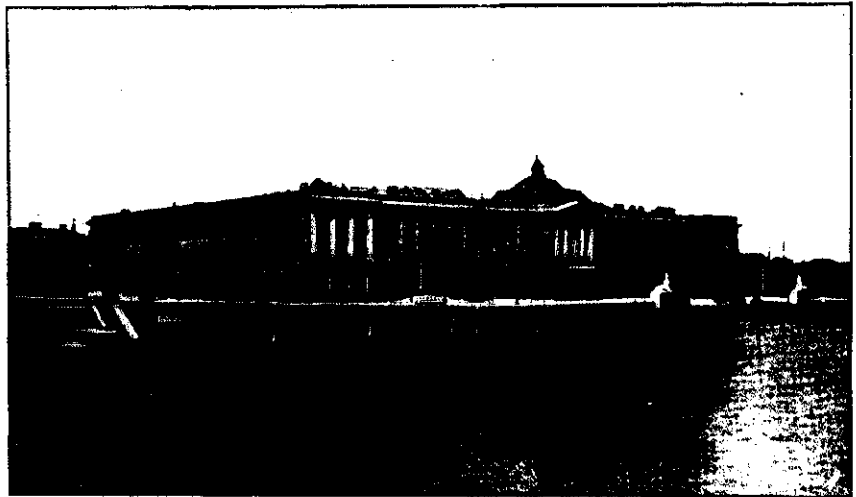
The Gradonachalnik or Chief of the City, who is also head of the police, exercises a supreme controlling power over the municipality. The Mayor, or Golova of the Duma, is a man of little consequence. The real "operatives" and executive heads are the chairmen of the various committees of the Uprava.



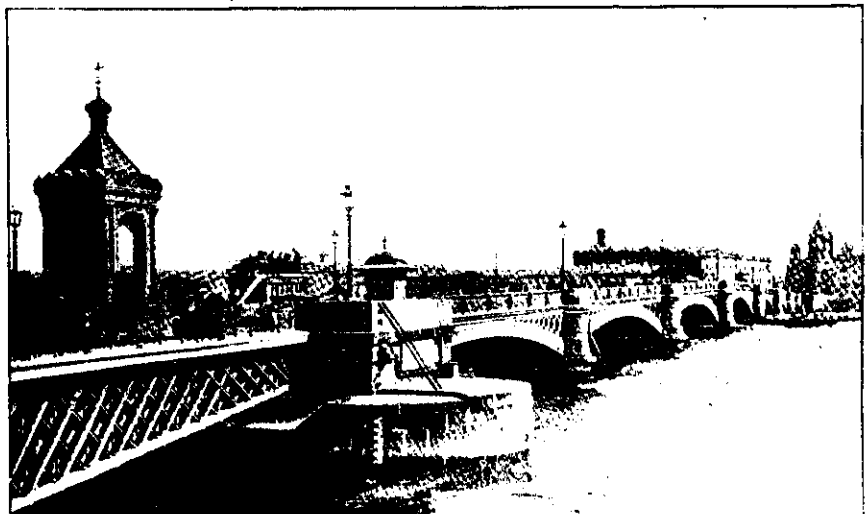
THE UNIVERSITY QUAY.



THE NEVSKI PROSPECT.



ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.



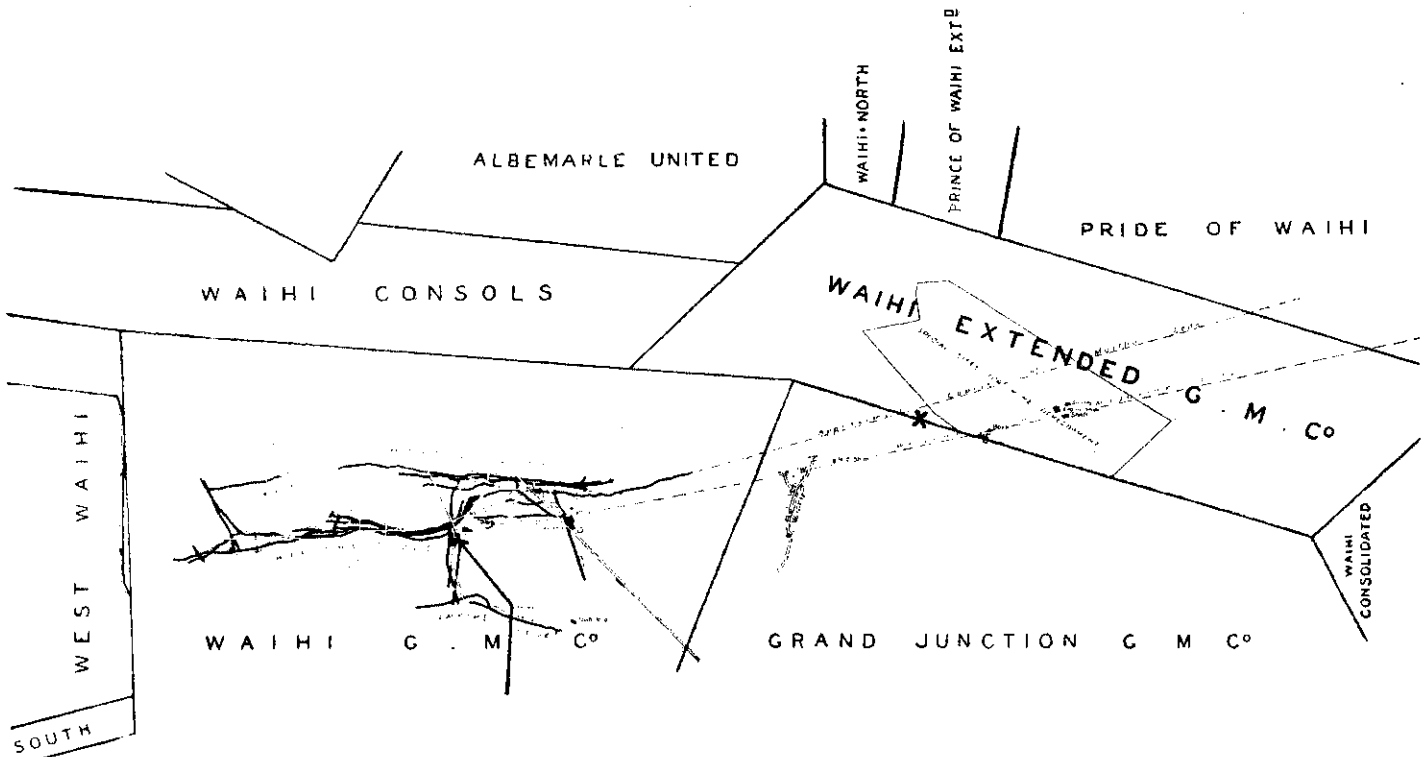
THE CONSERVATOIRE.



H. J. Aldersley photo.

WEST COAST SCENERY, NEW ZEALAND. A BEAUTIFUL VIEW ON THE BULLER RIVER.

PLAN
of the Property of the
WAIHI EXTENDED G.M. Co.
100 Acres
 SHOWING POSITION OF WAIHI WEST, WAIHI, AND GRAND JUNCTION WORKINGS



See "Our Illustrations."

FINDING THE REEF ON THE WAIHI EXTENDED CLAIM.

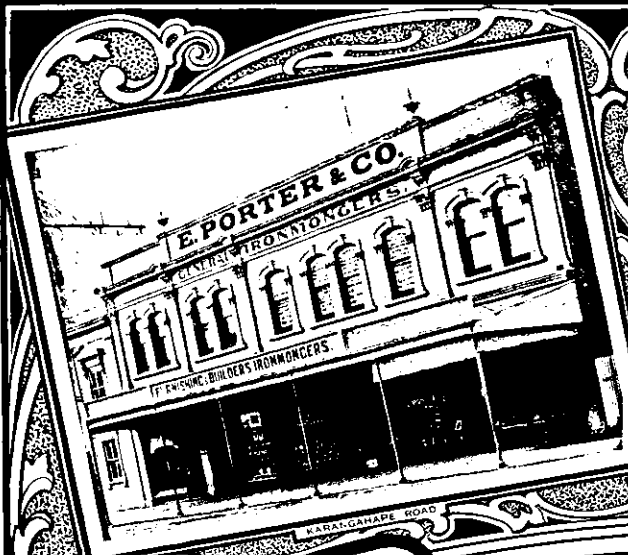
The heavy dotted lines running from the Waihi to the Extended show the surmised direction of the famous Martha lode. The cross on the boundary line of the two properties shows where the Extended have struck a large reef.



"A HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN."

1600, C.P.

Study by Reid, of Wishaw.



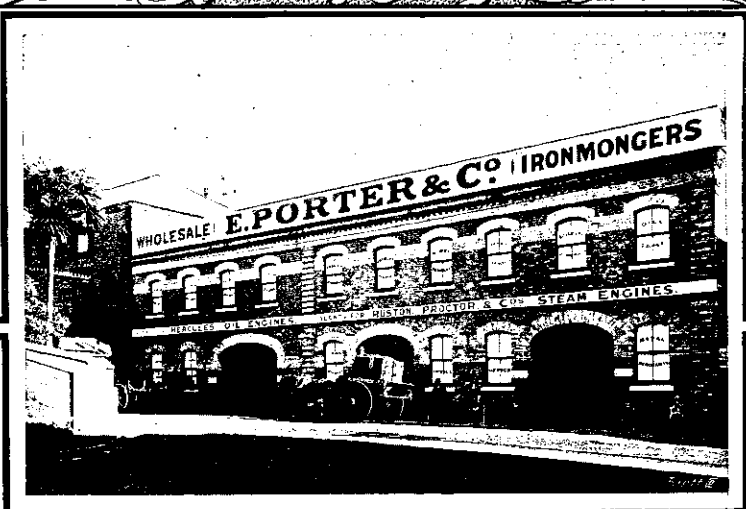
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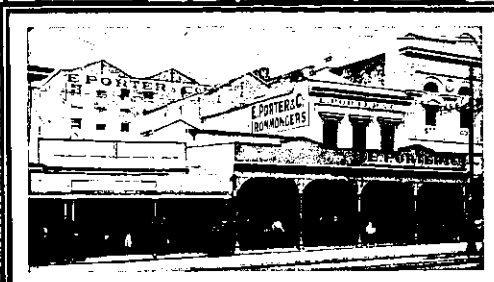
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"PUNCH."

(By Sydney Brooks, in "Harper's".)

To say a good word for "Punch," and in an American journal, almost passes the permission of boldness. Ever since there was a "Punch" Americans have certainly laughed—but at it, not with it. "Punch" is quite one of the oldest and cruellest jests that America has against England. I can as easily imagine a movement for bringing the United States once more under the British Crown as I can conceive a company of Americans regularly subscribing to, reading, and enjoying "Punch." Nothing makes an Englishman in America more indignant than to hear the way in which his great comic journal is spoken of. Talk about the King in a free and easy republican fashion and he will merely smile. Let him know what every right-minded American thinks about cricket, and the British accent, and Mr Brodric, and General Buller, and the House of Lords, and he may marvel, but he will not grow angry. But attack "Punch," and he at once springs full-armed to its defence, with the air of a priest protecting his altar from the hands of sacrilege. The fact that it rouses such pugnacious enthusiasm shows, at any rate, that it suits England. The extent of its entire harmony with the national taste and temperament can, indeed, hardly be realised unless you know England well. From the middle classes up to the summit of the social mountain every one reads "Punch." Go into an average household and you will be surprised if it does not contain at least half a dozen bound volumes of "Punch." The reading of "Punch" on Wednesday is as much a part of the discipline of English life as church-going. Boys and girls, asking on rainy days what they shall do—o, find the back numbers of "Punch" thrust into their hands. To come across an urchin of twelve who knows every picture in "Punch" from the beginning and can repeat, without in the least understanding, the letter-press beneath it, is nothing out of common. "Punch" has a place in every well-organised system of domestic education in England. From its pages juvenile patriots glean the history of latter-day England, much as Marlborough confessed that he owed what little knowledge of the past he had to Shakespeare. And the habit lasts. An Englishman going on a railroad journey instinctively buys "Punch" at the book-stall for his travelling companion. The greatest club nuisance in the United Kingdom is the man who goes to sleep clutching the latest issue of "Punch." If you are waiting for a shave, ten to one it is "Punch" that the barber offers you to fill up the interval. A septuagenarian wishing to refresh some early memories turns at once to "Punch." You will hear "Punch" quoted as an authority on manners and fashions. For the provinces it serves in some sort the purpose of an illustrated guide to London social life. To be on the staff of "Punch" is to be invested with an almost embarrassing attractiveness and interest. When a "Punch" man asks for the mustard the table roars. There is no other journal in England for which people feel so intimate and peculiar an affection. It is a national institution in far more senses than is the "Times." When Du Maurier in "Tribby" spoke of "Punch" as lying on the table in a lady's drawing-room, Americans possibly thought he was going out of his way to advertise the journal he served so brilliantly. Not at all. That is precisely where "Punch" would be; and to mention it was but to throw in a perfectly natural touch of "local colour." It was not a tribute to "Punch," but for English readers, at any rate, it helped to mark the character of the house that Du Maurier was describing. It was just as asymptomatic in its way as if he had said that a Blue-book was on the drawing-room table.

What sort of a hold "Punch" has on England was shown a year or two ago when, on the retirement of Sir John Tenniel, the Prime Minister of England, the American Ambassador, the president of the Royal Academy, the leading lawyers, politicians, artists, journalists, actors, and authors of the country, to the number of over 200, came together to give him a farewell dinner. I question whether such a company ever be-

fore assembled to do honour to a political cartoonist or ever will again. It was, of course, much more for his work on "Punch" than even for his masterly illustrations to "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" that Tenniel was acclaimed. For 36 years hardly an issue of "Punch" had appeared in which Tenniel's familiar signature was not to be found at the left-hand corner of the cartoon of the week. That was an immense record of hard work if of nothing else. In Sir John Tenniel's case it was also a record of good work. There are in New York alone several cartoonists who constantly reach a higher point in humour, power, and draughtsmanship than Tenniel ever attained. But looking over the 72 half-yearly volumes which contain Tenniel's work one finds that his standard, if he rarely rose above it and sometimes fell calamitously below it, was of a high character and wonderfully maintained. He had his obvious, his unmistakable, faults. His composition was not infrequently poor; his style, somewhat statuesque at the best, was on occasion nothing less than wooden; and there were men, like Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain, whose features he never could catch. His humour, like his pathos and his meaning, was large and unshaded. His whole case was got up in good plain black and white. So much was evident on the surface, and on the casual reader of "Punch" might have acted merely as a deterrent. But to the student—and every one who wants to understand England should be a student of "Punch"—Tenniel's work took on a charm that even its manifest defects could not destroy. It was, for one thing, always pointed and apt. Sir John always contrived to produce something that hit the nail precisely on the head and gave expression to what the average Englishman was thinking at the moment. Also it was work of un-failing dignity. Tenniel, as Mr Balfour said, was "a great artist and a great gentleman." He hit hard, but never malignantly, and he never overstepped the line that separates caricature from travesty. Rancour was just as absent from his cartoons as indecisiveness. What he had to say he said boldly and clearly, but with a scrupulous regard for the decencies of combat. I think one may find in the quality of his work a clue to the secret of "Punch's" political success. "Punch" has never gone in for extremes. It has always preserved and enforced the common-sense view of public events that partisanship distorts. It has opinions and a policy, and while it never hides them, it never antagonises by pressing them too heatedly. Ruskin long ago declared that of all the paper in England "Punch" best represented the average opinion of the country. It still does so, and it is precisely because it does so that it possesses a real historical value. Turn over the back numbers of "Punch" and look at the weekly cartoon, and you will have a picture of the same, second thoughts of the nation on the leading event of the moment. It is a calm, good-humoured, pointed pictorial summary of the world's history.

The mental agility that goes to the making of a cartoonist is not an English quality, nor have cartoons ever had anything like their proper political influence in England. It is really only since the fiscal question came up that London daily papers—or some of them, at any rate—have taken to publishing cartoons as a regular feature. The experiment has not so far proved a happy one, and has really only served to make clear the dearth of talent. Outside of "Punch" there is only one political draughtsman of the very first rank, and he is "F.C.G." the unsurpassable caricaturist for the "Westminster Gazette" and perhaps the greatest asset that the Liberal party and the free-trade cause possess. The proprietor of the most widely read protectionist journal in the kingdom was assuring me the other day that he had searched the entire country to discover, if possible, a cartoonist who might in some measure counteract "F.C.G."—and without success. The day of the brush and pencil in English journalism is still to come. "Punch" is practically the only paper that provides them with an opening, and every black-and-white man who has the knack of caricature aspires in consequence to a post on "Punch." One ought, therefore, to remember, in trying to account for "Punch's" unchallenged supremacy in England, that it has practically a monopoly of what little gift for political cartoons exists in the kingdom,

and that its age and fame and the impossibility—proved a score of times over—of competing with it make its monopoly an assured thing. If Mr W. A. Rogers ever tires of America, comes over here, joins the staff of "Punch," and turns out a weekly cartoon for the next thirty years or so, he may be sure of an ample reward—a knighthood, at the very least, and a dinner, presided over by the Prime Minister, when he retires. I don't know whether the prospect will tempt him, but it is certain that it tempts a good many Englishmen.

And then, again, outside the realm of political and Parliamentary cartoons and caricatures, "Punch" makes a very successful appeal by its entire wholesomeness and its sense of balance. I said just now that Sir John Tenniel always showed a scrupulous regard for the decencies of combat. That has been the "Punch" attitude toward everything right along, and its inflexible maintenance of it more than offsets (for Englishmen) its deficiencies in wit and liveliness. Pick up a single issue of "Life" and a single issue of "Punch," and you will probably prefer the former—it will at least make you laugh. But compare half a dozen issues of the two journals and you will find your inclination veering towards "Punch." And when it comes to whole volumes, inclination, in nine cases out of ten, will be definitely fixed on the side of the English production. After all, "Punch" is the one professedly humorous paper in the world, the bound volumes of which can be looked into not only without weariness, but with positive pleasure. To say that it is to say a good deal. The great fault of the American comic papers is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. You laugh yourself into a fit of profound depression while reading them. They are too much in the air, too trivial, too grotesque, too local, and they rarely know when to leave off. "Punch" evades these mistakes because it is really not a humorous, but a critical journal, and its criticism is the easy, armchair, equitable criticism of a man of the world on human nature and the politics, fashions, fads, and events of the day, mixed up with a not too irritating strain of benevolent optimism. The American comic paper is like the professional funny man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him. The man you are content to sit at the feet of for hours at a stretch is that quiet, shrewd-looking old gentleman with the gray hair, who has common sense and experience, and never cuts capers or tries to force the pace, but keeps you placidly chuckling as he holds forth—in other words, our old friend "Punch." When you come to think of it, no journal anywhere has ever been able to boast of such names on its staff—Thackeray, Hood, Jerrold,

a Beckett, Owen Seaman, Leech, Kraus, Burwood, Phil May, Du Maurier, Tenniel, Furniss, Annesley; it is an incomparable list, and I, for one, am ready to back it against the world.

Hypnotism and Murder.

CAN CRIME BE COMMITTED BY SUGGESTION.

Can a person, criminally inclined and possessed of hypnotic power, commit murder by employing that power? Can mere hypnotic suggestion be substituted for poison, the knife, or the revolver? Albert Joumet, a French scientist and a devoted student of hypnotism, in discussing these "creepy" questions, gives utterance to this solemn warning:— "My advice is that no human being should ever suffer himself to be hypnotised, except by a person absolutely beyond all moral suspicion. "Science readily admits that suggestion has a forceful action on the heart's functions; its influence on the subject's pulse was proved long ago. The proof remains to be adduced that a hypnotist can stop a human subject's heart from beating for good and all. "At Marseilles, I personally increased and diminished the number of a man's pulse-beats at will, and as far as I could go in either direction within the limits of safety. "So it is known that human circulation can be seriously affected by hypnotism, even if it is uncertain that the heart can be stopped. "To descend in the scale, it is a matter of scientific record that Lafontaine, the celebrated mesmerist, killed at will frogs, toads, lizards, and snakes, which he placed in glass jars. His fixed gaze irresistibly influenced them and they died of paralysis. After he had kept his eyes fixed on the frog's eyes for thirteen minutes it spread open its members, its jaw stiffened, and it died. The other creatures I have mentioned succumbed almost as easily. "But a young viper, hissing angrily, struggled furiously against Lafontaine's influence for nineteen minutes before it died. And on this viper the mesmerist exerted his every power, so that he was bathed in perspiration and suffered a violent headache. "Undoubtedly hypnotism can kill some of the lower creatures. There is also danger to man in suggestion which is not merely magnetic. "It is well for every one to bear in mind De Rochas's advice. He recommends a man who feels himself about to be dominated by an idea of inexplicable origin to violently and instantly rub his head. This simple measure will relieve his nervous strain and repel suggestion which may be put forth by some malevolent, eye, criminal hypnotist."

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THE BATH. THE LAUNDRY.

Unequaled for Hot and Cold Water.

Personal Paragraphs.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Plunket are as energetic as ever in making themselves thoroughly acquainted with Wellington and its surroundings. One day recently a large party from Government House drove out to Wainuiomata, about 20 miles away, and inspected the city's reservoir. The fine scenery and the beautiful native bush called forth much admiration. Another day they went by invitation to the Skating Rink, and were initiated in the alluring pastime of rinking, the building being closed half-an-hour earlier than ordinary to avoid the usual crowd of skaters.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Davies (Woodville) are staying at Day's Bay, Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. de Lantour, of Gisborne, are on a trip to Auckland.

Mr. J. Wallace (London) is spending a few days in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, New Plymouth, have gone to reside in Tauranga.

Mrs. Pain, New Plymouth, is on a visit to Auckland.

Miss Woodbine-Johnson (Gisborne) is in Wellington staying with relations.

Mr. W. Fitzgerald (Wanganui) is on a short visit to Wellington.

Mrs. Neave has returned to Christchurch from a visit to Pelorus Sound.

Mr. G. Hunter (Palangata, H.B.) was recently in Wellington.

Mrs. Harden, of Kimbolton, has been staying in Wanganui for a short visit.

Mr. E. F. Lilley (Belfast, Ireland) is making a stay in Wellington.

Miss Page, of Wanganui, has returned from a visit to friends in Rangitikei.

Mrs. T. Rayson (Dunedin) has gone to Wellington to live.

Miss Moore, of Wanganui, has been staying at Bulls with Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

Mr. G. Fenwick has returned to Dunedin after a short stay in Wellington.

Mrs. Semes (Christchurch) has gone on a visit to her brother in Blenheim.

Messrs. Mandl and Murdoch (West Coast) are visiting Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Russell (Brunner) are in Wellington for a short time.

Messrs. E. and P. Hallenstein (Dunedin) are making a short stay in Wellington.

Mrs. Stanley Orbell, of Taranaki, is at present paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. Daere, in Park Avenue.

Miss Fodor, of Christchurch, is at present in Auckland, staying with Lady Campbell, "Kilbride," Parnell.

Mr. Winstanley, health officer, is at present in Coronandel on a visit of inspection.

Miss Tobias (Auckland) sang with much success at an At Home given by Mr. and Mrs. Atack (Wellington).

Miss Dalrymple, of Rangitikei, who has been the guest of Miss Izard in Wanganui, has returned to her home.

Miss Izard, of Wanganui, who has been in Christchurch for some months, has returned home.

Messrs. G. Fowlds and R. McNab, M.H.E.'s, returned to Wellington on Sunday.

Mrs. Ronalds (Christchurch), who has been on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. J. Mills, Dunedin, has returned home.

Mr. James Bittle, general manager of the New Zealand Insurance Company, went South on Sunday by the Barawa.

Madame Lillian Tree left Auckland on Sunday for Wanganui to fulfil a musical engagement.

The appointment of assistant engineer to the Feilding Borough has been accepted by Mr. H. Burmister.

Miss Chaytor has returned to Marshlands (Mairangi) after some weeks in Wellington.

Mrs. H. C. Godfrey, Miss Hodgson and Miss A. Hodgson (Christchurch) have gone on a visit to Westport.

Mr. Joseph Mackay (Stratford), has been visiting Wellington after some weeks' absence.

Mrs. Hamner, of Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Mrs. Horlase, of Taihape, is the guest of Mrs. Cecil Cornford, Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Johnston, Mrs. Watson and Miss Inglis are visiting Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, of Rissington, have returned from a visit to Feilding, writes our Napier correspondent.

The firemen of the Waiwaka presented Mr. J. Sinclair, second engineer, with a gold Albert as a wedding gift.

Miss Cholmondeley (Christchurch) has gone to Timaru to stay with her sister (Mrs. G. A. U. Tapper).

Mr. Thomas Henderson, Hobart manager of the Union Company, goes to Vancouver on a health trip shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Moss, of Wanganui, have returned from a long visit to Timaru, Dunedin, and Wairarapa.

Mrs. and Miss Montgomerie, of "Eaglesham," Wanganui, have gone to Wellington for a visit.

Mr. Aylmer Kenny, Government ranger for Marlborough, is in the Picton hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

Mr. C. V. Houghton, general manager of the N.Z. Shipping Company, returned to Auckland from the South last week.

The Misses Martin (Auckland), who have been visiting Mrs. Baird, of Hawera, have now returned home.

Miss Gardner succeeds Miss Bartleman on the senior nursing staff of the Wellington Hospital.

Mrs. Nicholas, of Wanganui, has returned from a visit to Mrs. Richmond, in Nelson.

Mr. J. Saunders has been elected president of the Wellington Rowing Club. Mr. A. G. Johnson is captain.

Mr. H. T. Lewis, of Wanganui, is at present in Auckland, visiting relatives and friends there.

Mrs. and Miss Montgomerie (Wanganui) are spending a few days in Wellington.

Mrs. E. Mitchellson and Miss Mitchellson, of Remuera, returned to Auckland by the Moura from a trip to the Islands.

Dr. Gove Gillon, consultant, has removed his residence to Admiralty House.

Engineer-Lieutenant Wood, R.N., and Mrs. Wood have left Wellington for Australia. They will afterwards go on to England.

A purse of sovereigns has been presented to Mr. T. P. Saxelby, who has resigned the managership of the Taratahi Dairy Factory.

Mr. J. Pelford, chairman of the Parnell School Committee, who has been confined to his home for the past few weeks, is now able to resume his duties.

Mrs. Minnitt, North Shore, returned from her trip to Wellington, where she has been staying with Mrs. Butt, on Thursday last.

A travelling rug and a Gladstone bag have been presented to Mr. H. B. Cooper (Wellington), who has just resigned from the staff of Stewart and Co.

Cable advice has been received in Auckland of the safe arrival in London of Mr. J. P. Hooton with his wife and daughter.

The appointment of Captain Hugh Boscawen as Hon. A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor (Lord Plunket), is gazetted.

Mr. H. J. Dickson (Wellington) is in Nelson, acting as clerk of the Court during the absence, on leave, of Mr. Webb-Bowen.

Mr. H. W. Wilson (Town Clerk of Auckland) has returned from Wellington, where he attended the Municipal Conference for the City Council.

Miss Maud Russell, of Christchurch, who has been staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. Gifford Marshall, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Adkins, who have been visiting Palmerston North, Feilding and New Plymouth, have now returned to their home at Mount Eden, Auckland.

Mr. J. D. Perrett, who has been on a tour of the South Island, held a very successful exhibition of his paintings while in Wellington.

Mr. Remell, of the Waipawa branch of the Bank of New Zealand, has been moved to Kimbolton. His place at Waipawa will be filled by Mr. Alexander Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Haggitt, of Dunedin, are coming to reside in Christchurch, and have bought Mr. G. A. U. Tapper's new house, Carlton Mill road, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mr. M. Perkins, organist of St. Luke's Church (Remuera), was presented with a purse of sovereigns by the congregation at the annual meeting, in recognition of his services to the church.

Dr. Barraclough, who relieves Dr. Beattie at the Avondale Hospital for twelve months, was lauded by Pororua residents last week and presented with a dressing-case.

Sir Robert and Lady Lockhart, who are on their way to Scotland to assume possession of their property, which they recently inherited, left Auckland last week for Wellington.

Mr. W. G. Moneckton, M.A., honorary tutor at St. John's College, has resigned his position, in consequence of the governors' action in accepting the Warden's resignation.

Mr. W. A. Renall (Waipawa) goes to Kimbolton (Feilding) to relieve Mr. W. A. Todd, at the Bank of New Zealand, who has been transferred to Hawke's Bay.

Dr. Barraclough, who is to relieve Dr. Beattie while the latter goes home for a six-months' holiday, was entertained at a banquet by the people of the Porirua district last week.

Miss Kimbell, who has been connected with the Wellington Technical School for some time as one of its best pupils, has accepted a position on the teaching staff.

The Rev. M. Libenrood, D.D., of Sussex, England, arrived by the Sierra last week, and put up at the Central. After spending a few days in town he went on to visit the Hot Lakes district.

Mr. Jas. Hindman, for some years a member of the Thames Battalion Band, was presented with a silver crucifix by his friends last week, in recognition of his approaching marriage.

The officers of the Union S.S. Co.'s Waiwaka last week presented Mr. J. Sinclair, second engineer, with a silver tea and coffee service, on the occasion of his going to Sydney to be married.

Mrs. Dillingham, wife of the Consul-General for U.S.A., has returned to Auckland much better in health for her trip to America. She visited numerous friends and relations in the West and East of the States.

Mr. Clement Wragge, the well-known meteorologist, who is concluding a lecturing tour in Auckland, arrived on Sunday. He is leaving Australia for good, and goes home via the United States by the next boat.

Mr. A. T. Day, the well-known Auckland mine manager, returned from a business tour in the South by the Maopouka on Sunday. He was on the West Coast of the South Island for several weeks.

Mr. Gow, superintendent engineer of the Northern S.S. Co., left Auckland on Monday in the Westralia for Sydney en route to England, where he superintends the building of the company's new boats.

The Rev. W. J. Gow, the newly-appointed minister of the Presbyterian Church at Northcote, arrived in Auckland on Sunday by the s.s. Westralia from the South. He has brought his family with him.

Nurse Cogswell of the Hamilton Hospital, is taking a lengthy holiday for her health, and last week the Nurses' Home residents presented her with a gold-mounted greenstone brooch, and a number of other friends presented her with a writing companion.

Mr. Claud Sainsbury (Hawke's Bay) was in Wellington for a few days on his way back to the Argentine. He and his brother went to the latter country over two years ago, and are among the many young New Zealanders who are doing well on land there.

Mrs. C. Beauchamp has been spending a week in Picton and Blenheim on account of the illness of her son, Mr. R. Beauchamp, who is in the Blenheim hospital undergoing medical treatment for the results of a strain.

Mr. R. Villiers Surtees, a son-in-law of Mr. G. V. Stewart, who left Katikati about 20 years ago for England, is returning this month with his family to again take up his quarters at his old home in that district.

The Christchurch "Press" says that Captain Adams, of the steamer Whangape, is now making a good recovery from his recent severe illness. It is expected he will be well enough to return to his home in Wellington in the course of a few days.

A cable message to Sir Robert Stout intimates that his two sons, Duncean and Bert, have been successful in passing the London matriculation, the former passing with distinction. The Messrs Stout went to England by the Gothie about April last, and are both to study medicine.

Before he left New Plymouth for Invercargill, where he is to take up the management of the local branch of the Bank of Australasia, Mr. A. J. McIntosh was the recipient of a souvenir from the bank's New Plymouth clients. Mr. Smith, from Marton, takes Mr. McIntosh's place in the New Plymouth branch.

Mr. Everard in Thuru, Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, who has been appointed Governor of Fiji, in succession to Sir Henry Jackson, has been in Ceylon about two and a half years. The new appointment carries with it a salary of £2700, as compared with £1900 attached to the Ceylon appointment.

It is stated that Mr. E. H. Carew, S.M., the well-known Otago Magistrate, is about to retire on account of ill-health, from which he has suffered a good deal of late years. He is the oldest magistrate in the colony, and his legal capacity has caused his judgments to be respected throughout the colony. It is probable that Mr. Cruickshank, elevated to the magistracy while in the Thames about two years ago, will be appointed to succeed him.

Mrs. Eliza J. Loughlin, one of the oldest residents of the Thames, died yesterday after a long illness at the age of 80 years. She was the widow of the late Mr. J. Loughlin, a Belfast man, who came here with his wife in the Chilli in 1866, and went to the Thames goldfield in '68. There are four daughters and three sons surviving her. The Hon. J. McGowan sent the bereaved family his condolences, and the Thames Council's flag was flown at half-mast in respect of the deceased, her youngest son being a member of the Council.

A fully representative meeting of the dentists of Auckland was held last week to consider the Dental Bill now before Parliament. Mr. A. W. Chatfield occupied the chair. Dr. Cox proposed the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—"That this meeting of dentists is greatly in favour of the spirit and provisions of the Dentists Bill now before Parliament, and hopes to see it speedily made law." It was decided to telegraph this resolution to Mr. Siley, the member who has charge of the bill. A vote of thanks to Mr. Siley for his efforts to improve the dental education in this colony was proposed by Mr. C. H. Moses and carried.

A pleasing ceremony took place last week in the rooms of the Auckland Institute of Marine Engineers, on the occasion of the departure of Mr. G. Gow for England to execute commissions for the Northern Steamship Company. There was a large attendance of over fifty members of the institute. Mr. McIntyre occupied the chair, and after reading apologies for absence from several prominent members, proposed the toast, "The King and the Royal Family." The chairman, after a eulogistic speech, handed Mr. Gow a very handsome dressing case, and wished him success in the name of the institute. The health of Mr. Gow was then proposed and drunk with musical honours. The recipient responded and thanked the members for their handsome and useful present, and their expressions of regard and good wishes.

The Indraveli, which arrived from New York last week, brings two distinguished visitors to our shores—Mr. Bayard-Stevens, son of Colonel B. Stevens, well-known in Washington diplomatic circles, who was entrusted with a delicate mission to the German Court during the late trouble with China; and Mr. A. C. Kelway, who has been editor of several English papers, the last being the "Church Review," London. Mr. Kelway is a brother to the chief officer of the Indraveli. They will make an extensive tour of New Zealand with the object of acquiring information relative to the development of trade between the United States and this colony. Messrs Stevens and Kelway return to America by the R.M.S. Sierra on August 12.

Auckland Society of Arts.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Mr Devore presided over the annual meeting of Auckland Society of Arts, which was held in the Society's Room, last week. There was a large attendance of members and those interested in the work of the society. The reading of the balance sheet showed that the financial state of the society was excellent. At a cost of £900, an allotment had been acquired in Coburg-street, having a frontage of 45ft and a depth of 82ft, as a site for the new gallery. Of the £1075 3/4 collected for this purpose, £488 1/2 was a Government subsidy. The receipts for the year, including £485 brought forward, were £1907 15/2. Inclusive with the land account, the cash balance was £1079 2/11. The society has in addition property valued at £220.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Patrons, His Excellency the Governor and Lady Plunkett; President, Mr Devereux; Vice-presidents, Messrs B. Goldie, H. Brett, B. Kent, E. W. Poynton, J. H. Epton, A. Kidd, T. Peacock, E. Valle, T. H. Smith, H. E. Mitchell, and Professor Brown; Committee, Messrs F. Wright, E. E. Valle, M. W. Poynton, H. Wallace, W. Wright, M. Tienwith, and R. Plancy; Treasurer, Mr E. Bartley; Auditor, Mr J. C. Webster; Secretary, Mr S. Sturt.

It was unanimously agreed to accord votes of thanks to the members who had been actively engaged in the collection of the land fund, as well as to the secretary (Mr Sturt), who was recommended a bonus of 20 guineas.

Mr O. Nicholson (trustee under the will of Mrs Mackenzie) was elected an honorary life member of the society, in recognition of his services.

It was resolved to register the society under the Unincorporated Societies' Act.

Medals and certificates were during the year were presented by Mr Devore. The silver and bronze medals for colour work were awarded to Mr A. Reimoldt and Mrs A. M. Alroy, respectively. Miss Evelyn La Trobe carried off both the silver and the bronze medals for monochrome work.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ROTORUA SULPHUR FIELDS.

Among our illustrations this week is a picture of Maori sulphur-getters at "Sodom and Gomorrah," the local name for the desolate sulphur fields which lie between Rotorua and Whakarewarewa. It is from here that Messrs Kempthorne, Prosser and Co. obtain some of the sulphur used at their Westfield Works in making superphosphates and sulphuric acid. The average person has little or no idea of how important a part this acid plays in the commercial world; in fact, it would not be overstating its importance to say that without its aid few manufacturing industries of the present day could exist. Most of the sulphur used in New Zealand comes from Japan, as it is purer than the local article. Japanese sulphur runs as high as 90 per cent, while that obtained at Rotorua varies from 40 to 50 per cent.

WAIHI EXTENDED BOOM.

The discovery of a big reef in the Waihi Extended mine, with every probability of it proving to be a continuation of the famous Martha lode from the Big Waihi, has electrified the Stock Exchange. After having been almost deserted for some years, save for the customary "calls" held by the Sharebrokers' Association, the scene on 'Change reminds one somewhat of old times, when the long arcade beneath the town clock was crowded day after day by an excited throng of buyers and sellers, when every mining stock on the list was moving upward, and piles of money were made—mostly to melt again when the slump set in. Times have changed, and the old hands are a little bit cautious; but the excitement that has been caused by the recent developments in the Waihi Extended may be taken as a fair indication that it would not take many more such discoveries to send Aucklanders once again fairly crazy with the fever of scrip speculation. The Waihi Extended reef appears to be all that is claimed for it, and judging by the latest reports of its size it may fairly be concluded that the lode is identical with that from which the parent Waihi has been paying fat dividends for many years past. The idea formerly entertained by mining men was that this reef did not exist outside of the Martha Hill. Now it is proved to live through the Grand Junction property into the Waihi Extended, and possibly beyond. The Waihi Extended was floated in the early days of the last mining boom by the late Mr Greenwood, who placed it on the market along with the Waihi South, at about sixpence per share. The shareholders have, then, paid a fairly large amount in calls, and the share capital of the Extended was enlarged to equalise the contributing and paid-up shares; but those who have held fast to their stock have good cause to congratulate themselves. It is a fortunate thing, too, that the mine is held locally, and whatever benefit is derived from the present advance in shares will not go into the pockets of outsiders, but to Aucklanders, and will no doubt help to develop this and other mining properties that give reasonable hope of producing good returns. The Waihi Extended boom is a big thing for the Waihi district as a whole, for of late things have not been looking too bright there, and the township is brimming over with excitement at the prospect of even greater things in store. The plan published gives an excellent idea of the lie of the reef and its relation to the parent lode.

The Ceylon "Observer" of June 20th, referring to the death of Dr. William Goldie of Auckland, which took place at Bandarawela on June 15th, says the interment took place in the Haputale churchyard. The coffin had several handsome wreaths placed on it by sympathising friends whose sorrow for Dr. Goldie's untimely end was intensified by the thought that none of his friends or relations were present, and that strangers had ministered to him. The service in the church and at the grave was read by the Rev. E. Boteju, acting incumbent of St. Mark's, Badulla. Dr. Goldie was very ill when he reached Bandarawela in May, suffering with consumption of the very worst type.

BIRTHS MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

- BASIRE.—July 20, at 16 Alpha st., Wellington, the wife of A. Basire, a son (will-born).
DAVIDSON.—July 18, at Kaitiaki, the wife of Alex. M. Davidson, late of Hoosack Run, Hanmer Springs, a son.
GOMAS.—At her residence, College View, Turner street, Mrs Will Gomas of a son; both doing well.
HAZARD.—On July 27th, at their residence, Khyber Pass, to Mr and Mrs W. H. Hazard, a son.
HOBBS.—On July 26, at her residence, Aitona road, Hagsonport, the wife of J. J. Hobbs of a son.
MCDONNELL.—July 15th, at St. Albans, Christchurch, the wife of R. E. McDonnell, a daughter.
PATRICK.—June 20, at Marton, the wife of James Eskine Patrick, a son.
ROBERTS.—July 17, at Alberley road, St. Albans, Christchurch, the wife of J. J. Rogers, a daughter.
RICHARDSON.—July 24, at Kin Ora, N. Gisborne, the wife of P. Richardson, a son.
SMITH.—July 21, at Crosby terrace, Wellington, the wife of R. D. Smith, a son.
WALKER.—On July 25, at Surrey crescent, Grey Lynn, the wife of J. Walker, builder, of a daughter; both doing well.

MARRIAGES.

- BONNINGTON-JENSEN.—July 20, at St. Andrew's Church, St. Albans, Christchurch, Leonard Bonnington, third son of the late George Bonnington, to Marie Dorothea Mortensen, elder daughter of the late Mrs H. W. Jensen.
CUNNINGHAM-JOHNSTON.—On July 20, by Rev. W. Woollass, Henry Cunningham, widower, to the widow of the late Andrew Johnston, cabdriver.
HARVEY-BUTLER.—June 28, at the Cathedral, Christchurch, George Edwin Harvey, third son of Henry Harvey, Templars, South Australia, to Bridget Frances (Beattie) Butler, eldest daughter of Michael Thomas Butler, of Ballycubane, Portlaur, County Waterford, Ireland.
JONES-BURCH.—July 12, at the Manse, Feilding, William Jones, of Fernlea, Cheltenham, to Mary, fourth daughter of E. J. Burch, of Gisborne.
MCKINLEY-BURCH.—July 22, at St. John's Cathedral, Napier, John Edward, fourth son of the late W. McKinley, to Violet Kitty, fifth daughter of E. J. Burch, both of Gisborne.
PATON-MOQUAY.—On July 20th, at the Church of the Assumption, by the Rev. Monsignor Paul, Alexander, youngest son of Mr W. Paton, engineer, Brisbane, to Lucy Ida, eldest daughter of Mrs Moquay, Princes street, Otago.

DEATHS.

- BARTON.—Suddenly, on July 25th, at his late residence, "Ilkley" Cottage, Ryemonds-st., Henry, beloved husband of Maria Barton, aged 58 years.
BROWN.—On 29th July, 1906, at the District Hospital, Rodney, deeply beloved wife of Cornelius Brown, aged 25 years.—R.I.P.
BOLLAND.—July 24, at Karaka Bay, Wellington, Lily Alice, dearly beloved wife of Frederick Vaughan Bolland; aged 39 years.
ELLISON.—On July 20th, at her late residence, Wellington-street, Auckland, Harriette, relict of the late John William Ellison, mother of Inspector Ellison, of Wellington, and I. Ellison, Te Kuiti.
EVANS.—On August 1, at his parents' residence, Remuera, Sidney Theodore, only son of S. P. and S. M. Evans; aged 18 years.
FLAY.—On July 30th, 1906, suddenly, at her late residence, Bombay, Helen Annie, the deeply beloved wife of Herbert L. Flay; aged 40 years.
FRANKLIN.—On July 20th, 1906, at his late residence, Lorne-st., Auckland, Isaac Macrow, dearly beloved husband of Elizabeth M. Franklin; aged 50 years. His end was peace.
FRANCE.—July 28, at Adams street, Hokitika, Wellington, Alice Mary, dearly beloved infant daughter of Frederick William and Martha France; aged 12 months.
GREEVER.—On July 27th, at the Auckland Hospital, Violet Louisa, youngest daughter of the late James and Mary Ann Greever, and deeply beloved sister of Mrs Clara King, of Devonport. "For ever with the Lord."

- HART.—July 11, at 211 Hereford street West, Christchurch, Julia Frances, relict of the late George Hart; aged 80 years.
LICKER.—On July 31st, at the Mater Hospital, private hospital, after a long and painful illness, Vera Harriet, the dearly beloved wife of George Licker; in his 22nd year. Her end was peace.
MILLER.—July 6, at 13, Arlington street, Wellington, Arthur Valentine, dearly beloved infant son of George and the late Edith Mary Miller; aged 1 year and 9 months.
IRVING.—On July 26, at the Auckland Hospital, James Alexander, the beloved husband of Florence Mercy Irving, the second daughter of Mrs and the late Geo. Killett, of Mercer; aged 34 years.—Bydney papers please copy.
KENNEDY.—On July 20th, at his parents' residence, 1111-st., Newmarket, George McKee, youngest and dearly loved son of John and Ellen Kennedy; age 11 months. "Safe in the arms of Jesus."
MARBROOK.—On July 31st, at Richmond Rd., Grey Lynn, Henry, the dearly beloved husband of Lydia Marbrook; age 72 years. Deeply regretted.
MURPHY.—July 20, at Leavelle, John Murdoch, son of Luke Colridge, Canterbury; aged 58. (By cable.)
NEILL.—July 24, at Allicott, Lower Hill, Wellington, George Neill, fourth and dearly beloved son of the late Robert and Elizabeth Neill, of Wainui-mata; aged 34 years.
O'BRIEN.—July 20, at Amberley, Canterbury, Denis, beloved husband of Margaret O'Brien; aged 65 years.
PAVITT.—July 18, at Napier, Arthur E., eldest son of Edward Pavitt, late of Christchurch, in his 38th year.
ROACH.—On July 25th, at the Auckland Hospital, Michael Roach, of Wills-st., Auckland; aged 30 years.
ROSEMAN.—On July 25th, at his parents' residence, Victoria Avenue, David Edward, the beloved twin son of J. and E. H. Roseman; age 3 months.
SPICER.—July 21, suddenly, at The Gardens, 137 North Belt, Christchurch, Henry, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Ann Spicer; aged 68.
SIMPSON.—On July 27th, at his parents' residence, Mill-st., Willie, the dearly beloved infant son of William and Jennie Simpson, aged 4 months. Not lost but gone before.
WEBB.—On July 20th, at his parents' residence, Shirley Beach Rd., Pomona, Ernest Raphael, youngest son of Thomas H. and Frances E. Webb, aged 10 years.
WHITE.—On 20th July, at the District Hospital, Elizabeth Annie, the beloved wife of Mr Sam White, of this city, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. R. S. Brookes, Wharehina, aged 68 years, after long suffering, borne with exemplary patience.
YEOLAND.—On July 29th, at Tamara-st., Linfield, the beloved son of Mary and the late G. H. Yeoland; aged 21. Interment at Devonport.

The death is announced of Mrs. Elizabeth White, wife of Mr. Sam. White, the well-known contractor of Auckland. She was 68 years of age. The late Mrs. White had been an invalid for the past thirty years, having suffered much pain with quiet patience. She and Mr. White came out to New Zealand in the Gertrude in 1862, being married just before they left. Mr. White was a lacemaker by trade, and in coming out to the colony they had to face a life full of hardships they never had to encounter before. Mrs. White herself was a daughter of a lacemaker, the Rev. E. S. Brookes, who came out later and lived the rest of his life in the Kaipara. Mr. and Mrs. White joined the Albertland settlers for some years, but later left the Kaipara for Auckland, where Mrs. White began his contracting business twenty-five years ago. Mrs. White leaves four sons and two daughters, all of whom are married. She will be buried at Waikumete to-morrow.

HAIR GROWTH
Promoted by Shampoos of Cuticura Soap
And Dressings of Cuticura the Great Skin Cure
Purest, Sweetest, Most Effective Remedies for Skin, Scalp and Hair.

This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails. Millions of women now rely on Cuticura Soap assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chaffings, for annoying irritations or too free or offensive perspiration, for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sensitive, anti-septic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet and nursery. Cuticura remedies are the standard skin cures and humour remedies of the world. Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and, lastly, in the severer forms, take Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and blood humours, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, when all else fails. Cuticura Remedies, Sold and the Cures of Cholera, Typhoid, Cholera Infantum and Cholera in all parts of the world. Depot: London, 21, Chancery Lane; Paris, 1, Rue de la Paix; Australia, B. Thomas & Co., Sydney; Boston, 127 Columbus Ave.; Potter, Drug & Chemical Co., 1101 Broadway. Send for Free Book and Trial Sample.

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For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, raw chapped hands, chaffing, cold-sores, eczema, and all irritating and diseased conditions of the skin. Zam-Buk is the only true skin rub that has no stinging, itching, or smarting made by any of the extracts from rare healing herbs. It is so refined that the skin absorbs it at once and receives a healthier tone. Nothing is so soothing, soothing, and pure as this anti-septic. You may rub Zam-Buk in to rub off pain, cleanse, and irritate out.
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MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS.

If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. ... Opposite D.S.O., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Cora Pratt, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pratt, Christchurch, to Mr. F. Cook, of the North Island.

Orange Blossoms.

MIRAMS—WEBB.

On July 27 (writes our Wellington correspondent) a very quiet little wedding was celebrated, when Miss Mollie Webb, Colonel Webb's eldest daughter, was married to Mr. Mirams. Only relations and a few most intimate friends were invited, and Miss Dolly Webb was the only bridesmaid. Mr and Mrs Mirams are to live in Christchurch.

INFLUENZA'S AFTER EFFECTS.

Promptly Cured by Bile Beans.

Influenza, that dreaded complaint which is at present so prevalent throughout Australasia, always has a tendency to leave behind it worse evils than embodied in itself. ... Of all medicine vendors, 1/1 or 2/9 per family box, 2/9 box contains three times 1/1.

SCHOOL OF FRENCH MILLINERY.

H.M. ARCADE, 2nd Floor. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND. "MARION" From "Valerian," Court Milliner, New Burlington St., London W.

Classes every day excepting Saturday. Millinery taught in all its branches, and pupils prepared for business classes for ladies who wish to learn to make their own hats. Hours 10 to 1 and 2 to 5, quarter hours from first lesson; two lessons per week of three hours duration. Terms on application. Materials provided. French and English Models each season for sale at reasonable prices. Orders taken.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, August 2. DRESSES WORN AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

To be effective is the first law of stage dressing. The bright little comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," at His Majesty's Theatre, gives opportunities for some beautiful costumes to be worn. To Miss Rose Musgrove, as Kitty, go, perhaps, the loveliest gowns, though Miss Florence Hamer, as Madame De Simiano, is also exquisitely garbed. The first frock worn by Miss Musgrove is a small black and white check with pleated skirt, with rows of black velvet ribbon round sailor collar of bolero, and a white felt French sailor hat with large black bird flat on the crown. This smart costume was soon manipulated into a very ordinary frock to suit Kitty as a demure and dowdy young person, to satisfy the most exacting and jealous of rivals. In the second act Miss Musgrove wears a lovely ivory sun-ray pleated crepe de chine with numerous tiny frills on the skirt, and inserted with lace; the bodice had a transparent lace yoke and a deep frill of lace, with full sleeves and an Empire belt, fastened in the new way, on one side, finished with tiny rosettes. In the same scene she wore a superb frock of hand-painted cream chiffon with a vandyke lace fichu, edged with lace over yellow silk, and a yellow silk stole. A picturesque and beautiful tea-gown of a shimmering blue accordion-pleated crepe de chine, with transparent yoke and flowing sleeves, was worn by Miss Musgrove in the last act. And then there was that exquisite pink mousseline de soie frock with gauged fichu, worn under a stylish French grey cloth palette, which decided her fate. Miss Hamer, who has a very graceful figure, wore a striking gown of tomato red, with kiltings on skirt, and the cape strapped with white cloth, and a Napoleon hat of crimson tulle. In the second scene she wore a fawn colienne, with folds to the waist, and a white felt upturned hat, trimmed with fawn velvet and a large bird. Among those in the audience I noticed were: Mrs Arthur Nathan, in a black crepe de chine, with handsome ecru lace applique, and transparent yoke; Mrs Bachelder, pretty white pin-tucked silk blouse with frills edged with black velvet bebe ribbon and touches of pale blue silk, black voile flounced skirt; Mrs Edward Russell, dainty white silk evening frock; Miss Edith Isaacs was pretty in a white sun-ray pleated silk; Mrs Bedford, ecru lace blouse, the yoke being defined with emerald green velvet, interlaced with motifs, black satin skirt and long white cloth coat; Mrs Denniston, black satin evening gown, corsage profusely trimmed with paillettes; Miss Denniston, black crepe de chine evening frock, with white and black chiffon sunray double berthe, and corsage bouquet of pink roses; Miss Bagnall, black satin frock with handsome point lace berthe; Mrs Durbie, pretty pale blue silk evening blouse trimmed with ecru Oriental lace, champagne coloured voile skirt; Mrs R. Frater, black silk toilette; Miss Frater, white silk and pretty blue evening cloak, her sister also wore white silk; Madame Chambers, black satin, black lace transparent yoke and sleeves; Mrs Stewart, black evening toilette; Miss Graves Alekin, white silk evening frock, and emerald green shoulder stole; Mrs Cooper, black silk; Miss Cooper, black cloak with ermine collar; Mrs Lucas Bloomfield, black evening gown, French grey cloak with large white satin col-

lar; Mrs T. Dunc, white silk trimmed with blue bebe ribbon; Mrs Sidney Nathan, white silk gown, lovely grey silk cloak with large white silk collar; Mrs Hugh Campbell wore an effective black crepe de chine, with black lace over white satin corsage, ecru vandyke lace berthe; Miss Duller, white shirred silk gown; Miss Dudley, white silk evening frock with large chou of apple green silk on front of décolletage; Mrs (Dr.) Gordon, black evening toilette with ecru lace round corsage; Mrs Philson, azure blue silk tucked blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Philson, fawn satin trimmed with tawny coloured lace; Mrs Sharnan looked extremely well in black satin and chiffon gown with touches of white chiffon intermingled on berthe, lovely white satin cape covered with black applique; Mrs Angus Gordon, black gown, white evening cape; Mrs Louis Myers, black crepe de chine, handsome point lace pelerine; Mrs Coleman, black silk evening gown; Mrs Ashon, black toilette, and pretty blue evening cloak; Miss Culpan, pale blue tucked silk blouse trimmed with lace and chiffon, black skirt; Miss Dawson, dainty white silk inserted with ecru lace; Miss Muriel Dawson, shell pink silk blouse with Paris tinted lace insertion, black satin skirt; Mrs Edmund Mahony, pale blue blouse and black skirt, handsome grey evening cloak with ermine collar; Miss Nora Gorrie, white silk; Miss Gwen Gorrie, black; Miss Alexander, black, green velvet chon; Mrs Harry Horton, black and white coat; Mrs Lyons, white with touches of black; Mrs Arnold, black skirt, pretty silk blouse; Miss Nesta Cooke, black skirt, white silk blouse, inserted with lace; Mrs A. P. Wilson, black; Mrs Abbott, black; Miss Howard, black, white ostrich feather pelerine, and her sister white silk.

A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE.

A very enjoyable dance was given on Wednesday, July 27, by the Aratuna "Goose Camping Club" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. Udy, "Eden Grove," Mount Eden, who hospitably placed their ballroom, house, and grounds at the club's disposal. The grounds presented a very pretty sight; Chinese lanterns being hung all along the drive to the house, tents pitched on the lawns (reminding the campers of last year's fun), rendered quite a unique effect. The ballroom was prettily decorated with flags, evergreens, and the club's colours (royal blue and white), and the spacious verandah costily carpeted and screened, hung with flags, evergreens, and grasses, afforded ideal sitting out places. The supper, laid in the dining-room, was quite a work of art. The decorations of the table were particularly effective, the club's colours predominating in this department. Great credit reflects on the lady members of the club, ably assisted by the chaperone of the camp, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. R. Udy. The dance was brought to a close at one p.m. with hearty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Udy, and return cheers for the "Aratuna Geese." Mrs. Udy wore a handsome black silk gown; Mrs. Barnard (hostess), effectively gowned in black silk, Maltese lace trimmings; Miss Udy, pretty blue silk, touches of black velvet; Miss Daisy Udy, prettily tucked and inserted white silk frock, green roses on corsage; Miss Browning, black gown; Miss Hall, tussore silk; Miss Connolly, white silk; Miss Crawshaw (debutante) looked dainty in accordion Louise silk and chiffon frock; Miss Stephenson, prettily tucked and ruffled white silk; Miss Kelly Stephenson, black velvet, mousseline de soie fichu; Miss Lillian Devore, black silk, the bodice draped in silk Maltese; Miss Belle Moir looked dainty in black accordion-pleated voile gown, wall flowers on corsage; Miss Edith Oxley, pale yellow silk; Miss Kidd, white silk; Miss Hay, white net gold-spangled gown; Miss Nellie Metcalfe, royal blue silk, the skirt and bodice much inserted, silk Oriental lace; Miss Wilson, accordion-pleated black voile and old rose silk; Miss Bertha Ox-

ley, golden silk, white chiffon berthe; Miss Judy Barnard, dainty little frock of white silk; heliotrope sash; Miss Hesketh, white silk, touches of heliotrope; Miss May Hesketh, white silk, red silk sash; Miss Nina Trevitlock, white mousseline de soie; Miss E. Milne, pretty white silk; Miss Crowther, black gown; Miss — Wilson, prettily pink silk; Miss K. Wilson, white silk gown; Miss — Kidd, white muslin, prettily inserted; Miss Milne, handsome black silk gown; Mrs Cooper, pretty black silk gown, spray on corsage. Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Udy, Yates, Trevitlock, Wilson, Stewart, Metcalfe, Oxley, Henton, Milne, Hesketh, Hill, Hall, Benjamin, Browning, Reid (2), Cooper, Connolly, Garrett, Phillipson, Culpan (2), Hanby, Nicholson, Shera, Sellers, Cook, MacNeil, Browne, Finlayson, Crowther, Smith.

In the Renaura Hall this evening (August 3) there is to be an amateur performance of "Withered Leaves." A very good caste has been arranged, among those taking part being Mrs Bloomfield, Miss Thoupson, Dr. de Clive Lowe and Mr Dargaville.

The College Rifles are giving one of their enjoyable "At Homes" on the 25th inst. in the Federal Hall.

Next Tuesday the King's College Old Boys' Association annual ball takes place.

PROGRESSIVE ECCHRE PARTY.

At the invitation of Miss Lillian Devore, Ponsonby, about 100 guests assembled at "Wiltshire Villa" last Thursday evening at a progressive ecchre party, when one of the most pleasant evenings of the season was spent. The large drawing-room, dining-room, and enclosed verandah afforded ample space for the 20 tables reserved for the players. Play was continued with much merriment until eleven o'clock, and the result of the play was as follows: Miss Burt won the first prize, Miss Wallnutt the second, and Miss Foote the third lady's prize. The gentlemen's prizes were won by Mr. Leslie Murray (first), Mr. H. Nelson (second), and Mr. J. Frater (third). Mrs. Devore was attired in a handsome black crepe de chine, with cream lace decorations, and, with Mr. Devore and her three daughters, did everything possible to make their guests' pleasure complete. A recherche supper was handed round, after which several musical items were contributed. Miss Lillian Devore, who made a very charming hostess, wore an emerald green shirred mousseline de soie, with a transparent yoke of ecru lace, and a black be-ribboned voile skirt; Misses Blanche and Katie Devore looked sweet in simple white silk frocks; Miss Margaret Toie, black shirred crepe de chine frock, with crimson silk sash; Miss Kirker, graceful white, silk and chiffon; Miss Dolly Scherff, white voile skirt, and chiffon berthe, with white lace berthe; Miss Connie Bach, crimson silk blouse, with ecru lace yoke and black skirt; Miss L. Phillips, black gown, with white point lace berthe and crimson velvet shoulder straps; Miss Macfarlane, cream sun-ray pleated chiffon, with touches of black velvet; Miss Eileen Macfarlane looked prettily in white accordion-pleated chiffon, with black-velvet ceinture; Miss Winnie Cotter, lovely ivory striped satin frock, with sky blue silk Empire sash; Miss Kate Campbell, black evening frock, encrusted with cream lace; Miss Winnie Leys was attired in a dainty white silk frock with lovely Maltese lace berthe and two rows of the same lace heading the sun-ray flounces on skirt, pink velvet butterfly bow in coiffure; Miss Hardie, pale blue and pink

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chise silk with blue and pink wash of brighter shade; Miss Foote, pale green sun-ray pleated chiffon blouse with pale pink chon, black voile skirt; Miss Burd (Dorcedin), graceful black spangled net with touches of blue silk; Mrs H. Wilson-Smith looked pretty in a black voile skirt and white blouse adorned with Paris lace, and posies of violets; Mrs Cooper, becoming black evening toilette; Miss Jessie Cooper looked winsome in black with transparent sleeves and large violet silk bow on corsage; Miss J. Tyr, pretty white shirred silk with Paris lace yoke and pale pink sash; Miss Nellie Douglas, white tucked silk relieved with blue; Miss Peacock, pink satin frock with emerald green Empire sash; Miss Margaret Peacock wore black with touches of pink silk and rich white lace; Miss Shayle-George, graceful white muslin dress with blue ceinture; Miss Milla Shayle-George, dainty pale blue chiffon blouse and white silk skirt; Miss Nellie Stevenson, black velvet frock trimmed with ceru lace; Miss Gillet, Ivory Louisiana silk prettily shirred, with rich lace yoke and trimmings; Miss Ada Gillet was pretty in pink silk with white fichu; Miss Alison (Iakapuna), lovely white silk embroidered chiffon over blue silk, wreath of forget-me-nots in her hair; Miss Violet Tibbs, white muslin and lace dress, with blue ribbons; Miss McDonald, white mousseline de soie inserted with lace over pink silk, pink roses in coiffure; Miss Aitken, pretty white gauged silk; Miss English wore soft white muslin and lace with crimson roses in her hair; Mrs Kelly, black silk gown; Miss Kelly, black evening gown; Mrs Crawshaw, dove grey voile gown; Miss Pearl Gorrie, dainty white shirred silk; Miss Belle Moir, charming cream voile and lace frock, black velvet butterfly bow in her hair; Miss Wingfield, lovely pale blue crepe de chine frock relieved with Paris lace; Miss Muriel Knight was pretty in white; Miss Effie Hanus (New Plymouth), white silk with pale blue Empire sash; Miss Kennedy, pink silk gown with white fichu; Miss Walcott, Paris tinted lace over rose pink silk; Miss Donald looked sweet in a Paris lace blouse with lush rose pink bow on corsage, and a pale blue silk skirt; Miss Percival, pale blue tucked satin blouse prettily shirred, and a black skirt; Miss Queenie Nelson, white silk gown, with large bow on corsage of emerald green silk; Miss Edith Oxley, topaz-yellow silk evening frock trimmed with silk of a brighter shade; Miss Vale, soft white silk and lace; Miss Langford, black evening toilette with white point lace berthe; Miss Meta Daere, white silk gown, and yellow Empire sash; Miss Hobbay, very dainty pale blue mousseline de soie with silver spangled lace berthe; Miss Frater, pretty white tucked silk, pink chon on corsage; Miss May Whitelaw, graceful white muslin and lace, white silk fichu caught with yellow daisies; Miss Binney, cream voile trimmed with rich lace; Miss Eva Beale, pretty azure blue dress softened with white lace; Miss Bessie Ziman, white sun-ray pleated chiffon over pink silk; Miss McGreggor, pretty white shirred silk blouse with pink silk sash, black skirt; Miss Donald-vaite, aprison silk blouse and white point lace collar, black skirt; Miss Aureole Gittos, white brocaded silk and chiffon, pretty fichu en suite. Gentlemen Messrs. Nathan, Winks, English, Calder, Ley, Gorrie, Donald, Patterson, Murray, Holmden, Hayman, Shayle-George, Vale, Tibbs, Kirker, Ralph, Cotter, Kent, Oxley, Bach, Frater, Gittos, Chatfield, Hobbay, Foote, Wilson-Smith, Allison, Benjamin, Nelson, Beale, Harby, Whitley, Harvey, Upton (2), etc.

PARNELL PROGRESSIVE CRIBBAGE AND ECCHE PARTY.

The progressive cribbage and euchard party arranged by a committee of Parnell ladies to augment the funds of the local Croquet and Tennis Club was in all ways a substantial success, for not only was it admirably arranged and enjoyable, but the financial success must have been very considerable. The table arrangements were excellent, and there was no confusion as to where to go, as is so often the case. A very dainty supper was served on tables prettily decorated in pink and white. Mr Morris and Mrs Colegrove won the first prizes in cribbage, and Mrs Hemus and Mr Wiche the poony prizes. In euchard Mr Russell and Mrs Bob Johnstons carried off the first honours, and Miss George and Mr F. Cuff the boodies. Amongst those present were Mrs A. Houghton, soft white silk; Mrs Lyons, dainty white muslin inserted with lace, black velvet

bebe ribbon bodice; Mrs Ned Smith, white silk trimmed with Paris tinted lace; Mrs Russell, black skirt, pretty velvet blouse; Mrs Stevenson, blue and pink flowered delaine gown with cream lace applications; Mrs Nicoll, black skirt, smart cream satin blouse; Miss White, black with pretty blouse; Mrs Conny, black satin, spray of pink roses on bodice; Mrs Arnold, black; Mrs Chatfield, black skirt, black crepe de chine blouse, trimmed with ceru lace; Mrs Partridge, white tucked glass silk, very handsome white brocade open jacket; Mrs Hill, white blouse, pretty grey voile skirt; Mrs Roach, black silk, relieved with touches of turquoise blue; Mrs Marsack, wore black with pretty silk blouse; Miss Wait, black skirt, dainty white blouse; Miss Brooke-Smith, black skirt, dainty pale blue blouse; Mrs Walker, handsome black gown, with black insertion on bodice, and transparent lace sleeves; Mrs Colegrove, olive-green velvet blouse and black skirt; Mrs Bruce, pretty blouse and black skirt; Mrs Bob Johnstone, white brocade, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss Hesketh, Paris-tinted net gown, with touches of turquoise blue on bodice; Mrs Kothbone, black silk, with silver spangled net berthe, relieved with touches of pink; Miss Mowbray, black satin, large pink and blue chon on corsage; Miss Davy, tussore silk gown, inserted with lace, crimson ceinture and chon; Miss Atkinson, pretty white frock; Miss Preere, white net laced with narrow bands of black velvet bebe ribbon; Mrs Simpson, black satin skirt, dainty pale green Oriental satin blouse; Mrs Bloomfield, handsome black silk, trimmed with jetted lace; Miss Reay, black and white; Mrs Lawford, black silk, the bolero finished with releau of black velvet; Miss Horn, black skirt, white blouse, trimmed with lace, sabbie and pearl passementerie; Mrs Goodhue, black, with white and black vest; Mrs Robert Dargaville, black satin and lace; Mrs John Kenderline, black silk, with jetted lace collar; Mrs Holmes, heliotrope glaze silk, profusely inserted with Paris lace; Mrs Brown, white embroidered net over glaze silk, with blue ceinture, and blue ruffled ribbon outlining transparent lace yoke; Mrs Uffill, black skirt, pretty white tucked Liberty satin blouse; Mrs W. R. Bloomfield, black and white, the bodice prettily trimmed with black insertion; Miss Thomas, black and yellow gown; Miss Kempthorne, pretty primrose silk gown, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Kempthorne, yellow silk and chiffon; Mrs Jones, black silk, with white and black embroidered vest; Miss J. Frater, dainty white silk, inserted with Paris lace; Miss George, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Lusk, black, with Maltese lace collar; Miss Siator, black skirt, pretty satin blouse, finished with lace collar; Mrs Phil Morris, black skirt, white silk and lace blouse; Mrs Charlie McCormick, black; Miss Saell, black silk, with accordion-pleated chiffon hanging sleeves, pale blue rolenu and chon on bodice; Miss Percival, black satin; the bodice trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Torrance, black skirt, pretty silk blouse, trimmed with lace; Miss Young, soft white silk, with cherry coloured sash and ribbons; Miss Muriel Martin, black skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Mrs Brooke-Smith, black silk.

Mrs Neaves, organist of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Posenby, was the recipient of a silver cruet, butter dish and knife from the Sunday-school in recognition of her services to the school.

His Majesty's Theatre, on the occasion of the opening and other nights of "The Marriage of Kitty" has been crowded, and several theatre parties were arranged by some of our well-known bachelors and others, during last week. It is a capital way for a bachelor to return hospitalities.

A DELIGHTFUL EVENING

was spent by the guests of Miss Jessie Jackson, who were entertained at the "Sans Souci" at Onehunga on July 26. It was a fine moonlight night, and the tide was high, so the view from the wide verandah of the kiosk was most picturesque. Many of the guests went out by tram or bus, and there was just a touch of novelty about the outing, which is so essential to successful entertaining nowadays. One of the amusements was a diverting competition which caused much laughter. Each guest had the picture of an animal or bird pinned on his or her back, and one had to guess its name from the answers given

by the other guests to one's questions, which were not supposed to be "leading" as the lawyers say. There was a marvellous collection of "beasties," and more than one of the guests must have got rather a surprise when he found how much zoology he did not know. When one had guessed his animal he was replacarded and so da capo. Mrs Claud Heather (nee Morris), who made no less than fifteen correct identifications, won the ladies' first prize, Miss Ida Thompson coming second. Mr Chas. Nathan won the men's prize, with Mr Harry Clark second. There were other amusing competitions, and we had charming songs by Miss Jackson, Miss Thompson, Mr Tom Jackson and Mr Guy Pierce. As the night was so mild many of the guests sat out on the balcony, where the German band played delightful music. A very tempting supper was served, and then there were one or two jolly dances as a finale. Everybody enjoyed the evening exceedingly, and all were sorry when the time came to catch the last tram back to town. Some of those present were:—Mrs A. Hanus, Mrs Black, Mrs Mcintosh Clark, Mrs Cotter, Mrs Payton, Mrs Jack Jackson, Mrs Thorn Jackson, Mrs C. Heather, Mrs Blair, Mrs Morrin, Misses Clark, Richmond, Cotter, Dargaville, Ware, Goodwin, Pierce, Lennox, Thompson, Stevenson, Ruddock, Ching, Morrin, Browning, Dr. Bamford, Messrs Cotter, Meredith, Jackson, Buddle, Thompson, Dargaville, Nathan, Macintosh, Gordon, Blair, Banks, Pierce, Morrin, Gillies, Purchas.

An exceptionally jolly little euchard party and dance, under the auspices of the Thames Tennis Club, was held last Saturday evening (writes a Thames correspondent on July 29). The ladies' honours were divided equally between Mrs Gore-Adams and Miss Bush, but Mrs Adams, being a committee member, forfeited it to Miss Bush. Miss E. Walker secured second prize. The gentlemen's trophies were won by Mrs Hogarth, who acted in that capacity, and Mr W. Adams. The Cinderella dance, which concluded the evening, was most enjoyable, the music by Booth's band being specially enticing. Mrs Gore-Adams wore an electric blue blouse, Orientally marked, pretty black voile skirt, trimmed with rows of bebe ribbon; Mrs Chapman, black gown; Mrs Hogarth, handsome black silk; Mrs Hoskins, becoming scarlet silk blouse, with transparent yoke, outlined with guipure, smart black skirt; Mrs S. Smith, cerise silk blouse, trimmed with pretty lace, black embossed skirt; Mrs W. Smith, green flowered chiffon blouse, with deep lace yoke, black tucked skirt; Mrs Wright, tucked white silk, inserted with guipure, scarlet sash; Mrs E. Jordan, dainty cream silk blouse, tucked skirt of black voile; Mrs F. Gibbons, handsome gown of black silk, with jet encrustations; Mrs E. Gibbons, cream mervilleux blouse, black skirt; Mrs Renwick, black silk voile, with herring bone stitching; Mrs Isenmoger, black gown of net over foundation of red; Mrs Bullock, wine-coloured gown, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs Ryan, black silk; Miss Aitken, green silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss McQuade, very pretty champagne blouse, handsome lace, black skirt with silk ruchings; Miss E. Walker, pretty cream accordion-pleated cashmere blouse, trimmed with herring bone stitching, black skirt; Miss Foy, pretty black frock, with lace collar; Miss M. Banks, figured blue blouse, trimmed with insertion, black skirt, inserted with lace; Miss Bell, pretty pale blue blouse, trimmed with silk insertion, black skirt, strapped with silk and applique medallions; Miss Baker, cream blouse, deep lace collar, and black silk voile skirt; Miss E. Baker, pink silk blouse, edged with insertion and chiffon, black voile skirt; Miss E. Price, pretty green silk blouse, black tucked skirt; Miss Ethel Price, smart floral silk blouse, threaded with green, black skirt, tucked and frilled; Miss Edie Price, dainty heliotrope blouse, black skirt; Miss Jephson, cream frock with net ceinture, green floral sash; Miss Hunter, black Jap. silk, inserted with lace; Miss Bush, dainty floral delaine blouse, black fullest skirt, edged with ribbon; Miss Smith, cream blouse, finished with lace, black skirt; Miss Guthrie, pretty blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Pownall, tasteful blue blouse, black voile skirt; Miss A. Adams, lemon satin blouse, black skirt; Miss C. Wilson, cream silk blouse, black tucked skirt; Miss Wilson, pretty blue silk blouse tweed skirt.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, July 30.

SERIES OF AT HOMES

was held in the Alexandra Hall. Mrs Taylor and Mrs A. Giano were in charge of the arrangements, which were all that could be desired. The lighting of the hall has been very poor for some time, but on Friday night I think it was worse than I have ever seen it, and one could hardly see what the dresses were like. The night was an ideal one for dancing, being clear and frosty. There must have been fully 30 couples present. The supper-table looked very tempting with its generous display of good things. Yellow wattles was used for decorations. The music (piano Mrs Lowe, violin Mr Hogg) was also good. There were a great many pretty new dresses. Mrs Taylor was wearing a handsome green and black brocaded silk with transparent yoke and sleeves of black lace; Mrs A. Giano, black silk and lace gown, and red opera cloak; Mrs Fisher, black silk with front of pale green and red silk; Mrs A. Souther, black silk voile with cream silk applique; Mrs E. Souther, black gown, white opera cloak; Mrs James Hally, black accordion-pleated crepe de chine with transparent yoke and sleeves of black lace, grey opera cloak; Mrs Richardson, black gown, cape collar of Paris lace; Mrs Bach, white silk much tucked; Mrs J. Fisher, black lace with crimson roses on corsage; Mrs C. Peake, white silk, the skirt tucked and the bodice trimmed with deep silk lace; Mrs H. Clarke, pink silk gown, the bodice and skirt elaborately shirred; Mrs M. Anderson, pink silk; Mrs G. Brown, pink muslin gown; Mrs Payne, black silk and lace, crimson opera coat; Miss Hally, a most becoming dress of pale blue crepe de chine with crimson roses on corsage and large black velvet bow in coiffure, lovely full length opera coat of pink and grey; Miss A. Hally, white chiffon over pale green silk, white bow in hair; Miss Wells, pale pink mervilleux trimmed with net, and opera coat of heliotrope and pale green silk; Miss Taylor, a very becoming dress of black velvet with lace sleeves; Miss M. Taylor, pale pink silk; Miss Walker, black lace; Miss E. Walker, white silk tucked, and fagoting was used freely on the bodice; Miss Cartley, pale blue silk trimmed with satin ribbon of the same shade; Miss Clarke, white accordion-pleated chiffon over white silk, the hip yoke being made of tucked silk; Miss H. Payne, a very dainty frock of accordion-pleated white tulle, trimmed with rows of white satin bebe ribbon; Miss Richardson, white silk, the bodice relieved with black velvet; Miss Pickering, blue silk trimmed with white; Miss E. Hill looked exceedingly well in white muslin tucked and inserted with Valenciennes lace, bodice trimmed with black velvet; Miss Williams, black mervilleux, with Maltese lace fichu on bodice; Miss Batty, white silk trimmed with lace; Miss Dugshun looked very charming in white mervilleux, made with much tucking, and

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while silk sash; Miss Wright, a very dainty frock of very pale blue silk, the skirt made with deep flounce and folds and bands of ribbon reaching to the waist, the bodice had a berthe of champagne lace and pretty accordion-pleated crepe de chine sleeves; Miss Willis looked very graceful in a pale blue silk, the bodice having a berthe of silk Maltese lace and pale pink flowers; Miss Campbell wore an effective-looking white silk gown with pink flowers on corsage; Miss M. Fisher, cream voile with bands of satin; Miss C. Fisher, white silk; Miss Jeffries, white silk; Miss Gardner, black silk and lace with Paris lace berthe; Miss Gibson, pale pink silk, and pink flowers in coiffure; Miss Haultain, black silk and lace; Miss Madill, cream silk with crimson roses on corsage; Miss M. Hunt, black; Miss B. Hunt, white silk gown; Miss Storey, white silk, bodice relieved with red silk; Miss J. Brown, black voile and lace; Miss R. Skott, white silk relieved with pink; Miss Picher, white silk; Miss Selby, black lace; Miss Gwynneth, black silk. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs. Taylor (2), Clarke (2), Fernald, Ross, Falls, Madill, McNicol, Holloway, Bingham, Gane (2), Walker, Peake (3), Douglas, Richardson, Waterhouse, Allan, Maddison, Payne, Banks, Bach (2), Isherwood, Marilyn, Clark, Williams, Potts, Layton.

ELISA.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, July 29.
Mr and Mrs Arthur Rees gave a most enjoyable

EUCHERE PARTY

on Friday last, in honour of their guests, Miss Wylie-Browne and Miss Olive Lusk, of Auckland. Nine tables were arranged for cards in the dining-room, supper being laid in an adjoining room. Mrs Rees received her guests in a pretty heliotrope silk blouse and black satin skirt. Mrs Elliott wore a white silk blouse with deep shoulder yoke, black satin skirt; Miss Olive Lusk wore a pretty dress of white Oriental satin, with blue buttons and pale blue choux; Miss Wylie-Browne, pale pink lustre gauged and flounced and with insertions of embroidered chiffon, pink roses in coiffure; Miss Tucker, cream satin, with chiffon ruches and a transparent lace yoke; Miss Willis, cream canvas voile, with black lace frills; Miss L. Gould (Auckland), pink fancy silk blouse, black skirt, pink ribbon threaded through hair; Miss Evans, black silk lace yoke; Miss Wallis, blouse of pale blue tucked crepe de chine and black skirt; Miss Orr, soft black silk, white lace; Miss Bright, pale blue silk, with pink flowers; Miss Grey, black accordion-pleated silk with flounces, blue chiffon choux in hair; Miss N. Seymour, pale blue silk blouse, with faggot stitching, black braided satin skirt; Miss C. Boylan, cream silk, red roses, red low in hair; Miss Williamson, black silk, accordion-pleated flounces, pink roses; Miss T. Evans, white silk; Miss F. Bloomfield, black voile, transparent lace yoke, and black low in hair; Miss W. Adair, pale blue silk, cream lace; Miss R. Boylan, black tucked silk; Miss Bradley, white tucked silk, blue crepe de chine choux; Miss C. Foster, red silk blouse, black skirt. Some of the gentlemen present were Messrs. A. Rees, Bradley, Wilson, Elliott, Sainsbury, Tucker, B. Burke, B. Willcock, H. G. Watson, Blair, Ellis, H. Bright, O. H. Butler, Dodd, L. Sherriff, Saunders, Bennett, E. Adair, P. Barker. Miss Willis won the lady's first prize, a dainty little silver-topped hairpin bottle, and Mr Bennett the gentleman's prize, a silver leaf pencil. The ladies' prizes were won by Miss Williamson and Mr Ellis.

Mr Tonar's concert, which is to take place on August 24th, is being much looked forward to by music lovers. Mr Tonar has engaged Miss Madeline Knight, a young Auckland soprano, who leaves shortly for Europe to finish her musical studies, to sing, and with the many other good vocalists, the concert promises to be a great success.

THE GISBORNE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

gave their first concert of the season last night, and they are to be congratulated on their success. The music was good and well rendered. The operatic choruses by picked singers (six men and six ladies) were a special feature in the programme, and were much enjoyed. Mr E. N. Sidebottom, conducted in his usual capable manner, and Miss Freda Davies acted as pianist. Amongst the audience, I noticed Mrs. Nolan in a white silk blouse, black satin

skirt, white fur opera coat; Mrs Mann, pink satin blouse, deep lace collar, black skirt; Miss Booth, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs A. Rees, heliotrope and white silk blouse, black satin skirt, white opera coat; Miss Nolan, flowered silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Hooper, white satin blouse, black skirt; Miss Wallis, pale blue silk blouse, Paris insertion, black skirt; Miss Wylie-Browne, white satin blouse, black satin skirt, grey opera coat; Miss Lusk, black silk, blue opera coat; Miss Jeffries, black silk, coru lace; Mrs Townley, black silk; Mrs Schumacher, Miss Schumacher, Mrs Bloomfield, Miss Bloomfield, Mrs Seymour, Miss Graham, Miss Chrystal, Mrs Stewart, Mrs Barton, Mrs Hewson, Miss Bright, Mrs Tonar, Mrs Murray, Miss Davies, Mrs Paris, Miss Old, Mrs Thomas, Mrs Winter, Miss Telford, Miss Townley, Miss Davies, Mrs Buckridge, etc.

ELISA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, July 29.
The Hawke's Bay Mounted Rifles gave their annual ball in the drill hall, Hastings, on the 27th inst. The visitors on the occasion included Lieutenants-Colonel Kettle, Hon. Surgeons De Lisle and Barcroft, Captain A. H. Russell, Lieutenants D. Canning, Taylor, Basil-Jones, Bishop, and Captain Hudson. Miss Caulton's band supplied excellent dance music.

The winter lectures at the Athlonean continue to attract large and appreciative audiences. Last Tuesday evening the Rev. J. A. Asher spoke on "George Meredith." "Chopin" will be the subject of next week's address, which will be given by Mr Harold Gregson.

A popular concert was given at Waipukunau on the 24th inst. The vocalists were Mrs Brodie, Misses Large and Tansley, and Mr Neilson. Miss Large's fresh voice was much admired in "Sunderella" and "It was a Dream." Mrs Brodie sang with her usual taste, and Miss Tansley's laurels were as abundant as ever. Mrs and Miss Todd performed duets skilfully on the pianoforte, and Mr Hopkinson gave two cornet solos.

Mr G. P. Donnelly has purchased three silver cups for presentation to the Hawke's Bay Mounted Rifles, the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, and the Hawke's Bay Agricultural and Pastoral Society. On the occasion of the State ball, at which Mr and Mrs Donnelly were presented to the King and Queen, Mrs Donnelly wore a magnificent Court dress of sequin net, with jet trimmings and chiffon frills. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations and orchids, the gift of Lady Ranfurly, and she wore a tiki round her neck, and a chieftainess' comb in her hair.

An interesting hockey match took place on the Recreation Ground last Tuesday afternoon between the Napier Girls' High School and the Maroro Club. The latter were successful by two goals to one. Afternoon tea was given by the ladies during the interval.

A sacred concert was given at the Theatre Royal last week by Mrs Adair Blythe, who is shortly leaving for England. The instrumental items were provided by Herr Lehmann, Messrs H. G. and B. Spackman. Songs were given at intervals by Mrs Adair Blythe, Misses King and Twobill, all of whom acquitted themselves well. Miss Twobill scoring particularly with the beautiful song, "O Divine Redeemer."

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, July 30.
A DELIGHTFUL "AT HOME" was given by Mrs Evans last Tuesday as a farewell to Mrs Courtney, who is leaving shortly with her husband to take up her abode in Tauranga. Mrs Evans, assisted by Misses M. and B. Evans, made a charming hostess. Much appreciative vocal and instrumental music was contributed by Mr J. Garry, Messdames Pope, Home and Smith, and Misses Evans and Deacon. Mrs Evans received her guests in a pretty black and heliotrope gown, finished with heliotrope ribbon. Miss Evans wore a fawn costume, cream silk front, lace collar; Miss B. Evans, navy skirt, cream silk blouse; Mrs Courtney, grey costume, finished with silk and lace; Mrs Pridham black costume, grey jacket; Mrs Pookes, black, bonnet trimmed with greens; Misses Humphries (2), black and

pink roses in hat; her friend wore blue costume, black and white hat; Miss N. Moverley, black, pretty white felt hat trimmed with feathers; Miss V. Jury, looked well in blue trimmed with gold, ermine velvet hat; Mrs Russell, black; Miss Pridham, green costume, black hat; her friend wore blue, with scarlet hat; Miss Ellis, navy blue, scarlet hat; Miss Hoskin, cream blouse, scarlet folded belt, black skirt, picture hat; Miss E. Hoskin, brown costume; Miss Murphy, grey, piped with white, ruby velvet hat; Mrs Pascoe, navy, hat en suite; Miss Cameron, black, red hat; Mrs Lawson, black; Miss Lawson, black, grey jacket; Miss Roy, red costume; Miss Avery, pale fawn, scarlet hat; Miss Robin, black, navy and white hat; Miss Hawken, navy trimmed with cream lace, hat trimmed with pink; Miss —, Hawken, navy and black, trimmed with cream insertion; Mrs Coverdale, black, seal jacket, very pretty violet toque; Mrs Tribe, black; Miss Tribe, crush strawberry, hat en suite; Mrs Teed, black, hat trimmed with cream; Mrs S. Teed, black relieved with pale blue; Mrs D. Adkins (Auckland) looked extremely well in a plaid costume trimmed with strappings of stitched silk, hat en suite; Miss Bedford, black, hat trimmed with feathers; Miss Robertson, very pretty cream costume trimmed with emerald green, hat to correspond.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.


Dear Bee, July 29.
On Thursday, 21st inst., Mrs S. Gordon gave a

"MOST ENJOYABLE 'VIOLET TEA'" at her residence in Bell-street. A delicious afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table being artistically decorated with flowers, principally violets. The rooms looked most cosy and inviting on the winter's afternoon with bright fires blazing and the gas lighted. Each guest on arrival was presented with a card having fifteen questions written on them, all the answers to be constructed from the letters in the word "violet." The prize, a bottle of violet perfume, was won by Miss Moore. During the afternoon Mrs Frank Hatherley and Miss W. Anderson rendered several vocal selections, which were much appreciated. Amongst those present were Messdames Gordon, Miles (Marion), Arthur Lewis, Frank Hatherley, Anderson, Mackay, Misses Gresson, Moore, Seale, Barmicoat, White (Auckland), M. Anderson, Towsey, Rawson, W. Anderson, Knapp, Trainor, McLaughlin (Auckland), Aitken and others. In the evening Mrs Gordon gave a progressive encore party and dance. The ladies' prize, a bottle of scent, was won by Miss Barmicoat, and the men's fell to Mr Russell Stevenson. Professor McLaurin, of Victoria College, Wellington, delivered a highly interesting and instructive

LAST THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH

between Taranaki and Wairarapa amongst the ladies present were: Mrs Wells, pretty green costume, trimmed with bands of velvet, hat en suite; Miss Capel, brown and scarlet, hat to correspond; Miss M. Capel, navy blue, navy and pale blue hat; Miss Webster, black costume, fawn jacket, pink shaded roses in hat; Miss L. Webster, black, green and pale blue hat; Miss Hempton, black; Miss Godfrey, green costume, hat to match; Miss M. Humphries, navy blue, piped with white; Miss Holdsworth, pale blue voile; Miss Campbell, brown and scarlet, black hat; Miss Wright, green costume, trimmed with pale blue, hat to correspond; Miss Hopkinson, looked well in black trimmed with white, black picture hat; Miss Lawson, black,

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There are three women using Sunlight Soap to one using any other soap in the world. WHY?

Did you ever hear anyone question the quality of Sunlight Soap?

Do you not think that it really must be the quality that sells so much Sunlight Soap?

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LECTURE ON RADIUM
 on Friday, 22nd inst., at the Museum Hall, in aid of funds for that institution. There was a very large audience, the seating accommodation being taxed to its utmost limit. Mr Henry Sargeant, who occupied the chair, briefly introduced the lecturer, and at the conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Professor on the motion of Mr Louis Cohen. Amongst the audience I noticed Mr and Mrs W. E. Atkinson, Mr and Miss A. O. Williams, Mr and Mrs John Mason, Mr and Mrs F. Hallerley, Mr and Mrs Barnicoat, Misses Jones, Empson, Reichardt, Mr and Mrs Sargeant, Messrs Atkins, Nixon, Harold, Cohen, Watson, Collier, Lomas, Hardwicke, and others.

Owing, no doubt, to the beautiful day a very large number of ladies assembled.

ON THE BALGOWNIE LINKS
 to play in the match on Wednesday for a driver presented by Mrs Hood. Both seniors and juniors competed. Mrs J. C. Greenwood and Miss M. Browne tied for first place, and Mesdames Anderson, Innes, and Miss Cave for second honors. Mrs Cleghorn was third. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs S. Gordon and the Misses S. Montgomerie and G. Mason. Amongst those on the links I noticed Mesdames Cleghorn, Anderson, D'Arcy, Greenwood, Innes, Mason, Gordon, Heywood, Misses Moore, Barnicoat, Grieg, Montgomerie, Mason, Jackson, Cowper (2), McLaughlin (Auckland), Browne, Anderson, White (Auckland), Jones.

On Wednesday afternoon Miss Allen, the matron, and the nurses at the Wanganui hospital gave a large

"AT HOME" AT THE NURSES' HOME.

which was publicly opened by the Premier recently. The numerous guests (about four hundred availed themselves of the invitation) were received by Miss Allen and afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by the members of the staff. Delicious refreshments were served in the dining-room, the table being prettily decorated with masses of white lilies and sweet-scented violets. Miss Allen wore a handsome black broadened gown, and the nurses' dainty pink uniforms mingled effectively with the more sombre winter gowns of the visitors. Amongst the guests I noticed Mrs Big-nell in a black cloth costume, hat to match; Mrs James, black voile trimmed with silk, black chiffon toque and rosettes of black silk ribbon; Mrs Hardy wore a smart frock of violet frieze, the folded collar having a velvet collar of a darker shade, floral toque of shaded violets and white osprey; Mrs Aiken, black voile gown banded with silk, crimson chiffon toque with spray of crimson velvet geraniums at the side; Mrs Dodg-shun, black cloth trimmed with silk, black and white hat; Mrs Blundell, tabac brown cloth costume, the skirt having tabs piped with brown velvet, vandyked collar strapped with the same material, brown sequin toque with pale blue satin ribbon; Mrs Simpson, black cloth coat and skirt, cream vest, smart black hat; Mrs Hawke wore a tailor-made coat and skirt of grey tweed, black leather hat; Miss Taylor, navy blue cloth, felt hat with pompons; Miss Tuke, black cloth costume, pretty black picture hat; Mrs Lidlon, green tweed coat and skirt with Oriental silk collar, black hat; Mrs Wray wore a pale grey tailor-made coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs F. Batherley, black silk voile trimmed with silk, the bodice having a deep lace yoke, and turquoise blue silk tie, sable furs and black leather hat; Mrs (Dr.) Reid, navy blue costume, black hat; Mrs Farr-ber, grey tweed strapped with black cloth, crimson straw hat with velvet to match and long black quill; Mrs Hig-gie wore a black silk costume, black sequin toque. There were also present Mesdames Stanford, Atkins, Corrie, Anderson, Fenwick, Mackay, Peake, Harper, Taylor, Godwin, Jones, Kissling, Mill-ward, Griffiths, Sargeant, Fitzherald, Dyer, J. Anderson, Misses Taylor (2), Dymock, Hardeastle, Anderson, Jones, Messrs Hig-gie, Stewart, Sargeant, James, Dr. Wall, Reid, Crawford, Fenwick, and many others.

On Wednesday evening
A MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE
 was given at the Westmere Hall. Two broke loads, numerous private carriages, and bicyclists journeyed out from town and returned in the early hours of the morning. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Cutfield, Mr and Mrs Taylor, Mr and Mrs E. Fitzherbert, Mr and Mrs Hogg, Mrs Vaughan, Mrs G. Marshall, Misses Barnicoat, R. Jones, I. Jones,

Smith, Cameron, Taylor (2), Messrs Taylor, Brownie, Stevenson, Lomas, Hardwicke, Wood, and others.

Last Saturday the Egmont-Wanganui Hunt Club

HELD THEIR MEET AT "AIRD."
 the property of Mr D. McGregor. It was perfect hunting weather. There was a large following, and the two runs provided excellent sport, the hounds taking the field along at a rattling pace from start to finish. Delicious refreshments were provided by Mrs McGregor. Mr J. H. Nixon thanked our host and hostess for their hospitality, amid hearty cheers. Amongst those following were Messrs Gordon, G. Moore, Hig-gie, S. Morton, J. Blair, Hamilton, H. Speed, D. Blair, Wilson, Campion, Porritt, Cutfield, Cies-sen, Hammond, Dunn, Burr, J. Brownlie, Harvie, Misses Campbell and Cutfield. Driving and riding were Mesdames John Stevenson, Sutherland, J. Hig-gie, Bur-nett, Howie, M. Hig-gie, Cowan, Anderson, Misses Rawson, Nixon, Hig-gie, Newcombe, Crawley, Hig-gie (2), Messrs Clay, Nixon, McLeod, Russell, Hig-gie, Booth.

On Thursday evening a very large audience assembled at the Drill Hall to witness the closing scenes of

"A NIGHT IN PARIS."

repeated for the tenth night, the last performance being given as a benefit to Signor Borzoni, who has so successfully organised the spectacular part of the lazaar. Lieutenant-Colonel Watt, on behalf of the Drill Hall trustees and volunteers, thanked all the ladies of the various stalls for the splendid manner in which they had carried out their duties. It was decided by putting the question to the vote that the performers, stall-holders, and their numerous assistants' benefit should take the form of a dance and social. Amongst those who visited the bazaar during this week were Mr and Mrs Jones, Mr and Mrs Bull, Mr and Mrs Baddeley, Mr and Mrs Humphreys, Mesdames Blundell, Stevenson, Moore, Empson, Hawke, Wray, Anderson, Misses Taylor, Tuke, Ferguson, Robertson, Jones, Anderson, Addenbrooke, Booth, Empson, Barnicoat, Stewart, Messrs Stevenson, Wood, Peck, Wood, Darley, E. Jones, McNeill, Mr and Mrs Brown, Mr and Mrs Harper, Mr and Mrs Lloyd Jones, Misses O'Brien, Jones, Hook, Drew, Mr and Mrs and Miss Mason, Mr and Mrs Babbage, Mr and Mrs Brookfield, Dr. and Mrs Porritt, Mr and Mrs Greenwood, and numerous others.

HAWERA.

HAWERA.

HAWERA.

Dear Bee, July 27.

TWO HOCKEY TEAMS

from the Wanganui Girls' College visited Hawera last Saturday to try conclusions with the Huaki and High School teams. The College girls arrived by the 1.15 p.m. train and returned to Wanganui the same day. The senior team was entertained by the Huaki Club at luncheon at the Kapai Tea-rooms. Both teams then made their way to the hockey ground, where a very fast and interesting game was played. The Huakis were victorious, winning by one goal. Both teams have improved greatly since last year, excellent form being noticeable on both sides. The College team has always beaten Hawera before, so that it distinctly shows that the local players have been putting in some good work. Mr Payne has kindly offered to coach the Huakis twice a week, which should prove of great value to them, Mr Payne being so thoroughly experienced in this game. The junior College team, having been entertained at luncheon by the High School team, then had a game, when the visitors were again defeated, the score being two goals to one. The game was of an interesting nature, both teams being very evenly matched. The High School girls entertained their visitors at afternoon tea, after which a rush was made for the train, where both teams left amid cheers.

Dancing people are in a great state of excitement this week, as the ball of the season, viz., the "Hunt Club," is to take place in the Opera House next Friday night. Given fine weather, there should be a great crowd, as visitors are expected from all down the coast. I hope to give you an account of it next week and of the dresses, this ball being famous among us for the many handsome gowns worn. ENA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 28.

One of the most successful events of this week was the

ANNUAL BALL OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Any amount of trouble had been taken with the arrangements, and the hall was prettily adorned with photographs and pictures, interspersed with palms and ferns. The colours of the association, black and gold, were prominently displayed, and some of the rooms were bow-ers of yellow wattle. The supper table had fragrant vases of golden narcissi and jonquils, with an effective dash of black to carry out the colour scheme. Miss Muelan wore pale blue brocade with lace berthe; Mrs. Firth, black crepe de chine, with wide perpendicular inser-tions of Paris lace; Mrs. Ward, black Orient satin and pale blue belt; Mrs. Batham, black satin and red roses; Miss Batham, white crepe de soie, elaborately shirred; Miss Sanderson (the tactful and energetic secretary) wore black Roman satin and a trail of shaded roses; Miss Kirkcaldie, primrose voile de soie and chiffon; Miss G. Kirkcaldie, white satin, veiled in embroidered net; Miss O. Kirk-caldie, white satin and lace; Miss Spragg, black crepe de chine and red-foliage; Miss Buckley, white crepe de chine and chiffon; Miss Curtis, white satin and vivid red choux; Miss Zolrah, white crepe de chine; Miss Davidson, white chiffon, sun-ray pleated; Miss Drew, pink crepe de chine and roses; Miss W. Richardson, pale blue silk, kilt pleated; Miss — Rich-ardson, pale pink voile de soie; Miss West, white crepe de chine and pink sash; Miss N. West, white soie de chine; Miss Blundell, pale pink Roman satin; Miss Hannah, black crepe de chine; Miss — Hannah, white silk net, run with ribbon over white satin; Miss Lennox, dainty dress of white mousseline de soie, frilled and shirred and ornamented with white satin ribbon; Miss Morvah, black satin and berthe of lace; Miss Warburton, blue satin and sequins; Miss Ecclefield, black satin, relieved with red; Miss Fraser, black crepe de chine; Miss Palmer, ivory satin.

One day last week Mrs. T. Young gave A LARGE TEA.

A profusion of flowers gave a delightful spring-like appearance to the charming rooms, and a bevy of girls handed round tea and cakes and other good things. Mrs. Young wore white canvas voile with medallions of lace and a pale blue sash; Mrs. Polhurst, black poplin; Mrs. Den-nison, dark tailor-made costume; Mrs. A. Young, white cloth and pale blue hat; Miss Tullurst, ivory voile.

MRS FITCHETT GAVE A LARGE "AT HOME"

on Wednesday afternoon. Her pretty house was gay with spring flowers, min-osa and narcissi being placed in every available corner. An excellent musical programme was provided, amongst the singers being Madame Merz (who sang French and German songs in the most ar-

tistic manner), and Misses Cooper and Bertha Miles. Miss Stuart made an admir-able accompanist, and Mrs Malcolm Ross recited. Mrs Fitchett wore a black voile much gauged, with insertions and yoke of handsome Paris lace, belt of emerald green and steel buckles; Mrs Burnes, navy blue costume and black hat; Mrs Bult, black brocade, vest of cream crepe de chine; Mrs Malcolm Ross, cream serge with coloured ap- plique, black hat; Mrs Arthur Young, cream voile much tucked, blue flop hat with black ostrich feather; Mrs Simp-son, cigar-brown costume; Mrs Webster, cream cloth skirt and sac coat, strapped with blue girdle, white hat trimmed with lace seaweed; Mrs Hales, black and white satin foulard and lacy; Mrs Buchota, pretty pale blue frieze; Mrs C. Pearce, blue coat and skirt, large cream hat; Mrs Mantell, black canvas, tucked to the waist with black lace, vest and under- sleeves of embroidered chiffon; Mrs Brandon, black voile, with vest of black and white chiffon, black hat; Mrs Chaf-fey, blue frieze and black hat; Miss Stewart, pretty blue cloth and silk dress; Mrs McArthur, handsome black dress, with revers of white cloth embroidered in black, large hat with plumes; Mrs Trevor Gould, cream costume; Mrs Cole-ridge, turquoise blue dress, brown hat with autumn leaves; Mrs Abbot, white sun-ray pleated skirt, bodice of silk and lace, black picture hat; Mrs Caehemille, ivory lily, red hat with geraniums; Mrs Thorne George, handsome black finished with Paris lace, black and white toque; Mrs Michie, black skirt, smart coat and black hat; Miss Scully, navy blue, smart little coat, strapped with red, flat toque of gauged red silk and blue felt, with osprey; Lady Russell wore an all-black costume; Miss Quick, myrtle green vel- veteen, toque with green bows; Mrs Watson, black tailor-made with lace vest; Dr. Isabel Watson, brown costume; Miss Miles wore a pretty hellebore costume, and her sister a cream dress with emerald green waist ribbon; Mrs Flin-ley, black dress, seakink coat and red hat; Miss Conter, navy blue tailor-made, black hat; Mrs Leekie, handsome black costume with lace ruffles, black bonnet with violets; Mrs Cox, brown dress and red hat; Mrs Gilruth, smart black voile, black hat with pink roses.

RINKING

is still popular, and its devotees are more enslaved than ever, though some



A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

THE
'Louis' Velveteen.

NOTE WELL!—Each Yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

MELLOR'S SAUCE
 PIQUANT OR MILD

FOR SOUPS CHOPS STEAKS FISH GAME

WORLD-WIDE CONSUMPTION

MANUFACTORY WORCESTER

of the faint-hearted have given up in despair. A bill has been given to the discretion by the appearance on rollers of Lord and Lady Plunket and a party from Government House.

OPHELIA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, July 25.
The jumble sale held in Wesley Hall last week was a distinct success. The exhibition of "living" Royal Academy pictures elicited so much praise that those ladies and gentlemen taking part in it have been asked to repeat it, and they will do so shortly.

Exhibition matters are progressing favourably, and the buildings in Seymour Square are growing apace. We are anticipating a wonderful success for our show, especially as children are in everything, and, of course, that draws the parents.

Marlborough is infected with a craze for agitating, the last agitation being for a new railway station, as the present one is a disgrace to the colony.

The Catholic social, held in St. Patrick's Hall on Wednesday, was an unqualified success. The management is to be commended for providing such pleasant evenings for the people.

Another church social, in the Pieton Anglican Sunday school, took place on Wednesday and was largely attended. The following programme was rendered:—Pianoforte solo, Miss Speed; song, "Sweet Belle Malone," Miss Nicoll; recitation, "Murphy Shall Not Sing Tonight," Mr A. Perrano, encore "The Engineer's Story," song, "Ben Bolt," Miss Mathews; "The Hazel Dell," Misses Williams; violin solo, Miss Fuller; song, "Swanee River," Masters Jackson and Mathews; cornet solo, Mr Avery; "I Sat Beside the Streamlet," Mrs Riddell; duet, "Juanita," Miss and Master Edwards; recitation, Master A. Jones; song, "The Fisherman and his Child," Miss Fredericks; "Anchored," Mr C. H. Williams. There were also several gramophone selections by Mr G. Blizzard.

Mr and Mrs Riddell gave a large pro-

gressive euchre party at their residence, Pieton, on Monday, and it was greatly enjoyed. Mrs Riddell received in a pretty pale blue silk and lace gown. Her sister, Miss J. Seymour, who was assisting her, wore a black skirt and pale blue satin bodice trimmed with lace. Mrs Allen wore black merveilleux and white lace; Mrs Mitchell, white lace over pale blue and long blue ribbons; Mrs Le Cocq, black silk and lace; Mrs G. Philpotts, black trimmed with red; Mrs Cracroft, black relieved with white silk; Mrs Greensill, black skirt and white silk blouse; Mrs Fell, black silk and lace; Mrs Williams, black silk and white lace stole; Mrs Wolff, black with pink; Miss Seymour, soft white silk trimmed with lace and transparent sleeves of sequin net; Miss E. M. Allen, black broche with guipure trimming; Miss Chaytor, white silk with insertion and lace; Miss M. Chaytor (Nelson), black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss B. Allen, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss B. Greensill, black skirt and flowered yellow silk blouse; Miss E. Greensill, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss N. Greensill, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Richmond (Nelson), black skirt and heliotrope silk blouse; Miss Philpotts, black skirt and yellow silk blouse; Miss A. Philpotts, white silk; Miss E. Philpotts, black skirt and blue satin blouse; Miss Macalister, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Roberts, white; Miss Millington, black relieved with white; Miss Western, black skirt, blue silk blouse with cream lace coatee. For a wonder a good number of men were present, including Messrs Riddell, Rodney, Wilkin, Mitchell, Madison, Le Cocq, Nicoll, Philpotts, Greensill, Cracroft, Western, Fell, Chaytor, Wolff, Williams and Dr. Redman. After euchre came supper, then the drawing-room was cleared for dancing. The dining-room was made attractive with fortune-telling and table-turning. So gaily did the table skip about that even the dancers gave up their entrancing amusement to look at its fantastic evolutions.

A private dance is to be held on Thursday in the Foresters' Hall, and a "geographical tea" at Miss Chaytor's, Waitakara, on Friday.

MIRANDA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, July 27.

There is absolutely nothing of a frivolous nature going on in our town. There are meetings on "Child Life Preservation" and "No License, No Liquor," and though the latter cannot be called a dry subject, so complicated are the arguments that to me, when I have waded through a column or two, I fancy the brewer or publican to be arguing in favour of prohibition. So then I try something else, and meet war news. Well, I can admire the clever, plucky little Japs, and hope the Russian bullies will be made to go back to their own country and stay there.

But we are going to be gay, that is, if we all survive influenza and other ills till the 10th August. Lord and Lady Plunket and suite will be with us for Grand National, when, beside the races, there are to be two balls and a Savage Club ladies' evening.

A very pleasant Progressive Euchre Party was given last week for Miss Cook, who is leaving for Sydney. Mrs Cook, Mrs Robinson, and Mrs Johnston were hostesses, and among the guests were the Misses Louison (2), Prins, Meredith-Kaye, Milson, Graham, Dovenish-Mearns, Thomas, Robinson, Fulton, Saxton, Messrs Barkas, Fulton, Moore, Anderson, Graham, Thomas, Deacon, Adams, Milson, Webb, and several others. Miss M. Louison won the first prize, a silver-mounted scent bottle, and Miss Louison second, a silver button hook.

Miss Fodor had an afternoon last Friday at Girton College, to say good-bye to her friends before leaving on a visit to Auckland.

Mrs Pratt, senr., gave a large Afternoon Tea on Tuesday at her residence, Worcester-street West, to say good-bye to Mrs Alfred Pratt, who has been spending the greater part of the winter with her husband's parents. Mrs Alfred Pratt and family leave for Wellington this week, en route for their home at Waitotara.

Mrs H. C. Satchell has sold her house in Brown's road, St. Alban's, which is now so much too large for her, and moved to Springfield road. Before settling down

there she will spend a month in Nelson, leaving the children with friends.

Mrs George Gerard gave a delightful Children's Party at her residence, Featherston, last week. She was assisted by the Misses Gerard, and several grown up friends helped to keep the children amused.

Dr. and Mrs Chilton have moved into their new home "Llanmaes," Hereford-street, which Dr. Chilton has recently purchased from Dr. Graham Campbell. Dr. and Mrs Chilton have many hobbies, and as gardening is one of them, it will be a great pleasure to dig and delve in one of their own.

The news of the death of Mr Murchison, of Lake Coleridge, which was cabled out from England last week, came as a great shock to his many friends in Christchurch. Mr Murchison went home a few months ago for medical advice, and was accompanied by Mrs and Miss Murchison. The greatest sympathy is felt for them in their sudden bereavement.

I regret to say there is very little improvement in Mr. Alex. Anderson's health, and Mr A. Garrick, of Park Terrace, is also lying dangerously ill.

Mr W. Rollitt (Mayor of Summer) has had to resign his position owing to ill-health, and has been ordered complete rest and change. He has gone for the present to Albury, South Canterbury.

DOLLY VALE.

The miser sat amongst his gold,
"I would not part," he said,
"With half a guinea, tho' my life
Were to be forfeited."
But influenza got him down,
His breaths grew short and fewer—
"Take all I've got," he cried, but give
Me WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
CURE.

WEAK MEN

Who would KNOW the GRAND TRUTHS, the PLAIN FACTS, the OLD SECRETS, and NEW DISCOVERIES of MEDICAL SCIENCE, as applied to NERVOUS and other DISEASES, should write for Our Wonderful little Book on Complete Method. To any person who we will mail one Copy ENTIRELY FREE, in Plain, Sealed Cover.

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An exquisite Combination
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ous rest to all parts of the
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EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR."

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. SMITH & CAUGHEY. The chair which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid.

To be obtained only at **Smith & Caughey, Limited,** Wholesale and Family Drapers, House Furnishers, etc., QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

DEADLY DROPSY.

Clean Up by all the Doctors.

A Young Life Saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Yes, all the doctors gave me up," said Miss Alice Sycamore, of 123, Crown St., Invercargill. "They held out absolutely no hope. We can do no more for you," they declared. My legs and body swelled up with dropsy till I was twice my ordinary size. Often I heard people say, 'Poor little woman! She won't be with us much longer now.' Yet here I am to-day as healthy a young woman as you can find in the South Island—and I owe my very life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Miss Sycamore certainly is to-day the picture of health. Until recently she lived in Melrose St., Christchurch, and scores of well-known people there can prove that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life after all the doctors had given her up.

"It all started when I was 15," Miss Sycamore went on to say. "I was just passing from girlhood into womanhood and my blood supply was overtaxed. I grew pale and bloodless. My appetite vanished, and I slipped into a decline. I was always tired, and my back was always aching. Several times I fainted when out walking, and had to be helped home. Once I was driven nine miles over a rough road to my brother's at Forest Hill, Winton, and the continual jolting made me spit blood. I fainted at the end of the drive. For 48 hours I lay in a trance, as cold as ice and as rigid as iron. The doctor could not bring me to my senses for two days. When I came to, I was weaker than ever and my memory was gone. Every one thought I was going into consumption. My lungs were so weak that the least exertion made me gasp for breath. My heart was diseased, too, and any little exertion made it flutter like a terrified bird in a cage. In fact, my whole health failed. A peculiar stomach disorder made my breath very foul and destroyed all my taste for food. My teeth decayed, and I had to have a false set made. I could digest nothing, for even a morsel of meat gave me frightful pains under the breast bone.

"And all these years," said Miss Sycamore, "I was attended by several doctors. 'Your daughter's case is a mystery,' the last one said to mother; 'I cannot understand it at all, and I must give her up as incurable.'

"Then symptoms of deadly dropsy came on. My legs and body swelled up with water. I could not close my eyes, and used to sleep with them staring wide open. During my decline I had got terribly thin and frail—but the dropsy spread so quickly that I soon weighed 115 lb. My nerves broke down, often I had hysterics, and terrible splitting headaches nearly drove me mad.

"All this went on for twelve years. Every month I got worse. I lost all hope of ever getting better. I read so much in the papers about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I had great faith in them—but I never saw a case where they cured dropsy. However, I decided to try them. By this time I was too weak to be taken upstairs. The first two or three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gave me a wonderful appetite, and strengthened me. It was three or four weeks, however, before the dropsy began to go down. After that I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills regularly after every meal, and lost 25 lb in three months. Every dose helped to work the water out of my blood. Ten boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me completely when I was within the very shadow of death. I am cured for good too—for I have never had the slightest relapse since."

Miss Sycamore's case is almost a miracle. She never saw it advertised that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured dropsy—but they cure all diseases that are caused by bad blood and so they cured her. In fact, they actually make new blood. They do just that one thing, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They won't cure any disease that isn't caused originally by bad blood. That is the cause of all common ailments such as anaemia, decline, general weakness, backaches, headaches, indigestion, rheumatism, neural-

gia, neuralgia, partial paralysis, and locomotor ataxia. But you must get the genuine—made from the special formula to suit the N.Z. climate—always in boxes, never in bottles. If offered a substitute, send for the genuine to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, 3/ per box, six boxes 16/6, post free. Letters asking for medical advice will be answered free.



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ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., 68 ELIZABETH-ST., SYDNEY.

Current Verse.

Modern Magic.

Miss Mary Ann Smith had gold galore, But alas, to her grief and shame, In features and form she was such a fright No lovers a wailing came!

She studied the matter pro and con, 'Then sought', with a purpose grim, Those medico-surgico-science chaps, And they went to work with vim.

They rolled and thumped and vapoured and steamed, Massaged her early and late, From five foot two they stretched her out Till she measured five foot eight.

They modelled her nose from a bank to a Greek, Her ears carved shapely and thin; They shaved the prominence off her cheek, And moulded it into a chin.

They curled her lashes and arched her brows, And gave her of dimples a few; They pared down her heels and toes until She could easily wear number two.

To return her fiery locks were turned; Her freckles all disappeared; Complexion and teeth of pearl they gave, And plucked out a prouising beard.

They cut and they slashed, they spliced and they stitched; In one continuous whirl, Presented the bills and sent her away An up-to-date Gibsonised girl.

And when she'd settled with them she found Of her wealth was left but a tittle; But society sings the praises now Of "beautiful Marian Smythe!"

LAURA ALTON PAYNE, in "Munsey's."

I'm Leap Year! B'ye Hear! Take Care!

Hear, hear, I can the Leap Year, The year when All unmarried men Had better take To the mill timber, and make Thousands scarce, because, By the immutable laws Of the womankind Who are not blind To their own everlasting interests, Something's got to be doing, See? By gee! It takes me To give the women courage And place them in the van Of conquerors who capture The coy and shrinking man. I hearten every woman Who doesn't love a make To reach out with decision And grab her happy fate. And, say, No man gets away If I can help it. I'm here As Leap Year, And I keen From the leap. For three hundred and sixty five days, Also evenings, nights, and between meals, 'Tis what I'm here for— Continuous war On the men who think a wife Is just their size, and do Their level best to lop it From ever being true. But, Friends and Fellow Citizens, I will not stand for this, And I shall help the women To help the men to bliss (Great Scott!) What a lot Of cantankerous old churls To thus neglect the girls! By gee! I ought to come Around oftener than once in four years—but, have no fears, I'm here now. And I'll show them how. So, folks, put some trust in me, And, with determined mind, Let not a single man escape His debt to womankind. Go whizz! What a boon to a woman Leap Year is!

Advertisement for E. Ellingham & Co. featuring 'SEED POTATOES and OATS' and 'KAURI GUM BROKERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS'. Includes address 'CUSTOMS STREET EAST, AUCKLAND.' and 'DEALERS IN Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Fungus, and all kinds of Farm Produce.'

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Advertisement for Vapo-Resolene, 'A Vaporized Medicine' for 'Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and Distressing Coughs in Young and Old.' Includes an illustration of a vaporizer and text: 'It Protects Your Home Against Contagious Diseases. FOR SALE BY ALL CHEMISTS.'

Advertisement for Horse Covers, Cow Covers, Cart and Waggon Covers by E. Leroy. Text: 'ALL MADE ON THE PREMISES. E. LEROY, Tent and Cover Maker, 42 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND. Phone 1104. OPPOSITE BRISTON'S.'

Advertisement for Linseed Compound and Coaguline. Text: 'LINSEED COMPOUND, The Standard Remedy for Coughs and Colds. COAGULINE, The Standard Remedy for Broken Arteries. LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS, of Mountain Flax, Agreeably Aperient, Worthy of Trial. LINSEED COMPOUND, Trade Mark of King's Compound Remedy of Linseed for Coughs and Colds.'

Complete Story.

The Testimony of the Corpse.

[The writer can vouch for the facts of the following story being substantially what they are stated to be here. The lady, whom they chiefly concerned, had to give him her fullest confidence when later on she sought his advice as to how she could best make restitution for a fraud while avoiding a publicity which could harm none save the innocent.]

It happened not so long ago, and the place of its happening was in this colony somewhere between the North Cape and the Bluff—I have my reasons for not being more precise than that as to locality. She was a delightfully simple, frank and friendly young creature. Everybody who knew her said that. Everybody also said that life should have something good in store for her to counterbalance what she had already been through. And everybody who knew anything about the matter was inclined to think that Vincent Camers was going to be that "something good."

She was only 22, and she had been a widow for a year and a-half, and her two painful years of married life had been brought to a close in a particularly shocking fashion. Her husband, who did not often return sober from his visits to the near township, one night did not return at all. And next morning he was brought home to her a corpse, mutilated almost past recognition.

Having lamed his riding horse badly, he had walked, when going to the township late on the previous afternoon, taking the short cut along the railway line. And those with whom he had been drinking testified that he had left the hotel at ten o'clock to return by the way he had come. They also testified that he had been partly intoxicated when he set out. It was conjectured that, overcome by a drunken sleep in the tunnel he had, unknowingly, lain down on the rails to be crushed almost out of the semblance of a man by the early express.

His death was a great shock to his wife, though less in itself than by the manner of it. For the love which Bernard Ruelstock's passionate wooing had persuaded the girl of 18 to feel for him, had been killed by the ill-treatment which he had begun to lavish on her soon after their marriage, when his previous "slight unsteadiness" rapidly developed into shameful drinking habits. Still, she had been a good wife to him, and had striven with all her might to keep him from what was working his ruin in soul, body and purse.

Her conscience could reproach her with no failure in her duty to him in those searching moments when she sat alone, regarding through her tears the familiar watch and chain and the pathetically prosaic little heap of various odds and ends taken out of the dead man's pockets.

She had not been left so badly off as might have been expected. For, though the sale of the farm and stock only managed to clear the heavy mortgages on them, young Ruelstock had, in the days of his passionate wooing, insured his life for a comparatively large amount which provided his pretty little widow with a modest but sufficient income. She was an orphan with no near relatives, so she went with her sufficient little income and took up her abode with some friends of her unmarried days in another part of the colony.

It was here that she met the cousin of her friends, Vincent Camers, who fell in love with her with admirable promptitude. He was an honest, attractive young fellow, thoroughly nice in every way; and, as he was also in a position to maintain a wife handsomely, Miss Ruelstock's friends, who wished her the best of destinies, thought they could wish her nothing better than to be that wife. Mr Camers' own wish in that respect was exceeding strong, and Mary Ruelstock's innocent frank pleasure in his society led him to hope that his wish would not go unfulfilled.

He had no reason to hope otherwise one bright spring afternoon when he was taking her a long drive out of town. Never before had they seemed to come

so near to each other in thought and feeling. There had been one or two dangerously sentimental passages between them, and Mr Camers thought it highly probable that his momentous question would be asked and answered before the drive came to an end.

They had gone a considerable distance into the country before they thought of returning. As it was then getting rather late in the afternoon Vincent went to a solitary farm-house and ah sinceben solitary farm-house, in a lonely side road, to inquire about a short cut back to the main road. He left Mrs. Ruelstock holding the reins in the dog-cart, a picture of radiant health and happiness.

He was not two minutes away, but when he got back to the buggy he found the girl in it, a trembling, white-lipped creature, with wide blue eyes that stared at him in a sort of piteous affright. The long empty road showed nothing to account for her state, and, in reply to his eager, anxious questions, she said nothing had frightened her—nothing at all. Only she thought that she must be a little ill, she felt so very cold.

He leaped wraps upon her, and drove back to town as fast as he could. On the way, he overwhelmed her with tender little attentions, but these seemed only to add to her fright strangely enough. He was perplexed and hurt. But she looked such a helpless, suffering child, as she sat trembling beside him, that his wish to have the right to take care of her grew too strong to remain unspoken, and, there and then, his momentous question was put.

She answered it with a violent burst of tears. "Oh no! not that!" she cried. "You can be my friend, my dear, dear friend, but nothing more, nothing more!"

He pleaded, as a man pleads for what he cannot do without, but to no avail. Yet, he was glad to remember afterwards that she had not said she did not love him; and he felt oddly convinced that, had he made his declaration before her mysterious sudden illness fell upon her, she would have promised to be his wife.

She went to her room as soon as he brought her home. She did not want a doctor, she protested to her anxious friends. She would be better in the morning. Nothing really was the matter with her, and all she wanted was a good night's rest, and to be left quite to herself. She spoke hurriedly and sharply, and kept her eyes downward.

This was all so unlike her sweet, frank-eyed self that her lover and friends felt very uneasy about her. But they respected her wishes, and she escaped to her bed-room, after forcing herself to drink a cup to tea.

Two hours later, Ethel Dawson, the daughter of the house, was passing the door of Mrs. Ruelstock's room, when she heard the sound of stifled weeping within. This was more than Ethel could stand, for she had been Mary Ruelstock's dearest friend, ever since their earliest schooldays. She opened the door and went in.

Mary was lying, face downwards, on the bed, crying bitterly, and clutching the pillows as if in great anguish of mind. She had not taken off the things she had worn on her afternoon drive.

"Mary, darling, what is the matter?" cried Ethel, hurrying to the bedside. Mary, clinging to Ethel instead of the pillows, broke into unrestrained weeping, but she still persisted in declaring that nothing was the matter.

"That is nonsense," said her friend decisively. "Mary, is it about Vincent? He said something that told us what happened when you were driving home. Oh, Mary, how could you be so unkind to Vincent? You know he loves you with all his heart. And we all thought you cared for him."

"You mustn't blame me, Ethel—you don't know!" cried Mary wildly. "I'm not a bad, heartless girl—not that. Only, the most miserable creature on God's earth this night."

"But, if you do care for Vincent, why don't you make him and yourself happy, by saying so and promising to marry him?" asked perplexed Ethel.

"I can't—oh, I can't," sobbed poor Mary.

"It passes my understanding," sighed her friend. "When you went away with Vincent, after lunch, one had only to look at your two faces to feel sure that you would be coming back promised man and wife."

"When we went away to-day! That was years ago!" and Mary's tears burst out afresh. "Ethel ask me no questions if you love me. But pity me, oh, pity me!"

And Ethel asked no questions, but caressed and made much of this new Mary Ruelstock, incomprehensible though she was. She helped her to undress and get into bed, and bathed her face with eau-de-Cologne, and coaxed her to eat something and drink a cup of tea. Then she left her to the night's rest which Mary had declared was to make her herself again.

But, when her senses had made her aware of the complete retirement of the early-retiring household, Mary Ruelstock rose softly and dressed herself again. Putting a shawl over her head, she noiselessly opened her window, which was only three feet from the ground, and got out of it, and stole down through the darkness of the night to the arbour at the bottom of the garden. Something moved within the arbour as she reached it.

"Is that you?" came in a cautious whisper.

"Yes," said Mary Ruelstock, and she went inside the arbour.

The Dawson family decided by their kindly critical examination of Mrs. Ruelstock, as she sat at breakfast with them next morning, that her night's rest had certainly not made her herself again. She looked wretchedly ill, and she could not eat. Motherly Mrs. Dawson suggested that she must have caught a chill internally when out driving yesterday, and Mary eagerly seized upon the suggestion and offered it again herself as a satisfactory explanation of her manifestly unsatisfactory state of body and mind.

But several days passed by, and she showed no signs of getting better. Indeed, she seemed to be losing flesh rapidly, and her appearance was pale

and drooping. She had also acquired a nervous, apprehensive way of glancing about her and of starting at every unusual sound, which greatly puzzled her friends the Dawsons. The doctor, whom they had insisted on calling in, prescribed rest and a tonic for young Mrs. Ruelstock. Mrs. Ruelstock would not take rest, but she took her dose of the tonic whenever Mrs. Dawson or Ethel remonstrated her of it.

She refused to see Vincent Camers when he came to the house. "What good would it do?" she asked Ethel, sadly. "I cannot marry him. It would not be right, and—oh, Ethel, don't ask me questions!" she broke off imploringly.

Ethel loyally continued to ask no questions, but her love for her friend made her eyes keenly observant. It was not long before she was convinced that Mary Ruelstock had some heavy burden on her mind, and that the secret cause of her wretchedness, though it had clearly altered her attitude towards Mr. Camers, was not otherwise connected with that young man.

As the weeks went on, Ethel noticed that her friend's nice little stock of jewellery was disappearing piece by piece, and she vaguely associated its disappearance with certain visits Mary paid from time to time to the busiest part of the town—visits which were rendered mysterious by the poor little woman's embarrassment when any reference was made to them. Miss Dawson's suspicion that her friend had some secret need of ready money which was leading her to sell the pretty trinkets she prized so much received apparent confirmation from an unexpected source. She had occasion one day to see the family solicitor, who was also Mrs. Ruelstock's man of business. He was an old friend, and, in the course of his conversation, he asked, with a chuckle, when he was to be permitted to offer his congratulations to Mrs. Ruelstock. Ethel Dawson's look of surprise made him explain. He had fancied Mrs. Ruelstock was engaged to Mr. Camers.

"I expect I am a rather indiscreet old person," he apologised, "but I had heard the engagement spoken of as a foregone conclusion, and when Mrs. Ruelstock

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directed me a few days ago to sell out the greater part of her uncle's little legacy, invested in the City and Suburban Building Society, not for purposes of re-investment, I made sure that the money was to be transmitted into the trowseauinery you ladies all adore."

"But there is no engagement," said Miss Dawson, "and I am surprised to hear that Mary has been selling out her Building Society shares."

"What! you did not know? Then I've been indiscreet again, mentioning the matter to you," said the old lawyer with a rueful grimace. "But I have always thought of you and Mrs Ruelstock as twin souls with the most intimate knowledge of each other's concerns."

Ethel Dawson returned home greatly troubled in mind about her friend. It was so unlike Mary to go and sell out shares without talking the matter over beforehand with the family, whose advice she always sought in matters of any importance. Then again the legacy, which Mrs Ruelstock had inherited from an uncle in England since her husband's death, was not a very large one, but "the greater part of it" must mean at least three hundred pounds. What could Mary be wanting secretly with such a big sum?

She did not like to broach the subject to Mrs Ruelstock, who seemed to shrink with fear from any approach to the old, unreserved confidence between them. But Mary herself unintentionally made the way easy for her to speak.

"Ethel," she said nervously that same afternoon, "I have not been myself of late, as of course you all know well, and I believe if I got some constant work to occupy me I should be a great deal better. So I am thinking," she went on hurriedly, "of going back to teaching again." She had been governess to the children of a neighbouring well-to-do farmer when young Ruelstock had met and married her.

"Going back to teaching!" cried Ethel amazed. "Mary, why you hated teaching even the little time you had of it. And there is no need you should do it now with your income."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs Ruelstock, keeping her glance down and fid-

getting with the ends of her lace scarf. "Something might happen some time to the income. Money has a way, you know, of taking wings to itself and disappearing."

"Well I think yours at any rate is likely to disappear fast enough if you often draw lump sums of three hundred pounds out of your capital," said Ethel bluntly.

Mary's blue eyes flew up to her friend's face in affright. "You have heard? Oh, why did I not tell Mr Ansell not to mention it?"

"But why should you wish me not to know?" asked Ethel directly. "What do you want such a big sum of money for?" Then she changed her tone and pleaded. "Mary, my own, dear Mary, won't you tell me what it is that is troubling your mind and making you ill? Who is it that dares to pretend they have got a hold over you, and drive you to sell your shares and your rings and bracelets to keep them supplied with money? Oh, I have guessed more than you have supposed."

"Ethel!" And Mary sank half-fainting on to a chair, staring at Miss Dawson with eyes of miserable fear.

"Oh, don't look at me like that, dear," the other cried; "I don't really know anything. Besides, I'm your friend and wouldn't hurt you for all the world. But two heads are better than one, and between us two no one else knowing a thing I believe we can outwit your enemies. Only tell me, darling, all your trouble."

"I can't! I can't!" sobbed Mary. "I wish I could. Oh, Ethel, how I wish I could!"

As she lifted her streaming eyes, a picture of woe, she looked, despite her years of marriage and widowhood, as young and innocent and helpless as the little governess in her teens whom Bernard Ruelstock had persuaded to marry him. Ethel's heart was strongly moved and she determined that she would try to learn Mary's secret and help her, in spite of herself.

That night, as Miss Dawson lay awake in bed pondering how she might best discover the cause of her friend's troubles, she heard the sound of a window being

softly drawn up. It sounded as if it were Mrs Ruelstock's window, which was on the same side of the house as her own. She quickly got up and pulling aside her blind looked out. There was a sufficiency of starlight to show a dark-cloaked figure moving down the garden path to the arbour, and its height and build declared Mrs Ruelstock.

Ethel Dawson put on some clothes and noiselessly made her way to Mrs Ruelstock's bedroom. It was empty and the window stood open. Miss Dawson got out at it and went straight to the arbour.

The sound of her footsteps brought Mrs Ruelstock to the doorway of the arbour. It was possible, in the dim light, to mistake Miss Dawson's tall, cloaked figure for a man's, and Mary Ruelstock addressed her by a man's name.

"I was afraid something had happened when you did not come for the money last night," she said.

Then as she saw it was not her expected visitor, she started back with a piteous cry of alarm.

"Don't be frightened, Mary, it is only I," said Miss Dawson gently. She drew her trembling friend into her arms. "Mary, dear, you and I are in this business together now. You must tell me all about it."

"Oh, no, Ethel, no, no!" cried Mary shuddering. "It is not my secret only I must not tell."

"But you must, for I am going to stay here with you until the person you are expecting arrives."

"Then he will kill me," moaned Mary. "He will think that I have told."

"I believe I have already guessed the worst that you have to tell," said Ethel quietly. "My dear, you called me by his name just now. I know for whom you are waiting."

"Then you know that my husband, Bernard Ruelstock, lives, a contemptible swindler who dares not show himself in the light of day where he might be recognised."

Mary spoke with intense bitterness. Then she began to cry softly. "Oh, what I have endured since the day of

that drive which began in such happiness and ended in such misery."

Ethel encouraged her to go on with a kiss.

"Poor Vincent! had he asked me to be his wife on our way going I should have said 'Yes' gladly. But, oh, I was thankful afterwards that he had not. For, Ethel, while he was inquiring about the way at the farm I saw my husband."

"Poor Mary!" and Ethel gave her another kiss.

"He had been asleep in the ditch under the hedge. I heard something move and turned round to see him sitting up and blinking at the dog-cart. Our eyes met. Ethel, I knew him at once. I did not take him for a ghost. I knew it was Bernard Ruelstock in the flesh, though I had seen his dead body, as I believed, put into its coffin eighteen months ago. Yet, he is changed to the mere wreck of a man. And he looked like a tramp. Indeed, he was a tramp, for he had no money and was tramping his way to this town where he had heard I was living with you people. He knew me at once, of course, and he spoke. Oh, Ethel, I tell you what he said. It was all a hideous nightmare. And it passed so quickly, for he heard Mr Camers coming back and hid again under the hedge. But I had given him my purse and promised to meet him in your arbour after you had all gone to bed that night—he knew the place, of course, through our being here with you those three days on our wedding trip. We met here that night. He had a great deal to say. He told me how he had worked his abominable fraud. He was not ashamed. He was rather proud because he had been clever enough to swindle the insurance company. He told me that I must give him money to take him to America, and that I must at once realise all my investments of the insurance money and follow him with it by the next boat. He swore he would make a fortune out of that money in America, and that we should live there in luxury and safety under a changed name."

"And you said?" asked Ethel breathlessly.

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"What could I say but one thing. That since he was still alive the money did not belong to me but to the insurance company, and that I should find a way of secretly returning it to the company without touching another penny of it."

"You are a brave little thing, Mary, to have spoken out so plainly to him," said Ethel warmly, pressing her friend's hand. "I can imagine that he was furiously angry."

"He was," said Mary, simply. "You see he was in desperate straits, and he had been so certain of getting hold of the insurance money when once he got into communication with me. It had never struck him as possible that I should object to let his disgraceful fraud go on. And yet I had been his wife for two years!" she added, bitterly.

He raved and stormed at me. He even threatened to kill me," she continued. "Then he tried entreaties, and cried like a child. But, of course, there could be no giving in for me in such a matter. I told him I would share with him every shilling that he was honestly mine, and beyond that he got no other promise out of me, save that I would never breathe to a soul that he was alive and would not attempt to refund the insurance money to the company until he was out of the colony. But he has not seemed in a hurry to leave the colony, and he has been in the habit of coming here at night, once or twice a week, to try and talk me over to his swindling views about the insurance, and to get money for his daily needs. I gave him all the ready money I could gather together, and afterwards I sold my useless bits of brooches to keep up the supply. The last time he was here he seemed to have given up all hopes about the insurance money, and I was able at last to make an agreement with him. I am to give him the bigger half of uncle's legacy, and he is going to America, never to come back again."

"Are you sure he won't?" asked Miss Dawson, doubtfully.

"Yes, for he knows the insurance money will be refunded, and that I will be earning my living again as a governess," said her friend simply. "I expected him to come for the legacy money last night, but he did not. He will surely come to-night."

"We can wait. And, Mary, it will be my duty to make Bernard Ruelstock understand that this is to be your last interview with him," said Miss Dawson very firmly.

As they waited together in the darkness she heard the particulars of the fraud which Bernard Ruelstock had practised so successfully on one of the best managed insurances in the colony.

On that afternoon when Bernard Ruelstock last left his home to seek the solace of whisky in the neighbouring town, he knew himself to be a ruined man. The immediate foreclosure of the mortgages on his over-mortgaged stock and farm was inevitable. And the two five pound notes in his pocket, which the sale of two young steers had brought him that day, he knew to be the only money he was ever likely to handle again unless he earned it by the sweat of his own brow—a proceeding to which he had grown much averse.

He was brooding bitterly on his position as he walked along the railway line in the glow of sunset. He laughed a grim laugh as he contrasted his impetuosity with the value of his life to a certain insurance company. He wished he now had the two premiums that he had already paid for the policy, which, of course, he would have to let lapse in the near future. "And if I were to die within the next few months, Mary, that pale-faced fool, would have all those solid thousands to her name," he muttered savagely. "Oh, if there were only some way that I could get at that money myself and be alive!"

It would have remained nothing but a futile wish, except for a strange chance. As he entered the tunnel, a few minutes later, his foot struck against something. He dragged it back into the light. It was the body of a man with his face and head terribly crushed—crushed beyond possible recognition. From his clothes Bernard Ruelstock concluded that he must be the tramp whom he had seen sleeping by the roadside near his farm that morning.

Ruelstock was momentarily impressed by the shocking sight. "It might have been me stumbling home through the tunnel from the hotel," he thought with a shudder. And he noticed that the dead man's hair was exactly the colour of his own, and that he was of a similar build and size. Then, as he stood staring at the corpse, it suddenly leapt

into his mind how he might compass the fulfilment of his wish of the moment before. He took his resolve and made his plans with instant rapidity.

Carefully dragging the body back into the darkness of the tunnel, he placed it where no chance foot was likely to stumble over it, and then he went on his way to the township hotel. The danger of the game he was going to play, and largeness of the stakes he played for, brought out his cunning and his powers of self-control to their fullest extent. He did not drink much that night, but he pretended he did, while he liberally "treated" others; and he simulated a state of semi-intoxication so well that, when he left for home, the landlord suggested to him the risk of going through the tunnel.

Before he left the precincts of the hotel he had managed to stealthily possess himself of a lantern from the stables. This he lighted when he had got well into the tunnel; and by its light, he went through the gruesome business of exchanging every stitch of his clothing for the soiled and ragged garments on the dead body that awaited him there. Then he dressed the ghastly object in his own clothes, and placed it carefully across the line again, to be further mutilated by passing trains.

The ill-dressed man, who, all the night, steadily continued on foot to increase the distance between himself and the district, in which Bernard Ruelstock was well known, had nothing of Bernard Ruelstock's on his person, excepting two five pound notes. These enabled him to take train to a distant town on the coast, and to live there in a remarkably unobtrusive fashion, while he grew a beard and waited until his wife should be in full possession of the fruits of his fraud, and he could secretly claim his own from her. But, while he waited, a new bar-room acquaintance, a young man, endowed with more money than morals, took him a fancy to him, and gave him a trip to Sydney, and treated him there to a good deal of riotous living. Then the rich young man took a fancy to somebody else, and the riotous living came to an end with Bernard Ruelstock, and a very serious illness took its place. Three months later, he came out of the hospital a feeble, broken-down man, friendless and penniless.

He thought of his wife across the Tasman Sea, living in the ease and comfort secured to her by his clever scheming, while he, profiting nothing by it, starved in Sydney. He was filled with impotent wrath against the injustice of fate. He dared not try to communicate with his wife by writing, for he did not know where she was now living, and he feared lest his letter might get into the wrong hands and betray him. So he endured months of hardship and suffering, and, in the end, only managed to reach New Zealand as a stowaway. His inquiries had to be made so cautiously, for fear of betraying his identity, that it was some time before he was able to discover her whereabouts in New Zealand.

And still more time had to elapse before he was able, in his destitute and ailing state, to cover the distance between them. Then, when, at the long last, he felt himself just on the point of grasping the money for which he had so astutely schemed, the money that was to make up to him for all the miseries he had endured, he found himself balked! Completely balked by the idiotic scruples of a little woman for whom he had always believed his will must be law.

"The way of transgressors undoubtedly is hard," was Ethel Dawson's comment on the story told by her friend.

"Oh, yes," assented Mary sadly, "and he looks such a miserable, broken-down wretch. You would pity him if you saw him."

"Well, it seems evident, at any rate, that I am not to have a chance of seeing him to-night—so I think we had better get back to our beds," said Miss Dawson drily. "After all, Mary, the scoundrel can't be said to have met with his deserts, since he is to be allowed to go off scot free to America with three hundred pounds in his pocket."

"It is strange that he has never come for the money," said Mary, as they walked up the path to the house. "Can it be that he is too ill to come?"

That question was answered by a certain letter, which the post brought next morning to Mrs. Ruelstock.

It was written from a mean lodging-house in the poorest part of the town, and was signed "George Stevens." It contained only a few shakily written lines.

"I shall be dead when you get this

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. So there will be no call for you to give up that money now. It's a comfort to know, even though I haven't benefitted a stiver myself, that my clever little trick isn't to serve no purpose after all."

Mary and Ethel went at once to the grimy lodgings.

"It was newsmonger—acute newsmonger the doctor said it was," the landlady told them as they stood by the bedside, on which lay the worn body of Bernard Ruelstock, his face as peaceful in death as if it had belonged to a good man in life. "It took him sudden-like, and he was only ill three days. Yesterday, when he knew he couldn't live through the night, he wrote a letter, and sent my boy Dicky out to post it. He told me," continued the woman with a greedy glance at the visitors, "as he'd wrote to a lady in this town who'd be sure to pay for the funeral and all the extra expense I'd been put to, for that he had been her husband's best friend."

There could be no doubt this time that Bernard Ruelstock was really dead, and, when "George Stevens" was laid in his unmarked grave, Miss Dawson felt that her friend's troubles belonged wholly to the past. Mary Ruelstock recovered her health and spirits so quickly that good Mrs. Dawson never ceased to talk of the marvellous effect of the doctor's tonic. For no one ever knew the secret of Mary's mysterious illness except Ethel

Dawson and one other. That other was Vincent Camers, and he learned it from Mary's own lips on the happy day when she confessed that she returned his love, and promised to be his wife.

But, long before that day, the secretary of a well-known insurance company had been the recipient of a not very considerable amount of conscience money. This, though he never knew it, represented the exact sum of which the company had been defrauded by the fact that Bernard Ruelstock's death did not take place until more than a year after the policy on his life had been paid.

(The End.)

"A real pink-me-up." Talk about champagne, said Byron, "there is nothing which cheers your spirits up like a dose of soda." But had he known Huxford's Tonic he would certainly have preferred this, the best and safest natural aperient.

NO CURE, NO PAY.
It will Cost you NOTHING to Try Our IMPROVED and PATENTED ELECTRIC BELTS for NERVOUS and other DISEASES. Send for one AT ONCE, and PAY for it within three months after you are SATISFIED your CURE is PERMANENT.
ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO.,
61a ELIZABETH-ST., SYDNEY.

A PROPOSAL

TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH

BIRD'S GUSTARD POWDER

A DAILY LUXURY!



BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomats of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!
Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.


RHEUMATISM IN THE SHOULDER

STOP THE PAIN WITH AN

Allcock's PLASTER

This painful trouble can be relieved and cured by using an Allcock's Porous Plaster. Warm the plaster before applying—If not relieved by bedtime, place a hot water bag against the plaster on the shoulder.

REMEMBER—These plasters are good for all pains and aches. They have been in use 55 years, have been imitated more than any article ever sold, and have made more cures than any other external remedy. Guaranteed not to contain belladonna, opium, or any poison whatever.



ESTABLISHED 1752

Brandreth's Pills

Purely Vegetable. They are a tonic medicine that regulate, purify, and fortify the whole system. Cure flatulency, indigestion, constipation, Biliousness, Liver Trouble, and similar ailments.

Stamp Collecting.

A smart definition of a true philatelist is:—"When a stamp collector forgets to count his stamps periodically, he has certainly become a thorough philatelist."

It is estimated that in Boston there are more really active philatelists than even in New York. A handbook on the stamps of Siam has been prepared by the New England Stamp Company.

The Spanish stamps punctured with holes have been used on telegrams, and also perforated with a letter "T." The stamps with bars are remainders, which were thus cancelled in sheets.

Forged British and German Levant stamps are being offered for sale freely in England, also forgeries of the stamps of Thessaly, Turkey, Servia and Crete. Seventy-five per cent. discount is offered by the vendors to induce business in these frauds.

At a sale of stamps in Smith's, Edinburgh, the following were some of the prices realised:—New Brunswick, 6d yellow, £1 1/2; Virgin Islands, 1/ crimson white, mint, £1 1/2; N.S.W., 1850, Sydney view, £1 6/; Great Britain—10/ grey-green, wmk. Anchor on white paper, £1 6/; £1 brown-lilac, wmk. Maltese Cross, postally used, £1 6/; £1 brown-lilac, wmk. Anchor on white paper, £1 16/; £5 orange, £1 8/.

The Deutscher Philatelisten Verband (German Philatelists' Union), with its chief seat in Gossnitz, S.A., was founded in 1889 by Herr Glasewald. It now numbers 932 members and 27 branch societies all over the world. The extensive stamp exchange of this society sold during 1903 in its four sections stamps and entires to the value of about £2618.

The King's head issue of stamps for the West African colony of Lagos comprises the following values and colours:—1d dull green and green; 1d dull purple and black on red; 2d dull purple and dark blue; 2½d dull purple and ultramarine on blue; 3d dull purple and chestnut; 6d dull purple and purple; 1/ dull green and black; 2/6 dull green and carmine; 5/ dull green and blue; 10/ dull green and brown.

When France elected a President, in 1848, Louis Bonaparte obtained 5,434,220 votes; in 1852 it was thought necessary to familiarise the people with the august portrait of their future Emperor. The President having been made Emperor by the votes of 7,439,210 enthusiastic supporters, and the profile being sufficiently imperial, the only changes made in the stamps were the alteration of the upper inscription and the suppression of the letter "B" under the portrait. After the glorious campaign in Italy in 1859 the laurels were therefore added in December, 1862.

A statement was published in an English stamp journal that a "number of the British 1d stamp of 1000 were ac-

identally printed blue instead of green." While some of these stamps are undoubtedly blue, they were not originally printed in that colour, the change being due to chemical action. The writer has a distinctly blue stamp that was on a letter in a mail that had been fumigated. The fact is that a large number of the British stamps are printed in fugitive colours, which fade more or less under the action of water. In the 2d, 4d, and 1/ of the present King's Head issue the green colour on application of a little water becomes a distinct blue, and after a time this is apparently dissolved out of the stamp, leaving a very pale greenish yellow stamp.

A good deal of fuss was made in Finland when the stamps of Russia were made to replace those of the Grand Duchy. A funny story is told as the reason for the change being made. Probably it is not true, but it has the merit of showing the necessity of uniformity in postal matters within the Empire. The anecdote is as follows:—"Quite recently, in the course of an excursion on the frontier of the Grand Duchy, the Czar stopped in the middle of the day to write a letter. Having finished his letter he requested one of his aides-de-camp to accompany him to the post office in the nearest village. This place happened to be in Finland itself. The Czar and his aide-de-camp arrived at the post office in the strictest incognito. The sovereign took from his pocket-book a Russian stamp, affixed it to the envelope and handed the letter to the official. 'I beg your pardon,' said the latter, 'but you have used a Russian stamp; a stamp of Finland is required.' 'I have none,' said

the Czar, 'but here is a rouble; give me a stamp of the country and return the change.' 'I again beg pardon,' said the official, 'but you have given me a paper rouble. That is Russian currency; I can only take Finnish money here.' The Czar turned impatiently to his companion, and remarked how ridiculous and troublesome these formalities were."

WOODS' is the name, a remedy of sweet peculiar excellence; GREAT, as the mighty restless sea, 'Tis purchased too at small expense, PEPPERMINT doth form its base, With Pharmaceutics pure, of course, CURE you? Oh, fool! the hardest case Cannot withstand its magic force.

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
POINDESTRE & 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 sold by all Chemists in the Colonies.

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 an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

ANSWERS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. TORQUAY.

1. Texas.
2. Olney.
3. Rouen.
4. Quebec.
5. Uri.
6. Arno.
7. Yang-tze-kiang.

CHARADE. RAM-ROD.

FLORAL ARITHMOGRAPHY. POLYANTHUS.

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1. Aunt. | 6. Hat. |
| 2. Sun. | 7. Tola. |
| 3. Soap. | 8. Slay. |
| 4. Hut. | 9. Shut. |
| 5. Salt. | 10. Sap. |

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is not very long since I last wrote you, but I have not seen any letter in the "Graphic," although several of my friends in Auckland have said they have read my letter, so I think the "Graphic" must have been lost on its way to us. We received a "Graphic" this evening, and I have been interested in reading some of the letters. If Cousin Muriel J. would like it, I could send her some picture postcards from here. The other day the King and Queen drove in state to Paddington station, and mother and I went to see them. We drove to the park, and got a very good position, and after a little time they passed. We saw them very well indeed, as we were very close to them. Last week I went to a concert given in Albert Hall by Patti. It was so glorious. She had a tremendous number of encores, and when she sang her last song she was cheered three times. She then sang "Home, Sweet Home," and made nearly everybody cry, and last of all, she sang her favourite song, "Comin' Thro' the Rye." It was so lovely. After the concert we went to see a cousin of mine, who has just arrived from Auckland. He naturally thought I had grown very much. Last Saturday I went to tea with a friend, and had a very nice time, and last Sunday we went on the river. Mother and two cousins and myself went in my cousin's punt. It was lovely. We left here by the 10.20 train—in the morning, of course. We had our lunch and tea with us. We landed for the former on a high bank under some beautiful trees. After lunch we washed our luncheon things in the river, and then sat down and talked. After that we punted about until about 5.30. Then we had tea. After that we landed again, and had a walk in the fields. Then we came home, arriving about 9.30 p.m., and we had had a splendidly enjoyable day. Earl's Court is opened again now. This year they have there "Venice in London." It is really very wonderful. We went in a gondola, and it was so nice. There is also a flying machine there. In the centre there is a very high, thick pole, and coming from the top, there are wires all round it, and on the end of the wires are fastened boats, and in these one sits. Then it commences to go round, and all the time the boats get higher and higher, and then come down again. It is very wonderful, but I would not go in it, as I was afraid of getting giddy; but a friend of ours did,

and said it was lovely. We are getting very hot weather now, and I am writing this letter in the schoolroom, with no light, and I can see perfectly, although it is nearly nine o'clock. What I think is so lovely in England is the twilight, do you not, Cousin Kate? I have such a sweet little dog. It is a black pug, and only six months old. I believe it is a very good one. My sister Gladys goes to school now, and I have joined their tennis club, and I play nearly every day. It was my birthday last month, and I was sixteen. I had some beautiful presents. I got a lovely little eggid watch from father, and a silver brush and comb from mother. I received a number of others, and amongst them a sweet little doll pin cushion from a cousin of mine in Auckland. Was it not very good of her to send it to me? I do hope to see my letters in the "Graphic" soon, because I think it much more interesting to write when I see your answers. We have our summer holidays next month, and we are going to Cromer, a seaside place in Norfolk, where we have taken a house for eight weeks. My little baby sisters are going away to-morrow to Bexhill-on-Sea for a little time. We shall miss them so very, very much. Now, Cousin Kate, I must finish this letter. With love from Cousin Roie, London.

Dear Cousin Roie,—I had been wondering if I should get a letter from you by the mail this week, and was quite delighted to see an envelope in your handwriting on my table when I arrived at the office yesterday. You seem to be having just as lovely a time as usual, and we all enjoy hearing about it so much. I am glad you have heard Patti. I used to love hearing her; she sang with such perfection of ease and with such expression. I don't suppose her voice is equal to Melba's nowadays; it was not, in fact, the last time I heard her sing, but where Melba would leave one applauding and saying "how wonderful," Patti would bring a lump into your throat so that it was impossible to say anything for a little, and some of her notes would give one regular little cold thrills down the spine. I expect you know the feeling I mean. I suppose there was a very large crowd to see the King and Queen pass; the people seem to grow out of the ground on these occasions. I wonder if she is still as sweet and beautiful-looking a woman as ever? When she was Princess of Wales I always thought her the most perfect-looking woman I had ever seen. There used always to be a splendid show of earrings and smartly-dressed people in the park on the days when it was known she was going to drive through. Do you ever go into the park on Sunday for what is called "church parade"? I always think that on a fine day it is one of the most attractive and most characteristic sights in London, especially if you have some old Londoner who knows society well to point out the famous people. Even in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris there are no such splendid carriage horses to be seen, and the trees are so gorgeously green, if there has been some rain recently, and the dresses are so gay. I should imagine Venice in London was very beautiful. They certainly manage these things very wonderfully at Earl's Court. Once on a time they used to hold the exhibitions where the Colonial Institute is now, and from our place in Princes Gardens we could hear the bands, and used often to drop in for just an hour after dinner, as it was only just across the road, so to say. I am certain I should not care to try that flying machine. It sounds and (from the pictures) looks like a sort of glorified whirlingig or merry-go-round, and I am sure would make me deadly ill. I expect you felt the heat a good deal in London; it seems much hotter there than in New Zealand, though,

of course, the thermometer is seldom nearly so high as it is here in summer. I notice from the cables last week, however, it was over 90deg. one day recently, and I know that means awful suffering for everyone, especially the poor people and the unfortunate bus horses. One hot summer I remember ever so many dropped dead at work. It was dreadful. Men used to come every half journey's end and sponge their heads and give them oatmeal and water to drink; and of course most of them wore sunbonnets. I wonder if they do this year. It must have been lovely on the river. You do not say where you went, but I expect it was Maidenhead, and that you went up the Craven Woods' reach. That is beautiful indeed. Did you go through any locks? I think that is tremendous fun, except when they are too crowded, and one of those nasty puffing launches full of excursionists 'Arrys come crushing in. Your birthday presents sound lovely, and I expect you are very proud of the watch. So you are going to Cromer for the hot months. I wish I could go too, for it is a very pretty place, especially when the poppies are out. I expect you know it is the district made famous by the song, "The Garden of Sleep." I am sure you will enjoy it very much, for unless it has been spoiled by popularity and cheap trippers, it is quiet as well as beautiful, and there are some perfect walks—in short, just the place for a restful holiday, which is, I expect, what you all want, especially your parents, after the busy season in London. No doubt you will take bicycle rides as well as walks, for I fancy you told me you ride, and your little pug will get plenty of exercise tearing after you, though, as a matter of fact, pugs are given to being rather lazy. I remember one dreadfully spoiled one belonging to a cousin of mine in Cheshire. He had his separate rug and cushion in the house, and would jump on any chair in the drawing-room he happened to take a fancy to, and growl when any visitor happened to try and shoo him off. He hated me, for I thought him too pampered, and used to chivy him round more than he cared about. Once when out for a drive it came on to rain, and the carriage was stopped, and the coachman put him in amongst us, and he made a fine

muddy mess of our dresses. Of course we had to be polite, but under the rugs I gave him one or two sly digs with my heel that must have made him think the carriage was not so very very much better than the road after all. And now I really must stop. I hope you will see this letter. I will try and post the "Graphic" direct to you. Hoping for another interesting letter soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received your welcome letter a few weeks ago, and was so pleased to get it. I see Carla has written at last. We get the "Graphic" every week, and I like very much to read the children's page. My birthday is at the end of July. I like going to football matches. Jack and I took our pony to get clipped on Sunday morning. My sister has gone to the Taylor-Carrington Company to-night. I never went to school to-day because I had toothache. I must close now, with love to you and all the other cousins.—From Sidney, Westport.

Dear Cousin Sidney,—I was very glad to get Jack's and your letters this morning. I expect you do like going to football matches—most boys do, and I do too. Ponies look ever so much nicer slipped, don't they? but I often wonder if they feel the cold after it. I think they must in winter, don't you? I am so sorry you have been having toothache; it is such a dreadful thing to have; can't you have the tooth pulled out—that hurts more just at the time, but at least that tooth can never ache any more!—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Pardon my short note last week. I was exceedingly sorry I could not write a longer one. On Friday our school was closed, so as we could go and see the Governor. Amy and myself went to town in the morning, but did not stay to see the Governor as we were alone. We had a grand time in town; we heard the German Band playing, and it was lovely. Coming home I left my purse in a Parnell train. I am always forgetting something. I was going for a ride on Saturday afternoon, but it turned out wet. I was terribly disappointed, as I was looking forward to it. Saturday evening Gerty came up and we had some music. I have just finished reading three such nice books. I think I told you the names of them. I am very fond of reading, and have a nice collection of books. I have nearly all of Ethel Turner's, who is my favourite authoress. To-day I went over to the beehive with Amy and the little kitten followed us. I was poking the box and a horrid old bee came out and flew on to me, then it went on the poor kitten's back. The kitten turned round and touched the bee, and it stung it on the mouth. It went jumping all over the place, and Amy caught it, when it was furious, and it gave her some terrible scratches on the hand. I caught it when it had calmed down a bit and took out the sting. Wasn't it funny that the bee should sting the kitten and not me? I

SELECTIONS FROM VERSES	WHICH IS THE BEST?	IN LAST YEAR'S COMPETITIONS
<p>Years ago, when all the world's were not, And mortal man as yet was unbegot, The King of Nothing, weary of the void, Produced, by sleight of hand, this Asteroid. After a million years or so had passed, Small Maggots leapt upon our Protoplast. From them to Man was slow, but ever sure, Which brings the mind to Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.</p> <p>"The Belle of New York" shipped to "Gay London" "Town" to meet her old friend "The Duke." "Ban Toy" wished to go, but he was "Called Back," "So straight away started for Asia." "The Sign of the Cross" was then all the rage, Which both desired badly in sea. "The Gondoliers," "Maacotte" and "Ma Mio Koozka" "Came forward to join in the spree." "So, 'twixt the sun some, 'quoth old 'Kauai' with a leer, "I can get all my frolic 'in Town' plus the beer, They will and up with colds and their joys will be fewer, Till great Woods passes over his Peppermint Cure."</p> <p>The swagman heads beneath his load, As on the cold and windy road The fog is his canopy He knows that a coming brings the shill, That midnight brings the fogs that kill With their insidious damp He knows, but yet he'll venture, His swag contains Woods' Peppermint Cure.</p>	<p>If asked to prove it, do so in this wise: As Man began to grow, and evolve, His sinewy waist proportionate in his health, Till soon he cried for something for his health. Then came the great medicine makers, Brace-brackets by an early grave, Then the King said:—"Only one endure— The 'Sweet' 'Ergo'—Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."</p> <p>"The Prisoner of Zenda" hearing these words, Dropped a line to his pal "The Mikado." "If I were king," 'twas his, "I'd stop all their pranks, Such actions I deem more bravado." "The Two Little Yagabonds" who stood meekly By, just wished they could join in the fun, Yet, alas, these poor boys who seemed mirth all Joy "Struck Oil" if they captured a bun. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" in her usual kind style, Sympathised with those lads and said with a smile, "You'll gain your reward for the woe you endure, See! Woods sends you a bottle of Peppermint Cure."</p> <p>Down in the depths the mines toll, In cold and wet, to win the spoils He risks his life to gain; He'd die that though he work like slaves, There 's treasure by an early grave, Or an old age of pain; He smiles, he knows he'll immerse While he can get Woods' Peppermint Cure.</p>	<p>"WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE" FOR COUGHS AND COLDS SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE—1/6</p>

wanted to get stung, as somebody said it was a nice sensation at first. I will finish this letter another night.

July 24.—Well, I have made another start. Father, Amy and myself went to see a friend to-day. Amy and myself were trying to play the pianola. I am afraid if we had one I would hardly ever practise the piano. What do you think Cousin Kate? Wasn't it a magnificent day. I was sitting out on the verandah in the morning and enjoying the sun. Amy has such a number of lovely postcards. She keeps the postcards of all the places Douglas (our brother) has been to. I collect the odd ones. Amy has about one hundred postcards. Dearest Cousin Kate, I must come to an end now, as it is nearly time to go to bed. With love—From Cousin Mary S., Auckland.

P.S.—I thank you very much for your nice answer to my letter.—M.S.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I am always glad to hear from you, even if your letter is short, and you have written a nice long one this week, and I am only sorry that I haven't time to write more to you. I think all the schools gave a holiday the day the Governor arrived in Auckland. The German band is playing just outside my office window now, but I can't hear it very well because it is too cold to open the window. I suppose you did not find your purse again? I hope you did not have much in it. I don't think you have ever mentioned Gerty to me before; is she your special friend? I don't think I should want to be stung by a bee if I were you, for I assure you it is dreadfully painful, and I don't remember any pleasant sensation about it at all. The pianola is a wonderful invention, and it is very pretty, but I think it is a wee bit mechanical unless it is very well played, don't you? We have been having some lovely bright mornings lately, and I do love sitting in the sun, but unfortunately I don't get much time for it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are quite well. I have not had time to write much lately, with my home lessons and piano practice and one thing and another. I am in Standard VI. now, and therefore have a lot of homework. I badly want to learn painting now. The weather is so cold here now. Are you feeling the cold up North? We live in a two-storey house, and it is an awful bother running up and down stairs, don't you think so? Cousin Kate, here is a riddle for you:—Q: Why did not Moses take cheese into the ark? A: Because it was not Moses, it was Noah who went into the ark. Cousin Kate, can you give me a pretty name for a kitten? There have not been any plays here for a long time. The last one we had was the "Colleen Bawn," played by Tayler-Carrington Company. As I have no more news (I don't know whether I should say more, for I don't think I have told any as yet) I will remain—Yours sincerely, Cousin Eileen.

[Dear Cousin Eileen,—It is indeed a very long time since you wrote to me last, and I had begun to think that both you and Gladys had forgotten all about me. The last time you wrote was just after Christmas, but, of course, I know you cannot neglect your lessons or your practice to write to me. I expect you have a great deal more homework to do now that you are in Standard VI. Don't you think if you begin to take painting lessons directly you leave school that will be quite soon enough? It is a pity to try and do too much at once. We have had some very cold weather here lately and such lovely clear frosty mornings, but it is so cold that one doesn't like getting out of bed very much. Thank you very much for the riddle. I have heard one something like it before, but not that particular one. You didn't tell me what your kitten is like, so I don't quite know what sort of name to choose for it. How would Mischieff do? Most kittens are that, I think, don't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter and your nice answer in the "Graphic." Since I last wrote to you I have had a birthday; I am now 13 years old. On my birthday my mother gave me some beautiful shells to wear, they are so pretty and shine all colours. I had also a nice box of chocolates given me, and my father had given me a bicycle a little while before for a present. The very morning of my birthday there was a fire next

door to us; a rather large store was burnt down belonging to Mr Granville. We could see it very nicely from our place, but it was rather hot. We could feel the heat inside, and for days we had an awful smell all over the house; it smelt like gunpowder and sulphur. I think it was sulphur. It was smoking for a week afterwards, in fact it may be smouldering under all the iron and rubbish now. We are going to have a holiday for half-term on Monday. It will be a treat to even have one day's holiday. I do not care for coming down in the train every day; we get so tired of it. I have had influenza for over a week now, and I have missed three days from college. On Wednesday we are going to have a social evening in aid of the church—I do hope it will be a success. I see some puzzles in this week's "Graphic;" they look very good too. It would be very fair if Buster Brown appeared in one week's "Graphic" and Jungle Jinks in another. I think I like Jungle Jinks the best, but some cousins would like Buster Brown the best, I expect. I will now say good-bye, with heaps of love.—From Cousin Ivy, Brightwater.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—Thank you for your letter about your birthday and the fire at your neighbour's. The fire must have proved a great anxiety to your people, as I suppose the houses are all wood down your way, as most of them are here, and then, of course, it makes it extra dangerous. I certainly should not have liked the smell of gunpowder at the fire, for I should have feared an explosion. When T. and S. Morrin's was on fire here there were one or two terrible detonations and lumps of wood were carried right across the street. I hope the day for your holiday was fine. It has been exquisite in Auckland for the last week, but looks like a change now. But even if we have quite a lot of rain in August we cannot grumble, for we have had a perfect winter so far. I trust you have got over the influenza; I always think the getting well part the worst—one feels so dreadfully weak. It seems that most cousins like Jungle Jinks the best, so I will give most of them in future.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you think I have forgotten all about you, but that is not the case. I have really been too busy to answer any letters at all lately, and am now trying to make up for lost time. What with dances and parties, we have been very gay indeed down here, and now we are having simply lovely weather, and that makes everyone enjoy themselves all the more. At least, I think so. Last Saturday a whole party went up the mountain, in all the snow, and they had to cut their steps as they went. I do not think they reached the top. I expect it is awfully cold up there now, so I should not care to go. Should you?

I received two dozen lovely postcards from my brother at Singapore last week. Was it not good of him to send them to me? The worst of it was, that he sent them all in one packet, so that they have not my address or stamp on, which is such a pity, but I suppose I mustn't grumble, or he won't send me any more. Winnie wrote me such a long letter the other day. She is such a good correspondent, and always answers my letters. Olive writes to me too, so it is quite nice to know some of the other cousins.

When my photograph came out, no one in our family recognised me, and even my friends did not know me at first. I haven't had a letter from Alison for such a long time. I hope she will write to us both soon, don't you? Would you mind asking Cousin Roie in your next letter if she would correspond with me on postcards, as I am collecting, and give her my address, as I should love to receive and send some to her? I hope you will not mind.

I have not been able to get the "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" from the library yet, but I will "try again," like Johnny in "The Country Girl." I am sure it must be a great bother for you to think out books for the different cousins when they ask you, but am sure we find that whatever you recommend us to read we always enjoy. I notice that we have another Cousin Muriel in the "Graphic"—that is the third, is it not? I am afraid I should get rather mixed up if I were you. I really must end now, dear Cousin Kate, with love to you and the cousins, from Cousin Dora.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—It is rather a

long time since you wrote to me last, but, of course, I do not expect you to neglect any of your duties, or pleasures either, to write to me. We have been having some perfect weather, haven't we? but I don't think I should care to go up Mount Egmont at this time of the year all the same. Fancy how dreadfully cold it must be up there, and to have to wait and cut steps would be too trying altogether. You must be getting a grand collection of postcards now, and Singapore ones would be rather difficult to get out here, I should think. Have you quite given up any idea of going out to Singapore to see your brother? Winnie is a very good correspondent, isn't she? and she always writes such interesting letters, too. Wasn't the photograph you sent me of yourself a good one? I thought it came out rather well in the "Graphic." I am hoping to hear from Alison soon; if you are writing to her tell her so, will you? It is a pity your letter did not come sooner. I answered Roie's letter, and sent it to press the day before yesterday, so I cannot ask her about the postcards this time; but I will try and remember next time I write. I am glad you like the books I recommend for you. It is rather hard to think of suitable ones sometimes. Yes, there are three Cousin Muriels now, but I haven't mixed them up yet.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I do wish you would accept me as one of your cousins. I have just been reading the interesting letters of the cousins, and I think they are very nice indeed. I should not like to live in Wanganui, would you, cousin Kate? The floods must have done a lot of damage, for while I was reading the Hawera paper the other day I saw where the Wanganui bridge may break down any time. That would be terrible, especially if there was anyone on it. We are having bad weather in Mania, and it is something terrible, the mornings are so cold. Have you ever been to Mania? I have only been here six months, and I think it is such a nice little place. I have two brothers and my sister are in Hawera, and the other is in Napier. What a beautiful place Auckland must be. I should like to see the city, but I suppose I will see it some day. What a great turn-out

there was in Auckland when the new Governor arrived there. You must be kept very busy indeed to have all those letters to answer. I will be 15 on the 22nd of September, and I am told that I am very tall for my age—my height is 5ft 4in, so you can imagine how tall I am. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I shall conclude with love to all the other cousins, and a big heap for yourself.—I remain, Cousin Alice, Mania. P.S.—Please kindly send me a badge.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—I am always most delighted to welcome new cousins amongst us, and am therefore much pleased to enroll you in our band, and hope you will write to our page regularly. I have never been in Mania, though I have passed through it, but know both Wanganui and Napier. I do hope they will strengthen the Wanganui bridge, for, as you say, it would be terrible indeed if anything happened to it. It is certainly rather hard to know what to say to each cousin when one has so many letters to write, but I really like the work, so that makes it seem both interesting and welcome, and the more letters I get the better I like it.—Hoping to hear from you again soon, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you are beginning to think I am a bad correspondent, but it is better to write late than never. When I get my photo taken again I will send you one. I would have liked very much to have been in Auckland for the Governor's arrival. The car that was decorated with red, white and blue must have looked very nice. It is three months since I was up in Auckland, and I don't expect I will be up again until Christmas. We have postcards with Thames views on now, so I am going to send you one, to let you see what you think of Thames. Dear Cousin Kate, I have no more news, as I am in a hurry. I now close with love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin Della, Thames.—Please excuse scribble and mistakes.

[Dear Cousin Della,—It is rather a long time since you wrote to me last, but I won't find fault with you over that, because I only want the cousins to write when they really want to. I wouldn't like receiving letters from you if I thought you felt that you had to write to me; I mean I want it to be a



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pleasure to you, not a duty. Queen-street looked very gay and animated the day the new Governor arrived in Auckland, and the electric car that was decorated looked lovely, especially in the evening, for then it was all lit up with coloured electric lights. It was decorated with huge bunches of arara lilies and greenery, as well as the red, white and blue. I shall like having some Thames views, and it is very good of you to think of sending them to me. I have never stayed at the Thames, but have passed through there several times on my way to Pauroa and Te Aroha.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am starting my letter to-day (Tuesday), because I am going to the theatre this evening to see "The Marriage of Kitty," and I expect I shall not feel very inclined for writing letters to-morrow morning. I am looking forward to it greatly. My sister saw it in Sydney, played by the same company, and she said it was glorious. Was it not a juke the Waikare being late, so that the company could not play last night? Luckily we had our seats for to-night, so were not disappointed. When are you going, Cousin Kate? Before I forget, I must give you this riddle. It is one of Cousin Ruby's latest. She says she has not time to write to you now. Question: If a herring and a half cost 1/4, what will a dozen cost? Answer, 1/4. I have just finished reading one of L. T. Meade's books for about the third time. It is called "The Rebellion of Lil Carrington." Have you read it, Cousin Kate? At the end of this term I think we are going to have our concert in the Choral Hall. It did not come off at Christmas, as our music master was not well. I am going to play a solo, but have not yet got it, and do not know the name. Yesterday afternoon the band of the Italian warship played in the Albert Park. I sat at one of our upstairs windows, and heard it beautifully. I have not put a stitch in the point lace bonnet I am making for Babs since Christmas. I started it soon after she was born, intending to finish it for her birthday, and I have not done a quarter of it. Are you fond of babies, Cousin Kate? I adore them, especially little ones. How is your influenza, Cousin Kate? I have neither had it or mumps yet, and hope not to have them. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I must say "Au revoir," as I have to go to my music, and have no more news. With heaps of love to you and all the cousins, I remain, Cousin Gwen, Auckland. C.T.K.—Excuse writing and mistakes, as I am in a dreadful hurry.—G.N.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—Did you enjoy "The Marriage of Kitty" as much as you expected to? I have been looking forward to going to it for some time, and I was very disgusted when I heard several people say they were disappointed. I haven't been able to go yet, but I am going to-morrow night. You were lucky to have reserved your seats for Tuesday. The people who booked seats for Monday must have been rather annoyed, I think. I heard of someone out at Onehunga who was having a large theatre party, and they never heard that the boat wasn't in, and never knew anything about it till they arrived at His Majesty's and found it shut up. What is Cousin Ruby so busy about just now? That riddle of hers is rather an old one. I heard it many years ago. No, I haven't read "The Rebellion of Lil Carrington," but it must be very nice if you have read it three times. I heard that the band of the Liguria played beautifully, and I was so sorry I was not able to go and hear it. When do you think you will finish that point lace bonnet for Margot? She will be too big for it if you don't hurry. Fancy her being a year old. It doesn't seem nearly as long as that since you wrote and told me that you had a little niece. I used to be very fond of babies, but I don't think I care for them so much now, though of course I am very fond of my own little nieces and nephews.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope that this letter will be in time for the "Graphic." We got the "Graphic" on Wednesday morning, and then I wrote to you when I come home from school, because I want to be a regular correspondent. I was glad to tell you that I passed and

now I am in Standard IV. I came top of the class, and my teacher gave me a very nice book. Last Saturday I went to football, and I liked it very much. I would like to go every Saturday, but I cannot go alone, so someone goes with me. I had a letter from my cousin Stella in Wellington last week, and she was telling me about the electric cars. She likes riding in them. I have no more news this week, so I must stop.—With love to you and all the cousins, Cousin Lyndal, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Lyndal,—Your letters are nearly always in in very good time for the following week's "Graphic," and, of course, you have seen both your letters in last week's "Graphic" by this time. I am so glad to hear that you passed your examination so well; fancy being at the top of your class. What was the name of the book your teacher gave you? I don't wonder you like going to football on Saturdays; I like it, too, very much, on a fine day. You have never mentioned your cousin Stella to me before; you seem to have a great many relations scattered about in New Zealand.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Wasn't last Sunday a lovely day? In the afternoon I took Desmond and Valerie out to Onehunga to the kiosk, and it was packed. When we got there we had to wait until there was a vacant table, and after that it seemed hours before we were served. We were fortunate enough to get a double-decker car both ways, and you may be sure we sat on the top. It was awfully windy, but that we did not mind. Did you go to the Dog Show, Cousin Kate? Kathleen (one of my cousins from South), Valerie and I went on Saturday afternoon. I did not like it very much, as the dogs made such a terrific noise; but Kathleen and Valerie quite enjoyed themselves. This evening I am going to Lillian Tree's concert with my auntie, so I hope we will enjoy ourselves. I suppose it is needless to ask whether you are going or not? I have never seen "Faust," or even heard it, as far as I know, excepting the waltz, and I think that is lovely. My dear little cousin Gretchen has such a bad cold at present, but I hope it will have quite left her by the time I see this in the "Graphic" with your reply. I am so glad you liked the pictures I sent you that were transferred with Victoria, Cousin Kate. I did not try Dora's photograph, as mother sent that "Graphic" away before I had time. Wasn't it a pity? Desmond has had such a bad cold lately that he has been unable to attend school. I do hope it won't go through the house. I am afraid you will find great difficulty in answering this letter, Cousin Kate, as it is so dreadfully uninteresting, because I have no news, I suppose; so, hoping you and the cousins are quite well, I am, your affectionate cousin, Muriel J., Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I never have any difficulty in answering letters from the cousins who write every week. When I know what you are all doing day by day it is ever so much easier to find something to write about. I have never been out to the kiosk on Sunday yet, but I have always heard that a great crowd do go out, and last Sunday was such a perfect day that I expect there were more than usual out there. Do you like riding on the top of the double-deckers? A great many people do, I know, but I can't help feeling a little nervous about it myself. The cars sway so dreadfully going down hill. I didn't go to the last Dog Show, but I went once, and didn't like it at all; the dogs made such a dreadful noise, and such a melancholy one, too. I wonder if you enjoyed Lillian Tree's concert. I went too, but I think singing it in cantata form rather spoils "Faust." I am sorry, Valerie and Gretchen have such colds, and hope they will be all right again soon. If you like I will send you the photograph I have of Dora. You can try and transfer it from that if you promise to send it back to me, as I want to keep all the cousins' photographs.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are keeping quite well. I think I am very lazy for not writing, but better late than never. I think I will be able to write regularly now. We have been having fine weather lately. I have had a bad cold, and am not better yet. We have got some fowls, and we get about four eggs a day, sometimes five. I am in the fourth standard. I think I will

pass. What a time the Brownies in the Philippines are having. I like to see Jungle Jinks best, sometimes I like Buster Brown. I think this is all I have to say, so good-night, with love to you and all the other cousins.—Cousin Jack, Westport.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—Is it not funny how some cousins like Buster Brown and some Jungle Jinks best? As you will see, there are quite a number of letters about it this week. It would seem almost certain that the majority of the cousins prefer Jungle Jinks, so I shall probably give most of these in future, with one of the others for variety sake. I expect it is colder in Westport a good deal than it is here, but I don't mind how cold it is as long as it is fine, do you? I am so glad you are going to write regularly now.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to get the badge and pin which you sent me, and also to see my letter in the "Graphic." It is rather cold in the mornings now, isn't it? Our school teacher is going to leave soon, and I don't know if we will get another, as there are only six of us going to school now. Yes, it is very nice to have a lot of cousins writing to you, isn't it? Some of the letters are very interesting, I think. I always enjoy reading Buster Brown, and also Jungle Jinks, although they seem very foolish when you think of it. I am always wondering how old you are, and I would like to know in your next letter. Some of the puzzles in the last "Graphic" were very amusing, I think. It takes a long time for my letter to get to Auckland from South Westland. I am collecting stamps at present, and I hope to have enough to sell soon. I do not get a chance to save postcards. I will now close by giving the cousins a riddle.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven bags,
Each bag had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, bags, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives.
(Answer, One.)

Thanking you kindly for the badge you sent, with love to all the cousins and yourself, I remain, yours truly, from Cousin Annie, South Westland.

[Dear Cousin Annie,—I was pleased to get another letter from you so soon, and to hear how you liked the badge. They are rather pretty, are they not? and I hope the pin of yours was not injured going through the post, as several cousins have complained theirs were bent or smashed that way. I laugh over Jungle Jinks and Buster just as much as any of you younger cousins. I believe, and I must confess I like Buster best, though most of the cousins prefer Jungle Jinks. Six is certainly rather few to have in the school, but perhaps you will have more next term. If the cousins seem really to like riddles, I will try and put some in each week. I always wish I knew what is most liked, but I cannot unless you tell me, can I?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received your letter with the badge and beauty pin, with many thanks. I think it is very pretty. It was a pleasant surprise. Now I will tell you about my home. I have four brothers and three sisters. I am in the fifth class at school. I passed into the fourth class and got three certificates, the honour C, the compulsory C, and the certificate of merit. I will be twelve years old on the 12th of August. I would like to know where Cousins Roie and Alison live. I will tell you a little about Mount Gambier. There are three lakes round about the mountain—the Leg of Mutton Lake, the Valley Lake, and the Blue Lake. The Blue Lake is very useful, as it supplies the town with water. The mountain is not very high. In New Zealand mother says we would only call it a hill. There is a cenotaph tower on top. Sir Samuel Way laid the foundation stone two years ago. It was a terrible rough day. The wind was blowing, and the dust was flying in all directions. I never went up on the mountain with the school children, as it was too rough. My eldest sister and a friend went and got terribly black with dust. Dear Cousin Kate, now I must tell you about the Valley Lake. There is an old man who has some

boats, and you can hire them from him for 1/2 per hour. There are plenty of fish, and it is all right fun on a holiday, to go fishing on the lake. There is a large cave in the centre of the town, where all the water off the streets runs to. Now, I must conclude, with kind love to you and all the cousins. Cousin Herbert.

[Dear Cousin Herbert,—I was so glad to get your letter this morning, and to hear that you had received your badge safely. I must congratulate you on doing so well at school. You must have worked very hard indeed to get three certificates. It will be just about your birthday when you see this, so I will wish you many happy returns of the day. My birthday is in August, too, but it is about a week earlier than yours. Cousin Roie lives in London and Cousin Alison in Capetown, South Africa. They both write such nice interesting letters. I think, don't you? The Blue Lake is tremendously deep in some places, is it not? I have heard that it is more than six hundred feet deep in one spot. Do you often have such terrible dust storms? We never have them in New Zealand, but I can quite imagine how horrid they must be. Mount Gambier is a very pretty township, is it not? I have heard the district called the garden of the colony, and believe that you can grow all sorts of fruits and vegetables splendidly. I think I once saw a picture of the Roman Catholic Church, which is, I believe, the finest out of Adelaide. The lakes are very deep, are they not, and very beautiful? I hope to hear from you again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have often wished to become a cousin. I am eight years old, and I am in the third standard. I learn music, and like it very much. I have a little sister called Tui, and she is six years old. I think she would like to be a cousin too. I have also two little brothers; one of them is called Jack—he is four years old. My other little brother is only a baby, and we have not decided about his name yet. He is only a month old. I always read the Cousins' letters, and Jungle Jinks and Buster Brown as well, and like them all very much. I hope you will accept me as one of your cousins. Will you please send me a badge? Cousin Dorothy.

P.S.—I hope you will like this letter, I have done it all by myself.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have often seen you and your little brother in town, and I shall be delighted to have you for one of my little cousins, and your little sister Tui, too, if she is old enough to write to me. You are a very clever little girl to write such a nice letter, with no one to help you, and I shall look forward to hearing from you very often. What school do you go to now? I remember when you were a very little mite you used to go to Miss Cole's school, and you used always to sit in the front seat with Owen coming home in the bus. I will send a badge for you and one for Tui, too. Will you help her to write to me next time you write?—Cousin Kate.]

When the Spy is Caught.

As all cousins know, a spy is a person sent into an enemy's country or camp to inspect his works, ascertain the strength, and report on his movements. By the laws of war among civilised nations a spy is subject to capital punishment. A state of war must exist before any person can be executed as a spy, and he must, in the first place, be caught inside the enemy's lines.

To be treated as a spy it must be shown that at the time of capture the offender was wearing dress other than the adopted military uniform of his country.

A soldier caught within the enemy's lines wearing his rightful uniform can only be held as a prisoner of war. Not every person passing secretly through the enemy's lines is necessarily a spy.

When the captured person is able to show that his errand in getting through was of a personal nature, he can only be held as a prisoner of war.

Trading with the enemy or attempting to enter his camp with letters of a personal nature does not constitute spying.

To be treated as a spy it must be clearly shown that the object of the accused person was to gain information for the enemy which it would be to their advantage to obtain.

How the Sad King Learned to Laugh.

Once upon a time there was a young King who was so very sad that no one in his Court quite knew what to make of it. He always dressed in black and let his hair grow down until it fell upon his shoulders, although his barber-surgeon was perfectly wick to cut it in the most fashionable manner of the time. Now, this King's Court was usually a very gay one, and it not only troubled his Chamber sadly to see him wadding away with his strange grief, but it also wearied the gay courtiers to be always going about putting long faces and wearing anti-coloured clothes.

Now, the King's Cabinet and, most of all, his Prime Minister, were loyal and hard-working officials, and zealous in everything that concerned their royal master. And so, when they saw his sadness growing day by day more settled on his face, they strove to invent diversions for him to drive away this melancholy. They begged from all the neighbouring kings the loans of their favourite jesters, but when these jesters came and had the whole Court roaring with laughter until the tears ran down their cheeks, the King sat in his chair of state and looked as though he were at the funeral of his dearest friend. The Prime Minister brought strolling players, who failed to enliven his royal master; he arranged great pageants of the troops and the populace, with all sorts of beautiful and picturesque spectacles, and finally the Cabinet induced one of the neighbouring kings to declare war on the sad King and attack the capital city, but this was equally fruitless. The King sat with his chin resting in the hollow of his hand, and never stirred even when the cannon roared the loudest.

Then one day the Prime Minister burst into the meeting of the Cabinet in a most excitable manner. "Gentlemen," he said, as he dropped down into his seat at the head of the council room, "I have a new plan to propose for the saving of his Majesty. We must find a wife for him, and at once."

"The very thing!" cried the members of the Cabinet all together. "Why did we not think of this before?" said the Chancellor. And then they set about drawing up a proclamation to be sent by courtiers into all the neighbouring kingdoms, stating that the King would marry any Princess who could make him laugh. Of course you will see the members of the Cabinet took a great liberty with the King. But they felt sure that if he could be once made to laugh, he would be so charmed with the Princess who had made him forget his secret grief that he would want to marry her forthwith.

So the courtiers, each attended by a herald, went on their missions to all the kingdoms about, and read the proclamation in all their courts. In a very few days Princess after Princess began to arrive at the King's Palace, where they were received by the Cabinet, and each one was given an hour in which to try to make the King laugh. By the rules of the contest, if they had made the King smile by the end of the first hour

they might have another hour's trial. Now, all of the Princesses were lovely, and most of them were very clever, and as the King was young and rich and handsome they tried very hard to make him laugh. Some of them told him funny stories, which the Court jesters had invented for them; some sang "coo" songs and did cakewalks; some put on funny clothes like you would wear at a masquerade party, and one went into the King's presence riding one-sided on a little donkey. But it was of no use. The King may have seen them, but no one would ever have noticed it. Certain it was he never smiled. And the Princesses all went home in tears.

Now, the Prime Minister was a very nervous man, and could not wait in the palace to hear the decision of the Chancellor, who was the judge of the Princess' trials. So he went for a walk in the market place, where the Chancellor found him when he came to report the nature of their last plan. A little group of people gathered near the Chancellor as he told his story to the Prime Minister, and so they saw him lift up his hands appealingly to the sky and cry out: "Why should we care for a Princess? I'd wed him to a gooseherd, if she could make him laugh."

At this a young man stepped out of the crowd of bystanders, took off his cap respectfully, and bowing low to the Prime Minister, said: "Do you really mean that, my Lord?"

"What makes you ask?" replied the Prime Minister. "Know you such a person?"

"I do, indeed, my Lord," answered the young man. "I have a sister who tends our flocks of geese, and who laughs more beautifully and more merrily than anyone in the whole world." As he spoke the memory of his sister's laughter aroused so merry a peal on his own part that all the bystanders broke into laughter, and the Chancellor, as well, and even the grave and troubled Prime Minister smiled in spite of himself.

"Can she laugh as merrily as you do, my lad?" asked the Prime Minister.

"As well as I do, my Lord! Why, my laughter is as mirthless as a cracked bell compared to hers. Why, my Lord, when she laughs, even her geese laugh with her, and the ripples on the pools run towards her, and the very trees seem to shake their branches with laughter, too. Ah, my Lord, if our sad King should hear my sister laugh but once his melancholy would fade away as the dew does before the sunlight."

"Run, boy, run," cried the Prime Minister pushing him as he spoke. "Run and bring your sister hither at once. Come you with her to the palace and ask for me. Run, run!" he cried. But he might have saved his breath, for the boy was running away out of the town as fast as his long legs could carry him.

The Prime Minister went back to the palace, and sat with the King in the state chamber. Presently there fell upon his ear a strange and confused sound, and he went to the window and looked out. Coming up towards the palace gates was the young man who had promised to bring his sister back with him. He was laughing, and by his side walked a beautiful young girl, dressed like a goose-

herd, whose laughter now rang out clear and true high above that of the crowd who were laughing with her. As the gooseherd came through the palace gates the very guards were infected with her merriment, and stood holding their sides, they laughed so much. Even the Prime Minister discovered that he was laughing too. Turning towards the door, he saw all the Cabinet Ministers had gathered there, and they were all laughing as no one had ever been seen to laugh in that room in the reign of the sad King, but, most wonderful of all, when they turned to look at the King his face was set in a broad grin, and just as the gooseherd entered the state chamber and her rich

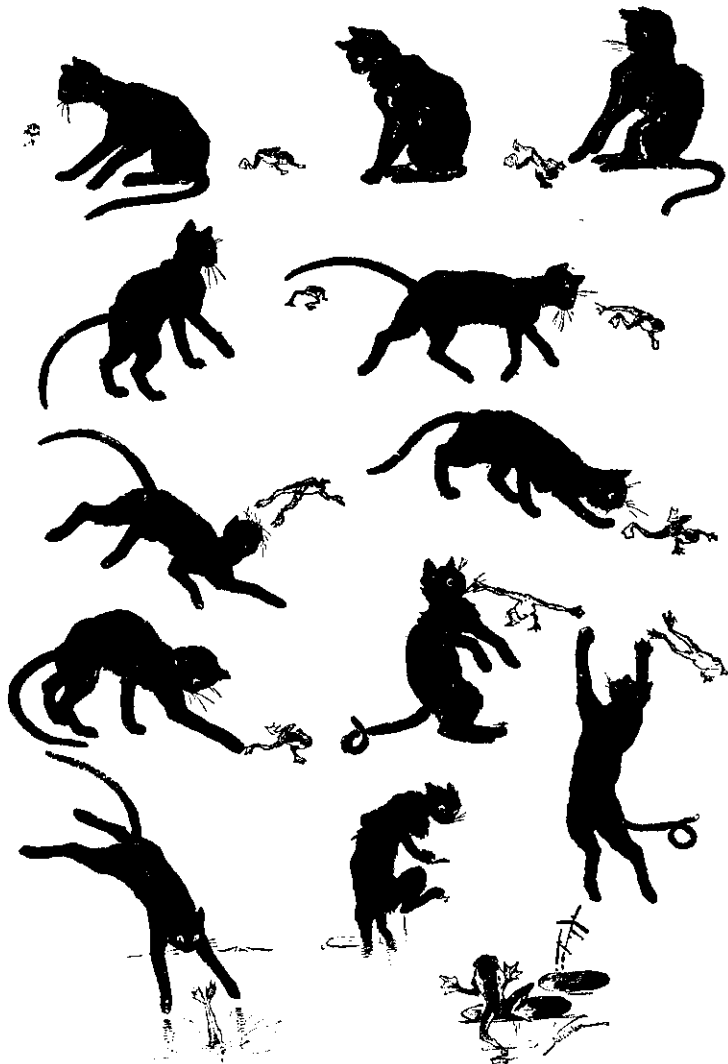
laughter leaped up to the ceiling and filled all its empty spaces the King roared aloud in glee.

"Don't you think, your Highness," laughed the Prime Minister, "that you had better marry this girl?"

"Oh, this is so sudden," roared the King. "I think I will!" And he did.

"Johnny," said Uncle Peter, "do you suppose I would sit at this table and eat as long as you have?"

"No, uncle," responded the truthful child. "There wasn't enough on the table to keep you busy for more than five minutes."



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The Loves of Childhood.

Men and women in their egotism often imagine that love belongs to them alone; that this experience is unknown to a girl until she is 18 years old and a boy until he is 21. But this is far from being true, for impulse and affection are more natural to child life than thought and reason. Children left to develop by themselves will love and play; love and play the lifelong day. It is only by these activities that they broaden their experience; thought has little meaning for them.

Of far more worth are brothers and sisters and playmates. There never was a child who was not sure that its baby sister or brother was the loveliest child in the world. Baby has such cunning hands and feet and such soft, sweet lips. This first sweet kiss of endearment is not always given to the little sister; it is more often bestowed on some little playmate. For all that, it is sweet, and in this kiss is found the first expression of childhood love. The baby, intuitively feels the natural balm of affection, and the kiss is more graciously received than by an older girl or boy.

The seed of affection that germinates in a baby kiss is not lost; it buds and unfolds in the nursery and playground. When mothers and nurses grow weary of amusing their little ones, the children turn to their friends and toys for the love and play they need. Much as little girls enjoy playing with their dolls, they are happiest when their little boy friends are allowed to hold their children, a privilege they grant to few. The boys in turn show their appreciation by allowing their little sweethearts to ride on their sleds and rocking horses, which is a great privilege in boyland.

There are not many boys who pass the age of six without having some little girl to love. They are not even ashamed to confess this feeling to their mothers. They may not always say they are in love with a certain little girl, but they will talk so much about the large blue eyes and dark brown curls that mothers intuitively know what this means.

Girls may be more bashful about making these confessions, but this early echo of love gives them pleasure. They have many ways of showing it; it may take a little girl ever so long to put on her overclothes when she is going out to play, but if a little boy friend is waiting for her below the things go on more rapidly.

This assurance of protection and love enables many a little girl to overcome fears she can conquer in no other way. All the children are going to coast down hill or play on the toboggan slide, but

there is one little girl who is afraid of falling off. Hard as the other children try to convince her she will not need until her tiny beau explains: "You need not be afraid, you can sit close to me and hold on as tight as you like." These words of reassurance have their marked influence; at once all thought of fear vanishes, and going down the steep hill becomes a delight.

If it is snowballing instead of coasting the story is much the same. In the beginning many little girls are afraid of this lively sport; they do not know how to make the right kind of snowballs, and they whisper that when the boys make the balls they are so hard they hurt. But all thought of fear is forgotten as soon as some little boy shows them the proper way of making them, and, acting as big brother, says that he will show the life out of any boy who harms them.

Much as play in winter time goes to awaken childish love, the coming of spring is even a greater impetus to this feeling. It is when the warmth of spring and refreshing dew of the morning awaken the trees and bushes that buds of love burst into fullest bloom. In response to this note of love children are like sunbeams, and their hearts throb with love.

There is no one so conscious of the spring songs in nature as children who are impatient to learn where the birds are building their nests; to dance over the meadows and watch the butterflies and bees on the flowers. The birds and butterflies work wonders for childish affection. Most boys when they first visit some newly made nest long to carry off the eggs, and only yield to the protests of some little girl they love.

Though they do not know it, this expression of approval stimulates their affections. On the other hand, there is many a little girl who is almost afraid to play with a butterfly because she is certain that bees sting. But when her little friend takes the beautiful butterfly out of his net and lets it light on her hand, and explains its hidden beauty, she not only learns to love the insect, but grows fonder of him because of this tenderness for so tiny a life.

Play and nature are not the only two things that awaken and increase this love in children; work is the other great force. It is in the schoolroom and in going to and from school that children are drawn closer to each other, and their experience of love broadened and ennobled.

In the first years of school children become interested in many children, and soon learn to love them. This friendship ripens so rapidly that often boys find themselves walking home with two or more girls instead of one, but it is usually not hard to tell by their faces which girl is the dearest to them, which one was his first love. Many girls may be fond of a certain boy, but they think that it is quite right and natural that he should love his own sweetheart most. He in turn does not care if other boys admire the little girl that he loves so long as he is sure that he is dearest in her eyes.

But what a sore trial it is for young girls and boys to find themselves disappointed in this first and truest love; that the baby kiss, the youthful tenderness, and constancy were soon to be forgotten and given to another. It is equally hard for both when this disappointment comes. Though they may gradually find comfort and pleasure in the affections of another, it requires a long time to heal a wound caused by early disappointment. But if two young lovers remain true, how much the richer their boyhood and girlhood becomes.

Sign of Seven in the Bible.

The phenomena of the figure 7 and its multiples, occurring in the New Testament, have been touched upon by Ivan Panin, a Russian student of the Bible, who for a number of years has made his home at Grafton, Mass. This significance of the "seven" group will not be lost even upon the superstitious who are outside the pale of Scriptural points, and, as Mr Panin has shown them, their relations of their groupings to the first eleven verses of the New Testament must suggest that they were scarcely chance.

For instance, in these first 11 verses of Matthew, the vocabulary consists of 49 words, or seven sevens; of these words there are 28, or four sevens, which begin with vowels and 21, or three sevens, which begin with consonants.

This distribution by sevens between

vowel words and consonant words justly might have been deemed accidental but for the fact that of the 49 words 42 of them are nouns—six sevens—and seven are not nouns," is the comment of the writer. "Of the 42 nouns there are 35 proper nouns, or five sevens, while seven are common nouns. Of the 35 proper names four sevens are male ancestors of Jesus and seven are not such. Not only then is the distribution of the 49 words of the vocabulary by sevens as between vowel words and consonant words, but also as between the parts of speech."

As a further and absolute proof that these phenomena of the sevens are not accidental, Mr Panin points out that the 49 words of the vocabulary show 14 words that are used but once, while 35 of them, or five sevens, are used more than once. His conclusions after an exhaustive arrangement of the "seven" features are that "Not even the choice of the languages in which the Scripture were written was made without marked numerical design at the threshold of the subject."



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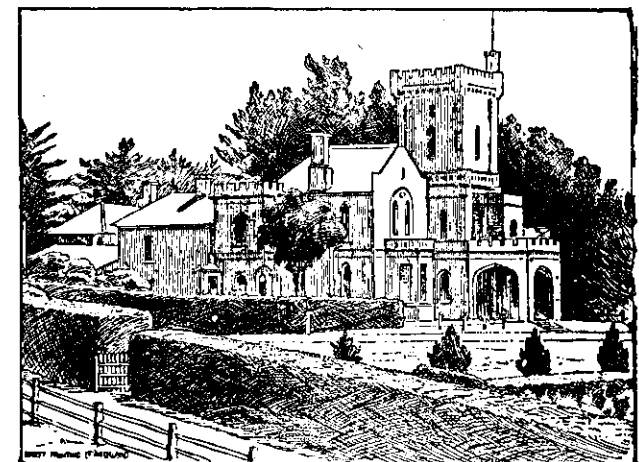
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The Dress of the Business Woman.

(By a Business Woman.)

Much sense, as well as not a little nonsense, has been written lately in the newspapers regarding the dress of the business woman. Some of the sense may have been written by women who go out to work, but not a little of the nonsense must have been penned by ladies who sit comfortably at home, lookers-on who in this case do not see most of the game.

After all is said and done, what can a lady, whose time is her own, who never goes out of doors unless the day is fine, who dresses in comfort at home for an evening function, know how the business woman should dress whose time is her employer's, who must turn out in all weathers, and who must dress in the morning for an evening party? Indeed, the average business girl of to-day has a marvellous knack of combining her working garb and evening gown, and one wonders how these same home ladies who anathematise the methods of dress of the business woman would manage if placed in the same position.

One of these ladies suggests that the commercial woman's dress should always be severely plain, that there should be no "fal-lais" and no jewellery. In other words, the working girl is to be deprived of all the harmless frivolous etceteras which she herself delights in.

What business woman would agree with you, madame, in the matter? Few, very few.

Another lady, who even in these days of the trottoir skirt, prefers her own walking gowns of a graceful length, declares that the business woman should always have her skirt clear of the ground. What is the business girl to do, my lady, if she has to don her evening gown in the morning, go through her day's work, and then go on to a social gathering? No, the girl at business cannot always wear her skirt to clear the ground, however desirable it may be.

A third lady speaks contemptuously of the cheap gloves and ill-fitting boots of the girl clerk. Can the city typist, with a small income, afford expensive gloves and perfect-fitting boots? These are serious items enough in her expenditure, and the business girl has found out by experience that she may as well wear out a moderate-priced pair of gloves when swinging on and off buses and trams, or opening railway carriage doors, as gloves double the price. She has discovered, also, that shoes purchased at a reasonable cost suit her as well as more expensive foot gear, and that they last as long.

These ladies are no doubt well-meaning, but they write on a subject regarding

which they know little or nothing. The opinions, therefore, of a business woman may perhaps be of interest to those placed in her position, and may show to the general public how the difficulties of dress are overcome by the working girl of the middle class, who, like her sister at home, delights in pretty things, who is of a social turn of mind, and who endeavours to satisfy her feminine weaknesses and at the same time manages to dress suitably at business.

Sham Jewellery.

A woman is a woman all the world over, whether she be princess or peasant pretty or plain. She has an inherent weakness for the small things of life, and the woman who has a mind above all feminine trivialities is the exception that proves the rule. Therefore, the fact must be borne in mind that the clerk in the pay of a business firm, who lunches at a city restaurant conspicuous in velvet blouse and cheap imitation pearls, has the same love of clothes and jewellery as the princess, in the pay of the people who lunches at the Guildhall conspicuous in velvet gown and rope of pearls. The princess is fulfilling her business engagement just as her humbler sister is; yet the latter is almost prohibited from satisfying her feminine failings, while to-morrow's newspapers will chronicle the fact that the popular princess was suitably attired in velvet, and wore an exquisite rope of pearls at the City luncheon.

Notwithstanding the undoubted right of the girl clerk to her beads, one feels that the wearing of jewels in the daytime by the business woman is not desirable from the onlooker's point of view. And, yet, why should this be? The velvet blouse and imitation pearls do not incapacitate the girl from efficient service; still the feeling of repugnance remains in the average mind.

A few months ago a smart typist presented herself at the office of a business firm with a letter of introduction from the writer. Before the manager had even read the communication he observed the girl wore a collarless blouse, and round her throat a string of large paste beads of enormous size. When next the writer inquired of the business man as to the interview, his remark was, "What makes her wear these ugly looking pearls? I didn't like that at all."

The city woman's hats are a subject of perennial interest to her, and here she feels that, as she does not wear her headgear at actual work, she may indulge in wreaths of roses in summer time and in bright-hued ribbons in winter. Usually she wears becoming hats, and leaves the floppy brims to the lady

of the velvet blouse and imitation pearls. Again, however, the business girl is somewhat restricted, although even she cannot refrain from framing her face in what, from a masculine standpoint, may seem garish at times; but her tact steps in when she manages to combine what she knows is not annoying to the eye of her employer, what is pleasing to her own eye, and what is becoming to her style.

Many people are more observant regarding the feet of the business girl than her hats, and in this matter every woman should be somewhat fastidious. Her feet should always be comfortable, else health and temper may suffer. Some feet are more comfortable in rather pointed toed shoes than in square ones, some prefer rather high heels to low ones, some are happier in shoes than in boots. Let each girl find out for herself what kind of footgear she has most comfort with. Too often the average girl is careless about her boots and shoes, and too often one sees slipshod, down-at-heel boots on the business woman. This is not as it should be, and the city girl should see that whatever condition her hat may be in, her shoes are water-tight and comfortable.

The subject of the business woman's dress from hats to boots has been touched upon, and it only remains to say that however hardworked and tired she may be, the commercial woman should keep her underclothing, as well as upper garments, in good repair, adding gradually to her wardrobe, so that she may not discover one day that it is nearly empty and requires thorough replenishing.

Man has the advantage here. He goes out to business by day, but is not expected to devote any of his evenings to mending and darning. Some kindly woman undertakes the task for him, and it is a blessing doubtless, for man is but a poor mortal in such economies. The business woman, married or single, carries her burden of patching and mending, if she is conscientious, and often while

the man is reading his evening newspaper and smoking his pipe of peace, the woman is putting in stitches here and there which are always calling for attention.

In conclusion, physical and moral cleanliness are necessary to the business woman's success, and she sometimes finds it hard enough to keep herself unspotted from the world. Every day she breathes the smoky atmosphere of a city or large manufacturing town, and "blacks" play havoc with her skin and clothes. She breathes, it may be, a tainted atmosphere, and different "blacks" try to lower her high ideals of manhood.

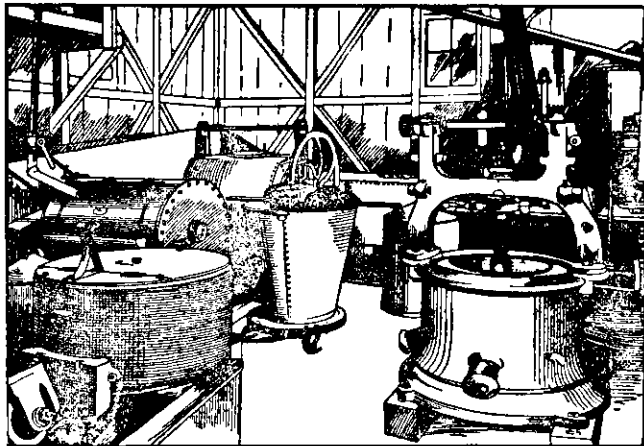
All honour, then, to the business woman—and their name is legion—who keep themselves physically and morally clean, and who, whatever happens, are known in their homes and in the commercial world as true women.

Husbands, Note This!

There are few right-thinking persons who would deny that business men ought to confide in their wives.

First of all, a woman cannot feel that her husband has given her his whole heart when he keeps from her the whole course of his business life. No doubt, it is generally done from a good motive. The husband thinks he is saving his wife worry and trouble, but in most cases he is doing the exact opposite, for every wife with right feeling would gladly lessen her husband's burdens by sharing them.

Nor does a sensible woman care for the left-handed compliment that her pretty head was not meant to bother with figures. True marriage is a true union in everything where all is open, and the griefs and the sorrows of each are shared by both and comfort drawn from the mutual sympathy. A man who does not confide in his wife deliberately shuts himself out from his chief consolation.



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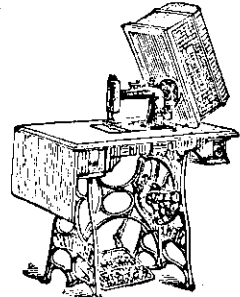
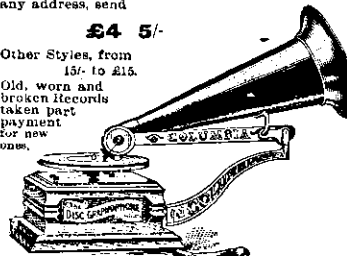
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How to Treat Your Husband.

(By Sutherland Walker.)

ON MAKING FRIENDS WITH HIM.

A woman's best friend is, or ought to be, her husband. Passionate love may wane, may change, may even cease as time rolls on, but friendship is the one sure thing which provides a firm foundation as long as life endures, and who can say it will not persist in the other world, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage?

Yet hundreds of women don't allow their husbands to be their friends. Some because they fancy a man has no time to listen to their aspirations, and only cares for his "little Mary." Some because they find all the sympathy of companionship which they need amongst other women; some because they are too shy to give or even to invite confidence; some because they don't believe a man can sympathise with a woman.

A girl I know very well confided to me a week before her wedding, "she couldn't make a friend of Tom, though she loved him ever so. There was, she declared, a gulf fixed between a man and a woman which neither could pass; their ideas, their tastes, their sympathies, were in nine cases out of ten at variance. "Look," she cried, "at Bertie Jones and his wife! There isn't a single point on which they agree, unless it is the agreeing to differ. What would Bertie do without the Old Brigade at the club, and what would she do without the perpetual girl visitor?" "A great deal better," I hazarded, but she laughed me to scorn. Twelve months later I took her in to dinner; we talked conventionalities until we reached the joint, then bending a little in my direction, with slightly heightened colour, she remarked:

"I've done a lot of bridge-building since I saw you last, and the worst of it is I find Tom can sympathise with everything which concerns me, from a necktie to a holiday, while I can't understand, let alone sympathise with, half his interests or worries, or pleasures, and I'm making a jolly hard try."

With most men there is only a brief period during which they are capable of being devout lovers, a flowering season when love puts forth blossoms, and the otherwise ordinary fellow writes poetry and sighs like a furnace, but there is a long stretch of years during which a man is capable of being a comrade and a faithful friend. If women realised how inestimably precious this friendship was they would waste less time bemoaning the loss of the more excitable phases of love, and, instead of telling themselves that all was over, would realise that much was only beginning.

"Can any good thing ever be lost?" The blossom falls to make way for the fruit. Passion ceases, but friendship remains. The average man, if you will give him a fair chance, is capable of proving himself a staunch, reliable friend, who will make your interests his own, and champion your cause through thick and thin. There is nothing in all the world as stubbornly loyal as a husband who loves his wife. T. B.'s young wife is the most tiresome and trying of girls—forgetful, untidy, haphazard, but sweet-tempered and gentle-mannered. One day in a fit of profound contrition, she accused herself to T. B.

"I'm a stupid, good-for-nothing girl, and no end of a bother to you."

"I never said so."

"But you must think it."

"No, I can't say I do."

"But I don't get up and get your breakfast ready, like a good wife would."

"I like making breakfast."

"Oh, it's your good nature makes you say that; you know I'm a sore trial to you."

"I don't know any such nonsense, I think you're just perfect; and if any one comes here and says you are not, I shall bundle them out of the house in double quick time. I can tell you."

There is another thing which makes a man a splendid friend, and one, moreover, in whom a woman may safely confide. He can hold his tongue, and women all too seldom understand what the solemn promise "not to breathe a word upon their honour," means, and in an expansive or forgetful moment the se-

cret leaks out, and often irreparable harm is done. But a man keeps his word when he has given it; "upon my honour" means to him that with horses will not drag a word from his lips; it is as safe as it under the seal of the confessional.

There is, moreover, a wonderful sanity about a man's point of view. He does not jump to conclusions as a woman does, nor is he half so fickle in his likes and dislikes. Probably it is just this slow cautiousness which so exasperates some highly-strung natures, and makes wives cry out indignantly: "He does not understand me, or sympathise with me."

Many a woman thinks this, and refuses to take her husband into her confidence because he has smilingly told her not to worry herself when Jane is late in, or Mary has got a young man, and never mind if the windows want cleaning and the boy forgets to come and do them.

Just a parting word of advice, dear lady: Don't exhaust your husband's fund of sympathy over trifles which have no real weight, or you may find none available when you really need it, and some sore trouble or perplexity places you in need of the consolation and encouragement only a friend can give you.

Remember, too, the wise old adage, "A friend must bear a friend's infirmities." Begin to-day by showing interest in his work, his play, his friends, his worries; give generously of time, interest and sympathy, and you will find yourself one of those happy women of whom their husbands say as Charles Kingsley did when asked the secret of his success, "I have a friend."

Ostrich Feathers.

"Hardly any women who owns an ostrich feather thinks of washing it at home," Henry D. Surbled tells me. "She believes the cleaning of the feather involves some intricate and difficult process, and is withal such a delicate matter that it can only be accomplished by a professional cleaner. But if she only knew it, cleaning an ostrich feather is not any more difficult than cleaning a bit of lace. All there is to it is the knowing how, and that is what I'll tell you."

"A suds of soap and lukewarm water must be prepared, and then the soiled feather should be dipped into it and drawn through the hands a few times, as often as necessary, until the feather appears clean. Under no circumstances should it be allowed to remain in the soapy water, just dip it in and then draw it through the hand to squeeze the water and soap from it before dipping it in again. If it is very dirty it ought to be washed in two suds; then, when the cleaning process is over, it must be rinsed through several bowls of clear, cool water, the rinsing method being the same as in cleaning, dipping the feather in the water and then drawing it through the hand."

"When it is thoroughly rinsed it must be drawn through the hand repeatedly until it is about dry; then it should be placed on the thigh and slapped with the hand, to bring it out fluffy. That is the whole operation. The fluffing of the feather may require a little practice, and

it would be well to clean a poor feather before taking a more expensive one through this course of home cleaning, in order that the necessary dexterity, a thing that readily comes to one, may be obtained.—"St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

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PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

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 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.
PROSPECTUS CAN BE OBTAINED AT MESSRS UPTON AND CO'S, QUEEN STREET.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

There would not be much of interest to chronicle this month if it were not for the sales, which, in spite of what some strong-minded individuals may say to the contrary, are dear to most feminine hearts. Some, perhaps, of the very greatest bargains may be picked up now, for many tradesmen keep the real bargains to the last, and therefore the closing days of the month often provide the best opportunities.

DAINTY ETCETERAS.

There are a whole host of pretties,

such as neckbands, collarettes, and sleeve trimmings, and so on, which the amateur can very easily arrange at home, and which will add not a little to the dainty whole of any dress or costume. Take, for instance, such a trifle as a pretty tie. If we go out to buy, the very simplest tie will cost us a shilling or more, while, if made at home, a yard and a quarter of silk, at from 1/6 to 2/ the yard, will cut three or four ties of the kind, provided we hem the edges neatly and mitre the ends. Not only mitring the ends will prove a suitable finish, but further elaborations may

be employed, such as hemstitching the silk, inserting it with lace, or even adding a cascade or frill of lace to each end of the little tie. Such a tie could be worn wound twice round the throat and softly knotted in sailor fashion. Again, it can be tied in a bow under a deep turn-over collar; or, once more, the tie can be worn in stole fashion, caught round the neck, and knotted on either side of the front, where it should be allowed to hang free, and not caught together in any way. Other throat arrangements show a plain band of velvet, with a further band carried round the

throat, crossed at the bend of the figure, and finished with a full bow of the same material. This idea can be carried out in silk, satin, panne, or foulard. Ties of all kinds seem to me quite easy to make, and now there is such a demand for throat arrangements of every kind, it is a pity that the woman who is clever with her needle should not make these dainties at home. The fulness of the sleeves—most restless of fashions—again begins a mount upwards, and, having descended from the shoulders to the wrist, and from that to the amplitude between elbow and wrist, shows signs



EVENING GOWN of grey chiffon over white satin; applique of white Banksia roses and chenille.

of once more asserting itself at the top in the anything but graceful "gigot" shape. The eye happily grows accustomed to every quick change of fashion, and after a while we shall cease to regret the grace of the present sleeve and welcome the decidedly less inconvenient, if not so attractive, tight lower sleeve with puffed-out top.

Tucks are tremendously in vogue, both on coats and on skirts. The all round trotteuse skirt is admirable when arranged with fine tucks of graduated widths, with a short blouse bodice treated in the same way. I think it is always essential to have something at the hem of these short skirts to give a certain amount of solidity.



A DEMI-TOILETE. Trimmed with chiffon roses and double flounces, lace vest, velvet waistband and bow



DAINTY DETAILS IN DRESS.



A VISITING COSTUME.

Of wine-coloured supple cloth, band and bows of velvet, guipure and lace ruffles; muff and tie of chinchilla and guipure.

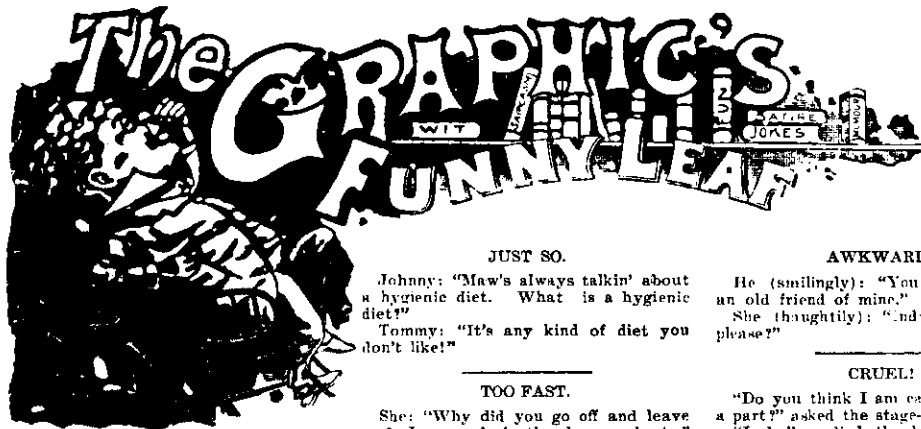
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ARDENT.

O'Brien: "Hivin' save us, Casey! Phat are ye swearin' in that terrible way fur?"

Casey: "I'm late fur me devotions ag'in this Sunda' mornin', that's phwat!"

HE NEEDED ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Do you try to be contented with poverty, my man?" said the rich donor. "I'm afraid not," replied the hard-up delinquent; "but just try me with riches, and see how contented I'll be."

IMPRESSIVE.

Bride (disconsolately): "Half my wedding presents are cheap plated things." Mother: "Never mind, my dear; no one will suspect it. I have wired two detectives to make themselves conspicuous watching them."

QUENCHING HIS THIRST.

"I thirst for fame," said the pale young man. "Tell me how I may make my name ring through the land?" "Well," said the kindly friend, "you'll either have to get cured of something by some patent medicine, or else attempt some desperate crime."

A DISTINCTION.

"So you are an inventor?" "I am." "But I have not heard of any successful machine that you invented." "Of course not. If I invent something successful I will no longer be an inventor. I will be a capitalist."

HIS DOUBTS.

"Mamma seems to have a great fascination for you," remarked the beautiful girl. "She does fascinate me," he admitted, "by keeping me guessing as to whether you'll be like her at her age."

HUMAN NATURE TRIUMPHS.

Historian: "Why have the Quakers so early disappeared?" Observer: "The girls married outsiders who would buy them pretty bonnets, and the boys married girls who wore pretty bonnets."

UNDAUNTED.

They dug the bruised and battered form of the inventor out from under the ruins of his flying machine. "I want to say," he whispered, hoarsely, "that my invention is going to be a magnificent success. I have feared just what's the matter with it!" Waving the surgeons away, he continued to talk to the reporters.

TOO WELL-TIMED.

"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old deacon; "and it was well timed, too." "Yes," rejoined the parson, with a deep sigh; "I noticed that." "Noticed what?" asked the puzzled deacon. "That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the good man, with another deep sigh.

JUST SO.

Johnny: "Maw's always talkin' about a hygienic diet. What is a hygienic diet?" Tommy: "It's any kind of diet you don't like!"

TOO FAST.

She: "Why did you go off and leave me! I was only in the shop a minute." He: "I know, dear; but my watch never did keep feminine time."

READY FOR IT.

"Are you convinced that you have led a wrong life?" asked the judge. "Not exactly," said the forger in the dock; "but," he added, as the jury filed in, "it's no use denying that I'm open to conviction."

AN UNSCRUPULOUS FINANCIER.

She: "I understand the count feels quite bitter towards his father-in-law." He: "Why?" She: "Well, it appears that in the marriage settlement the old gentleman unloaded a lot of undigested securities."

AWKWARD.

He (smilingly): "You remind me of an old friend of mine." She (thoughtfully): "Indeed! How old, please?"

CRUEL!

"Do you think I am capable of acting a part?" asked the stage-struck youth. "I do," replied the busy manager; "and the farther apart we are when you act the better it will suit me."

AN INSTANCE.

"It's ridiculous," remarked the prosperous tailor, "to say 'clothes don't make the man.'" "Think so?" "Certainly!" replied the tailor. "Why, they've made me!"

TOO OLD TO LEARN.

"Why don't you try to drive that horse without profanity?" "It wouldn't do any good," answered the canal boatman. "It ain't fair to the horse to ask it to start in at its time o' life to learn a whole lot o' polite synonyms."



TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS.

Teacher—What was 'the restoration,' Bobby? Bobby—A fake. Pop's just as bald as before he used it.



ENCOURAGING.

Cholly—Before I had sat in the game ten minutes I had lost fifteen dollars; then my luck began to change. Fred—Of course! Cholly—Yes; and in the next two hours I only lost seven dollars and a quarter, bah Jove!

WHY SHE WEPT.

After the Play.—Edith: "I had to weep for the heroine in the second act." Ethel: "So did I. That dress she wore was a perfect fright."

THE WAY IT IS NOW.

"What's that line of people in front of your house?" "Oh, they're neighbours who have heard our cook was going to leave, and they're waiting for a chance to engage her."

CLASSIFIED.

"Every man has some fad," said the quiet man, "Mine is minding my own business." "Ah, I see," rejoined the philosophical person. "You are one of those monopolists we read so much about."

PREPOSITIONS.

Corby: "I hear Carr spends a deal of time in his motor-car?" Miss Ryder: "You've been misinformed. He doesn't spend much time in it, but under it, and with a spanner."

DID SHE KNOW?

Fond Father (showing off his offspring's intelligence): "Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat?" "Elsie: "Dunno." Fond Father: "Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when every one's in bed?" Elsie (promptly): "Papa."

A WET DAY.

Bella: "There goes Mrs Smith. I understand she's awfully extravagant, and never lays anything by for a rainy day." Stella: "Indeed! Well, just take a glance at her hose when she crosses the street."

PURE PARISIAN!

Mrs D'Avnoo: "I advertised for a French nurse." Applicant: "O! hov been in France, mum." "Not very long, I fancy." "No, mum; O! only shtayed long enough to get the accent."

HOW OLD.

Mrs Sharpe: "You told me that salad you sold me yesterday was very young." Shopman: "Yes, ma'am; an' wasn't it?" Mrs Sharpe: "Well, really, it was almost old enough to wash and dress itself."

HIS LOCATION.

Visitor (in lunatic asylum): "Ah, an empty cell! May I step in and examine it?" Attendant: "You'd better not. The occupant—a hopeless motor car maniac, you know—is under the cot there, trying to find out why it won't go. If you disturb him he is liable to think you want him to tell you all about it."

BOUND TO BOOM.

Inventor: "I've hit upon a money-making thing at last. The parsons will go crazy over it, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution box." Friend: "What good is that?" Inventor: "It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes. The half-crowns and florins land on velvet; but the threepenny-bits and pennies drop on to a Chinese gong."

JUST TOO LATE.

"This is a romantic spot," sighed the young man, as they gazed out over the placid bosom of the waters. "Isn't it?" murmured the girl, a dreamy look in her eyes. "I don't see how a girl could have the heart to refuse a man who proposed to her here," he went on, significantly. "Nor I," she replied, with the same dreamy look. "Then you wouldn't—" "Because," she explained, "Mr Gutso—I mean Harold—he—we—I accepted him in this very place yesterday afternoon."