

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

Subscription—25s. per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



Two Men : A Contrast.

# People Talked About

**Marie Corelli.**

In a recent "Pall Mall Magazine" Herbert Vivian has a long article on Marie Corelli, which gives some interesting particulars about the authoress of "God's Good Man" in her own home. We make some extracts from the article, which is an account of a visit to Miss Corelli at Stratford-on-Avon:—

Miss Corelli is a very effective talker. She possesses a fine flow of language, eloquent imagery, an infectious sense of humour. When she laughs, it is with her whole face; when she discourses most seriously, she emphasises her philosophy or her criticisms with a few incisive gestures, each as telling as Lord Burleigh's nod. Her strong, small hands would alone suffice to express her thoughts with convincing grace.

She passed through glass doors, sweeping her long train like a tragedy queen. "Do you like old things?" she began. "You can see what an old house this is. It dates back beyond

Elizabethan times. When I bought it what a state of dilapidation I found! This winter garden was only a bicycle shed. Look up there: a wretched builder cut off one of the gables to make room for the roof of the next house. Do you know much about trees? That ilex is supposed to be one of the finest in the country. Isn't its colour deliciously soothing? I prefer it to olive trees, which are too mournful and always remind me of churchyards. There is my little summer house, where I do some of my work. You can run up and look, if you like." I ascended a steep flight of steps and entered an inspiring bower, where a bust of Shakespeare caught my eye. Through the open windows I perceived a wealth of greenery, the fragrance of many flowers, and the buzzing of innumerable bees.

A serious mood stole over her as she sat before me. For some seconds she wrapped herself in thought. Then she raised her eyes in an attitude of invocation. "Literature," she exclaimed,

in the tones of a devout lover. "What a noble ideal! What a divine gift! Yet how miserably men and women neglect it! How ignorant they are of the very threshold of that delectable domain! Ask the ordinary people you meet even about Shakespeare, and you will find that they cannot tell you the names of half his plays or recognise any save the most hackneyed quotations." Vivian: "May that not be largely due to the weakness of their memories?" Miss Corelli: "No, it is due to what Dr. Johnson summed up as 'ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.' Nor do I admit that a bad memory is an excuse. Every one can have a good memory if he will only take the trouble to cultivate it. What a wonderful gift is memory! I have only to shut my eyes, and I can conjure up pictures of any incident in my life, of any scene which I have ever beheld. Now I can see my old doll's house at home, I can see where one of the windows is cracked, I can see the pink paint on the door, I can tell all the dolls' by the names I

gave them long ago. What is that inner eye, which all of us possess? The ordinary retina is wonderful enough, with all the bright particular pictures it gives of the beauties around us. But



GENERAL BARON NOGAI.

The skilful strategist in command of the army that invested Port Arthur.



GENERAL STOESSEL,  
Hero of the defence of Port Arthur.

it is a mere common piece of mechanism beside that marvellous inner organ, which defies time and space, and which no man of science has ever been able to diagnose."

"I suppose I ought to be inured to abuse by this time. When I first began to write, I confess it came to me with a shock of surprise. Even if my work was bad, I was doing my best; I was young, and struggling, and I had others to support beside myself. I had set out with the illusion that nearly every one was kind, and that the others did not matter." Vivian: "Does any criticism matter? What review ever made or marred a book?" Miss Corelli: "I know now that that is true. Perhaps I was foolish to expect to find the world a garden of roses. But it was not so much the criticism I minded as the unkindness. A little child cries if you slap its hand—not because you hurt it, but because you are unkind. Now I have outgrown that feeling to a great extent." Vivian: "The assurance of success is a comfortable balm. Now you may smile at troubles gone who set the victor-garland on." Miss Corelli: "I am always sorry if any one desires to do me ill. I can't help it; I suppose it is a question of temperament. What I mind most is the back-biter, the scribe who stabs in the dark. Fair open criticism is quite another thing. If some one came to me and said, 'Miss Corelli, I have been commissioned to write an article attacking you; I am to be paid two guineas, and I want the money.' I should say 'Very well, that is straightforward; I would rather give you the two guineas, but as that cannot be, say what you like.' It is all very well for a man to be indifferent about abuse. I know you are. I remember, in your 'Whirlwind,' you reprinted all the abuse from other papers; you seemed to revel in it. But a woman owes a duty to her sex. A man thinks literature is outside woman's sphere. What is woman's sphere? To get married, I suppose! But we are forgetting that there are not enough men in the world to go round. If every woman is bound to get married, we shall have to borrow from the East and establish harems."

I noticed a complete absence of bitterness about these remarks, which were often punctuated with smiles. Whatever the topic under discussion, I always found her straying back to that of literature. I alluded to the huge power that comes to those who attain a pinnacle of popularity. Miss Corelli (deprecatingly): "Oh! no, I have only just begun. The greater the success, the greater the difficulties. There are so many things I want to write. But the publishers are inexorable. Others will tell you the same tale. So soon as any one has made a success in one line, he is bound hand and foot, exhorted not to move aside one hair's breadth. Mr Bentley used to say to me, 'Do not think only of London. It is a very wicked place. Think of the thousands of wholesome folk who live in the provinces.' 'Yes' (was my reply), 'I know the kind of thing you want: 'Belinda rose early as was her wont. Though this was the day on which the young squire was to visit her, she did not neglect her prayers or her chapter; she wrote her diary in her clear round hand; before the breakfast-gong sounded she had gone through all her notes for the Sunday-school.'" 'My dear' (he would retort), 'you are incorrigible.' Mr Methuen contents himself with exhorting me to write 'a simple love story.' I smile at him and say, 'Yes, that is all very well, but people make love quite differently now to what they did when you were a young man.' However, I hope I have given him what he wants in my new book, 'God's Good Man.' It contains one or two little hints to society, which may be useful."



A. E. Watkinson, photo. SOME WELL-KNOWN WANGANUI EDUCATIONALISTS.  
 BACK ROW: Mr. J. Inkster; Mr. J. Butler, A.I.A.; Mr. J. Aitken, B.A. (Headmaster Wanganui Boys' High School); Mr. W. Andrews; Mr. Andrews (Woodcarving Instructor, Technical School).  
 SEATED: Mr. T. B. Strong, M.A., B.Sc.; Miss Newcombe; Mr. W. Gray, M.A., B.Sc.; Miss M. Hamilton; Mr. A. Varney, A.C.P. (Director Science and Commercial Classes, Technical School).  
 IN FRONT: Miss J. G. Blair, B.A.

When I bade Miss Corelli farewell, she said, roguishly, "I hope you don't altogether hate me." I replied that no one could do that. Indeed, even her sternest critics must do justice to the artlessness of her art, to the self-confidence which wears no trace of vanity, to the courage of her convictions, to the good fighter and good friend, to the kind heart which has not been embittered by success.

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**G. B. Shaw, the Satirist.**

The eccentric G. B. Shaw is, perhaps, at his best in his new volume "Books of To-day and of To-morrow," in descanting upon the importance of people being in proper condition for the theatre.

"Hitherto," says the satirist, only dwellers in far-off suburbs have trained when they wish to see a play. Let us hope that all that will be changed now. If the British drama is to live we must have more of the spirit of the dramatic critic who, before witnessing "The Darling of the Gods," wen through a course of jiu-jitsu with an eminent Japanese athlete. Naturally, when the first night arrived, he was one of the very few who were able to wrestle with it. Many of

his brother critics were completely floored. . . . Another friend of mine went to see 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' I had warned him that it was not a piece you could tackle lightly, but he was not to be convinced. He omitted his

morning dumb-bells, and only ran two miles a day instead of the five, which, I pointed out, were necessary. And the result? In the hour of trial he found his stomach was not strong enough to stand the piece."



MISS MARIE CORELLI.



MISS MAY BEATTY  
 As Jane in "The Dandy Doctor."

**"ROUND THE WORLD"  
PICTURES.**

**ARCHERY THE COMING FASH-  
IONABLE AMUSEMENT.**

We in the colonies usually follow closely on the "Home" fashions and fads in our amusements, and it is therefore likely we shall see a revival of archery in our principal cities at an early date. It used to be popular in Christchurch many years ago, and in Sir William Jervois' time there was a capital private club at Government House Grounds, Auckland. We give in this issue some pictures of a recent meeting at Malvern, in England. The entries were 163, of whom 96 were ladies. The lady champion, Miss Legh, again gave proof of her wonderful ability. Her score, 163 hits, 841 score, was a record for the championship, being 16 points better than her previous record made at Oxford in 1898. Not the least interesting feature of the meeting was the shooting of Miss Bridges, whose first appearance it was in a championship meeting. Shooting steadily and well, this lady scored 643 for 127 hits, and took second prize. Miss E. H. Day, with 631 for 125 was third, Mrs Hill Lowe, 628 for 130, fourth, and Mrs J. Stilwell, 611 for 120, fifth. Mr J. Penrose won the Gentlemen's Championship with 814 for 202 hits, Mr J. H. Bridges being second with 771 for 193.

**IN ST. PETERSBURG.**

In St. Petersburg nearly everybody lives in flats, and in the basements of these flats are shops. If you live at the top of a flat you go down an endless stone staircase (lifts are as yet almost unknown), out of the double doors into the street, and, at your feet, in the basement—what we should call down the area steps—behold a shop. Say you enter it, in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself in a provision shop, probably a baker's—a German baker's. But, although there are many German bakers' shops, there are also dozens of itinerant Russian bread-sellers, who carry about on their heads in baskets and trays their ware—large flat cakes, the size of a pudding plate, that often form a day's sustenance for the moujik, costing ten kopecks and requiring ten sets of teeth to get through them. These men do a brisk trade, and before the peasant makes his dinner off the frozen cake you may see him stowing it away in the breast of his kaftan, where it undergoes the process of gentle thaw. Next door to the baker's there is a wine shop. Here you may try every sort of wine, and, with the exception of Russian wines from the Caucasus, which are good and cheap, you pay dearly for it.

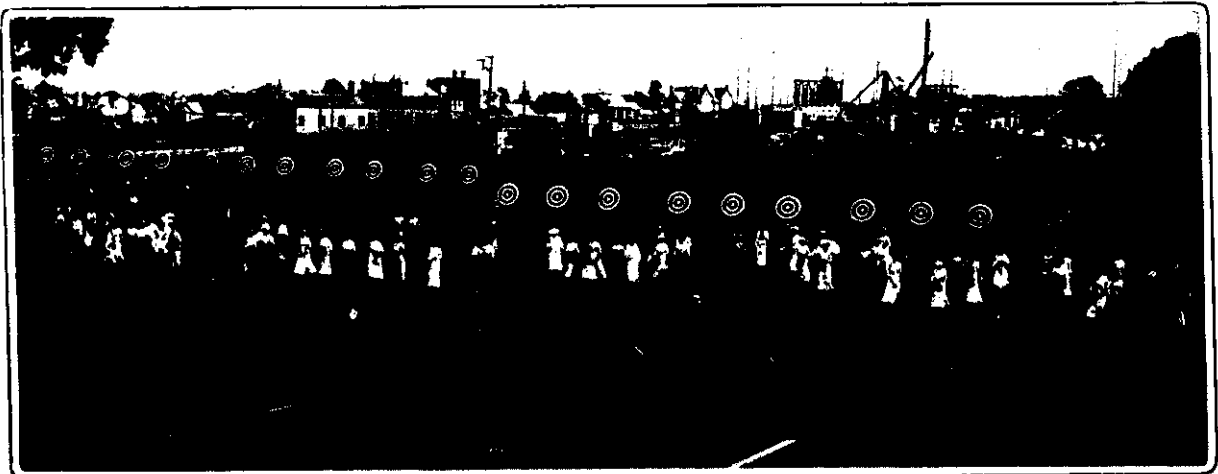
Then there are vodkas of all kinds and all prices, the very best about 2/3 a bottle; the very worst about 1/. Vodkas brown and yellow, vodkae green and red, vodkas flavoured with fruit and herbs and flowers; also common or garden vodka, innocent in appearance as gin, but on which the moujik can get most gloriously drunk for 3d.



A STREET SCENE IN ST. PETERSBURG.



THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT MALVERN.  
Shooting for the Ladies' Championship.



THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT MALVERN.

# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

WONDERFUL THERMAL SIGHTS. SUPERB SCENIC EXCURSION ROUTES. HEALTH-GIVING SPAS

## TE AROHA.

A beautifully situated health and holiday resort at the foot of Te 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, Skin Diseases, and in disorders of the Urinary Organs, Liver and Spleen; also in ailments due to excess of acidity. Dr Kenny, Government Resident Medical Officer, may be consulted. Male and Female Attendants in charge of the Baths. Pleasant Recreation Grounds, Tennis Courts and Bowling Greens.

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

ROTORUA, on the shores of a beautiful lake, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles south of Auckland. 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 ailments. The climate is healthy and equable. 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 scenery.

The Government Gardens cover 180 acres by the lake-side. Geysers, flower-beds and ornamental shrubberies, winding walks, lakelets covered with native water fowl. Afternoon tea, music. Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns and Bowling Greens. Golf Links on Pukeroa Hill.

## 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 albuminous sulphur nature, acting as a powerful stimulant to the skin, relieving pain and stiffness, and stimulating the circulation. Hot douches and cold showers are provided for use after the bath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters Are Obtainable at Rotorua.

## ROTORUA GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM.

The charge for admission to the Government Sanatorium at Rotorua is 30/ per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. Owing to the accommodation being limited, and the 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. WOILLMANN, 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. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and terminates at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence a Government oil launch conveys visitors across Lake Tarawera. Another launch trip is made across Rotomahana (the most wonderful lake in the world), where the excursionist boats over boiling water. Thence visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. GOVERNMENT ACCOMMODATION HOUSE AT WAIMANGU.

## LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This beautiful lake, surrounded by lofty 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; thence coach to the lake. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well-equipped house, conducted by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana. 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.

MOREERE may be visited from Wairoa. Hot Mineral Baths. Hotel accommodation available.

## HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

Government Spa at Hanmer (altitude 1,218 feet), one day by rail and coach from Christchurch. Exceptionally fine climate; clear, bright, and health-bringing. Government Accommodation House. Excellent hot mineral curative baths, public and private. Hot-air and douche baths. Massage. The waters are efficacious in cases of rheumatism, sciatica, gout, disorders of the stomach and liver, skin complaints, etc. Shooting and fishing in the neighbourhood.

## MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS.

The Mt. Cook "Hermitage" Government Hotel, is situated in the heart of the grandest Alpine scenery, close to the terminal faces of several great glaciers. Three days from Christchurch or Dunedin by rail and coach. Government Hotel at Lake Pukaki en route. Splendid Alpine ascents and Glacier excursions. Guides, horses, and all necessary equipment at the Hermitage. Mountain huts well stocked with food, blankets, etc., at the foot of the Ball Pass, and on the Malte Brun Range, overlooking the Tasman Glacier, at elevations of 3,400 and 5,700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted.

## LAKE WAKATIPU.

WAKATIPU, the most easily accessible of the great Southern Lakes, is one day's journey by train from Dunedin or Invercargill. Lofty mountains ranging up to 9,000 feet in height surround the Lake. Government steamers; enchanting water excursions. Numerous interesting land trips; Alpine ascents. Lakes Wanaka and Hawea are reached by coach from Queenstown (Wakatipu). Excellent Deer Stalking around Hawea. Hotel accommodation at Queenstown and elsewhere.

## OVERLAND TO MILFORD SOUND.

The most magnificent walking tour in the world. Train and coach to the loveliest of Lakes, Manapouri and Te Anau; foot track from the head of Lake Te Anau to the head of Milford Sound, through scenes of the wildest grandeur. The immense Canyons of the Clinton, McKinnon's Pass, and the triple leap of the Sutherland Falls (1,904 feet), the highest in the world, are features of the trip.

GLADE HOUSE (Government Accommodation House), at the head of Lake Te Anau, is the starting point of the walking tour (30 miles). Comfortable shelter huts en route to Milford, equipped with blankets, food, etc. Government Guides on the track; Government cooks at the huts. Accommodation House at the head of Milford. Oil Launch and boats on the Sound.

## 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 inquiry of the Branch Offices, Auckland, Te Aroha, Rotorua, Wairoa (H.B.), Hanmer Hot Springs, Christchurch, Dunedin, or Invercargill. Information is also supplied at the London Office of the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves), Westminster Chambers, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.; and by Mr. J. G. Gov. Commercial Agent, for New Zealand, Durban, South Africa. For details as to routes, fares and time-tables see Tourist Department's Itinerary. Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department,

The HON. SIR JOSEPH G. WARD, K.C.M.G.

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

Cable Address: "Maoriland."

Codes—ABC, 4th and 5th editions. Western Union and Lieber's.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

# Will Warburton

A Romance of Real Life

By GEO. GISSING, author of "Demos," "The Nether World," etc.

This new novel, by the late George Gissing, is not of a sensational character; it is a tale of love, of honour, and of manly struggle under the adverse circumstances of competitive city life, strikingly and ably told. Mr Gissing's death has undoubtedly robbed the world of one of its most earnest and cultured workers in modern fiction. Mr H. G. Wells says: "Mr Gissing's novels are very significant literature indeed. . . . The only series of novels in the last fifteen years whose interest has been strictly contemporary." Mr Thomas Hardy named George Gissing as the novelist he "most admired." The "Fortnightly Review" remarks: "A truer artist, a more conscientious and sincere workman never lived." Last, but not least, the famous "Saturday Review," which so seldom praises, says of this author: "Mr Gissing writes far better than the mob of novelists, and his psychology is wonderfully subtle and acute. Mr Gissing invites comparison with the best."

## CHAPTER I.

The sea-wind in his hair, his eyes agleam with the fresh memory of Alpine snows, Will Warburton sprang out of the cab, paid the driver a double fare, flung on to his shoulder a heavy bag, and ran up, two steps at a stride, to a flat on the fourth floor of the many-tenanted building hard by Chelsea Bridge. His rat-tat-tat brought to the door a thin yellow face, cautious in espial, through the narrow opening.

"All right, Mrs Hopper! How are you?—how are you?"

He threw his bag into the passage, and cordially grasped the woman's hand. "Dinner ready? Savagely hungry. Give me three minutes, and serve."

For about that length of time there sounded in the bedroom a splashing and a blowing; then Warburton came forth with red cheeks. He seized upon a little pile of letters and packets which lay on his writing-table, broke envelopes, rent wrappers, and read with now an ejaculation of pleasure, now a grunt of disgust, and again a mirthful half roar. Then, dinner—the feeding of a famished man of robust appetite and digestion, a man three or four years on the green side of thirty. It was a speedy business, in not much more than a quarter of an hour there disappeared a noble steak and its appurtenances, a golden-crust apple tart, a substantial slice of right Cheddar, two bottles of creamy Bass.

"Now I can talk!" said Will to his servant, as he threw himself into a deep chair, and began lighting his pipe. "What's the news? I seem to have been away three months rather than three weeks."

"Mr Franks called yesterday, sir, late in the afternoon, when I was here cleaning. He was very glad to hear you'd be back to-day, and said he might look in to-night."

"Good! What else?"

"My brother-in-law wishes to see you, sir. He's in trouble again—lost his place at Boxon's a few days ago. I don't exactly know how it happened, but he'll explain everything. He's very unfortunate, sir, is Allchin."

"Tell him to come before nine to-morrow morning, if he can."

"Yes, sir. I'm sure it's very kind of you, sir."

"What else?"

"Nothing as I can think of just now, sir."

Warburton knew from the woman's way of speaking that she had something still in her mind; but his pipe being well lit, and a pleasant lassitude creeping over him, he merely nodded. Mrs Hopper cleared the table, and withdrew.

The window looked across the gardens of Chelsea Hospital (old-time Ranelagh) to the westward reach of the river, beyond which lay Battersea Park, with its lawns and foliage. A beam of the July sunset struck suddenly through the room. Warburton was aware of it with half-closed eyes; he wished to stir himself, and look forth, but languor held his limbs, and wreathing tobacco smoke kept his thoughts among the mountains. He might have quite dozed off had not a

sudden noise from within aroused him—the unmistakable crash of falling crockery. It made him laugh, a laugh of humorous expostulation. A minute or two passed, then came a timid tap at his door, and Mrs Hopper showed her face.

"Another accident, sir, I'm sorry to say," were her faltering words.

"Extensive?"

"A dish and two plates, I'm sorry to say, sir."

"Oh, that's nothing."

"Of course I shall make them good, sir."

"Pooh! Aren't there plates enough?"

"Oh, quite enough—just yet, sir."

Warburton subdued a chuckle, and looked with friendly smile at his domestic, who stood squeezing herself between the edge of the door and the jamb—her habit when embarrassed. Mrs Hopper had served him for three years; he knew all her weaknesses, but thought more of her virtues, chief of which were honest intention and a moderate aptitude for plain cooking. A glance about this room would have proved to any visitor that Mrs Hopper's ideas of cleanliness were by no means rigid, but her master had made himself to a certain extent responsible for this defect; he paid little attention to dust, provided that things were in their wonted order. Mrs Hopper was not a resident domestic; she came at stated hours. Obviously a widow, she had a poor, loose-hung, trailing little body, which no nourishment could plump or fortify. Her visage was habitually doleful, but contracted itself at moments into a grin of quaint droilery, which betrayed her for something of a humorist.

"My fingers is all gone silly to-day, sir," she pursued. "I darsay it's because I haven't had much sleep these last few nights."

"How's that?"

"It's my poor sister, sir—my sister Liza. I mean—she's had one of her worst headaches—the extra special, we call 'em. This time it's lasted more than three days, and not one minute of rest has the poor thing got."

Warburton was all sympathy; he enquired about the case as though it were that of an intimate friend. Change of air and repose were obvious remedies; no less obviously, these things were out of the question for a working woman who lived on a few shillings a week.

"Do you know of any place she could go to?" asked Warburton, adding carelessly, "if the means were provided."

Mrs Hopper squeezed herself more tightly than ever between door and jamb. Her head was bent in an abashed way, and when she spoke it was in a thick, gurgling tone, only just intelligible.

"There's a little lodging house at Southend, sir, where we used to go when my husband could afford it."

"Well, look here. Get a doctor's opinion whether Southend would do; if not, which place would. And just send her away. Don't worry about the money."

Experience enabled Mrs Hopper to interpret this advice. She stammered gratitude.

"How's your other sister—Mrs Allchin?" Warburton enquired kindly.

"Why, sir, she's doing pretty well in her 'ealth, sir, but her baby died yesterday week. I hope you'll excuse me, sir, for all this bad news just when you come back from your holiday, and when it's natural as you don't feel in very good spirits."

Will had much ado not to laugh. On his return from a holiday, Mrs Hopper always presumed him to be despondent in view of the resumption of daily work. He was beginning to talk of Mrs Allchin's troubles, when at the outer door, sounded a long nervous knock.

"Ha! That's Mr Franks."

Mrs Hopper ran to admit the visitor.

## CHAPTER II.

"Warburton!" cried a high-pitched voice from the passage. "Have you seen 'The Art World'?"

And there rushed into the room a tall, auburn-headed young man of five-and-twenty, his comely face glowing in excitement. With one hand he grasped his friend's in the other he held out a magazine.

"You haven't seen it! Look here! What d'you think of that, confound you!"

He had opened the magazine so as to display an illustration, entitled "Sanctuary," and stated to be after a painting by Norbert Franks.

"Isn't it good? Doesn't it come out well!—deuce take you, why don't you speak?"

"Not bad—for a photographure," said Warburton, who had the air of a grave elder in the presence of this ebullient youth.

"Be hanged! We know all about that.

The thing is that it's there. Don't you feel any surprise? Haven't you got anything to say? Don't you see what this means, you old ragamuffin?"

"Shouldn't wonder if it meant coin of the realm—for your shrewd dealer."

"For me too, my boy, for me too! Not out of this thing, of course. But I've arrived, I'm lance, the way is clear! Why, you don't seem to know what it means getting into 'The Art World.'"

"I seem to remember," said Warburton, smiling, "that a month or two ago, you hadn't language contemptuous enough for this magazine and all connected with it."

"Don't be an ass," shrilled the other, who was all this time circling about the little room with great gesticulation. "Of course one talks like that when one hasn't enough to eat and can't sell a picture. I don't pretend to have altered my opinion about photographures, and all that. But come now, the thing itself? Be honest, Warburton. Is it bad, now? Can you look at that picture and say that it is worthless?"

"I never said anything of the kind."

"No, no! You're too deucedly good-natured. But I always detected what you were thinking, and I saw it didn't surprise you at all when the Academy muffs refused it."

"There you're wrong," cried Warburton. "I was really surprised."

"Confound your impudence! Well, you may think what you like. I maintain that the thing isn't half bad. It grows upon me. I see its merits more and more."

Franks was holding up the picture eyeing it intently. "Sanctuary" represented the interior of an old village church. On the ground against a pillar.



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crouched a young and beautiful woman, her dress and general aspect indicating the last degree of vagrant wretchedness; worn out, she had fallen asleep in a most graceful attitude, and the rays of a winter sunset smote upon her pallid countenance. Before her stood the village clergyman, who had evidently just entered and found her there; his white head was bent in the wonted attitude of clerical benevolence; in his face blended a gentle wonder and a compassionate tenderness.

"If that had been hung at Burlington House, Warburton: it would have been the picture of the year."

"I think it very likely."

"Yes, I know what you mean, you sarcastic old ruffian. But there's another point of view. Is the drawing good or not? Is the colour good or not? Of course you know nothing about it, but I tell you, for your information, I think it's a confoundedly clever bit of work. There remains the subject, and what's the harm in it? The incident's quite possible. And why shouldn't the girl be good-looking?"

"Angelic!"

"Well, why not? There are girls with angelic faces. Don't I know one?"

Warburton, who had been sitting with a leg over the arm of his chair, suddenly changed his position.

"That reminds me," he said. "I came across the Pomfrets in Switzerland."

"Where? When?"

"At Trient, ten days ago. I spent three or four days with them. Hasn't Miss Elvan mentioned it?"

"I haven't heard from her for a long time," replied Franko. "Well, for more than a week. Did you meet them by chance?"

"Quite. I had a vague idea that the Pomfrets and their niece were somewhere in Switzerland."

"Vague idea!" cried the artist. "Why, I told you all about it, and growled for five or six hours one evening here because I couldn't go with them."

"So you did," said Warburton. "but I'm afraid I was thinking of something else, and when I started for the Alps, I had really forgotten all about it. I made up my mind suddenly, you know. We're having a troublesome time in Allie Street, and it was holiday now or never. By the bye, we shall have to wind up Sugar spells ruin. We must get out of it whilst we can do so with a whole skin."

"Ah, really?" muttered Franko. "Tell me about that presently; I want to hear of Rosamund. You saw a good deal of her, of course?"

"I walked from Chamonix over the Col de Balme—grand view of Mount Blanc there!—Then down to Trient, in the valley below. And there, as I went in to dinner at the hotel, I found the three. Good old Pomfret would have me stay awhile, and I was glad of the chance of long talks with him. Queer old bird, Ralph Pomfret."

"Yes, yes, so he is," muttered the artist, absently. "But Rosamund—was she enjoying herself?"

"Very much, I think. She certainly looked very well."

"Have much talk with her?" asked Franko, as if carelessly.

"We discussed you, of course. I forget whether our conclusion was favourable or not."

The artist laughed, and strode about the room with his hands in his pockets.

"You know what?" he exclaimed, seeming to look closely at a print on the wall. "I'm going to be married before the end of the year. On that point I've made up my mind. I went yesterday to see a house at Fulham—Mrs Cross's, by the bye, it's to let at Michaelmas, rent forty-five. All but settled that I shall take it. Risk be hanged, I'm going to make money. What an ass I was to take that fellow's first offer for 'Sanctuary!' It was low water with me and I felt bilious. Fifty guineas! Your fault, a good deal, you know; you made me think worse of it than it deserved. You'll see; Blackstaffe 'll make a small fortune out of it; of course he has all the rights—idiot that I was! Well, it's too late to talk about that.—And I say, old man, don't take my growl too literally. I don't really mean that you're to blame. I should be an ungrateful cur if I thought such a thing."

"How's 'The Slummer' getting on?" asked Warburton good humouredly.

"Well, I was going to say that I shall have it finished in a few weeks. If Blackstaffe wants 'The Slummer' he'll have

to pay for it. Of course it must go to the Academy, and of course I shall keep all the rights—unless Blackstaffe makes a really handsome offer. Why, it ought to be worth five or six hundred to me at least. And that would start us. But I don't care, even I only get half that. I shall be married all the same. Rosamund has plenty of pluck. I couldn't ask her to start life on a pound a week—about my average for the last two years; but with two or three hundred in hand, and a decent little house, like that of Mrs Cross's, at a reasonable rent—well, we shall risk it. I'm sick of waiting. And it isn't fair to a girl—that's my view. Two years now; an engagement that lasts more than two years isn't likely to come to much good. You'll think my behaviour pretty cool, on one point. I don't forget, you old usurer, that I owe you something more than a hundred pounds—"

"Pooh!"

"Be poohed yourself! But for you, I should have gone without dinner many a day; but for you, I should most likely have had to chuck painting altogether, and turn clerk or dock-labourer. But let me stay in your debt a little longer, old man. I can't put off my marriage any longer, and just at first I shall want all the money I can lay my hands on."

At this moment Mrs Hopper entered with a lamp. There was a pause in the conversation. Franks lit a cigarette, and tried to sit still, but was very soon pacing the floor again. A tumbler of whisky and soda reanimating his flagging talk.

"No!" he exclaimed. "I'm not going to admit that 'Sanctuary' is cheap and sentimental, and all the rest of it. The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that it's nothing to be ashamed of. People have got hold of the idea that if a thing is popular it must be bad art. That's all rot. I'm going in for popularity. Look here! Suppose that's what I was meant for? What if it's the best I have in me to do? Shouldn't I be a jackass if I scorned to make money by what, for me, was good work, and preferred to starve whilst I turned out pretentious stuff that was worth nothing from my point of view?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you're right," said Warburton reflectively. "In any case, I know as much about art as I do about the different calculus. To make money is a good and joyful thing as long as one doesn't bleed the poor. So go ahead, my son, and luck be with you!"

"I can't find my model yet for the Slummer's head. It mustn't be too like the 'Sanctuary' girl, but at the same time it must be a popular type of beauty. I've been haunting refreshment bars and florists' shops; lots of good material, but never quite the thing. There's a damsel at the Crystal Palace—but this doesn't interest you, you old misogynist."

"Old what?" exclaimed Warburton, with an air of genuine surprise.

"Have I got the word wrong? I'm not much of a classic—"

"The word's all right. But that's your idea of me, is it?"

The artist stood and gazed at his friend with an odd expression, as if a joke had been arrested on his lips by graver thought.

"Isn't it true?"

"Perhaps it is; yes, yes, I daresay."

And he turned at once to another subject.

CHAPTER III.

The year was 1886. When at business, Warburton sat in a high, bare room, which looked upon little Allie-street, in Whitechapel; the air he breathed had a taste and odour strongly saccharine. If his eye strayed to one of the walls, he saw a map of the West Indies; if to another, it fell upon a heap of St. Kitts; if to the third, there was before him a plan of a sugar estate on that little island. Here he sat for certain hours of the solid day, issuing orders to clerks, receiving commercial callers, studying trade journals in sundry languages—often reading some book which had no obvious reference to the sugar refining industry. It was not Will's ideal of life, but hither he had suffered himself to be led by circumstance, and his musings suggested no practicable issue into a more congenial world.

The death of his father when he was sixteen had left him with a certain liberty for shaping a career. What he saw definitely before him was a small share in the St. Kitts property of Messrs Shepwood Brothers, a small share in the London business of the same firm, and a small sum of ready money—these things to be his when he attained his majority. His mother and sister, who lived in a little country house town in Huntingdonshire, were modestly but securely provided for, and Will might have gone quietly on with his studies till he could resolve upon a course in life. But no sooner was he freed from paternal restraint than the lad grew restive; nothing would please him but an adventure in foreign lands; and when it became clear that he was only wasting his time at school, Mrs Warburton let him go to the West Indies, there a place was found for him in the house of Sherwood Brothers. At St. Kitts, Will remained till he was one-and-twenty. Long before that, he had grown heartily tired of his work, disgusted with the climate, and oppressed with home sickness, but pride forbade him to return until he could do so as a free man.

One thing this apprenticeship to life had taught him—that he was not made for subordination. "I don't care how poor I am," thus he wrote to his mother, "but I will be my own master. To be at other people's orders, brings out all the bad in me; it makes me sullen and bearish, and all sorts of ugly things, which I certainly am not when my true self has play." So, you see, I must find some independent way of life. If I had to live by carrying round a Punch and Judy show, I should vastly prefer it to making a large income as somebody's servant."

Meanwhile, unfortunately for a young man of this temperament, his prospects had become less assured. There was perturbation in the sugar world; income from St. Kitts and from Whitechapel had sensibly diminished, and, it seemed but too likely, would continue to do so. For some half-year Will lived in London, "looking about him," then he announced that Godfrey Sherwood, at present sole representative of Sherwood Bros., had offered him an active partnership in Little Allie-street, and that he had accepted it. He entered upon this position without zeal, but six months' investigation had taught him that to earn money without surrendering his independence was no very easy thing; he probably might wait a long time before an opening would present itself more attractive than this at the sugar-refinery.

Godfrey Sherwood was a schoolfellow of his, but some two or three years older; much good feeling existed between them, their tastes and tempers having just that difference in similarity which is the surest bond of friendship. Judged by his talk, Sherwood was all vigour, energy, fire; his personal habits, on

the other hand, inclined a tranquility and ease—a great reader, he loved the literature of romance and adventure, knew by heart authors such as Maury and Froissart, had on his shelves all the books of travel and adventure he could procure. As a boy he seemed destined to any life save that of unumbrum commerce, of which he spoke with contempt and abhorrence; and there was no reason why he should not have gratified his desire of seeing the world, of leading what he called "the life of a man." Yet here he was, sitting each day in a counting-house in Whitechapel, with nothing behind him but a few rambles on the Continent, and certainly with no immediate intention of going far ahead. His father's death left him in sole command of the business, and his reasonable course would have been to retire from it as soon as possible, for foreign competition was making itself felt in the English trade, and many firms more solidly established than that in Little Allie-street had either come to grief or withdrawn from the struggle. But Godfrey's inertia kept him in the familiar routine, with day to day postponement of practical decision. When Warburton came back from St. Kitts, and their friendship was renewed, Godfrey's talk gave full play to his imaginative energies. Yes, yes, the refining business was at a bad pass just now, but this was only temporary; those firms that could weather the storm for a year or two longer would enter upon a time of brilliant prosperity. Was it to be supposed that the Government would allow a great industry to perish out of mere regard for the fetish of Free Trade? City men with first-hand information declared that "measures" were being prepared; in one way or another, the English trade would be rescued and made triumphant over those bounty-fed foreigners.

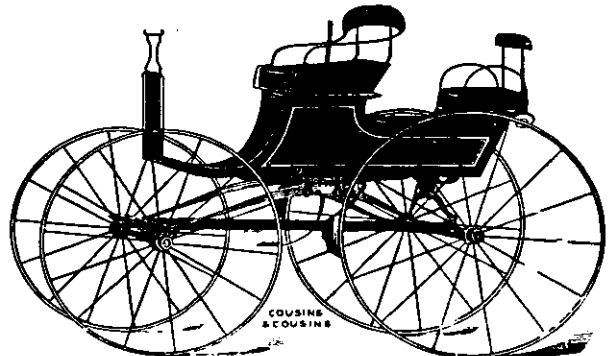
"Hold on!" cried Sherwood. "Of course I mean to hold on. There's pleasure and honour in the thing. I enjoy the fight. I've had thoughts of getting into Parliament, to speak for sugar. One might do worse, you know. There'll be a dissolution next year, certain. First-rate fun, fighting a constituency. But in that case I must have a partner here—why that's an idea. How would it suit you? Why not join me?"

And so the thing came about. The terms which Godfrey offered were so generous that Will had to reduce them before he accepted; even thus, he found his income at a stroke, all but doubled. Sherwood, to be sure, did not stand for Parliament, nor was anything definite heard about that sugar-protecting budget which he still believed in. In Little Allie-street business steadily declined.

"It's a disgrace to England!" cried Godfrey. "Monstrous that not a finger should be lifted to save one of our most important industries. You, of course, are free to retire at any moment, Will. For my own part, here I stand, come

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what may. If it's ruin, ruin let it be. I'll fight to the last. A man owes me ten thousand pounds. When I recover it, and I may any day—I shall put every penny into the business."

"Ten thousand pounds?" exclaimed Warburton in astonishment. "A trade debt, do you mean?"

"No, no. A friend of mine, son of a millionaire, who got into difficulties some time ago, and borrowed of me to clear himself. Good interest, and principal safe as Consols. In a year at most I shall have the money back, and every penny shall go into the business."

Will had his private view of the matter, and not seldom suffered a good deal of uneasiness as he saw the inevitable doom approach. But already it was too late to withdraw his share from the concern: that would have been merely to take advantage of Sherwood's generosity, and Will was himself not less chivalrous. In Godfrey's phrase they continued "to fight the ship," and perhaps would have held out to the moment of sinking, had not the accession of the Liberals to power in the spring of this present year caused Sherwood so deep a disgust that he turned despondent, and began to talk of surrender to hopeless circumstance.

"It's all up with us, Will. This Government spells ruin, and will count it one of its chief glories if we come to grief. But, by heaven, they shan't have that joy. We'll square up, quietly, comfortably, with dignity. We'll come out of this fight with arms and baggage. It's still possible, you know. We'll sell the St. Kitts estate to the Germans. We'll find someone to buy us up here—the place would suit a brewer. And then—by Jove! we'll make jam."

"Jam?"

"Isn't it an idea? Cheap sugar has done for the refiners, but it's a fortune for the jam trade. Why not put all we can realise into a jam factory? We'll go down into the country; find some delightful place where land is cheap; start a fruit farm; run up a building. Doesn't it take you, Will? Think of going to business every day through lanes overhung with fruit tree blossoms! Better that, than the filth and stench and gloom and uproar of Whitechapel—what? We might find a village for our work-people—the ideal village, perfectly healthy, every cottage beautiful. Eh? What? How does it strike you, Will?"

"Pleasant. But the money?"

"We shall have enough to start; I think we shall. If not, we'll find a moneyed man to join us."

"What about that ten thousand pounds?" suggested Warburton.

Sherwood shook his head.

"Can't get it just yet. To tell you the truth it depends on the death of the man's father. No, but, if necessary, someone will easily be found. Isn't the idea magnificent? How it would rile the Government, if they heard of it! Ho, ho!"

One could never be sure how far Godfrey was serious when he talked like this; the humorous impulse so blended with the excitability of his imagination, that people who knew him little and heard him talking at large thought him something of a crack-brain. The odd thing was that, with all his peculiarities, he had many of the characteristics of a sound man of business; indeed, had it been otherwise, the balance-sheets of the refinery must long ago

have shown a disastrous deficit. As Warburton knew, things had been managed with no little prudence and sagacity; what he did not so clearly understand was that Sherwood had simply adhered to the traditions of the firm, following very exactly the path marked out for him by his father and his uncle, both notable traders. Concerning Godfrey's private resources, Warburton knew little or nothing; it seemed probable that the elder Sherwood had left a considerable fortune, which his only son must have inherited. No doubt, said Will to himself, this large reserve was the explanation of his partner's courage.

So the St. Kitts estate was sold, and with all the deliberate dignity demanded by the fact that the Government's eye was upon them, Sherwood Brothers proceeded to terminate their affairs in Whitechapel. In July, Warburton took his three weeks' holiday, there being nothing better for him to do. And among the letters he found on his table when he returned, was one from Sherwood, which contained only these words:

"Great opportunity in view. Our fortunes are made!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

When Franks was gone, Warburton took up "The Art World," which his friend had left, and glanced again at the photograph of "Sanctuary." He knew, as he had declared, nothing about art, and judged pictures as he judged books, emotionally. His bent was to what is called the realistic point of view, and "Sanctuary" made him smile. But very good-naturedly, for he liked Norbert Franks, and believed he would do better things than this. Unless—?

The thought broke off with an uneasy interrogative.

He turned to the few lines of text devoted to the painter. Norbert Franks, he read, was still a very young man; "Sanctuary," now on exhibition at Birmingham, was his first important picture; hitherto he had been chiefly occupied with work in black and white. There followed a few critical comments, and prophecy of achievements to come.

Yes. But again the uneasy interrogative.

Their acquaintance dated from the year after Warburton's return from St. Kitts. Will had just established himself in his flat near Chelsea Bridge, delighted to be a Londoner, and was spending most of his leisure in exploration of London's vastness. He looked upon all his earlier years as wasted, because they had not been passed in the city on the Thames. The history of London, the multitudinous life of London as it lay about him, with marvels and mysteries in every highway and byway, occupied his mind, and wrought upon his imagination. Being a stout walker, and caring little for any other form of exercise, in his free hours he covered many a league of pavement. A fine summer morning would see him set forth, long before milk-carts had begun to rattle along the streets, and on one such expedition, as he stepped briskly through a poor district south of the river, he was surprised to see an artist at work, painting seriously, his easel in the dry gutter. He slackened his pace to have a glimpse of the canvas, and the painter, a young, pleasant-looking fellow, turned round and asked if he had a match. Able to supply this de-

mand, Warburton talked whilst the other relit his pipe. It rejoiced him, he said, to see a painter engaged upon such a subject as this—a bit of squalid London's infinite picturesqueness.

The next morning Warburton took the same walk, and again found the painter at work. They talked freely; they exchanged invitations; and that same evening Norbert Franks climbed the staircase to Will's flat, and smoked his first pipe and drank his first whisky and soda in the pleasant room overlooking Kanelagh. His own quarters were in Queen's road, Battersea, at no great distance. The two young men were soon seeing a great deal of each other. When their friendship had ripened through a twelvemonth, Franks, always impecunious, cheerily borrowed a five-pound note; not long after, he worthily doubled his debt; and this grew to a habit with him.

"You're a capitalist, Warburton," he remarked one day, "and a generous fellow, too. Of course, I shall pay what I owe you when I sell a big picture. Meanwhile, you have the gratification of supporting a man of genius, without the least inconvenience to yourself. Excellent idea of yours to strike up a friendship, wasn't it?"


The benefit was reciprocal. Warburton did not readily form intimacies; indeed, Godfrey Sherwood had till now been almost the only man he called friend, and the peculiarity of his temper exposed him to the risk of being too much alone. Though neither arrogant nor envious, Will found little pleasure in the society of people who, from any point of view, were notably his superiors; even as he could not subordinate himself in money-earning relations, so did he become ill at ease, lose all spontaneity in company above his social or intellectual level. Such a man's danger was obvious; he might, in default of congenial associates, decline upon inferiority all the more that a softness of heart, a fineness of humanity, ever disposed him to feel and show special kindness for the poor, the distressed, the unfortunate. Sherwood's acquaintances had little attraction for him; they were mostly people who lived in a luxurious way, went in for sports, talked about the money-market—all of which things fascinated Godfrey, though in truth he was far from

belonging by nature to that particular world. With Franks, Will could be wholly himself, enjoying the slight advantage of his larger means, extending his knowledge without undue obligation, and getting all the good that comes to a man from the exercise of his kindest feelings.

With loss of geniality, because more occupied with himself, Norbert Franks resembled his new friend in a distaste for ordinary social pleasures and an enjoyment of the intimacies of life. He stood very much alone in the world, and from the age of 18 had in one way or another supported himself, chiefly by work on illustrated papers. His father, who belonged to what is called a good family, began life in easy circumstances, and gained some reputation as a connoisseur of art; imprudence and misfortune having obliged him to sell his collection. Mr. Franks took to buying pictures and bric-a-brac for profit, and during the last ten years of his life was associated in that capacity with a London firm. Norbert, motherless from infancy and an only child, received his early education at expensive schools, but, showing little aptitude for study and much for use of the pencil, was taken by his father at 12 years old to Paris, and there set to work under a good art-teacher. At 16 he went to Italy, where he remained for a couple of years. Then, on a journey in the East, the elder Franks died. Norbert returned to England, learnt that a matter of fifty pounds was all his heritage, and pluckily turned to the task of keeping himself alive. Herein, his foreign sketch-books proved serviceable, but the struggle was long and hard before he could house himself decently and get to serious work as a painter. Later on, he was wont to say that this poverty had been the best possible thing for him, its enforced abstinence having come just at the time when he had begun to "wallow"—his word for any sort of excess; and "wallowing" was undoubtedly a peril to which Norbert's temper particularly exposed him. Short commons made him, as they have made many another youth, sober and chaste, at all events in practice; and when he began to lift up his head a little; when, at the age of three and twenty, he earned what seemed to him at first the luxur-

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CHAPTER V.

John became a pound or so less; when, in short, the inclination to "wallow" might again have taken hold upon him, it was his chance to fall in love so seriously and hopefully that all the better features of his character were drawn out, emphasized, and as it seemed, for good and all-established in pre-eminence.

Not long after his first meeting with Warburton, he one day received, through the publishers of a book he had illustrated, a letter signed "Ralph Pomfret," the writer of which asked whether "Norbert Franks" was the son of an old friend of whom he had lost sight for many years. By way of answer, Franks called upon his correspondent, who lived in a pleasant little house at Ashstead, in Surrey; he found a man of something less than 60, with a touch of eccentricity in his thoughts and ways, by whom he was hospitably received, and invited to return whenever it pleased him. It was not very long before Franks asked permission to make the Pomfrets acquainted with his friend Warburton, a step which proved entirely justifiable. Together or separately, the two young men were often to be seen at Ashstead, whether they were attracted not only by the kindly and amusing talk of Ralph Pomfret, but at least as much by the grace and sweetness and sympathetic intelligence of the mistress of the house, for whom both entertained respect and admiration.

One Sunday afternoon, Warburton, tempted as usual by the thought of tea and talk in that delightful little garden, went out to Ashstead; and, as he pushed open the gate, was confused and vexed at the sight of strangers; there, before the house, stood a middle-aged gentleman and a young girl, chatting with Mrs Pomfret. He would have turned away and taken himself off in disappointment, but that the clank of the gate had attracted attention, and he had no choice but to move forward. The strangers proved to be Mrs Pomfret's brother and his daughter; they had been spending half a year in the South of France, and were here for a day or two before returning to their home at Bath. When he had recovered this equanimity, Warburton became aware that the young lady was fair to look upon. Her age seemed about two and twenty; not very tall, she bore herself with perhaps a touch of conscious dignity and impressiveness; perfect health, a warm complexion, magnificent hair, eyes that shone with gaiety and good nature, made of Rosamund Elvan a living picture such as Will Warburton had not often seen; he was shy in her presence, and by no means did himself justice that afternoon. His downcast eyes presently noticed that she wore shoes of a peculiar kind—white canvas with soles of plaited cord; in the course of conversation he learned that these were a mode of the Basque country, about which Miss Elvan talked with a very pretty enthusiasm. Will went away, after all, in a dissatisfied mood. Girls were to him merely a source of disquiet. "If she be not fair for me—" was his ordinary thought; and he had never yet succeeded in persuading himself that any girl, fair or not, was at all likely to conceive the idea of devoting herself to his happiness. In this matter, an excessive modesty subdued him. It had something to do with his holding so much apart from general society.

On the evening of the next day, there was a thunders knock at Warburton's flat, and in rushed Franks.

"You were at Ashstead yesterday?" he cried.

"I was. What of that?"

"And you didn't come to tell me about the Elvans!"

"About Miss Elvan, I suppose you mean?" said Will.

"Well, yes, I do. I went there by chance this afternoon. The two men were away somewhere—I found Mrs Pomfret and that girl alone together. Never had such a delightful time in my life! But, I say, Warburton, we must understand each other. Are you—do you—mean, did she strike you particularly?"

Will threw back his head and laughed. "You mean that?" shouted the other, joyously. "You really don't care—it's nothing to you?"

"Why, is it anything to you?"

"Anything? Rosamund Elvan is the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and the sweetest, and the brightest, and the altogether flooringest! And, by heaven and earth, I'm resolved to marry her!"

As he sat musing, the "Art World" still in his hand, Warburton could hear his friend's voice ring out that audacious vow. He could remember, too, the odd little pang with which he heard it, a half-spasm of altogether absurd jealousy. Of course the feeling did not last. There was no recurrence of it when he heard that Franks had again seen Miss Elvan before she left Ashstead; nor when he learned that the artist had been spending a day or two at Bath. Less than a month after their first meeting, Franks won Rosamund's consent. He was frantic with exultation. Arriving with the news at ten o'clock one night, he shouted and maddened about Warburton's room until finally turned out at two in the morning. His circumstances being what they were, he could not hope for marriage yet awhile; he must work and wait. Never mind; see what work he would produce! Yet it appeared to his friend that all through the next twelvemonth he merely wasted time, such work as he did finish being of very slight value. He talked and talked, now of Rosamund, now of what he was going to do, until Warburton, losing patience, would cut him short with "Oh, go to Bath!"—an old cant phrase revived for its special appropriateness in this connection. Franks went to Bath far oftener than he could afford, money for his journey being generally borrowed from his long-enduring friend.

Rosamund herself had nothing, and but the smallest expectations should her father die. Two years before this, it had occurred to her that she should like to study art, and might possibly find in it a means of self-support. She was allowed to attend classes at South Kensington, but little came of this except a close friendship with a girl of her own age, by name Bertha Cross, who was following the art course with more serious purpose. When she had been betrothed for about a year, Rosamund chanced to spend a week in London at her friend's house, and this led to acquaintance between Franks and the Crosses. For a time, Warburton saw and heard less of the artist, who made confidantes of Mrs Cross and her daughter, and spent many an evening with them talking, talking, talking about Rosamund; but this intimacy did not endure very long, Mrs Cross being a person of marked peculiarities, which in the end overtried Norbert's temper. Only on the fourth storey flat by Cheltenham Bridge could the lover find that sort of solacing yet tonic. But for Warburton he would have worked even less. To Will it seemed an odd result of fortunate love that the artist, though in every other respect a better man than before, should have become, to all appearances, less zealous, less efficient, in his art. Had Rosamund Elvan the right influence on her lover; in spite of Norbert's lyric eulogy, had she served merely to confuse his aims, perhaps to bring him down to a lower level of thought?

"There was his picture, "Sanctuary." Before he knew Rosamund, Franks would have scoffed at such a subject, would have howled at such treatment of it. There was notable distance between this and what Norbert was painting in that summer sunrise four years ago, with his portable easel in the gutter. And Miss Elvan admired "Sanctuary"—at least, Franks said she did. True, she also admired the picture of the pawnshop and the publichouse; Will had himself heard her speak of it with high praise, and with impatient wonder that no purchaser could be found for it. Most likely she approved of everything Norbert did, and had no more serious criterion. Unless, indeed, her private test of artistic value were the financial result?

Warburton could not altogether believe that. Annoyance with the artist now and then inclined him to slighting thought of Rosamund; yet, on the whole, his view of her was not depreciatory. The disadvantage to his mind was her remarkable comeliness. He could not but fear that so much beauty must be inconsistent with the sterling qualities which make a good wife.

Will's eye fell on Sherwood's note, and he went to bed wondering what the project might be which was to make their fortune.

CHAPTER VI.

He had breakfasted, and was smoking his pipe as he wrote a letter, when Mrs Hopper announced the visit, by ap-

pointment, of her brother-in-law, Allichin. There entered a short sturdy, red-headed young fellow, in a Sunday suit, of respectable antiquity; his features were rude, his aspect dogged; but a certain intelligence showed in his countenance, and a not unamiable smile responded to the bluff heartiness of Warburton's greeting. By original calling, Allichin was a grocer's assistant, but a troublesome temper had more than once set him adrift, the outcast of freedom, to earn a living as best he could by his vigorous thievery, and it was in one of these intervals that, having need of a porter at the works, Warburton had engaged him, on Mrs Hopper's petition. After a month or so of irrefragable service, Allichin fought with a foreman, and took his discharge. The same week, Mrs Allichin presented him with their first child; the family fell into want; Mrs Hopper (squeezed between door and jamb) drew her master's attention to the lamentable case, and help was of course forthcoming. Then, by good luck, Allichin was enabled to resume his vocation; he got a place at a grocer's in Fulham-road, and in a few weeks presented himself before his benefactor, bringing half-a-crown as a first instalment towards the discharge of his debt; for only on this condition had he accepted the money. Half a year elapsed without troublesome incident; the man made regular repayment in small sums; then came the disaster which Mrs Hopper had yesterday announced.

"Well, Allichin," cried Warburton, "what's the latest?"

Before speaking, the other pressed his lips tight together and puffed out his cheeks, as if it cost him an effort to bring words to the surface. His reply came forth with explosive abruptness.

"Lost my place at Boxon's, sir."

"And how's that?"

"It happened last Saturday, sir. I don't want to make out as I wasn't at all to blame. I know as well as anybody that I've got a will of my own. But we're open late, as perhaps you know, sir, on Saturday night, and Mr Boxon—well, it's only the truth—he's never quited himself after ten o'clock; I'd worked

from eight in the morning to something past midnight—of course I don't think nothing of that, 'cause it's reg'lar in the trade. But—well, in come a customer, sir, a woman as didn't rightly know what she wanted; and she went out without buying, and Mr Boxon he see it, and he come up to me and calls me the foulest name he could turn his tongue to. And so—well, sir, there was unpleasantness, as they say—"

He hesitated, Warburton eyeing him with a twinkle of subdued amusement?

"A quarrel, in fact, eh?"

"It did about come to that, sir."

"You lost your temper, of course."

"That's about the truth, sir."

"And Boxon turned you out?"

Allichin looked hurt.

"Well, sir, I're no doubt he'd have liked to, but I was a bit beforehand with him. When I see him last, he was settin' on the pavement, sir, rubbin' his 'ead."

In spite of his inclination to laugh, Will kept a grave countenance.

"I'm afraid that kind of thing won't do, Allichin. You'll be in serious trouble one of these days."

"That's what my wife says, sir. I know well enough as it's hard on her, just after we've lost the buby—as perhaps Mrs Hopper'll have told you, sir."

"I was very sorry to hear it, Allichin."

"Thank you, sir. You've always something kind to say. And I'm that vexed, because I was getting on well with paying my debts. But Mr Boxon, sir, he's many a time made me that mad that I've gone out into the back yard and kicked the wall till my toes were sore, just to ease my feelings, like. To tell the truth, sir, I don't think he's ever rightly sober, and I've heard others say the same. And his business is fallin' off, something shockin'. Customers don't like to be insulted; that's only natural. He's always going down to Kempton Park, or Epsom, or some such place. They do say he lost 'undreds of pounds at Kempton Park last week. It's my opinion the shop can't go on much longer. Well, sir, I thought I just ought to come and tell you the truth of things, and I won't disturb you no longer. I shall do my best to find another place."



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Warburton's impulse was to offer temporary work in Little Ailie-street, but he remembered that the business was not in a position to increase expenses, and that the refinery might any day be closed.

"All right," he answered cheerily, "let me know how you get on."  
When Allehin's heavy footsteps had echoed away down the stairs, Mrs Hooper answered her master's call.

"I suppose they have a little money to go on with?" Warburton inquired. "I mean, enough for a week or so."

"Yes, I think they have that, sir. But I see how it'll be. My poor sister'll end in the work'us. Allehin'll never keep a place. Not that I can blame him, sir, for givin' it to that Boxon, 'cause every-one says he's a brute."

"Well, just let me know if they begin to be in want. But of course Allehin can always get work as a porter. He must learn to keep his fists down, if he doesn't want to be perpetually out of employment."

"That's what I tell him, sir. And my poor sister, sir, she's never stopped talkin' to him, day or night you may say, ever since it happened—"

"Merciful heavens!" groaned Warburton to himself.

CHAPTER VII.

At half-past nine he reached Little Ailie-street.

"Mr. Sherwood not here yet, I suppose?" asked Will.

"Oh yes, he is, sir," replied the manager, "been here for half an hour."

Warburton went on to the senior partner's room. There sat Godfrey Sherwood bent over a book which, to judge from the smile upon his face, could have nothing to do with the sugar-refining question.

"How do, Will?" he exclaimed, with even more than his usual cheerfulness. "Did you ever read 'The Adventures of a Younger Son'?" Oh, you must. Listen here. He's describing how he thrashed an assistant master at school; thrashed him, he says, till the sweat dropped from his brows like rain-drops from the eaves of a pigsty? Ho-ho-ho! What do you think of that for a comparison? Isn't it strong? By Jove! a bracing book! Trelawney, you know; the friend of Byron. As breezy a book as I know. It does one good."

Godfrey Sherwood was, as regards his visage, what is called a plain young man, but his smile told of infinite good-nature; and his voice, notwithstanding its frequent note of energy or zeal, had a natural softness of intonation which suggested other qualities than the practical and vigorous.

"Enjoyed your holiday?" he went on, rising, stretching himself, and offering a box of cigarettes. "You look well. Done any summat? When we get our affairs in order, I must be off somewhere myself. Northward, I think, I want a little bracing cold. I should like to see Iceland. You know the Icelandic sagas? Magnificent! There's the saga of Grettir the Strong—by Jove! But come, this isn't business. I have news for you, real, substantial, hopeful news."

They seated themselves in round-backed chairs, and Will lighted a cigarette.

"You know my thoughts were running on jam; jam is our salvation; of that I have long been convinced. I looked about, made a few inquiries, and, by good luck, not long after you went off for your holiday, met just the man I wanted. You've heard of Applegarth's jams?"

Will said he had seen them advertised.

"Well, I came across Applegarth himself. I was talking to Linklater—and jam came up. You ought to see my friend Applegarth," said he; and he arranged for us to meet. Applegarth happened to be in town, but he lives down in Somerset, and his factory is at Bristol. We all dined together at the Junior Carlton, and Applegarth and I got on so well that he asked me down to his place. Oxford man, clever, a fine musician, and an astronomer; has built himself a little observatory—magnificent telescope. By Jove! you should hear him handle the violin. Astonishing fellow! Not much of a talker; rather dry in his manner; but no end of energy, bubbling over with vital force. He began as a barrister, but couldn't get on, and saw his capital melting. "Hang it!" said he, "I must make some use of what money I have; and he thought of jam. Brilliant idea! He began in a very modest way, down at Bristol, only aiming at local trade. But his jams were good; the demand grew; he built a factory; profits became considerable. And now, he wants to withdraw from active business, keeping an interest. Wants to find some one who would run and extend the concern—put in a fair capital, and leave him to draw his income quietly. You see?"

"Seems a good opportunity," said Warburton.

"Good! It's simply superb. He took me over the works—a really beautiful sight, everything so admirably arranged. Then we had more private talk. Of course I spoke of you, said I could do nothing till we had consulted together. I didn't seem too eager—not good policy. But we've had some correspondence, and you shall see the letters."

He handed them to his partner. Warburton saw that there was a question of a good many thousand pounds.

"Of course," he remarked, "I could only stand for a very small part in this."

"Well, we must talk about that. To tell you the truth, Will," Sherwood continued, crossing his legs, and clasping his hands behind his head, "I don't see my way to find the whole capital, and yet I don't want to bring in a stranger. Applegarth could sell to a company any moment, but that isn't his idea; he wants to keep the concern in as few hands as possible. He has a first-rate manager; the mere jam-making wouldn't worry us at all; and the office work is largely a matter of routine. Will you take time to think about it?"

The figures which Warburton had before him were decidedly stimulating; they made a very pleasant contrast to the balance-sheets with which he had recently had to deal. He knew roughly what sum was at his disposal for investment; the winding-up of the business here could be completed at any moment, and involved no risk of surprises. But a thought had occurred to him which

kept him silently reflecting for some minutes.

"I suppose," he said presently, "this affair has about as little risk as anything one could put money in."

"I should say," Godfrey answered, with his man-of-business air, "that the element of risk is non-existent. What can be more solid than jam? There's competition to be sure; but Applegarth is already a good name throughout England, and in the West they swear by it. At Bristol, Exeter, Dorchester,—all over there—Applegarth holds the field. Very seriously speaking, I see in this proposal nothing but sure and increasing gain."

"You know as well as I do," Will resumed, "how I stand. I have no resources of my own beyond what you are aware of. But I've been thinking—"

He broke off, stared at the window, drummed on the arm of his chair, Sherwood waiting with a patient smile.

"It's my mother and sister I have in mind," Will resumed. "That property of theirs; it brings them about a hundred and fifty pounds a year in cash, and three times that in worry. At any moment they might sell. A man at St. Neots offers four thousand pounds; I suspect more might be got if Turnbull, their lawyer, took the matter in hand. Suppose I advise them to sell and put the money in Applegarth?"

"By Jove!" cried Sherwood. "How could they do better? Splendid idea!"

"Yes—if all go well. Bear in mind, on the other hand, that if they lost this money, they would have nothing to live upon, or as good as nothing. They draw some fifty pounds a year from another source, and they have their own house—that's all. Ought I to take this responsibility?"

"I don't hesitate to guarantee," said Sherwood, with glowing gravity; "that in two years' time their four thousand pounds shall produce three times what it does now. Only think, my dear fellow! Jam—think what it means!"

For ten minutes Godfrey rhapsodised on the theme. Warburton was moved by his eloquence.

"I shall run down to St. Neots," said Will at length.

"Do. And then we'll both of us go down to Bristol. I'm sure you'll like Applegarth. By the bye, you never went in for astronomy, did you? I felt ashamed of my ignorance. Why, it's one of the most interesting subjects a man can study. I shall take it up. One might have a little observatory of one's own. Do you know Bristol at all? A heavenly place, the town, but perfectly delightful country quite near at hand. Applegarth lives in an ideal spot—you'll see."

There was a knock at the door, and the manager entered. Other business claimed their attention.

(To be Continued.)

The History of the Loving Cup.

The history of the loving cup is related by the late Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris. King Henry of Navarre, who was also Henry IV. of France, while out hunting became separated from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled, which soiled the King's white gaussets. While riding home he bethought him that a cup with two handles would present a recurrence of this, so one was made at the royal potteries and sent to the inn. On his next visit when the King called for wine the maid, having been instructed by her mistress to be very careful of the King's cup, presented it to him, holding it herself by its two handles. At once the happy idea struck the King of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, His Majesty quaintly remarking, "Surely out of three handles I shall be able to get one." This was the origin of the loving cup.

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# Love Unto Death.

By H. D. LOWRY.

Author of "Women's Tragedies," Etc.

I.

'Tis the pride of Pentreath that there are flowers growing commonly in those parts and insects sipping their honey that are not to be found anywhere else in the kingdom. You would be astonished if you could read a list of them by Mr. Terralla, who was rector of Landane for fifty years, and wrote a book about the district. 'Tis all on account of the serpentine rock. It seems as if this country was once a part of Spain, but was torn away and drifted north-west; for there's a place in Spain where the same rock is found and the same flowers growing. The best of them all is the wandering heath, that will only grow in the neighbourhood of Pentreath.

And the serpentine alters more than the flowers: the land itself is unlike others. Whether the rock be red or green there are white veins in it. These are of soapstone, and they rot with the rain until you can pick them out with your fingers, and crumble the white paste in your hand. So the sea, which is always deep along the chief part of the coast, washes out great caves, and year after year they grow wider and higher, until in time of rain the roof can hold no longer and falls in, so that you get a great circular hole with the sea washing into it through the arch of rock that remains. And there are caves that must have been made by the soaking of the rain through the solid rock, which is porous.

Chief of these is the cave to the west of Pen-dun Point. 'Tis fifty feet above the highest tide level, and a man might stand within a yard of the mouth and not know of it. The cliff is broken, and for fifty yards at the bottom is nothing but a tumble of huge stones. One of these lies almost touching the face of the standing wall, but if you step on top of it you will see there is about a foot of space between them, and if you let yourself down slowly there is a hole just big enough to take the body of a man. So you go gradual, and at last you are on your stomach and go backwards for a distance of ten yards, and then you come to a great cave, the walls of which are coated with rotten soapstone. And if you search carefully you find another hole in the rock, and then you can go ahead foremost, though still on your stomach, and at the end is a cave larger still.

'Tis a whisket place to be in if you are without company, for no candles can light it, and you can hear the noise of the sea beating round a cave somewhere underneath. And the tale of the cave is hardly one to make a man hearty. If ghosts could walk the earth when the poor mortal bodies were dust and ashes, you might expect to look in the corner where the roof hangs over, and there is still an arrangement of rounded stones that might make a passable bed if it were

covered with heather, and expect to see the figure of a man bending over a girl shamed and dead when she was only twenty.

### II.

There was never a pretty maid in all Pentreath, where the good air makes the plainest-featured comely to the men that loves her, then Ia. She was called after one of the old Irish saints that came over to Cornwall with the news of Christianity, and she was like a saint's blessing when she came, with her pretty voice and the eyes that laughed sometimes, and sometimes held all the sorrow and pity in the world.

She was a little, small maid, and you couldn't look on her without a hope that the world would treat her kindly. She had the love of everybody, and yet she was always grateful for the smallest kindness: 'twas as if violets were in debt to you because you couldn't but like them.

But she was to be a woman, and when she was only a child you could see that she had given herself to Willie Vercoe. He was poorer than most, in a place where everybody was poor, and when he was a fine strong boy, he had a temper that was likely to bring trouble to him and to those he might happen to love. He didn't have it in him to hate anybody: if a man or a woman did a mean thing to him he had scorn of them, and it might be bitter words, but he wouldn't lift a finger to hurt them.

How is it that the best God makes have always the most to learn? There was never a moment that he didn't think of Ia, and how to make her happier than the maid was before. With other people he was masterful: he would take what he wanted and never think to ask. But with her he was different. He would wait for what she might give, and 'twas only a look of the eyes, or a softness in the voice, he would be most content. And Ia knew it as surely as she knew that sunlight is good, and the rain good when the wind has gone West after weeks of the East.

Yet she was the only person in the world that he ever hurt. He knew her heart utterly: if he wore a flower in his coat 'twas of the colour she liked best, and if they met in company he would seem to talk to all the world while he was really telling her about matters that were altogether between themselves. But sometimes a kind of devil would enter in, and he would go to work, clever as a doctor with the knife, to make her suffer pain. After all 'tis the danger of knowing how to love a maid that the evil that is in every heart may lead you away to strike

deep where there is no armour against you.

'Tis not known what was the end of it, but no doubt Georger Curmuck was the cause. He was a fine big man, and his farm was the best in the district, both for the quality of the land, and the value of the stock, and when he came into it he was wonderfully attentive to Ia. And who shall blame her if her easiness was touched. A man is a poor judge of these things, but isn't it possible that she was conscious of her love for Willie that she couldn't understand that he might be jealous?

Well, it all came to an end, and the manner of it was this. A man was tending the grave of his child in Landane church one night just after the stars came out (he was a miner and had to do things when he could) and he heard footsteps in the lane on the other side of the wall. There was a maid spoke first, and seemingly she was in trouble, but he couldn't hear the words. Then Willie Vercoe spoke, and every word was hammered in, so that nobody should ever forget what was said.

'Tis no good. This is the end. Since you was a little maid that I could lift with one hand I haven't had the thoughts of anyone but you. And there was a time when you were fond of me. I used to think that it would be the same to the end, and dream of how we would grow old together, and then sleep together across that wall. You did love me once, but it is all over and I am not going to stop and look on at that man's happiness. To-morrow I go to Falmouth, and ship to foreign parts. Then his voice broke. "Ia," he said, "I gave you good love—good as a maid ever had."

Then he was gone, and the man who had been listening heard sound of a little maid crying like as if her heart would break. So he sat by the grave and at last she went slowly back towards Pentreath. Before the dawn was to come next morning Willie Vercoe set forth across the downs for Falmouth, and the news came afterwards that he had found a berth on a West Indian packet-boat and sailed the same night.

### III.

Everybody was sorry for Ia, but in such a case 'tis hard to know what to do. Pity is sometimes the most cruel gift that you can choose, and yet what else is there to give in such a case? 'Tis to be supposed she held a hope which was more than a hope that he would come back. Indeed, she had the right to be sure of that, for never a man loved a maid better than he loved her.

As was only natural she wouldn't have any word with the man that had been the first cause of this great trouble. And that, in a way, was the cause of her undoing, for Georger Curmuck was one of those men who never seem to care very much about anything unless they haven't hardly a chance of getting it. Ia grew thin and her eyes had never any light of laughter, and yet she kept the pretty kindness that was born in her, till they that had happiness in love were careful if they could to keep away from her.

There was never a word from Willie Vercoe. One man who loved Ia, but

never he had no chance of winning her, went over to Falmouth and made enquiries when the packet came back. But Willie was a friend of the captain, and when they got to the other side he had got consent to leave her, and had shipped for other parts. So the man, who had thought to find him and persuade him to come back, had to hold his tongue and watch the maid in her grief without a word to her.

In the course of time Curmuck grew very friendly with Ia's father and mother and an elder brother she had. It would have been more natural for a young man like him, with money in his pocket, to spend his spare time in the market town. Ten miles away, where there was plenty of gaiety for them that could afford to pay. But nine times out of ten he would come to Pentreath on a great Goochilly grey, and call upon these new friends (they were small people and not the sort that he would consort with in the course of nature), and press himself on Ia.

The little maid was in sore trouble. She was grieving for Willie that had sent no word for a year. She hated the way that Curmuck pestered her. And father and mother and brother were all the time telling her that she was a fool to care for a man that left her like that when a man of solid worth was only waiting for her to say the word.

She stood out for a long time and then 'tis to be supposed she lost hope and grew desperate. It was not given out that she was to marry Georger Curmuck, but they were much together and the people talked, and some were sorry to think she should be content with this new lover, though they had pitied her the loss of Willie Vercoe. The truth is she had lost hope, and thrown the happiness that would have come to her into the deeper sea.

One day there came news that Willie Vercoe had come back to Falmouth, and had met with a small accident and would be a few days. The man that had the news hastened and told Ia, and how should he be surprised if she stared

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speechless and burst into tears and went away by herself into a lonely place.

From that time she was not seen again. Four days later George Curnock was found snatched to the heart and dead, and she was searched for, for it was known now that she had gone to the cottage of an old woman after she got the news of Willie coming back, and that she had had a dead child born to her during the night. The police searched high and low, but many thought that after George had refused to marry her she had killed him, and gone and thrown herself over cliff.

IV.

Willie came back at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder and when he was told the news—it was at nine that Curnock's housekeeper came shrieking into the village to say what a terrible thing had happened—he was like a man stunned. 'Twas a strange thing that he should have had to pass the farmhouse where this had taken place, and who knows that he might not have been suspected of the murder if it had not been for the disappearance of Ia, who had so much cause to hate the dead man? Indeed, there were people who said things as it was.

'Tis a pity to tell the true meaning of a story before the end, but sometimes it must be done. Willie had been coming homeward about eight o'clock, when the twilight was falling over the moor. He was happy as could be to see the old landmarks, and wherever there was heather growing by the road he walked through it, and it was like as if he was a boy again to hear the crush of it underfoot. When he came to Curnock's farmhouse he was half minded to stop and have a word with him, but he was eager to be back and make it up with Ia, and then set to work to undo, if it were possible, the result of the folly that had kept him away from her so long. So he was just hastening forward when Ia appeared at the door of the house and ran towards the road in terror.

He leapt towards her, but she looked at him like a person blind in deadly fear.

"Ia!" he cried. "Is it the little maid I came back to, come forth to meet me like this? I will never go again. I have all this time to win back—these wasted years."

She looked at him blindly. "I've killed him," she said. "He laughed in my face and I killed him with a knife."

"Killed him?" he cried. "He laughed in my face and I killed him. The little child never drew breath, and . . . Why did 'ee go away?"

Why do 'ee come back? 'Tis too late now."

There was no time to ask questions. Willie had heard enough to understand that the little maid he had loved was lost to him for all the ages, but he loved Ia perfectly, and he knew that it was he who had done all this; he could even understand how she had let herself fall in her despair into the hands of Curnock.

"Come," he said, and he blessed his knowledge of the moors and the cliffs. He led her secretly towards the cave I told 'ee of, and she followed and obeyed like a little child that do speak a foreign language but trusts a kindly stranger. It seemed as if she had forgotten what she had done and yet knew that she must hide. So he took her to the cave and gathered heath and made a bed which he covered with sweet smelling grasses and bed straw, and he sat with her in the dark until she slept. Then he came into the village and was told the news.

V.

They told him that it was certain sure that she was dead by this time; that she must have drowned herself in the same frenzy in which she did the murder. He was dazed and hardly spoke a word, but he took food and sat patiently while people said things in pure kindness that were enough to break the heart.

"Willie," said one, "why did 'ee go away? 'Twouldn't be natural if a man and a maid didn't fall out, pon times. 'Tis well enough to be loving all the time and the each to think there edn't nobody like the other, nor never was. You do get good proof of it, too, when you have to part company during a quarrel. But to stop away so long when the maid loved 'ee so well—"

"I aren't in the heart for talking," said Willie, so they didn't molest him no more but talked among themselves so that he learned all that had happened, so far as it was known to them.

When he had eaten he went out of the room and in a few minutes he came back and said that he didn't feel like sleeping, but would go for a stroll.

"A strange thing," said one that was there, "a strange thing if he should be the one to find the body. I aren't wiser than most, I believe, but he's gone to look for her."

He had found candles and food, and as soon as he was free of the village he made straight for the cave. Ia was still sleeping, so he lit the candles and set to work to make a bed of stones and gathered more heather for her to lie on in the loneliest corner of the cave. Then he put out all the candles

but one, and sat down beside her and watched. The candle burnt down and he didn't trouble to light another. She woke in the dark, and for a moment she was frightened, but he soothed her to sleep again with a sound of the voice and a touch of the hand. And he knew she did not remember what she had done, nor why she was lying in the dark. When she woke she took the food he gave her, and when he said that he must leave her and that she must be quite until he came back, she never said a word. He came to the village about five in the morning and slept for a time, but he was called up early by the constables.

They were wanting to know if he had heard or seen anything when he passed the farmhouse, and when he did so. He seemed like a man so stricken by sorrow that he did not understand what they were talking of, but he made them believe that he didn't come to Curnock's place till close upon eleven, and that he didn't notice. When they were done with him he went wandering on the cliffs, and yet, though many did the same, little or nothing was seen of him that day, or on many days that followed.

The constables were searching for the body, and they had but a cold welcome. The thing was done and ended; there was no doubt as to who did the murder, and everybody was sure that Ia had killed herself. Now this was in the days before the smuggling was done away with, and there were revenue officers enough already to put their noses into places where they were not wanted without these others. And a constable seemed to have a knack of being where he was not wanted.

One night a strange thing happened. Willie was in company of others, and a woman suddenly cried out "Who is the maid you have had with her head upon your shoulder?" she cried.

He hesitated. "What is the woman talking about?" he said at last.

"Why this?" she said, and she went forth and took from the shoulder of his coat a long hair. She looked at it curiously. "There edn't many maidens that Willie Vercoe would be likely to look upon," she said. "And the hair is not the same in any two. Is it Minnie Trewhella, or Annie Hugo, or—?" She broke off with a start and rolled the hair round her finger, and said no more. She was a woman that would have given her soul to marry Willie in the days when he was courting Ia.

From that time he was watched, for the woman gave the word to the constables, and there were more than a few now seemed to guess that he had her hid somewhere. But he knew the country and they could not track him. Then he was lost to the sight of men for eight and forty hours, and when he came back he had grown more silent than ever, and there was a something dreadful about the man, so that few cared to speak to him. He was followed when he left the village at night fall, and after he had entered the cave there were several watchers behind the rocks near by; for to shelter a woman who had committed murder was a hanging matter.

They waited and waited with the sea calling round the rocks below. After a long time there was a sound from the mouth of the cave. Willie appeared,

and with infinite pain he lifted out what might have been the body of a woman swathed in a white sheet.

He lifted it in his arms and stepped towards the sea. Then a constable called on him to surrender in the name of law. He just glanced over his shoulder and saw how matters were. He scrambled down to the edge of the sea and did—was it all or more than all he had intended to do if they had not come on the scene?

He had weighted the body with stones that it should sink surely into the good sea. He stood for a moment like a statue. Then he bent forward, and he and Ia sank together to the blind waves feeling round the roots of the cliffs and calling in the darkness of sunken waves.

An "Intellectshual Job."

Two frowzy but good-natured and easy-going women were overheard while engaged in conversation on a tenement-house doorstep.

"So your man has got a job already, has he? Didn't lay idle long, did he?"

"No; he ain't one to do that. He'll hustle sa' 'n' find a job of some sort."

"Ruinin' a' elevator new, ain't he?"

"Yes, he is."

"How does he like it?"

"Real well. Of course, it ain't what you might call a real intellectshual job like his last one was."

"Lemme see; what was he doin' last?"

"He was janitor in a readin'-room, an' as I say it, it was considerable more of an intellectshual job than ruinin' a' elevator. Still, I ain't one to complain about as the work is stiddy an' they pay regular."

"replied the woman placidly. Then she added with a languid drawl:

"Intellect ain't ev'rythin', now-ho."

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap and Calvert's Carbolic Ointment. Includes text: "THAT REFRESHING FEELING of thorough purification given by CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP" and "CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT".

Advertisement for Dr. Martin, M.D., Edin., Sydney. Includes text: "See that List of Diseases . . ." and a list of ailments: Asthma, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Catarh, Chronic Indigestion, Piles, Liver Troubles, Kidney Troubles, Varicocele, Rupture, Skin Diseases, Diseases of the Prostate.

Advertisement for J. C. Morton, The Popular Newton Photographer. Includes text: "PHOTOGRAPHY. Our Enlargements are unsurpassed." and "BALMORAL ART STUDIO, Karangahape Road, GLENMORE ART STUDIO, New North Road, OPPOSITE MOUNT ROSKILL ROAD."

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# HERE AND THERE.

A visitor to one of our dockyards the other day noticed a large board suspended over the side of a huge ironclad, now approaching completion, upon which the following legend was inscribed: "Notice to Russian Naval Officers.—This is not a fishing smack." Further on was a large destroyer, which had been similarly decorated with the inscription: "A toothpick for the Russian Navy."—London "Star."

Two little girls were engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of their respective homes.  
 "Well, anyway," said one little maiden in a triumphant tone, "you may have more bedrooms than we have, but we have more cream than you do. We have enough for our porridge every single morning."  
 "Pooh!" said the other, "that's nothing. We own a Jersey cow, and we get a whole cowful of cream twice every day."

The endowing of every Englishman with a physical training of a military character—that is, with an elementary knowledge of drill and of the use of the rifle—would act as a bulwark against the militarism of the Continent rather than as an encouragement. If the population as a whole knew the elements of the soldier's business, there would be far less fear than now of our being hurried at a moment of panic into some unnecessary and dangerous scheme of compulsory service.—"Spectator."

The chief items of interest in the December "Life" are "How I Wrote 'Deeds That Won the Empire,'" by W. H. Fitchett; "A Day on the Bridge of a Mail Boat," by Captains Symons, of the Oranah, and "How a Presidential Election is Reported," by Hartley Davis. Dr. Fitchett's serial and Mr. G. H. Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" conclude with this issue. Their places will be taken by a new book from the pen of H. G. Wells, and a series of Australian stories by Rolfe Boldrewood, both beginning with the January number.

There's the man behind the gun.  
 And the man behind the loom;  
 There's the man behind the stove,  
 And the man behind the boom.  
 There's the man behind the tank,  
 And the man behind the tank.  
 There's the man behind the till;  
 There's the man behind the club,  
 And the man behind the quill.  
 There's the man behind the horse,  
 And the man behind the cow;  
 There's the man behind the hook,  
 And the man behind the plough,  
 There's the man behind the dist,  
 And the man behind the curse;  
 There's the man behind the pick,  
 And the man behind the horse.  
 There's the man behind the hook,  
 And the man behind the horse.  
 And the man behind the rhyme;  
 But I'd rather be behind them all.  
 Than the man behind the times.

Good vinegar contains acetic acid. This acid has the effect of softening muscular fibres and rendering hard-boiled eggs more digestible. A small quantity of vinegar added to meat, such as corned beef or boiled beef, salmon, lobster, or vegetables with hard fibre, such as cabbage and turnips, renders these foods more digestible. People have generally added vinegar to these foods purely as a matter of taste. It was with no thought that it rendered the food more digestible. This is another of many cases where the natural appetite of the people, instinctively, as it seems, is in consonance with the scientific laws of feeding.

A Sydney barber possessed of a small saloon and one bath amazes the new customers by "gag" orders. Thus to his staff of man and boy: "Tell Jones when he comes in to go to the 'Oxford' and shave Mr Bland Holt. Now then, hurry up with the key of No. 10 bath, don't keep the gentleman waiting. Back in a moment; have to hair cut Sir Harry Rawson." After all, it's the old trick of a display of Empties. Young attorneys and medicos use it for years. In baby

sharks case a formidable display of precedent papers and printed forms done up into dummy instruction papers, and labelled Smith v. Brown, etc., are displayed. The medico relies on shelves of coloured water, physic bottles, and faked instruments, in which garden and house tools are ingeniously made to look like obstetric operators.

Some amusing stories of the Canadian general election are beginning to leak out. In Canada the law forbids the use of party colours in an election campaign, as tending to aggravate partisan ferocity. Still, after the election it is found convenient in many cases to print Liberals in red and Conservatives in blue. The clergy of Quebec province are forbidden by law to use their spiritual influence on either side in politics. One fatherly old priest, in addressing his flock before the election, expressed himself thus: "My children, I have nothing to say to you about politics. The law forbids me to meddle in these matters. I may, however, be permitted to remind you that Heaven is blue, and that Hell is rouge."

A lady golfer tells a story of an elderly bachelor in Edinburgh, who had played golf from boyhood up. He had never courted a girl because, he said, golf hadn't allowed him the time. Hence, everybody was surprised one day to hear that the crusty old gentleman was to be married. A caddie—the oddies are men in Scotland—went to him, wrung him by the hand, and said, sentimentally, "Man I'm glad yer goin' to wed. I think ye must love her dearly. I know your life will be all bliss and sweetness now, and I envy ye the golden days of romance in store."  
 "Pooh, pooh, Robert!" said the other. "It's nothing of that sort. Macmann, the champion, took a wife last year, and it improved his game. I am just taking one in the hope that it will improve mine."

An observant Anglo-Indian friend of mine who has arrived here by way of America, where he spent some months, tells me that a bureau of travel has been set up in New York, by the aid of which you can "tour" round the world, or take shorter trips abroad, by simply drawing down your blinds and living in retirement (remarks a writer in a Home weekly). You go to the bureau and buy a number of post-cards of different countries. You address these to your friends in New York, and date them successively from a number of foreign places to be included in your itinerary. Then you return them to the bureau, which sends them abroad to agents, by whom they are posted at the places and on the dates which the "traveller" has marked on them. In due course they reach the addresses in New York, who are all ready to congratulate their friend on his holiday when he emerges into view again!

"Tan Maclaren" recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humour: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbour called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus:  
 "Cauld"  
 "Ay."  
 "Grun tae be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin."  
 "Ay."  
 "Is John in?"  
 "Ou, aye he's in."  
 "Can I see him?"  
 "Na."  
 "But a winted tae see him."  
 "Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."  
 "Deid!"  
 "Ay."  
 "Sudden?"  
 "Ay."  
 "Vorra sudden?"  
 "Ay, very sudden."  
 "Did he say anything about a pot of green paint afore he deid?"—Leaves from the Scrapbook of a Scottish Exile.

Dr. Isaac Barrow, chaplain-in-ordinary to Charles II., was more appreciated by the King for his wit and vivacity than for his learning. The witty and wicked Lord Rochester once met his match in Barrow. Rochester, thinking to buster him, with a sippant air and a low, formal bow, accosted him with, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, on this improving his blow, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre," which was smartly followed up by Barrow with, "My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." Upon which Rochester, disinclined to be foiled by a rusty old piece of divinity, as he used to call him, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell." Upon which Barrow, turning upon his heel, with a sarcastic smile, replied "There, my lord, I leave you."

"The Review of Reviews" for Australasia for December contains many interesting articles. It is the twelfth number issued under Mr Henry Stead's editorship. During his year's control he has certainly managed to increase the use and interest of the magazine. The principal feature this month is the first of a series of articles by Mr W. T. Stead on the "Theatre." In his introductory paragraph he says, "In the present preliminary papers an attempt is made to excuse, perhaps even to justify, or at least to condone, the theory of a conduct of life which kept the writer outside the playhouse, until, after thirty-three years of active journalistic labour, he has decided to undertake a personal tour of enquiry through all the theatres of London, which will be reported month by month in the 'Review of Reviews.'" The articles are creating a surprising amount of discussion in England. Next month Mr Stead will give his impressions of the production of "The Tempest," the first play seen by him.

"The Land of Hope" and of "Pretty Spout."  
 "The Land of the Never-to-be."  
 And "The Land of Might" and "The Land of Dreams."  
 Are workers to the limit, see?  
 And other varieties of strange lands  
 Have staid'd the poet's spurt:  
 But I—1 sing of whichever you choose—  
 Of the Land of "More Insert!"

Ah, all of the dreams of youth come true  
 In the land of (Here Insert!)  
 The girls have eyes of a wonderful hue  
 In the land of (Here Insert!)  
 Never a sorrow and never a pain,  
 Never a loss but always gain,  
 Ever the sun and never the rain  
 In the land of (Here Insert!)

Faith is a fadefull plant that grows  
 In the land of (Here Insert!)  
 And lips make mock of the red June rose  
 In the land of (Here Insert!)  
 And death sifts downward soft as sleep  
 On eyes that never have learned to weep,  
 And the dress patterns are sold quite cheap  
 In the land of (Here Insert!)

And so, kind friends, if you happen to  
 have  
 A special desire to sing  
 A land of any particular style,  
 Yet haven't the time for the thing,  
 Just take the second and third of these  
 Verses (easy as dirt)  
 And put the name of your mythical land  
 Where it tells you to "Here Insert!"

Joseph Jefferson once told a friend that during his long stage career he had never been associated with any one showing undue familiarity with him save one individual, a man named Bagley, who some years ago was properly man in the comedian's company. This Bagley annoyed Mr Jefferson very much by his somewhat offensive manners, but owing to the valuable services rendered by him, Mr Jefferson had always been loath to take measures more severe than a reprimand. But finally the familiarity of the property man increased to an extent impossible to endure, so he was summarily discharged. This dismissal occurred just before the opening of Mr Jefferson's engagement one year in Baltimore. That night Bagley got exceedingly drunk. Plying his way into the theatre he repaired to the gallery, there to see his old employer enact Rip Van Winkle. The angry Gretchen had just driven poor, destitute Rip from the cottage, when Rip turns, and with a word of pathos, asks: "Den I haf no interest in der house?" The theatre was deathly still, the audience half in tears, when Bagley's cracked voice was heard in response:  
 "Only 80 per cent., Joe, old boy; only 80 per cent."—"Harper's Weekly."

There is some parious stuff in the evidently unauthorised biography of the Duke of Devonshire, just produced by Mr Henry Leach. "High social personages, who inhabit the fashion quarters (sic) of the West End," appear (says "The Times") to have supplied the author with special information about the Duke's habits. He has, we are told, a preference for check trousers instead of sober stripes; he likes flat, low collars and does not mind if they have stripes on them; and his low shoes, betraying his brightly-coloured hose, have been immortalised by cartoonists. We also hear of "old-time visits to Paris," when the Duke enjoyed a real wine at forty francs the bottle, which was cured three years before Waterloo. Curked! Well, it was a monstrous overcharge, and if the Duke was really strong enough to enjoy the stuff, it is no wonder that he has always had perfect health.

"Can you cook?"  
 "Yes, mum; everything."  
 "And wash?"  
 "Yes, mum."  
 "How many nights out do you want?"  
 "None."  
 "Sunday afternoon?"  
 "No, mum."  
 "How often will you scrub the kitchen?"  
 "Twice a week."  
 "And wash the windows?"  
 "Every Friday."  
 "Be up early every morning?"  
 "Yes, mum."  
 "Do you dislike children?"  
 "No, mum."  
 "How long were you in your last place?"  
 "Four years."  
 "Why did you leave?"  
 "The people went abroad."  
 "How much wages do you want?"  
 "A pound a month."  
 "When can you come?"  
 "To-morrow."

Just then a keeper from the asylum rushed in, shouting, "Oh, there you are!" bound her hand and foot, and carried her off bodily.

"I have a favour to ask of you."  
 As he spoke, the visitor looked appealingly at the agent of the automobile house, who scanned his face closely. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, sir," he observed, "you are the gentleman to whom we sold a second-hand auto two weeks ago."  
 The other man smiled a pathetic smile.

"I am that unhappy man, sir," he observed.  
 "In this, in order to make that machine go, I found I had to put in a new chain; this necessitated new front and rear sprockets, which meant new bearings. Then I put in a new fly-wheel, new gears, new ball bearings, new carburetor, new tanks, new circulating system, including gear pump and radiators; also new back and front, new tyres and new inner tubes. And now, my dear sir, having gotten the old thing so I can worry it back and forth twice a day to and from the station, I want to know if you would have any objection to supplying me with two feet of one-inch rubber hose pipe at the regular discount to the trade."

His wife came into the room where he was sitting. She was twisting herself around in the effort to look at the back of her new blouse. By the tense lines and the bulging aspect about her lips he knew that her mouth was full of pins. He knew it anyway, without looking for those symptoms.  
 "Tamp-gof-wuff-wuff-sh-th-b-f-g-f-f," she said.

"Yes, it looks all right," he answered, ruminating his paper.  
 "Duf-wuff-g-p-f-suf-up up w-r-oo-g-ath," she mumbled.

"Of course it does," he assured her, glancing over the top of the paper. "It fits like the paper on the wall."  
 "Sw-esh-uzunz-woll-ghr-m-m m-sh-p-z-z," she said, stamping her foot.

"Didn't I tell you it was all right?" asked the man, lowering his paper. "Maybe it needs a little taking up on the shoulders, but nobody could notice it."

Hastily letting the pins fall from her mouth to her hand, she cried, "I've asked you three times to raise the window blind so that I could get more light. It's a pity you can't understand plain English."

At a dinner of the Orwell Corinthian Yacht Club, held at Felixstowe recently (says the "Times"), Sir Cathbert Quarter, M.P., told an unusually amusing story of Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam. He began his yachting career, he said, with a 12-ton schooner, which he bought of Mr Fitzgerald. They would never think that a poet or a translator of poetry would have named his boat the Emetic, but such was the case, and he provided her with apples, herrings, and a bottle of gin. The story was told of him that one day he was on the Deben, on board the Emetic, in his usual tall hat and frock coat, reading "The Times," when the boat gave a lurch, and the translator of Omar went to the bottom. It was a most remarkable fact—and not a bit of Eastern imagination—that when Mr Fitzgerald came up again he had his pipe in his mouth, his tall hat upon his head, and "The Times" in his hand. It was further stated that when he got back on board his little craft he calmly finished reading the article that was previously engaging his attention. Whether he afterwards partook of either an apple, a red herring, or some of the gin, he was not in a position to say.

Among the following amusing advertisements there are one or two new faces among some old friends:—

"Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."  
 "A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."  
 "Wanted, experienced, nurse for bottled baby."  
 "Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."  
 "Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about 15 feet long and 20 feet broad."  
 "Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle."  
 "Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of children and a good sailor."  
 "For sale, a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."  
 "Mr Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."  
 "A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."  
 "Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."  
 "Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same."  
 "Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

There's a nest in the bank 'mid the daisies,  
 By the side of the whispering stream,  
 Where the pink ragged robins are toiling,  
 And the golden marsh-marigolds dream.

There's a nest in the depth of the grass-ness,  
 So sheltered and safe and still;  
 And the mother bird sits o'er her treasures,  
 And her mate nugs above on the hill.

But the nest on the bank will be empty,  
 When the little ones fly far away,  
 And the two little birds on the hillside  
 Will grieve in their loneliness that day.

But, ah! little mother bird tender,  
 Though blithely the young ones may dream,  
 There'll never be a home in the wide, wide world  
 Like the nest by the side of the stream.

"I've not made up my mind," said Carle.  
 "Whether I really dare to marry. Men do such rude, ungenerous things. Not that I'd have them sprouting wings. But why, why don't they cultivate soft, gentle ways and live relative? Noisy would stand aghast if womankind lived half so fast!"

"That's true," he answered. "In the main men do live faster. Else explain: When we left school long years ago our ages were the same, you know; taking that record of the past I must have lived comfortably fast. Else how comes it I'm thirty-two and only twenty-four are you?"

It is interesting to learn on the authority of the author of a book entitled "Catching Cold," that there are 22 different ways in which to catch a cold. We quote a few of the most common causes of cold:—

Allowing the physical system to become enfeebled through the disregard of simple laws of health.  
 An uncleanly or unhealthy condition of the skin induced by neglect of daily bathing.  
 Wearing insufficient clothing in winter.  
 Going to bed with cold feet.  
 Standing on stone or cold ground.

Standing at the fire when one's clothes are wet—a very dangerous practice.  
 Habitually sitting with the back to the fire.  
 Sitting or standing in draughts, especially when the body is warm.  
 Sitting or standing too long near a window.

The excessive use of stimulating drinks and of hot drinks before going out.  
 Living or sleeping in badly ventilated rooms.  
 Breathing the vitiated air of a crowded room.  
 Too sudden exposure to heat after exposure to cold.

"In these days daughters and wives resent the advice and supervision of those whom Providence ordained to look after and protect them. They go to clubs, they mix with loafers of their own sex, with occasional variations; they behave with the independence of wild young men about town; they deprecate home life—in short, they support ladies' clubs."

The foregoing is the conclusion of a spirited attack on women's clubs in an article in "The World of Dress." The writer—a woman evidently—believes that, unless she wants to smoke, drink, flirt, and bet, a woman has no need of a club.

But nowadays nearly every woman belongs to one, which is the writer believes, the reason that home, as it used to be, is "unwinding into merely a place to sleep at," and the home duties and the home life no longer interest the modern woman.

Ten years ago a woman's club was a rarity. To-day in the West End they are as plentiful as betting offices, and have just about as good a moral influence on the community.

Women in smoking-rooms, women in billiard-rooms, women hanging over the tape which rolls out the latest winner—it is not a very enlightening picture, and the writer wonders what righteous occupation a woman can find in a club that she cannot find in her own home.

In the course of an interesting article on "The Secrets of a Submarine" in "Pearson's Magazine," Mr Herbert Russell says:

"Of all the rubbish that has been written about submarines the worst is that which dilates upon the discomfort experienced by the occupants of these craft at a depth. Headaches, nausea, dizziness—all sorts of uncomfortable sensations are doled out to the submarine crews by ignorant writers. To be sure, there is a great deal of pressure at a depth, say, of ten fathoms. But this pressure is upon the walls of the submarine, not upon you who are shut up within her interior.

"The under-water endurance of the men in a submarine is solely limited by the fresh air storage. In other words, they can remain down as long as they can breathe, although in the British Navy it is a fixed rule never to stay under so long as to exhaust the air below a certain fixed liberal margin of

safety. For this reason the tactical submerged limit of the PA" submarines is put at three hours, although there is sufficient compressed air stored in the tanks to keep the men well supplied for twice that length of time. Fancy no doubt creates physical impressions when it has the certain knowledge of a considerable depth of submersion to work upon. But of actual sensation due to diving ten fathoms deep, and remaining there for an hour or two, there is literally none."

One's feet sound loud as anything, in walking on the floor.—  
 And clean and me with telephone through knot-holes in the door!  
 The hen's the bestest place on earth in summer when it rains:  
 The drops make kind of coxswains on the dusty window panes.

We peep in at the horse, and they always turn around,  
 And chew, and chew, and chew, with such a funny, crunchy sound.  
 And their eyes are kind as kind can be.  
 I like them that way best,  
 Just without the little shutters that they wear when they are dressed.

Their clothes are hanging near them, and they're proud of them, perhaps.  
 Though they've nothing but suspenders, buckles, chains, and little straps.  
 There's one whose name is Lady, but the rest of them are him,  
 And they all make snoring noises, just like Clement when he swims!

The lay is warm and prickly, and the dust gets in your nose,  
 And out the beams above you sit the pigeons, all in rows,  
 They are brown, and white, and purple,  
 but you can't get near to eat,  
 Though I think they ought to let you, 'cause they purr just like a cat.

But for sliding, and for hiding, and for suggesting in a nest,  
 The boy's the bestest thing 'off earth—  
 and I stumped all the rest!  
 They stumped me that way best,  
 I wasn't stumped by them;  
 I beat them all at sliding—excepting only Clement!

But though the bar's the bestest place in summer for a game,  
 You find that in the winter it isn't just the same;  
 It isn't that it's lonely, and it isn't that it's cool,  
 But Clement's down at Nelson, at Mr Someone's school!

Then I watch the lilac bushes, for I'll tell you what I've found—  
 When all the buds grow purple, and the leaves get big and round,  
 They shut up Mr Someone's school, as we quick can be,  
 And summer comes—and Clement!—to the hayloft and to me!

"Mattilda in the Barn," by Guy Wetmore Carryl, in "Youth's Companion."

Sir John Fisher, who succeeded Lord Walter Kerr on Trafalgar Day as First Sea Lord, is known throughout the Navy as a strong man who gets things done, and allows no vested interests or indirect pressure to deter him from his reforming purposes (say "M.A.P.") In this he resembles Lord Kitchener, but he lacks the diplomatic skill of the Himmilays Hercules. The contrast between them is vividly brought out by two stories told of incidents at Windsor Castle during the closing years of Queen Victoria's reign. Sir John Fisher was

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dining with the Queen on one occasion, when she remarked that she could not say she was gratified that a new yacht was being constructed for her use, for she was deeply attached by many treasured associations to the old Victoria and Albert. "Mama," the bluff old sailor is said to have replied, "do not be disquieted. You may depend upon it that the old yacht will last your time." This speech was, no doubt well meant, but in point of fact it contrasts with Lord Kitchener's answer to Her Majesty one day when, fresh from his Soudanese campaign, he was a guest at the Royal table. The Queen told him that she had heard many stories of his being a woman hater, and asked him if there was no exception. Lord Kitchener avoided a direct reply to the accusation, and did all that courtesy and reverence for the Queen demanded by rising from his chair, and with a courtly bow, uttering the two words, "Your Majesty."

A recent number of the "Book" monthly contained an interview with the chief of the well-known Methuen publishing house. He gave some interesting points about the book trade. The Methuen firm commenced in a back room near the British Museum some fifteen years ago. It's first venture was the publication of Edna Lyell's "Derrick Vaughan," which did not at the time turn out a great success. The firm's first success was with Kipling's "Barrack-room Ballads," and many have been the successes since then. "I dare say," says Mr Methuen, speaking on the life of a book, "few people realise how short the life of an average book is, and how much shorter it is getting. Fifteen years ago you could count on its existence for two or three years. Now three books out of four are at most as dead as mutton in three months. You may see a few copies afterwards, but the sale that remunerates the author and publisher is over before you know where you are. A book is getting like a magazine—the last number is extinct on the 31st of the month." Of first books, he observes: "Three out of four books fall flat. An author's second good book may share a similar fate; but if he has the root of the matter in him, he will come into his kingdom with his third volume. That is, I should say, about the average on which success arrives. If a man does not arrive at the third time of asking, then I'm afraid the publishers will begin to fight shy of him."

Fifty years ago the average girl was a plain, dull, uninteresting young woman, who might or might not be a model of the domestic virtues; but she was certainly not a very sparkling companion, nor was she conspicuously attractive to look at; and, in accordance with an unwritten law of the fitness of things, she bore a name that accorded admirably with her somewhat unexciting appearance and disposition (says a writer in a London paper, discussing girls' names). She was named, for instance, Susan. Alternatively she might be christened Jane—a name inevitably suggestive of white caps and domestic service; or Emma, which somehow calls up visions of the schoolroom and a vinegary governess. If her godfathers and godmothers had spared her any of these, there remained for her the melancholy name of Eliza; or if she were really of a gay and giddy disposition, she might be given the sprightly name of Ada.

But an inevitable reaction set in against these dull and drab-coloured names, and those who presided at infant christenings set to work to discover something with a more musical and poetical sound. Such names as Blanche, and Gladys, and Gwendolen were held to have a certain aristocratic ring about them, and so they gradually filtered their way down through Society, until they were as likely to be borne by the kitchenmaid as by the pampered daughter of a hundred earls. Flower names, such as Lily, and Daisy and Violet, are sweet, and simple, and pretty, and have established a claim on popular favour that is not likely to die out.

A correspondent writing in a recent London paper says: "Last week, by the kindness of a Japanese friend in this country, I was invited to a dinner consisting entirely of Japanese dishes, prepared and eaten in the Japanese way. Four English ladies and gentlemen besides myself were present, and to all of us the experience was new. Our host instructed us in the use of chopsticks,

which took the place of knives and forks, and, though we wielded them very clumsily, we contrived, not without merriment, to get the food to our lips. I am incapable of describing the numerous dishes, but I may say, generally, that while soups, fish, rice, and other vegetables abounded, with a small portion of quail, "butchers' meat" was entirely absent. Rice, of which custom requires that each guest shall eat two small bowlsful as a minimum, formed the foundation of the meal. It was all very good, and we should have eaten even more freely than we did, had the chopsticks been more familiar implements. But what I wish specially to mention is our experience afterwards. We came away from the meal with a sense that our hunger had been entirely, and agreeably, removed, but with no trace of any feeling of repetition. Indeed, we had no consciousness of having eaten a substantial meal. Nevertheless—and this was the most surprising thing—hunger did not return any sooner than after a heavy English dinner. Two of us did a hard night's work of five or six hours upon that meal, and found that it sustained us most satisfactorily—better, we thought, than our usual dinner."

Mr Baring-Gould has laid the scene of his new romance, "In Dewisland," in Pembrokeshire, at the time of the Rebecca riots, in the first half of the nineteenth century. The object of these riots was to demolish the toll-gates and gate-houses which pressed heavily on the people. Roads had recently been made in Wales, and in order to pay for their maintenance the old-fashioned method of levying a toll on every horse-man and conveyance was resorted to. All classes, from farmers to landowners, objected to the tolls, and bands of rioters, in female dress, called "Rebecca and her daughters," from the passage in Genesis xiv. 60, where it is said, "Be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those that hate thee," destroyed the tollgates, and in some cases, set fire to the gatekeepers' houses. Mr Baring-Gould gives a graphic description of these riots, as well as of an interesting part of Wales and its inhabitants. The story is one of love, jealousy, and revenge; the chief actors being John Evans, a farmer, his son John, and his stepson, David Narberth, a dwarf; Nathan Groes, an ill-conditioned young farmer, the villain of the tale; Mrs Bowen, a woman of means, and her daughter Dinah; and Mrs O'Grady, a penniless Irish widow, and her granddaughter, Sheena Lewis. The plot turns on the love affairs of the five young men and women, which are rather complicated. John Evans, jun., Narberth, and Groes are all in love with Sheena. Evans is engaged to Dinah although there is no love between them, and Dinah prefers Nathan Groes to her betrothed. As in all Mr Baring-Gould's novels there are plenty of exciting incidents. Although not as good as some of the writer's romances, "In Dewisland" is an interesting story.

Apropos of the recent visit of the King and Queen of Portugal to England a London paper recalls the somewhat romantic introduction of His Majesty to his consort. One day Don Carlos chanced to call upon the wife of the French Ambassador, and saw upon the mantelpiece a photograph of an exquisite girlish face, which he was not slow to pick up for the purpose of closer study. "What a charming young lady!" he exclaimed: "Oui, monsieur," was the answer; "and she is as charming as she looks." The next morning the Crown Prince was in the train for Paris; and in a fortnight his betrothal to the Princess Amelie of Orleans was published to the world.

Queen Amelie has been an excellent consort. It was to increase her usefulness that she went through the labour of qualifying as an M.D., and once she was able to turn her medical skill to account by bringing back to consciousness a poor girl who fainted in the streets of Lisbon as the Royal carriage was passing by. Wandering on another day, through a forest, she encountered a woodman who had cut himself severely. In a few minutes she had dressed his wounds.

But the chief claim of Queen Amelie to the affection of her subjects arises out of her frequent efforts to save lives that were in danger of drowning. She once rescued her own children from this fate, and it is barely four years since a thrill went through Europe at the news that when a boatman in the Tagus was overturned Her Majesty sprang into the

surf and helped to bring him safe and sound to shore.

It is little wonder that the Queen is always ready to encourage all efforts on the part of school teachers and others to induce the girls of her realm to practice the art of swimming. In this connection it is interesting to know that, although she sometimes suffers from a weak heart, she resolutely holds to her custom of taking a cold plunge every morning.

The society craze of taking pets to places of entertainment appears to have been started at the Royal Italian Circus, where many well-known leaders of society, including Miss Nathalie Janotha, the German Emperor's Court pianist, have taken prize dogs and cats and other animals to be introduced to Signor Volpi's trained animals.

"The other evening," said Signor Volpi, who chatted with a London "Daily News" representative, "a gentleman well known in the City brought his pet Soudanese monkey in the stalls. We have also been honoured with visits by distinguished ladies who have actually brought their pet cockatoos, mice, and monkeys to see the performance. So long as they pay for their seats and the animals behave themselves, they cannot be refused admission. It is a strange fad, and it seems to please the dumb visitors immensely. Now and again the monkeys in the stalls are frightened at the sound of the music, and the result is a little distracting to the performers."

The Italian Circus, our representative learned, is not the only place of amusement that has been selected by ladies and gentlemen who desire to treat their pets to a few hours' entertainment. Brilliantly-dressed ladies have sat in the boxes at the Royal Italian Opera, fondling live snakes and lizards.

Strange pets have a fascination for ladies in high society. One lady has a devoted python twelve feet long. Another goes on her travels with a pet bon constrictor, fifteen feet long, which, of course, if it liked, could crush her to death at any moment. It was caught in Somaliland. It accompanies its mistress placed in a round box. A ladies' mouse club is in existence in the West End, and blue mottled mice recently fetched 120 guineas a pair.

The most famous cat in the world is Prince White Heather, the pet of Miss Nathalie Janotha. It is a perfectly black animal, and has earned the reputation among European royalties of being a kind of mascot. Every royalty in Europe, with the exception of the Czar, possesses three hairs plucked from its tail. It once bit President McKinley's thumb. Wherever Miss Janotha goes, she is accompanied by Prince White Heather.

Four cruisers for the British Navy recently completed their trials, and as one of them was fitted with the Parsons turbine opportunity presented itself of a complete investigation as to the relative economy of this system of propulsion and of comparison with data obtained on similar trials of ships with the ordinary system of reciprocating machinery. The results are of the greatest importance, since they show clearly that the turbine requires less steam, and therefore less fuel, for a given pow-

er than reciprocating engines, while at the same time conferring other advantages of importance in naval tactics and the design of warships. These results are set forth in great detail in the current issue of "Engineering," and from our contemporary we quote some of the most important points. The four vessels are third-class cruisers, exactly similar in design, having a length of 360ft and a displacement of 3000 tons at a draft of 14ft 6in. The Parsons turbine ship, the Amethyst, was built at Elswick. Two of the others were constructed by Gammell, Laird, and Co., and a fourth by the Palmers Company. All of them have "express" water-tube boilers, differing in type, but of the same steaming capacity. The cruisers were designed to give a speed of 21½ knots with 9000 i.h.p. The trials of the ships with reciprocating engine prove, says "Engineering," that the utmost that could be done with any degree of reliability was 22.34 knots; the Amethyst, for the same boiler power, easily steamed at 23.63 knots—an increase in speed of 1.29 miles per hour. But when it is noted that the gain was realised with easier steaming of the boilers, with the same weight of machinery, with no vibration of the ship—which enormously assists towards accuracy of gun fire—and with quite 10 per cent. less coal per hour, and a correspondingly greater radius of action, the superiority of the turbine will at once be appreciated. The absence of reciprocating parts reduces possibilities of wear and tear. The height required for the turbine machinery is 20in less, so that it can be more easily "housed" under a protective deck or under the waterline. The air pressure in the stokehold was 3in less than in the other ships, so that there was less stress on the boilers. The manoeuvring capabilities of the turbine cruiser proved quite as satisfactory as of the reciprocating-engined ships. The time required for stopping from full speed ahead or for starting from dead stop ranged from 7sec. to 20sec., and only a few minutes was required to increase the ship's speed from ten knots to 22 or 23 knots, so that the tactical advantage of the turbine need not be doubted. Economy is the one great element, proved by the exhaustive and very carefully conducted trials of all four ships. At low power for ten knots' speed the water consumption was about 20 per cent. higher than in the reciprocating engine ship. This excess will be very materially reduced when the exhaust steam from the auxiliary engines on board the Amethyst is passed into the low-pressure turbine receiver instead of into the condenser—a practice carried out in the other ships. At 14 knots the conditions are, so far as economy is concerned, more equal, but when the speed was increased to 18 knots it was found that the consumption on board the Amethyst was something like 20 per cent. less, at 20 knots it was nearly 30 per cent. less; and at the higher speed the improvement was still greater. The influence of this economy on the radius of action is very marked; for instance, the turbine-proposed ship could, with her 750 tons of coal on board, steam 3160 sea miles at 20 knots, as compared with 2140 miles by the cruisers fitted with the ordinary machinery.

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# After Dinner Gossip

## AND Echoes of the Week

### Indiscriminate Benevolence.

It needs a very considerable amount of moral courage to stand up at a public meeting called for the purpose of building up a relief fund for the sufferers by some disaster, and to question if donations are really advisable. Sentiment at such times is in the ascendant, and the tendency is to give on impulse, and to condemn those who call for pause as mean curmudgeons, who pour cold water on an admirable and kindly project to save their own pockets. The Rev. P. W. Fairclough, of Wellington, is therefore entitled to much respect as a man of grit in standing up at the Wellington meeting called to raise a relief fund for the sufferers by the bush fires in Australia, and declaring that in all probability such assistance as we could send from here is not really required. There is a real and dangerous tendency to overdo the thing in these cases, and if the pockets of those willing and able to benefit any good cause are tapped indiscriminately without due inquiry as to whether assistance is really merited or required, the patience and the generosity of the kindest becomes exhausted, and when a case of real hardship and urgent necessity arises it may perchance have to go begging unsuccessfully. "Bis dat qui cito dat," is true enough, but if giving quickly means giving unwisely, it will be better to only give once. Fashion has her say in the matter of benevolence as well as everything else. We are prone to rush up nursing institutions, veterans' homes, Maori schools, orphanages, and all manner of excellent and needed institutions, and then when we have started them in life and usefulness to turn to some newer pleasure in giving, and to leave the older loves of our charity to get on as best they may, feeling, moreover, some irritation when we are reminded of our moral duty thereto. "Be off with the old love before you are on with the new" is wise advice in its own direction, but it does not apply to benevolence. "Provide for the old love before you take on with the new" is altogether better, and more just so far as the duty and pleasure of giving are concerned.

### Is Wellington to Have a New Daily Paper?

So far as present deponent knows, nothing has, at the time of writing, appeared in print concerning the new daily paper which is, according to Dame Rumour, soon to be published in the Empire City. There have been suggestions in this direction more than once, but nothing tangible has eventuated. But just at present there are signs that the time is ripe for embarking on a project which is certainly plucky, and which, if successful, will assuredly result in very large financial returns. There seems to be quite a consensus of opinion that there is room for another morning paper in the New Zealand metropolis besides the "Times," which is avowedly a Government organ. The new journal will, it is understood, take up what is known as the Independent Liberal position, steering midway between the policies followed by the "Times" and the "Post," which is, as most readers know, strongly Opposition. Commercial interests will, it is said, be strongly represented in the proprietary, some of the most influential merchants in the Empire City being amongst the "backers." The capital is to be entirely adequate—£75,000 has been mentioned, with more to follow if necessary. Country readers will, it is stated, be more amply catered for than in any other colonial daily, and there are to be other innovations which are to make the success of the new journalistic venture assured from the first issue. Experience has shown that there was room for both the "Daily Mail" and "Express" in London, though at the time

they started the very idea of such a thing was contemptuously ridiculed by experts. Who shall say, therefore, that Wellington cannot support another daily? Authentic details will be awaited with interest, not merely in the province, but all over New Zealand.

### Coatless Telegraphists.

In these democratic times that paragraph cabled the other day from Sydney about the telegraph operators who threatened to go on strike if the powers that be insisted upon coats being worn at work makes very curious reading. The operators claim the right to work in their shirt sleeves during the sweltering summer, but the heads of the department say it doesn't look polite for the staff to be seen in this deshabille when visitors pass through the room. And here have we all along been priding ourselves that we are not snobs whatever else we are in the colony! I never met a man yet who could really do an honest day's work with his coat on, and the New South Wales officials should rather have been pleased with this evidence of the operators' evident desire to "slog-in." And how very fastidious those visitors must be. Apart from this phase of the question there is the unreasonableness of asking men to keep on all their heavy outer garments when working in the sweltering heat of a Sydney summer. When a man has tapped off a few thousand words at top speed he has earned all the rest he gets and his lot is exacting enough without having the additional trial of being turned into an animated tailor's model for the delectation of some casual visitors. Strikes are bad, and without desiring to foster the spirit which engenders them, I sincerely hope the Sydney telegraphists will strike and strike hard against this silly idea of pandering to the aesthetic tastes of a few curious visitors.

### Nature's Gentlemen.

There are many people whose manners are geared on a sliding scale. If the person they are talking to be a "polite" sort of an individual, they are polite in proportion; and if the person they address be an ordinary individual, they are ordinary in their manners. There is no surer sign of bad breeding than this mutability of manners. The old adage about throwing pearls before swine does not hold good in this connection. A gentleman is a gentleman always to everyone. I have frequently noticed that people who, among their own colour, are passably polite and polished, are positively impossible when they come in contact with native races. At any of the tourist resorts in the Hot Lake district you will see white people behave with an insolence and arrogance which they would never dream of assuming among their own people. Occasionally these vulgar trippers meet with a well-merited rebuff. There was a case in point at Oaki the other day, when the Ngatihua tribe welcomed their adopted chief, the Hon. Hui Onslow. There was the usual herd of inquisitive excursionists pushing its way in front of everybody and everything, and one more pushful than the rest tried to bustle past a dignified old fellow who kept the gates of the pa. "Not so fast, my friend," quietly remarked the Maori. "When the pakeha give the big ball, he asks so many friends, and the Maori does not come and try to push in. When the Maori give the welcome to his chief, he ask all the people he want, and it is not seemly for the pakeha to push in." In justice to the pakeha, I am told he blushed, and was contented with a distant view of the subsequent proceedings.

### The Grass and Some Other Curios.

The story of the young man in America who cured himself of a chronic indigestion, which had resisted all the skill of the doctors, by a diet of cold water and quarts of fresh grass, brings memories of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the pitiable plight of Bully Bottom when he called, so lustily for a bottle of hay. One satirist recommends the young herb-killer to turn his appetite to the other asinine delicacy, thistles, arguing that the proverbial virtue of making two blades of grass grow where one had been is nothing to the utility of clearing our fields of the emblematical flower of Scotland.

These, brothers, are cruel jests. Knowing how little silement is to be derived from the most nutritious salad; we do not recommend to any one to go to grass, much less to thistles; but we are convinced that the anecdote has deep value to all chronic sufferers. We once knew a gentlewoman with a case of consumption that had left her only a part of one lung. Her physicians had long given her up, and so, when she confessed to a desire for peanuts, they not unwisely told her she could have all she wanted. She ate them with as great avidity as the young man in America displays for grass. She lived to a ripe and beautiful age, full of good works and the joy of living, her only cross being that whenever she called in a doctor for an ache or a pain he would insist on sounding the remaining quarter of her lungs to have personal knowledge of so rare a thing as a cured case of advanced consumption.

In yet another case which came under the notice of the personal observance of the writer before he left the Old Country, a wealthy and highly-respected alderman of the City of Liverpool lay dying. He was a bon vivant, and during his long illness had been cut off from his favourite vintages. On being informed his case was hopeless, he questioned the doctor sharply on the point, and getting a definite answer that nothing could save him ordered up an Imperial pint of '74 Moot and Chandon, and some marvellous liqueur brandy, of which he was inordinately proud. Into a large tumbler he poured a good four-finger nip of the brandy, added the champagne, and within ten minutes consumed the lot, and, not unnaturally, fell into a sleep, from which the doctor said he would never awaken. Of course, he did, or there would have been no story. That, moreover, was full fifteen years since, and he has seen several of his fellow aldermen and old cronies cross the dark river. He was still alive when the last mails left Liverpool, a hale old gentleman in the eighties, who still drinks his pint of champagne and his full bottle of port every dinner-time of his life.

Many morals are to be drawn from these instances. One is that in the practice of medicine the ratio of the unknown to the known is very large, and that the natural desires of the patient may be wiser than all the schools. Another is that one cure does not prove the general value of a remedy. Christian science, osteopathy and patent medicines may have worked marvels without proving their value as panaceas. But the most important moral which these true stories teach is that the best of remedies is a determination on the part of the patient to get well.

### A School of Sang Froid.

That famous Frenchman, M. Marcel Prevost, always studious for the interests of society, has been expounding in the "Figaro" the need for a "school of sang froid." The professors, he says, ought to teach the students how to brace themselves for any ordeal. A footpad pops up with a revolver in his hand. Do you run away and hide yourself? No; you pounce on him without hesitation, for he is more likely to shoot if you turn your back than if you present a bold and aggressive front. A letter, which is of great moment to your heart or your interests, is put into your hand. Do you feverishly tear open the envelope and devour the contents? No; you light a cigarette, and smoke it slowly; you turn over the leaves of a book, and occupy your mind for a while with something that does not matter. Then you read the vital missive leisurely, and take your happiness or your misfortune with calm.

M. Prevost, no doubt, has studied sang froid; so successfully that when he reads very hostile criticisms of himself, he does not want to call the critic out, after the manner of his countrymen. Some of our New Zealand politicians, who, like Sir Kiriaki Patengi in the critic, shriek like scorched parchment from the true fire of criticism, might do well to attend the school. It would harden off Mr. Hall-Jones, for example, and there are several others who would be more comfortable under taunts of adversaries if they went in for a course of "the sang froid treatment." Mons. Prevost should send some professors of the science out here.

### Beauty Farming.

In Northeast Russia there is a philanthropist, one Reshetnikoff, a distiller, who has set out to improve the genus homo by means of scientific mating. Horses, cows and pigs, he says, are bred with the best results—why not men? He admits to his farm only those who are sound and beautiful of body, just and right in mind. A little while ago he passed the first milestone in progress when he arranged a marriage between two young people born and bred on his estate.

What he wants is to show the advantages of scientific human breeding, and make it the rule everywhere.

The idea is far from being as funny as it sounds. What Mr. Reshetnikoff is doing, as Mercutio might say, by the book of arithmetic, Nature has been doing everywhere, in her irregular but effective manner, from the beginning of time. It needs no beauty farmer to tell the belle of the village to look from the tail of her eye at the buck, the pious maiden at the young rector. It is a phase of what the scientists call natural selection. All the world is, and has always been, one vast beauty farm.

Can the process be hastened by the methods of Reshetnikoff? It is to be doubted. The Wellington Park thoroughbred, and Mr. Gould's, of Christchurch, Jerseys, and Mr. G. P. Donnelly's Southdown sheep have gained their special points at the expense of what some would consider virtues.

There is something in the good old life of the world, with all its accidents and miscalculations, which makes for all sound hardihood.

### More German Army Scandals.

So many New Zealanders read Lieutenant Bilse's remarkable novel, "Life in a Garrison Town," and were shocked but acutely interested in the revelations made therein that little or no excuse is needed for drawing attention to another military novel, "Jena Oder Sedan," which has made a tremendous sensation in Germany. It is not a roman a clef, exposing exceptional scandals in an unrepresentative fraction of the German army; but a serious study of the modern German military system, made by a clear-sighted but patriotic critic. As a novel, it suffers from diffuseness and want of unity; it records the history of a certain battery of artillery during the period of service of a young peasant, Franz Vogt, and the interest is divided between the officers and the men. But it is quite readable as a story, and the author's analytic power is remarkable. He does not make the mistake of presenting all his officers and N.C.O.'s as bullies or libertines, but he does show that the system allows a sergeant who bullies and an officer who neglects his duties to succeed as well as their worthier neighbours. The real thesis of the book is double; Herr Heyerlein considers that the German army is moving towards inefficiency and consequent disaster, appearances being held of more account than realities; and secondly, that under present conditions the ranks form a school of Social Democracy. Franz Vogt joins as a loyal but unthinking peasant; he is unjustly punished, talks things over with Radical comrades from the towns, and leaves the army a Socialist. The best and most able officer in the book sends in his papers and enters a great ordnance manufacturing, where he can look for the success denied him in the army. The book is outspoken, and includes an unnecessary amount of sordid vice; but this is because the author studies his black sheep closely, not because he makes out black to be the normal colour of the flock.



**RICHARD STEPHENS, C.L., S.F.O., Auckland.**—We had a trial with the Copper Pipe Cooler and Aerator (combined) we got from you over a year. November 22nd. We cooled milk from our cows 98 degrees to 64 degrees. 22rd. I sent 28 cans of the milk to Auckland, 14 21 lbs. Some was put in cold chamber until 21th. Taken out, put in retail shop; was quite good at cooling of 30th. It cured us. I wish you every success.—**L. MASSEY, Pakaranga.**—**CRUICKSHANK, MILLER, AND CO., Agents.**

# Rheumatism

If your muscles are sore, bones ache, joints feel stiff, and it pains dart through your body, it is probably rheumatism. Purify your blood, get out all the rheumatism poison—no need of your suffering in this way.



We have the following letter from Mr. R. J. Kowald, of Maunabo, So. Australia. Mr. Kowald also sends his photograph.

"I suffered greatly with rheumatism, which laid me up for a long time. I tried a great many medicines, but they were of little or no use. A friend who had taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla induced me to try it. I thought it would be just like all the other medicines. But there was a great and pleasant surprise in store for me, for after taking one bottle I was better. The swelling began to go down, the pain began to leave me, and I felt better in every way. After taking only five bottles I was completely cured. While I was taking the Sarsaparilla I also took Ayer's Pills to keep my bowels in good condition."

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## TURF FIXTURES.

Otago Trotting Club Summer—February 18, 22, and 25.

## TURF NOTES.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Wager.**—Klondyke was eight years old last foaling.  
**Subscriber.**—The fastest time for a mile and a half in New Zealand is 2:33 3-5, put up by Gladstone in the last New Zealand Cup.

Whangarei acceptances augur well for a good meeting.

Mahaki claimed Armistice and Tomaranghi winners at the Rangitikei meeting.

Annoyed and The Swimmer are now inmates of D. Moraghan's stable.

Boris, Ghoorka, and Kremlin returned home last Thursday by the Botoki.

Waikato is slightly amiss, and was unable to start at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

Full Cry is to have a short spell from racing, though he will not be thrown out of training.

It is not unlikely that a new stud horse may ere long be purchased in England for Auckland.

Two of The Workman's progeny won races at Rangitikei. These were Shrapnel and Dalky.

Most of the Auckland ponies in commission are stale with continuous hard work and frequent racing.

Mr Lovett overlooked general entry day for Wellington, and consequently Hohoro may not race there.

Quarryman, Golden Vein, To-morrow, and Signaling were shipped South by the Tarawera on Saturday.

Boris returned to the Waikato last Thursday morning. It is expected he will fulfil his Wellington engagements.

Waikiki is still located at Flemington. Latest reports state that he is making a great recovery.

Boscal was well backed for one at least of his Rangitikei engagements. He will be amongst stake-earners later on.

King Paul, who was passed in at the sale of blood stock last Thursday, has since changed hands. His new owner is a Welsh resident.

The Phebus Apollo—Chrysolite colt purchased by Mr Donald McLeod was for the Wellington sportsman, Mr R. Turnbull, owner of Boris.

The Doncaster Handicap winner Chere Amie has been sold to Mr R. Wotton for 800 guineas, and it is understood that he will be sent to South Africa.

After bringing Delaware from Christchurch, Mr Stead did not start the colt at the A.R.C. meeting. He was not at all satisfied with Mr Brett's estimation of the colt's abilities.

Mr Fraser has definitely decided upon placing Advance in J. Maher's hands to train for the Masawatu Stakes, to be run for in April.

It is amongst the probabilities that the Wanganui Jockey Club will alter their steeplechase course, so as to bring it within the enclosures of their own grounds.

Australian buyers of yearlings at recent sales here can nominate them if they so desire, for classic events in the Island Continent, after the April sales in Sydney.

Bellman's display in the Auckland Steeplechase on Tuesday was a creditable one for a beginner, and he should be worth following in his future essays over big country.

Black and Gold seems to have lost the form he displayed in the spring, and although he was leniently treated in the matter of weight he failed to even run prominently.

The Te Aroha hack meeting takes place on January 30th. Nominations for all events close with the secretary (Mr E. O. Nash), Te Aroha, next Friday, the 13th inst., at 5 p.m.

Bonomiana nearly brought off a surprise in the Goodwood Handicap last Tuesday, only a head separating her and the winner, Mr A. Toomua's success would have been well received.

It is thought in some quarters that better average prices would have been obtained for the yearlings sold in Auckland at the annual sales if fewer of them had been less loaded with classic engagements.

Had Dr. Reid's stand been used by the stewards during the A.R.C. Summer Meeting all doubts as to whether there was any interference in the Derby would have been set at rest.

Mr Laing, of Foxton, came to Auckland expressly to purchase the yearling full brother to his little mare Lass of Gowrie. He would have had to pay more for the colt had he not been such a late foal.

Blazer is being given an easy time, as H. Jackson, his owner, found that one of his legs showed signs of weakness. He is satisfied, however, that the old gelding will be fit to race again ere long.

It is stated that H. J. Mason wanted to get Mr. Sutton to take to Australia a short time back. This gelding may be kept good until the autumn and then given a winter's spell at Gisborne.

The mares Etona and Melodia, purchased by the Hon. James Carroll at Cambria Park, were for Mr G. P. Donnelly, of Hawke's Bay, who secured them as mates for the imported horse Gold Reef.

When it was decided to break up the Cambria Park Stud, a number of leased mares were on the property, and these form quite a small stud of themselves. They will remain at Cambria Park.

Harry Jackson, who trains for Mr Moore, of Wanganui, was recently burnt out, and lost all his household belongings. His employer generously gave him a cheque for £100 on the day of the occurrence.

Mr Caulton Fox, who offered 500 guineas for Up-to-Date, subject to veterinary inspection, is the owner of Cracker Jack, who was purchased at the Wellington Park yearling sales two years ago, and sent to England.

Many New Zealand punters think less of Savoury now than they did before that colt raced at Ellerslie. His running discounts form at Riccarton, where fast time is so often put up that horses are over-estimated through it.

Auckland is always held up as the place where the best New Zealand ponies are to be found, but there are several in the South that can beat Reduction, who more than held her own with the local ponies at recent meetings.

Golden Vein, who ran absolutely last in his engagements on the second and third day of the A.R.C. meeting, was made a warm favourite for the Newmarket Handicap on the concluding day, but could not get nearer than third.

Achilles has been awarded 8lb over weight for age in the Wanganui Cup, for age in Sydney over a mile and a half, has 9lb over; Nightfall, 5lb over; Mahutonga, 2lb over; and Convoys, 5lb under.

Waikiki's full sister, Lady Rose, was a starter in the Newmarket Handicap last Tuesday. She was amongst the leading division in the early stages, but faded out of the contest when the head of the straight was reached, and is evidently not quite ready yet.

The parties connected with Putty had hard luck in his knocking himself out before the Grandstand Handicap on Tuesday by bolting about two and a half miles. He might not have won, but he could have been depended upon to have run a good race.

By the Victoria, which left for the South last Tuesday evening, Melodeon, Starshoot, King Billy, Boomerang, Delaware, Suncod, Noctiferous, Savoury, and Nightfall were shipped South. The yearlings purchased by Mr G. Stead and Mr G. Palmer were also taken South in the same boat.

The jockey on Miss King, who won the hurdle race on the first day of the Rangitikei meeting, was taking things so leisurely that he was nearly beaten by Jeanne d'Albert on the post. Miss King is one of the best hurdle mares seen in the colony for some time.

Stratford, who commenced his racing career late in life, has repaid his owner

for keeping him going. Though now nine years old, he has done, comparatively speaking, very little racing; much less, indeed, than some Auckland ponies have done in one.

The most successful jockeys at the A.R.C. meeting were Tom and Hewitt, four each; then come Cross, W. Wilson, M. Ryan, J. Buchanan, J. Plinker, and V. Cotton, two; Butler, Walsh, Speakman, Dealey, F. Davis, McCluskie, Carruthers, Howard, Gray, Thompson, Marchant, and B. Rae, one each.

It is said that when M. Gaston Dreyfus' horse Presto II. passed the winning post in the Prix du Conseil Municipal in front of Pretty Polly at Ainfautel, he said, alluding to "Jocoy," who had led out Major Loder's mare: "Ah, she wanted a pony to lead her. Well, she has had a good lead with my pony."

Those who were prophesying that the Southern sportsman, Mr G. G. Stead, would sweep the board at the A.R.C. summer meeting, would have a bit of a set back. Two races, the Great Northern Post Stakes and the Teah Royal Stakes, were the only ones to fall to the wearers of the yellow and black livery.

The Whangarei Racing Club's annual meeting is to be held on Friday and Saturday next, the 13th and 14th inst. Special excursion fares are advertised by the Northern Steamship Company, and a large number of Aucklanders are likely to make the trip. The outing, apart from the racing, is a very enjoyable one.

Convoy has been racing well at recent meetings under big impostas, and though he has met with narrow defeats, it is claimed that he has never been much fitter than at the present time. These are apt to understate the opposition good horses frequently meet at country meetings.

Nonette's name appeared in the Press Association account of the race for the Wairarapa Racing Club Handicap as having run second to Jeanne d'Arc, but Mr Ryan's old favourite, and, I might add, the Auckland public's too, was not in evidence there. Nonene, a mare by Johnny Faa from Daisy Clipper, fitted the position indicated.

The Eton—Dolly colt purchased by Mr Cooper, of the Wairarapa, at Cambria Park would have brought a much larger sum than 75 guineas had he boasted a long pedigree. There is no doubt that Dolly comes out a good source. Some of her three-year-old daughter by Soult, was about as good of her inches as ever raced in Auckland.

Four of St. Hippo's progeny were in evidence during the holidays. Up-to-Date, winner of the A.R.C. Steeplechase; St. Amelia, winner of the Ashurst Guineas; Exploze, winner of the Rangitikei Maiden; and Lurcher, who won a Double at Taranaki, and also a Double at Opunake, are by St. Leger's son, who will yet prove his worth as a sire.

Our correspondent wires that at the annual meeting of the Northern Wairoa Racing Club last Friday the stewards inquired into the alleged doping of the race between Angus, secretary to the recent races. The stewards were satisfied that the offence was committed, and are willing to participate in a prosecution if the culprit be found.

St. Hippo has been condemned too early by racing men. Up-to-Date is a good young horse for the jumping game. Lurcher is another of a useful kind. Exploze, the biggest three-year-old in training who won a race at Rangitikei, by St. Hippo; and so also St. Amelia, winner of the Ashurst Guineas. Fine stamps for the jumping game they both are.

The loss of Crenlan, who died last January, may be realised by and by as a serious one to the New Zealand turf. The ten youngsters by him sold at the Cambria Park sale on Wednesday averaged 334 guineas, and were a remarkably healthy lot, being very sound and clean about the legs. Some good judges were quite willing to take these youngsters on, and their confidence may be well repaid.

The finish of the Sylvia Handicap between Boomerang and Foremost gave spectators an opportunity of witnessing what ranged horsemanship will do. When Foremost ranged alongside he seemed to have Boomerang's measure, but Davis fairly kidded to Plinker on Foremost, till he drew the whip, when Foremost went all to pieces, and Boomerang, who was on his rider, beat him three parts of a length.

The totalisator receipts for the A.R.C. summer meeting amounted to £28,420, which shows a decrease of £1420 on last year's total. Considering the wretched weather conditions which prevailed on three out of the four days of the meeting, this must be looked upon as very satisfactory. When all things are taken into consideration, the club should come out with a substantial profit over the meeting.

From Wellington it was reported that a good deal of betting had been going on there last week over the double, Wellington Cup and Telegraph Handicap, before the

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appearance of the weights, and that Mr Stead's horses were most in request by punters. Evidently news that one of Mr Stead's representatives were not likely runners had not reached them.

Scaton Delaval was the most successful of the recent A.R.C. meeting. His desire at the recent A.R.C. races; then follow Freedom and Multiform, three; Hotchkiss, Mauer, Sont, Quilt, Phoenix Apollo, and Lofre, two; and Torpedo, St. Lager, Teiford, Merriewe, Bill of Portland, St. Hippo, Purgatorio, Cuirassier, Lebel, and Muskapeer one each.

Strathavon's win in the Newmarket Handicap last Tuesday was a very popular one, and his owner's name in for a lot of congratulation over the success of his horse. The Otahuhu sportsman is one of our straightest goers, and he was very proud of Strathavon's victory, as it was a complete answer to those who said he predicted that the horse was a light of other days.

Pearl Necklet, who was galloping in good style on the tracks, and who should have, with ordinary luck, accounted for a race at the A.R.C. meeting, had the misfortune to ent one of her heels, and was unable to be started at the gathering. This was bad luck for her connections, as the mare was very well and promised to make a return for the time spent upon her.

Idas, who has been a terrible disappointment to her connections since she accounted for the City Handicap in the spring of 1903, was disposed of at auction last Thursday for £100, a patron of C. Wood's stable being the purchaser. Probably a change of scene may improve the mare, who ought to be dirt cheap at the price she was knocked down at.

From time to time (says an American paper) we are flooded with tremendous flunge stories in the New York tracks, and a number of people are given scarce heads and good news knows what. We wonder what would happen if any bet were offered similar to that of Count Legrange to the late Harry Morris, an English bookmaker, when the Count won in one race £108,000, and the sum was duly paid by Mr Morris the Monday following the race.

Up-to-Date failed to pass the veterinary surgeon appointed to examine him on behalf of Mr G. Cotton Fox, and the sale which was reported was in consequence nullified. He was put up to auction on Thursday at the sale held by the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Co., and after bidding stopped at 2000. Mr G. Cotton Fox, the auctioneer, announced that Mr Roniston was prepared to accept 4000 for the gelding. Mr W. Lyons, the well known metalliferan, immediately offered that amount and secured him. He goes into J. Rae's charge.

En Garde, who was purchased for 1500 by Mr Gibbins to head Aid Patrick in his gallops, is to go to the stud in England. He is by St. Simon out of Engagement (the sister to Martin Heurlin) by Musket, out of Sylvia, by Fisherman out of Juliet, by Tombstone, and is referred to by the special commissioner of the London "Sportman" as "being perhaps the best bred horse in the world." He combines St. Simon with all that is most suitable in the Australian blood.

Complaints of foul riding at the recent A.R.C. meeting were very life, and it was a common occurrence to hear high words passing in the jockeys' room after the conclusion of a race. It is a hard matter for the stewards to detect these offences, which mostly take place at some distance from their point of view but it is a pity they could not drop on to one or two of the offenders, and make an example of them, as goodness only knows there is enough risk attached to race riding without their trying to increase it.

The English cross country horse Manifesto, who is now close on 17 years old, broke down recently whilst running in a steeplechase at Liverpool, and is to be retired from the track. Manifesto won the Liverpool Handicap twice and was third three times, fourth once, fell once, and was ninth last year when Molvan won. His racing career extended over 12 seasons, and when G. Williamson won the National on him he was presented with a

cheque of £2000, which is said to be the highest sum a jockey has ever received for winning a race under National rules.

At Phoenix, Ariz. Recently an exciting race was between Lou Dillon the second and a mountain burro, owned by Colonel R. Sawyer. The latter's bet was that, without a rider, his burro could beat the blooded mare with a rider in a hundred-yard dash, the mare to be under a 45ft handicap. Sawyer tied a 3-gallon can loaded with crackers to the tail of his burro, setting fire to them at the starting signal. In spite of the burro's fright, the horse was an easy winner. They made the race in a narrow alley, which gave the burro no chance to break the course.

It was freely stated in several Southern papers that Mr Stead had never owned such a fine team of two-year-olds as those he had racing at Hiverston. No doubt he has several very fair ones, but whatever the future may reveal there are no flyers amongst them equal to Multiform, Cold Medalist, Mouschikoff, and a few others which could name. Naturally Mr Stead is proud of his Multiforms, but a lot of praise bestowed upon some of them has been the means of earning them undue prominence.

Joe Gallagher told a friend in Napier that he was sorry he could not be present at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting, as he had not missed seeing the Auckland Cup run for about 20 years. Winding five of seven races on the first day of the Hawke's Bay Summer Meeting was a record performance for Gallagher to put up. The list of winning trainers at the recent A.R.C. meeting is headed by C. Wood, with four winners: D. Moraghan, F. Manuamainui, G. Wright, and F. Hildes had three each; J. Mason, Maher, R. Hanson, and J. Rae two each; and G. Alshum, R. Hall, J. Thorpe, K. Henderson, T. Quilligan, E. Cutts, J. Kemp, and T. Clark one apiece.

Through an oversight the entry of Mr Whipple's Evelyn colt for the Breadsall Selling Plate was not supplied to the Press by the Clerk of the Course at Derby. Eng. on Saturday, the 11th, as it was not on the official race cards (adds a London paper). It is not often that such errors occur, but it is a curious coincidence that when anything goes wrong with a certain colt, particular horse invariably runs prominently. If it was not outright, and such was the case yesterday. The colt, in the hands of Jarvis, gained the verdict quite easily, and was subsequently sold to Mr John Hanson for 400 guineas, thereby enabling the owner of the second, A. Sadler, jun., to participate in a surplus of 30 guineas with the fund.

Mr Knight's handicaps for the principal events at the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting had their appearance on Friday, in the Takapuna Cup Scotty is at the head of the list with 96, at which weight he must be considered leniently treated. Gladstone has been weighted up to a very best form; but Strathavon and Zulieka have both been given good winking chances. Of those lower down the list Putty looks the most likely, but at present I like nothing better than Scotty or Strathavon. In the Steeplechase Up-to-Date is at the top of the list with 128; he is not likely to start. Princess of Thule, Wairaka, and Dingo are all nicely handicapped, as is Loch Lomond. Wairaka and Loch Lomond and the pair I have most fancy for at present.

The English horseman, F. W. Hardy, has been engaged as first jockey next year to Lord Westbury, in conjunction with other patrons of the Phantom Hand stable, in Captain Laing, Count de Berteux, and Mr Julius Reiss. There is not a more popular jockey than Hardy now riding in England, and the credit of the and has experienced this season in a second bad accident following close upon a previous one, and the dauntless pluck and good spirits he has shown, have only served to intensify this popularity. Hardy's engagement to Lord Westbury is said to be particularly satisfactory, because it means that he continues his old association with Phantom House, a stable with which he has been associated for something like eight years, and it is a circumstance that speaks volumes for both T. Jennings and for his late apprentice that neither can find words to sufficiently eulogise the other.

After the accident at the spring meeting, which resulted in the deaths of three of our two-year-olds, the stewards reported to the committee the advisability of replacing the sharp edge rail which at present surrounds the course, with one which would not be so liable to cause an accident. This recommendation the committee did not deem advisable to adopt, but it is a pity that they did not see their way clear to do so, as it may have been the means of preventing the many accidents which occurred yesterday. In the first race Gansell, on Corporal, was hooked on to the rails, with the result that one of the small hooves of his foot was dislocated, and in the Newmarket Handicap, on Black and Gold, had his boot torn off and his foot badly lacerated through the same cause. It is to be hoped that the committee will be able to see their way clear to re-align their decision before the next meeting rolls around.

A New York paper remarks that a year ago, when the American season closed with a tin of "Dope, dope, dope!" Local racing columns were filled with the subject, and every horse who sneezed out of one nostril was regarded with suspicion. There was a demand for close paddocks, and a number of all kinds, and the matter ran riot. Well, there has undoubtedly been a lot done, much more than the outside world has any idea of, much valuable data has been gathered, but whether the matter is really nearly settled, or whether they have moved another step forward, is not generally known; only the fact remains that no case has been found and given publicity. The investigators are always the length of the stretch behind the roques, and can only swear after the roques have successfully carried a scheme to fruition. They may be able to present a duplicate, but the inception act is beyond human foresight, as a rule. This is one of those cases in which there never appears to be a "leak." Still, it is something that the strenuous period has passed!

When Hewitt the rider of Nightfall in the Great Northern Derby, returned to the paddock after that mare fell in the race, he complained that he had been interfered with by Cress, the rider of Gladstone. That this should have happened without Cress being taken notice of it seemed strange, so to satisfy myself I made it my business to interview both Cress, the rider of Gladstone, and C. Jenkins, the rider of Boris, the latter of whom was racing on even terms with Nightfall at the time of the alleged interference, and who, if anything of the sort had occurred, would have suffered every bit as much, if not more so, than Nightfall, as he was next to Cress. Cress is very emphatic in his denial of Hewitt's statement, and in this he is backed up by Jenkins, who goes further, and states that when Nightfall fell Gladstone was a good length in front, and that it was impossible that Cress could have been responsible for her mishap. It is a pity the stewards did not think it worth while to inquire into the occurrence, as such an official statement as that made by Hewitt being allowed to go without being contradicted is only calculated to bring a rider into disrepute when he is absolutely blameless.

The Continental correspondent of a London paper says that painful reminiscences of the past were raked up last month in the French Law Courts. Sportsmen who have admitted the brilliant riding of Ted Sloan regretted that he had come under a cloud which might have easily been dispelled had the American jockey consented to "play possum." In France the law does not grant the somewhat arbitrary power vested very properly in stewards who cannot place their fingers on the spot and yet are compelled to adopt punitive measures against all those sharp practices schemers - the stewards of the turf - and if it is not the case, the Boss de Mai episode is fresh in the minds of most sportsmen, and the respectable tactics adopted under the honourable name of the Count de Saint Phalle, who courted the turf and the money of the French nobles, are not forgotten. Sloan, who had no license to ride or train, came under the ban of the French Jockey Club, and ill-advisedly went to law. The legal question was raised as to his being under the jurisdiction of the stewards without a license, and he obtained a nominal verdict against the stewards. An appeal was made, and the cause is now under con-

sideration of the courts. Judgment will be given shortly, and the public will be able to gauge how far racing in its infancy with the code, although it is well known that had not the plaintiff invoked the assistance of the law he would no doubt have been riding long ago.

The curse of blood stock breeding in England is the prevalence of "fashion" (writes the "Special Commissioner"). Those who breed for their own racing may, of course, if they are sufficiently sensible, keep clear of it, but if they are rich, they, with very few exceptions, dash into head-on at the same gap with the rest, while breeders for sale are almost forced to do so, whether they will or not, for otherwise they sell so fearfully. It would not so much matter if "fashion" had at the back of it anything in the nature of genuine knowledge and common sense, but, as a rule, it has not, and this has become increasingly apparent of late years. In the days of the old Middle Park Stock high prices used to be realised by the stock of no particular horse, but just by the best yearlings. And those who were not very rich would make 1000 guineas each at one of these sales, the former being by Newminster and the other by Dundee, whose stock amid inferior horses would probably not have sold at all. The two colts, I need hardly add, ran first and second for the Derby. In those days we had plenty of good old male lines of blood. Herod was still going off strongly, and Kingstall was always running through the Flying Dutchman, Gloucester and Fisheman had even then been lost, as also had Bucephalus, who did such immense good in Austria-Hungary. The tendency since then has been to breed away from power in our ideas, until at one time we had come to look on St. Simon as the best and end-all of the horse-breeder's faith. All such fancies are preposterously foolish, and injurious, not only to the breed of blood stock in general but to the particular line which is exploited to the exclusion of all others. In-breeding within certain limits has unquestionably good results, especially if the breeding is done by a man who is well ascertained that in-breeding through a serious of generations without the introduction of any robust out-cross brings about deterioration, and in this respect it is observed in the British blood stock of today is due, I am quite sure, to the disinclination of breeders to use horses of any but Whitebone or Blacklock descent. I have often seen Kingstall's bag of about sixty years ago the descendant of Herod were going almost as strong in this country as those of Eclipse, and but for the accident of Whitebone getting Camel and Sir Hercules, the bag of Kingstall is being by descendants of Herod to this day. The whole thing was a mere chance, just as was the late Duke of Westminster's ownership of Doncaster, but for which he might have been the owner of the Turf, and these would have been no Ben Or, Ormond, Ome, or Flying Fox. Whitebone's brother, Whisker, who, by all accounts, was the better horse of the two and the finer individual, left nothing but an economist to represent him in this country, and that line lives only through King's Messenger. Far be it from me to underestimate Whitebone or Blacklock, but I mean is that they cannot stand alone, and that the longer they remain unrecruited from other sources the worse will our blood stock become.

The incident reported from the North of England of the removal of two valuable horses from a well known stable is such as to take the memory back (says a writer in the London "Stock Journal") to a long time ago. If the circumstances are as reported in the daily papers, we should have to go back a century or farther for its parallel in industry; we should have to look for the days when the killing was one of the commonest forms of crime, because, probably, such horses could be sold with impunity with the greatest possible ease. In a successful racehorse business might have been made, even if suspecting purchaser in the old times, when the attendance at race meetings was small, and horses were not taken from place to place so frequently as to become known to thousands. The telegraph wire, the railway, and the police, among them, have made the business of a horse stealer practically impossible. It was otherwise in the days when a horse could be safely removed from stable to pasture, could be ridden into the next county and disposed of in market overt with little risk. When

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the majority of travellers journeyed on horseback, when the harness and saddle and outfit... of the horse thief, who admitted having had "forty, fifty, or sixty stolen horses at pasture here and there abroad in the country at the present time. With the spread of roads and growing facilities for travel about the country, the risk of a stolen horse being seen by his owner by accident is increased, and the horse thief seems to have adopted as his usual system the plan of riding the animal to a distant town at once, and selling it as soon as possible to a dealer in the neighbourhood...

put on him, and so led home, to be again dressed and packed. There are some nice things in water, and limoness wash that night, for the sweating is otherwise apt to interfere with digestion. Now these ideas—which are not my own, but old-school ones—seem to be based on some common sense of the horse. There are to be trained in a more or less sunless climate. Certainly John Scott trained in this fashion, and I can imagine that the revolt against the system was due to unintelligent trainers and good horses, just as at one time blood-letting was considered the sovereign remedy for every ill to which human flesh is heir. I am aware, of course, that so-called sweating gallops are occasionally done, but the system as a system has passed into disrepute; and I venture to suggest that for some horses, especially in a cold spring, it may still be the best system after all. There are other ways of getting off weight, such as the Turkish bath, and, better still, the radiant heat bath. These for horses with doubtful legs are of course excellent; but any jockey knows that he preserves his strength far better when he sweats his horse by walks than he does it by Turkish baths and other means. Thus it is that with all submission I suggest to trainers the advisability of reverting to the old scheme for some of our steeplechasers. It is a mere an idea which has struck me as a compromise one—but who can remember a first division winner of the Ascot Cup and the even greater difficulty which is involved in training some of his grosser stock. I do think the wisdom of our ancestors might perhaps be applied to the horse, not by walking but by the means of the horse which he used to get him ready in time for the Two Thousand Guinea, in which he finished only third to Scylla. It was not by walking but by the means of the horse which he used to get him ready in time for the Derby. In fact, they were as nearly as makes no difference the same animal; but Ard Patrick was never really fit to run and show his very best until he had been through the water. This was partly due to his straining a tendon at Ascot, but in the spring of his three-year-old career his too, too solid flesh simply would not melt. I have thrown out the above ideas, not in any way as arrogating to myself the slightest authority, but because I think they are possibly worth consideration.

A.R.C. SUMMER MEETING. FOURTH DAY.

The A.R.C. concluded their Summer Meeting yesterday at Ellerslie. The weather was again squally and unpleasant but notwithstanding this there was a good attendance, which included His Excellency the Governor and Lady Puckler, who arrived here before the meeting began. The day's racing was very successful, and passed off without a hitch, for which Mr W. Percival and his assistants are entitled to a word of praise. Mr C. O'Connor's starting duties were done in a very efficient manner in the hands of Mr T. King left no room for complaint. During the afternoon the sum of £15,470 was handed at the totalisator, which makes a grand total of £286,000 for the meeting, against £268,546 last year, a decrease of £17,454. Proceedings commenced with the Goodwood Handicap, from which Partizan was the only withdrawal, his going to the post with Avalanche a warm favourite. The favourite was already in a handy position, and getting in front as they turned for home it looked as if she would score an easy victory, but she had to be shaken up over the last hundred yards to win by a head from the ex-ter-fidius Bonhomium, who was the outsider of the party. Only four came out for the Sylvia Handicap, and Boomerang was sorted out as the correct one, and once again backers were on their feet, getting away well. Boomerang showed the way to the distance, where Foremost looked like beating him, but superior horsemanship told his tale, and Boomerang won by three parts of a length. There was a rather interesting moment of familiarity between Scotty and Savoury in a field of 10 which lined up for the Grandstand Handicap, but this time followers of the favorite were at fault, as Quarryman, getting in the lead at a fair pace in the race, lasted long enough to win by a length from Scotty, who ran a good race under his heavy weight. Starshoot finished third, with Savoury (who did not seem to be knocked about at the Big Four).

Four saddled up for the Tenth Royal Stakes, for which the stable companions Sungod and Nocturnum, who were bracketed on the machine, were made odds-on favorites. The race was not one to be done over, as Nocturnum, shooting out when the barrier was raised, never left the issue in doubt, winning easily at the finish by a little better than two lengths from Sungod, with Sungod being pulled out for third, three lengths away. The previous winners of the Royal Stakes are as follows:—

of Partizan, with Jewellery, Beauty, and Marshal; but close handly. Quarryman was still bounding along in front as they went through the cutting, where Partizan stepped back, and Marshal South ran into him, but pace, Starshoot and Beauty were in front. There was no alteration in the lead as across the top stretch, and Quarryman entered the straight a length in front of Marshal South. As they straightened out, the two ran home, and Marshal South, Starshoot, Beauty, and Jewellery all out of the race but not withstanding that Quarryman developed all over the course at the finish, he lasted long enough to win by a length from Scotty, who led Starshoot by half a length. Time, 2:12. Dividends, £7 4s and £3.

TENTH ROYAL STAKES OF 50 SOVENS. Six furlongs.
44—G. G. Stead's ch. Nocturnum, by 1
51—M. T. Tumbull's br. Malindid, 8:12... 1
122—R. T. Tumbull's br. S.P., and 374... 2
G. G. Stead's Sangod, 7:5, dead heat... 3
Sungod and Nocturnum were bracketed on the machine.
The quartette were despatched on even terms, Nocturnum being the first to show out, and going through the cutting he was two lengths in front of Malindid. Nocturnum was still in front across the top stretch and into the straight, and drawing out in the run he hit the water, and up to the finish, by two lengths from Malindid, Sangod and Beauty running a dead heat for third place, three lengths away. Time 1:18. Dividend, £11 7s 6d.
AUCKLAND STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 50 sovs, second 30 sovs. Three miles and a half.
Mr J. Roulston's br. g. Up-to-Date, by 1
S. Hippo—Winnia, Gyr, 11:3, (How... 1
Princess of Thule, 10:0 (Debbie)... 2
Loch Lomond, 9:7 (Buras)... 3
Also started; Catherine Gordon, 10:9 (Morrigan); Bellman, 10:0 (Wahis); Hinau, 9:7 (Neary).
Hinau was first to break the turf, but Bellman immediately rushed to the front, and going up the hill he was twelve lengths in front of Hinau, with Up-to-Date, Princess of Thule, Loch Lomond, and Catherine Gordon following in that order. At the top of the hill Hinau was 20, and Up-to-Date into second position, with the position of the others unchanged. Bellman had a lead of thirty lengths at the second fence on the hill, but ran off the course after jumping the last hurdle, and fell into the water, and lost his place, and Princess of Thule and Up-to-Date were on terms as they jumped into the course, Loch Lomond being handy. Bellman had taken the lead again, and lost his place, and Princess of Thule and Up-to-Date and Loch Lomond as his nearest attendants. Going along the back and breasting the hill the second time Bellman had put a gap of half a dozen lengths off him, and at the top of the rest of the field, Loch Lomond taking second position, with Up-to-Date, Princess of Thule, and Catherine Gordon racing in that order, there was no material alteration in the positions as they came down the hill and raced up to the double, but as they went along the back the last time Up-to-Date, Princess of Thule, Loch Lomond, and Catherine Gordon of made four and five, and at the foot of the hill they were on terms with Bellman, who had shot his bolt, Loch Lomond was in front at the top of the hill, and he was first to the sod wall at a close margin. Up-to-Date, with Up-to-Date and Princess of Thule almost on terms, and Catherine Gordon a length away. At the turn for home Up-to-Date was a length in front of Princess of Thule and Loch Lomond, and entering the last curve, Princess of Thule, and won a good race by two lengths, with Loch Lomond five lengths further back. Dividend, £26 12s. Time, 5:21 1/2. Dividend, £2 19s.

The following are the previous winners of the Auckland Steeplechase:—
1875—Mr F. W. Marks' Racer, 11 1/2 m.s.
1876—Mr O. C. McCre's Auckland Kate, 11 0
1877—Mr O. C. McCre's Perfume, 10 7 1/2
1878—Mr J. F. Butter's Tiger, 12 2
1879—Mr F. Butter's Tiger, 10 5 1/2
1880—Mr R. Ray's Long Hand, 12 0
1881—Mr F. Butter's Tiger, 11 11 1/2
1882—Mr S. Morris's The Don, 11 0
1883—Mr H. Lamb's Caper, 11 2
1884—Mr J. Leonard's Chandler, 10 2 1/2
1885—Mr W. Westor's Linwood, 9 7 1/2
1886—Mr W. K. Carter's Atlas, 10 5
1887—Mr J. E. Lennart's Falcon, 10 4 1/2
1888—Mr N. Dick's Transit, 10 6
1889—Mr N. Dick's Transit, 10 6
1890—Mr J. Rae's Grangeam, 12 9
1891—Mr G. Wright's Orlando, 12 3
1892—Mr L. B. Lewis's Sunbird, 11 8
1893—Mr W. Wain's Mangere, 10 7
1894—Mr J. Sutton's Despatch, 11 1 1/2
1895—Mr R. Gipin's Roscius, 12 0

Far be it for me to attempt to teach trainers their business, but lockers on proverbially see most of the game, and it has certainly occurred to me that in the Commission in the London "Sportman" I saw in recent years there seems to have been greater difficulty than there used to be in getting horses fit to run in the spring and early summer. The American writers in this respect, though Higgins used to get annoyed if anyone said so. But there are many others whose horses never begin to bloom until the season is half over, and going on times it is as good as certain that they are going down and we have known years when Kingclere three-year-olds have had to be kept until Ascot, or even later, as, for instance, the much-famed Segret, but at Newmarket there came a time when the scores of the horses were not nearly so good as they were last year, and yet William Rufus last year and Henry the Third did not come to anything like their true form until the autumn. I have never had any doubt that the American writers are right in their statements about the horses unclotted in their stables. What suits one climate does not suit another, and the sun is America is much more potent than it is here, while clothing is really essential in average weather in this country. It is far from certain that in the case of all gross horses the old system of sweating gallops is not the best. If an animal is wanted for early engagement, it is not to be expected that he will be ready at ordinary exercise, and, according to the old style, they would be sent a three-mile sweating gallop three times a fortnight, with double clothing on, the sweating gallop being increased gradually to the fourth. On pulling up the horse would have additional rugs put on him in the rubbing house, and there be allowed to break out for 10 minutes, or so, with double clothing, and then he would be scraped and rubbed dry, having received inestimable benefit, fresh clothing

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CHRISTCHURCH, January 10.

The Hororata Racing Club's annual race meeting will be held on tomorrow (Thursday). The following horses are engaged in the principal events of the Hororata Cup...

Mason, who got home on Saturday, will leave for Wellington this week to superintend Nightingale's preparation at the Hunt. He will probably take with him Golden Lily and Muffet to fulfil their respective engagements at the Wellington meeting.

Of Mr George Clifford's horses which ran at Auckland, Tomorrow and Signahuan being amiss will come straight home. Quarrier will be sent to the North Island at Wellington to race there, and will be joined by a detachment from Riccarton, comprising Stronghold and Glenlivet, and possibly Bonnie Brae.

The Riccarton contingent which took part in the West Coast meeting is expected home this evening.

The Guesner was sore after his return from Dunedin, but is now sound and well.

McDonald having left his employ to take service with the Hon. G. McLean, Mr J. A. Holmes has had to make fresh arrangements for his team. He has sent Terrapin and Royal Crown up to his station for a rest, and has placed Lily in Taggart's hands. By the way, it does not look now as if Taggart contemplated abandoning the profession. In addition to Illiarly, he has Flow Tom and Zenius in work, but he has sold Zenius to Mr H. H. Darrell of Waiuku.

Mr Hobbs and Mr R. H. Hutton returned from Auckland on Saturday. The three yearlings knocked down to Hobbs were purchased on behalf of the partnership recently registered between the pair.

Lewis has had yet another addition to his team in the shape of a gelding by Conqueror from Al Saluts.

Master Aliz is making excellent progress in his preparation for his Wellington engagements. The pony Manless is suffering from lameness in his hind leg.

The two-year-old Handel, who has been resting, has resumed work.

Nothing at Riccarton is moving more freely just now than Steadance. Mr Chadwick seems to have made an excellent hand-pick for the Wellington Cup, Mabelonga, Ard Gauntier, Bulwary, Nightfall, Quarryman, and Ghoocks all look to possess a chance if they start, although I suspect it is doubtful whether Bulwary will go to the post.

The Club of the Lake County Racing Club (Otago) receiving a totalisator permit was instanced on Saturday. Though the weather was gloriously fine at Queenstown only £2000 was cleared on the totalisator. Seven events were held, and attracted 25 starters, and of these two fruits each claimed a field of five. In the principal event on the programme only £5 were invested on the totalisator.

MR STEAD'S TEAM.

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday. Mr Stead's horses, with the exception of Nightfall, returned to the paddock. Nightfall was lauded at Wellington presumably to run at the Wellington summer meeting. She is still sore, however, from the effects of her fall at Ellerslie.

BLOODSTOCK SALES.

DISPENSAL SALE OF CAMBRIA PARK STUD.

The sale of bloodstock was continued yesterday, when the whole of the Canterbury Park Stud, the Glenora yearlings, and a number of other stock the property of different owners were offered. The sale was conducted by the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Co. Ltd. Mr H. O. Nulan officiating as auctioneer. There was a large attendance at the ringside, amongst those present being Hon. Jas. Carroll, Hon. H. Mosman, Major Harris and Pitt, and Messrs Foster, Edgar, J. G. Stewart, G. and T. Fenton (Western Australia), G. G. Stead, M. Hobbs (Canterbury), F. Earl, O. Nicholson, M. McLean, W. P. Massey, M.H.R., A. Kidd, H.B., F. Lawry, M.H.R., J. Todd, T. Morris, B. Arncliffe, B. McKinnon, S. Braley, W. McLoughlin, and others. The sale commenced with the offering of the brown filly by Eton—Windmill, which went off at £100. The next three lots excited very little attention, but bidding livened up a little when the South-Hitcherlin filly appeared, and she quickly ran to \$22, at which price Mr M. H. Hutton bought her. The rest of the afternoon's bidding was very quiet, the only bid being that of the filly by Eton—Windmill, which was bought by Mr C. Weal. The colt is as nice a one as was

been offered in Auckland for some time, and should he fall to make a racehorse a number of the experts will have to acknowledge his merits. The colt by Eton—Windmill—Anna went at 100 to Mr H. Hutton, and then the South-Hitcherlin filly was brought in. Starting at 100 to 1 she jumped to 150 to 1, and then ran to 100 to 1, at which price Mr C. Weal got her. The remaining lots did not command very high figures, and were soon disposed of, and then the brood mares were brought in, some of which drew keen competition for their possession. Mr Stead securing Ratter, with colt foal by Cyrenian, at 25 to 1, and Mr L. H. Darrell Kilmorey for 25 to 1, and Hon. J. Carroll Melodia at 15 to 1, these being the highest prices won. The Canterbury Park yearlings realized 108 to 1 for fifteen lots, an average of a little over 72 to 1. Sixteen brood mares brought 12 to 1, and the stallion Eton 10 to 1, making a total of 244 to 1 for the collection. The Glenora yearlings brought 64 to 1 for seven lots, an average of just on 7 to 1. Four yearlings belonging to Mr A. Kidd realized 25 to 1, an average of a little over 6 to 1, and a number of miscellaneous lots of various ages of various owners were also disposed of. The sales are as follows:—

- Brown filly, by Eton—Gwendoline: K. Heaton, 45 to 1. Brown filly, by The Officer—Lustrous: Mr Bagwell, 30 to 1. Bay colt, by Unrassier—St. Edith: 25 to 1. Chestnut colt, by Cyrenian—Pikau: A. Phillips, 30 to 1. Bay filly by South—Hitcherlin: J. Hobbs, 3 to 1. Brown filly by Cyrenian—Hestia: Hon. Jas. Carroll, 60 to 1. Brown filly by The Officer—Heartcase: Mr Gordon, 10 to 1. Brown colt by South—Lady Minket: Mr Laing, 15 to 1. Brown colt by Eton—Dolly: Mr Cooper (Wairarapa), 7 to 1. Black filly by Cyrenian (Imp.)—Lady Agnes: Mr L. H. Darrell (W.A.), 1 to 1. Bay colt by Cyrenian (Imp.)—Melodia: C. W. Hay, 1 to 1. Grey colt by Cyrenian—Songster: B. Arncliffe, 3 to 1. Brown colt by South (Imp.)—Anna: M. Hobbs, 30 to 1. Brown filly by South (Imp.)—Princess Alice: J. Thorpe, 10 to 1. Bay colt by Cyrenian—Miss Annie: M. McLean, 5 to 1. Bay colt by South—Fishgirl: L. H. Darrell (W.A.), 3 to 1. Grey colt by Cyrenian—Sappho: F. Macmanuini, 5 to 1. Bay filly by Cyrenian—Pit-a-Pat: J. Thomson, 4 to 1. Brown filly by South—Lady Emmeline: N. Bains, 15 to 1. Chestnut filly by Cyrenian—Kilmory (Imp.): M. McLean, 4 to 1. Brown filly, by Cyrenian—Irma: 5 to 1, Mr J. Thomson. Brown filly, by The Officer—Anadyomene: 10 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Bay filly, by South—Giadze May: 4 to 1, Mr J. Murphy.

BROOD MARES.

- Neringla, by Goldsborough—Mabel: 7 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Our Lady, by Summer—Lady Agnes: 12 to 1, Mr G. Currie. Brudge, by Nelson—The Maid: 3 to 1, Sains, 15 to 1. Sappho, by St. Ledger—Brassolis: 4 to 1, Smith Bros., Matakohe. Etona, by Castor—Lady Wainisley, colt foal by Cyrenian: 15 to 1, Hon. J. Carroll. Grey colt, by South—The Sheilan: 2 to 1, M. A. Nesbitt. Irma, by Neckergat—Perhaps, with colt foal by Eton and served by Eton: 2 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Hestia, by Grandmaster—Wildfire, colt foal by Cyrenian and served by South: 9 to 1, S. H. Green (N.S.W.). Epine, by Sweet William—The Thorn, served by Eton: 2 to 1, J. Roddy (Waunganui). Melodia, by Goldsborough—Melody, served by Eton: 17 to 1, Hon. J. Carroll. Silk, by Grandmaster—Chrysochase, filly by Eton and served by Eton: 3 to 1, A. J. Storey. Pit-a-Pat, by Rupert—Footprint, served by Eton: 1 to 1, Mr B. Arncliffe. Kilmorey, by Kilwardin—Union, served by Eton: 2 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Lady Agnes, by Neckerss—Wardventure, filly foal by Eton, served by Eton: 2 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Windmill, by Goldsborough—Merry-go-round, served by South: 5 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Ratter, by Nelson—Moonga, colt foal by Cyrenian and served by South: 2 to 1, Mr G. G. Stead.

SIBES.

Eton, by Castor—Lady Wainisley: 10 to 1, Mr M. McLean.

ON ACCOUNT OF MR A. KIDD.

- Chestnut colt, by Seaton DeCaval—St. Margaretta: 5 to 1, Mr M. McLean. Bay colt, by Henschloff—Mysterions: 5 to 1, Mr T. Wylie. Bay filly, 2 years, by Cyrenian—Mysterions: 5 to 1, Smith Bros., Matakohe. Brown colt, 2 years, by Cyrenian—St. Margaretta: 10 to 1, Mr C. Weal.

ON ACCOUNT OF HON. H. MOSMAN.

Chestnut mare, Jessamine, by Musketry, served by Hild: 2 to 1, Smith Bros.

ON ACCOUNT OF OTHER OWNERS.

- Dolly, by Randwick—Locket: 20 to 1, Mr B. Arncliffe. Bay mare, Belle: 10 to 1, Mr H. Weal. Chestnut gelding, 2 years, by St. Paul—Belle: 12 to 1, Mr T. Stewart. Filgar, by Ben Godfrey—Belle, 3 years: 1 to 1, E. Carry. Roma, 6 yrs, by Hukatore—Belle: 3 to 1, T. Bright. Swagman, 5 yrs, by Ben Godfrey—Problem: 15 to 1, Mr C. Weal. Bay mare, by Hitcherlin—Castor mare, 5 yrs: 10 to 1, J. Burns.

The N.Z. L. and M. Co. held a sale of blood stock to-day at the Harp of Erin stables. Mr H. O. Nulan officiated as auctioneer. There was a fair attendance, but bidding was slow. A number of lots were offered, but failed to reach the reserves, and were passed in. The following sales were effected:—

- Idas, 10 to 1; Mr W. Curtis. Up-to-date, 40 to 1; Mr W. Lyons. Wellcast, 2 to 1; Mr P. Bright.

The filly by Hitcherlin—Lady Emily, purchased at the last Wellington Park sale, and the brood mare Our Lady and Epine, secured at the Cambria Park dispersal sale, were shipped South by the Barawa yesterday. Epine gave a number of trouble before they succeeded in getting her on board.

MOTORS AND MOTORISTS.

(By Speeder.)

Rotorua was a favourite rendezvous with Auckland motorists during the holidays. The best time between the city and the thermal district was put up by Mr Arthur Cleave on his 15 h.p. Darraco—Thrs 45min, which is 1hr 35min better than the previous best, that of Mr C. Rhodes and Mr Beckaert, made on a similar machine, but heavier. This is a splendid performance, and will take a lot of beating.

A Michigan editor, according to the "Auto Era," has had a stroke of bad luck. He was just about to step into his new £2000 motor-car the other night, when three bed slats gave way and he awoke.

A London writer says:—The dawn of a new century may be said to have witnessed the establishment of a motor manufacture in Great Britain as a most promising industry, and since the English cars have proved from year to year that our manufacturers were rapidly overtaking their foreign competitors, until at the present day it can be said that a high-grade English car is equal in respect to design, reliability, silence, etc., to the best Continental production. With regard to racing, English cars have not as yet proved themselves superior in speed to their French and German rivals, although they have performed well in some big events of late.

A statement has been made by a paper that a motor-cycle wheel running at 30 miles an hour can be stopped in its own length. It could be—by a stone wall. But the fragments that remained of man and motor would fill many baskets, and we should not like the task of collecting them.

Dr. Purshas and party made a good trip to Rotorua during the holidays, their time from Auckland being 9 hours 30 minutes.

Mr T. W. Wilford, M.H.R. for Wellington, is the latest convert to motoring, he having fallen under the spell of the 10 h.p. Oldsmobile-Tonneau. He started for Wellington with his new purchase last week. At the time of writing he had reached Palmerston North with complete success.

Mr Bockaert's recently imported 15 h.p. Darraco has been sold to Mr W. Allen, of Christchurch. Mr Bockaert left for the South last week, accompanied by his wife, and before delivering the car to its new owner they did some touring in the South.

"What is the capacity of your car?" asked the bystander. "Five persons, 30 miles, six chickens, eight horse-power, four gallons of petrol, and 27 unforeseen incidents per hour," replied the motorist.

Mr H. Humphries, of Napier, has just made the trip overland to Auckland in his 9 h.p. Cadillac. Mr Humphries was accompanied by his two sons, and their baggage ran into some 200lb. They left Napier on a Monday morning, and arrived at Taupo 12 hours later the same day—a good run. Like most of the motorists who have been out lately, the Napierites experienced bad roads, and on some of the hills this side of Tiran a little amateur racing was to be done before the car could be got up. The car had a most severe test, especially over the very stiff hills between Napier and Taupo, but came through the ordeal with only one puncture and a small unimportant breakage, which was repaired on the road. Mr Humphries is a keen motorist, and prior to his present tour has visited Wanganui twice and Hawera, once in his Cadillac.

An advertisement appeared recently in a motor journal of a 6-horse car for sale (remarks "Motoring News"). "Actual proof given that this car is capable of

over 40 miles an hour in a hilly district." Sceptical would-be buyers, on applying for "actual proofs," found that these consisted of newspaper cuttings showing a conviction on two policemen's evidence that the car had achieved this speed over roads with a steep gradient. Needless to say, the car was not bought on the 40-mile basis.

Members of the A.A.A. who have not paid their current subscriptions are reminded that the days of grace are getting short.

One of the latest recruits to motoring in Auckland is Mr Chas. Rhodes, who has gone in for a 15 h.p. Darraco.

Dr. McKenzie, of Levin, recently made a most successful trip from Auckland to Levin in his 10 horse-power Oldsmobile-Tonneau car. He left Auckland on his car after only a few hours' instruction, and drove through to Levin without a break of any description in remarkably good time. The route was via Rotorua, Napier, and Palmerston North.

The monthly meeting of the A.A.A. was held in the club rooms on Thursday evening of last week, and there was a large attendance of members. The main subject of discussion was the state of the roads. From our own observation, this discussion was well founded, for never has it been more evident that our Auckland roads are behind the rest of the colony.

The Hon. C. S. Rolls, one of the best-known English motorists, has during his long experience met with some strange adventures. Here are a few of them in his own words:—"My car has twice run away downhill forwards and three times backwards. Once, in the Paris-Vienne race, both tyres on one side punctured, the car left the road, and going at seventy miles an hour, it cut down a tree whose trunk was about as big round as a dinner-plate. The shock as the car struck the tree burst a blood-vessel in my hand. Twice my car has been burnt up, and twice I have been overthrown. Once I had a horse and cart on top of me. Three times when driving a steam car I have had the boiler burst out, and on one of these occasions I enjoyed the healthy exercise of pushing the car three miles whilst wearing evening dress! One dark night, riding a motor-tricycle—which, by the way, I prefer to a motor-bicycle—I took a short cut along a narrow and badly made country road. I saw something dark in front of me and pulled up a few feet from it. The 'something' proved to be the open mouth of a quarry. My burners being out, I had once to wait three hours for want of a miscreant match to light them again. In France, on one occasion, running short of petrol, I had to walk twelve miles to get more. More exercise! Once, in winter time, wanting water, I was obliged to replenish my supply by thawing handfuls of snow into a funnel. Once, when, in travelling fast, my car came a tremendous lurch, a friend of mine who was with me was thrown high in the air, and coming down again he, being a heavy passenger, went clean through the seat board on to the tools that were kept beneath it. On another occasion I had my head knocked in by a starting handle. Motoring on the Continent in winter time, I have had a passenger so cold that he tried to warm his feet over a candle. Once when, at an unearthly hour, we roused a sleepy porter at an hotel, he grumbled: 'You English are very inhuman.' He meant insane. In one Bordeaux-Biarritz contest we came in contact with two dogs, a goose, five chickens, and a sticking pig. Once, I regret to say, I upset an apple cart in the Strand. In the Paris-Berlin race our water-tank broke, fell on the axle, and got battered in. We spent five hours on the road, tinkering it up with grease, canvas, pieces of wood, wire and bootlaces. It still leaked terribly, and we had continually to be refilling it, several painfully at a time. At one place I shouted frantically, 'Wasser! Wasser!' and out came a smiling German with a wine-glassful of water for me to drink! However, we got to Berlin eighteenth out of 130 starters. That was a three days' race, and we kept falling asleep for three days after." For motor racing, running and cycling, Mr Rolls can show some fifty or sixty prizes. But some of these trophies are as many as ten prizes in one, for, instead of taking smaller articles, Mr Rolls has, in some cases, saved up his prizes, as we may say, and taken one big prize instead of a number of minor ones.

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# MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Mr. J. H. Philpott, organist of St. Paul's Church, has resigned his position.

It is estimated that the late Dan Leno's funeral was viewed by at least a quarter of a million people.

Mr Pete Hughes is managing for Mr J. C. Williamson the forthcoming tour in Australia of Mr A. Van Bieen, the 'colliet actor, in "A Broken Melody."

Herr Slapoffski has gone to America to rejoin his wife, Madame "Slap," who has scored a distinct success over the "her-ring pond."

In Gisborne last week, the Auckland choir from St. Thomas' Church in that city gave a most successful concert. Their tour is proving a great success.

A matinee was given at the Tivoli Theatre on December 21 to provide a Christmas dinner for 1000 poor people. The takings amounted to £47, and Mr Harry Rickards intimated that he would make up the £100 by giving £53.

The Christchurch Amateur Operatic Society are very diligent in their rehearsals. One notices that principals and orchestra, as well as chorus, were busy at work even in New Year week, which is usually accounted "in the holidays."

The cable announcement that Miss Ada Crossley has been engaged as principal contralto for the famous Norwich festival of 1905 will be warmly received by the songstress' many New Zealand friends. Miss Crossley left a far greater number of admirers in this colony than did "the marble Melba."

Mr John Fuller, of the Empire Entertainers, intends to leave Auckland in a short time for a sea cruise through the Islands and along the coast of Australia and Tasmania. He will be six weeks at sea, and not more than two days ashore at any time. By this means his health should be recruited very much.

The New Zealand tour of Tittel Brune, whose successes in Sydney and Melbourne have already been noted, begins at Wellington on March 9, with Auckland for Kaeter, and Christchurch and Dunedin to follow. Harold Ashton, who is ahead of the Knight-Jeffries combination, mapped out the tour, and will be the advance pilot.

Manager Musgrove has commenced supplying patrons of the circle and front stalls of the Lyceum (Sydney) with refreshments free of charge. Rickards is said to be thinking of following his lead. It seems to be an unwise thing to begin; if managers don't look out it'll become as big a curse to them as counter lunches to publicans.

"The Skirt Dancer," having run a week to enormous and delighted Auckland audiences, is to be replaced this (Wednesday) evening by "The Dandy Doctor," which will run till the termination of the season, which, by the way, has been phenomenally successful. Mr George Stephenson has secured in London "Miss Mischief," which is said to be the best musical comedy produced in 1904.

Mlle. Alda, the grand-daughter of Mme. Parvée Simonson, well known in New Zealand years ago, has followed up her successful first appearance in "Manon" at La Monnaie, Brussels, by an even more striking impersonation of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" in the same theatre. The Belgian critics are loud in her praises, and speak with equal enthusiasm of her charming voice and her charming face.

Many New Zealanders who admired young Boris Hambourg when here with his brother Mark, the clever, but rather noisy, pianist, will be glad to hear of his London debut. The "Strad" says: "Boris Hambourg, a fine young violin-cellist, and M. Abbas, another, appeared at the end of last month on consecutive

days, and both met with good success. At present the former is the more finished player, but both are far above the average, and as they are still young—I imagine their united ages to be well under forty—there is no saying where ultimately they may not reach."

The death from heat apoplexy of Mr Cunard, well-known in connection with theatrical matters, was reported by cable from Melbourne last week. Mr Cunard came to this colony many years ago as one of the partners in the Kellard and Cunard Company. He then became manager of the business in Melbourne of Mr J. A. Miller, and last visited the colony as manager of the Brough and Boucicault Burlesque Company.

The proceeds of the theatrical carnival in aid of the Gertrude Campion Fund, given in Dunedin recently, after all expenses have been paid, amounts to £100. The total subscriptions and donations to the fund will amount to close upon £600. Miss Campion had another relapse recently, and last advices regarding her state of health go to show that it will be impossible to remove her from South Africa to this colony before February at the earliest.

The many friends of Mrs Annis Montagu Turner, the once famous operatic singer, will be pleased to learn that she still enjoys her retirement at Honolulu, and cherishes happy memories of New Zealand. Mr John Davies, of Kererua, called on her when on his way to America last year, found her looking exceedingly well, and had an interesting conversation with her, in the course of which she made inquiries regarding New Zealand people.

"Miss Florence Young cuts herself adrift from opera bouffe when she ends her present engagement. In Yankeeland she will rest a while, then set her course for a grand opera career. She is a shrewd and cautious mummer, and isn't likely to take such a step without good promise of success. It is understood that she was offered good inducements to stay in Australia and raise her voice in comic opera song, but declined, with unwavering emphasis. "Tis further said that Florence leaves with the biggest banking account yet credited to any Australian she-mummer.

The Timaru Operatic Society gave a successful performance of "La Mascotte" last week. The theatre was crowded, and a great many disappointed of getting seats. The company had gone to great expense in mounting the opera, and the dressing was very bright and gay. The musical portion was good. The principals were Misses Hole and Gilchrist, Messrs S. Gilchrist and T. Parkiss, vocalists; and Messrs H. S. Moore and C. Healey supplied the comic libretto parts. The choruses were well given, and the orchestra did good service. Mr Alex. Munro conducted, and Mr Coombs was leader of the orchestra.

Speaking of music in Christchurch during 1904, a local writer says: "Nothing but regret can be expressed at the retirement of Mr Wallace, so long the foremost in our local musical circles, and who has done so much to uplift the standard of music in our midst. It is, however, matter for congratulation that the two local societies have been enabled to secure so distinguished a musician as Dr. Bradshaw to succeed Mr Wallace. The Musical Union have done excellent work during the year, and the success attendant upon the production of "Faust" will, no doubt, induce the committee to produce other works of a similar character—perhaps in the direction of opera di camera."

Not long ago theatrical posters and photographs in Melbourne used to display exclusively beautiful ladies with but little clothing; now, says the "Australasian," they show nothing but the brawny arms and bare chests of m.n. The human form, divine is still the attraction; the sex has changed, that is

all. Hackenschmidt, the "Russian lion," whose throws and sinews are pictured everywhere, is now showing his biceps to thronged and excited crowds at the Opera House. He is a wonderful wrestler—a doer, not a talker," as "W.G." used to declare himself; and to the uninitiated appears an Achilles minus the faulty tendon.

At a recent jumble sale in connection with a small Methodist bazaar in the south of England, an old fiddle, covered with dust and denuded of bridge and pegs, which had been discovered in a lumber-room by a good lady engaged in the sale, was disposed of for six shillings. A few weeks later it was sold by the lucky purchaser for over £100, and it subsequently changed hands for no less than £1500, having been discovered to be a genuine Strad, of the best period. It is not recorded whether any part of the sum found its way into the coffers of the Methodists, who had so cheaply cast away such a wonderful bit of treasure-trove.

The following rather smart verses were inspired by the breast of the "Bulletin" man by Miss Tittel Brune's

### LAIGLON.

The sickly son of Buonaparte,  
Of Buonaparte the Great,  
He dream'd a dream and schemed a scheme  
To bank the plans of Fate;  
Despite his cough the pampered toff  
Felt yearning for renown,  
He'd fain regain the hand of yain,  
Yelp'd "His Father's Crown!"—  
On bed of pain  
He sigh'd in vain  
To wear his Father's Crown,  
That feeble son of Buonaparte—  
"Poor, pallid, girly chap!"  
He said his name upon a gam,  
A little game of Nap.

Death laughed at bantling Buonaparte,  
And marked him for the tomb;  
The helix of France got ne'er a chance  
To scape his early doom.  
His cough grew worse, a usual hearse  
Was shadow'd on the wall;  
He wot by stealth because his health  
Had fled beyond recall.  
(Youth, love and wealth  
Are naught when health  
Is gone beyond recall.)  
He scored no tricks, he wore no plume  
Of triumph in his cap;  
Death grimly played a final spade  
And closed the game of Nap.

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SHORTLAND STREET.

## BANDS AND BANDSMEN.

(By Presto.)

The holidays have come and gone, and with them the large amount of small band work which splits up our bands and does more harm musically to them than anything else in the year. It is a difficulty that our bands have not overcome, and it is a pity that the bands cannot muster full strength and play at excursions, etc., instead of the present system of splitting a band of twenty-four into three bands of eight. The improvement musically would more than compensate for the loss financially.

The Garrison Band was engaged for the Tauranga Regatta, and the members who journeyed to the East Coast port thoroughly enjoyed themselves, arriving home on Saturday, 31st December, at 7 p.m., and then again at night (New Year's Eve) they played at the excursion round the harbour on board the Eagle.

The First Battalion Band was aboard the Wakatere for the annual New Year's Eve excursion, and both bands have had a good deal of excursion work during the holidays, and now that they are over the contest music will claim the attention (or should do) of every bandsman, for in another six weeks the judge will have to be faced, and it behoves every man to rally round the conductors and uphold the honour of their band and city.

Devonport were not playing at any picnics, but are, I hear, setting down no hard graft for the contest.

The Auckland and Newton Salvation Army bands united under Bandmaster Tremain during the holidays, and played at St. Helier's Bay and Lake Takapuna. The Helping Hand and Central Mission bands played at their respective picnics.

Woolston Band (Christchurch), under Lieut. Siddall, scooped the pool at the Oamaru Contest, winning the test section, waltz, and march competition. Gore came second in all events, and Oamaru Garrison third in the march and selection, Dunedin Navals being third in the waltz.

Seeing that local interest will be centred around the contest to be held here in a few weeks, I contemplate giving, as the information can be gathered, a sketch of the bands and conductors competing, so that when the time arrives and our visitors reach this city, we shall feel we have known each other for years. First on the list that I have been successful in obtaining information about comes Lieutenant Thos. Herd, of the famous Wellington Garrison Band. I am indebted to English and colonial journals for information re Lieutenant Herd's career: "The well-known bandmaster of the Wellington Garrison Band is a native of the North of England, and received his musical education from Bandmaster Douglas (late of the 10th Infantry Regiment) and the late Mr Thos. Woods, of Leeds, who has been called 'the father of English bandmasters.' It was at this stage of his career that he acquired that superiority of style and general knowledge which has contributed so much towards his success as a conductor and judge. Lieut. Herd has been conducting brass, drum and pipe bands, and occasionally orches-

tras, since he was 18 years of age. He took charge of the Wellington Garrison Band in 1890, and since that time the band has attended sixteen (16) Selection Contests, winning 11 first prizes, 2 seconds (one a tie), and 1 third. In marching and military drill competition 4 firsts, 1 second, 4 thirds, and 1 fifth prizes have been won. The band have won outright the Boosey Challenge Cup, and also holds the Besson Challenge Shield, which was competed for at the late New Zealand Band Association's contest. Nine first prizes have been won in succession at the Selection Contest in New Zealand, and the total value of cash prizes and trophies won since Lieut. Herd has been in charge is about £1600. The Lieutenant has had considerable experience in opera, oratorio and orchestral work, and during his life has judged about nine contests, including the great Ballarat South-street Competition; and his decisions have invariably been well received; in fact, at Ballarat Lieut. Herd placed Newcastle City Band first, and the next year was congratulated by the Australian papers when his judgment was confirmed by Mr J. Ord Hume, one of the greatest living brass band authorities, again placing Newcastle first. Lieut. Herd had the honour of being presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of the visit of the New Zealand band to Lord Onslow's at Clendon, Surrey, where the band played by Royal command, and on June 25th, 1904, in the presence of the King and Queen, in the Royal Albert Hall, London, the New Zealand Band, under the baton of the Lieutenant, played 'William Tell' (Rossini arr. by the late E. Swift), and at the conclusion of the piece was accorded a tremendous ovation. On the occasion of the Union Jack Club's concert, held in the Crystal Palace, London, Lieut. Herd had the honour of conducting the combined bands taking part, including the famous Besses-o-the-Barn, Black Dyke, etc. Besides being a conductor and judge, the Lieutenant has served 23 years as a volunteer, and holds the Imperial Long Service medal for 20 years' efficient service. In the words of a Wellington contemporary, 'We hope Lieut. Herd will long be spared to associate himself with music in Wellington, where he is exceedingly popular. Temperate in all things, and possessed of sound judgment, refinement, and an even temper, he is one of the most respected men in the whole colony.'

## MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

## IMPRESSIONS OF AN EXAMINER.

The musical education of the young people of New Zealand is rapidly becoming standardised. The teaching, of course, is largely unattached, is left, that is to say, to private enterprise, and in the nature of things its quality varies greatly. Whatever opinions may be held concerning the merits and the dangers of the written examination in ordinary school education the need for examination in some form or other is admitted in those branches of education which are not directly supervised by responsible authorities. The contention of the

musical experts, at any rate, is that an organised system of public examinations cannot fail to raise the general standard of teaching in the colony, and they are hopeful that ultimately musical instruction in New Zealand will be carried on directly under the control of a central school, or at least by "attached" teachers.

The examinations which have been held during the last few years by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music are now firmly established and do, in great measure, supply the want of a colonial school. The Associated Board consists of a committee appointed by these two representative teaching bodies in England, with the Prince of Wales as President. The examiners are members of the staffs of the institutions, and include many of the most distinguished musicians and most eminent musical authorities of the day. The examiner for 1904 was Mr. Graham P. Moore, Professor of the Panoforte at the Royal College of Music, South Kensington.

No general report on the examinations is published, but Mr. Moore gave a representative of the "Graphic" a very brief resume of his impressions, as he was leaving New Zealand. The hard work of his tour, he said, had been relieved by the genuine pleasure of the trip, the beauty of the country, and the obvious content and prosperity of the people surprising him at every turn.

"But musically, Mr. Moore?"

"Ah, yes! Well, I was here four years ago as an examiner, and I spoke in very favourable terms then of the standard obtained in most of the centres. In the meantime there has been really great progress in every respect, among teachers in improved methods and among their pupils in increased technical facility and greater finish in the finer details of interpretation. The standard of the Board has always been considered a high one, but judging from the numbers of 'passes' and 'distinctions' awarded this year, it is not beyond the capacities of the majority of those examined. The Board awards four medals each year, two gold and two silver. The chief distinction in the senior grade was obtained by a singing candidate from the Convent at Blenheim, who had been admirably trained by one of the sisters. The silver medal in the senior grade was won by a candidate from the Dominican Convent at Dunedin, who played with great technical care and finish. In the intermediate grade the gold medal went to a pupil of Mr. Robert Parker, of Wellington, and the silver medal to a pupil of Mr. J. Bennett, of Auckland. The competition for these medals was remarkably keen, a number of candidates coming within a mark or two of the successful performers. The great number of entries may fairly be regarded as evidence of the confidence placed in the examinations by the musical profession of the colony.

"As for the teaching of music in the colony," continued Mr. Moore, "you may give it as my firm opinion that it is in a very sound condition indeed. There are thoroughly competent teachers in all the larger towns, and, what impressed me still more strongly, there are teachers equally good in the smaller towns, where a high standard of instruction could hardly be expected."

"Will you let me say," concluded Mr. Moore, "how pleased I have been with the interest shown by everyone connected with the work of the Board. Especially the Board's thanks are due to the honorary local representatives, who give their services in every case gratuitously, for the good cause of music. You may add, if you care to, that I have enjoyed my visit to the colony immensely."

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## AUCKLAND TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

## THE HANDICAP WINNERS.

The bad weather that prevailed at New Year prevented the completion of the tournament matches, but all the handicap events were successfully put through. The following details as to the prize-winners in these matches should interest our readers. The portraits appear on another page.

Miss C. Biss (Eden and Epsom) is a young player who should be very successful with more experience. She is very steady, and is prepared to go to any amount of trouble to get balls over the net. Her win from the scratch mark was a very creditable performance.

Miss A. Stewart (Eden and Epsom) did well to get through to the final, owing 30. Miss Stewart has a good backhand, and volleys much better than most ladies close to the net.

Mr K. S. Howarth (Devonport), the youngest player at the tournament, did remarkably well to win the Men's Handicap Singles, considering that the 58 entries included all the best players in Auckland. Mr Howarth received 4-6 of 15, but he won not so much by his handicap as by all-round good play. He was steady, but on occasion he came up to the net and volleyed well. Throughout he displayed unusual resource, and was remarkably cool and collected for so young a player.

Mr T. Jackson (Auckland) was well handicapped at owe 15, and won all his matches up to the final of the Men's Singles in good style. His off-the-ground strokes are very accurate, and he keeps a good length, but he loses chances by keeping so much to the back of the court.

Messrs B. Keating (Auckland) and G. Baker (West End) had no cause to complain of their handicap—owe 15. Keating was very good near the net, and displayed a much better knowledge of the game than most of the competitors. Baker, who is for some reason or another generally under-rated, makes a fine partner in a double. Though somewhat erratic, his hard drives, smashes, and service render him a dangerous opponent.

Misses Cooke (Eden and Epsom) and Martin (Onehunga) got a fairly liberal handicap in the Ladies' Doubles, receiving 15, 2-6. Miss Cooke is unusually active at the back of the court, and "tries" for everything; while Miss Martin's strong point is a short stroke near the net, with an occasional effective volley.

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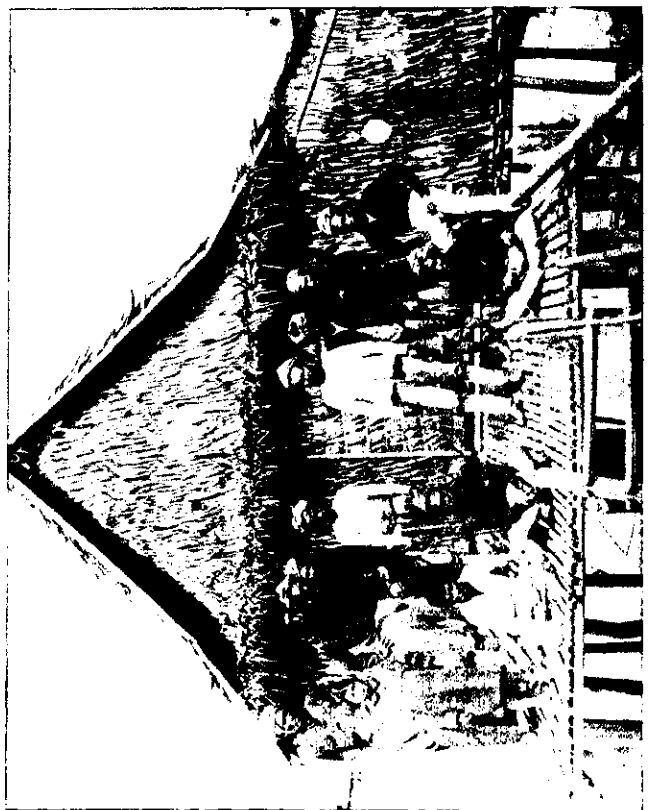
A GROUP OF PATAGONIANS.



CLIFF DWELLERS FROM NEW MEXICO.



THE AINUS—A TRIBE FROM NORTHERN JAPAN.

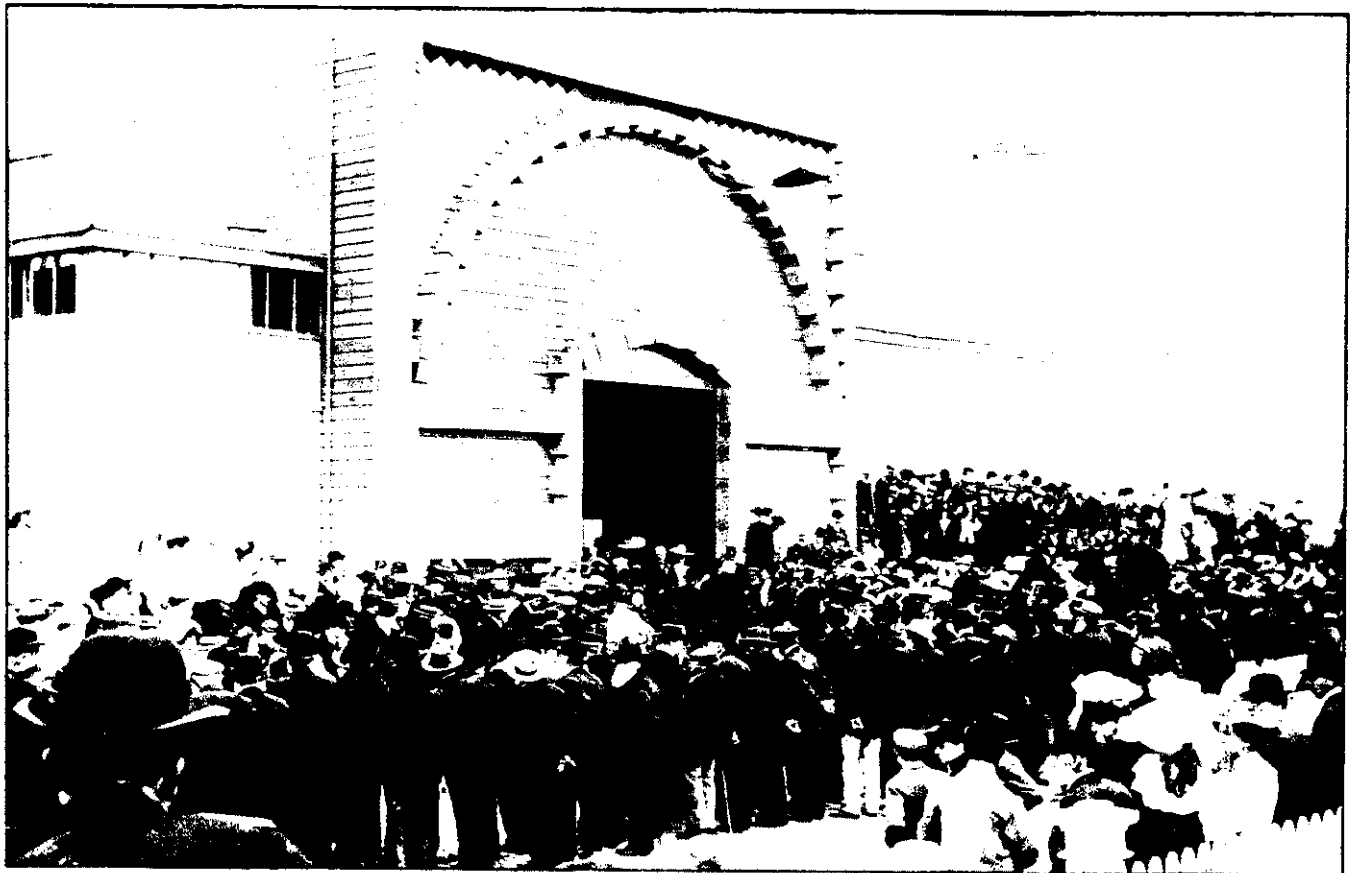


SOME PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS.

PICTURES BY A NEW ZEALANDER AT THE RECENT WORLD'S FAIR



THE PROCESSION AT THE RAILWAY STATION.



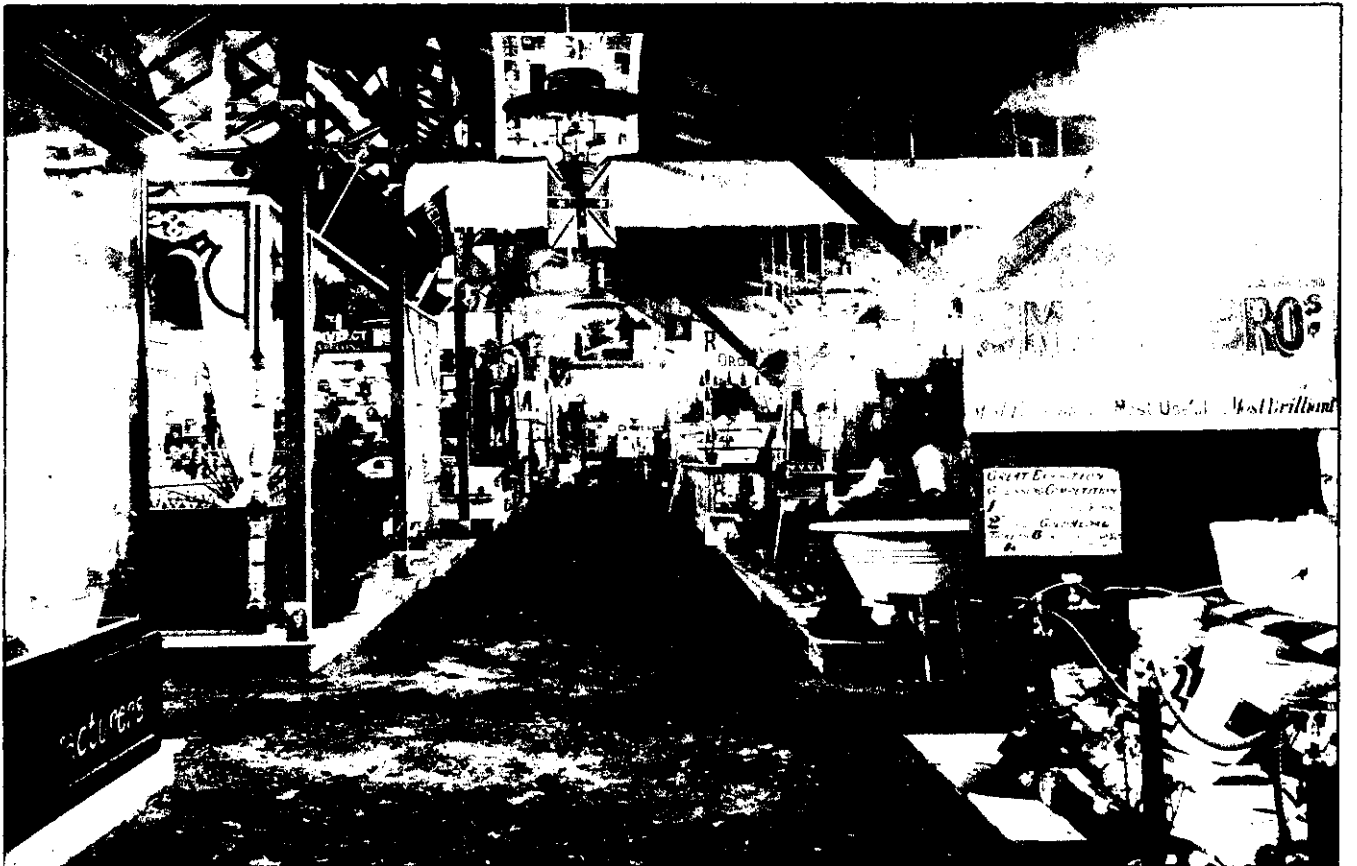
THE PRESIDENT RECEIVING COLONEL PITTE.

H. G. G. 18-19.

# The New Plymouth Carnival and Exhibition.



HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR WELCOMES THE NATIVE VISITORS.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION.

Hanna, photo.

# The New Plymouth Carnival and Exhibition.



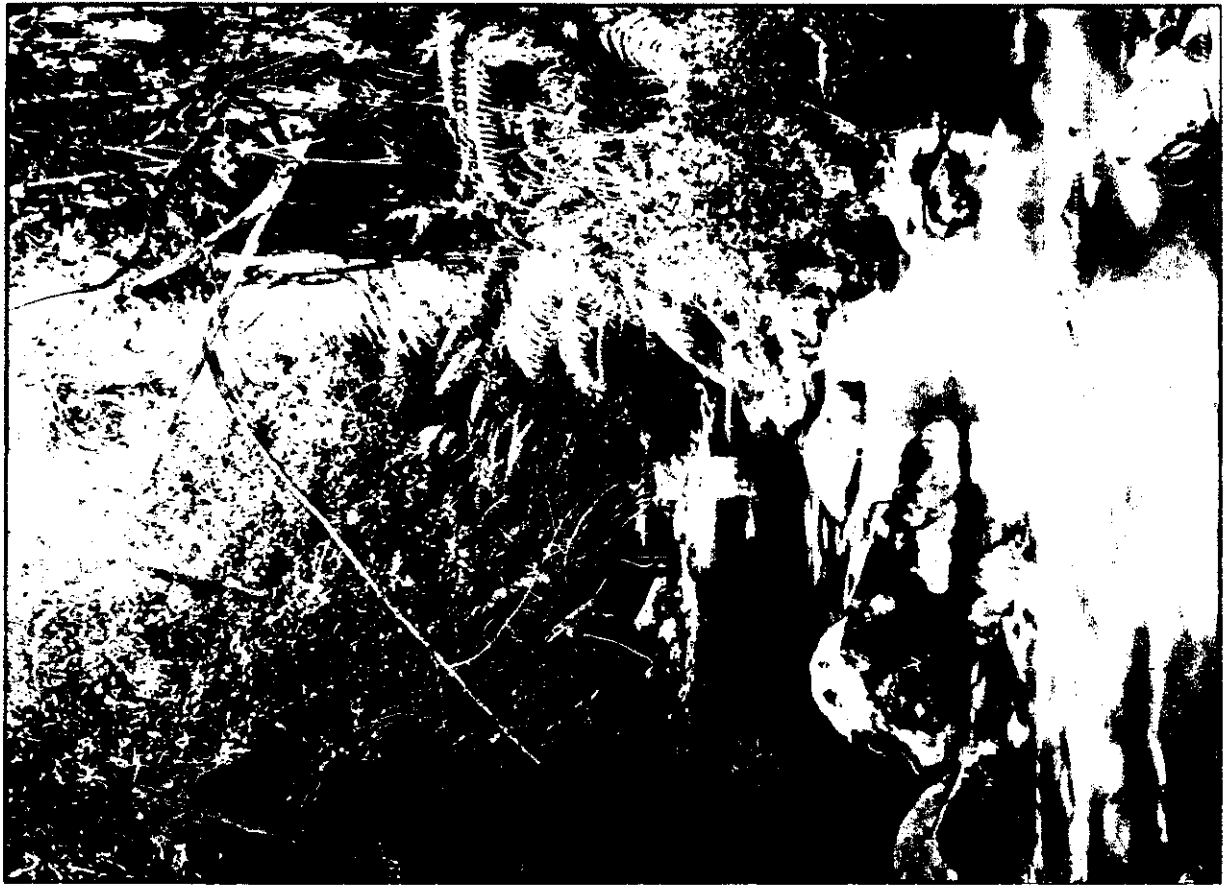
A PROGRESSIVE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT.

A corner of the Tourist Office, Auckland, of which Mr. E. H. Montgomery is the capable officer in charge.

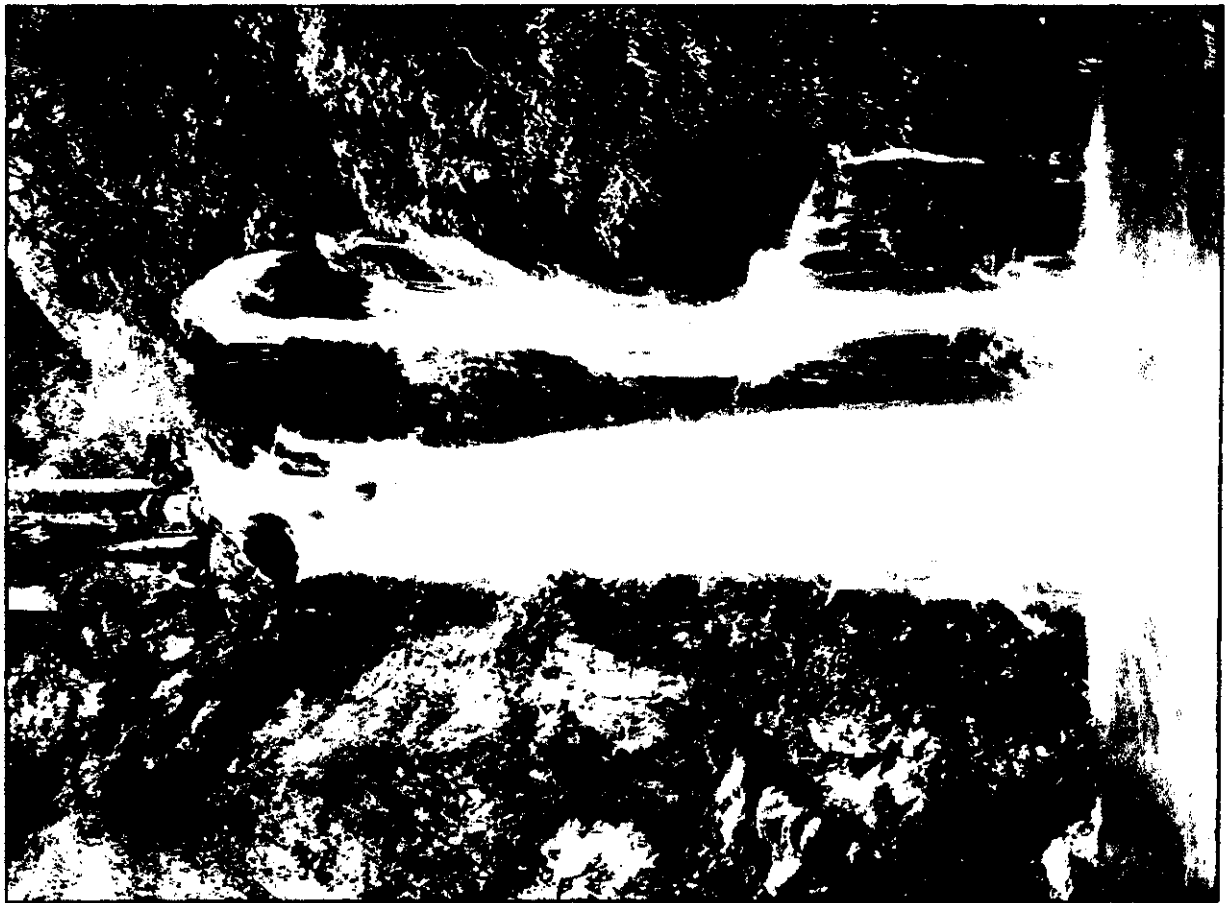


Reid, of Wisaw, photo

FEEDING THE DUCKS: A NAPIER SCENE.



THE PICTURESQUE HUNTA STREAM.



THE HUNUA FALLS, AUCKLAND.

A Wilson photo.

One of the Proposed Generating Stations for Electric Power in New Zealand.



MISS C. BISS, winner of Ladies' Handicap Singles.



MISS A. STEWART, runner-up.



MASTER K. F. HOWARTH, winner Men's Handicap Singles.



MR. T. JACKSON, runner-up.



MESSRS BARRY KEESING and G. H. BAKER, winners of the Men's Handicap Doubles. See Letterpress.



MISSSES COOKE and MARTIN, winners Ladies Handicap Doubles.



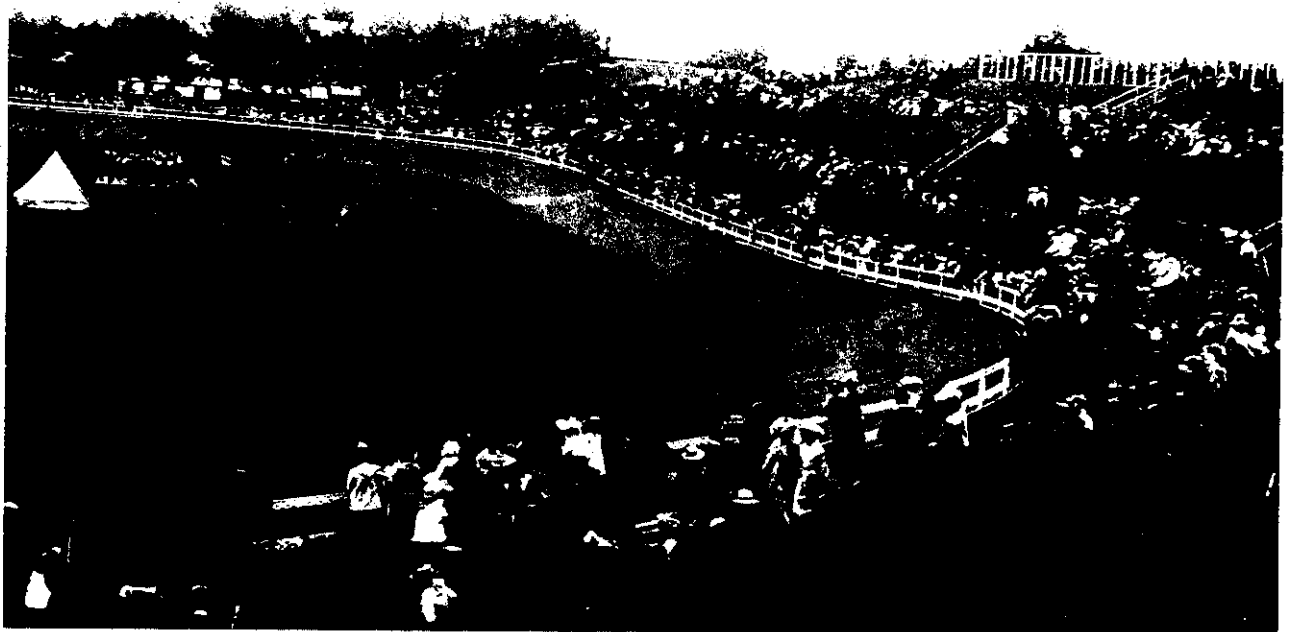
# Auckland Lawn Tennis Tournament.



AMONG THE POI DANCERS.



THE MASSED BANDS PLAYING.

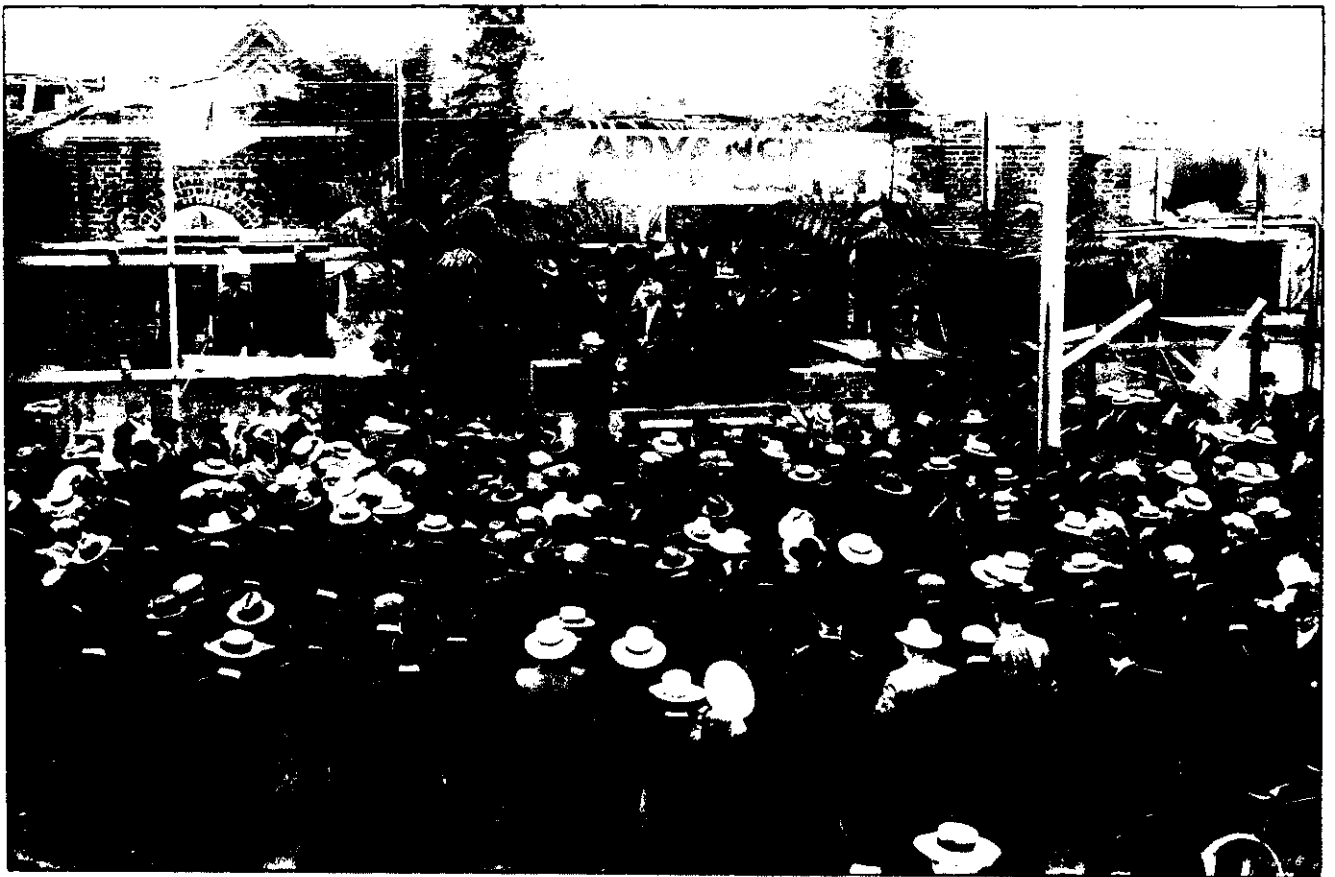


A VIEW OF COOK'S GARDENS DURING THE BAND CONTEST.

## The Wanganui Carnival.



THE MAYOR, MAYORESS AND COUNCILLORS OF GREYMOUTH AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.



THE MAYOR OF GREYMOUTH SPEAKING AT THE FOUNDATION STONE CEREMONY.

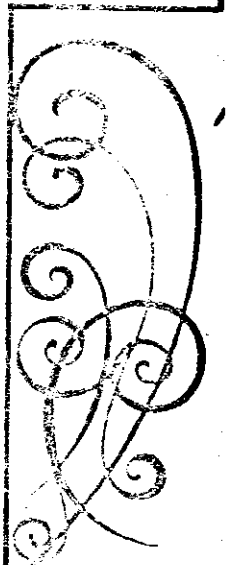
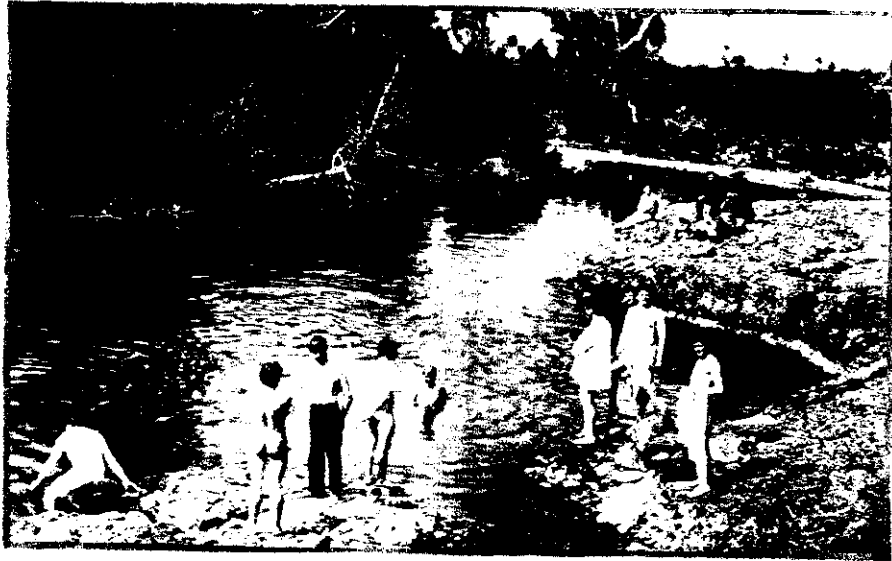
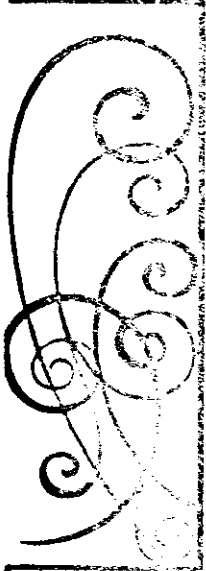
**THE ADVANCE OF THE WEST COAST.**





**THE ADVANCE OF THE WEST COAST.**

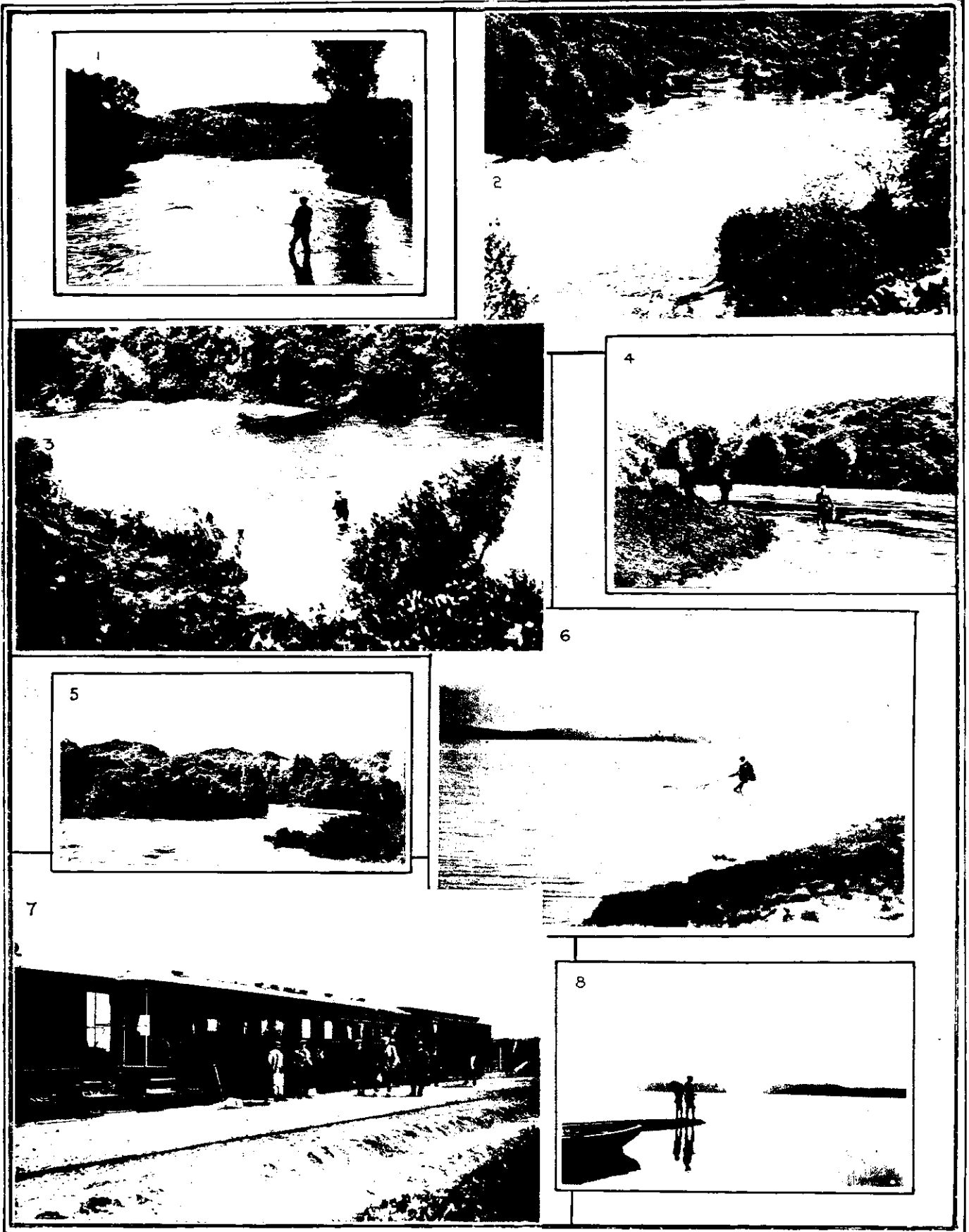
GATHERING OF GREYMOUTH CITIZENS AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL.



**SCENES IN A SISTER COLONY.**

ROUND ABOUT WARATAH, A FAMOUS TASMANIAN MINING CENTRE.

1. A side-path from the Ringtail Track. 2. A Mine Water Race. 3. Bathing Pool near the mines. 4. Scene in the Ringtail Track. 5. The Ringtail Track Falls.



**His Excellency the Governor's Fly Fishing Trip  
in the Rotorua District.**

1. The Kaituna River. Captain Braithwaite, A.D.C., fishing. 2. The famous fly reach, Kaituna River, Okere. The Governor fishing at the head of the reach. 3. The first fall, Kaituna River. Captain Braithwaite fishing. 4. On the banks of the Kaituna. 5. Below the bridge on the Kaituna. 6. Nongataha, Lake Rotorua, early morning. The Hon. A. M. R. Bingham landing a fish. 7. His Excellency's car at Nongataha station. 8. Sunrise, Nongataha, Lake Rotorua.

## From Hawera to Mount Egmont.

(By B.H.M.)

(Continued from last week.)

Someone suggested a visit to Wilkie's Pools; few of us had ever heard of them, but the suggestion was greeted with acclamation; as a matter of fact, it interested us very little whether Wilkie's Pools were genuine or a hoax, provided we started off for somewhere.

The weather still looked a little unsettled when we set out from the Mountain House; but by the time we had arrived at the foot of the peaks, the sun had again put in an appearance, the clouds broke up, and from that on the day was all that could be desired. The formation of the rock forming Wilkie's Pools is of a most peculiar and interesting nature, into the face of a steep, rocky incline. Nature has carved out shelves, and in each shelf she has scooped out a huge basin. The Kapuni River, overflowing the top basin, falls into the one below, and so on to the bottom. The rock is of a beautiful blue tint, and the deep basins, full and overflowing with the pure snow water, all go to make a most delightful picture.

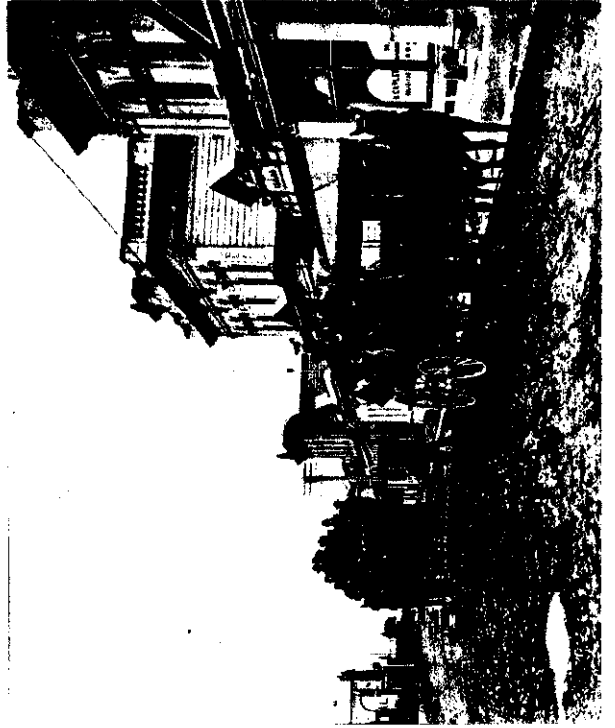
Upon arrival at the top of Wilkie's Pools, and after walking for a short distance along the river bed, one of our party surprised us greatly by exclaiming out "Where is the river?—it's gone." At first we thought he was attempting a joke, but upon looking at the river bed, the awful truth began to dawn upon us, the Kapuni River had absolutely disappeared, leaving its well-worn bed hard and dry. Annoying as this was to us, it was also very puzzling, and we turned to one who had been there before for an explanation. In fact, one of two of us "demanded" an explanation, and Mr. Squire, feeling that he was being held responsible for the river's sudden disappearance, hurried us on up the dry bed, and then, mounting a large rock, dramatically pointed to the Kapuni buying itself in the rock, and leaving its old bed for the purpose of making an underground trip to creep out again just above Wilkie's Pools. The effect is startling. It appears that the river formerly ran above ground, but for some reason of its own it now takes a short run underground before filling Wilkie's Pools.

After visiting Wilkie's Pools someone suggested following up the Kapuni River, until the snow, which feeds it, be reached. One or two of the party, however, spoke of two hours rough climbing, and decided to return to the Mountain House; but upon calling the roll of those in favour of pushing on, nine of the party answered, and a start was made for the snow that looked so near. Following the Kapuni River was

Continued on page 41.



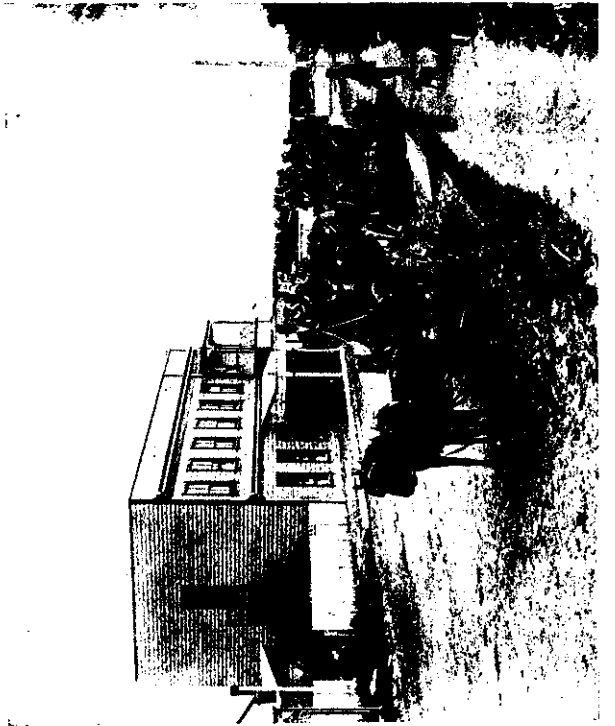
THE ROAD TO THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.



BACK ONCE MORE AT HAWERA.



EGMONT, FROM KAPONGA.



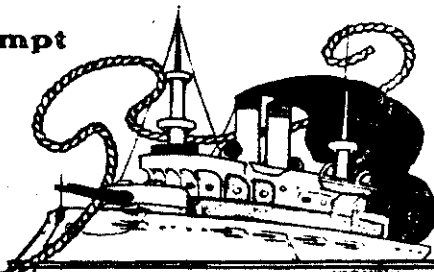
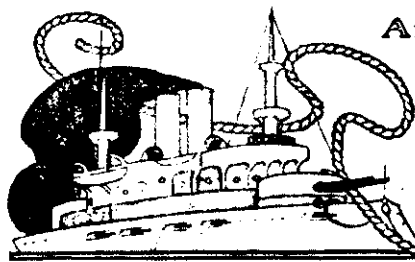
THE PARTY AT KAPONGA.

# BOTTLING UP PORT ARTHUR

An Account of the First Attempt

BY ONE OF THE  
PARTICIPANTS

Edited and Translated by  
Adachi Kinnosuké



It was a little past midnight of the nineteenth day of February, 1904—ten days since we had paid our first respects to the Russian men-of-war at Port Arthur. We were made to understand from Russian sources that the first visit of ours was rather unexpected and altogether impolite. We had been thinking of mending our ways and doing something a little more handsome.

In that midnight hour of the nineteenth we gathered together five old vessels for their own funerals—for the bottling up of Port Arthur. When the unpleasantness between Nippon and Russia was a certainty in the minds of a certain circle of our Government—was, in fact, a matter of a few days—we made up our minds, without consulting the pleasure of Russia, to have the supreme command of the sea for at least a few days—as many days as it would take to transport the main portion of our army from the concentrating bases of our home ports to Korea and Manchuria. We simply had to have it. Now, the most comfortable way of attaining this result was to persuade our good Russian friends to be bottled up in Port Arthur. The narrow neck of the Port Arthur Harbour—what a pointed temptation to geography! It was only necessary to see it to hear the message from the gods rather plainly. A few old tubs, discreetly buried in that narrow neck, would afford the Russian vessels the distinction of becoming the "fleet in being." So they were ready, the five ships—the Tenshin Maru, Hokoku Maru, Ninsen Maru, Bushu Maru and Buyo Maru.

It would have been much better if we could have loaded these vessels with rocks; we did not have time. So we had taken a large quantity of coal that was at hand and filled our old vessels with it. Aboard the Asama, just before we took to the doomed vessels, Commander Yashiro gathered together the five men who were to represent the Asama in this desperate expedition. Commander Yashiro took from a case the huge silver cup that had been given him by the Crown Prince. He filled it with pure cold water. He offered it to the five men, and said:

"I am about to send you, gentlemen, into death. He who returns from it is a favoured child of fortune. You have offered your lives that your country might see the mouth of this hostile harbour sealed. I wish I had a hundred children of my own blood. For them I cannot hope for a prouder distinction than to be in your place. When I send you forth on this mission it is, indeed, like sending my own children to death. To you, gentlemen, is given the opportunity of achieving one of the most heroic feats known to men. The work is worthy of a brave man. With all my heart I congratulate you on your outgoing. If, unhappily, one of you lose his right hand, try to accomplish what you have started to do with your left. If both of your arms are torn from you you have your feet. Always remember that it is imperative for you to obey strictly the orders of your commanding officers. Permit me to add also, that I know that you start on this journey without the slightest idea or desire to return to us. Nevertheless, as one of the men who have given their lives to their homeland, would you allow me to say that it is not well to look upon life lightly. It is not enough that you should

win glory with your death. Neither are you going out from me to-night because it is your pleasure to see the history of our navy with the fragrance of an heroic deed. All that I would beg you to allow me to emphasize is that you shall accomplish your duty. If it takes life the life must be given. If it does not take it then certainly life should not be given. Other things should never enter your mind; always let it be remembered that the one thing in your mind and heart is the accomplishment of the work for which your country is sending you out to-night.

"Be always confident that Heaven is with you; that life and death are the things that are left to the pleasures of the gods. Whatever you do you should act with that serene composure of your soul, which is the only thing that is becoming to men intrusted with a great work. Good-bye."

That evening, a little before six o'clock, in the reception-hall of the Mikasa, there were gathered together for dinner a number of commanders at the invitation of Admiral Togo and Admiral Kamimura. Altogether there were forty of us, and the dinner was given in honour of the commanders of the vessels that were to be sunk at the mouth of Port Arthur.

Admiral Togo rose with his cup. As usual, he was genial, quiet. He simply said: "Sakannarukann!" (It is rather difficult to petrify the poetry and grace of Fuji, the peerless; neither can you translate this one word of the Admiral with which he toasted the majesty of the undertaking.) This single word of the Admiral, pronounced with the gentlest of tones, fell upon us like cloven tongues of fire, of Biblical memory. There was a young officer seated beside me. Turning to me, he remarked: "That toast of the Admiral makes me feel as if someone had suddenly poked my soul in red pepper." Most certainly one could hardly hope to select a word that would have been more becoming for the feast—the final feast in which some of us were bidding farewell to life. All eyes were centred upon the Admiral; some of them were misty already. Under the intense gaze, however, the features of Admiral Togo's face were calm, half-smiling.

After the historic toast there fell a silence upon us all. I do not remember how long it lasted. Later, Commander Arima—who was to take the supreme command of the expedition—rose in answer to the Admiral's toast. If it were within human possibility, if we could only pay for this work with our lives, the work was to be a success—that was the drift of his brief speech. Every one of us present swore to himself that he would either see the work accomplished or never return. On the eighteenth all arrangements were made. It was decided to call for volunteers. Only seventy-seven men were needed to do the work. The call for volunteers was communicated to every warship through its commanding officer. Within a few minutes of the publication of the invitation for volunteers there were 2000 men who answered it. There was no little confusion aboard every vessel. The call specified for 77, and many of the men, desperately anxious to undertake this work, and fearing that there would be such an overwhelming number of men who would offer themselves for the service, wished to put themselves forward with a striking emphasis on the sincerity of their desire. These bit off a finger, after the time-

honoured custom, and with their blood wrote the petition to be taken as one of the seventy-seven.

At eight o'clock of the morning of the 20th of February we were escorted out of the base by the united fleet with due ceremony. It was splendid and imposing—especially impressive to all of us who left all hopes of life as we steamed out of the naval base. At noon on the 21st we reached our rendezvous. It was planned that there we should at once proceed with the removal of those men from the vessels who were not to take part in the bottling-up operation. The weather was ugly, however, and we were forced to postpone it for one day. On the following day, that is, the 22nd of February, the weather had improved considerably, and at once we proceeded to transfer the men to the Kinsu Maru. It was 6 o'clock in the evening when we weighed anchor. We turned our bow in the direction of Port Arthur.

The twenty-third! The heavens were as clean as if an invisible hand had wiped them of every stain. Far out near the centre of the Yellow Sea we suddenly came upon the united squadron of our navy. So beautiful was the water, so kindly the sky, that it was not difficult for us to dream of boating on the Shinagawa under a canopy of blossoming cherries. At five in the evening of this day we parted from our squadron again with due ceremony. The Tenshin Maru led us in line ahead. At 7 o'clock in the evening we steamed along the Eto. The sun, which had been hanging like a great, ripe, red fruit, fell finally into the waves. Through the dusk of the falling day we saw the half-moon float out above us. In my young days I have heard my elders say many a time that when Suketsune was picking his way along the path in search of the camp where slept his mortal enemy the ghost of his beloved rose from the gloom of night in the shape of a moon, and beckoned him on to the right camp; and the moon, which stood above our heads, gave us the impression of being a silver embodiment of a sovereign genius of our nation, beckoning us in the direction of Port Arthur.

At 8 o'clock the waves were quiet and the moonlight was pure. I was standing on the bridge at the time. The poetry of this quiet, moonlight night made me dream. I summoned all our men not on duty to the bridge. I said to them, pointing in the direction of Port Arthur: "That is the place, my men, where to-night we shall bury ourselves alive, that we may become henceforth the guardian spirits of our homeland. The sea that had been stormy until yesterday is, as you see, like a mirror-lake. The moon, which we could not see for many days, is sailing through a cloudless sky. We have good reason to thank the heavens for the beautiful setting they have given us for our burial. I propose, therefore, that we shall drink the final cup of pure water in parting from life." And right bravely every one of us took a cup of cold water to his lips, and the moon fell into our cups, and the distance was melting in front of us. It was 11.30 o'clock at night.

All of a sudden we saw the flash of searchlights from two hostile vessels. They must have been out on scouting duty. We made to the south of Liaotshan without being discovered, and there we received the communications from the torpedo-boat flotilla.

It was 2.35 a.m. of the twenty-fourth

day of February. Suddenly we came upon two Russian destroyers. Between us was about 400 metres. They must have been the scouting boats. They passed us by at that close distance, and, strangely enough, without paying the slightest attention to us. It is difficult to imagine the reason of their indifference. They made no sign of recognition; they never signalled us. Some of the men among us made frivolous remarks about them, but others gravely said that Heaven, which is always with the brave and with those who try to do right, had been with us in this war, and that these Russians must have had their senses paralysed so that they could not recognise the approach of hostile vessels within 400 metres. At that time the moon had fallen below the horizon. Fleecy clouds swept the sky. The weather was ideal for the operation. Then we saw, for the first time, in the direction of Port Arthur, nervous shiftings of powerful searchlights. Very soon the first report of cannon broke the silence. Unquestionably the Russians had discovered our destroyers, which formed the vanguard to attract the hostile fire.

Three-thirty a.m. Five vessels of ours at full speed, which, after all, did not exceed eight knots, steamed towards the entrance of the harbour. The searchlights on the heights of Port Arthur examined the direction of the Liaotshan closely. It seems, then, that the enemy was not quite deceived as to the intention of the approach of our torpedo-boats from the opposite direction. We were under the Manzan-shan, when we came suddenly into the full glare of the enemy's searchlights. As soon as we were discovered twelve, eight and six inch shells from all the guns of the Russian fleets and the forts crowning the heights commanding the entrance to Port Arthur searched us every inch. We ran parallel to the searchlights for some distance, and they gave us cross-fire. There was nothing surprising in this performance. It was nothing more than we expected. Our vessels made steadily for their objective. Everywhere the water rose in a thousand fountains. When you think of it, it is almost miraculous how few shells we received at that time. Suddenly I saw upon the bridge of the Tenshin Maru the bursting of a huge shell; the vessel was instantly on fire. That was the vessel which carried the commander of this expedition. From where I stood it seemed as if everybody upon the bridge was killed. It seemed very probable to me at that time that Commander Arima must have been shot to pieces. In an instant I saw another shell explode on the Hokoku Maru. Like the Tenshin Maru, the vessel was on fire, but the shell evidently did not damage her steering gear or the engine. She went steadily on without losing speed or control. Thicker than ever the hostile shells began to fall. At that time I saw the Buyo Maru, which was in front of our vessel, behave very strangely: something must have happened to her; she seemed to be sinking very rapidly. I thought that the Buyo Maru must have struck a mine. I dodged to starboard; in so doing I exposed the broadside of my vessel to the hostile fire. At that moment a shell reached our rudder and carried it away completely. My vessel was out of control, and began to head against the shore. We reversed the engine; we dropped the anchor. We did,

Continued on page 41.



SUMMER HOLIDAY TIME IN NEW ZEALAND—A TYPICAL PICNIC LUNCHEON PARTY.



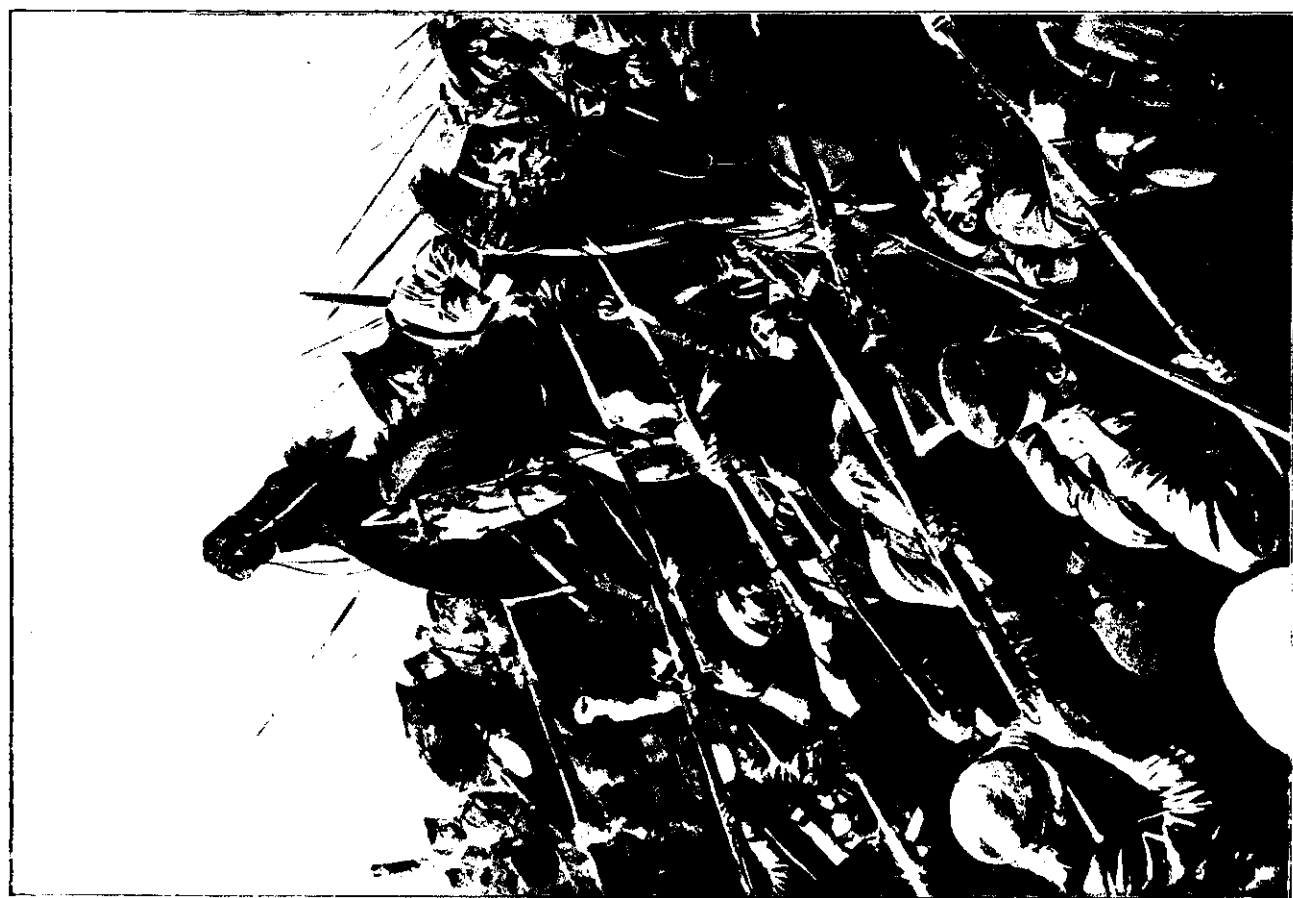
T. W. Brown, photo.

A HIGH-CLASS TROTTER.

The three-year-old brown colt Specialist, who performed so well at the Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting, and won some handsome stakes for his owner, Mr F. H. Ridder, Christchurch.



THE LAST SHOT—An incident in the gallant stand made by Russian gunners at Hoh-ann-ling.



A COLD STEEL FIGHT—Japanese infantry charged by Cossacks.

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F7067. 9ct. Gold Two-bar and Heart Brooch, 15/6.



G485. 15ct. Gold Opal and Ruby (or Sapphire) Bee Brooch, £3; 9ct. Gold, £1 10/.



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Magnificent Diamond Ruby and Pearl Brooch, £13 10/.



G1237. 9ct. Gold Serviceable Brooch, £1 5/.



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E9414. 15ct. Gold Two Pearl Hearts and Crescent Brooch, £2.



F1631. 9ct. Gold Brooch, set with one Diamond, two rubies, £1 5/.



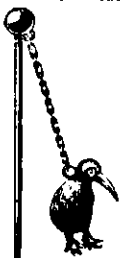
F978. 15ct. Gold and Pearl Brooch, £2.



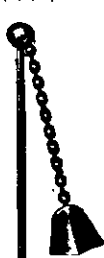
No. 155. Handsome Diamond, Sapphire and Pearl Brooch, £9 10/.



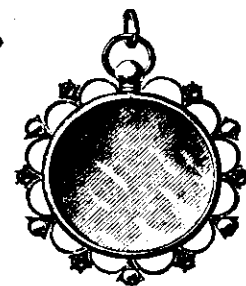
149A. Fine 15ct. Gold Bracelet, with Fine Diamond Centre, £9 6/.



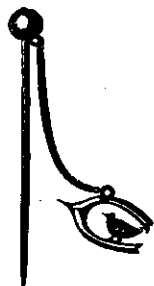
Kiwi and Greenstone Ball Lace Pin, 8/6.



Lucky Bell 9ct. Gold Lace Pin, 5/6.



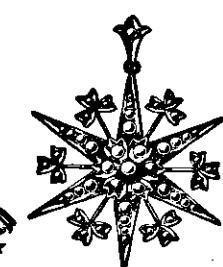
G2666. 9ct. Gold Photo Pendant, £1 5/.



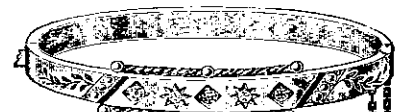
Pretty Gold Lace Pin, 5/6.



G2642. Pretty 9ct. Gold Bracelet, set with Rubies and Pearls, £3.



C748. 15ct. Gold and Pearl Star Pendant, £5 15/.



9ct. Gold Bracelet, set with two Diamonds, three Rubies, £2 17/6.



F7608. 15ct. Heart Charm, 7/6.



F2333. 9ct. Gold Bird and Bugle Brooch, 15/6.



F7032. 9ct. Gold Brooch, Diamond and Ruby or Sapphire Centre, £1 1/.



G2624. 9ct. Gold and Amethyst Brooch, 15/6.



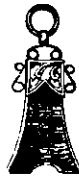
G485. 9ct. Gold and Greenstone Charm, 8/6.



G1901. 9ct. Gold and Greenstone Battleaxe Brooch, 13/6.



E9491. Olivine and Pearl Lizard Brooch, £8, or with Diamonds and Olivines, £18 10/.



G5009. 9ct. Gold and Greenstone Charm, 8/6.



G1977. 9ct. Gold and Carved Greenstone Brooch, 17/6.



F598. Very Handsome Pearl Brooch, 15ct. Gold, £6.



E8807. 9ct. Gold Heart, £1 2/6. Amethyst.



F9344. Baby's Gold Bangle, 17/6. Smaller Size, 12/6.



C289. 15ct. Gold and Opal Heart Pendant, £4; 9ct. Gold Turquoise and Pearls, £2.



No. 117. 15ct. Gold Brooch, set with one Diamond, two Rubies, £1 12/6.



9ct. Gold Safety Pins, 6/6; Smaller, 4/6 and 5/6.



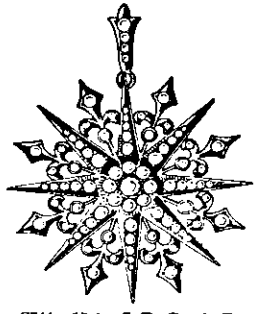
E2006. 9ct. Gold Brooch, 6/6.



G5460. 5 White Diamonds, 13ct. ment. Ring, £3 10/.



F4299. Bird and Shamrock, 15ct. Gold Brooch, 25/.



C744. 15ct. Gold Pearl Pendant or Brooch, £10 10/.



No. 155. Handsome Diamond, Sapphire and Pearl Brooch, £9 10/.

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BOTTLING UP PORT ARTHUR.

Continued from page 37.

In fact, everything that could be done either to stop or change the course of the vessel; but it was too late. I heard a man who was standing not far from me say: "Eyen Kusano Masashige received some arrows." (Now, Kusano Masashige is the father of Nippon patriotism. Today he has a shrine, and the people worship him as a god of the patriots.) Soon our vessel was aground. When I saw the uselessness of further efforts I decided to do the best thing under the circumstances: I gave orders to blow up the ship and to lower all the boats. We made towards the Liaotesan Promontory. All this time the hostile guns were playing upon us. It was about 4.45 in the morning. The forts saw our boat and blazed away at us, but without any result. We made our way in the direction of Liaotesan, because that was the place where our torpedo-boats were to wait for us and pick us up.

When we reached the neighbourhood of Liaotesan we saw the melting shadow of our torpedo-boat flotilla making for the horizon. Desperately we rowed our boats in pursuit of them. As the light of day increased we hoisted a white piece of cloth; we shouted to them; we did everything we could to attract their attention; but the more desperately we rowed in the direction of the disappearing torpedo-boats the farther away we seemed to get from them.

Through a blunder, at the time when we were transferring our men into the boat, we lost a sack of provisions which we meant to take along with us. There was nothing to protect our men from the cold. I said to those around me: "When we started, as you know, we took the final farewell to life. Do not be disappointed; we have all the promising signs of seeing our expectations fulfilled. Our fate is altogether with Heaven, and it is becoming, on the part of men who think only of performing their duty to their country, to take whatever comes to pass with perfect composure. We shall do our best to reach our naval base. At the present time the wind is against us. It might change at any moment." And so we headed due south. It was 9.20 a.m.

At about ten o'clock an island hove in sight. Mists which were awakening from their soft dreams in the first light of the morning had obscured its profile. For all the world it looked to us like the ghost of a forlorn hope. The wind was rising gradually, and we were rowing against the tide. The boat we were in was too light to weather a storm. For all the world we were as a swallow flying in the face of Providence. After the healthy excitement of the sealing operations there was a decided lull. Our stomachs were empty. To keep us awake we sang national hymns and all the songs of childhood that we could gather from our memories. In spite of shouts, in spite of all the sedate and correct and oft-repeated jokes that we revived with shameless persistence, sleep at last seemed to lay her merciful hands upon us all. I saw the helplessness of our situation. Our last hope of rescue was in reaching the island in front of us. "If the sweetest concords of music of our childhood's songs would not do," I said to myself, "something else has to be done." So I seized a stick that was beside me and raised a veritable pandemonium of discords by beating it against the side of the boat. At last we gained a little harbour over the angry waves which were trying to foil us.

It was 2.30 in the afternoon. After we started on the twenty-first, for four days and nights we had never slept a wink. For two days we had two dumpings a piece whereby to fight starvation, until at last relief came.

FROM HAWERA TO MOUNT EGMONT.

Continued from page 36.

Needled slow work, the rocky formation of the country was responsible for that, and our overcoats, which we had brought with us, did not improve matters.

After about an hour's walk, or, should I say, scramble, we arrived at the foot of a steep, rocky incline, and just above that lay the snow, looking so very near and luring us on. After a short rest we proceeded to climb, and I do not think I shall forget that climb for many years to come. I have some scraps of leather that were once known as boots—

my boots—as a memento of the occasion; but, quite apart from that, I am not likely to forget that exciting climb.

At the outset it was comparatively easy going, but the further up that rocky ridge we went, the looser the rocks and gravel, and, in consequence, the harder the toil. The most difficult piece to negotiate was the last fifty or sixty yards; when we were so near to the snow that one of the party declared that he could smell it, and yet that short distance meant three-quarters of an hour's hard work, with excitement enough to last the average holiday-maker for a whole week.

Try to imagine a very steep, rocky incline between 400 and 500 feet from top to bottom, covered with loose gravel, and upon that loose gravel you imagine a thick sprinkling of rocks, weighing anything from a pound to a ton. Try, then, to picture yourself making the ascent. It looked so easy from the bottom, that we hardly gave it a thought. We simply said, "We will climb up that ridge and on to the snow." We reckoned ten minutes—it took us nearly an hour.

One would not mind so much had it been only a loose gravel slope to walk up. It wasn't the gravel that troubled us, it was the loose rocks—rocks weighing half a ton, that a child had but to touch to get bounding to the bottom of the ravine. No rock was safe as a foothold. Resting as they were in the loose gravel, the odds were ten to one that as soon as your weight rested upon one of them it carried away, and then those behind had to look out for danger. I should be afraid to say how many tons of rock were loosened by our little party in their climb, and sent bowling down to the bottom of the ravine, and the narrow escapes that some of the party had of following them were not a few. Looking back upon that little adventure, I marvel that we got to the top without an accident. The only little mishap on record occurred to my camera. It was while dodging a rolling stone. I let go of my camera for a second, leaving it on a rock, and before I could take hold of it again a small rock struck it, and smashed several of the plates, so when I came to develop them I found three of them so badly smashed that I could not print from them. This, of course, was a very small matter, when one reflects that it was only plates, whereas it might have been heads that were smashed.

On arrival at the top of the incline we were faced with a fresh difficulty, in the shape of a steep wall of jagged loose rocks, at the top of which, jutting out some 15 in, was a shelf of earth sod, evidently the melting snow had washed away the gravel and rocks and left the sod jutting out. With some difficulty we hoisted one of the party up on to the earthen shelf, and although it bent in a threatening way under his weight, it enabled him to get a grip of the grass beyond and hoist himself up on to terra firma. From there, by lying full length on the ground, he was able to give a helping hand to number two, and that accomplished, the matter of hoisting the rest up was very easy.

Arrived on the top of the ridge, we now found the long-looked for snow. At our feet there it lay, in all its whiteness, causing us to shade our eyes and blink, for it must be remembered that the sun was now shining brightly, and the reflection was dazzling in the extreme.

In last week's "Graphic" my photo of the party crossing the snow appeared, so it is not necessary for me to describe it further, and in any case I take it snow is always much the same all the world over. Of course, snow-balling was freely indulged in, and, as I reckoned my snow-balling photos as the best I had secured; they were, of course, the ones I took upon the plates that had been cracked in the ascent of the rocky incline. If you study photography you know that it is always the most precious plates that come to grief. In this case the plates were cracked before they were exposed, but the result is the same.

After amusing ourselves in the old English way of spending Christmas, viz., snow-balling one another to our heart's content, we set off for Fantham's Peak, where more snow had to be crossed, and then looked about for the track back to the Mountain House.

I must here explain that we did not arrive at Fantham's Peak by the usual route, and those contemplating the trip must not be put off on account of my description of our ascent of the scoria incline, for there is a well-beaten track all the way from the Mountain House to Fantham's Peak, only we passed that

track by, thinking the incline shorter. When we told the caretaker at the Mountain House of the way we went, he laughed at us for our pains, and told us that no guide in his senses would have taken us up that way.

The track back to the Mountain House was easily picked up, and was so easy to follow that in half an hour from the time we started we were back at the House and as hungry as hunters.

Fantham's Peak is known by the Maoris as Rangitoto (sky of blood), on account of the peculiar ruddy light that reflects from it with the rising of the sun.

On arrival at the Mountain House we found the stay-at-home party packing up their baggage and preparing for the descent, so, after a hurried meal, we did likewise, and by two p.m. after bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair (the caretakers), who had done so much towards the comfort of our short stay, and with many declarations that "we would return again as soon as opportunity offered," we turned our backs upon the mountain roost, and, entering the beautiful bush track, headed this time down-hill to join the drags, and then home.

Britons Beyond the Seas.

A BALLAD.

BY HAROLD BEBBIE.

(Published in No. 1 of "The Daily Mail Over Seas Edition.")

God made our bodies of all the dust that is scattered about the world, That we might wander in search of home wherever the seas are hurled. But our hearts He hath made of English dust, and mixed it with none beside. That we might love with an endless love the land where our kings abide.

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores, and spin on a thousand quays, And tho' we are truant with all the winds, and gipsy with all the seas, We are touched by the sound of an ancient tune, At the name of the Isle in the Western seas with the rose on her breast of June.

And it's, O for a glimpse of England, and the buds that her garden yields, The delicate scent where other hedges wind, and the shimmering green of her fields, The roll of her downs and the loil of her streams, and the grace of her dew-drenched lawns, and the calm of her shores where the waters wash rose-tinted with her thousand dawns.

And it's, O for a glimpse of London town, tho' it be thro' the fog and the rain, The loud-throated streets and the glittering shops, the pageant of pomp and pageant; And it's, O for a sight, tho' it be in a dream, of the Briton's beacon and pride— The cold, grey Abbey which guards our ghosts on Thames' sacred side.

But, lo, we have buried our fathers here, and here we have reared our children, The name of our Britains, and here the word of the British people runs; Wherefore the while we call you Home, and dream of your gentle shires, We are rooted here by the smile of our babes and the pilgrim dust of our shires.

Out of the grave our fathers reach dead hands to hold us here, And never we open the earth with tears but the land becomes more dear— Sweet with memory, brave with love, and proud with the huge ahead That our sons shall be stronger, our homes more fair, when we go down to the dead.

Loved, you are loved O England, and ever that love endures; But we must have younger visions, and mightier dreams than yours; Cleaner London, and whiter fields, and a stately bridge to span The gulf which severs the rich and poor in the brotherly ranks of Man.

Yet with the bolder vision, we cleave to you, look to you still, That you gather our scattered toll and bind our strength in a single will; That you build with us out of the coasts of the earth, a realm, a race, and a rede That shall govern the peace of the world and serve the humblest State in her need.

Happily we are but tools in the hand of a Power we do not know, And not for ourselves we plough the waste, and not for ourselves we sow; Yet by the vision that leads us on to the goal of a single State, We are blest that our own great weal is woofed with the strands of eternal Fate.

Come, let us walk together, we who must follow one else's lead, Come, let us link our labours, and tell each other our dream; Shakespeare's tongue for our conceals, and Nelson's heart for our task— Shall we not do as strong men do the things that the people ask?

LATE SOCIETY NEWS

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Sir, January 7. On January 5th the much-talked-of and long-looked-forward-to

NEW YEAR'S CONCERT

was held in the dining-room of the Government Sanatorium. During the greater part of the day the matron, nurses, and the strongest patients were busy decorating the stage, cutting sandwiches, making fruit salads, and doing many other various duties to make the concert a success. Nurses Doyle and Sawtell opened the concert with a pianoforte duet. The next item was a solo by Mrs Boston Couper, "Tatters." This was followed by the song "Maid of Athens" by Mrs Arthur Herrold (Auckland). The next item was a humorous song by Mr B. Couper, "Down the Road," which was encored, and Mr Couper sang "In Rotten Row." Sister Brown sang "Sing Me to Sleep." "The Lotion" by Mr Payne, was loudly encored. The next was a song, "In the Cathedral," by Mrs A. Herrold, which was encored. This was followed by the song "Life's Lullaby," by Mrs B. Couper, with "Killarney" for an encore. Mr B. Couper then sang "The Water Shoot," and in response to an encore Mr Couper, with his wife's assistance, gave an amusing selection from "The Gaiety Girl" called "Oh, My Daughter." The audience tried hard to bring them back again, but without success. The final item on the musical portion of the programme was a solo by Mrs A. Herrold, "What Might Have Been," after which an adjournment was made to the other dining room, where a most sumptuous supper was laid. The second half of the programme was the play, "Partnership." The characters were as follows: Mrs Barker, Sister Brown; Miss Molly Vane, Nurse Doyle; Mr Fred Flight, Nurse Bates; Mr Sharpe (Uncle Joe), Mr Payne. When the curtain went down on the last act Dr. Penbreath proposed a vote of thanks to all those who had taken part in the concert, and especially to those who had braved the dangers of the hill. A most enjoyable evening concluded with the singing of the National Anthem, after which the patients wended their ways to bed, brighter and happier for the evening's enjoyment, which they sincerely hope will not be by any means the last of its kind.

Advertisement for Wood-Milne Revolving Heel Pad. The ad features a central illustration of a boot with a revolving heel pad. Text includes: 'THE WOOD-MILNE REVOLVING HEEL PAD', 'THEY SAVE POUNDS A YEAR', 'NO MORE BROOKED', 'IN HEELS THE FAMILY BOOT BILL', 'Walking Fatigue Reduced. Corrects Slip Walking. Keeps Boots Shapeable.', and 'Sole Agents for Australasia: D. & W. MURRAY, LTD.' The ad also contains a caution to look for the name 'WOOD-MILNE' on every pad.

**AUCKLAND EDUCATION BOARD.**  
 Separate Applications will be received by the Board on or before SATURDAY, January 14th, 1906, for any of the under-named Appointments:—  
**WAIKAI (Solo Charge)**—Approximate salary £120, with residence of five rooms.  
**KUIKUI (Solo Charge)**—Salary £90, with residence of 3 rooms.  
**TAIRUA BLOCK (Solo Charge)**—Salary £150, and £20 house allowance.  
**PANMUA (Solo Charge)**—Salary £35, and £10 house allowance.  
**MOKAU (Solo Charge)**—Salary £80 and £10 house allowance.  
**MATAPOURI (Solo Charge)**—Salary £70, and £10 house allowance.  
**AORUA (Missress)**—Salary £100.  
**WOODSIDE (Missress)**—Salary £80.  
**KATI KATI NORTH (Missress)**—Salary £80.  
**WIRIARA (Missress)**—Salary £80.  
**WAIKARAKA, THAMES (Assistant)**—Salary £85.  
**WAIHI (Assistant)**—Salary £96.  
 VINCENT E. RICE, Secretary.

Mrs and Miss Ronald Macdonald (Christchurch) are visiting friends in Geraldine.  
 Mrs Jennings and children (Christchurch) are spending a week or two at Sumner.  
 Mr Walter Gaudin has returned to Gisborne, after spending the holidays with his people in Auckland.  
 Mr Stanford, of Stratford, is staying in Wanganui with Mr and Mrs H. L. Stanford.  
 Mr J. Fairburn, of Wanganui, has returned from his holiday in the Wairarapa.  
 Mr Geo. Kissling, of the Bank of New Zealand, Wanganui, has returned from a trip to Australia and Tasmania.  
 Mr Jack Cameron, of Cambridge, has been spending a short holiday in Wanganui.  
 Misses P. Jones and Knapp, of Wanganui, are on a visit to Auckland and Rotorua.  
 Miss Stevenson, of Auckland, is staying in Wanganui with her cousin, Mrs Craig, Durie Vale.  
 Mr R. Leslie Hunt has resigned the position of organist and choirmaster at St. Matthew's Church.  
 Mr H. W. Wilson, Town Clerk of Auckland, has returned to Auckland from a visit to the New Plymouth Exhibition.  
 Inspector Cullen returned to town last week from the Waikato, where he made a short tour of inspection.  
 Mr and Mrs R. D. D. McLean and Miss McLean have returned to Napier from Taupo.  
 Miss Frances Waldegrave (Palmerston North) is visiting in New Plymouth.  
 Miss Warburton (Palmerston North) has gone for a holiday to Greytown. She is to be the guest of Mrs J. Cotter.  
 Miss Dora Reed (Palmerston North) is in Hastings visiting Mr and Mrs C. Bennett.  
 Mr J. M. Johnston and his daughter have returned to Palmerston North from a trip to England and Ireland.  
 Miss Giffton (Wanganui), is the guest of Mrs J. P. Jones, Palmerston North.  
 Miss B. Bailey is visiting Gisborne, and is the guest of Mrs Humphrey Bailey.  
 Mrs T. A. Bailey (Palmerston South) is the guest of her mother, Mrs Raudolpa (Palmerston North).  
 Miss Edith Reid, of Dunedin, is on a visit to Mrs. Wells, of "Oakleigh," Cambridge.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of Devonport, have been in Cambridge for a fortnight staying with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Roberts.  
 Mrs S. T. George, Miss N. George, Mrs Colbeck and her two boys (Parnell) are staying at Kamo (Whangarei).  
 Mrs Gillies and Miss Gillies (Parnell), who have been on a trip Home, returned to Auckland this week.  
 Mr and Mrs Harold Thompson, who have been staying with Mrs Dargaville (Parnell), returned to Inglewood last week.  
 It is understood that Mr T. E. Taylor, M.H.R., will visit the West Coast immediately after the holidays to lecture on the prohibition question.  
 Dr. Solf, the Governor of German Samoa, will go to Rotorua this week to spend about a month in the district. Afterwards he goes South.  
 Dr. Edith Cochrane Brown, of Christchurch, who has been studying in England for the past year, returned by the Lonic.  
 The Mayor of Whangarei, Mr J. M. Killen, has been unfortunate enough to lose the top joint of one of the fingers of his left hand by an accident.  
 Captain David Watson, who left the service of the Union Steamship Co. lately, has been appointed secretary of the Shipmasters' Association at Wellington.  
 Mr Frank Phillips (Straits Settlements), who has been spending a few weeks with his relations in Auckland, left by the Sydney boat on Monday.  
 Dr. Todd's many friends are delighted to see him back at Waipawa again, after a long absence in England (writes our Napier correspondent).  
 Mr and Mrs John Conolly, and Mrs and the Misses Gard, have returned to Springlands, Blenheim, after an enjoyable visit to Picton.

Dr. Parkes has been appointed to succeed Dr. Bedford as honorary medical attendant at the Veterans' Home, the latter's term of office having expired.  
 Mr O. Riecler, chief of the D.H. and P.G., the big Samoan mercantile and shipping firm, has come up to Auckland for a holiday.  
 Mr H. V. Austen has resumed his position as purser of the Manapouri. He has just returned from an enjoyable holiday in Europe.  
 Dr. H. St. C. Elliott, who arrived from the Islands in the Manapouri last week, goes to the Eastern Pacific on January 24 in the Taviuni.  
 Mr Justice Chubb, who is on the Australian Bench, arrived in Auckland last week by the Sonoma, to spend a holiday. He is accompanied by Mr M. C. Chubb.  
 Mr and Mrs M. A. Phillips and Miss Mabel Phillips, who have been in Auckland for some considerable time, have returned to Wellington.  
 Mrs. Arthur Herrold, of Auckland, is at present in Cambridge staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wright, of "Loloma."  
 Mrs. James Hally and family, who were in Auckland for a few weeks staying at "Fernleigh," have returned home to Cambridge.  
 Mrs R. Campbell and her daughter, who have been living at Cambridge for some months, have returned to Wanganui.  
 Dr. and Mrs Christie, of Wanganui, have returned after an enjoyable ten months' trip to England, Scotland, and the Continent.  
 The Rev. C. C. Harper, Vicar of All Saints' (Palmerston North), left England on December 29 in the Kanutaka, on his return to the colony.  
 Miss Bell and Miss Hayward (Palmerston North) have gone for a trip to Dunedin. Miss Gwen Bell is at Pannor-ton.  
 Mrs Hunter, who has been staying here for some time, has gone for a short trip to Auckland (writes our Gisborne correspondent).  
 Archdeacon Willis and family are at present away on their annual holiday at St. Helier's Bay (writes our Cambridge correspondent).  
 Amongst the passengers from Wanganui for the Sounds trip in the s.s. Waikare are Mr and Mrs Christie, Miss and Master Christie, Miss Myra Rawson, Mr Norman Fitzherbert.  
 Mr, Mrs, and Miss Holdship, of Sydney, are visiting Auckland. They are going to see the sights at Rotorua and do the Wanganui River before they return home.  
 Mr and Mrs Armitage (England) are paying a visit to Mrs Moorhouse, Park Terrace, Christchurch. Miss Moorhouse returned home with them, after a long visit to England.  
 Mrs Harman Reeves is up from Dunedin, and is staying with her mother, Mrs R. Allan, who is spending a few weeks now at Sumner (writes our Christchurch correspondent).  
 Owing to ill-health, Mr James Edmond, editor of the "Sydney Bulletin," started last Saturday on a four months' holiday. Mr Frank Fox takes his place during his absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs Jones, of Marlow, England, and Mr G. E. Rick, of the firm of Rick and Sons, Sydney, are at present touring in the Hot Lakes district.  
 The Rev. J. B. Sneyd, pastor of Mt. Eden Baptist Church, left Auckland for Christchurch on Tuesday to supply Oxford Terrace Baptist Church for a month.  
 Mr T. W. Waite, the Auckland traffic manager of the New Zealand railways, is going to Australia on five weeks' furlough. He left Auckland on Monday for the Commonwealth.  
 Mr and Mrs H. Fitzherbert, Mr and Mrs W. S. Fitzherbert, and Messrs S. and P. Fitzherbert (Palmerston North) went to Wellington to be present at the marriage of Miss Fitzherbert.  
 The Rev. Mr. McFarlane, of St. Barnabas' Church, Mount Eden, with his family, are at present in Cambridge. Mr. McFarlane is acting as locum tenens for Archdeacon Willis.  
 Mrs J. P. Lucas, who is leaving Blenheim to reside in Wellington, was presented with a gold watch by the members of the choir of the Church of the Nativity, as a recognition of her services as organist. The presentation was made by the Ven. Archdeacon Grace.  
 Mr C. F. Mimmitt, Eastern Inspector of the New Zealand Insurance Company, arrived in Auckland last week, after an

**Personal Paragraphs.**

Dr. and Mrs Hislop (Wellington) are staying with friends in Christchurch.  
 Mr John Lane and the Misses Lane, of Ashburton, are staying at Sumner.  
 Mr Fred. Hesketh (Auckland) is on a visit to New Plymouth.  
 Mrs G. Kettlewell (Melbourne) and children are staying at Sumner.  
 Mr and Mrs Peter Wood are back in Christchurch from Kaikoura.  
 Mr and Mrs R. Jackson, of Wanganui, are spending a holiday in Auckland.  
 Mrs Fred. Kenderline, of Auckland, is at present on a visit to Cambridge.  
 Mr and Mrs Percy Kurlong, of Wanganui, are in Auckland on a visit.  
 Mr W. A. Izard, of Wanganui, has returned from his holiday in Christchurch.  
 Miss Trainor, of Wanganui, is visiting friends in Masterton.  
 Mr and Mrs Brookfield, of Wanganui, are staying with relations in Auckland.  
 Mrs Dixon, of Piji, is staying at "Wharekiri," Wanganui.  
 Miss Helen Anderson, of Rangitikei, is spending her holidays in Wanganui.  
 Mr Spense, of Stratford, was in Wanganui for the Christmas holidays.  
 Mr Justice Denniston arrived in Auckland on Sunday by the Maunuka.  
 Mr W. J. Napier returned from Australia via the South on Saturday.  
 Mr and Mrs Bethel, of Canterbury, were visiting friends in Hawke's Bay.  
 Mr F. W. Utting was a passenger from Tonga by the Manapouri last week.  
 Mr A. P. Friend has been gazetted a Justice of the peace for the colony.  
 Miss W. Keeling (Palmerston North) is visiting in Wellington.  
 Mrs G. Elliot (Gisborne) has gone for a trip to Wellington.  
 Mr and Mrs Hirst (Hawera) left last week on a trip to Europe. They expect to be away about a year.  
 Mrs and Miss Moore, of Wanganui, went to Wellington to be present at Miss Fitzherbert's wedding.  
 Miss Dodington, of England, and her nephew, Mr Peck, of Wanganui, have gone to the Cold Lakes.  
 The Hon. C. H. and Mrs Mills were in Picton for the regatta on New Year's Day.  
 Mrs Rowick and Mrs Hodson (Nelson) have been staying with friends in Marlborough.  
 Mr and Mrs John Holmes, formerly residents of Blenheim, were visiting Blenheim and Picton last week.  
 Captain and Mrs Bone, Miss and Mr A. Bone are staying at "Beachcliffs," Sumner.  
 Mr Arch. Scott and Mr and Mrs Andrew Scott (Christchurch) are at "Beachcliffs," Sumner.  
 Mr and Mrs J. P. Firth (Wellington) were in Christchurch a few days recently en route for Mount Cook.  
 Mr and Mrs Geo. Gould and family (Christchurch) have gone up as far as the Hermitage, Mount Cook.  
 Mrs Heaton Rhodes, who has been away invalided in Dunedin, has returned home to Tai Tapu (Christchurch).

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**Sanitas**  
 FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE  
 USE  
**"SANITAS"**  
**Eucalyptus SOAP**  
 BECAUSE IT  
**Keeps the Skin nice.**  
**Protects it against Heat.**  
**Keeps the Pores active.**  
**Wards off Infection.**  
 It is delightfully emollient, free from excess of alkali, and so exquisitely fragrant that the skin is greatly refreshed after its use. It is a highly refined soap.  
 Specially adapted for hot climates.  
 THE "SANITAS" CO. LTD.,  
 BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON, E.

**An Ideal Summer Trip**  
**FEBRUARY 17th to 25th.**  
 Before arranging your SUMMER HOLIDAY write to the  
**NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Ltd., Quay Street, Auckland,**  
 For leaflet describing a delightful Eight Days' Pleasure Cruise along the Northern Coast.  
 The S.S. Ngapuhi will leave Auckland on Friday, February 17th, calling at Great Barrier, Hen and Chickens, Whangarei, Bay of Islands, Whangaroa, and Pacific Cable Station, Doubtless Bay.  
 Launches will be provided for excursions round the beautiful harbours. Splendid Fishing all along the coast.  
 Most of the steaming will be done at night, hence the usual discomforts of a sea voyage will be reduced to a minimum.  
**FARES from £7 to £10.**  
 Excursionists limited to 50. Only one class carried.

absence of 21 years, spent in a tour through the East, and also South Africa.

Mrs J. M. Mennie, who remained in Sydney after accompanying her husband through the United States, Canada, and Australia, returned to Auckland last week by the Sonoma.

Mr C. R. Robieson, acting superintendent of the Tourist Department of New Zealand, is at present on a visit to Rotorua, on business connected with his department.

Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead, who left Auckland last week for Rotorua will be taken across to Napier by a motor-car, which is making the trip specially for their benefit.

Mr Richard A. Carr, Consular Agent for Italy in Auckland, and Mrs. Carr, who have been making an extended visit to Europe, India, Ceylon, and Australia, have returned to Auckland.

Two Copenhagen merchants, Messrs. Siegfried Meyers and Edward Malther, who are touring the world and investigating the butter industry, arrived last week by the Melbourne steamer at the Bluff.

The Dean of Bendigo, the Very Rev. J. C. MacCullagh, is in a very unsatisfactory state of health, and arrangements have been made for the discharge of his official duties so that he may have a trip to New Zealand.

Master Victor Harris, the young Wellington violinist, returned from London by the Ionic. The lad has gained a three years' Royal Academy scholarship, but will spend three years at school before returning to England.

The Clutha "Leader" says it has reason to believe that an effort will be made to induce Mr Thomas Mackenzie to stand for the Clutha seat at next election, and that he will be requisitioned to this effect.

Mr Justice Chubb, of the Queensland State Bench, and Mr C. Chubb, a Sydney barrister, who both arrived in Auckland by the Sonoma, went up to the Lakes on Monday. They will spend three weeks fishing, principally in the thermal district, returning thereafter to Australia.

Mr T. Henderson, manager of the Hobart branch of the Union Company, who will be remembered here as at one time local manager of the company, is at present paying a visit to Auckland. He is making a satisfactory recovery from his recent severe illness.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, is expected to arrive in Invercargill about April 17. It is his intention to work his way through the colony, spending a little time in each of the principal places. He will probably arrive in Auckland about May 5.

Mr W. H. Derry has been appointed district secretary to the A.M.P. Society in Auckland, in succession to Mr C. W. Henery. Mr Derry, who has been in the Society's service for over 21 years, lately held the position of relieving and inspecting officer, and was for five years in charge of the Christchurch Branch.

The Tarauaki "News" say that while in New Plymouth Mr Kinsella, Chief Dairy Commissioner, suffered a relapse of the enteric fever contracted in South Africa, and was laid up for two days by a malarial shaking fit. It was with great difficulty that Mr Kinsella got through the test of judging the dairy exhibits at the Exhibition. Mr Kinsella,

The Bishop of Melbourne (the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lowther Clarke) arrived at the Bluff last week by the Warrimoo from Hobart. He will remain in New Zealand until the end of January. He is the guest of the Primate in Dunedin, and a garden party is being arranged in his honour. Lady Janet and the Misses Clarke are also staying in Dunedin. They all visit the Cold Lakes and then come North.

It was stated in Auckland some time ago that it was intended to make a presentation to Lieutenant Spera, who was the principal witness in the Seddon-Taylor libel action for the defence, but Lieutenant Spera has expressed a desire that the matter should not be proceeded with while the matter is sub judice.

Owing to ill-health the Rev. John Hobbs, of Hastings, has decided to take a prolonged rest, and left for Wellington en route for England last week. His place in Hastings will be taken by the Rev. Mr Cockeill. Prior to his departure, Mr Hobbs was presented by his parishioners with a purse of 350 guineas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fetterer, of Sagdowne, Isle of Wight, who are making a comprehensive tour of the colony, under the guidance of Messrs. Cook and Sons, are leaving Auckland for Rotorua, where they spend a few days. Afterwards they go on to Taumarunui to make the trip down the Wanganui. They are accompanied by Mr. L. Thompson, of Aberdeen.

Mr. David Goldie left Auckland on Monday by the West Coast steamer for the South, where he intends to spend a fortnight's holiday. He will be for the most part of the time in Canterbury. He is accompanied on his journey South by his son, Mr. F. Goldie.

Mr C. Holdsworth, who occupies a high position in the Union Co., returned to Auckland from Calcutta in the Aparima on Sunday. He has been making a tour of the world with Mrs Holdsworth. Mr Ewing, who was formerly in the Union Co., also returned from the East by the Aparima.

Mr H. A. English, who was a member of the West End Rowing Club for some time while in Auckland, and was recently transferred to the staff of the General Post Office in Wellington, has been presented with a gold watch and chain with an inscribed pendant attached, which was the gift of his associates in the Auckland office.

Mr H. G. Wernham, who arrived from New Britain in November last, returns there in March next to take up the position as manager to a large trading plantation firm. It is understood that his marriage to Miss Jessie Mill, of Northcote, will eventuate early in February, after which Mr Wernham intends to have a month's travelling round New Zealand and Australia prior to his leaving for the Islands.

Mr W. Short, chief clerk of the Department of Roads, Wellington, has been appointed arbitrator by the Government to settle the claims made by the Tauranga County Council against the Waikato Borough Council. Tuesday, 17th inst., has been fixed as the day for holding the inquiry at Waikato to decide the question as to what proportion, if any, the Waikato Borough should contribute towards the maintenance of the Bowen-town, Katikati and Waikato main roads.

The death is announced at Dunedin of Mr David Day, for over forty years Customhouse Officer at Westport and Dunedin. The late Mr Day had only been in receipt of his pension for twelve months. His age was 66. Death was due to heart failure. Mr C. W. J. Day, of Wellington, is a member of the deceased's family.

The Chief Justice of New Zealand, Sir Robert Stout, and Mr Justice Cooper left Auckland last week for Helensville by the early train. Sir Robert has never previously visited the North Auckland districts, and Mr Justice Cooper, who is an old Albertlander, has undertaken to pilot him through the country. They will go overland to Whangarei and the Bay of Islands, returning to Auckland by steamer.

Mr Frederick J. Loudin, who was manager of the first company of Fisk Jubilee Singers to visit Australia, died at his home at Ravenna, Ohio, U.S.A., on November 23. The company was organised in 1882 by Mr Loudin, who was really proprietor of the troupe, and he realised a fortune. He built a splendid house at Ravenna, which he named Otrra, after the famous gorge in New Zealand.

The Rev. J. B. Russell, minister of Knox Church, Parnell, and Mrs Russell, whom he married a few days ago, were welcomed back to the suburb in the Odd-fellows' Hall last week. Mr Andrew Bell was in the chair, and he gave Mrs Russell a very warm welcome, hoping that her stay amongst the congregation would be long and pleasant. The Revs. G. B. Monro and J. Clark, and Messrs. Mueller, Poole and Gilmour also spoke, and Mr Mueller then presented a handsome couch and armchair to Mrs Russell on behalf of the congregation.

Mr Robert Cranwell, an old Albertland settler, who has been re-visiting the Old Country after an absence of over forty years, has returned to Auckland once more. He has been living at Henderson for some years past. Mr Cranwell noticed many changes in rural England since his emigration to this colony. Mr. Cranwell is not at all complimentary to the English shopkeepers. He told his interviewer

that he was better and more promptly attended to in Auckland than he was in any part of England. At the same time he was struck by the generous hospitality he received in England from everybody.

The following is a list of guests who have been staying at the Kamo Springs Hotel and Sanatorium lately:—Mr F. C. Fletcher (Dargaville), Mr H. V. Allender (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Neilson (Kawakawa), Miss R. C. Cully (Kawakawa), Mr and Mrs Davy and family (5) (Parnell), Miss F. Gilmour (Parnell), Dr. Scott (Onehunga), Miss W. Scott (Onehunga), Mr N. Falconer (Auckland), Mr H. Runciman (Auckland), Mr and Mrs L. C. Clark (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs J. McGeorge (Dunedin), Mr W. Jounnax (Papukura), Mr J. Bridgewater (Auckland), Mr and Mrs Carnow (Whangarei), Miss Hyde (Whangarei).

The "N.Z. Times" says that amongst the arrivals by the Ionic was a well-known English jockey and trainer, Mr W. Bainbridge, who has brought out his family, and intends to settle in Auckland, where he will take up training and riding. Mr Bainbridge the season before last trained sixty-three winners for Major Edwards, and he rode San Toy to victory in the Jubilee Stakes, the Brighton Cup, and the Free Handicap at Newmarket. He has also trained and ridden for Captain Gordon.

Messrs G. A. Buttie and F. G. Ewington, trustees of the Rawlings scholarship, have awarded this year's scholarship to Ormond Edwin Burton, of the Remuera School, who obtained the highest number of marks this year. His total was 399, Roland C. Marks, of Devonport School, being second with 390, and Leslie Mathieson, of Ponsonby School, third with 330. There were 49 candidates this year from 16 schools, Mr. Eien contributing 17, while the papers showed evenness of ability, 18 of the boys getting more than 300 marks. The scholarship carries free secondary school tuition, with books and £10 a year.

An old Maori chief of note, named Pehi Hitana Turua, died a few days ago at Raetihi. Pehi was the highest in rank of all the Upper Wanganui natives, and in the Maori wars from 1864 to 1870, was a prominent man amongst the Hauhaus. His elder brother, the venerable Tepeia Turua, died at Wanganui a few months ago. Physically, Pehi was a fine specimen of the old-school Maori—a tall, soldierly-looking, and well-tattooed. He was present at the battle of Moutoa, on the Wanganui River, in 1864, when he and his fellow-Hauhaus, who meditated a descent upon Wanganui town, were defeated by the friendly natives. For many years after the war he isolated himself from all Europeans, and lived chiefly at a remote settlement in the Waimarino forest. This error for him from the Lower Wanganui native the soubriquet of "te ruru noho-motu"—the owl which abides in the depths of the bush. It was not often that he cared to emerge from his seclusion, but in later years he occasionally visited Wellington, and he was one of the chiefs who presented valuable gifts to the Duke and Duchess of York on the occasion of their visit to Rotorua. He was an old friend of the Hon. J. Carroll, Native Minister.

Messrs. J. D. Roberts and Co., Ltd., Stanley-street, Auckland, had a very successful exhibit at the New Plymouth Exhibition, winning two gold medals, one for biscuits, and the other for confectionery. Writing of this exhibit the Auckland "Star" says: "Messrs. Roberts and Co. had against them some of the best-known biscuit and confectionery manufacturers of the colony, and in the face of all competition their goods won the gold medal for quality in both biscuits and confectionery."

**"UCRASYNÉ."**  
**DR. DALE'S** sure, silent & swift Cure for **DRUNKENNESS**  
 may be given to Men or Women without their knowledge. Removes all desire for strong drink in a few days. Full particulars Free.  
**DR. J. T. DALE CO.,**  
 Salders Chambers, 89 Hunter st., Sydney.

**"Labour and Drink."**

"Labour and drink" was the subject of a lecture which Mr John Burns, M.P., delivered to between four and five thousand people in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, recently.

"The tavern," he declared, "has been the ante-chamber of the workhouse, the chapel-of-ease of the asylum, the recruiting station for the hospital, the rendezvous of the gambler, and the gathering-ground of the gaol."

The drink habits of the poor had contributed in every country to their political dependence, industrial bondage, civil inferiority, and domestic misery.

Here are some of Mr Burns' more pointed remarks:

Clubs are worse than "pubs."  
 Tramways are the best antidote to the publichouse.

Sobriety is the solvent, drink the dissolvent, of family happiness and comfort.

The most prosperous years are the most drunken years.

When liquor is law, prisons are bare and asylums are not so full.

London has 16,500 policemen; but for the drink traffic we could do with five.

Of these policemen, 1655 were assaulted by drunken men last year, sixty-eight were bitten by mad dogs, and forty were injured by runaway horses.

Therefore mad dogs and runaway horses are nothing compared with drunken men.

As for a drunken woman, language cannot describe her.

Drinking makes trade depression worse than it would otherwise be.

All blacklegs are "boozers."

For one case in which poverty leads to drinking, I believe that there are nine in which drinking leads to poverty.

Still, Mr Burns considered that matters are improving as the years go on. He was against the municipalisation of the drink traffic, but was in favour of Sunday closing, local veto, and a reduction of the number of publichouses.

"I ask my fellow-workmen," he said, "to give their leisure hours to sober pleasure and their treasure to a happy home. If the people are to occupy the political judgment seat, they must be more sober, more thrifty, more wise than those who now hold power."



**A Message from Old England.**

English housewives still find that for the quick, easy and perfect washing of clothes, the thorough cleansing and sweetening of the house, and for effectively washing everything washable with the least possible labour, there is nothing like

**HUDSON'S SOAP**  
 and Colonial housewives will find it just as serviceable for them.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND.

The Trustees of St. Stephen's School for Maori Boys invite application for the head-mastership of the above. The Master must be a Communicant of the Church of England, married, and experienced in School Management. Stipend, £250 per annum, house, rations, light, and fuel.

Applications, accompanied by testimonials and statement of educational qualifications and experience, to be forwarded to the undersigned, not later than 12 noon on JANUARY 19, 1906.

W. S. COCHRANE,  
Diocesan Office,  
Shortland-street, Auckland.  
January 6, 1906.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following Lands will be open for Section on and after dates mentioned:-

31st JANUARY, 1905.  
(Optional tenures).  
A Sections, Tokoro Survey District, areas 2 1/2 to 8 1/2 acres, situate 22 to 26 miles from Te Kuiti Railway Station.

8th FEBRUARY, 1905.  
(Lease in Perpetuity only.)  
24 Sections Ohura and Waro Survey Districts, 174 to 1710 acres, situate 2 to 29 miles distant from Mangarua Township, and 19 to 25 miles from Tangaporutu.

Plans may be seen at Post Offices and Railway Stations, and obtained on application to me.

F. SIMPSON,  
Commissioner of Crown Lands.  
Lands and Survey Office,  
New Plymouth,  
7th January, 1905.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF CASTOR OIL.

Railway Department, Head Office, Wellington, 5th Jan., 1905.

WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 30th January, 1905, for the Supply and Delivery of Castor Oil.

Specifications and Forms of Tender to be obtained at the Railway Store Offices, Newmarket, Addington, Hillside, and the Stores Manager's Office, Wellington.

Tenders to be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington, and to be marked outside, "Tender for Castor Oil."

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted, and telegraphic tenders will not be entertained.

T. RONAYNE,  
General Manager, N.Z. Railways.

**MRS WEBSTER,**  
PROFESSIONAL FLORIST.  
Opposite the Railway Station, AUCKLAND.  
The Best House in Town for Floral Work of Every Description. Guaranteed to Satisfy, the Most Fastidious. Trial Solicited. Moderate Charges. FRESH CUT FLOWERS ALWAYS ON HAND.  
Kindly Note the Address.

**MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS.**  
If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. **KORO MATS** (the new flower pot cover Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices. FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY. TELEPHONE 928  
Opposite D.S.C., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.

**Orange Blossoms.**  
VON ZEDLITZ-FITZHERBERT.

More than usual interest was taken by the residents of Wellington and the Hutt in the marriage, on January 4, of Miss Alice Maud Fitzherbert and Mr G. W. von Zedlitz (Professor of Modern Languages at Victoria College), the only son of Baron von Zedlitz, Neukirkh (writes our Wellington correspondent). The bride, who was given away by her father (Mr W. Fitzherbert) looked very well in a lovely dress of ivory satin mousseline, very much shirred and ruffled, and ruffled with lace. Her veil was of embroidered chiffon, and her shower bouquet of fragrant white flowers. She was attended by her four sisters, Misses Isa, Dorrie, Kitty, and Eileen Fitzherbert, her cousin, Miss Sybil Fitzherbert, Miss Olive Gore, Miss Muriel Ritchie, and Miss Judith Purdy. The elder maids had extremely pretty dresses of the softest white satin, very fully gathered. The bridesmaids were of ruffled chiffon, with delicate embroideries of pale blue, which was also the colour of their wide Empire sashes. Instead of hats, they had wreaths of pink may, and their bouquets were of pale pink sweet peas. Mr T. Latham acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Jones, Vicar of the Lower Hutt. A country wedding always scores over a city one from a picturesque point of view, and the scene at "Marsden," the Lower Hutt, when the bride and bridegroom received the guests on the lawn, was very charming. A raised dais had been constructed, with a canopy of lycopodium and ferns and a background of palms and lilies. On this the bridal party was grouped, the bery of bridesmaids crowned with their quaint and becoming wreaths of pink and white flowering may being especially admired.

A noteworthy feature of the wedding from a feminine point of view was the fact that all the dresses—bride's and bridesmaids' alike—were brought out from London by the bride, who was thus able to secure exactly what she desired, which is so often unattainable in the colony. Miss Fitzherbert and her sister only arrived from England just before Christmas, so arrangements for the wedding were rather hurried. The wedding gown itself was exceptionally pretty, and the absence of a train only made the full, long "grannie" skirt appear to better advantage. The marriage was more than usually interesting to the people of the Hutt Valley, as the Fitzherberts are one of the oldest families about there. The late Sir William Fitzherbert was a very prominent public man, who did much to ensure the progress and prosperity of the district.

There was a big house-party at "Marsden," and relations had come from widely scattered places. In the evening the whole party came into town, and was present at the performance of the "Eternal City."

At the reception Mrs Fitzherbert wore white and black embroidered chiffon over lace, lace ruffles and cravat, smart toque of chiffon and lace and tips, her bouquet was of shaded rose carnations; Mrs S. Fitzherbert (Wanganui), black and white etamine, with insertions of lace, black lace and chiffon hat; Mrs Wallis, navy velvet gown, and black picture hat; Miss Williams, grey canvas

and white chiffon hat; Mrs Holworthy, grey crepe de chine and black hat with plumes; Mrs B. Fitzherbert, cream canvas with black hat; Mrs Riddiford, dark grey velvet gown with motifs and jabot of lace; Mrs Marmaduke Bethell, green hopsack with rervera and cuffa of heavy guipure lace; Mrs A. Duncan, pastel crepe de chine and burnt straw hat with flowers; Mrs Johnston, black voile de soie and smart hat with plumes; Mrs Duncan, black crepe de soie, black chiffon bonnet; Miss Duncan, oyster grey eolienne, long grey coat and picture hat; Miss Harcourt, cream canvas and white chiffon picture hat; Mrs Brown, fawn voile de soie, and brown hat; Miss Coleridge, blue delaine and black hat; Miss T. Coleridge, white cloth dress and scarlet hat; Mrs Balcombe-Brown, grey voile, much tucked and shirred, black chiffon hat; Misses Fitzgerald, white muslin dresses and floral hats; Mrs Pearce, white cloth with insertions of heavy lace; Miss Williams, pale blue crepe de chine and lace; Miss E. Williams, ivory voile and floral hat; Mrs Moorhouse, black and white voile with handsome lace motifs; Miss Brandon, white voile with lace ruffles, and large picture hat; Miss Moore (Wanganui), pastel crepe de soie with lace ruffles; Miss Hoadley (Napier), groselle canvas and picture hat; Miss —, Hoadley, grey voile and black hat; Miss Fell, white muslin and lace; Miss Waldegrave, green canvas and floral hat; Mrs W. Johnston, ivory canvas and floral hat; Miss N. Riddiford, shell-pink voile and pink hat; Miss Lee, pastel voile and lace and black picture hat. Mrs Von Zedlitz's going-away dress was of white souple cloth, very smartly made with touches of chine ribbon and a deep belt of the same. Her white chiffon and lace hat had a long white ostrich plume. After the honeymoon Mr and Mrs Von Zedlitz will settle down in their new house, which has just been completed. It is splendidly situated on a spur of the Hutt hills just above Marsden. The house itself is most artistic, the design being early English, and from the windows there is a glorious view which includes the Hutt Valley, the whole of Wellington Harbour, and a glimpse of Cook's Straits and the South Island.

ARMSTRONG-KISSLING.


An exceptionally pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, on Thursday last, when Miss Florence Ethel (Edie), third daughter of Mr George Schwartz Kissling, "Talamai," Point Resolution, Parnell, Auckland, was married to Mr Ernest Armstrong, of Oamaru, son of the late Captain Armstrong, 14th Regiment. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, assisted by the Rev. George Maunsell, uncle of the bride.

The wedding was full choral, Dr. Thomas, organist of St. Mary's, presiding at the organ, and the choristers preceding the bride to the chancel, which was artistically decorated for the occasion by Miss Mabel Ansley with an arch of greenery and white flowers, from which was suspended a white wedding bell. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in a lovely gown of white crepe de chine over a glaze silk foundation. The trained skirt was made with a deep accordion-pleated flounce, headed with ruffled chiffon, and bestrwn at intervals with ruffled chiffon true lover's knots. The bodice had a transparent yoke of beautiful old Limerick lace, caught at one side with a spray of orange blossoms, and white chiffon ceinture with pendants of chiffon roses. A tulle veil over a coronet of orange blossoms and an exquisite shower bouquet, composed of white sweet peas, begonia, cornflowers, maidenhair and asparagus ferns, tied with white satin streamers, made by Miss Thomas, Parnell, completed a most becoming toilette. She wore a handsome gold chain with pearl pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. There were three bridesmaids—Miss May Kissling, sister of the bride, and the Misses Knid Reed and Babs Philson. The former was charmingly gowned in white spotted mousseline de soie, with transparent lace yoke, and medallions of white ruffled ribbon outlining the wide shaped flounce, white silk ceinture, and a very jaunty green hat wreathed with pink hoses and ecru lace strings. She carried a lovely bouquet

of pink carnations tied with pink satin streamers, and wore a gold bamboo bangle, presented by the bridegroom. The two little maids looked sweet in picturesque Empire frocks of white gauzed grass lawn and white silk Victorian bonnets. They carried white crooks with posies of pink carnations, tied with pink satin ribbons, and wore pretty little pearl-erescent brooches, gifts of the bridegroom. Mr Willie MacMurray officiated as best man.

After the ceremony a large number of guests were entertained at afternoon tea by Mr and Mrs Schwartz Kissling. Mr and Mrs Armstrong received the guests in the hall, which was beautifully decorated with white flowers, the lovely floral wedding bell being the main feature of the decorations. The dining-room, where afternoon tea was served, was also decorated with white, the four-decker wedding cake, made by the bride's sister, being very much admired. The main hall was decorated with blue hydrangeas, and the drawing-room, where the numerous costly wedding presents were on view, was a study in yellow. During the afternoon Mr Maunsell, in a felicitous speech, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, the latter, in responding, proposing the health of the bridesmaids. Mr MacMurray returning thanks on their behalf. Later on Mr and Mrs Armstrong left on their honeymoon tour down the Wanganui River and overland to Oamaru, where they intend taking up their future residence. The bride's travelling dress was a very smart grey tweed coat and skirt, with lace vest and pale grey ceinture, becoming Tuscan straw hat garlanded with pink roses and foliage and white tulle strings.

Mrs Schwartz Kissling was handsomely gowned in black brocade, with frills of rich black lace, cream vest, and pretty black bonnet with violet crown, bouquet of violet sweet peas; Miss Kissling wore a graceful gown of cream embroidered voile over glaze silk, smart brown hat wreathed with wallflowers, and she carried a bouquet of gaillardias with yellow streamers; Miss Nora Kissling was prettily gowned in pale blue checked eolienne over white, corselet belt of pastel shaded heliotrope and blue ribbons. Tuscan hat trimmed with same shades, lovely heliotrope bouquet; Mrs. Harold Kissling wore a dainty grey spotted voile, with pale pink and blue ceinture, grey hat to match, wreathed with blue, blue and pink bonnet, tied with ribbons of same shade; Mrs. Gua Coates was in cream voile, with wide insertions of Paris lace, cornflower blue hat, and beautiful bouquet of cornflowers; Mrs. Kissling, rich black silk toilette, becoming black bonnet, with cluster of pink roses; Mrs. Dewes, black and white costume, with hat to match; Miss Helen Dewes was in primrose yellow batiste, with Valenciennes lace yoke, hat to match; Mrs. Ward, fawn check tweed gown, with brown hat; Miss Buller, soft white silk, with Victoria yoke of white lace, black picture hat, lined with white chiffon; Mrs. MacMurray, black toilette, with white vest, black bonnet, with pink roses; Mrs. Hugh Campbell was in a charming gown of white and black figured glaze silk, Tuscan hat wreathed with tangerine roses; Mrs. Robert Walker was in a pretty printed French muslin gown, with hat to match; Miss George looked charming in a cream spotted muslin, with lace yoke and hand embroidered silk berthe, dainty hat wreathed with mignonette; Mrs. George Maunsell, black and cream toilette, black toque relieved with pink roses; Mrs. Fleming, brown voile, with brown hat to match; Mrs. Charters, pretty cream voile, relieved with touches of pale green, hat to correspond; Mrs. F. Kissling, black, with sun-ray pleated chiffon frills, white vest, black bonnet, with cluster of roses; Mrs. Bullen, black embroidered canvas over glaze silk, pretty black and silver toque, with crown of yellow roses; Mrs. Robert Dargville was in an orchid gray voile, with black hat; Miss Reynolds (Dunedin), cream voile, with insertions of ecru lace, pretty cream hat; Miss McAndrew, dainty pink and grey flowered muslin, trimmed with fine black lace, black hat; Miss Alice MacAndrew, blue and white spotted voile, with pretty turban toque; Mrs. Thomas, white, with white hat, wreathed with pink roses; Miss Mulvany, pretty reseda green voile, with yoke and applications of ecru lace; her sister wore a dainty blue eolienne, with hat en suite; Mrs. Phil Morris, pastel blue canvas voile, with lace vest outlined with pretty Oriental embroidery, hat to correspond; Mrs. Armitage, handsome black spotted merveilleux, black and cream bonnet; Miss Pickering



**COME ON BOYS  
FOR ITS  
MONTSERRAT  
LIME  
JUICE**

AGENTS:  
A. J. Entrican & Co.,  
Auckland.

looked charming in a cream tailor-made canvas gown, black picture hat, and she carried a lovely bouquet of crimson carnations; Mrs. Chatfield, smart: cream voile gown, with touches of black velvet, black hat; Mrs. Arnold, dainty floral French muslin gown, black and pink hat, bouquet of sweet peas; Miss Maud Philson, white muslin, with becoming hat; Mrs. Philson, black voile, with cream vest and large black plumed hat; Mrs. Bertram White, black and white toilette, with bonnet to match; Miss White, pink figured muslin, with lace applications, picture hat; Miss Moss, black and white striped pique, black hat; Mrs. Patten, black; Miss Corbett, grey costume; Miss Mowbray, dainty grey voile gown, with large black hat; Mrs. Charles Kissing, black and white gown, with black hat; Miss Purchas, all black; Miss Hautfair, black voile, with cream net and lace vest, black and cream toque; Miss Winnie Kissing, very pretty gown of pale grey embroidered voile, relieved with leaf green, cream lace vest, black and green hat; Miss Maunsell was in pink, and her sister wore a dainty mauve gown; Miss Olive Cuff wore a cream costume and black hat; Miss Outhwaite, handsome grey silk, with black lace scarf draped round shoulders, toque to match; Miss Roskrige, black crepe de chine, with black hat; Mrs. Mussen, cream costume, black picture hat; Miss Horn, black, the bodice veiled in white lace, white toque; Miss Heywood, sapphire blue costume, black hat, with cluster of pink roses.

**BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS.**

Do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, like the old-fashioned, so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago. They act directly on the liver and digestive organs, strengthening and stimulating these organs to perform their natural functions. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleanse the stomach and rid the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half-a-hundred pills in a box, when probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BEAN IS ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they are THE SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE, and have been proved invaluable in thousands of Australasian homes in cases of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Bad Breath, Anæmia, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Summer Fag, and, in fact all ailments that owe their origin to defective bile flow, assimilation and digestion. Bile Beans are obtainable from all medicine vendors, price 1/11, or 2/9 large box. A FREE SAMPLE BOX will be sent on receipt of a penny stamp to cover postage. Address: The Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., Pitt-street, Sydney.



**McKAY'S PRIVATE HOTEL,**  
CLIVE SQUARE, NAPIER  
(One Minute from Railway Station).

Good Accommodation for Families and Boarders at Reasonable Rates.

TERMS—£1 per Week; 4s. per Day

W. H. McKAY, Proprietor.

**MEN, DON'T WORRY**

After you have tried all other remedies for NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY, etc., as thousands have done before we CURED them. Let us treat you FREE of CHARGE, for ONE MONTH with our NEW CONCENTRATED BOTANIC EXTRACTS, and the BENEFICIAL RESULT will surprise you.

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**BIRTHS MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS**

(The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 16 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.)

**BIRTHS.**

**BALLIN.**—On January 6th, 1905, to Mr and Mrs Fred S. Ballin, at Raufurly Rd., Epsom, a son (stillborn).  
**DICK.**—On December 18th, at Union-st., Waikato, to Mr and Mrs W. J. Dick, a son.  
**GLADING.**—On January 3rd, at Brown-st., Poneby, the wife of Stanton A. Glading of a son.  
**MURRAY.**—On January 1st, at Newton Rd., Auckland, the wife of Thomas Murray of a daughter.  
**STYFIELD.**—On January 6, 1905, at Nurse Canton's, Poneby, to Mr and Mrs H. I. Styfield, of Mt. Roskill, a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

**ARMSTRONG-KISSLING.**—On January 5, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, M.A., assisted by the Rev. George Maunsell (uncle of the bride), Ernest Frederick, third son of the late Captain E. G. Armstrong, 14th Regiment, to Florence Ethel Schwartz, third daughter of George Schwartz Kissling, Esq., Parnell, Auckland.  
**BASSETT-SMITH.**—On November 23rd, 1904, at the Pitt-st. Wesleyan Church, by the Rev. J. A. Lufford, William George, eldest son of William Bassett, Wellington, to Edith Emily, eldest daughter of Walter Smith, Grey Lynn.  
**BLOMFIELD-DAVIES.**—On December 6th, at Pitt-st. Church, by the Rev. C. H. Garland, Harry Robert, second youngest son of the late James Blomfield, to Ruth, the youngest daughter of Thomas Davies, both of Auckland.  
**CLOUSTON-ROBERTSON.**—On December 22nd, 1904, at Auckland, N.Z., by the Rev. J. Wilkins, William Clouston, of Glendolly, Thurso, Cathness, Scotland, to Margaret (Maggie) Robertson, of Auckland City. Home papers please copy.  
**ENSOR-BUCHANAN.**—On 7th December, at Devonport, Ada Jessie, eldest daughter of J. G. Buchanan, to Albert Vivian, third son of Moses Ensor, Thames.

**HOOD-CRAIG.**—On December 15th, 1904, at Pitt-st. Wesleyan Church, Auckland, by the Rev. Charles Charles Ernest, eldest surviving son of Robt. Lloyd, of Hobart, Tasmania, to Emily Agnes, youngest daughter of Mrs Joseph Craig, "Spreydon," Symonds-st., Auckland.  
**MILNE-BOLLARD.**—On Wednesday, December 14th, at St. Jude's Church, Auckland, by the Rev. W. H. Hudson, vicar of the parish, John Milne, eldest son of James Thomson Milne, Esq., of Toronto, Canada, to Helena Gertrude, youngest daughter of John Bollard, Esq., M.H.K., Eden.  
**WILSON-COLLIS.**—On December 14th, at St. John's Church, Auckland, by the Rev. E. H. Dobson, George Henry, second son of E. Wilson, Hamilton, Waikato, to Maggie, youngest daughter of J. Collins, Taurau.  
**WILLS-OLLNEY.**—On December 28th, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. W. Beatty, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Wills, Kennedy Bay, to Cora Victoria, fifth daughter of Richard Ollney, Epsom.

**DEATHS.**

**CLARK.**—At San Francisco, U.S.A., on the 2nd December, 1904 (suddenly), Ernest Beendon, dearly beloved eldest son of Annie Beendon and the late Samuel Hawthorth Clark.  
**CUNNINGHAM.**—At Onehunga, on January 6th, 1905, Drusina Howard, the dearly beloved daughter of Grace and the late James Cunningham, in her 23rd year.  
**DAVIES.**—On January 6th, 1905, at Epsom, Elizabeth, widow of the late Samuel Davies; aged 70 years; 55 years a resident of Auckland.  
**DIXON.**—On Sunday, January 1st, at Hamilton, Ellen Goodwin, only daughter of G. Eneke Dixon, aged 23 years.  
**GAW.**—On January 2nd, at "Ingledeil," Howick, William Hood Gaw, eldest son of Samuel Gaw, Ayrshire, Glasgow; aged 58 years.  
**HOLMES.**—On January 7, 1905, at her late residence, Sarafield street, Mary Ann, widow of the late Benjamin Holmes; aged 76.  
**KEITH.**—On January 5th, 1905, at his cousin's residence, Mrs Inghill, Hobson-street, Auckland, John W. Keith, late of Scarborough, Yorkshire, England, nephew of the late James H. Keith, late of Manuk; aged 70 years.  
**PARKER.**—On January 5th, 1905, at the District Hospital, Joseph, eldest brother of Samuel Parker, in his 65th year.  
**SCOTT.**—On January 4th, at her residence, Stanwell-st., Parnell, Susan Ann, the beloved wife of James Scott,

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**Society Gossip**  
AUCKLAND.  
January 10.  
Dear Rec,  
There is literally nothing doing just at present. Many people are away, and Society has, so far as entertainments are concerned, gone to sleep. Consequently I have little or no news for you. The only thing out of the ordinary has been  
**THE ADVENT OF RINKING**  
to Auckland. In spite of the hot weather we have been pantingly chasing pleasure on wheels, and it is most exciting. Some years ago the pastime was most popular, you will remember, but most of us have forgotten how to keep our equilibrium on wheels, and so will have the fun of learning all over again. And the rinkers have not all the amusement to themselves. The onlookers are

quite as well entertained. Dignity is thrown to the winds (or more often to the floor, to be correct), and in moments of extreme peril one cordially grasps the nearest support, animate or inanimate, so that when the danger is over one frequently finds one's self clinging confidently to a perfect stranger. To a beginner the rink must seem very much like what the delightful Lauri in "A Country Girl" used to sing of as being "very much like a berth on land with an earthquake all the time." Many, well-known people have been bitten with the craze, and some of them are rapidly becoming proficient. Among the visitors I have noticed lately are: Mrs Sharman, Mrs Dargaville, Miss Dargaville, Mrs and Miss Ware, Misses Thorne George, Mrs Simpson, Miss Fenton, Miss Freese, Miss Ida Thompson, Mrs Hope Lewis, and Miss Lewis, Mrs Rathbone, Mrs Markham, and Miss Pirih, Miss Dolly Scherff, Miss Gore-Gillon, Miss Whitson, Mrs Saunders, Misses Dawson, Miss Bell, Miss Gourie, Miss Denniston, Mrs Bloomfield, Miss Rose. Among the gentlemen I noticed Messrs, Purchas, Denniston, Cotter, Frater, Dawson, Simpson, Dargaville, Saunders, Alison, Reed (2), Holmes, and others.  
Last Wednesday Mrs. G. Kronfeld gave a very pleasant

**PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY**  
at "Oh-ula." There were a large number of guests, and the pretty prizes given were keenly contested. After cards a delicious supper was served, and the rest of the evening was devoted to music, etc., among those who contributed items being: Mrs. McCallum, Misses Enderam and Ehrenfried, Messrs. Crisp, McCallum, Conolly, and Wilhelm.

**POLO.**  
There was a good attendance at polo on Saturday. Mrs Henry Nolan gave the tea. Lady Plunket, the Hon. K. Plunket, and the Hon. Miona Hanbury-Tracy were there. Others there were: Mrs and Miss Ware, Mrs and Miss Dargaville, Mrs and Miss J. Morris, Mrs and Miss McOosh Clark, Mrs O'Rorke, Mrs Maitland, Mrs and Miss Nolan, the Misses Cotter (2), Stevenson (2), Z. George, Somerville, Thompson (2), Macfarlane.

Mr and Mrs E. Horton had a very successful dance on Friday evening.  
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**CAUTION.**—Beware the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ADDRESS BALEHNER, and the Medallion on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, January 7. I must wish you a very Happy New Year, and trust that New Year's Day was not a sample of what we are to expect in the weather. It was so bitterly cold here we were all glad to put on our winter clothing and sit round a good fire. Monday was not much better. It was blowing a gale, with cold showers at intervals, which put an end to all picnics arranged. The Oddfellows held their sports despite the weather. There was a good attendance, close upon £30 being taken at the gates.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings the Cambridge Dramatic Club staged "For England's Glory," at which they had record houses. Several new members appeared, and several of the old ones were absent. Mr. Frank Crist, the stage manager, took the part of Colonel Egerton, known as "Sully Jack," in an able manner. Mr. T. Fawcett Rowe had only a very small part allotted to him this time, of which he made the most. Mr. C. Boyce, as Monsieur Alphonse Grenouille, and his partner Mr. Arnold Wilkinson, as John Bull, supplied the funny element. Miss Rose McVeagh, as Mrs. Cleopatra Bull, in search of her husband, deserves praise for her acting. The scene, painted specially for this piece, reflects great credit on the artist, Mr. T. Fawcett Rowe. The manager must have worked hard to get all the members so proficient in their parts. Miss Kerr rendered the incidental music in a very pleasing manner. On Wednesday evening the company journeyed up to the Sanatorium to play for the patients, who much appreciated the attention.

EISIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, January 6. Of all the dull times of the year, the few weeks after Christmas seem the dullest, most people being still away holiday-making, and the rest being too tired to do anything. After clearing up for a few days at Christmas, the weather has changed again, and gone back to its original state of wellness and uncertainty, and one sees very little else but winter dresses or short skirts and coats.

The members of St. Thomas' Choir, Auckland, conducted by Mr A. Boulton, visited us last week, and gave

TWO CONCERTS,

as well as taking part in the services in Holy Trinity Church on Sunday. The concerts were most enjoyable, and the carols, glee, and quaint nursery rhymes by the choir and solos by the different members were much appreciated. Miss Boulton's violin playing was alone worth going to hear. She was coaxed each time she appeared. Mr Boulton had made arrangements to hold a concert in Napier on Friday evening, but the rough weather necessitated the Victoria passing on without the passengers, so a lecture on "Music," illustrated by the choir, was given in Gisborne instead.

Tennis has been almost deserted during the holidays, and the singles which were begun some weeks ago have not yet been finished. At Whataupoko Courts on Saturday Mrs Symes and Mrs Buckle-ridge gave afternoon tea. Mrs Symes wore a dress of tucked tussore silk, cream and navy blue straw hat with roses; Mrs Buckle-ridge, pale green batiste, with full gathered skirt, and broad black belt, large black chiffon hat; Miss Tucker, cream open-work muslin over pale green, black hat; Mrs Tomblason, navy blue costume, hat to match; Mrs Wilfred Perry, pale green voile with Paris insertion, white hat with dark red roses; Miss M. Tucker, cream lawn frock, black hat; Miss Foster, heliotrope and white muslin dress, white hat; Miss Maud Perry, pretty white voile dress, with cream insertion and heliotrope chiffon, hat covered with heliotrope flowers; Miss Wachamann, spotted grass lawn, green belt, black hat; Mrs A. W. Rees, white silk blouse, black skirt, French sailor hat; Miss E. Bradley, white linen, white muslin hat; Miss B. Bradley, white muslin, pale blue hat, Miss M. Barnard, white blouse, navy blue skirt, French sailor; Miss A. Bradley, white dress, brown straw hat with flowers; Miss Vincent Barker, green linen costume, hat to match; Mrs E. T. Morgan, crash costume and sailor hat.

At the Kaiti Courts Miss W. Adair and Miss Harding gave afternoon tea.

On Monday the North Island BOWLING TOURNAMENT

opens in Gisborne. There are twenty outside teams competing, as well as the four local teams, Gisborne, Whataupoko, Kaiti, and Te Rau. Great preparations have been made for the tournament and for the entertainment of the visitors, and if the weather will only be fine a most enjoyable week will be spent. On Thursday evening an open-air concert is to be given on the grounds.

E.I.S.A.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, January 6. There was quite an exodus from town during the Christmas and New Year holidays, and many families either went out camping or visited friends in other parts of the district. Picnics, also, were the order of the day. A most enjoyable boating excursion up the river was inaugurated by Mrs Brabant. Amongst those present were Mrs Sheath, Misses Miller, Pasley, Sheath, Shaw, Hill, Simpson, Messrs. Brabant, St. Paul, Miller, Sheath, Pasley, Hill, Brodie.

The tennis courts also have been crowded during the last fortnight, and many went from Napier to take part in the tournament held at Hastings last week. Amongst those present

AT THE HERETAUNGA GROUNDS,

where the games were held, were: Miss Williams, in a pretty white dress and large white chip hat; Miss N. Williams, holland costume; Miss Nevill, black and white spotted dress, burnt straw hat with poppies; Miss Seale looked well in pink; Miss Hindmarsh wore cream muslin, and a hat to match; Mrs Lauanue, grey costume, black toque; Mrs Fitzroy, black and white; Miss Dean, dainty white muslin dress; Miss Fanning in blue; Miss Wellwood, white drill costume, white hat; Miss Ruby Wellwood, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss Brathwaite, white and pale blue; Miss Beaton, white pique; Miss Sunderland, drill costume; Miss Busby, white pique relieved with blue.

Mrs Humphries gave a

NOVELTY EVENING

on Tuesday, when several competitions took place. These were won by Miss M. Locking, Miss Hoggard (Wellington), Mr T. Brabant, and Mr Basil Cotterill. Miss Humphries wore a pretty dress of white accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss Ethel Humphries was in pink silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Hoggard wore cream silk with straps of crimson velvet; Miss Locking, buttercup satin and chiffon; Miss Mudge Hindmarsh, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Hovell, accordion-pleated white silk with silver embroidery; Miss Hill, black and white; her sister was in pink; Mrs Baxter, cream; Miss Fanning, pale blue; Miss Dawes, pretty pink dress trimmed with lace; Miss McLernon wore black net over silk; Miss C. McLernon was in cream; Messrs. Dixon, Brodie, Cornford, Hoadley, Brandon, Van Duzelen, Cotterill, Tomlinson, Raymond, etc., were amongst those present.

MARJORIE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, January 6. The weather was fine at New Year for THE RANGITIKEI RACES.

They extend over two days, and are attended by large numbers of Palmerstonians, who enjoy the drive of about 18 miles to Bulls. Crowded excursion trains also leave Palmerston. Some who drove over this year were Mr and Mrs V. Baldwin, Mr and Mrs Frank Wallegrave, Mrs C. Wallegrave, Mr J. Wallegrave, Mr and Mrs Milton, Mr and Mrs C. Bennett.

THE CROQUET LAWNS

have been quite gay this week. There has been a large attendance of players every afternoon. The first round of the croquet championship tournament is finished, and the drawing for the second round will take place on Saturday. Mrs Tripo, Mrs Milton, Mrs Campbell, Miss Copeland, Miss Nannestad, and Miss F. Randolph were the winners of the first round. During the week I have noticed Miss J. P. Innes, wearing

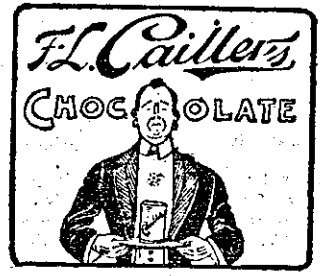
a pretty dress of navy blue flowered muslin, over white glace, deep white silk yoke, and trimmings on bodice and skirt of white medallions, blue hat with blue tulle and cornflowers; Mrs Warburton, navy skirt, white silk blouse, with tucks and insertion, French sailor hat with glaze bows; Mrs McKnight, black and white spotted muslin, white lace medallions, black chiffon hat with black tips; Mrs Tripo, navy skirt, flowered silk blouse, Tuscan hat with pink roses; Mrs Bailey, pink voile, much shirred, touches of black velvet on bodice, Tuscan hat with black velvet ribbon and pink roses; Mrs Jamieson, silver grey voile, wide folded belt of grey glaze, navy hat with glaze ruffling and crown of green foliage; Mrs Hitchings, blue skirt, white tucked silk blouse, string-coloured straw hat with pink flowers; Miss Copeland, blue canvas voile, made with coater, champagne lace vest, black mushroom hat with ruffles of black and pink tulle; Mrs P. S. McRae, navy Eton costume, blue and white straw hat; Mrs Bell, Misses Randolph, Bell, Wallegrave, Montgomery, Nannestad, and others.

On Friday afternoon Mrs J. P. Innes gave

A DELIGHTFUL CROQUET PARTY

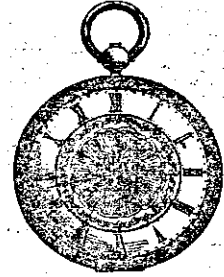
in honour of her guest, Miss Liffiton, of Wanganui. The weather was cool and pleasant, and the games were much enjoyed. The early part of the afternoon was devoted to a loop-making competition, which caused a lot of amusement; players that could make 16 or 20 loops in an ordinary game failed to make more than one or two. Mrs F. S. McRae proved the winner. She made three loops. Mrs Milton and Miss Nannestad, with two each, tied for the second prize. In the play-off Miss Nannestad made ten loops, and so won the prize. Mrs Molrae received a very pretty picture and Miss Nannestad a lovely vase. Delicious tea, cakes and sweets were

served in the dining-room. The table looked very pretty with a tall palm in the centre and tall vases of feathery grass and yellow flowers dotted about. Mrs Innes received her guests in a becoming cream voile dress, trimmed with insertion, yoke of cream lace, and frills of accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice. Tuscan hat with pale blue tulle and cornflowers; Miss Liffiton, cream silk and insertion, pale blue and cream straw hat, with trimmings of black velvet ribbon and pale pink roses; Mrs Armstrong, black and white costume, vest of silk lace, black chiffon bonnet with pale violets; Mrs Copeland, fawn muslin, with white spray, three-quarter lawn coat, cream hat with pink flowers; Miss Copeland, holland coat and skirt, pale blue vest, cream hat with blue bows; Mrs C. Wallegrave, black voile over glaze, white silk collar veiled with fine black lace, black hat with ostrich feather; Mrs F. Wallegrave (Wellington), pale blue linen, with blue and white galloon trimming, cream vest, black hat; Mrs Bailey (Palmerston South), rose coloured voile, with deep shirred rounce, bodice much shirred, cream hat with black velvet trimming;



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Mrs F. S. McRae, navy voile, trimmed with lace medallions, broad folded belt of floral silk, black hat with black tips; Mrs McGill, holland skirt, cream silk and insertions blouse, cream hat with band of black ribbon velvet and wreath of Marguerites; Mrs Leary, black cloth Russian costume, cream lace vest, pale green chiffon hat with black velvet trimming; Mrs Milton, black skirt, cream silk insertion blouse, black hat with wreath of forget-me-nots; Mrs Nannestad, black costume, navy blue hat with cornflowers; Mrs Moeller, black crepe de chine, finely tucked, transparent yoke of fine black lace, white French sailor with black ribbon trimming; Mrs Colbeck, holland coat and skirt, cream vest, cream hat with ribbon and yellow flowers; Mrs E. W. Hitchings, pale blue voile, vest of champagne lace, black hat with yellow roses; Miss Randolph, pale blue silk, Victorian yoke of cream lace, blue hat with green tulle, and wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss Nannestad, black skirt, pale blue note; Miss Nannestad, black skirt, pale green and cream silk blouse, cream hat with shaded pink roses; Miss Montgomery, grey and white striped silk dress, three-quarter grey coat, black and white hat with pale blue silk and blue daisies; Miss Moeller, black skirt, holland coat piped with pale blue, blue hat with yellow bows.

VIOLET.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, January 7.

This week has been a very gay one, events in connection with our Exhibition filling up nearly every day. For the last three days the

TARANAKI TENNIS TOURNAMENT

has been taking place. To-day (Saturday) is a perfect day, and the finals are now being played off. There were a great number of spectators present, and among them I noticed: Mrs Leatham, who looked well in pink muslin, large white Marabout stole, white hat; Mrs Home, biscuit muslin, pretty brown chiffon hat with orange velvet rosettes; Mrs Oewin, pink linen, burnt straw hat with green choux; Miss I. Curtis, black voile; Mrs McDowell (Auckland), lovely cream embroidered voile, cream feather boa, hat on suite; Miss Winnie George, white silk, red belt, hat with red; Mrs Spencer, white voile, hat with red geraniums; Mrs J. Bayley, grey voile black hat; Miss Mosshead, white, black and white hat; Mrs G. Watkins, grey muslin, red belt, hat with red; Miss Paul, black skirt, white blouse strapped with blue, black hat; Miss M. Fookes, holland coat and skirt, red parasol; Miss Capel looked very well in a pretty green voile, black hat; Miss Webster, grey dress; her sister wore a beautiful cream voile and a heliotrope chiffon hat covered with Parma violets; Miss Hawken, white delaine with navy blue spot; Miss J. Hawken, navy blue voile; Miss Skinner, pale grey voile, grey hat with cornflowers; Miss Lucy Skinner, pink embroidered grass lawn, hat trimmed with green; Mrs Alexander, crash costume, black hat; Mrs Roy, grey voile; Miss Roy, dark blue canvas cloth, large black hat; Miss Nina Capel, blue voile costume; Miss Maude Capel, pretty cream voile, hat to correspond; Miss Emmie Fookes, smart white coat and skirt, scarlet hat; Mrs H. Ward, wore her wedding dress of white silk voile trimmed with embroidered chiffon, black feathered hat; Miss Ward (Wellington), cream cloth costume, hat swathed in lavender chiffon; Mrs Walker, handsome sage green cloth costume, white hat; Mrs Uniake (Stratford), grey cloth costume, black hat; Mrs Harrison (Edham), blue figured voile, white hat, blue parasol; Mrs Addenbrooke, voile skirt, fawn blouse, black hat; Miss C. Hamerton, pale blue voile, blue hat; Miss F. Hamerton, pretty sunray pleated skirt, white silk blouse, green hat; Mrs E. Carthew looked smart in green voile; Mrs Martin, cream silk, black hat; Miss B. Thomson, pretty green voile, green hat; Miss W. Thomson, cream voile, black velvet hat; Miss McKellar, blue; Miss Stevenson, black; Miss C. Bayley, dainty cream voile, pompadour ribbon belt, black hat; Mrs King, black and white; Miss King, blue muslin; Mrs Penn, heliotrope muslin, large black hat; Mrs Paget (Stratford), navy blue costume, hat to correspond; Miss Hanna, white, silk, blue sash, black hat; Miss Mackay, pink flowered muslin, black hat; Mrs Buckelton, green voile, black hat; Mrs Gray, green coat and

skirt; Miss Gray, pale green voile; Mrs Evans, black; Miss Skinner (Wellington), tucked cream voile, hat with pink roses; Miss Rawson, blue linen; Mrs Morrison, black voile.

(Delayed in transmission.)

Dear Bee, December 30.

On Boxing Day occurred the great event of the year, the opening of the

ARTS AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

It would not do in Taranaki to say a word against Captain Edwin just now, for he promised us three days of fine weather for the holidays, and we had them. The ceremony of opening the Exhibition was performed by the Attorney-General (Colonel Pitt), and was a great success. The Mayor (Mr R. Cook) handed him a golden key (which by the way unlocks most difficulties), and, presto! the thing was done, and entrance was gained to one of the best exhibitions ever seen in New Zealand. This has been already so well described that it needs no further eulogy from my feeble pen. At the opening ceremony I noticed—Mrs R. Cook (Mayoress), wearing a handsome black tucked voile, with Victorian gauged crepe de chine yoke, finished with sunrayed chiffon and heavy silk lace, large black chiffon hat with feathers, pink shaded sunshade; Miss Cook, dainty pink tucked crepe de chine, with Victorian yoke, finished with a stole of white lace, white chip straw hat trimmed with rosettes and black feathers; Miss Pitt, cream voile, with medallion trimmings, pale blue chip straw hat, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs E. M. Smith, black brocade, black and pale pink bonnet; Mrs Dockrill black voile, with Victorian satin yoke, trimmed with cream medallions, black and white hat; Mrs Hal. Goodacre, black silk, pretty bonnet to match; Mrs King (Stratford), pretty green costume, hat to correspond; Mrs Nichol (Inglewood), black glaze silk, bonnet relieved with purple; Miss Goodacre, pretty dove-grey costume, hat en suite; Mrs Morgan, black canvas voile, black hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs Fraser, black voile, white satin Victorian yoke, pretty black bonnet; Mrs Major (Hawera), black tucked silk, picture hat, trimmed with chiffon and finished with strings; Mrs G. Neal, pretty white and pink floral silk blouse, trimmed with black velvet, black sunray-pleated voile skirt, picture hat trimmed with feathers; Mrs Teed, pink floral muslin, tucked and inserted, black hat; Mrs William Bayly, black silk and lace; Miss Bayly, dainty cream voile, trimmed with silk insertion, black picture hat; Miss Fraser looked extremely well in cream voile, trimmed with tucks and insertion, gauged frill on skirt, burnt straw hat, trimmed with pink; Miss J. Fraser, dainty ciel blue voile, trimmed with white, pale pink hat; Miss Mosshead, black tucked voile, picture hat; Mrs Leatham, dark blue costume relieved with white; Miss O'Brien white linen costume; Mrs Gibbons, champagne muslin, black picture hat; Mrs Roy, navy blue and white costume, black hat; Mrs Cole cornflower-blue costume, black and yellow hat; Miss Hamilton, black; Mrs Waters (Wellington), navy blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs Alec Hill (Wellington), champagne muslin, brown hat; Miss I. Curtis, pale grey costume, black hat; Mrs Paul, black tucked voile, trimmed with lace, toque trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs Clem. Webster, white muslin, black hat; Miss Berry, black costume, hat en suite; Misses Kemp (2), black and white costumes, with red and brown hats respectively; Mrs G. Kebbell, pretty grey costume, black hat; Mrs Skinner, yellow, veiled in white muslin, black hat; Miss Skinner, grey costume, black hat; Miss I. Skinner, white muslin; Miss Denevish, black, hat relieved with purple; Mrs H. Goldwater, cornflower-blue linen, black hat; Miss Tobias, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Henry Bedford, handsome plum-coloured brocade, trimmed with cream silk and lace, dainty pale pink and green bonnet; Miss Gray, pale green linen; Miss E. Bayly, tussock silk; Mrs Penn, black voile, scarlet hat; Mrs MacDiarmid, navy blue costume; Mrs Home, pale pink and yellow Oriental silk, black hat; Miss Hawken, navy blue and white costume, hat en suite; Mrs Hall, tussock silk; Mrs Newton King, national blue and white costume, hat to match; Miss W. Thomson, cream voile, black picture hat; Miss A. Drake, pink delaine, hat to match.

On the same day the Taranaki Jockey Club held their

CHRISTMAS MEETING,

and the weather being glorious the attendance was large. Amongst the ladies present I noticed Mrs Oewin, who looked extremely well in a crushed rose-coloured voile, daintily tucked and finished at the waist with a fold of satin ribbon, lighter shade of pink hat trimmed with roses; Mrs T. Carthew, stylish sage green voile, trimmed with pink and green flowered silk, hat en suite; Miss Cameron, pretty green and pink flowered delaine, trimmed with cream lace, black hat; Miss Cameron, handsome cream tucked and inserted voile, hat to correspond; Miss Murphy, smart white linen coat and skirt, relieved with pale blue; Mrs F. Watson, dainty floral grey muslin, with pink silk yoke veiled in lace, pink hat; Miss Macklow (Auckland) looked charming in a cream voile costume trimmed with wide Paris insertion, dainty cornflower blue chiffon hat; Miss Cunningham, grey French muslin, prettily inserted, black hat relieved with yellow; Mrs W. Bayly, vieux rose canvas voile trimmed with cream silk, hat en suite; Mrs Percy Webster was much admired in a lovely cream voile, the skirt profusely shirred perpendicularly, finished with insertion, while the bodice was frilled with sunrayed chiffon, dainty three-cornered violet chiffon and violet toque; Miss Bedford, cream tucked canvas voile trimmed with silk insertion and lace, black picture hat; Miss Dora Bedford, pretty champagne muslin, trimmed with drooping frills edged with lace, cream satin straw and chiffon hat; Miss Brewer looked well in a handsome cream voile, with black chenille spots, finished with a sash of black velvet ribbon, stylish cream hat trimmed with orange flowers; Mrs Dell looked striking in a costume of white tucked and frilled muslin over a yellow slip, black picture hat; Miss Ellis, a charming frock of pale blue veiled in a delicate shade of grey silk voile, the bodice being trimmed, a pink and blue floral Oriental trimmed hat en suite; Miss I. Ellis, pretty costume of cream canvas voile, with deep shirred frill on skirt, scarlet hat; Miss Eriee Bayley looked extremely well in a handsome cream voile skirt trimmed with French folds, while bodice had a deep silk insertion yoke, lovely black feathered hat; Miss Elsie Bayley, dainty sage green voile, prettily frilled hat en suite; Mrs Penn wore a charming white muslin frock trimmed with bands of silk, black hat; Mrs Paul wore a very handsome costume of white silk veiled in black figured net, bodice trimmed with lovely pink and white figured silk and frills of cream sunrayed net, toque en suite; Mrs Bridge, black tucked voile, trimmed with jet and lace, black hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs Percy Bayley, grey canvas voile trimmed with cream silk and insertion and black velvet bands, hat to correspond; Mrs Clarke, black costume, hat relieved with pale blue feathers; Miss Mabel Clarke, a dainty cream sunrayed voile, Victorian bonnet trimmed with pink roses and chiffon strings; Mrs Buckleton, a pretty costume of pale green canvas voile trimmed with handsome cream insertion, skirt finished with a gauged frill, pale blue chiffon hat; Mrs Montefiore, cornflower blue and white delaine costume, with royal blue in hat; Mrs A. D. Gray, pretty aiel blue crash costume, braided with white, hat en suite; Miss Falder (Auckland), brown Japanese silk, brown picture hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss B. Webster, cream canvas voile, trimmed with medallions of Paris-limited ster, cream silk crepe de chine over glaze ster, cream silk crepe de chine over glaze silk, beautifully trimmed with silk insertion, cornflower blue hat; Miss G. Holdsworth looked very pretty in a blue and violet flowered delaine trimmed with chiffon of the same shades, green and violet hat; Mrs Laing, fawn tucked voile prettily trimmed with green and cream insertion, hat en suite; Mrs S. Hill, green canvas voile, black picture hat; Miss Hill, cornflower blue voile, with Paris insertion trimmings, dainty white chiffon hat relieved with black; Miss Foote, a distingue costume of lettuce green voile trimmed with white lace insertion, picture hat en suite; Mrs Clarke, black canvas voile, picture hat trimmed with heliotrope; Miss Clarke looked extremely pretty in a dainty cream canvas voile, tucked and inserted, relieved with pale pink silk, Empire belt, hat to correspond; her friend, a striking costume of royal blue voile, trimmed with silk, hat en suite; Mrs.

Saythe, very pretty pale green canvas voile, with frills of cream sun-rayed chiffon, pale green hat, trimmed with pink; Miss Tobias, striking costume of black merveilleux, orange coloured hat; Mrs. Welsh, handsome costume of cream voile, lovely cream hat, with ostrich plumes; Miss Capel, very pretty pale blue voile, trimmed with cream silk and insertion, black picture hat; Miss M. Capel, dainty cream tucked and gauged voile, trimmed with silk and lace, white hat relieved with pink roses; Mrs. Colson, white voile, black hat; Miss Glynes looked well in cream, with crash coat, black picture hat; Mrs. Leatham, navy blue, trimmed with cream silk and insertion, hat to correspond; Miss Renell, white silk, with Paris insertion; Mrs. Wylie, dove-coloured costume; Mrs. O'Driscoll, peacock green costume, trimmed with cream, black velvet sash. Romney hat en suite; Mrs. Wright, a charming costume of violet glaze silk, veiled in black canvas voile, with faggotted yoke on skirt, violet toque to correspond; Mrs. Gibbons, black canvas voile, with deep silk yoke insertion, black and yellow hat; Miss Liddell, white frilled muslin, black picture hat; Miss Roy, navy blue and white costume; Miss Paul, a charming frock of white voile, with Russian blouse, banded with pale blue silk, black feathered Romney hat, swathed in chiffon; Mrs. Kolbell, cream canvas voile, pretty champagne and violet hat; Mrs. Alex. Hill (Wellington), cream canvas voile, trimmed with silk insertion, black hat; Mrs. Waters (Wellington), pretty dove-grey voile, trimmed with white silk, hat trimmed with plum coloured silk; Miss I. Curtis (Wellington), dainty white inserted muslin, scarlet silk hat; Mrs. Mackay, black merveilleux, relieved with white, bonnet en suite; Miss Mackay, striking champagne and rose pink floral muslin, love-

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ly black picture hat; Miss O. Mackay, dainty pink floral muslin, trimmed with lace, Victorian bonnet, with chiffon strings; Miss George, champagne muslin hat to correspond; Miss B. Thomson, pretty pale green voile, with gauged frill on skirt, charming black picture hat; Mrs. Rowe (Anglewood) looked well in cream and Paris insertion voile, hat en suite; Miss M. Gubb, cream canvas voile, trimmed with lace insertion, pretty pale blue hat; Mrs. Harrison (Stratford), handsome black erpeline costume relieved with a white feathered stole, hat en suite; Mrs. Paget (Stratford), lovely cream embroidered crepe de chine over glace silk, burnt straw hat, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Mitchell, pretty pale grey voile, trimmed with white; black picture hat; Mrs. Henry Weston, handsome black and white costume, hat to correspond; Miss F. Orbell (Stratford), white linen costume, relieved with scarlet, red hat; Mrs. D. O'Brien, very handsome black brocade, trimmed with white, black and white hat to match.

The club was again fortunate in the weather for the second day, on Tuesday, and there was another good attendance. Amongst the ladies on the lawn I noticed—Mrs. Montefiore, in a dainty cream lace gown, cream hat trimmed with pink; Miss Gallagher (Auckland), lovely frock of forget-me-not blue voile, profusely trimmed with rich coral insertion, black picture hat; Miss Cunningham, cornflower blue crash costume trimmed with cream sun-rayed net, pretty pale blue hat; Mrs. Walker, dainty white embroidered muslin, black hat; Mrs. Spencer looked well in cream tuckered and insertion voile, hat en suite; Mrs. Colson, black voile, with pretty pale grey coat, black picture hat; Mrs. Leatham, a lovely costume of white crepe de chine embroidered with black over glace silk, hat to correspond; Mrs. A. D. Gray, black sun-rayed voile, hat en suite; Miss Falder, white tuckered silk insertion blouse, black voile skirt, picture hat en suite; Mrs. Clayton, black; Miss Clayton, rose pink costume, black Victorian bonnet; Mrs. Percy Webster, rose pink tuckered canvas voile, trimmed with silk and Oriental trimming, lovely black feathered hat; Mrs. Paul, black voile applied over glace pink floral toque; Miss Paul, cream silk spotted voile, burnt straw Romney hat trimmed with black velvet; Miss Hunna, dainty cream voile, gauged and insertion, black picture hat; Miss Bedford, black sun-rayed voile with Russian blouse trimmed with cream silk and insertion, pale violet hat; Mrs. Paget (Stratford), dainty heliotrope floral muslin over a violet slip, hat en suite; Mrs. Jack Hampton, tussore insertion silk, pale blue hat; Mrs. Wright, pale blue voile trimmed with satin ribbon and cream frilled hat; Mrs. H. Goldwater, black and cream costume; Mrs. Laing, cream silk blouse, with champagne insertion, black voile skirt, hat to correspond; Mrs. Welsh, pretty black sun-rayed voile costume, picture hat en suite; Mrs. D. O'Brien, pale grey costume trimmed with white silk and lace, black hat; Mrs. Bridge, a lovely costume of white and black brocade trimmed with black lace insertion, black hat swathed with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Oswin, champagne spotted muslin, brown hat; Mrs. S. Teed, black voile, cornflower blue hat; Mrs. Rennell, black

brocade; Miss Rennell, pretty heliotrope muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbon; Miss Morey, dainty white tuckered and insertion muslin, hat en suite; Miss George, pretty blue muslin trimmed with Paris insertion; Mrs. Kebboll, dainty white insertion silk, violet hat; Mrs. Penn looked well in a cream lined canvas voile with deep shirred rounce, black picture hat; Mrs. Ab. Goldwater, handsome black silk and lace, toque to correspond; Miss Goldwater, cream silk and lace, white picture hat; Miss Tuke, black violet hat; Mrs. Kelsey, grey and white costume; Miss Foote, rose pink veiled in cream voile, black picture hat; Mrs. Crocker, blue and champagne spotted delaine, cream hat; Miss Crocker, cream voile black hat; Miss M. Kerr, cornflower blue crash trimmed with white, Tuscan hat, swathed in chiffon; Mrs. Brewster, black voile; Miss A. Brewster, pretty cream voile with Paris insertion, burnt straw hat trimmed with white silk; Mrs. Brewer, cream voile with two-fold skirt, black picture hat; Mrs. Day (Hawera), white silk blouse, black voile skirt, picture hat; Miss L. Brewer, blue and white spotted voile, pretty scarlet hat; Mrs. Cooke, pretty bluey grey voile, trimmed with white, pale pink hat, with chiffon strings; Mrs. Blyth looked well in a black and white costume, black picture hat; Mrs. Jim Hempton, black tuckered voile, hat relieved with scarlet; Miss Testar, grey and white costume, hat trimmed with pink, etc.

On account of the inclemency of the weather

#### THE CARNIVAL SPORTS.

which were to have been held on Wednesday in the Recreation Grounds, were postponed until the following week, January 4.

The Maoris of the MAORI VILLAGE erected on the Exhibition Grounds, gave a display of haka and poi dances last Thursday afternoon, which proved a great attraction, there being between two and three thousand people present. The Rev. F. A. Bennett acted as interpreter, who, in his opening speech, explained that the items were intended to portray incidents in the life and customs of the Maori people of the past. In conclusion, three cheers were given for the Maoris by the pakehas, and the former responded with cheers for their white brethren.

NANCY LEE.

#### HAWERA.

Dear Bee, January 5.

The Caledonian Sports, held last Monday, were most successful, although the attendance was not as large as is generally the case, owing, no doubt, to the numerous attractions in other places. I think the greatest draw on the "Scotties" day is the concert which is held in the evening after the sports. This year the concert was most successful, all the items on the programme being most enjoyable. Amongst those taking part were Mrs. W. A. Quin, Misses B. Flynn, Tansley, N. Baker, C. Worrall, Messrs C. Suisted, T. W. Potts, M. McAlpine, D. F.

Paterson, M. Brunette. Mrs. Quin was wearing a gown of sequin net over black satin; Miss B. Flynn, a lovely frock of cream satin trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon, deep transparent yoke of lace; Miss Lorraine Tansley, a cream satin gown, very much trimmed with lace and net; Miss Baker looked very pretty in a frock of white Louiseine, inserted with Paris lace and profusely tuckered; Miss Worrall, a dainty gown of black tuckered net over white silk. Amongst those in the audience I noticed Mrs. and the Misses Counts, Mr. and Mrs. Page, Mr. Parkinson, Mrs. Worrall, Mr. and Mrs. Dingle, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, Mr. and Mrs. Hirst, Miss Newland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hunter, Mrs. and Misses Baird, Miss Hook, Miss Brunette, Mrs. and Miss Nolan, etc. ENA.

#### WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, January 6.

The Christmas Carnival was continued during last week, and attracted a large number of visitors from all parts of the Island. On Tuesday, December 27, the river presented a very animated appearance, when the Carnival Regatta was held, the course being from the bridge to the Languard Bluff, and a splendid view of the various events was obtained from the surrounding hills. Besides crews from all the local clubs, the Nelson, Star (Wellington), and Waitemata (Auckland) Rowing Clubs were also represented. Wednesday was devoted to the swimming sports, and the Band Contest on Thursday. On Friday bicycle sports were held at Cook's Gardens, and the Carnival was concluded on Saturday with more swimming sports at the Corporation Baths.

Saturday was a very threatening and cloudy day. This fact, and the summer holidays, no doubt accounted for the small attendance.

#### ON THE TENNIS COURTS.

Mrs. Frank Hatherley and her sister, Miss Winnie Griffiths, of Wellington, gave afternoon tea. Amongst those present were Misses R. McLean, S. Greig, Jones, Stanford (2), Messrs N. Stedman (Napier), Stanford (Stratford), Hatherley, and others.

Mrs. and Miss Alexander gave A DELIGHTFUL AFTERNOON TEA in honour of their guest, Miss Aird, of England. Amongst those present were Mrs. and Miss Alexander, Mrs. and Miss Greig, Mrs. and Miss Kraft, Mrs. Thompson (Castlemaine), Mrs. Ballance, Misses Earle, Moore, Harvey (England), Aird (England), Mesdames Fairburn and Sarjeant. HULA.

#### WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, January 6.

I wonder if you have had such an unsatisfactory Christmas and New Year as we have? With the exception of a day here and there the weather has been cold and frequently wet, and most of the people who went to the seaside or the country for the festive season have been regretting the fact ever since. The only people who derived any good from the

holidays are those who went across the Straits early enough to avoid the storm, and then found themselves weather-bound. By this means they had a pleasant little extension of leave, which was denied those who remained nearer home, and had to work extra to make up for the shortage.

As for the excursionists in the Mararoa to Picton, no pen could adequately describe their experiences and sensations.

The most important social event of the week was the marriage of Professor G. W. von Zedlitz and Miss Fitzherbert, which you will find described in another part of the paper.

In addition to Professor von Zedlitz, another of the staff of Victoria College—Professor MacLaurin—is also shortly to be married. In this case the ceremony will take place in Auckland, where his fiancée is residing. Mr. MacLaurin's house is being built, but will not be ready for a month or two yet. The site is within two or three minutes' walk of Victoria College, and, while perfectly sheltered, overlooks the pretty fern-clad gully which runs between the back of Wellington Terrace and Kelburn Park.

Lady Onslow was unfortunate during her stay in Wellington, which, however, she very much enjoyed. For some days she was far from well, and had to give up all social affairs. Her departure for the South Island was postponed a few days on account of this, and just as all had been settled for the trip across the Straits, the severe storm arose and all shipping was suspended. Lady Onslow's stay in the colony is very limited, and every day was accounted for in the time mapped out for her party. Consequently, they have had to abandon the West Coast coaching trip through the Buller and Otira Gorges, and have gone to Lyttelton direct.

The suspense in regard to the yachting party which met with so disastrous an end off Pencarrow Head was settled by the discovery of the Te Araroa on Pelone Beach, and everyone's heart goes out in sympathy to the relations of those on board. There has been much talk of various methods of preventing a similar accident, and a public meeting has been called to consider the possibility of starting a lifeboat service. Nautical opinion is that it would have been useless on Monday last, as no boat could have faced a sea which knocked about so fast and powerful a steamer as the Mararoa.

There was a crowded audience at the only performance of "Everyman" in Wellington. The big function at the Lower Hutt kept away a good many people who were anxious to see it, for a wedding is an important affair and not easily evaded. Opinions appear to differ about the play itself. Everyone agrees that it was capitally presented, and that the performers were excellent. A few people were somewhat scandalous, others were not at all appreciative, but the great majority appear to have been intensely interested and very deeply impressed. The company has been very successful in Wellington, and many people have gone over and over again to see Miss Jeffries and Mr. Julius Knight.

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**MARLBOROUGH.**

**Dear Bob,** January 2.  
It has been excursions, excursions, and still excursions, and the more we have the more we want. When it is not excursions, its squabbles, and we prefer excursions. Probably that accounts for the fact that many of our leading people are away from town, enjoying the holidays in peace and quietness—some in Picton, and some far away from the worries of public life—anywhere for a change. Very little except in the way of music from the bands, and a concert or two in aid of churches, etc., has happened of late.

It has been Picton's "day out" this last week. Everybody has been to Picton, if not staying there. The Regatta held there on New Year's Day was a very successful affair, and a good deal of outside competition made it interesting to everybody. The town was packed with people from all parts of the district—Seidon, Blenheim, and the furthestmost parts of both Sounds, not to mention the numerous visitors staying in the place, and the tremendous crowd brought over by the Marara from Wellington, who, poor things, had a terrible experience of the treacherous weather. Seasick was no word for their state. Mountainous green seas tumbled aboard, and broke everything breakable, while everything movable was washed about the deck, down to the passengers themselves. Several had accidents occurred, and medical assistance was signalled for as soon as the Marara came round Wedge Point. Dr. Redman was waiting on the wharf when the steamer came alongside, and soon straightened out matters as far as he was able. The scenes on board will never be forgotten by the "good sailor" portion of the passengers. Women were screaming and fainting, and the noise and din baffled all description. The passengers simply cared for nothing, and little children were left to their own devices, some of them being washed about by the water on the deck. One woman, we were told, left Wellington with three

little children, and arrived in Picton with one. Some good Samaritan had found the other two, and, coming up the Sound, a sailor made his way among the reviving invalids with a baby in his arms, asking anxiously, "Who's lost a baby?" Much anxiety was felt here till the return of the Marara to Wellington was telegraphed.

Picnics have been very plentiful of late in and about Picton. One on Tuesday to Davy's Bay was most enjoyable, and a long bush walk in search of ferns resulted in success, some beautiful specimens being found. Lunch and afternoon tea on the beach were much appreciated, as an outing on the water makes people very hungry indeed, while some Wellington young people enjoyed the paddling and fishing in the quiet bay immensely. Among those present were Mrs Redman, Mrs Le Cocq, Mrs Allen, Mrs Stow, Mrs Renwick (Nelson), Mrs Hodson (Nelson), Misses Chaytor, Allen (2), Speed, Rutherford, Wright, Messrs. Palmer (Wellington), Stow (2), Wright, and several younger people.

On Tuesday evening an Entertainment had been arranged for the patients in the Picton Hospital by Dr. Redman, Miss Robinson (the matron), and the nursing staff. Pianoforte selections were played by the Bush Family, and Messrs Cheek, Lloyd, and Mutton, with Miss Lloyd at the piano. Miss B. Allen gave a couple of items on the "bones," and songs were rendered by Mesdames Riddell, Nicol, Miss Chaytor, and Messrs Eiddell and McCormick. Plantation songs were sung by Misses Howard and Roberts, and Messrs Wolf and Wright. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs Redman, Archdeacon and Mrs Wright, Mr and Mrs Le Cocq, the Hon. Captain and Mrs Baillie, Mr and Mrs Snow, Mrs and the Misses Allen (2), Mrs H. Beauchamp (Wellington), Mrs Elders (Wellington), Mesdames Beauchamp (2), Mr and Mrs Riddell, Mr and Mrs Wolff, Mr and Mrs Morris, Mrs and the Misses Lloyd (3), Misses Fuller, Miles, Horne (Blenheim), Chaytor, Neilson. The Matron and nurses served out coffee and cake during an interval. Everybody enjoyed the affair, and all hope for another edition shortly.

MIRANDA.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

**Dear Bee,** January 4.  
With all the world and his wife holiday-making out of town, I cannot give you a long list of social gatherings, and even if any number of festivities had been arranged the weather would have spoiled everything. It has been worse than the depth of winter since the last day of the old year. The Lyttelton regatta had to be postponed—an almost unprecedented event, not before in the history of the colony I believe it happened. This is the day of all the year in Lyttelton, and, consequently, caused no end of disappointment. They fixed on the next day, but this was no better, and now it is indefinitely postponed.

The delightful four days at Christmas will linger long in our memories. Mrs. Pat. Campbell on the last of these gave a charming afternoon at Ham. It was really a children's party, but the little ones were mostly accompanied by mother or a friend, and the result was quite a large garden party. One and all thoroughly enjoyed Mrs. Campbell's hospitality, and the beautiful grounds were looking so fresh and lovely. Some of those present accompanied by small people were: Mrs. J. C. Palmer, Mrs. Fyne, Mrs. Cowlshaw, Mrs. J. D. Hall, Mrs. G. Gould, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Moore, Misses Hill, Mrs. Litchfield, Mrs. Marciel, and a host of little ones besides.

We have been very interested in the tennis championship played in Dunedin during the week, and must congratulate the Misses Jamieson and Nicholson and the Linwood Club in annexing the ladies' doubles. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Miss K. Van Asch, the Misses Berkeley, and a number of Christchurch people travelled to Dunedin for the tennis tournament.  
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"My blood was in a terrible state," Mrs. Doleck went on. "It was thick with impurities, and my heart had not strength to make it circulate properly. My neck and face used to swell so that I could hardly see. Often the blood rushed to my head without a moment's warning and I would reel and stagger. That always turned my stomach, and set me vomiting. The sweat used to pour off me, and my head would nearly split with pain. I tried all sorts of medicines till they turned me sick. I was down-hearted and nervous, and too weak to look after my house. At last I began to give up hope of ever getting better."

"The day my husband read in the Christchurch Press how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a man who was even worse than I was, 'if they cured him they can cure you,' he said to me—and he got me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that very day. That box did me a little good. It gave me a wonderful appetite, and made me feel braver. After that every dose helped to set my blood right. In a few weeks the headaches and vomiting stopped. The swelling in my neck and face went down, and gradually I came back to perfect health. Now I feel simply splendid—so it is plain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me for good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills work these wonderful cures; after doctors and common medicines have failed because they actually make new blood, and so strengthen all the organs and brace up the nerves. That is the way they cure indigestion, kidney and liver diseases, palpitation of the heart, vertigo, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, and the ailments that fill the lives of so many women with misery. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper round the box—and remember that they are always in boxes, never in bottles. Sold by chemists and druggists, or sent post free by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House street, Wellington, at 2/ a box, or six boxes for 10/6. Medical advice given free.

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THE STRIKER'S STORY.

HOW McTERZA STOPPED THE RAILROAD RIOT.

(By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.)

I would not call her common. Not because I would be afraid to, though most of the boys were more or less afraid of Mrs. Mullenix, but simply because it wouldn't be right—not in my opinion.

She kept a short order house—let that be admitted at once—but her husband was long a West End engineer. Denis Mullenix went into the Peace with Hailey and Ed Pesto and Durden the night of the big June water on the West End. The company didn't treat her just right. I was a strong company man, although I went out with the boys. But I say, and I've always said, the company did not treat Mrs. Mullenix just right.

A widow, and penniless, she bought the eating-house at McCloud with the few hundreds they gave her.

There were five young Mullenixes, and they were, every one, star children—from Sinkers, who was forty, to Kate, who was not merely fine—she was royal. Twenty, and straight, and true, with a complexion like sunrise and hair like a sunset. Kate kept the cottage going, and Mrs. Mullenix ruled personally in the eating house and in the short order annex. Any one who has tasted a steak grilled swell in Chicago or in Denver, and tasted one broiled plain by Mrs. Mullenix in McCloud, half a block from the depot, can easily understand why the boys behaved well. As for her coffee—believe it or not—we owe most of our world-famous West End runs, not so much to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, renowned as they are, nor to Mr. George Westinghouse, prince of inventors though we rank him—but to the coffee drawn by Mrs. Mary Mullenix; honour to whom honour is due.

Mrs. Mullenix's coffee for many years made the boys hot; what now makes them hot is that she can't be persuaded to draw it for anybody except McTerza, and they claim that's the way he holds the White Mail with the S&S, but all the same McTerza is fast stuff, coffee or no coffee. They were none of them boisterous men, those Reading engineers who took our jobs after the strike; but McTerza was an oyster—except that he couldn't be swallowed.

McTerza didn't give up very much to anybody; not even to his own clams, Foley and Sinclair. The fact is he was diffident, owing, maybe, to a hesitation in his speech. It was funny, the bit of a halt, but not so odd as his disposition, which approached that of a grizzly. He had impudence and indifference and quiet—plenty of each.

There was one place up street which was, in special and particular, headquarters for the bad men in our crowd—for we had some—Gatling's billiard hall. M'ey himself never had the nerve to tackle Gatling's. But one night, all alone and come from nobody knew where, the hall stuffed with striking men who had tasted blood that very day—McTerza walked into Gatling's.

It was like a yearling strolling into a canon full of wolves. They were so surprised at first they couldn't bite, but pretty soon they got McTerza up against a mirror and began pasting pool balls at him.

When Ed. Banks arrived it was as hot as a capful of gun, and he carried McTerza out the side door like a warm tapioca pudding. But when the fellow got around again he was just as careless as ever.

It was pretty generally understood that in the strike the short order house was with us. Mrs. Mullenix had reason to feel bitter toward the company, and it became speedily known that Mrs. Mullenix's was not a healthy place for the men who took our engines; their money was not wanted. In fact, none of the new men ever tried to get service there except McTerza. McTerza one morning dropped into the short order house.

"Coffee," said he; he always put

things short because he was afraid he would get hung up between stations in remarks. Mrs. Mullenix, sick, had to manage as she could. Kate was looking after things that day at the restaurant, and she was alone. She looked at McTerza chillingly. Kate had more than enough inclined to tell a Reading man from the Brotherhood type. She turned in silence, and she poured a cup of coffee, but from the night tank; it was the grossest indignity that could be perpetrated on a man in the short order management. She set it with little of civility and less of sugar before McTerza, and pushing her girle down, coldly walked front, half perched on a stool, and looked with animation out of the window.

"Cool," ventured McTerza as he stirred a lump of sugar hopefully into his purchase. Kate made no comment on the observation; the thing appeared self-evident.

"Could I have a little e-e-condensed milk?" inquired McTerza presently. "This see-scream looks pretty rich," he added, stirring thoughtfully as he spoke at the pot of mustard, which was the only liquid in sight.

Kate Mullenix glared contemptuously at him, but she passed out a jug of cream—and it was cream. From the defiance on her face as she resumed her attitude she appeared to expect a protest about the cold coffee. None came. McTerza drank the stuff very slowly, blowing it carefully the while, as if it was burning him up. It vexed Kate, for it appeared impertinent.

"How much?" asked McTerza humbly, as he swallowed the last drop before it froze to the spoon, and fished for a dime to square his account.

"Twenty-five cents." He started slightly, but reached again into his pocket, and without a word produced a quarter. Kate swept it into the drawer with the royal indifference of a circus faker and resumed her stool.

"E-could I get another e-cup?" asked McTerza patiently. It looked like a defiance; however, she boldly poured a second cup of the cold coffee, and McTerza tackled it.

After an interval of silence he spoke again. "Do you sell tickets on e-coffee here?" She looked at him with question-

ing insolence. "I mean, e-could a fellow buy a chance—or get into a raffle—on the h-h-hoj tank?" asked McTerza, throwing a sid glance on the life coffee-urn, which steamed coolly beside its silent companion.

"That tank is empty," snapped Kate Mullenix recklessly, for in spite of herself she was confused.

"If it is," suggested McTerza, peering gravely underneath at the jet of gas which blazed merrily, "you ought to draw the fire; you're liable to b-b-burn your e-crown-sheet."

"What's the matter?" demanded Kate angrily; "is your coffee cold?"

"Oh, no," he responded, shaking his head and waiting for the surprising disclaimer to sink in. "Not exactly cold. It's just dead."

"We don't serve Reading men here," retorted Kate defiantly.

"Oh, yes, you do," responded McTerza, brightening at once. "You serve them like t-t-traffic." Then after a pause:

"Could I get a cigar?"

"Yes."

"How much is that kind?"

"Fifty cents," snapped Kate, glancing into the street for some friendly striker to appear.

"I want a good one."

"That's a good one."

"Fifty cents a b-b-box?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"Give me a mild one, please."

He put down a dollar bill as he took the cigar. She threw a half buck on the case. At that moment in walked two of our boys, Curtis Rucker and Ben Nicholson. McTerza had a great chance to walk out, but he didn't improve it. Rucker and Ben were Reds, both of them. Ben, in fact, was an old ruffian at best, but Curtis Rucker was a blackish, quick young fellow, fine as silk in a cab, but a devil in a strike, and what was more, a great admirer of Kate Mullenix, and the mix knew it. As McTerza bit off the end of his cigar and reached for the gas-lighter he noticed that her face lighted wonderfully.

With a smile the newcomers called for coffee, and with a smile they got it. McTerza, smoking quietly at the cigar-case, watched the steaming liquid pour from the empty tank. It was a dispiriting revelation, but he only puffed leisurely on.

When Kate glanced his way, as she presently did, disdainfully, McTerza raised his finger, and pointed to the change she had thrown at him.

"What is it, sir?"

"Mistake," he said.

The strikers pricked up their ears.

"There isn't any mistake, sir. I told you the cigars were fifty cents each," replied Kate Mullenix. Rucker pushed back his coffee, and sliding off his stool walked forward.

"Change isn't right," persisted McTerza, looking at Kate Mullenix.



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"Why not?"  
 "You forgot to take out twenty-five cents more for that last cup of coffee," stammered the Reading man. Kate took up the coin and handed a quarter back from the register.

"That's right," put in Rucker promptly, "make the scabs pay for what they've gotten. They're appropriating our money." The hesitating Reading man appeared for the first time aware of an enemy; interested for the first time in the bludge that had been continually heaped on him since he came to town; it appeared at last to sink in. He returned Rucker's glare.

"You call me a scab, do you?" he said at last and with he stutter all out. "I belong to a labour order that counts thousands to your hundreds. Your scabs came in and took our throbbles on the Reading—why shouldn't we pull your latches out here? Your strike is beat, my back, and Reading men beat it. You had better look for a job on a threshing machine."

Rucker jumped for McTerza, and they mixed like clouds in a cyclone. For a minute it was a whirlwind, and nothing could be made of it; but when they could, he seen McTerza had the best man in our camp pinned under a table with his throat in one hand like the hatch of a throttle. Nicholson at the same moment raised an oak stool and smashed it over McTerza's head. The fellow went flat as a dead man, but he must have pulled up quick, for when Neighbor, rushing in, whirled Nicholson into the street, the Reading man already had his feet, and a corner to work from. Reed, the train-master, was right behind the big master mechanic. Rucker was up, but saw he was outnumbered.

"Hurt, Mac?" asked Reed, running toward the Reading man. The blow had certainly dazed him; his eyes rolled seasick for a minute, then he stared straight ahead.

"Look out, he muttered, pointing over Reed's shoulder at Kate Mullenix. "She's going to faint." The trainmaster turned, but she was gone before her brother Sinkers could reach her as he ran in. Rucker moved towards the door. As he passed McTerza he sputtered villainously, but Neighbor's huge bulk was between the two men.

"Never mind," retorted McTerza; "next time I get you I'll run a billiard cue down your throat."

It was the first intimation our fighting men had that the Reading fellow could do business, and the affair caused McTerza to be inspected with some interest from behind screens and cracker boxes as he sauntered up and down the street. When the boys asked him what he was going to do about his treatment in the short order house he seemed indifferent; but the indifference, as our boys were beginning to find out, only covered live coals; for when he was pressed he threw the gauntlet at the whole lodge of us, by saying that before he got through he would close the short order house up. That threat made him a marked man. The Reading men were hated, but McTerza was hated for the very worst of it. Everybody on both sides understood that—except McTerza himself. He never understood anything, for that matter, till it was on him, and he dropped back into his indifference and recklessness almost at once. He even tried the short order house again. That time Mrs Mullenix herself was in the saddle. There were things in life which even McTerza didn't banker after tackling more than once, and one was a second interview with Mrs Mullenix. But the fellow must have made an impression on even the redoubtable Mrs Mary, for she privately asked Neighbor, as one might of an honourable adversary, for peace sake to keep that man away from her restaurant; so McTerza was banned. He took his revenge by sauntering in and out of Gattling's until Gattling himself was grey-headed with the fear that another riot would be brought on his place.

Oddly enough, McTerza had one friend in the Mullenix family. On the strike question, like many other McCloud families, the house of Mullenix was divided against itself. All held for the engineers except the youngest member—Sinkers. Sinkers was telegraph messenger, and was strictly a company man in spite of everything. He naturally saw a great deal of the new men, but Sinkers never took the slightest interest in McTerza till he handled Rucker; after that Sinkers cultivated him. Sinkers would stutter, and they became fast friends long before the yard riots.

The day the cartload of detectives

was imported the fight was on. Scattering collisions breaking here and there into open fights showed the feeling, but it wasn't till Little Russia went out that things looked rocky for the company property at McCloud. Little Russia had become a pretty big Russia at the time of the strike. The Russians, planted at Benkleton by Shockley, you might say, had spread up and down the line, and their first cousins, the Polacks, worked the company coal mines. At McCloud they were as hard a crowd after dark as you would find on the steppes. The Polacks, 400 of them, struck while the engineers were out, and the fat went into the fire with a flash.

The night of the trouble took even us by surprise, and the company was wholly unprepared. The engineers in the worst of the heat were accused of the rioting, but we had no more to do with it than Homeleaders. "Our boys are Americans, and we don't fight with torches and kerosene. We don't have to; they're not our weapons. The company imported the Polacks, let them settle their own accounts with them, said our fellows, and I called it right. Admitting that some of our Reds got out to mix in it, we couldn't in sense be held for that."

It was Neighbor, the craftiest old fox on the staff of the division, who told the depot people in the afternoon that something was coming, and thinking back afterward of the bunches of the low-browed fellows dotting the bench and the bottoms in front of their dug-outs, lowering at the guards who patrolled the railroad yards, it was strange that no one else saw it. They had been out three weeks, and after no end of gabbling turned silent. Men who talk are not so dangerous; it's when they quit talking.

Neighbor was a man of a thousand to act on his apprehension. All the afternoon he had the switch engines shunting cars about the roundhouse; the minute the arc lights went on the result could be seen. The old man had long lines of furniture vans, box cars, gondolas, and dead Pullman's strung around the big house like parapets. Whatever anybody else thought, Neighbor was ready. Even old John Boxer, his head blacksmith, who operated an amateur battery for salutes and celebrations, had his gun overhauled; the roundhouse was looking for trouble.

It was barely eight o'clock that night when a group of us on Main-street saw the depot lights go out, and pretty soon telephone messages began coming in to Gattling's from the company plant up the river; for the sheriff, the Polacks were wrecking the dynamo. The arc lights covering the yards were on a different circuit, but it didn't take the whiskered fellows long to find that out. Half an hour later the city plant was attacked—no one was looking for trouble there—and the great system of arc lighting the yard for miles died like fireflies. We knew then—everybody knew—that the Polacks meant business.

Not a man was in sight when the blaze splattered blue, red, and black out; but in five minutes a dozen torches were moving up on the freight house like corymbes. We could hear the crash of the big oak doors clear down on Main-street. There, again, the company was weak; they hadn't a picket out at either of the freight houses. There wasn't so much as a sneeze till they beat the doors in; then a cry; the women were taking a hand, and it was a loot with a big l. The plunder maddened them like brandy. Neighbor, who feared not the Polacks nor the devil, made a sortie with a dozen men from his stockade, for that was what the roundhouse defences looked like, to try to save the building. It wasn't in men to do it. The gutting was done, and the kerosene burning yellow before he was half-way across, and the mob, running then in a wavering black line from the flames that licked the high windows, were making for the storehouse. The fellows were certainly up to everything good, for in plundering the freight house they first gave their women the chance to lay in supplies for months. Neighbor saw in a minute there was nothing left for him to protect at the east end, and before he could cut off the constantly lengthening line of rioters, they were between him and the long storehouse. It must have made the old man weep blood, and it was there that the first shooting occurred.

A squad of the detectives reinforcing Neighbor's little following, ran in on the flank of the rioters as the master

mechanic caught up their rear. They wheeled, on his command to disperse, and met it with a cloud of stones and coupling pins. The detectives opened with their Winchester, and a yell went up that took me back to the Haymarket. Their answer was the torch to the storehouse and a charge on the imported goods that almost their front like a whirlwind. The detectives ran for Neighbor's breastworks, with the miners not behind, and a hail of deadly missiles on their backs. One went down at the turn-table, and it didn't look as if his life was worth a peep of waste. But the fellow, raising on one arm, began picking off the fellows closest with a revolver. They scattered like turkeys, and he staggered across the table before they could damage him any worse. Half a dozen of us stood in the cupola of the fire-engine house, with the thing laid below like a panorama.

Far as the blazing freight house lit the yards, we could see the rioters swarming in from the bottoms. The railroad officials gathered upstairs in the passenger depot waited helpless for the moment when the fury of the mob would turn on the unprotected building. The entire records of the division, the despatchers' offices, the headquarters of the whole West End were under that roof, with nothing to stand between it and the mob.

Awkwardly as the rioters had manoeuvred, they seemed then to be getting into better shape for mischief. They were quicker at expedients, and two intensely active leaders rose out of the crowds. Following the shouts of the pair, which we could just hear, a great body of the strikers dashed up the yard. "By the Gods!" cried Andy Cameron at my elbow, "they're going for the oilhouse!"

Before the words were out we could hear the dull stroke of the picks sinking into the elevated doors. Buckets were passed in and out from the house tanks; jacketed cans of turpentine and varnish were hustled down the line to men drunk with riot; in a moment twenty cars were ablaze. To top the frenzy they fired the oil-house itself. Destruction had crazed the entire population of the bottoms. The burning cars threw up into the sky the front of the big brick depot. As the reflection struck back from the plate-glass windows, the mob split into two great waves, and one headed for the passen-

ger depot. They crossed the coal spurs brandishing torches and alderges and bars. We could see them plain as black signals. Every implement that ever figured in a yard showed in their line, but their leader, a youngish fellow, swung a long, tapering stake. As the foremost Polack climbed up on the last string of flats that separated them from the depot, the storage tanks in the oil-house took fire. The roof jumped from the wall-plates like one vast trap-door, and the liquid yellow spurled flaming a hundred feet up into the black. A splitting yell greeted the burst, and the Polacks, with added fury, raced towards the long depot. I made out then the man with the club. It was Rucker.

The staff of the superintendent, and the force of despatchers, a handful of men all told, gathered at the upper windows and opened fire with revolvers. This was just enough to infuriate the rioters. And it appeared certain that the house would be burned under the defenders' feet, for the broad platform was bare from end to end. Not a ghost of a barricade; not a truck, not a shutter stood between the depot and the torch, and nobody thought of a man until Cameron with the quicker eyes cried:

"For God's sake! There's McTerza!" Sure as pay-day there he was walking down the platform towards the depot, and humping alongside Sinkers.

I guess everybody in both camps swore. Like a man in his sleep he was walking right in the teeth of the Polacks. If we had tried ourselves to pit him it couldn't have been done cleaner. His friends, for McTerza had them, must have shivered—but that was just McTerza; to be when he shouldn't where he shouldn't. Even had there not been more pressing matters, nobody could have figured out where the fellow had come from with his convey, or where he was going. He was there; that was all—he was there.

The despatchers yelled at him from above. The cry echoed back sharp from a hundred Polack throats, and they sent a splinter; it was plain they were mad for blood. Even that cry didn't greatly faze the fellow, but to the clatter of it all he caught another cry—a cry sent straight to McTerza's ear, and he turned at the voice and the words like a man stung. Rucker, leaping ahead and brandishing the truck-stake



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at the hated stutterer, yelled, "Kill the scab!"

The Reading engineer halted like a hunted deer. Rucker's cry was enough—in that time and at that place it was enough. McTerza froze to the platform. There was more—and we knew it, all of us—more between those two men than scab and brotherhood, strike and riot, flood or fire; there was a woman. We knew it so well there was hardly a flutter anywhere, I take it, when men saw McTerza, stooping, grasp Sinkers, shove him towards the depot, slip like a snake out of his pea-jacket, and turn to front the whole blooming mob. There wasn't any fluttering, I take it—and not very much breathing; only the scab, never a tremendous big man, swelled bigger in the eyes than straining his way than any man in McCloud has ever swelled before or since.

Mobs are queer. A minute before it was the depot, now it was the scab—kill him.

The scab stood. Rucker stumbled across a rail in his fury, and went sprawling, but the scab stood. The line wavered like tumbleweeds. They didn't understand a man fronting forty. Then Ben Nicholson—I recognised his whiskers—began blazing at him with a pistol. Yet the scab stood and halted the Polack line. They hesitated, they stopped to yell; but the scab stood.

"Stone him!" shouted Ben Nicholson. McTerza backed warily across the platform. The Polacks wavered; the instinct of danger unsettled them. Mobs are queer. A single man will head them quicker than a hundred guns. There is nothing so dangerous as one man.

McTerza saw the inevitable, the steady circling that must get him at last, and as the missiles flew at him from a score of miners he crouched with the rage of a cornered rat, one eye always on Rucker.

"Come in, you coyote!" yelled McTerza, tauntingly. "Come in!" he cried, catching up a coupling pin that struck him and hurling it wickedly at his nearest assailant. Rucker, swinging his club, ran straight at his enemy.

"Kill the scab!" he cried, again, and a dozen bristling savages, taking his lead, closed on the Reading man like a fan. From the windows above the railroad men popped with their pistols; they might as well have thrown fire-crackers. McTerza, with a cattish spring, leaped through a rain of brick-bats for Rucker.

The club in the striker's hands came around with sweep enough to drop a sleeper. Quick as a sander key McTerza's head bobbed, and he went in and under on Rucker's jaw with his left hand. The man's head twisted with the terrific impact like a Chinese doll's. Down he went, McTerza, hungry, at his throat; and on top of McTerza the Polacks, with knives and hatchets and Cosack barks, and they closed over him like water over a stone.

Nobody ever looked to see him pull out, yet he wrenched his way through them cork-screw fashion, even while they backed at one another, and sprang out behind his assailants with Rucker's club. In his hands it cut through guards and arms and knives like tooth-picks. Rucker was smothering under toppling Polacks. But others ran in like rats. They fought McTerza from side to side of the platform. They charged him and flanked him—once they surrounded him—but his stanchion swung every way at once. Swarm as they would, they could not get a knife or a pick into him, and it looked as if he would clear the whole platform, when his dancing eye caught a rioter at the baggage-room door mercilessly clubbing poor little Sinkers. The boy lay in a pitiful heap no better than a dying mouse. McTerza, cutting his way through the circle about him, made a swath straight for the kid, and before the brute over him could run he brought the truck stake with a full-arm sweep flat across his back. The man's spine doubled like a jack-knife, and he sunk wriggling. McTerza made but the one pass at him he never got up again. Catching Sinkers on his free arm, the Reading man ran along the depot front, pulling him at his side and pouncing at the doors. But every door was barred, and none dared open. He was clean outside the breastworks, and as he trotted warily along, dragging the insensible boy, they cursed and chased and struck him like a hunted dog.

At the upper end of the depot stands a huge ice box, McTerza, dodging in the hail that followed him, wheeling to strike with a single arm when the sav-

ages closed too thick, reached the recess, and throwing Sinkers in behind, turned at bay on his enemies.

With his clothes torn nearly off, his shirt streaming ribbons from his arms, daubed with dirt and blood, the scab held the recess like a giant, and beat down the Polacks till the platform looked a slaughter pen. While his club still swung, old John Duxer's cannon boomed across the yard. Neighbor had run it out between his parallels, and turned it on the depot mob. It was the noise more than the execution that dismayed them. McTerza's fight had shaken the leaders, and as the blacksmiths dragged their guns up again, shotted with nothing more than an Indian yell, McTerza's assailants gave way. In that instant he disappeared through the narrow passage at his back, and under the shadow behind the depot made his way along the big building and up Main-street to the short order house. Almost unobserved he got to the side door, when Rucker's crowd, with Rucker again on his feet, spied him dragging Sinkers inside. They made a yell and a dash, but McTerza got the boy in and the door barred before they could reach it. They ran to the front, baffled. The house was dark, and the curtains drawn. Their clamour and their threats brought Mrs. Mullenix, half dead with fright, to the door. She recognised Nicholson and Rucker, and appealed to them.

"Pray, God, do you want to mob me, Ben Nicholson?" she sobbed, putting her head out fearfully.

"We want the scab that sneaked into the side door, Mrs. Mary!?" roared Ben Nicholson. "Fire him out here!"

"Sure there's no one here you want." "We know all about that," cried Rucker, breaking in. "We want the scab." He pushed her back and crowded into the door after her.

The room was dark, but the fright was too great for Mrs. Mullenix, and she cried to McTerza to leave her house for the love of God. At that moment some one tore down the curtains; the glow of the burning yards lit the room, and out of the gloom, behind the lunch counter, almost at her elbow—a desperate sight, they told me—panting, blood-stained and torn, rose McTerza. His fingers closed over the grip of the bread-knife on the shelf beside him.

"Who wants me?" he cried, leaning over his breastwork.

"Leave my house! For the love of God, leave it!" screamed Mrs. Mullenix, wringing her hands. The scab leaped across the counter, knife in hand, Nicholson and Rucker bumped into each other at the suddenness of it, but before McTerza could spring again there was a cry behind.

"He shan't leave this house!" And Kate Mullenix, her face ablaze, strode sharply forward. "He shan't leave this house!" she cried again, turning on her mother. "Leave this house, after he's just pulled your boy from under their cowardly clubs! Leave it for who? He shan't go out. Burn it over our heads!" she cried passionately, wheeling on the rioters. "When he goes we'll go with him. It's you that want him, Curtis Rucker, is it? Come, get him, you coward! There he stands. Take him!"

Her voice rang like a fire-bell. Rucker, burnt by her words, would have thrown himself on McTerza, but Nicholson held him back. There never would have been but one issue if they had met then.

"Come away!" called the older man hoarsely. "It's not women we're after. She's an engineer's wife. Curt; this is her shanty. Come away, I say," and saying, he pushed Rucker and their coyote following out of the door ahead of him. Mrs. Mullenix and Kate sprang forward to lock the door. As they ran back McTerza, spent with blood, dropped between them. So far as I can learn that is where the courtship began, right then and there—and as McTerza says, all along of Sinkers, for Sinkers was always Kate's favourite brother, as he is McTerza's now.

Sinkers had a time pulling through after the clubbing. Polacks hit hard. There was brain fever and no end of trouble before he came out of it, but Sinkers are tough, and he pulled through, only to think more of McTerza than of the whole executive staff.

At least that is the beginning of the courtship as I got it. There was never any more trouble about serving the new men at the short order house that I ever heard; and after part of us got back to work we ate there side by side with them. McTerza got his coffee

out of the hot tank, too, though he always insisted on paying twenty-five cents a cup for it, even after he married Kate and had a klud of an interest in the business.

It was not until then that he made good his early threat. Sinkers being promoted for the toughness of his skull, thought he could hold up one end of the family himself, and McTerza expressed confidence in his ability to take care of the other; so, finally, and through his persuasions, the short order house was closed forever. Its coffee to-day is like the McCloud riots—only a stirring memory.

As for McTerza, it is queer, but he never stuttered after that night, not even at the marriage service; he claims the impediment was scared clean out of him. But that night made the reputation of McTerza a classic among the good men of McCloud. McCloud has, in

truth, many good men, but the head of the push is generally conceded to be the husband of royal Kate Mullenix—Jimmie McTerza.

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# WONDERFUL WASHINE

**Chinese Labour for the Rand Mines.**

The following article on the much-discussed question of the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal was written by Mr Arthur T. Firth, of Auckland, who has been on the Rand for the past three years as mining engineer.

Were the conditions met with on the Rand better understood by us in the Australasian colonies, there would be less prejudice against the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal. These colonies have done their utmost to throw every obstacle in the way of this, the only means of raising South Africa from the state of stagnation which at present exists. The action of the British Government in sanctioning the introduction of Chinese to the Rand has been condemned, but this sanction clearly shows that they had thoroughly grasped the situation with regard to the conditions existing there.

The gold on the Rand is contained in a conglomerate called the banket, which consists of water-worn quartzite pebbles cemented together. The gold is contained in the matrix or cement, and in no instance have the pebbles been found to be auriferous. The auriferous width of these deposits does not exceed 44 inches, and 30 inches is about the average width mined. Before entering the mortar-boxes the ore is passed over a revolving sorting table, where from 15 to 20 per cent. is discarded, this being of unpayable grade. The average value of the ore milled on the Rand is 39/ per ton, the cost of mining, milling, development, general charges, etc., slightly exceeds 25/ per ton, with the employment of 85 per cent. black, and 15 per cent. white labour, including officials.

The cost of white employees per ton of ore milled amounts to nearly 7/10, and black labour, including food, to 6/9 per ton, making a total of 14/7 per ton for labour employed. Increase the proportion of white employees from 15 to 100 per cent., and it will at once be seen

the impossibility of working the Rand low grade ores at anything but a huge loss.

The greatest number of Kaffirs employed on the Rand mines prior to the outbreak of the Boer war did not exceed 80,000, although the requirements were then more than 160,000. Since the war the greatest number obtainable amounted to 67,000, and this total has only been reached since May last, and has not been exceeded on account of the scarcity of that class of labour at present existing.

In July last there were 57 mines milling on the Rand, with a total of 4,705 stamps. Working upon these there were 67,000 black labourers employed, drawing a monthly wage slightly exceeding £3, with free food. The fine gold produced amounted to 298,825 grs., valued at £1,269,328. No Chinese were then working. In August there were 5,248 Kaffirs and 4,947 Chinese, making a total of 70,795 cheap labourers employed on the mines. The output totalled 301,113 oz. fine gold, valued at £1,279,047, or an increase of £9,719 over the July output. The Chinese were arriving in batches up to the end of the month, so that the average number of labourers at work during August would probably not have exceeded 88,000.

During 1899 the Rand turned out 4,065,180 oz., with an approximate value of £17,000,000. The total available cheap labour then was 80,000, and over 6,000 stamps were in motion.

During the two and a-half years which have elapsed since the cessation of the war many mines have been equipped with milling machinery, but have not yet started crushing on account of the scarcity of cheap labour. Milling construction is steadily going on, and the present additional cheap labour requirements amount to 260,000, whether Chinese or Kaffir, and as the latter are not obtainable Chinese are the only alternative. Had the necessary quantity of black labour been forthcoming at the close of the war the Rand output would have exceeded £22,000,000 this year, instead of only a possible £15,000,000.

For every additional 1600 Chinese employees will be required; thus the ad-

dition of 200,000 Chinese will bring about the employment of upwards of 30,000 more white men, whereas without this increase in cheap labour no more whites would be required, as the mines cannot be worked with white labour alone.

A want of this knowledge was demonstrated the other day in an Auckland paper. A passage appeared in which the writer asserted that the Waihi ore was low grade, compared with the rich ores of the Transvaal. This statement proves his ignorance, and it would be wrong to let it pass without contradiction. The Transvaal ores are low grade compared with those of Waihi. The former, as before stated, gives an average of 39/ per ton, and the latter exceeds 55/ per ton. The comparison shows 16/ per ton in favour of Waihi. The Waihi deposits are without doubt the largest in the world, and the life of the mine, from present indications, will probably be the greatest. Its lodes are of huge dimensions compared with the narrow width of the Rand Banket deposits. The cost of production existing at Waihi cannot therefore be taken as a basis upon which to work out the cost on the Rand, and it is absurd to make such comparisons with that point in view.

Reports have been circulated from time to time that the Chinese are being treated as slaves in the Transvaal. This is untrue in the extreme, for nothing of the kind exists there. Both Chinese and Kaffirs are treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, and the accommodation supplied them is of the best, both as regards comfort and sanitary arrangement. They are satisfied with their pay, and both races spend their earnings freely in the country. Murders are frequently occurring in Kaffir compounds, but of these we hear nothing. On the other hand, a few murders occurring amongst the imported Chinese, originating through religious disputes, appear in our papers under headings calculated to stir up a still more biased feeling against their introduction into the Transvaal than at present exists.

ARTHUR T. FIRTH.

**CHILDREN'S SORES.**

Promptly Healed by Zam-Buk.

"My little girl broke out all over with Sores," says Mrs H. Smith, of Grenville-street, Basin Pocket, Ipswich, Q. "For three months I tried all sorts of professed remedies advertised, and also called in the assistance of a doctor, but with no beneficial result, and my little girl became a continued cause of anxiety to me. Seeing Zam-Buk advertised, I procured a Sample pot, and the results of its application were so satisfactory that I procured a further supply, and before this was used all the sores had disappeared, for which I am very grateful. The healing properties of Zam-Buk certainly came as a surprise to me. I always keep it in the house to be applied in cases of cuts and burns, for which I find a very little of the Balm suffices to heal. I always strongly advise mothers to keep a supply handy in the house." Zam-Buk, the great healer, is a speedy cure for Piles, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Legs, Ringworm, Barcoo, etc. As an embrocation for Strained Muscles and Tendons Zam-Buk, rubbed well into the parts affected, is unequalled. As a Household Balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Blackheads, Prickly Heat, Freckles, Sunburn, Rash, and Bites of Insects, Zam-Buk is invaluable. From all medicine vendors 1/6, or 3/6 family size (containing nearly four times the quantity), or from Zam-Buk Co., Pitt-street, Sydney. Send a penny stamp for FREE SAMPLE POT.

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 As it is the best and lasts  
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# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I see by the "Graphic" this week that you were too busy to answer the cousins' letters, but I hope you will not be too busy next week. I have not been anywhere to stay for my holidays, but I have been out nearly every day, and enjoyed myself more than if I had been away. On Monday (Boxing Day) I went over to Cousin Olive's, and the next day I went to Kohimarama, and had a grand time. I left home at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived home at a quarter past eleven at night. We were out boating nearly all the time. My hands were all blistered with rowing, and my face was awfully sunburnt. On New Year's Day a party of us were going down to Waiheke, but it was so windy, and the sea so rough, that we could not go. I would have gone although it was so rough, but I could not go by myself, and I was so disappointed. Yesterday morning Olive, her sister, and I went into town to meet a friend of Olive's, who came from Comandiel to stay with them. We did not stay in town long, but came home, and then went into town in the evening to "The Shirt Dancer." It was very amusing, Cousin Kate, and I had a good laugh. I forgot to tell you that on Christmas Sunday I went to the "Messiah," and I thought the singing was beautiful. Well, Cousin Kate, I must close this letter now, as I am expecting Olive's sister here this afternoon, so au revoir, with love to yourself and all the cousins, and I hope you enjoyed the holidays as much as I did. Cousin Nellie, Onehunga.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—I have already told one of the other cousins that I meant to write such long letters to you all this week to make up for not being able to write any at all last week, but the fates seem to be against it. I have been so busy all the morning that I have had to leave the cousins' letters to the last minute, so will have to make the answers very short indeed. I am afraid I am so glad you are enjoying your holidays so thoroughly. I think one often does enjoy one's holidays more if they are spent at home. What a long day you had at Kohimarama. Were you not very tired when you got home? It was just as well you did not go to Waiheke on New Year's Day. It was such a wretched day and so cold that I'm sure you would not have enjoyed yourself very much. Perhaps you will be able to make up a party and go some other time, when the weather is better. Which part of Waiheke were you going to? We had a house down there once for six weeks, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. It is so pretty, and there are such lots of pretty little places to go to. I have not been to "The Skirt Dancer" yet. I must go if it is so good. I went to "The Rose of the Riviera," but did not care for it very much. On Christmas Day I went to a Christmas Tree at the Children's Home, so wasn't able to go to hear the "Messiah." I'm sorry to say, Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate.—A happy new year to you. It is too late to wish you a merry Christmas, but I hope you had a merry one all the same. I suppose you hardly know me now; I am sorry not to have written for so long, and as this is

the new year I am going to turn over a new leaf and try to be a more regular correspondent. Mother and the children have been up for a long time now, they came up in November, and father will be coming up in about ten more days to stay up here for two or three months. We had a very merry Christmas. I got a lot of lovely hair ribbons, and a stamp with my name printed on it. The children got something in their stockings, and about five o'clock the excitement was great when the children went to their stockings. They were delighted with their presents. My sister Hazel and I went to a party the other day and had a very nice time. We had a lovely surprise, for after we had been there a little while we were taken out and shown a lovely Christmas tree, with Santa Claus standing beside it. The tree looked so pretty; we all got three or four presents off it, which were given out by Santa Claus. We broke up at school on December 16. The prizes were given out about seven o'clock in the evening, and I got one—a special composition prize, the prize is a book called "Modern England: History of the Nations," by Justin McCarthy. It is such a nice book, a historical book, and so interesting. After the breaking up we had a dance, and progressive games. I cannot dance, but I like watching, it is so pretty. What dreadful weather we are having now. To-day has been a real winter's day, it is so cold. The wind lately has been terrible. If we had such wind in Fiji we should watch the glass anxiously and look out for a hurricane. We went into Queen-street last night for a little while, and then on to Karangahape-road to look at the shops. The shops in Queen-street were lovely, and very pretty in Karangahape-road. There was a great crowd, and coming home we had some trouble to get a seat in the tram. I don't mind standing a bit, but we had some parcels, and it is so awkward to stand with parcels when the conductor passes. Oh, dear, it is so cold to-day. This is the coldest day we have had since mother has been up, and it was pretty cold then, mother and the children feel the cold dreadfully. We have three cats here—one is called Marcus, the other we just call the mother cat, and the third is just a big kitten. Marcus is such a clever cat; if the door is shut and he can't get in he just knocks. I don't know how he does it, but he does it just like a person, and we are often taken in. We were sitting reading one evening, my chair was just beside the verandah door, which was closed, and presently we heard something knock. I jumped up and peered out; I could see something white, so rather nervously I opened the door, and in stalked Marcus. Isn't it terrible about the awful heat in Australia? Just fancy it being 125; isn't it dreadful? and here we are complaining that it is cold. I do feel so sorry for the poor animals, it seems dreadful to think of them dying of thirst and heat, and the poor people being turned out of their homes by the bush fires. I see that we have "Jungle Jinks" again as "Buster Brown" has returned to England. I do think he is so funny, he is so naughty; and "Jungle Jinks" is splendid. I love reading them both. I am reading such a funny book called the "Humorous Kicker"; it is so funny, all short stories, and they are so amusing. There are some from a "Bad Boy's Diary," and "A Naughty Girl's Dairy," and "Wee McGregor," and ever so many others. I must close now, dear Cousin Kate, with much love to you and all the cousins from Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna.—Thank you very

much indeed for your good wishes, and I wish you a most thoroughly happy and bright New Year. I expect you did have a very merry Christmas, because you had all your family round you again; are you not delighted at having them in Auckland? It is true that I have not heard from you for some time, and I am delighted to hear that you have made some good New Year resolutions. I have made some myself, and I am going to try and keep them, too. It is lovely to watch children on Christmas morning, I think they are in such a state of wild excitement, and they think everything is so delightful. I heard about the party you went to; it must have been a lovely surprise having a Christmas tree and Santa Claus, and you all seem to have got such charming presents off it. I must congratulate you on winning a prize at school. Did you have to work very hard for it? It is a pity you cannot dance, it is such a nice, graceful exercise, and very good for you, too; I expect you are going to learn in the winter, are you not? Queen-street always is crowded on New Year's Eve. I didn't go into town, but I went on Christmas Eve, and one could hardly walk down the street, it was so packed. I am sorry you are all feeling the cold so much, it is horrid unreasonable weather, and it seemed so funny to have a fire on New Year's Day. People say we shall have a terribly hot month next month to make up for it. Marcus must be a very clever cat, and I don't wonder you were a little bit nervous the first time he knocked. I suppose you have got used to it now, though.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—"Where shall we go for our Christmas holidays?" is the question that arises in many households about this time of the year. It certainly is not an easy question to answer, and affords much food for reflection, as well as difficulty. In some cases it is a pleasant annoyance, if there can be such a thing, and causes much excitement. To the discussed question many different answers are usually given. One of the family wishes to go to the

seaside, another to an inland holiday resort. At length Rotorua is decided upon, and the day fixed for the departure is looked forward to with much interest. At a quarter to ten a.m. precisely the party arrive at Auckland station, and Mr. ——— taking the tickets, and they settle themselves in a compartment of the train. We again miss over the trip, and meet them once more at one of the numerous boarding-houses in Rotorua. Next morning a motor-car is hired, and takes them all over the township, where they see, most gruesome sights. They go down to what is known as the "Old Township," and see all boiling pools and the natives cooking their meals in the latter. They then go up to Whakarowarewa, and there see such the same, but slightly worse, as there are one or two active geysers there. By the time they have seen all these sights they return home for lunch. In the afternoon they go to the Sanatorium Grounds, and are simply astounded at the mass of flowers to be seen there, and are still more amazed to hear that all the work is done by the natives. At four o'clock they go down to inspect the public baths, and return home very much pleased with their day's experience. Next morning they decide to go out to see the phenomenal sight of Waimangu. They start at 8.30 a.m., and arrive at their destination at 12, none the worse for the long dusty drive. Unluckily, the geyser did not play for them, and they returned home a little disappointed. Next day they went to Tikitere, but came back early, as they were very tired. On different occasions they went to Waiotapu, Taupo, and all the lake trips. Now, Cousin Kate, I will finish this composition, and simply say that if I did all that this party did for their holidays, I would enior myself immensely.—From Cousin Stella, aged 124, Auckland.

[Cousin Stella's letter, this week is written in the form of an essay, and is for the "Letter Writing Competition." It is very nicely written indeed, and I am sure all the cousins will read it with as much interest as I did. A great many of you have spent your holidays at Rotorua, and having been to most of the places mentioned you will know for yourselves what an enjoyable holiday Cousin Stella has planned.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Really I will have to stop writing if I cannot write properly every week. I am always going to write, but I put it off to do something else. Did you go anywhere for the holidays? I went up to Te Aroha for the day on Boxing Day, and we had a grand time. The train left the Thames at ten minutes after nine, and we reached our destination at ten minutes to eleven, and left for home again at half-past six. We had it fine for both holidays, but it has been raining all to-day, and it is so miserable. Dear cousin, I must now close, wishing you and all the other cousins a Happy New Year.—I remain, your affectionate cousin, Della.

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P.S.—Please excuse mistakes, as I am sleepy.

[Dear Cousin Denis,—Thank you very much for your letter this week. Of course I like to hear from you as often as you like to write to me, but I don't wish you to make a drudgery of it, nor to put off anything else you may wish to do. Boxing Day was a lovely one for your trip to Te Aroha. Did you have a bath while you were there? Te Aroha is a lovely place to spend a day or two in, but it would be dreadfully dull if one had to live there always, I think. Have you ever been to the top of the mountain yet? I have been there twice, and each time have made up my mind to get to the top, but have only managed to get as far as the Bald Spur. It really isn't a hard climb either, only I couldn't induce anyone to come with me, and of course I didn't care to go by myself.—Best wishes for the New Year from Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you for accepting me as a cousin. Yes, Cousin Kate, the Exhibition will be very good if the weather keeps fine. We are having our Christmas holidays at the school now. I am just sixteen; am I too old to write? I hope you will have a very happy New Year. I think it was the best Christmas I have had for a long time. It was so fine and hot. Cousin Kate, do you paint? I do, and I am very fond of painting landscapes. I have three brothers and no sisters; I often wish I had a sister. Dear Cousin Jessie, I think "The Family at Miruile" is a capital book for reading out to little ones. Buntys must be very much like my eldest brother, I always think. I would have liked to have had my badge for the Exhibition, so that perhaps I would have met some of the cousins there. Just fancy, Cousin Kate, I have never been to a play yet, but I go to a lot of dances and concerts. I have just finished trimming a hat for myself with a wreath of daisies and white silk; it looks so pretty.—With love to yourself and all the cousins. I remain, your affectionate cousin, Jenny, Taranaki.

[Dear Cousin Jenny—Sixteen is not a scrap too old for you to be writing to the "Cousins' Page." I don't mind how old the cousins are as long as they like writing. I was so sorry to disappoint you about the badge, but I have not one left; they take some time to print, too, so I don't know when I shall be able to send one. Thank you very much indeed, dear Jenny, for your good wishes. I have had so many good wishes that I really ought to have a happy New Year. I sincerely hope you will too. I used to paint a little once, but have so little time now that I had to give it up. It is a pity you cannot change one of your brothers into a sister; then there would be two boys and two girls, and that is just an ideal family, I think, don't you? You must be a very clever girl to be able to trim your own hats; can you sew, too?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been postponing my letter so as to have some news to tell you. The Exhibition opened on Monday. I did not go to the opening, as we thought there would be sure to be a crush there. We went the first evening, and enjoyed ourselves very much, the only drawback being that the electric light kept going out. My sister has five pictures in the art gallery. The Exhibition buildings are in the shape of a square, the centre being an open space with a band rotunda in the middle and gardens all round; they look so pretty at night when they are lit up, and the band is playing. There are two fountains among the gardens and seats dotted here and there. At the end of the Exhibition buildings is the Maori village, and at the other end the Art Gallery. Yesterday the Maoris gave an exhibition of haka and poi dances. Mother and my sisters went, and said it was splendid. On Wednesday night we went to a display of fireworks held in our beautiful Recreation Grounds. The display was held all round the edge of the lake. Over the large bridge there was a display representing the falls of Niagara. It looked simply beautiful as the dazzling sparks fell into the water. Towards the end of it two boats were launched and set afloat. They had some sort of machinery at the back of them which propelled them along the lake; the bright and different coloured lights

reflecting on the water looked so gay. I don't know what the poor ducks thought about it. I saw one or two swimming about, looking as if they did not know what to make of it. It did not last long enough for my fancy, but things like that are generally too good to last long, are they not? The fireworks would not have been anything had they not been held in such beautiful grounds. There were boats on the lake full of people; we were all envying them because they had such a splendid view. After we left the Recreation Grounds we all went to the Exhibition, and it was midnight, before we got home. This afternoon we all went to see the Axemen's Carnival, held in the Exhibition grounds, and after that we had another look all round the Exhibition. This is the first evening I have not been to the Exhibition, as I am feeling very tired and sleepy. We have my sister, her husband and two children, and two brothers staying with us. My sister went up the country in the train early this morning, and is returning by the express to-night. I asked one of my little nephews to-day, if he would like to write to Cousin Kate, and he said, "Me will when me gets a big boy," so I look out for a letter from him when he gets a big boy, which I am afraid will be many more years yet. Our friend from Home has left us, and is at present in Sydney, where she intends to spend summer and next winter, and next summer she returns to New Zealand. She and mother are going to Rotorua together. The express is just passing, so I must run and get some supper for my sister. I will write again next week, and perhaps I won't be so sleepy then; so, with fondest love to all my many "Graphic" cousins, not forgetting you, dear Cousin Kate, I will say good-bye, wishing you all a very Happy New Year.—From Cousin Ila.

[Dear Cousin Ila,—I was hoping to be able to write such long letters to all my cousins to-day, but I have had so many interruptions that I am afraid I shall have to make them very short after all. I hear the Exhibition is very good indeed. Having the Maori village and Maori dances must make it very interesting, I think. I suppose you will go two or three times a week, won't you? We had an exhibition here some years ago, which lasted for about two months, and we used to always go two or three times a week; and we never got tired at it either. I should have liked to see the fireworks' display in the Recreation Grounds; it must have been lovely. The grounds themselves are almost perfect, I think. I have never seen an Axemen's Carnival yet; I want to very much; they had one here at the Agricultural Show, but I was not able to go out, I am sorry to say. What a house full you have had for Christmas, have you not? I think it is so nice for the whole family to meet on Christmas Day, don't you? Give your little nephew my love, and tell him I hope he won't forget to write to Cousin Kate when he gets older. What a delightful trip your friend is having, is she not? Don't you envy her a little? It was very good indeed of you to write, dear Ila, when you were so tired and sleepy. I got your telegram, and was delighted to think that you remembered me when you had so many of your own people to think about. Will you thank your mother for her good wishes? Very best wishes to you both for a Bright and Happy New Year from Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—The way in which I would like to spend my Christmas holidays would be in having a trip to Dunedin, because my aunt and grandpa live there. I also like the cold climate. The trip down is very enjoyable if you go the East Coast way, because the steamer calls at a number of ports, and you can see all the different towns. First port we call at is Gisborne. You have to go ashore in a small steamer, which, when the weather is fine, is very pleasant. Next port of call is Napier, which is reached eight hours after you leave Gisborne. A number of Maoris travel in the steamer from Gisborne to Napier, and it is most amusing to watch their gestures. Napier is one of my favourite places. I like walking round the beach and watching the waves dashing up against the breakwater. I like going to the library and looking at all the different books. After that I like to go and have a good dinner, and then have a walk round the town and see all that is to be seen. Next port is Wel-

lington—windy Wellington, as it is called. The B.O.C. is my favourite place to go and see. There are such a number of nice things to be seen. Lyttelton is the next port, which, I think, is horrid. But we always go to Christchurch in the train, which is a lovely journey. I have an aunt and some cousins in Christchurch, and I always have a good time when I go there. I like to be driven down to the river Avon and then go and see all the shops. Last place, and best of all, we call at in Dunedin, where we are always welcomed most heartily. While I am in Dunedin I like to spend my time going to the Ocean Beach and having a race round on the sand. I also like going to St. Clair and having afternoon tea on the beach. I love to spend an afternoon at the Botanical Gardens. There are such nice flowers and birds to be seen. I would like to go to the Museum also, as there are a number of curiosities to look at. I would also enjoy having rides up Mornington and Koslyn in the tram. I would like to spend some of my time at the Taieri with some of my relations, who have a lovely farm, and have some nice rides on horse back, which I enjoy more than anything. Now, I hope I have given you a good idea of how I like to spend my Christmas holidays. With best wishes, I am, your loving cousin, Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I think you have chosen a charming way of spending an ideal holiday. It is some years now since I went to Dunedin. I went down the East Coast and came back by the West Coast boat. Next time I go I am going down the Wanganui river, and am going overland as much as possible. You must have been down to Dunedin, too, for you seem to know so much about the trip. Didn't you dislike the strong smell of sulphur going through the tunnel from Lyttelton to Christchurch? It is stifling, I think, but, of course, we went through on a very hot summer's day. Are you enjoying yourselves down at Ruth's Island? I expect you find plenty to amuse yourselves with; but you are not having very nice weather for a seaside holiday, are you? Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is about a month since I last wrote to you, so I am off on another letter. Dora actually did send me the "Graphic" with my last letter, and your answer, which I was very glad to get. When I write I will thank her, but in the meantime she will have seen this. I am sorry it is rather too late to wish you and all the cousins the usual Christmas greeting, but hope I'll be in time for the New Year. My brother and I have a bicycle each, so of course have some lovely times together. On the King's

Birthday we went to Hout's Bay, starting in the morning. It is a distance of nearly thirty miles there and back, by the sea the whole way, with the range of the Apurites behind. It is very pretty, but after passing Camp's the whole way, it is up a long hill. I managed to go on and on up this never-ending hill without getting off my bicycle till I arrived at Hout's Bay. Before reaching the beach we had to go down a steep winding road, and then through a fairly long avenue. When we got there the rain began, and did not stop the whole day until the time came to go home. I walked up the first hill, and then enjoyed tearing down the others, which were like rivers (I don't mean they were wet), winding in and out the whole way, and the road is white and very good most of the way. I was looking forward to gathering some lovely wild flowers, but the rain prevented me. On the way home, however, I got some lovely berries on a branch of a bush. I have never seen them before. They are round, between red and yellow in colour, and very like wax. I fixed them behind my bicycle, and was glad all the berries didn't fall off. Next day after the ride I was most terribly stiff; in fact, I couldn't get down or upstairs at all for five days. I would rather have a horse; it is quite my idea of bliss to have one, and be able to ride well, but I am glad to have anything to ride about on.

Last night, at a quarter to six, we both went to Newlands, where we were to have dinner and return home in the evening, the moon being quite full. At Sea Point there wasn't a breath of wind, but when we got to Sir Lowry Road, just out of Cape Town, we were of course most delighted to find a violent south-easter against us. It was hard work, especially going through Great Schuur, where the road is perfect but the hills are steep. We arrived at last, and the best part of the ride was Newland's Avenue. I've never seen such a beauty. Huge old oaks on either side meeting overhead in a perfect arch, the enormous blue-grey mountain just seen through the trees and quite close, and the road itself, a pretty brick colour. The avenue is over a mile, and has no horrid rocks to upset bicycles. When we came home the moon was full, the wind behind us, Great Schuur looked lovely, and we tore along at a great rate. I went over a big bottle on the road, and the noise was terrific. I thought my tyre must have burst, but the bottle just shot over to the other side of the road and broke, while I stuck on the bicycle as best I could. There must have been water in the bottle, or it couldn't have made such a funny pop. We got

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home at a quarter past 11, after jumping off to light our lamps half a dozen times. I will try to get a post card of Newlands Avenue to send, because it will give you such a good idea, and I know you will think it is a lovely place.

We haven't had a New Zealand mail for weeks, and I am looking forward to Monday, when another is due, though it will be more likely to arrive three days later.

Weren't you very sorry to read of Mr. B. Spurr's death? It was a great pity he died, and so suddenly.

I have read George Eliot's "Adam Bede" lately. Isn't it interesting? I did enjoy it. I liked "For the Term of His Natural Life," all about the convict station in Hobart Town. There was such a lot to read in that book. I suppose you have read it some time ago. "Donovan De-la," by Gilbert Parker is a book of short stories, and rather after the same style of Kipling's. I thought they were all good. What I enjoyed more than anything I have had time to me for some time is "Laverages" and "The Romano Rye," by George Borrow. Some people say it is a biography; at any rate, it is most original and interesting, mostly being out-of-doors style. "Romano Rye" is simply the continuation of the other. I have now begun another of Stevenson's, called "Across the Plains." I want to get "Rebecca," by Kate Wiggin. Have you read it, Cousin Kate? In the "Girls' Realm" she, with three others, is writing a serial, "The Affair at the Inn," and it is very good so far. I love the "Girls' Realm," the stories are always good, and there are plenty of other things to read in it, especially about some Australian girls. One page about books is interesting, too.

The Exhibition opens to-morrow, so Cape Town will be very excited for a day or two. As it lasts for three months, I am not going the first day, but don't at all mind waiting till December, when there will be more exhibits.

Christmas is rather mean to fall on Sunday, and doing us out of two holidays. When you go to work, and only get a few days, it seems harder than ever that it should play such a trick! Let's think of next year, it will be on Monday, naturally. What a brilliant remark! But, all the same, your departure on the next arrives very quickly after the time when Santa Claus seemed to come round so slowly. We have been here a year and six months. It is more like only six months to us.

This letter is terribly dull, but I have not been out anywhere, so I can't think of any news. After all, it won't do to tell you about the scenery of Cape Town and the suburbs much oftener, or you will have it by heart, and then I won't be able to mention it more than every nine months, which will give you time to forget it in.

Two weeks ago Sea Point had another marvellous flower show. They come once a month, I think. It would hardly do to compare it with those held in Auckland. I went especially to smell all the spring flowers, but to my great disgust only found three roses, a bunch of sweet peas, and some crocus, which had any scent at all. South African cultivated flowers seldom have much scent, and you have to be content to imagine they have. It seemed to me that the table decorations consisted of chiffon lace and ribbon with a few flowers thrown in, while the exhibits, such as roses and pansies, were carefully cut with no stem and plastered on to a piece of white paper in a circle. I had hard work bending down to smell the roses as the tables were low. The sweet peas' scent reminded me of gravelly. The lovely flower was a huge purple (very faint) colored thing in the shape of a daisy-like flower, though much larger, the size of a saucer. I should say it was a kind of daisy-like, and very beautiful. I am sure the flowers looked prettier and felt much happier in their own gardens, poor things, instead of being dragged into a small, hot room. There were more people than exhibits. Pots, call people flowers, but they aren't, nor anything like them, especially when you see both flowers and people at a show. The Auckland exhibits shown in the "Graphic" were lovely. I cut out these ten single daffodils and put them on my wall, with all my other treasures in the shape of pictures. Now I really have not a thing left to fill up another page, and I think you must be rather glad still, I decided to write once a month, so must keep it up.

Good-bye, Cousin Kate, I hope you and all the cousins had a jolly Christmas, with love from Cousin Allison.

[Dear Cousin Alison,—I was so delighted to get your nice long letter this morning, and I really cannot allow you to think that we do not appreciate them. The cousins are always asking about you, and hoping you are going to write again soon; that does not look as if we found your letters uninteresting, does it? Thank you very much indeed for your New Year wishes. I think we all enjoyed our Christmas holidays, though we have been having wretched weather. Christmas Day was lovely, but a great many people had fires on New Year's Day, ourselves amongst the number. Does it not seem wonderful for Aucklanders to be sitting shivering over a fire at this time of the year? Some one told me the other day that Auckland is going to be blown up or buried or something like that in four years' time, and if we go on having such weather I shall begin to believe it. It is nice for you to have a brother to take you on such long rides; it would be impossible for two girls to go. Of course, you would not be able to have moonlight rides unless he were with you. Your ride on the King's Birthday must have been lovely, but I think I should have been content with a shorter ride in one day and a little less stiffness. I hope you will be able to get a postcard of Newlands Avenue for me, it must be a lovely place. Have you commenced collecting postcards yet? I have a few, but have not time to go in for it properly, though I should like to. I was dreadfully sorry to hear of Spurr's death, it was very sudden, but I heard that he had been ill for some years. I didn't like "For the Term of His Natural Life" at all. Of course, it is a wonderful book, but it is so dreadfully depressing to read of such horrors and to know that they have really happened. No, I haven't read "Rebecca," yet, but must try and get it. Tell me all about the exhibition in your next letter. I did enjoy the Auckland Exhibition so much. They say the New Plymouth one is very good indeed for such a small place. I expect Dora will tell us all about it in her next letter. I can hardly believe that it is eighteen months and more since you left Auckland. I wonder if you will ever want to come back. Your description of the flower show doesn't lead one to think it a very brilliant affair, and yet I have always heard that there were exquisite flowers in South Africa. Well, Allison, I really must stop. I have ever so much to do this morning, and seem to be getting on so slowly. With best wishes to you all for the New Year from Cousin Kate.]

About the Fireworks.

"The 5th of November will soon be here," said Teddie, as he counted his pennies and got hopelessly mixed in the sum total. "Don't you think we ought to have some fireworks, Edie?"

"I think it would be lovely," said Edie. "Only do let's ask Jack, and Maudie, and Fred, and May and Nellie to come and see them. Do you think mother will let us set them off by ourselves this year? I am sure we are quite big enough by now."

"I don't believe she will for one moment," said Teddie. "Anyhow, if daddy insists upon setting them off himself, I don't see why we shouldn't have a little performance all to ourselves in the garden one evening when daddy and mamma are out."

"We are quite big enough. I am sure," agreed Edie. "How much money have you got?"

"I have got ten pennies, and fifteen half-pennies," said Teddie, "and I think that makes just three and six, so we shall be able to have quite a lovely show. Jack told me he saw some crackers round in the toy-shop which only cost four a penny. Don't you think we might have some of those?"

So accordingly the first opportunity these little people had, they went round to the toy-shop, and invested in several pennyworth of crackers, of more or less force and fiery description.

It was some little time before Teddie and Edie got an opportunity of indulging in a private performance for their own special benefit, but one afternoon Teddie could stand the suspense no longer.

"I'll tell you what we will do," he said. "Don't you think it would be a lark to set off a cracker just behind old Diogenes? Wouldn't it make him jump?"

Diogenes, I must tell you, was a very staid, fat, drowsy old cat, who spent all the time when he was not eating curled up fast asleep in front of the nursery fire.

"I think it would be lovely," said Teddie. "Anyhow, I will go and get one and see how Diogenes likes it."

So this very naughty boy went off to a certain hiding-place where the crackers were deposited and returned with a funny little cracker thing, which Edie inspected with much curiosity.

"Don't you think it would be better to tie it on to his tail," she said, as though the idea was a most brilliant one. "You know those we had last year hopped about a bit, and if the cracker hopped about too much while it was near him, it might not do Diogenes as much good as we should like it to, but if we tie it on to his tail, he can't get away from it, and then it would be sure to have a good effect."

I don't know whether your little readers quite agree with this method of giving the poor cat a tonic, but we must give Edie credit for having good intentions, whatever we may think of the matter.

Diogenes slumbered peacefully, his fat sides heaving regularly as he drew each breath. So sound asleep was he that he did not feel Teddie carefully trying a weird object on to his long, sleek tail with one of Edie's blue hair ribbons. "Do you think he is ready now?" said Edie.

"Yes, I think so," said Teddie, as he reached up to the nursery mantelpiece for the box of matches. He struck one and set fire to the cracker, then he and Edie stood a little way off to see what effect this new kind of tonic would have upon poor Diogenes.

There was a fearful fizzle and whirr, then a wild yell from Diogenes as he rushed frantically round the room with the cracker buzzing and firing on his tail. How Teddie laughed, but little guessed how soon his laughter would be changed to fright. As Diogenes rushed heedlessly past him the cracker and the ribbon slipped off his smooth tail, and with more than the usual alarming bangs shot right over in Teddie's direction, where it lizzed and banged louder than ever.

To say Teddie was scared but feebly describes his feelings, while as for Edie she never was more frightened in her life, and when Nurse appeared upon the scene and heard the true story of the case, she gave them both a tremendous lecture on being so cruel to the poor cat, and then put them to bed for the rest of the day and did not allow them any muffins with their tea.

Even sadder to relate when Teddie's mother heard of what had happened, she at once decided that for this year they should have no firework display at all on the 5th of November, so Teddie and Edie were very sorry indeed, but they made up their minds that they would never attempt to give Diogenes another tonic, but to let him sleep comfortably as long as ever he wished in front of the nursery fire.

And let us hope next year these little folks will not do anything to make them lose the joys of a grand firework display on the 5th of November.

Uncle Edward's Teddie.

Teddie was a little London boy, and he lived far away from any parks or open spaces, and all the flowers he knew about were the straggling geraniums and nasturtiums that grew in pots in some of the neighbours' windows. His mother used to tell him of fields covered with daisies and buttercups, of woods where the wild hyacinths made a blue carpet, and of hedges and trees all covered with sweet-smelling may.

But Teddie was only a little boy of four years, and these things were to him only names, though he used to beg his mother to take him where he could see them. Mrs Dunlop would shake her head and say:

"Mother hasn't any money, sonnie dear; it takes it all to buy bread and boots."

Teddie's father had died two years ago, and pretty little Mrs Dunlop had to sit sewing all day, and sometimes for half

the night, too, to earn money enough to keep her little home together, and there was nothing to spare for omnibus rides to the Park, where Teddie might have seen what some flowers were like. Sometimes, as she sat sewing, she would let her thoughts stray back to the quiet little village of Maplecroft, where she had lived with her uncle and aunt. How good they had been to the little orphan niece! And yet how cruel and hard they had been when she had refused to marry young Farmer Hoperoff, and had chosen Stephen Dunlop for her husband.

Farmer Hoperoff was "well-to-do," as the villagers said, and Stephen Dunlop had only his handsome face and his clever fingers to recommend him; but Betty loved him, and that was enough for her. Betty had left her home with the memory of her aunt's and uncle's bitter words ringing in her ears, and she had only heard once from them during the last five years. That once was when she wrote to her uncle telling him of the birth of her little son, and asking permission to call him Edward, after him.

"Call the brat anything you like," the old man wrote back; "it has nothing whatever to do with me."

For three years Stephen and Betty Dunlop had lived such a nappy, quiet life. Stephen's clever fingers found successful work and there was money and time to spare for happy little excursions on Sunday and holidays.

Then came the dreadful time when Stephen lay ill of a vicious fever that ate away his very life, and left his wife and little son to mourn the good, kind husband and father.

Poor little Mrs Dunlop! Everything had been very sad and dreary for her since then. Teddie had had a bad attack of bronchitis in the winter, and even the bright spring days did not chase away a hacking little cough he had. Instead of brightening with the sunshine his little face grew paler and thinner, until his mother's heart ached every time that she looked at him, and the neighbours began to shake their heads dolefully.

"Shure," said Mrs Dolan to the green-grocer's wife, "tis pinnin' for the fresh air and the country he is, and if he niver gets there 'tis pine away intirely he will!"

"You're quite right," said the green-grocer's wife; "but, sake's alive how in the world is poor Mrs Dunlop to get the money to send him there? Answer me that, Mrs Dolan."

"Shure, an' that's quotte bevant me," said Mrs Dolan, and both women went their ways.

Then one day the doctor had to be called in to Teddie, and he shook his head gravely.

"You must get that boy away to the country, Mrs Dunlop, immediately," he said, "for I am afraid you will not have him at all next winter."

"I am afraid it is impossible," said poor Mrs Dunlop.

"Tut, tut, woman," said the doctor; "nothing is impossible."

You see, the doctor was only a young one, and did not know yet how many "impossibles" there are in poor folks' lives.

After thinking matter over for a day or two, Mrs Dunlop wrote to her aunt and uncle, told them what the doctor had said, and asked if she and Teddie might come. She would pay a little for their board, and would work hard to make up for any trouble they were put to, if they might only come for a month.

She waited anxiously for a reply, and when it came, opened it with a beating heart. Farmer Manton wrote that as it was for the boy's sake they might come for a month, but his niece was not to think that because this permission was given that the matter upon which they had quarrelled was forgiven. Mrs Manton, too, was ailing, and would expect Betty to do all that lay in her power to help in the work, etc.

How excited Teddie was when his mother told him the news you can well imagine. "Real flowers," he said a hundred times a day, "green field, and horses, and cows, and pigs, and—and everything!" he would say with a long breath, and it seemed as if the time would never come for him to go.

They started, however, one morning, and he was a bit off with pattings and kisses from the little crowd of neighbours who had assembled to wish them good-bye. The ride in the train, and the many things they passed by, kept his little tongue chattering all the



time, though it was a very tired little boy who stepped out upon Maplecroft Station.

Farmer Manton was waiting for them in the high cart, and though he greeted Betty stiffly and called her Elizabeth, his eyes softened as he looked at Teddie's thin white face.

What a treat that drive was to Teddie! He felt rather frightened of the grave, stern man who drove; but every now and then he would shout for very joy when they passed a golden field of buttercups, or some young foals playing with their mothers, or a lot of tiny black and white pigs that ran squeaking along the road as the trap came up to them.

Aunt Lizzie kissed him in the porch, but she only extended a cold hand to Betty; but Betty felt so thankful to see the way in which Teddie demonished his big bowl of bread and milk that he forgot the hurt feeling in her heart. And oh! the days that followed. Such a lot of things to do and see! Teddie thought the days were not half long enough. He had rides on the cart horses, drives with his uncle, helped the man to drive the cows to and from the pasture land, helped in the gathering of the fruit, though most of his gathering found its way into his little red mouth, and grew so fat and rosy that the neighbours in "Smith's Flats" would never have known him.

Mother made him a little cart of a wooden box, and he used to drag it along with a piece of string and pretend to take his cabbages and potatoes to market. He was first favourite with all the men on the farm, and Farmer Manton and his wife were very much in love with him, and gradually their manner softened towards the sweet, quiet little mother, who had trained her boy so well.

One day Farmer Manton drove into town, and the next morning there was a fine horse and cart standing in front of the kitchen door waiting for a master.

How Teddie shouted when he saw it! "Where could it have come from?" said mother.

But Teddie knew. He flew to the farmer and clasped his little arms around his neck, and kissed him ten times.

"Thank you, thank you, dear kind uncle!" he said.

Farmer Manton smiled at the little fellow's joy, though there were tears in his eyes.

So Teddie was now happier than ever. The clever little mother made him a smock and some gaiters, such as the carters wore, one of the men made him a whip, and he was always to be seen leading Dapple to market with his cart filled with sacks of potatoes—they were only stones, but, of course, that didn't matter, at all!

Such a lot of journeys that little grey horse and Teddie made every day: sometimes it was potatoes, sometimes greens, sometimes fruit, sometimes a baby calf, and sometimes a great big grunting pig that went to market. And every evening when Teddie put his horse away, he would rattle his two farthings in his pocket, and say: "We've done good business to-day, Dapple, old boy; very good business indeed."

Then came hay-making, and Teddie

tossed the hay, and buried the village children in it, and they buried him, and made big castles of it, and rode home on top of the hay carts shouting with all their might.

There was something new for him to do and see every day. Little green frogs allowed themselves to be caught, a new bird that he had never seen before flew across his path, the sheep were shorn and washed in the river, and Teddie hoped that the month they came for would never come to an end.

But Mrs Dunlop, who, like Teddie, had grown well and rosy, knew how near the time for going home was, and sometimes her heart would sink at the prospect of taking him back to the stuffy London streets.

Farmer Manton, too, would say to his wife that the place wouldn't seem the same "without the little chap running in and out," and his wife wiped away many a secret tear at the thought of parting with curly-haired Teddie.

So one evening at supper, when Betty spoke about preparing to go home, Farmer Manton got up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You and I are thinking, Betty," he said in a throaty voice, "that you had better stay here along of us. It wouldn't do to take the little chap back now he is so well. And you'd better keep your bit of money you make by sewing for him by-and-bye, and we'll let bygones be bygones, my dear," and he stooped and kissed her.

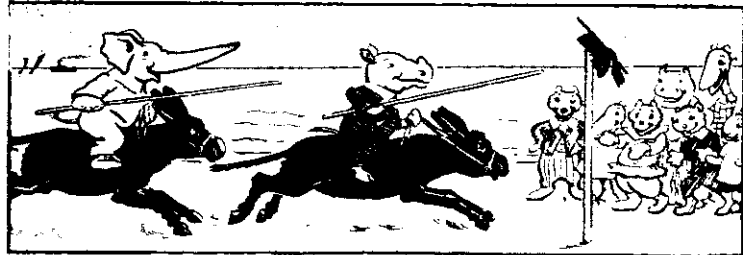
Betty put her head down on the table and cried for sheer joy, then she embraced the old couple, who were crying like babies themselves, and the next morning when Teddie was told that he was never going back to London again, he threw up his hat and cried: "Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

Teddie and Betty stayed a long while with the old uncle and aunt, but now Betty, who is prettier and plumper than ever, is called "Mrs. Hopscroft," and Teddie has a new father, who is just as kind to him as his own was, and there isn't a happier little boy living anywhere than "Uncle Edward's" Teddie."

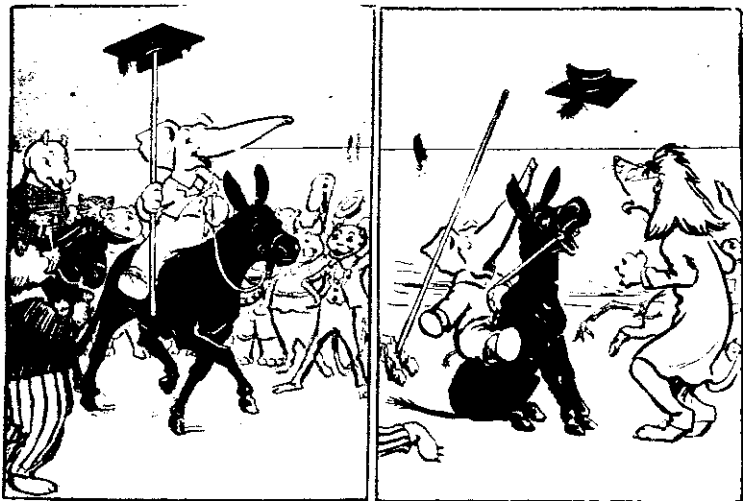
MARGARET BERTRAM HOBSON.

# JUNGLE JINKS.

THE LAST DAYS AT THE SEASIDE.



1. It was the last week at the seaside, and Jumbo decided to wind up with some sports on the sands. "Here's a fine idea for a donkey ride!" he cried. "Let's stick Dr. Lion's cap on a pole and tilt at it." "A pennyworth of bull-eyes for the victor!" shouted Storkey, who had just been tipped. "Right you are! I'll trouble you for the bull-eyes in advance. I'm sure to win!" said Rhino.



2. But Rhino didn't win, after all. It was Jumbo who picked off the cap on end of the pole. You should have heard the cheering as he marched past in triumph! Jumbo felt himself quite a hero until—

3. Dr. Lion suddenly came along in search of his cap. Neddy sat down on his hind legs, and Jumbo went rolling head over heels. As for the boys, they all flew home to see if their mummies wanted them for anything!

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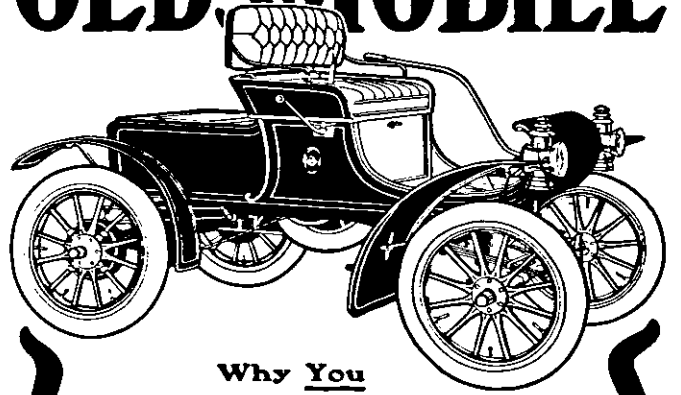


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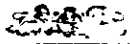
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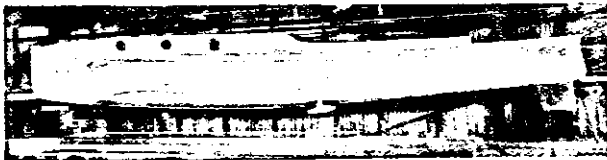
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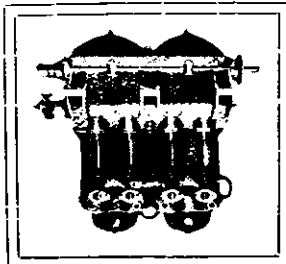
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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## The Bottomless Pit.

(By Queen Carmen Slyva.)

There is in this world an abyss so deep that nobody has ever been able to fathom it; no sounding lead has touched its bottom; no venturesome explorer who descended its walls has returned to tell what he found.

Yet this black, yawning chasm holds thousands of prisoners. Among them are many noble souls eager for their fellows' good.

This bottomless pit was not made by man's hands; mainly responsible for it are man's feet, walking over soft ground. Taking the same route over and over again, through a succession of untold centuries, each individual carried away on the soles of his shoes a certain amount of soil, gradually causing a deep chasm that grows deeper and deeper as times goes on.

A venial sin was theirs—pity the rest bent upon enlarging the gulf with hammer and pickaxe. Indeed some strove with dynamite to break the rocks to the right and left, with the murderous intention of sending travellers to the bottom.

But while bad men and women were working to destroy fellow beings, those who loved mankind endeavoured to fill the abyss and make the crossing safe. They sacrificed all their belongings to fill the pit, readily giving away what they could spare, and often what they could not spare, depriving themselves of what was needful for their own good, foregoing pleasures, surrendering what they loved most in the world. Yet the abyss remained as wide and as deep as ever, and yet nothing but a few wild flowers blossom on the graves of the good men and women who did their utmost for the common weal.

### A POET'S GIFT.

At one time there came a great singer of songs, a sweet poet, whose words found an echo even in the savage breast. He threw all his ballads, his lyrics and folk-songs into the abyss, and saw them turn into a mighty stream, that filled up the black hole and overflooded the smaller chasms, caused by man's wickedness. Then enterprising people built a ferry to travel from shore to shore, and for a long time the bottomless pit was but a legend in man's memory.

But after the poet had died and was forgotten, when ribald ditties took the place of heroic songs and grand ballads, the waters gradually subsided and the bottomless pit became as deep and as broad as before.

Now came a girl, her heart filled with love for a good and brave man. Her lover had died and she threw the sweet passion into the abyss. Love, you must know, is as light as a feather, as soft as down. It filled the abyss—but for a time only. Then a fire occurred, and love soared to heaven, its real hereditary abode.

Next a scientist decided to fill the bottomless pit. He promised all the wisdom of his period and of past centuries, and a bountiful Providence allowed each of his ideas to be transformed into a block of stone. In that way much of the abyss was again filled, but when the scientist's triumph was near at hand, one of his rivals ruined all by a single argument. That arrangement caused an immense mountain to loosen and the bottomless pit became deeper than ever—if such were possible.

A brave young man, who loved mankind, persuaded himself that only a human sacrifice could fill the bottomless pit. So he dressed in white and purple, wreathed his blond locks with vine leaves, and jumped into the terrible chasm.

The Moloch was satisfied, it seemed, but for a moment only. Then it yawned anew, as big and fearful as before. Most of an entire town turned out and threw all their belongings into the abyss, and their wishes and passions, their loves and their hatreds, but the boundless capacity of the abyss swallowed it all and yawned as though for more.

"You are wasting time and substance," said a practical man. "We ought to find out the exact size and depth of the cavity before attempting to fill it up. I

brought a sounding lead that measured the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Get ready your string lest mine run short."

It did run short, and 15 towns in the neighbourhood sacrificed, in vain, all the cord they could muster. Still the lead did not reach bottom.

At another time there was a good old king, who cherished a love of humanity in his heart. With his boundless-treasure he bought all the land of a neighbouring prince and invited his people to accept it as a free gift, leaving their old homesteads that stood on scant and unprofitable soil. And this abandoned kingdom he took—cities, towns, mountains and forests—and hurled them into the great abyss.

"Behold the dawn of a new, a better era," said the King. But he was in error. His towns and lands and mountains disappeared in the abyss, which was none the less hungry for what it swallowed.

And the procession continued. In the course of years we see great statesmen throw their honour into the abyss; celebrated painters, who sacrificed their art to the monster—witness an inventor who loses his discoveries there—in vain. True, the genius of art was not buried forever. After awhile it rose again, fruitifying, mistlike, the ideas of others less gifted than the original. So the discoveries saw the light once more, many years after the inventor was dead and buried, but the abyss remained bottomless.

After that it seems strange that people continued their attempts to fill up the great abyss, but they did, for the great majority of us, myself and you included, are still foolish. Through centuries, decades and years men and women have deposited their best, and sometimes their worst, wealth, mental gifts, heartaches, love and honour in the great abyss, and the minotaur has swallowed all and has yearned for more. There was no St. George, no powerful Seigfried to kill the monster; no knight mighty enough to cope with it.

Humanity was humbled and dragged down into the black hole, which attracted alike the weak and the strong. Where a thousand perished ten thousand others fought for a place to lay down life and hope. Only animals were exempt from the general destruction—neither word of mouth nor whip could induce them to go near enough to fall and tumble in.

Mo Moloch of ancient and modern times exacted such a variety of sacrifices. The physician gives his skill, the prince his crown, the general his victories, the judge his love of justice. Here we have a statesman offering his wisdom and cunning, a shepherd bringing his herd, a mother her love, a father his cares, a boy his newly-acquired knowledge, the result of much study by day and night. Into the abyss the nurse drops his scant hours of repose, and the

astronomer sinks into it his knowledge of the eternal skies.

The above was written to warn my friends against the bottomless pit. It now occurs to me that I ought to name the monster. Well, it has a peculiar appellation, and the animals who understand most of our words and thoughts would marvel at the meaning. Innocent and noble-hearted as they are, they never dream that there is such a thing as IN-GRATITUDE.


## Stopping Bleeding by Music.

Perhaps the strangest use to which music can be put is to stop the flow of blood from a wound. An army doctor noticed that when a wounded soldier was taken to within an easy hearing distance of music hemorrhage was greatly reduced.

ed or stopped. Neither he nor others who confirmed his observations could understand how this phenomenon was brought about, but it is now believed that the vibration of the air produced by the music causes the patient to become faint, in which case the action of the heart is so considerably lessened that the flow of blood is reduced.

## Grilled Lion Steaks.

An explorer who has often by compulsion eaten the flesh of animals not generally used as human food says that grilled lion steaks are delicious and much superior to those of the tiger; that the flesh of the rhinoceros, properly prepared, has all the good qualities of pork; that the trunk and feet of young elephants resemble veal, and that stewed boa constrictor is a splendid substitute for rabbit.

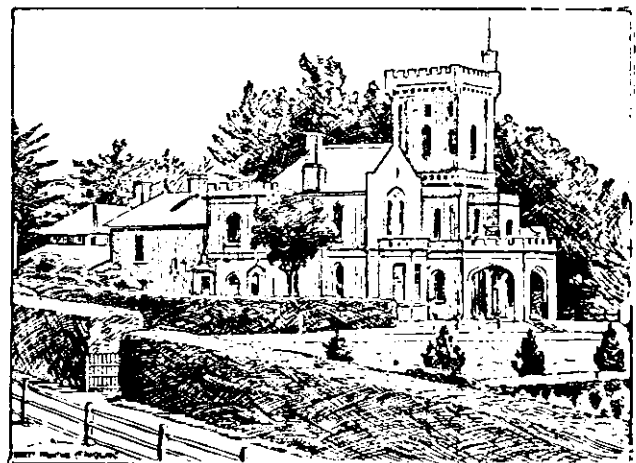


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The play of delicate colour over your face is possible only when your skin is free from marring signs, such as roughness, blemish, redness, or looseness arising from skin languor, pimples, black-heads, &c. Few women are free from the marring signs, hence

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Be sure to ask for Wilton's Hand Emollient as there are now many worthless imitations on the market.

CHEMISTS AND STORES.  
1/6 Per Jar.

### Mr. Flip, the Match-Mender.

By H. M. Stegman.

"Of course, we shall give back all presents."

"I don't see any reason for that."

"There are several. In the first place, I don't want to have any reminders of our—this affair around to stare me in the face. Then I don't want to own anything for which I am indebted to you. Besides, everybody does it."

"Is that so? I didn't know it. You see I am new at this business. But I think it is foolish. There will be all sorts of embarrassments and complications."

"I don't see why."

"Well, there's the box of cigars."

"What of it?"

"You see, I smoked the last one after dinner last night. It was capital, too—better than the first one."

"Of course, articles that have been used up don't count. There are lots of flowers, any lots of bottles and trinkets."

"Please don't mention them as a favour to you. No fellow who isn't a pig will go to the theatre alone. He wouldn't enjoy it. Besides, it grades a man's vanity to take a well-dressed girl to the play. He feels that everyone is admiring her and at the same time complimenting him on his good taste. Then nicely as not some friend meets him next day and says: 'Say, old chap, that was a stunner you had at the theatre last night!'"

"That will do. Is there anything else?"

"Hain't it occurred to you that if I send back 'The Sonnets From the Portuguese' to you, it will remind you of our—this affair as much as anything I may have given you?"

"You needn't fear that. 'The Sonnets From the Portuguese' will find a resting place where they will not meet any human eye more than once in a generation."

"Pardon me for mentioning it, but you recall that there's an inscription on the fly-leaf which wasn't exactly meant for the public. Shall I tear it out?"

"If you please, and burn it."

"Then there's the pocket-knife."

"What of it?"

"One of the blades is broken. Will you give me time to have a new one put in?"

"Never mind that. I don't expect to use it."

"Then there's my monogram on the handle."

"Don't let that trouble you. I won't keep the knife afloat when I throw it into the river."

"But, say, that would be a pity! I've got attached to that knife. It just suits me somehow. Suppose I send five shillings to the Benevolent Society and keep the knife?"

"It didn't cost so much as that."

"Well, we'll charge the difference up to sentiment. You know sentiment sometimes has a market value."

"I believe it often has—with your views."

"That was a shot! How about the penny?"

"What penny?"

"You know I gave you a penny for the knife so that it wouldn't cut friendship. I'll never believe in that superstition again."

"I have had enough of this," rising. "You merely want to amuse yourself by making fun of me. However, I am glad to find out how lightly you regard everything connected with our association. It shows that I am making no mistake."

"Come, now. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I am terribly sorry if I did. I thought it was just a harmless pleasantry. I apologise as handsomely as I know how."

"Hello, Mr. Flip!" to a squire terrier who bounded in every square inch of his little body wiggling as if he was made wholly of springs. "How are you, old chap? Still fond of your old master, are you? Well, that's lucky!"

"To the young woman? I suppose I shall have to take him away this evening, as I am not likely to be around here again. Will he follow me without a leash?"

"Take Flip away!" abstractly.

"I suppose I'll have to put him in charge of the servants, because they don't allow dogs in the apartments at the Marlborough. Poor Mr. Flip! I shall put you in a dark cellar, I am afraid."

"Pat Flip in a cellar?"

"I might send him back to the kennels; but you never can tell how they will treat a dog there. Besides, he would miss the attention and affection that he is used to. You're fond of being petted, aren't you, Mr. Flip?"

"Poor—"

"No, that would never do. I think I'll send him out to Bob Taylor's. He has a big place in the country, and Mr. Flip could run about to his heart's content. And Mabel Taylor is awfully fond of terriers. She told me so the other day. She'll treat you well, Mr. Flip, never fear."

"You poor, dear creature!" picking up Mr. Flip, and giving way to tears. "Do they want to put you in a dark cellar and starve you, poor thing! They shan't do it—never as long as I can raise a hand to prevent it! And they want to give you to a horrid girl who wouldn't know how to care for you and wouldn't love you one bit!"

"Then there was an interval about which her memory was not clear afterward. She found herself and Mr. Flip clasped in one huge embrace, and was saying: "And you promise never to stay away for ten whole days again!"

"Not if my firm handles a million shares of stock every day."

"And you won't ask Mabel Taylor to lunch again, merely because you happen to meet her at one o'clock?"

"Never; not even to save her from starvation."

### Ladies as Mountain Climbers.

No sport, perhaps, possesses such great fascination as that of mountain climbing, and that this is so potent with the fair sex as with mere man is undeniable from the large number of lady climbers who nowadays include a month's Alpine scrambling in their annual programme of amusements. It is an interesting fact that the climber who knows more about the Alps than any man living—the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge—was accompanied on most of his ascents by his aunt!

Such names as Mrs. Main and Mrs. Bullock Workman are evidence of how much can be accomplished by lady climbers. The former has climbed almost every mountain of any importance in Europe, and the latter recently made us all envious by scaling virgin peaks in the Himalayas.

But, to come down to lesser heights and more ordinary mortalities, the Alps naturally provide the best of all fields for the lady mountaineer. There are even peaks which, from their peculiar suitability, have been dubbed "ladies' mountains;" though, indeed, there are very few, if any, that have not at one time or another been overcome by the skill of a lady enthusiast.

Who, when visiting Chamonix, has not seen the return of some climber, with her guides, from the conquest of Europe's greatest mountain, Mont Blanc? And it is quite as usual an experience to meet ladies on the Matterhorn scaling the rocks in most business-like style, and crossing the narrow summit crest with all the confidence of the "old hand."

At Grindelwald, it is the Wetterhorn, or perhaps the Jungfrau, which claims most attention. The former peak is possibly the greater favourite, for not only is the climb itself of more interest, but there is the additional pleasure of being watched by friends through the telescope, and actually being seen upon the sum-

mit. Not even the most charming and most modest of climbers can resist the delightful feeling of satisfaction which that affords.

There are two kinds of climbers—those whose own efforts take them to the summit, and others whose ascents are mainly due to the strong and willing arms of the guides and a good rope. It may be amusing—more, perhaps, to the onlooker than to the climber—to be lifted from step to step and rock to rock until the summit is attained, but that can hardly be said to be "climbing."

Quiet, elegantly dressed, with businesslike ice-axes and heavily nailed boots, two ladies walk out of the hotel, hand their jackets to the guides, who are waiting in the courtyard, and the four start off for their night quarters—the club hut on the Wetterhorn.

We watch them through the telescope. The walk—for it is not much more—is one of varied enjoyment. A carriage-road to the glacier, an uneven and winding track upon the moraine, a series of

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**ALE AND**  
**STOUT**  
 PRIZE GOLD MEDALS  
 ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION 1904  
**HANCOCK & CO**  
**AUCKLAND**



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Copy of Letter from Messrs SHIRLEY W. HILL & CO., Custom-house and Shipping Agents.

31 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND, 25th Oct., 1904.

Mr. T. MILLER, Victoria Street.

Dear Sir,—Have the pleasure to return to you a statement of 89 CASES BOOTS and SHOES. You will note the number is 1,306 TEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED PAIRS, which constitutes a RECORD for this port for one week. Yours truly SHIRLEY W. HILL & CO

Our immense business enabling us to buy in huge quantities, we are in a position to sell good quality shoes at Extraordinary Prices.

### LADIES

We guarantee to fit any foot with a Stylish Shoe, and give immediate comfort, no matter how tender your feet are.

Ladies' American Shoes, from 5/11 to 17/6 per pair

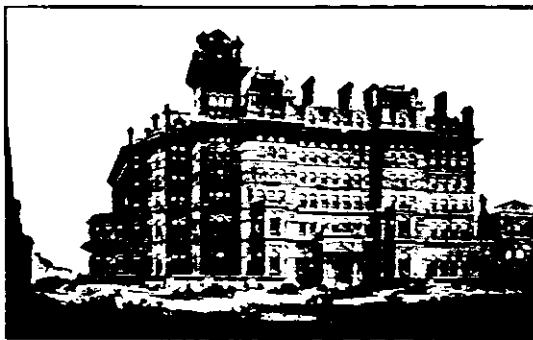
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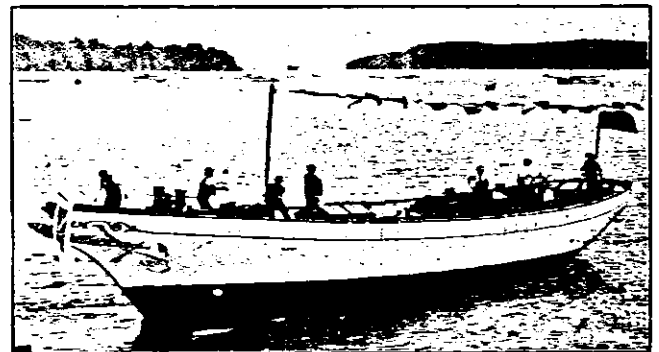
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perpendicular ladders and roughly-made platforms, a short tramp across the level surface of the glacier, and there they are upon the steep bridle-path which leads eventually to the door of the hut.

No one, of course, expects "home comforts" at a club hut, and those who do are always disappointed. Lucky they if they can make a fair meal of soup and cold meat, and snatch a few intervals of rest before the guide flings open the shutters, not to let daylight in, for it is just 1 a.m., but to see if the weather is fine, and then get breakfast.

Not even in America—that land of possible impossibilities—has any ingenious hostess been able to stimulate excitement into a cold and uninviting breakfast at one in the morning! The cold meat is always colder, the cheese hard and stony, and the coffee has a habit of sticking, in a way quite impossible at any ordinary hour.

A wash, deftly performed in the dark outside the hut with a teaspoonful of cold water and the corner of a handkerchief, makes life more hopeful; and exactly at 2 a.m. four ghostly figures pass out of the hut, the guide's lantern throws weird shadows upon the rocks, and they are on their way to the summit.

Writers on things mountaineering have all tried, and all as surely failed, to convey the absolute unearthliness and solemnity of the early morning start for the summit of a high peak. Who could describe it?

Sometimes a shade of regret for things more earthly crosses the mind—visions of downy pillows and other comforts; but it is short-lived, for the glory of day-break among the snow giants is too entrancing for even the most unimpressive nature.

Across the Krinnen glacier, a rock ridge, and they tie up on the eighty feet of rope. Here and there a friendly hand from the guide, ledge after ledge passed, but others still ahead. A rest for some cold tea before crossing the dreaded couloir.

Now for the serious work! Chip, chip, chip, and the ice slip away in little avalanches down that 60 degree slope. But they safely reach the rocks on the other side, and once more scramble over boulders and creep warily round ledges, until at last the ridge leads on to the snow, the sun peeps over the ridge and lights it up with dazzling brilliance, and there on the left only the beautiful snow remains to be conquered.

As we watch, upon that last steep slope we see four small black dots, becoming smaller and smaller as they move on upwards, until as one tiny speck they appear upon the summit. Hurrah! We almost seem to hear a faint cheer, and turn away and seek some other excitement.

That is but one ascent of hundreds, but to the climber the joy and fascination of it are entirely personal matters, not even to be shared by the most comprehending of friends, depending upon temperament and the capability of appreciating that other world, which is indeed well described as "a world of things not ours."

There are a countless number of such peaks awaiting the lady climber. Great snow queens, as Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and Monte Rosa; majestic rock peaks, as the Matterhorn or the Aiguilles, each possessing a charm of its own, and remaining, after conquest a life-long friend.

The exploits of lady climbers have been a most noticeable feature of this season in the Alps. A week or two ago, two ladies accomplished the unique feat of crossing eleven snow passes, all over twelve thousand feet high, and ascending Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn as a finish.

**Why We Cannot Move Our Ears.**

Every schoolboy knows that once in a while the boy in the seat in front of him has the peculiar and unusual power of wagging his ears. That mankind once was able to move the ears as readily as a horse does is a well-recognized scientific fact. As a rule the human race has lost this power, although now and then a man is found with more or less control over the rudimentary ear muscles which still exist. Dr. Walter Smith, in discussing in a recent number of the "Popular Science Monthly" this loss of ability to

move our ears, points out certain advantages that have resulted, and, at the same time, finds that we have received certain compensatory advantages.

While we have lost the power of locating sounds and of determining through the ear an accurate idea of space such as we now get through the eye, we have also, Dr. Smith tells us, gained the ability to attend to a succession of sounds.

Going into further details Dr. Smith points out how distinct our perception of succession. A sound comes suddenly and sharply, and then it is gone, and another sound of distinct quality takes its place. Thus by its very nature sound lends itself easily to this kind of perception. And when we listen to a sounding object our interest is in catching the sounds which come in sequence. This is illustrated most distinctly, as we shall see, in attention to discourse. We hear simultaneous sounds, but the predominant characteristic of our perception of sounds is that their variety is given in a succession. Hearing is a time-sense. If the ear had remained mobile it would have been the organ of a space-sense, for it would have given a number of sounds as practically co-existing and co-existing in definite relations to each other; the mobility being lost, hearing has become a time-sense.

The immobility of the ear contributes to the perception of succession inasmuch as the mind, being unable to get in simultaneity, or what is practically such, all the sounds of the environment, finds it easier to attend to the series of sounds. If nature had intended to cultivate the power of attending to a successive series of sensations, would not her first steps have been to make the organ of these sensations stationary? Suppose the eye

were to be trained to give special attention to the changes in objects before it, it would be essential that it should be prevented from making its usual excursions round the field open to it, and should be kept looking fixedly at one object. Not that this fixedness involves of necessity the inability to perceive a multiplicity of co-existing objects; it is found by experiment that when the eye is perfectly steady any one of the main points exposed to it can be attended to; and, moreover, the attention can be directed from point to point. In hearing, too, we know that we can, while remaining motionless, listen first to the sound from one quarter, then to that from another. But this only shows that when the natural instruments for performing certain acts are withdrawn from us, we may make shift to supply their places.

We thus see that the sense organ having originally the form best adapted to the conditions in which the organism lived, changed its form to meet the conditions of a higher stage of evolution. It may be that in this form it is most in accord with the special stimulations which appeal to it. It is certainly in this form that it can minister to the highest spiritual activities.

**A Curious Duel.**

Maurus Jokai, the famous Hungarian novelist, established several newspapers, and though he gave little attention to them after they were once fairly started; he was always ready to assume the responsibility for any articles that appeared in them.

For this reason when Frank Pulsky, a noted member of the Deb. told him that he had been bitterly attacked in one of his journals, and that he would expect him either to apologise or fight a duel he coolly replied that he would not apologise, and that he would fight him at any hour and place he might name. The two therefore fought, and after the contest was over Jokai went up to his opponent, shook him warmly by the hand and said:—"Now that I have given you every satisfaction I will thank you to tell me why we have fought. You complain about an article in one of my papers, but I didn't write the article, nor have I read it, nor even seen it. Come, tell me what there was in it that displeased you so much."

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NELLIE STEWART says: "The most exquisite corset possible to produce and wear."

The above model retailed from 18 6 up. Stocked by all the leading drapers in Australia and New Zealand.

**WEINGARTEN BROTHERS, Makers,**  
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# THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

The weather so far this summer has been so fickle and variable that one is at a loss to know what to wear or how best to advise those who are in doubt as to what they shall select. Still, with hope ever green in our hearts, we feel confident in recommending the selection of some of the very charming materials which this season has brought.

Taffeta is one of the most popular fabrics for the summer, both for day and evening wear. It is produced in beautiful soft shades. It is trimmed with taffeta as well as with contrasting fabrics, and although it has been in vogue for the last three years, as long as early Victorian fashions last so long shall we remain faithful to taffeta.

The taffeta frock certainly requires to be pleated, gauged, or much trimmed in some way, for, unlike satin, crepe de chine, chiffon, velours, and such materials, which fall into folds by their own weight, taffeta has to be weighted, or it will present anything but a graceful appearance.

I have just seen a pale green taffeta dress, which is worthy of note. The skirt is arranged in heavy pleats from the waist, and from above the knees, falling in folds round the feet, are enormous tucks beaded with ruches. Round the waist is a swathed sash with knotted ends and little taffeta roses. These roses further adorn the pelerine collar, being intermingled with shades of palest green, many pinks, and a soupçon of pale heliotrope. It sounds a little complicated, but the shadings are so beautifully worked together that the effect is

perfectly harmonious, and suits the fair wearer to perfection.

Then we have not dispensed altogether with the old-fashioned spotted taffeta. A large black, brown, or blue velvet spot on a taffeta ground of the same colour is always effective. This fabric requires but little trimming, and should be simply made.

The 1830 period is suggested in some way or another, in every garment made of taffeta, be it a frock, mantle, or redingote. A piping of black velvet on taffeta is a pretty early Victorian fashion. Personally, I think taffeta nearly always requires a softening touch in the shape of chenille or velvet.

Some beautiful effects have been arrived at with shot taffeta, decorated with floral patterns in silk and chenille. Such trimmings, however, are apt to look old-fashioned unless they be very cleverly manipulated. Still, they play a part in the fashions of to-day and to-morrow, and, therefore, have to be considered.

There are some individual women who look charming in 1830 garb—pale shades of lavender taffeta, old embroidered fichus, with the quaint drooping shoulder; but the ordinary modern type would do well to avoid these modes. The

bouncing, healthy, athletic young woman of to-day looks terribly out of place in fashions of the early Victorian era.

At the same time, we can adopt many pretty notions from that date for evening dress and afternoon receptions.

+ + +

## WHITE GOWNS FOR SUMMER.

If the weather be January-like, there is nothing more desirable than a white gown, for in it one has the pleasant sensation of not only feeling but looking deliciously cool. Here, then, are two attractive sunny-day gowns.

That on the left is a smart costume of finest white face cloth with much stitching in thick white silk. The coat and skirt are very novel in design, and are ornamented with pale green silk braid, while the buttons, which play so important a part, match this trimming. The belt and cuffs are stitched and braided, and the sleeves terminate in lace ruffles.

The pretty gown on the right is made of cream-coloured canvas with a fleck of white. The deep yoke is of tinted lace, and is outlined here and there with green silk. It is edged with rows of gauging



This is a very dainty design in spotted muslin. The square yoke is tucked, and finished with insertion which forms a low square collar so delightfully cool in summer weather.

The sleeve is the full bishop shape gathered into the armhole and finished with a band of insertion. The front of the blouse is very full, and gauged into the yoke, which is trimmed with a band of insertion, as also is the cuff.

The amount of material required is 3½ yards, and 5 yards of insertion.

+ + +



WHITE GOWNS FOR SUMMER.



A VERY PICTURESQUE COSTUME.

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Renowned for over a Century for quick efficacy, as proved by testimonials from all parts of the world.

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and green passementerie, and is finished with white satin bell-shaped dangles attached by green cords. The skirt is particularly pretty. It is frilled slightly, into the belt, and in the immediate front are three groups of tucks. The shaped flounces have a heading of the green passementerie, and those fascinating little dangles make their appearance again at the commencement of each flounce.



A RICHLY-COLOURED INDIAN GAUZE SCARF VASTLY BECOMES A GOWN OF PURE WHITE BOOK MUSLIN.

and the large full-length figure illustrates the supremacy of the pure white book muslin gown ruffled at the hem of the skirt and worn (a most important point) with a gauze Indian scarf to give it colour from its own wealth of rose, orange, and green hues.



A DAINY SUMMER COSTUME.



A SMART LINEN GOWN.

with silk waistcoat and revers finished with buttons and lace.



A VISITING TOILETTE OF LACE.

trimmed with ruches and frills and band of panne velvet.

THE GRAPHIC FUNNY LEAF.

REGGIE PRACTISES DRIVING-OFF.

1.

Reggy: "I thay, Wobbie, I've got a gweat theheme heah: you fathen the line, and then theball cawn't get away, ye know. Fine thing to pwactith with, old chappie!"

Robby: "Gweat, Weggie; I'll tell you -I'll hold it foah you, and then you can hold it foah me."

2.

Reggy: "Hold tight, Wobbie, I'm going to hit it a beathly hawd one, ye know!"

Robby: "I've got it, old chappie, let beh go!"

3.

Reggy: "Smathed —"

4.

"Bah Jove!"



DEFERRED.

Customer: "The man who killed this chicken had a soft heart."

Waiter: "Why so, sir?"

Customer: "He must have spent three or four years hesitating before he wrung its neck!"

A HIGH-CLASS BUMP.

"That Mrs Snags is too much of a aristyerat fur me to mingle wid."

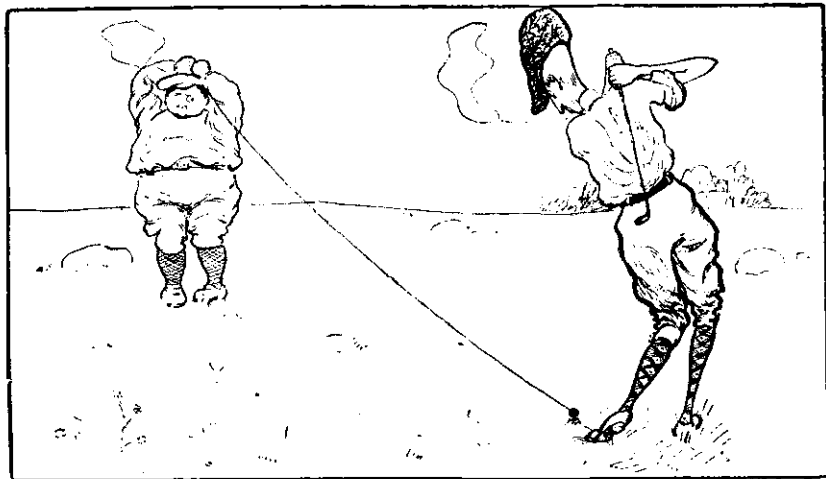
"How's that?"

"She was knocked down by a push-cart and she had it put into the paper dat she was hit by an automobile."

ONE WAY OF PULLING UP.

Traveller (in Ireland): "Hi, pull her up, man; don't you see the mare is running away?"

Paddy: "Hould tight, yer honner. For yer life, don't touch the reins. Shure they're as rotten as pears. I'll turn her into the river at the bridge below here. Shure that'll stop her."



DOUBLED UP.

"Why isn't Jones in the swim any longer?"

"Oh, he caught a cramp in his bank-account."

STUMPED.

"I think my dear," remarked the party boss, "I have found a man to sweep the State."

"Fine!" she replied; "but can you find a girl to sweep the parlour?"

Confronted once more with this issue, the strong frame of the great statesman shook with angu'sh.

SMART.

Bobbie: "Fancy meeting you out in all this rain!"

Cissie: "Oh, I like it!"

Bobbie: "Then you must be a rain-dear."

Cissie: "If I am, you must be a rain-beau!"



HE KNEW THE SEX.

"Will you promise," she anxiously asked, "not to do anything desperate if I say it can never be?"

"Yes," he replied; "I think a man's a fool who goes to the bad because a girl refuses to love him."

"Then I will be yours."

EXPERT TOUCH.

"Blithers says he never has to pay for a game of billiards. Is he such a good player?"

"He's pretty lucky."

"But he says he has a perfect touch."

"He has. If he loses he touches his opponent for the price of the game."

DIPLOMATIC.

Mrs Benham: Do you think a Mormon who has ten wives can be really happy?

Benham: Well, he has ten chances to my one.



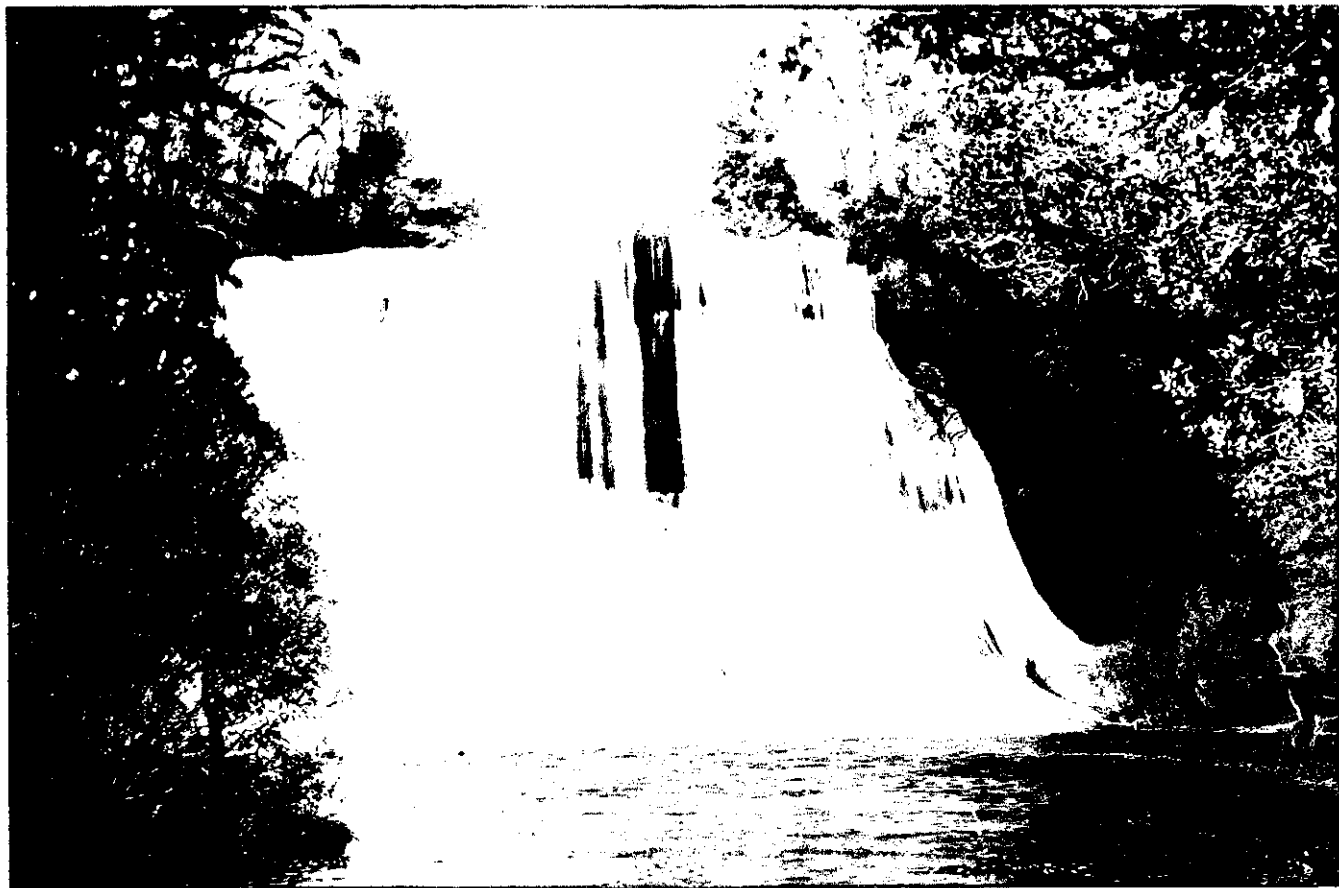




Tourist Department. photo.

**A Beautiful Cove on a Beautiful Lake.**

PUKE HUIA, WAIRAU MOANA.



Tourist Department. photo.

PAPA-O-KORITO FALLS, WAIKAREMOANA.



TO PASTURES NEW: PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY ON A WANGANUI FARM.



MARAEKAKAHO SHEEP STATION, HAWKE'S BAY, NEW ZEALAND.



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR"—Geese at Craigton, Lake Wakatipu, who escaped furnishing Christmas fare.



A RIVER FORD NEAR OPOTIKI.



AN OPOTIKI FARM.

4. M. quarters, photo. Opotiki.

**Pretty Scenery on the Fertile East Coast.**