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The Red Rag to the Bull!!!

People Talked About

W. S. Gilbert: A Famous Humorist and His Work.

When one considers the extraordinary interest which the British public has taken in the personality of Mr Rudyard Kipling, it is surprising that Mr W. S. Gilbert has somehow contrived to escape the embarrassing adulation of the populace, for in a far greater measure than Mr Kipling's has his work found favour with his countrymen. Indeed, if one were asked to name the greatest humorist of our time, there would be small reason to hesitate in nominating the author of the "Bab Ballads," and that long series of brilliant comic operas which brought fame and fortune to Mr Gilbert and to his musical collabora-

tion and Galatea," to his credit before, in 1875, "Thespis," which ran for eighty nights at the old Gaiety, and was followed soon by "Trial by Jury," indicated the possibilities of the Gilbert-Sullivan collaboration. "The Sorcerer," produced at the Opera Comique in November, 1877, was perhaps the real foundation of the unexampled series of triumphs scored by Mr Gilbert as a comic opera librettist.

Mr Gilbert for all his attachment to

devote himself to the writing of comic verse and fairy comedies. A dramatist who refuses to go to the theatre to witness the production of his own work after it has passed the rehearsal stage, seems to be an unromantic figure—and such is Mr W. S. Gilbert. It is the distinguishing feature of his humour to turn things topsy-turvy—is not every situation of that kind now described as "Gilbertian"?—but although in his own person he has illustrated something of this topsy-turviness, W. S. Gilbert, the man, has never occupied so eminent a place in public interest as many of his far lesser contemporaries. Perhaps this is as he would have it, for he is a sworn foe to interviewers, and on one occasion, when approached by a lady-journalist to grant her an interview, he replied that his charge for doing so would be £50.

Perhaps the most popular of his "Bab Ballads" was "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," in which, with absurdly comic detail, an old salt is made to relate the appalling story of how a eastaway crew had been reduced to one man (himself) by the drawing of lots to determine who should be sacrificed for the common pot:

"And I never heff, and I never smle,
And I never tark nor play,
But sit and cronk, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

There are an ever-increasing number of well-known men who drink nothing but water. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, the Baron de Meyer, and Sir John Gorst. One duke there is who rejoices Sir Wilfred Lawson's heart by his staunch teetotalism. This is the Duke of Fife, who has, I believe, been a total abstainer for many years.

A Ducal Water-Drinker.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY GROUP.



Her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Maximilian of Baden, Duchess of Brunswick and Lüneburg with her daughter.

The Duchess of Cumberland, Duchess of Brunswick and Lüneburg.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin (nee Princess Alexandra of Cumberland), who was recently married.

Princess Olga, Duchess of Brunswick and Lüneburg.

tion, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr Kipling, of course, is not conspicuously a humorist—one remembers his "Brug-glesmith" with misgivings—but even so it is not easy to account for the disparity in the public interest taken in the two men; where Mr Kipling has enthralled his thousands, Mr Gilbert has entertained his tens of thousands.

It may be that the personality of a playwright does not come so close to his audience as that of an author; and, furthermore, while Mr Gilbert has introduced this generation to the most delightful of intellectual playgrounds, he has remained himself and I do not think he will resent the suggestion an admirable type of the solid, unpretentious British Philistine. A Justice of the Peace, a country gentleman gravely concerned with the agricultural affairs of his hundred acres, does not strike one as the kind of person to

country life, is a thorough son of London, having been born in Southampton-street, Strand, on November 18th, 1836. His father, William Gilbert, who died in 1839, was a litterateur of considerable reputation, who had been a midshipman in his youth and then a surgeon, before he settled down to a literary career. He wrote some thirty works in all, novels and biographies, his best remembered being a delightful sea story, "King George's Middy." William Schwenck Gilbert's early schooling was obtained at Boulogne and at Great Ealing, and as a scholar he had already won some boyish distinction for his efforts in English, Greek, and Latin verse, before entering King's College, intending to complete his education at Oxford. At nineteen he suddenly came to a decision to enter the Army, commissions in the Royal Artillery having then been thrown open to competitive

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy bell,
And a bos'n tight, and a midshipmate,
And the crew of the captain's gal."

But Mr Gilbert was soon to find that while literary journalism was more profitable to him than his work at the Bar, the theatre was much more lucrative than either, and a burlesque he had written very hurriedly being produced with success at the St. James' during the Christmas season of 1866, he was presently devoting all his energies to writing for the stage. Burlesques, "fairy comedies," dramas, from his pen followed each other in merry succession, and generally with success, for although we are apt to remember him chiefly from the beginning of his famous partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan, he was a dramatist of high reputation, with such admirable plays as "The Princess," "The Palace of Truth," "Pyg-

The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch.

It would be interesting to know what were the real feelings of the Grand Duke Michael with regard to the birth of the little Czarvitch who deprived him of his position as Heir Presumptive to the throne of Russia. To be absolute ruler of that vast country, with all the risks attendant thereon is a dignity from which many people would shrink yet there are attractions about a throne which are very fascinating, and which compensate for a great deal. Peter the Great used to say in merry moments, according to a contemporary chronicler, that it was a happier life to be a British Admiral than a Czar, and perhaps Nicholas II. thinks so too. It is understood that the more enlightened classes in Russia viewed with anything but favour the prospect of the Grand Duke Michael coming to the



THE CARTOON OF THE HOUR—"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU!"
 Governor of Madagascar (anxious to speed the lingering guest): "Must you stop? Can't you go?"
 (This cartoon from "Punch" was topical when the 'Fifeco' mail left London a month since. The fleet is still at Madagascar.)

throne. He is under the close and all-powerful tutelage of the Empress Mother, and a coterie of retrogressive counsellors, whereas now that a direct heir to the throne has been born it is hoped that wiser and more liberal counsels will pre-

vail which will make happier the position of an oppressed people. The young Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Czar, whose portrait we now give, must not be confused with the Grand Duke Michael, first cousin of the Czar.



WHO WILL BE NEXT?
 The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, only surviving brother of the Czar.



UNITED ANCIENT ORDER OF DRUIDS—BI-ANNUAL MEETING OF NORTH ISLAND DISTRICT, NEW PLYMOUTH, 1905.

BACK ROW: C. Kuehn, P.A., Devonport; A. Bremner, P.D.P., Waiuku; J. Georgeson, P.S., Gisborne; E. R. Morgan, P.D.P., Wanganui; H. O. Searle, P.D.P., Porirua; T. Ellingham, P.S., Wairangi; J. S. Dickson, P.A., Newmarket; W. Hunter, P.S., Auckland; H. J. Wrayard, P.S., Poneke; H. Mills, P.A., Dannevirke; T. A. Mitchell, Palmerston North; A. Reid, P.S., Wellington; T. Varcoe, D.P., Nelson; W. W. Mansfield, P.A., Carterton; T. B. Mitchell, P.D.P., Masterton; W. Morrison, P.A., Pahiatua; E. J. Gidley, P.A., Havelock; E. Allen, D.P., Johnsonville.

MIDDLE ROW: J. Purcell, P.D.G.P., Wanganui; J. Grant, D.G.T., Wellington; W. Blomfield, D.G.V.P., Auckland; R. Fletcher, D.G.P., Wellington; J. Mackay, D.G.S., Wellington; B. R. Gardner, J.P.G.D.P., Levin; J. Gilbert, D.G.G., New Plymouth; H. E. West, P.R., Greymouth.

FRONT ROW: F. Bower, P.A., Eltham; A. Christensen, P.D.P., Patea; H. Buxton, D.P., Inglewood; G. Stafford, P.A., Marton; A. A. Plesse, P.S., Pongsonby; G. E. A. Hood, P.A., Newton; G. H. Huthwaite, D.P., Hawera; W. Peck, D.P., Auckland; W. D. Vickers, P.A., Shannon; F. Jennings, P.D.P., Wellington; D. Stone, P.S., Otaki; P. T. Keen, A.D., Eketahuna; W. Nees, P.S., Manukau; J. E. Hughes, A.D., Upper Hut.

Hanna, photo.

SILHOUETTES

CAPTAIN THEODORE THARP AND HIS CLEVER WORK.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDON-DERRY.



THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE.

SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS BY CAPTAIN THARP.

It is with genuine pleasure that we present these beautiful specimens of the silhouette art in our pages this week.

Captain Tharp, whom we may without flattery call the silhouette artist of the day, if not the finest silhouette artist in the world, as described elsewhere, is a truly versatile genius with scissors and paper. With perfect facility and in an incredibly short space of time he is able to turn out the most wonderful groups and pictures, each differing as widely from the other as day from night, and affording proof of wealth and imagination.

For accuracy of form and delicacy of treatment these productions excel anything in the way of silhouette work that we have ever seen. His method is simplicity itself. He cuts out his animals and landscapes with a pair of fine scissors (of which we give a photograph) or as often as not with ordinary scissors, without the help of any drawing whatever, and each group or scene form one piece of black paper, to which not so much as a blade of grass is ever added, nor anything subtracted from the original design to improve it. People who have seen the reproductions of some of his most elaborate silhouettes are naturally sceptical of such extraordinary achievements being possible by such means. Indeed, openly expressed doubts have come to the knowledge of our silhouette artist, who here issues a challenge to the public at large that a select committee of the sceptical shall appoint a place of meeting and watch him while he accomplishes the task of cutting out some intricate jungle scene, or what-not, in the simple way he prides himself upon doing.

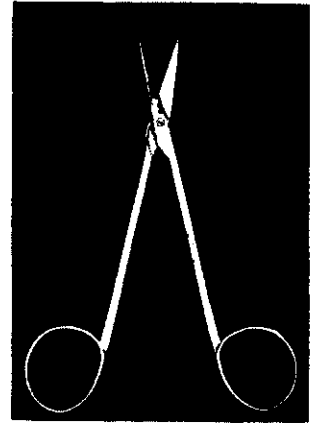
As a matter of fact, Captain Tharp's skill is entirely confined to his scissors; he is no draughtsman, and would only spoil his silhouette if he attempted to invoke the aid of pen or pencil. Ruskin, who, some years ago, had some of his silhouette work shown to him, himself expressed a certain scepticism, and declared he could not understand how

anybody possessed or such a correct eye for form and composition should not be an expert artist with pen, brush, or pencil. He considered Captain Tharp to be a fine sculptor thrown away by not having cultivated that branch of art. The question may arise in the minds of some as to how he has acquired his intimate knowledge of animal form as evinced in all his pictures. The answer is, through studying from life, and having a retentive memory which enables him to keep stored up in his mind all that he has seen in field, forest and jun-

creatures in their various attitudes and the perspective of their horns at different angles. He had the great advantage when a child in the nursery of being able to watch these animals day after day in his grandfather's deer-park. Nothing delighted him more than to come suddenly across the herds and see them facing him with inquisitive looks, when he would take mental notes, and on returning to the house attempt to cut them out of paper in all their different attitudes and positions—foresbortened, grazing, running, or lying down. His childish efforts with clumsy nursery scissors and old newspapers were not appreciated by his nurses, who probably only smacked him for wasting paper. But some of these crude efforts were rescued by his father, who saw the germs of genius in the boy's work, and kept them for comparison in after years with the finished silhouette productions of mature experience. Captain Tharp enjoys another great advantage in having served several years in India, when he was able to study jungle life from personal observation instead of from books. There, with his own eyes, he could see the denizens of the great Terai—the gerow, the sambur, the barasing, the cheetah, the karkur, and dozens of other species of his beloved deer, the delight of his heart; also the bears of the Lolab Valley in Kashmir, the ibex, markhor, ovis ammon of the lofty Himalayan ranges, and a host of other wild creatures wherewith to stock his memory.

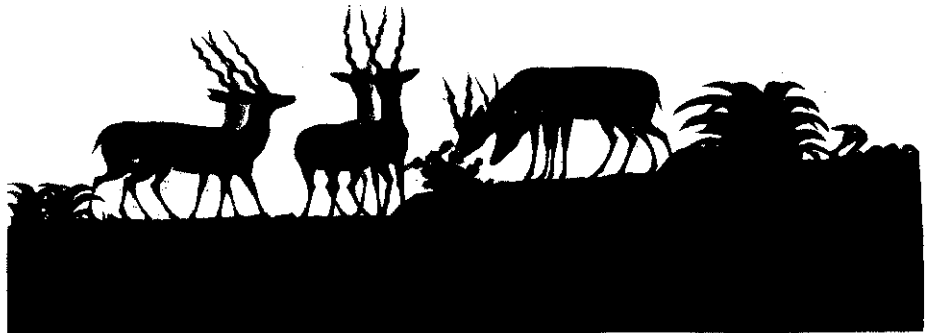
It is not given to every officer serving in India to have such opportunities as fell to Captain Tharp's share of studying big game from life and sport in its different branches. The result of such experience is amply shown in the extremely fruitful silhouette scenes which he is now giving to the public through the medium of various illustrated magazines and sporting papers. The more difficult the subjects the more he revels in doing them; complicated scenes, such as pig-sticking, tiger-shooting, cheetah-hunting, all of which, and many other forms of sport he has himself enjoyed out there, are child's-play to his nimble

that Captain Tharp stands unrivalled in the field. The art of the silhouette differs vastly from the art of drawing or painting. In the latter pictures can be worked out by elaborate and laborious means and touched up and improved to the highest degree, whereas the silhouette is just cut out straight ahead on the impulse of genius, so to say, and as the scissors cut, so must the lines



SCISSORS USED BY CAPTAIN THARP FOR CUTTING SILHOUETTES.

remain. There can be no rubbing out and altering afterwards to satisfy the artist's caprices. Before beginning his work he must have a clear image in his mind's eye of what he purposes producing. He cannot add to and embellish his work as he goes along. He must begin with a fixed purpose and adhere to that purpose. When the piece of paper is once cut off it is done with; it cannot be replaced if it turns out that the silhouette artist has made a mistake. All he can do is to reject the work and



THE SHADOWS OF A SHADOW. This silhouette is slightly raised from its white background, being separated by a strip of cardboard along the base. The silhouette itself thus casts a shadow.

gl. He never uses a model, and never copies from a picture, except in the case of historical portraits. From his boyhood he has ever been a keen observer of animal life, especially of deer, which he glories in delineating with his marvellous scissors, making light of the difficult task of portraying the graceful

scissors. And for delicate cutting, look, for instance, at that tropical branch teeming with animal life, monkeys, birds, squirrels, snakes, and imagine the original unmounted as it was brought to us, and laid across the palm of your hand, looking like very fine lace-work, the same with the fox and ducks, also brought to us unmounted. If the still sceptical desire to be relieved of their scepticism, these specimens of really marvellous silhouette cutting can be seen any day at our office to prove the genuineness of the work. Nor is Captain Tharp less expert in cutting in the old-fashioned silhouette likeness of the eighteenth century, than he is in delineating animals. By simply studying a profile (especially a lovely woman's) for a few moments he can cut it afterwards from memory and produce a good likeness. And in the faithful portrayal of the human form divine, whether on horseback or on foot, his graceful scenes from the hunting-field, the skating-rink, or the ballroom are not to be excelled.

It is a rare and extraordinary gift indeed that of the true silhouette artist, who adopts the simple means we have explained of achieving his results. In this respect we have no hesitation in saying

start again. But Captain Tharp never finds himself in this position. He never makes a mistake in his unerring scissors, never a false cut, nor by accident snips off a leg or an antler, or even a blade of grass. His perfect accuracy and artistic grip of his subject protects him against failure. In this he shows that he is a far more ready artist than the wielder of the brush or pencil, who can rub out and alter and touch up as he chooses.

Given first the extraordinary talent, which can never be acquired by any amount of practice, three qualities are essential to becoming an expert silhouette artist: a correct eye for form, a singularly delicate touch, and a steady hand. With out these qualifications no man living could achieve the marvellous results which may be seen in these reproductions, and yet the beautiful little pictures given here are nothing to what Captain Tharp is capable of accomplishing. For many years he allowed this gift to lie fallow, and it was only by a pure accident that he took to silhouette again at the beginning of last December. He was doing one night, when his hostess, a valued friend, remarked to him, playfully, "Captain



A REALISTIC SCENE.

Tharp, I'll never ask you to my house again if you don't cut me out a group of deer and another of horses for my charity bazaar just before Christmas." In vain he pleaded that he never cut out anything now, that he had quite given it up, that it bored him and tired his sight, and made other excuses. But the lady would not be denied. She wrote him an urgent letter later, sent him some black paper and a beautiful pair of scissors (those of our photograph), when he had no alternative but to yield. He did the coveted groups for the bazaar, which sold splendidly, and this led to his doing more. His friends had

has already reached Paris and New York, which places he contemplates visiting before long with his scissors and paper in response to the urgent advice of people who know and avow that he could make at least £50 in either city where he makes £10 in London. That may or may not be so, but the pleasure of the trips would more than justify the experiment, and all this he owes to an accident. Often and often has he returned his grateful thanks to that good angel, the hostess who forced him to take up his scissors once more. In concluding our article, we will just say a word as to the simple materials

animals with any ordinary scissors; the fine point he only needs for the farewell jungle and foliage.

Edward Terry and the Drunkard

Here is a story which was not included among the many fold of Mr. Edward Terry at that popular comedian's farewell dinner at the Savoy, just before the "Frisco" mail left. Mr. Terry, as is well known, is connected very closely with what are generally called "local affairs" in the picturesque borough of Barnes.

drunk, and the worse one of promising not to get drunk and never being sober. One day the highly respectable head of "The House of Burnside" met the "bad boy," who had just been breaking his promise rather freely at an adjacent inn, and rated him severely for his weakness. The old fellow took the lapel of Mr. Terry's municipal frock coat between his finger and thumb, and answered reproachfully: "Now, look 'e here, my dear feller, I've been makin' 'quarries' bout you, an' I had you've as bad as me. Fat o' mine says he saw you in the Strand blind as a owl, sayin' to a young man who'd been trying to do you a bit o' good, 'Las' time, Clunney, my boy, the las' time!' An' when he'd gone you went an' took a lot more!" Mr. Terry explained to the old toper that his friend had seen him playing the part of Dick Phycyl in "Sweet Lavender," and that the tipsiness was all assumed, but he shook his head knowingly, and staggered away repeating half to himself the words, or part of words, "Oh, no, no! You don't tell me! Inventin' artful stories is part o' the d'sease. Play indeed! an' th' heart! Wha' neev? 'E's a nice one to tell the feetotal tale! Bad as I am, ev'ry bit!"

Singer and Musician Too.

The production of "Dorothy" at the Gaiety and its subsequent run at the Prince of Wales' were phenomenally rich in the making of reputations. Mr Ben Davies, who had before won a provincial reputation in the Carl Rosa Opera, won his London spurs as the tenor; Miss Marie Tempest added to her laurels; and Mr Hayden Collin came into his own as a singer of pathetic ballads with his rendering of "Queen of My Heart." Mr Hayden Collin caught the fancy of the army of women playgoers, with whom he has since rivalled in popularity Mr George Alexander himself. If he were in America the "Yellow Press" would call him a "matinee idol." Off the stage Mr Hayden Collin is a good-hearted, sympathetic man, with views and with ambitions. He is interested in the repertory theatre, and not long ago gave an example of his yearning to play more "real" parts than musical comedy gives him by acting John Ridd in "Lorna Doone," when it was performed at the Avenue. Mr Hayden Collin is an old University College School boy, and is an accomplished musician.



A WONDERFUL SILHOUETTE BY CAPTAIN THARP.

no mercy on him now when they found him with his magic scissors in his hands again, and literally besieged him for specimens of his art, with the result that in a very short time he turned out no less than forty-seven gratis groups and pictures to satisfy their capacity. Then, realising that his prowess must be of some commercial value, he put his silhouettes upon the market and was quite astonished to find how art editors and others received him with open arms. More than this, his fame as a silhouettist

required for his silhouette work. They comprise what is called in the trade "surface paper," which is unglazed, of a dull black on one side and white on the other costing three halfpence a sheet. The best card board for mounting his pictures on, which can be obtained from any stationer for twopence a sheet, tissue paper to prevent the black from rubbing, and a modest bottle of special paste. As to the scissors, the photograph speaks for itself, but we repeat that Captain Tharp can cut out his

Indeed, so great a man is he in the place, that some of the residents he has left behind him for the time that he will be in America have christened him temporarily "Mr. Barnes of New York." Mr. Terry's municipal duties naturally include the moral, but not compulsory, one of putting down drink: not as it was put down at his farewell dinner, but in the less comfortable sense of reformation; and one of the actor's "bad boys" of Barnes is an old gentleman who has contracted the bad habit of



A COMPOSITE SILHOUETTE PICTURE.

The black paper is mounted on grey paper, which is cut and mounted on white paper, to show the moon and reflections.

The Man Who Laughed in Church



By W. A. M. Soode

The Squire of the Village Never Could Explain Him and the Curate Never Would

"That it may please Thee to provide a doctor for the afflicted island of Penpharia—"

This intercession "on behalf of special missions" came with solemn earnestness from the lips of a young man reading the Litany at a simple faldstool in the village church of Waddington. Fresh from the "Varsity," passionately anxious for the efficacy of this particular prayer, the new curate-in-charge scarcely heard the straggling response, inane and pertinacious:

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

From the end of the old church came an unmistakable laugh. All heads, save that of the young priest, rapt in his special intercessions, turned to discover the identity of the offender. Staring over a pew, beyond the worm-eaten seats where the school children giggled, beyond the well-worn pews of Waddington's oldest inhabitants, out of sight of the cruciform—sacred to the Squire—in the midst of hobbled-up sons of farmers waiting to creep out before the sermon, was the face of a stranger: the only strange face that Waddington had seen for many a day.

A lingering smile identified him as the offender. The startled curiosity of Waddington made the culprit suddenly conscious of the disturbance he had caused.

Among the sleek and oily heads of Sunday agriculture the face of the irreverent intruder stood out in startling contrast. This was scarcely surprising, for even in the great cities of the world people stopped to look at that face. Years of exposure to tropical suns, to privations and hardships, had left it still unusually handsome; even success had not robbed it of extraordinary fascination.

When the service was over the man who had laughed strolled round the church as if to view its ancient buttresses. Once safe from the prying eyes of rusties he retraced his steps, knocked at the vestry door and entered. The young priest was nearly ready to leave the church.

"Excuse me," said the intruder, "but I owe you an apology. I'm afraid I laughed while you read the—Litany. And, do you know, I hadn't the faintest intention of laughing aloud."

The Reverend Eugene Fairfax looked puzzled; then, seeing so much kindly humor in the eyes of this middle-aged man, who stood, apologetic, like some small boy extenuating his misbehavior in church, the curate-in-charge smiled the frank grin that is common to young men fresh from Oxford, even though they be priests.

"I'm afraid," he said, "I couldn't have been listening to the congregation, because I didn't hear anybody laugh." Then, with a touch of seriousness, and not without deference to the age and bearing of this visitor: "Besides, I'd scarcely think that you would intentionally make a scene—I mean—"

"Yes, I know what you mean. You're quite right and you're wrong. But, you see, your reference to Penpharia was so killingly funny—" The elder man chuckled at the thought.

In an instant the diffidence of the curate-in-charge vanished. He was no

longer the "Varsity" graduate, talking to a man of the world. He was the priest, in full exercise of sacerdotal function.

"You have no right to speak so of solemn intercession, especially here, in the church itself." Then he added, for his vanity as well as his principles was hurt:

"I do not know who you are, and if I did I should not allow you to come here to insult gratuitously the service of the church."

Quite suddenly the stranger put both his hands on the shoulders of the curate-in-charge. There was an intuitive movement of escape, but the grip of the elder man held the priest motionless. The man who had laughed in church looked down into the clean-cut face of the man whom he had heard pray; and he found it very good to look upon.

"Never mind who I am," he said; "I'm not so earnest and not so good a man as you are, though I probably was just as enthusiastic—once. But you've got too much latent humour and decency in this face of yours not to see how—how—well, I don't want to hurt your feelings—how odd it was to run in an appeal for a doctor at Penpharia on a congregation which didn't contain one single, solitary soul—present company excepted—who knew where or what Penpharia is. The villagers of Waddington taking an intelligent interest in Penpharia! Think of it, man, think of it! Now, admit it. Mesopotamia or the Garden of Eden would have meant more to them, wouldn't it?"

The grip was released and the stranger gave himself up to unconstrained laughter. In that second the Reverend Eugene Fairfax came uncommonly near hitting him. But they were still in the vestry, and after all, the laugh was not satirical or sardonic; just the loud, infectious mirth that only big men have. The intruder was an unusually big man. And before he knew it, the Reverend Eugene Fairfax was laughing too.

"Mind you," and the big man relapsed into seriousness. "I appreciated your earnestness, though, for the life of me, I can't see why a country curate should take liberties with the Litany on account of Penpharia."

The Rev. Eugene Fairfax bitterly regretted that he had laughed the moment before. In acid tones he remarked:

"Why I should discuss this with you I fail to see. You doubtless do not know of the existence of the Universities' Missions."

"Tell me—" But the young curate interrupted.

"Really, I do not think I can tell you anything. You said you came here to make an apology. You have made everything but that."

He started toward the door.

"I beg your pardon." The elder man caught his arm with a grip, and a twinkle in his eye that belied the apologetic tones.

"I see," he went on, "I'm so confoundedly awkward or frank in my expressions that I can't appeal to your sense of humour without hurting your feelings and your sense of propriety. Let me be sentimental for a moment, and tell you that its twenty-five years since I was in this church, yet I was christened here and spent many Sundays in those old pews. It's the first time I've been back and—oh, well—can't you see how delightfully different you were to me from the droning old days of my childhood and—how—how—extraordinary it was to hear you appeal for the prayers of the doddering Waddingtonites on behalf of an island which none of 'em had ever heard of?"

The indignation of the curate-in-charge gave place to keen interest, not untinted with curiosity.

"Won't you please tell me your name?" he asked with sudden earnestness.

"To put in your 'Book of Parishioners'?" The elder man laughed aloud.

"Do be serious for a moment." The Rev. Eugene Fairfax said this with almost comic pathos. Then, again remembering where he was, he added:

"Let's talk outside and—perhaps you'll come and have luncheon"—with a smile—"as you really do belong here. Then I might be able to explain to you why a man may be keen on the Universities' Mission and not ashamed to pray, even in Waddington Church, for the help they need."

So the man who laughed in church and the new curate-in-charge walked down the little village street together. The curate talked constantly of the excellent work that his beloved mission was doing, of the men who devoted their lives and incomes to its service and faced all kinds of dangers for the sake of spreading Christianity. They were all such a "good sort"; many had got their "Blues"; all had taken part in Oxford life, in one way or another, apart from its religious phases. None received any money for his work. The curate-in-charge said this with conscious pride; yet in the next breath he admitted that he bewailed his own poverty, which compelled him to stay at home and, on the much-needed stipend of curate-in-charge, eat out his heart's desire in prayer for the richer friends whose means enabled them to do missionary work in foreign lands. Especially did he dilate on his desire to go to the plague-stricken island of Penpharia, now shunned by Europeans.

The chop, eaten to much talking in the rooms of the curate-in-charge, was

almost finished before the host, somewhat shyly, reverted to a desire to know his guest's name. The older man pulled a card from his pocket and passed it over the curate-in-charge. On it was engraved:

"Lionel Black, M.D., F.R.S."

The curate looked up. Dismay and doubt struggled for expression.

"You're not—not—the Doctor Black—the celebrated Doctor Black, who has discovered the bacillus of the plague?"

Lionel Black lay back and laughed, for the Reverend Fairfax had risen from his seat, and, much as he might have stood before his own bishop, was now standing before his guest stammering out apologies and explanations.

"Sit down and finish your chop," laughed Black. "Remember I'm one of your parishioners—or might have been—and I must keep respect for my parish padre."

"But,"—and the young man could scarcely more than stammer—"you've been to Penpharia. Ah, now I understand why you couldn't help laughing. All our missionaries say you've done infinitely more for the good of the natives than they have ever been able to do."

The tribute of religion to science was made almost reluctantly. Then the curate-in-charge impulsively held out his hand.

"Forgive me, won't you, sir? You see, living in a village makes one—well—a bit narrow. And I couldn't have known who you were—could I? If I been able to go out abroad, like the other chaps, I probably shouldn't have made such an ass of myself."

At that moment Lionel Black felt almost guilty of deception in not having revealed his identity earlier. As a matter of fact it had never occurred to him that the curate would even know his name. This sudden hero-worship made him feel all the more embarrassed. His insistent demand for another chop alone saved him from being obliged to give minute description of all the plague colonies he had ever lived in or ever visited. The curate-in-charge covertly informed the landlady of the identity of his guest. As she had just read that the great Doctor Black had declined a title from the King she quickly formed the opinion that the curate had wonderful but eccentric friends. This was quite an inaccurate conclusion.

As a matter of fact, the curate-in-charge had, from one of his most intimate friends, the latest information regarding the spread of plague at Penpharia. This intensely interested Doctor Black, who had not been to that island for several years and had not been able to procure satisfactory details of the scourge which had now attacked even the majority of the white population. The curate-in-charge was in the seventh heaven of delight at being able to give the famous specialist any new information. Keenly the doctor read every recent letter Fairfax had received.

"By thunder!" he said at last; "it's almost interesting enough to go out there, especially in view of what your friend says about those exceptional symptoms. That's quite new and very important. If one could only give up one's lectures and hadn't got a huge laboratory to superintend—"

Something in the curate's look stopped

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

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

THE RACHEL PRIVATE BATHS are also supplied by the Rachel Spring. In addition to privacy, there is the advantage of obtaining a bath at any desired temperature. Special baths and 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.

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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 Maifrey 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 20/ per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. Owing to the accommodation being limited, and the great demand for beds, intending patients are advised to secure accommodation in advance. Patients recommended by Hospital or Charitable Aid Boards and members of duly registered Friendly Societies are admitted at 21/ per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

The Government Bacteriologist, ARTHUR S. WOHLMANN, M.D., B.S., London, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Eng., is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by WILLIAM B. CRAIG, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.). Either of these medical officers may be consulted at the Sanatorium, or will, on request, attend at visitors' residences.

TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the mammoth Waimangu Geyser. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tititapu and Hotokeakahi, 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.

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

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LAKE WAKATIPU.

WAKATIPU, the most easily accessible of the great Southern Lakes, is one day's journey by train from Dunedin or Invercargill. Lefty mountains rising 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 Cañon 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 at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Te Aroha, Rotorua, Wairoa (H.B.), Hamner 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. Gow, Commercial Agent, for New Zealand, Durban, South Africa. For details as to routes, fares and time-tables see Tourist Department's Itinerary. Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department.

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him. The young priest's eyes had lighted up with an almost weird expression, half prayer, half expectation. Lionel Black instinctively felt that the curate was saying to himself: "That it may please thee to send a doctor—"

"No." Doctor Black spoke sharply, answering the other man's unspoken thoughts. "No." Then, almost unkindly, "I don't go much on the efficacy of prayer. It would be perfect madness for me to go there—it's utterly impossible, my boy. I have to be in half a dozen capitals in the next three months and I have promised the Government to attend several conferences. Don't, please, think that I was dreaming of giving you a sudden answer to your prayer. Indeed, I'd be little good there, even if I could go."

To console the curate for the hope of prayer fulfilled, so unintentionally kindled, so promptly shattered, Doctor Black promised that when he returned to London he would keep the idea in mind and suggest it to "any young fool who wanted to throw his life away."

The rare touch of frankness, knowledge and sympathy which had come into the curate's life with the sudden and brief appearance of Lionel Black was growing more and more of a memory—treasured, though in mental perspective, like the page of some complex book, read centuries before—when, one morning, there came a letter addressed to the Reverend Eugene Fairfax. This was what Lionel Black wrote:

"My dear Clap, Don't mind my calling you that, because I'm accustomed to like or dislike people on sight, and if I like them I must be familiar, regardless of their age or calling. I am going to Penpharia—"

The curate-in-charge gasped; for a few seconds he could scarcely see the writing, though it was clear and bold enough. He read on:

"But please do not deceive yourself that this is due to the efficacy of the prayer you put into the Litany the day I met you. I hate faithlessness myself, and I cannot stand men I like attributing wrong motives for my actions—so I deceive you, at the risk not only of hurting your feelings, but of profaning all those quite nice religious attributes which, upon people less hardened and hopeless than myself, might doubtless have strong and beneficial effect. To be strictly honest, I should probably have decided to go to Penpharia if I had never met you, though being, thank Heaven, a creature of impulse I can never quite accurately forecast my actions. My desertion of everything in England will be described as utterly mad by people who know me, and as heroic by the outside world. As a matter of fact, it is neither, for the plague situation at Penpharia has recently grown to such extremes that I am taken up with curiosity to see things as they are for myself. My chief motive in leaving all my work and breaking all my engagements, you will probably see some stupid amusement in the papers after I've gone—is to investigate a curious phase of the disease which, judging from what your friend at Penpharia wrote, may prove my original analysis incorrect and necessitate a serious modification of my serum, which in other localities has proved fairly successful."

But enough of that. The quaintness—forgive me if I am too frank—of your prayer, and my sudden departure—no one knows it except yourself—form a present coincidence much too alarming to go unexplained. And you are far too good a fellow to be allowed to harbour any stupid hallucination. 'Tis now nearly two months since I saw you, but I shall always think of our meeting with pleasure some young persons would have been fearfully severe with me—and when I'm out in Penpharia the recollection of your inexplicable enthusiasm for the inhabitants of that island—supremely uninteresting except from the point of view of a medical monomaniac—will often be a source of amused gratification to—Yours very sincerely, Lionel Black."

A few minutes after his letter had been read the curate-in-charge was kneeling before the altar in the old parish church.

"When I was in trouble," he softly repeated to himself, "I called upon the Lord," then, rapturously "and He heard me."

The sophistries and the explanations of the great specialist in plague were utterly unheeded in the glow of great faith which pervaded this young man's soul. All he knew was that his prayer had been answered.

"Laudate Dominum." The deserted church echoed and re-echoed with the ecstatic, lonely chant of praise and thanksgiving to God.

It was such a curious service that the people of Woddlington have never quite been able to find out what it was all about. The curate, who never refers to it, announced it as a requiem service; but the village takes the Squire's word for it that it was no such thing, because there were nothing but psalms and hymns of praise and victory. As Andrew Craig, the parish clerk, says, "It was Benedictus, Benedicte and Laudate Dominum without end, which have now to do with funerals." When the curate finally asked every one to pray for the peace of the gloriously martyred soul of Lionel Black, and started to intone, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these—" he broke down, and the service came to an abrupt and painful end.

That good churchman, the Squire, has never been able to get any satisfactory explanation, and frankly declares that he can't for the life of him understand these innovations of the curate. And the village of Woddlington agrees.

They Used Stimulants.

WERE BRILLIANT MINDS MADE MORE BRILLIANT THEREBY?

There was a long discussion at the Lotus Club the other evening about the use of stimulants by authors. Most of those who took part in the argument maintained that real genius needed no outward or inward influences, and that the divine spark would attain its greater brilliancy if only let alone. As one expressed it, "Genius is a sort of mental radium, which throws off power and light of its own self."

One by one the members of the minority became silent, and it seemed that the non-stimulants had won the battle, when an old, bushy headed man, who shaved all of his face with the exception of a small tuft under his chin, took off his glasses and exclaimed:

"Why, then, do so many of them take something?"

This sally aroused several members of the non-stimulants to challenge the speaker, who replied:

"Why, take our dearly beloved Mark Twain, for example. Don't you remember what he says in his book, 'Following the Equator,' how he tells of his inability to begin the book, and wondered at first what was the matter with him, how at last he decided that his abstinence from black cigars might be the reason, and how after he set them on fire again the words came to him?"

There was a little pause, which was broken by the old man, who added more softly:

"And I don't know whether you may have noticed it or not, but when Mr Clemens is a guest at a public dinner, and is expected to speak, he always sips a hot whisky. That's what he did, for example, at the dinner our club gave him on his return from his long sojourn abroad some three years ago."

"But that is only one instance," interrupted a member of the opposition. "Mr Clemens doubtless has colds when he takes hot whisky, and as for his cigars, I think that was a Mark Twain joke."

"Well, then, I'll recall some more examples. We all know that Pope could not write unless he had sipped strong coffee for an hour beforehand, and that often when writing the 'Essay on Man' he would drink coffee instead of going to his meals, for days at a time. Schiller found a peculiar inspiration in apples. As he could not eat them as he wrote without interrupting his flights of thought, he saturated the table top on

which he worked with apple juice, so that he might constantly inhale an apple flavour."

Byron, like Poe, used gin to facilitate expression, although both lived before the day of the gin fizz and the gin rummy. Both simply diluted the raw spirit with tepid water and let it cool before drinking. Tennyson smoked hard when at work, and he is said to have inhaled up seventeen pipefuls over a single couplet. Both Coleridge and De Quincey used opium in the course of their lives, and some of the most fantastic lines of 'The Ancient Mariner' are said to have been penned under the influence of this drug.

Some of our most eminent statesmen also are recorded to have indulged in stimulants under the stress of action. Gladstone's favourite concoction was sherry and egg. Disraeli ate champagne jelly. Webster used whisky.

"I could also quote many great actors who had recourse to stimulants, both in the strain of preparing for a play and also in the stress of portraying their parts. Mrs Siddons drank a glass of porter just before the curtain went up for each act. Edmund Kean sipped beef tea in the wings constantly with a bit of cold brandy just before the crucial point of the play?"

"But you don't mean to say that you advise a young man to take to drugs and liquors in order to win fame?" said a portly, smooth faced man who had preached in an up-State church before he began to write books on religion. One might see by the way he asked the question that no possible answer could spare him.

"I am giving advice to no one," was the quiet answer. "I am only stating facts. If Byron had not touched gin or Tennyson tobacco, I have no doubt they would have eventually reached as high ideals as yours."

But the literary theologian only shook his head.

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MAX D. KING, Secretary Waiki Hospital.

The Managers, N.Z. Acetylene and Water Gas Coy., WAIKI BOROUGH COUNCIL, WAIKI, 26th September, 1904.

Dear Sir, I have much pleasure in certifying to the very complete manner in which you have installed your Acetylene Gas in our Municipal Chambers. There are 24 burners in the building, which have been in use continuously, giving the most complete satisfaction. Your generator constructed with our installation is exceedingly ingenious in design, and can be attended to with perfect safety by anyone—Yours faithfully,

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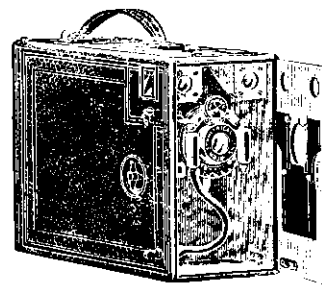
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Will Warburton

A Romance of Real Life

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

By way of Allechin, who knew all the gossip of the neighbourhood, Warburton learnt that his new competitor in trade was a man with five children and a wife given to drink; he had been in business in another part of London, and was suspected to have removed with the hope that new surroundings might help his wife to overcome her disastrous failing. A very respectable man, people said; kind husband, good father, honest dealer. But Allechin reported, with a twinkle of the eye, that all his capital had gone in the new start, and it was already clear that his business did not thrive.

"We shall starve him out!" cried the assistant, snapping his thumb and finger.

"And what'll become of him then?" asked Will.

"Oh, that's for him to think about," replied Allechin. "Wouldn't he starve us, if he could, sir?"

And Warburton, brooding on this matter, stood appalled at the ferocity of the struggle amid which he lived, in which he had his part. Gone was his old enjoyment of the streets of London. In looking back upon his mood of that earlier day, he saw himself as an incredibly ignorant and careless man; marvelled at the lightness of heart which had enabled him to find amusement in rambling over this vast slaughter-strewn field of battle. Picturesque, forsooth! Where was its picturesqueness for that struggling soon-to-be-defeated tradesman, with his tipsy wife, and band of children who looked to him for bread? "And I myself am crushing the man—na surely as if I had my hand on his gullet and my knee on his chest! Crush him I must; otherwise, what becomes of that little home down at St. Neots—dear to me as his children are to him. There's no room for both of us; he has come too near; he must pay the penalty of his miscalculation. Is there not the workhouse for such people?" And Will went repeating to himself, "There's the workhouse—don't I pay poor-rates?—the workhouse is an admirable institution."

He lay awake many an hour of these winter nights, seeing in vision his own life and the life of man. He remembered the office in Little Aisle-street, saw himself and Godfrey Sherwood sitting together, talking, laughing, making a jest of their effort to support a doomed house. Godfrey used to repeat legends, sagas, stories of travel, as though existence had not a care, or the possibility of one; and he, in turn, talked about some bit of London he had been exploring, showed an old map he had picked up, an old volume of London topography. The white, world-wide forces, the hunger-struggle of nations, were shaking the roof above their heads. Theoretically he knew it. But they could escape in time; they had a cosy little corner preserved for themselves, safe from these pestilent worries. Fate has a grudge against the foolishly secure. If he laughed now, it was in self-mockery.

The night of London, always rife with mysterious sounds, spoke dreadfully in his straining ear. He heard voices near and far, cries of pain or of misery, shouts savage or bestial; over and through all, that low, far-off rumble or roar, which never for a moment ceases, the groan, as it seemed, of suffering multitudes. There tripped before his dreaming eyes a procession from the world of wealth and pleasure, and the amazement with which he viewed it changed upon a sudden to fiery wrath; he tossed upon the bed, uttered his rage in a loud exclamation, felt his heart pierced with misery which brought him all but to tears. Close upon astonishment and indignation followed dread. Given health

and strength, he might perhaps continue to hold his own in this merciless conflict; perhaps only; but what if some accident, such as befalls this man or that in every moment of time, threw him among the weaklings? He saw his mother, in her age and ill-health, reduced to the pittance of the poorest; his sister going forth to earn her living; himself, a helpless burden upon them both.—Nay, was there not rat-poison to be purchased?

How—he cried within himself—how, in the name of sense and mercy, is mankind content to live on in such a world as this? By what devil are they hunted, that, not only do they neglect the means of solace suggested to every humane and rational mind, but, the vast majority of them, spend all their strength and ingenuity in embittering the common lot? Overwhelmed by the hateful unreason of it all, he felt as though his brain reeled on the verge of madness.

Every day, and all the day long, the shop, the counter. Had he chosen, he might have taken a half-holiday, now and then; on certain days, Allechin was quite able, and abundantly willing, to manage alone; but what was the use? To go to a distance was merely to see with more distinctness the squalor of his position. Never for a moment was he tempted to abandon this work; he saw no hope whatever of earning money in any other way, and money he must needs earn, as long as he lived. But the life weighed upon him with a burden such as he had never imagined. Never had he understood before what was meant by the sickening weariness of routine; his fretfulness as a youth in the West Indies seemed to him now inconceivable. His own master? Why, he was the slave of every kitchen wench who came into the shop to spend a penny; he trembled at the thought of failing to please her, and so losing her custom. The grovery odours, once pleasant to him, had grown nauseating. And the ever repeated tasks, the weighing, parcel making, string cutting; the parrot phrases a thousand times repeated; the idiot bowing and smiling—how these things gnawed at his nerves, till he quivered like a broken horse. He tried to console himself by thinking that things were now at the worst; that he was subduing himself, and would soon reach a happy, dull indifference; but in truth it was with fear that he looked forward. Fear of unknown possibilities in himself; fear that he might sink yet more wretchedly in his own esteem.

For the worst part of his suffering was self-scorn. When he embarked upon this strange enterprise, he knew, or thought he knew, all the trials to which he would be exposed, and not slight would have been his indignation had anyone ventured to hint that his character might prove unequal to the test. Sherwood's letter had pleased him so much, precisely because it praised his resolve as courageous, manly. On manliness of spirit, Will had always piqued himself; it was his pride that he carried a heart equal to any lot imposed upon him by duty. Yet little more than a twelvemonth of shopkeeping had so undermined his pluck, enfeebled his temper, that he could not regard himself in the glass without shame. He tried to explain it by failure of health. Assuredly his physical state had for months been declining, and the bad cold from which he had recently suffered seemed to complete his moral downfall. In this piercing and gloom-wrapped month of February, coward thoughts continually beset him. In his cold lodgings, in the cold streets, in the draughts of the shop, he felt soul and body shrink together, till he became as the meekest of stammering bucksters.

Then something happened, which recurred him for a while from this haunting snail. One night, just at closing time—

a night of wild wind and driven rain—Mrs Hopper came rushing into the shop, her face a tale of woe. Warburton learnt that her sister Liza, the ailing girl whom he had befriended in his comfortable days, had been seized with lung hemorrhage, and lay in a lamentable state; the help of Mrs Allechin was called for, and any other that might be forthcoming. Two years ago, Will would have responded to such an appeal as this with lavish generosity; now, though the impulse of compassion blinded him for a moment to his changed circumstances, he soon remembered that his charity must be that of a poor man, of a debtor. He paid for a cab, that the two women might speed to their sister through the stormy night as quickly as possible, and he promised to think of what could be done for the invalid—with the result that he lost a night's sleep in calculating what sum he might spare. On the morrow came the news he had expected; the doctor suggested Brompton Hospital, if admission could be obtained; home treatment at this time of the year, and in the patient's circumstances, was not likely to be of any good. Warburton took the matter in hand, went about making inquiries, found that there must necessarily be delay. Right or wrong, he put his hand in his pocket, and Mrs Hopper was enabled to nurse her sister in a way otherwise impossible. He visited the sick-room, and in an hour managed to talk as of old, in the note of gallant sympathy and encouragement. Let there be no stint of fire, of food, of anything the doctor might advise. Meanwhile, he would ask about other hospitals—do everything in his power. As indeed he did, with the

result that in a fortnight's time, the sufferer was admitted to an institution to which, for the nonce, Warburton had become a subscriber.

He saw her doctor. "Not much chance, I'm afraid. Of course if she were able to change climate—that kind of thing, but, under the circumstances—"

And through a whole Sunday morning Will paced about his little sitting room, not caring to go forth, not caring to read, caring for nothing at all in a world so full of needless misery. "Of course, if she were able to change climate—" Yes, the accident of possessing money; a life to depend upon that! In another station—though, as likely as not, with no moral superiority to justify the privilege—the sick woman would be guarded, soothed, fortified by every expedient of science, every resource of humanity. Chances to be poor, and not only must you die when you need not, but must die with the minimum of comfort, the extreme of bodily and mental distress. This commonplace struck so forcibly upon Will's imagination that it was as a new discovery to him. He stood amazed, bewildered—as men of any thinking power are wont to do when experience makes real to them the truisms of life. A few coins, or pieces of printed paper, to signify all that! An explosion of angry laughter broke the mood.

Pacing, pacing, back and fro in the little room, for hour after hour, till his head whirled, and his legs ached. Out of doors there was fitfully glinting sunshine upon the wet roofs; a pale blue now and then revealed amid the grey rack. Two years ago he would have walked twenty miles on a day like this,

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with eyes for nothing but the beauty and joy of earth. Was he not—he suddenly asked himself—a wiser man now than then? Did he not see into the truth of things; whereas, formerly, he had seen only the deceptive surface? There should be some solace in this reflection, if he took it well to heart.

Then his mind wandered away to Norbert Franks, who at this moment was somewhere enjoying himself. This afternoon he might be calling upon the Crosses. Why should that thought be disagreeable? It was, as he perceived, not for the first time. If he pictured the artist chatting side by side with Bertha Cross, something turned cold within him. By the bye, it was rather a long time since he had seen Miss Cross; her mother had been doing the shopping lately. She might come, perhaps, one day this week; the chance gave him something to look forward to.

How often had he called himself a fool for paying heed to Bertha Cross' visits?

CHAPTER XXV.

Again came springtime, and, as he stood behind the counter, Warburton thought of all that was going on in the world he had forsaken. Amusements for which he had never much cared haunted his fancy; feeling himself shut out from the life of grace and intellect, he suffered a sense of dishonour, as though his position resulted from some personal baseness, some crime. He numbered the acquaintances he had dropped, and pictured them as mentioning his name—if ever they did so—with cold disapproval. Godfrey Sherwood had ceased to visit; it was six months since his last letter, in which he hinted a fear that the Irish enterprise would have to be abandoned for lack of capital. Even Franks, good fellow as he was, seemed to grow lukewarm in friendship. The painter had an appointment for a Sunday in May at Will's lodgings, to smoke and talk, but on the evening before he sent a telegram excusing himself. Vexed, humiliated, Warburton wasted his Sunday morning, and only after his midday meal yielded to the temptation of a brilliant sky, which called him forth. Walking westward, with little heed to distance or direction, he presently found himself at Kew; on the bridge he lingered awhile, idly gazing at boats, and, as he thus leaned over the parapet, the sound of a voice behind him fell startlingly upon his ear. He turned, just in time to catch a glimpse of the features which that voice had brought before his mind's eye, Bertha Cross was passing, with her mother. Probably they had not seen him. And even if they had, if they had recognized him—did he flatter himself that the Crosses would give any sign in public of knowing their grocer?

His eyes on the graceful figure of Bertha, he slowly followed. The ladies were crossing Kew Green; doubtless they would enter the Gardens, to spend the afternoon there. Would it not be pleasant to join them, to walk by Bertha's side, to talk freely with her, forgetting the counter, which always restrained their conversation? Bertha was nicely dressed, though one saw that her clothes cost nothing. In the old days, if he had noticed her at all, she would have seemed to him rather a pretty girl of

the lower middle class, perhaps a little less insignificant than her like; now she shone for him against a background of "customers," the one in whom he saw a human being of his own kind, and who, within the imposed limits, had given proof of admitting his humanity. He saw her turn to look at her mother, and smile; a smile of infinite kindness and good humour. Involuntarily his own lips responded; he walked on smiling—smiling—

They passed through the gates; he at a distance of a dozen yards, still followed. There was no risk of detection; indeed, he was doing no harm; even a grocer might observe, from afar off, a girl walking with her mother. But, after strolling for a quarter of an hour, they paused beside a bench, and there seated themselves. Mrs. Cross seemed to soothe her. When he was near enough to be aware of this Will saw that he was too near. He turned abruptly on his heels, and—stood face to face with Norbert Franks.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the painter, with an air of embarrassment. "I thought that was your back!"

"Your engagement was here?" asked Will bluntly, referring to the other's telegram of excuse.

"Yes, I was obliged to—"

He broke off, his eyes fixed on the figures of Bertha and her mother.

"You were obliged—?"

"You see the ladies there," said Franks in a louder voice, "there, on the seat? It's Mrs. Cross and her daughter—you remember the Crosses? I called to see them yesterday, and only Mrs. Cross was at home, and—the fact is, I as good as promised to meet them here, if it was true."

"Very well," replied Warburton, carelessly, "I won't keep you."

"No, but—"

Franks was in great confusion. He looked this way and that, as if seeking for an escape. As Will began to move away, he kept at his side.

"Look here, Warburton, let me introduce you to them. They're very nice people; I'm sure you'd like them; do let me—"

"Thank you, no. I don't want any new acquaintances."

"Why? Come along, old man," urged the other. "You're getting too grumpy; you live too much alone. Just to please me—"

"No!" answered Will, resolutely, walking on.

"Very well—just as you like. But, I say, should I find you at home this evening? Say, nine o'clock. I particularly want to have a talk."

"Good. I'll be there," replied Will, and so, with furrowed brows, strode away.

Very punctually did the visitor arrive that evening. He entered the room with that same look of embarrassment which he had worn during the brief colloquy at Kew; he shook hands awkwardly, and, as he seated himself, talked about the fall of temperature since sunset, which made a fire agreeable. Warburton, ashamed of the sullenness he could not overcome, rolled this way and that in his chair, holding the poker and making lunges with it at a piece of coal which would not break.

"That was a lucky chance," began Franks at length, "our meeting this afternoon."

"Lucky? Why?"

"Because it has given me the courage to speak to you about something. Queerest chance I ever knew that you should be there, close by the Crosses."

"Did they ask who I was?" inquired Warburton, after a violent lunge with the poker, which sent pieces of coal flying into the room.

"They didn't happen to see me whilst I was talking with you. But, in any case," added Franks, "they wouldn't have asked. They're well-bred people, you know—really ladies. I suspect you've had a different idea of them. Wasn't that why you wouldn't let me introduce you?"

"Not at all," answered Will, with a forced laugh. "I've no doubt of their ladyhood."

"The fact of the matter is," continued the other, crossing and uncrossing, and recrossing his legs in nervous restlessness, "that I've been seeing them now and then, since I told you I was going to call there. You guess why? It isn't Mrs. Cross, depend upon it."

"Mrs. Cross's tea, perhaps?" said Will, with a hard grin.

"Not exactly. It's the worst tea I ever tasted. I must advise her to change her grocer."

Warburton exploded in a roar of laughter, and cried, as Franks stared wonderingly at him:

"You'll never make a better joke in your life than that!"

"Shows what I can do when I try," answered the artist. "However, the tea is shockingly bad."

"What can you expect for one and elevenpence halfpenny per pound?" cried Will.

"How do you know what she pays?" Warburton's answer was another peal of merriment.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," Franks went on. "The fact is, you know, they're very poor. It's a miserable sort of a life for a girl like Bertha Cross. She's clever, in her way; did you ever see any of her work? Children's book-illustrating? It's more than passable, I assure you. But of course she's wretchedly paid. Apart from that, a really nice girl."

"So this is what you had to tell me?" said Warburton, in a subdued voice, when the speaker hesitated.

"I wanted to talk about it, old man, that's the truth."

Franks accompanied these words with a shy smiling look of such friendly appeal that Will felt his hard and surly humor begin to soften and something of the old geniality stirring under the dull weight that had so long oppressed him.

"I suppose it's settled," he asked, staring at the fire.

"Settled? How?"

"When it comes to meetings at Kew Gardens—"

"Oh, don't misunderstand!" exclaimed Franks, nervously. "I told you that it was with the mother I made the appointment—not with Bertha herself. I'm quite sure Bertha never heard a word of it."

"Well, it comes to the same thing."

"Not at all! I half wish it did."

"Half?" asked Warburton, with a quick glance.

"Can't you see that I haven't really made up my mind," said Franks, fidgeting in his chair. "I'm not sure of my-

self—and I'm still less sure of her. It's all in the air. I've been there perhaps half a dozen times—but only like any other acquaintance. And, you know, she isn't the kind of girl to meet one half way. I'm sorry you don't know her. You'd be able to understand better.—Then, you see, there's something a little awkward in her position and mine. She's the intimate friend of—of the other one, you know; at least, I suppose she still is! of course we haven't said anything about that. It makes misunderstandings very possible. Suppose she thought I made friends with her in the hope of getting round to the other again? You see how difficult it is to judge her behaviour—to come to any conclusion."

"Yes, I see," Warburton let fall, musingly.

"And, even if I were sure of understanding her—there's myself. Look at the position, now. I suppose I may call myself a successful man; well on the way to success, at all events. Unless fortune plays me a dirty trick, I ought soon to be making my three or four thousand a year; and there's the possibility of double that. Think what that means, in the way of opportunity. Once or twice, when I was going to see the Crosses, I've pulled myself up and asked what the deuce I was doing—but I went, all the same. The truth is, there's something about Bertha—I wish you knew her, Warburton; I really wish you did. She's the kind of girl any man might marry. Nothing brilliant about her—but—well, I can't describe it. As different as could be from—the other. In fact, it isn't easy to see how they become such close friends. Of course, she knows all about me—what I'm doing, and so on. In the case of an ordinary girl in her position, it would be irresistible; but I'm not at all sure that she looks at it in that way. She behaves to one—well, in the most natural way possible. Now and then I rather think she makes fun of me."

Warburton allowed a low chuckle to escape him.

"Why do you laugh?—I don't mean that she does it disagreeably. It's her way to look at things on the humorous side—and I rather like that. Don't you think it a good sign in a girl?"

"That depends," muttered Will.

"Well, that's how things are. I wanted to tell you. There's nobody else I should think of talking to about it."

Silence hung between them for a minute or two.

"You'll have to make up your mind pretty soon, I suppose," said Warburton, at length, in a not unpleasant voice.

"That's the worst of it. I don't want to be in a hurry—it's just what I don't want."

"Doesn't it occur to you," asked Will, as if a sudden idea had struck him, "that perhaps she's no more in a hurry than you are?"

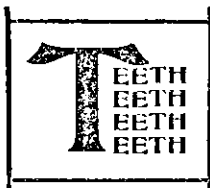
"It's possible. I shouldn't wonder. But if I seem to be playing the fool—?"

"That depends on yourself—". But," Will added, with a twinkle in his eye, "there's just one bit of advice I should like to offer you."

"Let me have it," replied the other eagerly. "Very good of you, old man, not to be bored—"

"Don't," said Warburton, in an impressive undertone, "don't persuade Mrs. Cross to change her grocer."

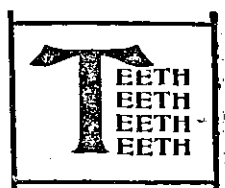
(To be continued.)



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# Aunt Agatha's Suitor

By Robert H. Sherard

Author of "Wolves," Etc.

When it was rumoured at the Ambleside teatables that Aunt Agatha—it was by this name that Miss Agatha Ouseley was universally known in that part of the Lake District—had got a suitor, much surprise and indignation were expressed, especially amongst the unmarried ladies of her own age.

"At her time of life, too! I declare it is quite ridiculous."

Thus, at one of these tea-tables, that acrimonious spinster, Miss Floyd, who bring well past forty, spare and ill-favoured, with the smallest of incomes, had long since abandoned all hopes of changing her condition.

Now at this party was also present an agreeable-looking lady of middle-age—a Miss Parish—who, as she often confessed to her intimate friends, enjoyed nothing more than to "take a rise" out of "that spiteful old cat," Miss Floyd.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she said. "Aunt Agatha is not so much over forty—I am sure she is younger than either you or I, Miss Floyd—and there is no reason whatever why she should not marry if she wishes to. Especially, as from what I hear, the gentleman is quite an elderly man, and very much her senior. A very good-looking man, too, so they say, Colonel Something or Other—a retired officer."

"Certainly not of the British army," snipped Miss Floyd. "Colonel Urquhart is his name, and there's no such name in the Army List. I got my nephew, Bob, to look him up. An American colonel, no doubt—a fine distinction. As to his good looks, Miss Parish, I don't agree with you. The combination of dark hair and a snow-white moustache is one that never suited me, and then those pale, blue eyes, I don't like them."

"Possibly Aunt Agatha does," said Miss Parish, "which after all is of more importance, isn't it, dear?"

Miss Floyd tossed her head, and without answering the question proceeded, "I have no doubt that the man is a mere American adventurer. Nobody knows anything about him, who he is, where he comes from, or what his means are. I only hope that the people at the Queen's Hotel may get their fill."

"Oh, I don't think there will be any trouble about that," said Miss Parish. "John, the waiter at the Queen's, you know is courting my maid, Florence, and from what she tells me, he is most enthusiastic about the Colonel, speaks of him as a most liberal gentleman, who spends money without counting it. Oh, they are all delighted with him at the Queen's. You see in the winter they get so few visitors who spend money. No," she continued, "I don't think it is fair to describe him as an adventurer. The mere fact of his paying court to Aunt Agatha proves that he is not that."

"You mean because she has only an annuity of £150 to live on, besides what she makes by letting her house in the summer. But how do you know that this Colonel of yours—"

"Not of mine, dear," interrupted Miss Parish.

"Well, this colonel," continued Miss Floyd, turning yellow under her freckled skin, "how do you know that he is aware of Miss Ouseley's circumstances. Rose Bank is a fine substantial looking house, and he may fancy her a good catch. Oh, a fine catch, a great catch."

"But are you quite sure," said a young lady, who had not yet spoken, "are you quite sure, Miss Floyd, that the Colonel's intentions are matrimonial? I mean, mayn't he be merely a friend of Aunt Agatha's?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Floyd. "Until a fortnight ago, Miss Ouseley had never set eyes on this, this Colonel. He called on her first, the day after his arrival, to ask her if she felt disposed to let her house now. I suppose that the contemplation of her charms so impressed him that he had returned to Rose Bank almost every day since."

"Love at first sight, then," said Miss Parish.

"So it would seem. And more than that, my nephew Bob has more than once found him at night hanging about in the Rydal-road, close to Rose Bank. Such

an elderly Romeo, too, a Romeo with a white moustache, and forget-me-not eyes, waiting for his Juliet to appear on her balcony. Faugh! if it ain't sickening."

"There, by the way, goes the Romeo," said Miss Parish, who whilst Miss Floyd was speaking had been looking out of the window on to the Rydal-road. "And I declare, Miss Floyd, whatever you may say, he's a fine figure of a man. I dare he has just entered Miss Ouseley's garden, and is knocking at her front door."

The ladies crowded to the window, and for reward of their curiosity saw the stranger disappear through the front door of Rose Bank.

"I suppose the engagement will be officially announced in a day or two," said Miss Floyd, with a spiteful little laugh.

The visitor to Rose Bank had, in the meanwhile, been shown into the drawing-room on the ground floor.

"Miss Ouseley will be down directly," said the maid.

No sooner had she closed the door than the Colonel, after a rapid glance at himself in the glass over the mantelpiece, and a mild tug at his heavy, white moustache, crossed over to where a piano stood against the wall in the corner of the room furthest from the door. Then, gripping one of the handles of the instrument in a muscular grasp and drawing it away from the wall, he bent down on his knees, and appeared to scrutinise the wainscoting, so closely indeed that now and again he struck a vesta to assist him in his investigations.

It was thus engaged that Miss Ouseley found him, down on his knees, groping behind the piano, with a lighted vesta in his hand.

She had entered noiselessly. Indeed, everything that Aunt Agatha did was noiseless. Her movements were as gentle as her voice, her voice was as gentle as her nature. Certainly no one in the whole Lake District deserved less than she to be the butt of the spite of Miss Floyd and her congeners. She was a good, motherly soul, and if her friends had given her this soubriquet of "Aunt Agatha," it was just on account of her kindly, maternal character. For the rest, her nature spoke out from her plain but benevolent countenance.

On seeing her visitor in the extraordinary posture described, Miss Ouseley halted in the doorway. Then she coughed behind her plump, white hand.

The Colonel flushed crimson, but his control over himself was such that by the time he had risen to his feet, turned round and saluted the lady of the house, all traces of emotion had disappeared from his face.

"You have lost something, Colonel Urquhart?" said Miss Ouseley.

"Yes. So stupid of me. A sovereign rolled out of my pocket just now. I guess it rolled behind the piano." Then turning round again, he pretended to pounce on something between the piano and the wall. "And," said he, holding up a coin between his thumb and forefinger, "here it is."

Having pushed the instrument back into its place, he handed a chair to Miss Ouseley, and at her invitation seated himself also.

After an exchange of the usual commonplace of conversation Miss Ouseley said:—

"I am afraid, Colonel, that I am not yet in a position to give you a definite answer about the house. The Brownings, that is the family to whom I had promised to let Rose Bank from May 1st, have moved from Pau, and I have not had any answer to my letter yet. You know that I wrote asking them to release me from my promise, as, of course, you are anxious to take the house immediately, it would be much to my advantage to get an extra six weeks' rent. You want it for the whole season?"

"That's so, ma'am," said the Colonel.

"And the terms I mentioned—five guineas a week—are satisfactory?"

"I would write out my cheque for six weeks in advance, right here."

Aunt Agatha sighed. How useful the money would be, she thought, just then, when that widowed cousin of hers with the six little children, was in such great distress.

"No," she said. "It's very tempting, but I can't go back on my word to the Brownings. They are old friends of mine, you see, Colonel, and after my experience last year with those strangers to whom I let the house, I preferred to take less money this year and to have people whom I know and can trust."

"Ah, yes," said the Colonel, twisting his moustache. "You had some undesirable tenants last year, I think you told me."

"Well, as far as I am concerned," said Miss Ouseley, "I had no complaint to make against them. They paid everything they owed me in perfectly honourable fashion, and they left the house in perfect order. But, as I told you, it appears they were—well, not nice people. The police arrested them here, and they are now in prison."

"No, not nice people at all, I should say," said the Colonel. "Forgers or something of the sort, weren't they? Toughs, any way?"

"Well, they always behaved very nicely to me," said Aunt Agatha. Then she added: "I am sorry, Colonel, to keep you waiting like this, but until I hear from the Brownings I can give you no definite answer. So if you want to go anywhere—not to stay on in Ambleside, I mean, I could write to you or telegraph, if you would leave me your address. To spare you the trouble of coming here every day, I mean."

"Trouble, Madam?" said the Colonel. "It is a pleasure to me—a real pleasure." And the forget-me-not coloured eyes became as the eyes of a sheep.

"Well, yes," muttered Colonel Urquhart to himself, as a few minutes later, having taken his leave of Miss Ouseley, he was strolling towards the Queen's

Hotel. "If the hiring of the house racket don't work, I'll have to be done by soul thro' love at first sight, and the rest of it. Mean, skunkish work it is, too, but that boodle can't be let slide anyway. Forty thousand dollars! By gum," he added, "ain't that just grand."

It was indeed grand, that glow of winter sunset, flooding the twin-embraoce of the snow-capped Langdale Pikes, with all the colours of Heaven's own palette.

"A sight like that 'ere," continued the Colonel, lighting a cigar, "seems to wake up another man in me, another man who wants to brot the mean, skunkish fellow that I have become." Then veering suddenly back to commercial cynicism he added: "Crikey, what a show it would make if I could cart those two sister mountings, sunset and all, and set her up at a World's Exposition."

But the cynicism rang false, and the Colonel pulled out his moustache, as if in perplexity. Puffed so well, indeed, that it presently came off in his hand.

That same evening a note was brought by John, the waiter at the Queen's, to Colonel Urquhart, who was drinking Bourbon whisky in the smoking-room. It came from Rose Bank, and ran as follows:

"Dear Colonel Urquhart—

This evening's post it arrived just after you had left, brought me a letter from the Brownings at Nice. I am sorry to say that they won't hear of giving up the house; and, indeed, want to move in middle of April. So—I am so sorry—you will have to find some other house. I am really very sorry, for I know how much your heart was set on having the little home.

Yours very sincerely,  
Agatha Ouseley.

"What a lovely sunset it was to-night."

"This, I guess, will have to be thought over," said the Colonel to himself, after he had read the letter. Then, aloud and addressing the waiter: "Say, John, take that bottle of Bourbon up to my room. Also some sodas and the box of cigars. And say, John, it's a lovely moonlight night, and I have a kinder fancy to go and look at Rydal Lake under this 'ere limelight effect."

"The hall porter," said John obse-

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quion-ly, "will let you in or out at any time of the night."

On reaching his bedroom the colonel locked himself in, and sat down in an arm chair by the fire, with Aunt Agatha's letter in his hand. A look of great perplexity was on his face, and he kept tugging at his false moustache. When at last, as had happened that afternoon on the Rydal road, it again came off in his hand, he rose up, and looked at himself in the glass. Looked long, and with an expression of pity at the withered face, the crow's feet wrinkles at the eyes, and the significant droop of the mouth.

"And this is what I have come to at forty," he muttered, setting down the lamp with a sigh. "And to think that I was a gentleman once." Then, noticing the whisky bottle on the table, he shook his fist at it. "And it's all your fault," he added. But the moment after he helped himself to a liberal dose of the strong spirit, and again to a second glass. When this had been hastily swallowed he gave a short laugh, and said he: "How these sentimental fits do come on me, to be sure. Fortunately the antidote is to hand."

Then he sat down by the fire again and mused, muttering to himself. "Since I can't get quiet possession of the house, there are only two other ways of executing the commission—to win that poor simple creature's affections. I have six weeks to do it in, and I know I should succeed, to deceive her, to dupe her—perhaps to break her gentle heart. No, blackguard as I have become, I don't like it. I never rounded on a woman yet. I don't like it. But forty thousand dollars! God, I must take some more of the antidote."

Having helped himself from the bottle, he continued: "There is one other way, dangerous to me, but not blackguardly. No trifling with a woman's heart in that. And—with a sudden resolution, and springing to his feet—"I'll try it tonight."

His preparations were hasty, but methodical. From a secret receptacle in a huge Saratoga trunk he drew out first a small leather case, resembling those in which surgeons carry their minor instruments, then a black velvet mask, and lastly a bunch of keys of various sizes.

Before closing the trunk he hesitated. "Should I take the chloroform?" he muttered. The moment after he slammed the lid down positively. "I'll be hanged if I will," he said.

He crossed over to the mirror, and adjusted his false moustache, and then by the light of the lamp he examined the contents of the leather case. This contained five pieces of steel, of exquisite temper, which could be screwed together to form a single bar. It was a burglar's jemmy, in miniature, of beautiful workmanship. The keys having been oiled from a little bottle, which he drew from his dressing-bag, he next disposed of his various implements in the different pockets of his heavy ulster. A minute or two later he was sauntering down the Rydal road.

"If I pull this off to-night," he said to himself, "I'll run straight in future. By gum I will."

However, there was no business to be done at Ross Bank that night, for when he reached the house he found Miss Ouseley, well wrapped up in a fur cloak, enjoying the glories of the night in her front garden.

"I often stay out like this half the night," she said, after they had exchanged a few words on the subject of her letter. "I look up at the sky, and I see faces there, the faces of those whom I have loved and have lost."

He felt a rising in his throat, but he gulped it down, and cursed himself inwardly for not having brought a flask of the antidote out with him. And later, as he stood looking at Rydal mere under the moon, the silent mountains holding vigil around, he cursed himself again. For now and again he looked upward to the sky, and the dark faces that he saw there seemed to stare down on him, with expressions, here of anguish, there of stern reproach.

Later on, however, after he had got back to his hotel, he dosed himself copiously. John found the bottle empty in the morning.

Miss Floyd had a good deal of news to relate that same afternoon at tea-time. Her house was just opposite Ross Bank, and she had witnessed the "midnight tryst" of Miss Ouseley, and "that American colonel." And very severely indeed did she comment upon it.

Miss Parish, on the other hand, was able to demonstrate that all this gossip about the Colonel's courtship was sheer nonsense.

"I saw Aunt Agatha this morning," she said, "and I sounded her carefully. Colonel Urquhart simply wanted to rent her house. She was unable to give him a definite answer until she had heard from some people—the Brownings—to whom she had promised it, and he kept calling to know if the answer had come. She heard from Nice last night, and sent a note round to the Queen's, to tell the Colonel that she could not make the arrangement which he desired, as the Brownings kept her to her promise. So now, no doubt, the Colonel's calls will cease."

"Oh, will they?" said Miss Floyd, with a sniff. "Just you wait and see."

And the spiteful Miss Floyd was right. The colonel's calls did not cease. On the contrary, they became more frequent than ever. Simultaneously the rumour got about that he was drinking heavily. John, of the Queen's, had mentioned it to Florence, his sweetheart. "A bottle of Bourbon a day," he had said, "aye, and sometimes a bottle and a half."

It was quite true, for the more the wretched man progressed in his contemptible undertaking, the more did he need for the conscience-quieting antidote make itself felt. For the better he grew to know Aunt Agatha's character, to admire her good, simple, gentle nature, the more the iniquity of his fraud pressed itself on him, and the more he realised the worthlessness of his character. The bad man compared himself with the good woman, and shuddered with horror.

So at first, later his sufferings grew even more acute. This was when gradually a real affection had sprung up in his seared heart, and he reflected what might have been, had he been a different man, had he lived a different life. Old age was in sight, a lonely, loveless old age. There would be none to close his eyes when the end came. Grim spectres only would stand by his death-bed.

What shapened his regret was that the good woman seemed to like him, the bad man. He fancied that if he dared to tell her all, she would find pardon and forgiveness for his past. She was so motherly, and as a mother tolerant.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, Agatha Ouseley did grow to like this stranger. The man of action appealed to the dreamy, placid recluse. She looked forward to his visits, and when she heard the rumour of his intemperance, she felt as sorry as though it concerned an old and dear friend.

Oh, yes, Miss Floyd was right, triumphantly right. Aunt Agatha had a suitor, an ardent suitor, and, what was more, Aunt Agatha was beginning to fall in love.

"And," said Miss Floyd, "I should be glad if you would show me anything more ridiculous than that."

The episode was not, however, to end in ridicule or laughter, for a day came when the thief, who had been a gentleman once, found himself unable any longer to face his self-contempt on the one hand, and his overwhelming regret on the other. And when that day and that hour came, he took a stronger antidote than Bourbon whisky.

So it happened that one afternoon, John of the Queen's came tearing down the Rydal-road, his face convulsed, his apron flying, nor paused until he had reached Ross Bank, and was in the presence of Agatha Ouseley.

"You're to come at once, miss," he gasped, "to the Queen's." The Colonel has shot himself, and is going fast. The doctor says he can't live an hour, and the Colonel keeps calling for you, calling, calling."

Aunt Agatha did not stop to ask any questions, she did not even stop to put on her bonnet, but she gathered up her skirts and ran.

She found her suitor lying on his bed, with a blood-stained sheet drawn over his chest. He was deadly pale, but his cheeks flushed when he saw her enter the room, and he put out his hand towards her, and groaned pitifully at the pain of the effort.

"Oh, doctor, doctor," she cried. "Is it true? Is he dying?"

"He has but a few minutes to live," whispered the doctor. "There is an internal hemorrhage. I can do nothing."

"Doctor," said the dying man, "make tracks. I want to be alone with the lady."

The doctor hesitated, looking earnestly at his patient's face. Then he shook his head, and having rearranged the bed, wiped some blood away from the dying lips, and crept silently out of the room.

"Oh, Colonel, Colonel," cried Agatha, seizing the bloodless hand, and bending over it, "why have you done this?"

"I sent for you, Agatha—yes, Agatha, I may call you that now—to tell you. I had written it all out—that letter there on the table. I thought I was good enough a shot to draw a bead on myself, as I have done on so many others, without making a mess of it. But I'm glad now to have a little time."

He coughed and choked, and a sanguinary froth came again to his lips. She wiped it gently away.

"Thank you, Agatha," he said. "Now I want to beg your pardon, for I have acted very badly. At least at first I acted badly, because when I first tried to get you to like me it was to fool you, it was for a mean purpose of my own. I wanted to be able to get in and out of your house. It was the boodle I was after."

"The, the—?"

"The boodle, the jewels and the money which are hidden in a box behind the wainscoting in your parlour, back of the piano. Don't you remember finding me prospecting there. I told you a lie then. But my life has all been lies. Well I got tired of this living lie, and that is why I have shot myself. I am a thief and a scoundrel, Agatha, but I was a gentleman once. Listen, I feel I cannot talk much longer—the letter will explain all, if they ring her down, the curtain I mean, before I get it all out."

"I am a thief, but, I feel a worse thief now than ever I did in my toughest days, for I tried to steal your heart. You could find my plant, jemmy, false keys, chloroform, masks, and all the shoot in the Saratoga yonder. I wanted and tried to use them to get at that box. That is at first. Afterwards I had not the heart to break into your home like a thief."

"Listen, I was one of the gang that took your house last year. No, you never saw me, for I came up after you had left. We took that there villa as a quiet location for the manufacture of green goods" (Spurious greenbacks—American notes). "Handy for Liverpool too. Then the police got on to us and we had to scoot. I got away right enough; but I left my stuff behind me, hidden where I tell you—forty thousand dollars' worth there is in money and jewels. I did not want it to get into the hands of the police in case I was arrested. And it was to get back my stuff that I came back disguised. Not that disguise was necessary, for I never went out when I was last here; too busy with the goods, I tried to rent the house, so as to get at the stuff. I tried to get at it many times during my calls. But it was securely stowed, and the job needed time. So then I thought if I paid court to you, and kiper got to be your fancy, I'd have the run of the house, and plenty of opportunity to unearth that boodle."

"But why not tell me? But, oh! was it stolen money?" cried Agatha, involuntarily shrinking back.

"No, ma'am. Leastways, not directly. In course, I have lived as a crook all my life. But that money's mine right enough. And well, Agatha, I got to like you, and the more I liked you the worse I hated myself. And there was no other possible end to it but this. You will read all the south-throb part in the letter. It was that racket of yours about the faces in the sky that kinder started it. The money is for you, Agatha. Well, yes, I reckon you would not use it for yourself, dirty money got on the crook, but the poor, your poor, all those you want to help and cannot."

"And now, Agatha, I'm going. Say you forgive me."

"That I do with all my heart," said Agatha Ouseley.

"A great heart, too. Yes, Frank Dalton goes out better than ever he deserved to. And say, Agatha, when I do hand 'em in, give me just one kiss."

### A Timely Turn of the Helm.

A big ugly-looking rock protrudes from the surface of the sea. If our swift ship strikes it we shall go to pieces. But the weather being fine, and the rock plainly visible, we do not strike it. By a small, timely turn of the helm the vessel's course is changed a trifle, and we sweep past the threatening obstruction, which seems to glare at us like a vicious dog held back by a chain.

And is it not better for us to avoid the rock than to be wrecked on it? Obviously. And is not the man who sees this rock and steers us away from it, philosophically speaking, more our friend than he who plunges in to save us from drowning? It surely looks that way, and blessed be the sharp-eyed fellow at the wheel who saves us through a timely turn of the rudder.

Take one of the simplest and commonest illustrations in the world, in the very words of a woman who speaks for a host of others:—"Having been in failing health for a long period, my husband and myself thought that a change of air and surroundings might prove beneficial, and so, early in 1903, I went on a long visit to friends in the country. Our hopes, however, were not realised, and I returned in a far worse state than when I left home. In a few days I became so bad that I had to take to my bed. My condition was most serious, and I anticipated the worst. I was sick, ill, and suffering all over. My constitution appeared to be completely broken up."

"At this crisis Nurse Wright was called in by my husband, who also intended to seek the services of a doctor. On the nurse's strong recommendation, however, we decided to first try the effects of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and glad am I that we did so. I felt better after taking the first dose, and three bottles set me on my feet again. I am now quite well and able to attend to all my household affairs and domestic duties. I am truly thankful to Nurse Wright for introducing Mother Seigel's Syrup to me, as I am sure that it saved my life. It is a splendid medicine, and ought to find a place in every home." Signed the 6th day of January, 1904, by Elizabeth Mitchell living in Railway Parade, Camberwell, near Melbourne.

Mrs Mitchell was providentially steered from the rocks and shoals of suffering and pain by the timely turn of the helm that her pilot, Nurse Wright, gave to the situation, and you should remember the fact.

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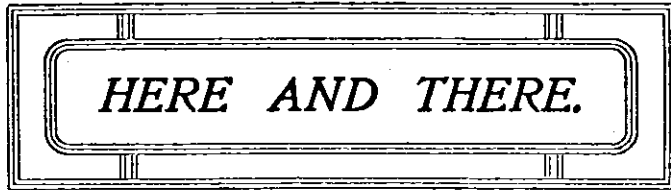
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## HERE AND THERE.

Mother has a lace collection,  
Sister goes for rugs;  
Others go for books and pictures,  
Butterflies and bugs.  
One thing, though, they all omitted—  
So, the wraith to join  
Father works with toil unceasing;  
He collects the coin.

Some light is thrown on Robert Browning's method of composition in Miss Alice Corkran's "Chapters from the Story of My Childhood," now appearing in "The Girl's Realm." She tells how once he came down ready dressed to go out, and exclaimed, "I am another man to-day—my poem is planned." The poem was the "Ink Album." Browning continued:—

"There will be five people alive at the beginning of the book, and but two alive at the end, and it will all have happened within the course of two or three hours. I begin writing to-morrow, and it will be done, always supposing that I am in good health, and nothing extraordinary happens on such a day." He said that he wrote so many lines a day, and that it was exceptional when he was two or three days out of his reckoning in regard to a poem.

The king went packing to and fro,  
He kissed the queen's small poodle pup;  
The crown shied off and murmured, "Oh!  
I prithee, sire, what is up?"

"Dost feel thy conscience pricking, hey?  
Or does thy love play these tricks?"  
The monarch sadly answered, "Nay,  
And dost the door a dozen kicks."

"Alas, uneasy rests the crown,"  
The jester said, without the king  
Let thy misdeeds and knock him down,  
And smiled to see him quivering.

"It ain't my crown, you eath'r lout!"  
The potatoes in anger said,  
"Nor has my liver knocked me out;  
My conscience, you should know, is dead."

"But at the queen's behest I swore  
Of amokn' yesterday, and it"—  
He hit his nails and frowned some more—  
"Ain't time to light another yet!"

The "Atlantic Monthly" publishes "A Letter from Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn, in which he gives a very extraordinary and interesting picture of the way in which the whole population of Japan is absorbed in the war. Souvenirs, war toys, photographs, plays, songs, are all of the war, warlike. The following passage describing one form of the souvenir of the war is surely the climax of war spirit:—

"But the strangest things that I have seen in this line of production were silk dresses for baby girls—figured stuffs which, when looked at from a little distance, appeared incomparably pretty, owing to the mastery juxtaposition of tints and colours. On closer inspection the charming design proved to be composed entirely of war pictures—or, rather, fragments of pictures, blended into one astonishing combination: naval battles; burning warships; submarine mines exploding; torpedo boats attacking; charges of Cossacks repulsed by Japanese infantry; artillery rushing into position; storming of forts; long lines of soldiery advancing through mist. Here were colours of blood and fire, tints of morning haze and evening glow, moon-blue and starred night-purple, sea-gray and field-green—most wonderful things!"

In a recent issue of "La Revue," there is an interesting article on "Neglected Glories," by Captain H. de Mallery. He tells how he has visited several battle-fields on the Continent—Jemappes, Fontenoy, Waterloo, and others, all battles in which the French distinguished themselves, yet neither at Bergen-op-Zoom, San Sebastian, or Fontenoy does the glory of the French appear to be commemorated. At Fontenoy the writer was particularly mortified and humiliated when he found the following inscription:—"In memory of the heroic Irish soldiers who changed defeat into victory at Fontenoy, May 11, 1745. God save Ireland!" This misleading plaque was erected about two years ago by Mr Frank Sullivan, an Irishman from San Francisco,

and is a modest eulogy compared with the one which had been originally prepared. Few people remember that the Irish Brigade fought in the French ranks and that it was a victory for the French, and a defeat for the English, Dutch, and Austrian allies. Naturally, the writer thinks it intolerable that such an inscription as this should be allowed to adorn the burial-ground at Fontenoy, while nowhere is there to be seen a single word commemorative of the French honours, and he pleads earnestly for the erection, at Fontenoy and other battle-fields where the French have fought and died for their country, of suitable commemorative plaques.

Mr. H. G. Wells, that dreamer of fantastic dreams, has been imagining for us the bedroom of the future. It is to be a most wonderful and healthy affair, and will require no labour to keep it clean.

"There is no fireplace," says Mr. Wells, in the "Fortnightly Review," "and I am perplexed by that until I find a thermometer beside six switches on the wall. One switch warms the floor, which is not carpeted, but covered by a substance like soft oilcloth; one warms the mattress; and the others warm the wall in various degrees."

"There is a recess dressing-room, equipped with a bath and all that is necessary to one's toilet and the water, one remarks, is warmed if one desires it warm, by passing it through an electrically-heated spiral of tubing. A rake of soap drops out of a store machine on the turn of a handle, and when you have done with it you drop that and your soiled towels and so forth, which also are given you by machines, into a little box, through the bottom of which they drop at once, and sail down a smooth shaft."

"The room has no corners to gather dirt, wall meets floor with a gentle curve, and the apartment could be swept out effectually by a few strokes of a mechanical sweeper. You are politely requested to turn a handle at the foot of your bed before leaving the room, and forthwith the frame turns up into a vertical position, and the bedclothes hang airing. You stand at the doorway and realise that there remains not a minute's work for anyone to do."

Presumably you press another button to have the bed remade.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bairnsfather, in "God Words," recalls some impressions of Tibet, which are, however, of another time and place than those involved in the recent mission. He tells how, on entering Ladak, he came on a long, low wall, running in the same direction as the road, and apparently occupying or blocking the centre of it: No dividing barrier evidently, nor part of any fortification. Useless, seemingly, and of no meaning. On approaching we find that the path divides on either side of this wall, each section being equally trodden. But there is no choice. The left-hand path must be taken, the wall remaining on the right. This indeed, we afterwards learn, is one form of prayer. For every one of the countless small slabs of stone which cover the sloping roof of the wall are inscribed with the one universal and all-sufficing prayer—the mysterious, and to us (even when translated) meaningless, Om man padme hauni. Oh! the jewel in the lotus. Amen. These walls vary in length from about one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, and one I saw could not have been less than eight hundred yards; from six to ten feet high, about twelve feet broad at base, and sloping to an apex at the top. Think of the labour expended, not so much in the construction of the wall, but in the carving of all the prayer stones. This last is the work of the monks, and it is not a dead idea, for I found a censer at work on a prayer of more ambitious size on a rock face. The writer reverently acknowledges the strong desire thus expressed to keep the reality of the other world daily and hourly in mind.

In the "American Review of Reviews" Mr. W. C. Edgar writes a picturesque sketch of "Hiawatha" as the Ojibways interpret it. This tribe of Indians annually produce the play of "Hiawatha" during the pleasant months of summer at Desbarats, Ontario. This is how a quaint Indian parallel to the Oberammergau Passion Play arose: "Mr L. Q. Armstrong, who has spent his summers for many years on an island close by, is responsible for the production of the play of "Hiawatha." Ten years ago he was travelling in an open boat along the north shore of Lake Huron, nearly thirty miles from Sault Ste. Marie. As night fell he came upon a group of islands, and pitched his camp on one of them. When he awoke the next morning he found the lake covered with canoes, and, looking across to the mainland, discovered it to be the camping-ground of a tribe of Indians. He became acquainted with the natives, and found them kindly disposed. Later, he built himself a shelter on the island, and invited the Ojibways to visit him. He won their confidence and goodwill, and in the course of many long and friendly talks, learned that the legend of Hiawatha was not unfamiliar to them. He read parts of Longfellow's poem to his red guests, and they verified and corrected it. He then undertook to obtain the Indian version of the story, and in this, after patient effort and much tact, he finally succeeded. He was surprised to find how close a similarity existed between Longfellow's interpretation and the legendary lore of the Indians themselves. Out of this acquaintance grew the idea of playing "Hiawatha," and its first presentation was given in 1899 before members of the Longfellow family, who have since testified to their enjoyment of the event."

The Indians are very unwilling to accept modern innovations. An unfortunate exception to this praiseworthy rule is a modern laughing song, translated into Indian, which has been put in the mouth of Pau-Puk-Keewis. "There are several additional scenes in Hiawatha's history which might perhaps be given with excellent dramatic musical effect, but the actors decline to present them. Particularly and emphatically, they refuse to portray the great famine and the death of Minnehaha, nor will they sing her death chant. They maintain that the costumes, dances, and songs of the play as it is now given are correct, and any suggestions to alter them in the slightest particular are disregarded."

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In her "Colonial Memories" Lady Browne describes General (then Colonel) Charles George Gordon, of Chinese and Khartoum fame. She says:—"It is impossible to convey in words any idea of the singular charm of Gordon's conversation. Not in the least egotistical, his vivid narratives were the most thrillingly interesting it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. Every word he said, for all its picturesqueness, bore the stamp of reality, and the scenes he described at once stood out before your eyes. A question now and then was all that was needed to sustain the delightful flow of talk. He never uttered a word which could be called 'cant' nor did he bring his religious opinions into prominence. One gathered from his utterances that he was more deeply imbued with the 'enthusiasm of humanity' than with any dogma. His eyes were the most remarkable part of his face, and I cannot imagine anyone who has ever seen him forgetting their wonderful beauty. It was not merely that they were of a crystal clearness, and as blue as a summer sky, but the expression was different from that of any other human eye I have ever seen. In the first place, instead of the trained, conventional glance with which we habitually regard each other, and which, certainly at first, tells you nothing whatever of your new acquaintance's character or inner nature, Gordon's beautiful, noble soul looked straight at you, directly from out of these clear eyes. They revealed him at once as he was, and I am sure the secret of his extraordinary and almost instantaneous influence over his fellow-creatures lay in that glance. There was a sort of wistful tenderness in it for all its penetration, an extraordinary magnetic sympathy, and yet you felt its authority. The rest of his face was rugged, and I suppose, what would be called plain, but one never thought of anything beyond the soul shining out of those wonderful windows. To look at any other face after his was like looking at a lifeless mask."

The most embarrassing fact about our heroine is the necessity for describing them. While there are no limits to the number of novels, there are, unfortunately, to the human form divine. Let us first know, therefore, where we stand. With some difficulty we have collected the following formulae: Exhibit A.—To say that Gertrude was beautiful would give no indication of her extraordinary charm. There was an indelible something about the expression of her soft eyes that was not of this world. Her wonderful hair, that would have fallen several feet below the ground, if the ground were not in the way, was coiled in masses on her well-poised head. When she spoke, her voice—

Exhibit B.—Beryl, it is true, had a nose perfect in its classical lines. Her delicate, shell-like ears were like finely moulded marble. Her eyes were deep and lustrous, revealing depths of unknown power. But it was only when she smiled that we saw that about her we had never known before.

Exhibit C.—Janet's perfect figure was silhouetted against the dark eastern sky. There was a slight flush on her cheeks that gave to her face an almost maddening touch of piquancy. She was of medium height, and yet, somehow, this did not strike one at first. She might have been, for aught we could say, either shorter or taller.

Exhibit D.—Ruth stood, her hands clasped, gazing downward with drooping eyelashes, fully three-quarters of an inch long, to the marble terrace below. No one would have dreamed that this frail girl, so delicate, so ethereal, was capable of such passion. And yet her young form shook, until the whole house responded to her convulsive sobs. Then, with a supreme effort, she conquered herself, and once again her face regained passive.

Exhibit E.—Ethel leaped lightly on her bronco. Her face was tanned with long exposure to the winds of heaven. With a merry peal of laughter she dug her spurs into his flank, and her golden hair flowing like a yellow stream, was off again before Jack had time to catch his breath.—Tom Masson in "Life."

The "American Review of Reviews" contains a sketch of George R. Cortelyou, the chairman of the National Committee which organised the campaign in Mr. Roosevelt's interest. Before his appointment he was regarded as inexperienced and an amateur, but he became master of the situation quietly but instantly. His most marked character-

istic is said to be complete mastery of self. From the day of his appointment to the day of election he devoted every waking hour to the active work of the campaign. He had no form of recreation, accepted no invitations, and allowed nothing to divert him. Above all things, Chairman Cortelyou insisted that the campaign should be conducted on a high plane, and that nothing be done by anybody connected with the committee which would not safely bear the light of day. He accomplished, probably, what has never before been accomplished in American politics—conducted a campaign for the Presidency without making a single pledge or promise to anybody as to the course of the administration either in regard to appointments to office or to carrying out a policy. No letter was written from headquarters by anybody connected with the committee which could not be published without embarrassment; no arrangement was entered into which would have brought discredit to the committee if it had been known. The campaign was so clean and straightforward that the opposition were baffled by that very circumstance. It was a situation so entirely different from any with which they were familiar that they were constantly suspecting combinations which were never even suggested, and for which there could have been no need. It was Chairman Cortelyou's determination that President Roosevelt's election should come to him without the smirch of a questionable transaction at any stage of the campaign. He succeeded far beyond what he dared to hope, and in doing so he has set a new mark for the conduct of national campaigns hereafter.

The menu of the last annual dinner of the Library Association of California is a curious, clever, and amusing document. Some of the books so cleverly brought in are not very well known in the colonies, but that does not spoil the point of a very smart piece of work. It was as follows:—

## CATALOGUE.

- Eastern oysters on the half-shell:  
"Children of the Sea."  
Sauterne:  
"In the Cheering-up Business."  
Mock turtle soup:  
"The Masquerader."  
Crab salad:  
"To-morrow's Tangle."  
Olives farcie:  
"Without the Pit."  
Salted almonds:  
"Salted with Vire."  
Celery en branche:  
"Stalky and Co."  
Bataliere of fine sole, sauce Remoulade:  
"Fisherman's Luck."  
Charet:  
"Rulers of Kings."  
Pommes Duchesse:  
"From the Man with the Hoe."  
Filet Mignon aux Champignons:  
"Strength of the Weak."  
Petit Pois:  
"Out of Due Season."  
Punch a l'Imperial:  
"Punch, Brothers! Punch with Care!"  
Roast spring chicken farcie au Cresson:  
"Paul Play."  
Haricot Verts:  
"No New Thing."  
Appollinaris:  
"Virginious Puerisque."  
Romaine salad:  
"What will he do with it?"  
Neapolitaine ice-cream:  
"Daughter of the Snows."  
Assorted cakes:  
"Many Inventions."  
Cheese and crackers:  
"How the Other Half Lives."  
Cafe Noir:  
"All's Well That Ends Well."

Perhaps General Staessel is more actively inhospitable than I am, and possibly General Kurapatkin shrinks from the duties of host with greater skill," said Pugsley with a self-congratulatory grin; "but I can boast some victories in that line myself. "You see," he continued, "my wife decided that it was up to us to have the family for Thanksgiving dinner this year. Did I oppose the appalling proposition? I did not. Did I comfort and encourage her in her nefarious scheme to introduce discord and strife into the bosom of my home. I did. What's the use of war when diplomacy will land a solar plexus?

"I aided and abetted her with the utmost enthusiasm and liberality. Did she think a fifteen-pound turkey would do, I insisted upon a thirty-pounder; did she calculate that two chickens would make enough salad, I decided that six were barely sufficient; did she figure on a gallon of ice cream, I wouldn't be content with less than double that quantity; and so on all through the menu. Wherever she proposed to spend a dollar, I immediately insisted upon spending at least two."

"Of course she knows all about my affairs, and I could see that she was getting uneasy and frightened as she saw how lavish and extravagant I was determined to be. So I promptly boosted my reckless prodigality several notches higher. Still she didn't back down. It was getting pretty near time to do the inviting, and I was desperate. If my strategy failed, all was lost."

"So I told her to run into the city and pick out fresh paper for the hall and dining-room. That pretty nearly brought her down, but still she wavered, probably on account of wanting them so badly. So I added that while she was at it she should get a new carpet for the parlour, and new set of dishes, and see the florist about sending some men out to decorate."

"That fetched her, though it was piffling to see that heroic woman's struggle between what she knew was her duty and her desires. But she knew that our mortgage was getting clamorous, and she told me so. I was firm. I told her that if we were going to do it at all, we couldn't let the family go away saying how shabby we were and what a failure I must be. That settled it, and we ate elsewhere."

"No, maybe I couldn't keep the Japs from calling at the palace in Port Arthur, or spending the winter with me in Harbin, but I can keep the invader out of my humble domicile all right."—Chicago Record."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been recommending the following list of books for boys: Most of Parkman's works, notably "Montcalm" and "Wolfe"; "The Old Regime in Canada," and "The Oregon Trail." The whole of Marryat, including "Mons. Violet" and "The Settlers in Canada." Herman Melville's "White Jacket" and "Moby Dick"—specially "Moby Dick." Keene's "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," "Shipp's Memories," "Hakluyt's Voyages," "Nature and Sport in South Africa," by Brydon. "Annals of Rural Bengal," "Ross's Voyages," O. Trevelyan's "Competition Wallah," "Reminiscences of an Irish R.M.," Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," E. J. Glave's "Savage Africa," "Livingstone's Travels," "Mungo Park's Travels," Hudson's "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Story of an African Farm," Robinson's "British Fleet," "A Gun-room Ditty-box," by G. S. Bowles. "A Stretch Off the Land," by G. S. Bowles. "Our Sea Marks," by Edwards. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," "The Cruise of the Midge," "Tom Cringle's Log," all the "Rulers of India" series, "European Military Adventures of Hindostan," "Bakd-yad Abdullah," Arnold's "Light of Asia,"

"Hajji Baba," Lady Baker's "Christmas Cake in Four Quarters" (for juniors), Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," "Cook's Voyages," "Forty-one Years in India," Galton's "Art of Travel." This list does not meet with the approval of Mr. Harold Begbie, who thinks Mr. Kipling's literary diet savours too much of "swash-buckling," and he recommends the following list: "A Paradise of English Poetry" (Beeching), and "The Golden Treasury of Song." After these: "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Peveril of the Peak," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Westward Ho!" "Diamond," "Lavengro," "Romany Rye," "The Open Road" (E. V. Lucas), "Robinson Crusoe," "The Chronicles of Froissart," "The Chronicles of Jocelin of Breckland" (the King's Classics), Green's "History of the English People," "Avenish's 'Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey,'" "Trial and Death of Socrates" (Golden Treasury), Southey's "Life of Nelson," "A Book of Golden Deeds" (G.P.S.), Carlyle's "Past and Present," "Wesley's Journal" (P. J. Parker's abridged edition), Darwin's "Voyage of the 'Beagle,'" "The Life of Father Dolling," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Sabbath's 'St. Francis,'" "J. G. Paton's Life," "Livingstone's Journal," Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," Morris' "News From Nowhere," Morley's "Cromwell," and "John Inglesant."

In "T.P.'s Weekly" the question of the authorship of the verses "The Devil's Thoughts" has been raised. The poem appeared in the "Morning Post" in 1799, and was claimed as a joint production by Coleridge and Southey. It is published in most editions of Coleridge, who wrote in a footnote: "The first three stanzas, which are worth all the rest, and the ninth were dictated by Mr. Southey." The three stanzas are as follows:

From his brimstone bed at break of day  
A walking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm the Earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,  
And he went over the plait,  
And backward and forward he switched  
his long tail  
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And how then was the Devil dressed?  
Oh! he was in his Sunday best;  
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

The sixth stanza contains an oft-quoted line:—

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility;  
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin  
Is the pride that swags humility.

The verses have been claimed on very slight evidence for Richard Porson, the famous Greek scholar, and the writer in "T. P.'s Weekly" says: "Several correspondents have sent me the following passage, without giving its source: 'One evening at the house of the late

## THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

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Dr. Vincent, Professor Porson, being out at a whist table, was about to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent pressed him to stay, saying "I know you will not stay if you are doing nothing; but the rubber will soon be over when you may go in; and in the mean time take a pen and ink at another table and write us some verses." Dr. Vincent, in the midst of the game, seconded this request, and added, "I will give a subject. You shall suppose that the devil is coming up among us to see what we are doing, and you shall tell us what observations he makes." Porson obeyed these injunctions, and this amusing jeu d'esprit was the result. That is definite enough, but is it true? Southey unquestionably added certain stanzas, referring sarcastically to the Porson claim, and Southey was a perfectly honest man. In the latter stanzas he makes the devil, "by oracular inspiration," surmise who his commentators were:

There with in second sight he saw  
The place and the manner and time,  
To which this mortal story  
Would be put in immortal rhyme.

"Could Southey and Coleridge have adapted the idea," asks the writer, "possibly without knowing whence they derived it? Why should Porson's name have been so persistently associated with the verses if he had nothing to do with them?"

A first-class battleship, which costs about a million to build and fit out, takes upon an average three years to construct, and nearly as long to pull to pieces after being thirteen years or more in active service. Shipbreakers are sold battleships on the strict understanding that the vessel is to be pulled to pieces in "home waters," and it is not generally known that in the great majority of instances the Admiralty buy back from the purchaser certain parts of the old ships for nearly the same amount of money paid for the warship at the auction sale. The most valuable part of a first-class battleship is the armour-plate, and it is in consequence of this, and the enormous amount of trouble entailed in stripping it off the hull that the authorities pay so heavily to regain its possession. Some shipbreakers estimate that the price of an old battleship—say £90,000—is about the amount obtained for the armour-plate when re-sold. The natural conclusion is that the remainder of the vessel is "a gift," as it were, to the shipbreaker, but such is not the case. Many thousands are spent every year that the vessel is in the hands of the breakers, and a large and expensive electrical plant has to be installed to unrivet the armour-plate and for other purposes.

Americans are enthusiastically adopting the doctrines of Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life." The author has received an extraordinary welcome in the States, and the witty Mr Dooley thus hits off the situation:

"Well, Charles Wagner has been havin' th' fine old time over here," said Mr Dooley. "He's th' author iv th' two hundred thousandth book that Prisdint Roosevelt has read since th' first iv November. Th' called 'Th' Simple Life.' He eudent's find it in France, so he come lookin' fr it among th' simple an' pashtal people in this country. He found it. He come over in a large but simple ship iv twenty thousand simple horse power an' landed in th' simple village iv New York, where he was met by a comity iv simple little village lads an' lasses an' escorted to th' simple Waldorf an' installed in a room simply decorated in purple plush. Th' avarin' he attended a meetin' iv th' Fifth Avenue Female Simplicity Club. A lady wearin' a collar iv diamonds whose value was simply fabulous recited passages fr'm 'Th' Simple Life.' Affter this a simple supper iv terrapin an' champagne was served. He then took a simple Pullman train to Wash'nton, where he attended a reception. Later he was rayceived by th' simple Prisdint, who said to him, 'Chas,' he says, 'I've been preachin' yer book to me countrymen,' he says. 'Simplicity an' a thorough navy is th' watchword iv this administration,' he says."

There is a Spinners' League in Bristol. It owes its existence to a visit which the secretary paid to a midland town, where she found such a league flourishing. When she returned to Bristol a meeting was held, at which those present be-

came convinced that spinsterhood is the road to happiness, and the following rules were adopted:

1. All members must have attained the age of seventeen, and not exceeded thirty. Members wear long skirts, and dress their hair in a becoming manner. Members are invited to render their appearance as attractive as possible, but to be maidenly in their conduct.
2. Members are compelled by the law of the society (a) to be entirely proof against any charms (?) of man, (b) to have a wholesome contempt of falling in love, and to abhor marriage for themselves.
3. Members are also compelled to introduce the society and the advantages thereof to all whom they suppose may fall victims to the delusions referred to in Clause 2.
4. Every member must be in a position to maintain the rights of the sex—viz., healthy, strong-minded and able to earn her own living, so that there will be no necessity for members to embrace marriage as a means of subsistence.

The secretary mournfully admits that converts are not being made very rapidly.

Katsukama Higashi, the Japanese master of jiu-jitsu, who has succeeded in throwing Tom Sharkey, "Ajax," the big man of the New York police force, and other big wrestlers, was coaxed into the World Building recently, and he stayed long enough to show a few of his jiu-jitsu tricks. He is a tiny man, and he has "the gentlest, most engaging smile you ever saw." He is full of courtesy and sudden death. He was born in Japan twenty-two years ago, and is only five feet three inches tall, and his weight is one hundred and fifteen pounds. His muscles are soft as a woman's. Many American jockeys are larger and more muscular than he. He has been practicing jiu-jitsu since he was nine years old. He was a pupil of the great Kano, and taught the art in Doshisha College in Kyoto. The greatest weight he ever lifted is two hundred and ninety pounds. "Ajax" Whitman, whom he overthrew, has lifted twelve hundred pounds. Mr Higashi drinks hot water every morning, eats fruit, rice, and fish, meat only once a day, and rarely drinks tea. "The fatal tricks," he said, "I did not teach them. Even Kano will put a pupil through many tests before he will trust him with the fatal tricks. He would not teach them to a fighter. We never, never teach jiu-jitsu to a wrestler."

A plague of fancy waist-coats is afflicting the States.

"The lamentable extravagance and tastelessness of the young men of the present day are probably exemplified in no better way than in the wearing of fancy 'vests,'" says Mr. Waldo G. Cheston in a letter to the New York "Sun."

"Some years ago," he continues, "there was in the 'Sun' a philippic against the padded coat. The time is ripe for an attack upon the fancy, showy 'vest.' I will illustrate concretely. Yesterday while hurrying to my office down Nassau-street my eyes were dazzled by a collection of striped, plaided, painted, gilded, and ornamented 'vests' glittering and sparkling from the show window of a haberdasher's shop. I withdrew my eyes from the window, supposing that such articles were only put there to attract the eye rather than to persuade the buyer, when I beheld coming toward me a 'vest' which completely eclipsed all I had seen. The occupant of the 'vest' was a decent enough fellow, albeit he had flung wide his coat in order to reveal the full expanse of crimson, dotted with blue and orange spots; but that 'vest'—words fail me! I trust that by calling attention to this tendency something may be done to prevent its spread. As a so-called 'gentleman' of the old school," I must sincerely protest against this parody of the old-time waist-coat."

Here is an odd story of a lost and a found watch. A man started out hunting one day with a timepiece, which he particularly valued. Hours found in due course, the owner of the watch went well, and was greatly enjoying himself, when, carelessly glancing down as a check occurred, he found his chain broken in the middle and dangling—the watch gone. That it was gone for good seemed well-nigh certain. The run had been about a five mile point, over a number of fences of all sorts; our friend had not been down, but there had been a scramble or two, and the chain might have been broken, and the watch

lost, almost anywhere and in lots of ways. It was, of course, just barely possible that a farm labourer might come across it and think it well to make inquiries as to its ownership, but the chances appeared to be that it would be undiscovered till perhaps some ploughman turned it up with his share, a generation or so hence. The owner was touch vexed and grieved as he returned home watchless, and was correspondingly elated when, to his huge surprise, his butler entered the drawing-room just before dinner, carrying on a salver the missing watch. It had been found under the saddle, that is to say, when the saddle had been taken off the watch had slipped down into the straw. Apparently—ones could only guess—it must have been jerked out of the owner's pocket at a fence, have flown forward and backward, getting fixed under the saddle; the chain had then snapped, and the watch had remained firmly embedded between the stuffing of the saddle and the horse's body. All the time the owner was lamenting its loss he had been sitting on it!

Verily the Americans are a wonderful people. What do New Zealanders think of this? A pet-stock dealer in an American city has in his shop window a sign that reads: "Dogs to hire by day, week, or hour. Rates reasonable." A colonial asked the dealer, the other day, the significance of the sign. "Oh, it means just what it says," the dealer said; "people like to hire dogs now and then, the same as they like to hire horses or pianos. I clear from this branch of my business quite ten dollars a week. Do you see that handsome Russian wolfhound over there in the corner? Well, I hire him out a good deal to young women who are going to be photographed. In England a lot of women of fashion, and in America a lot of millionairesses, have had their pictures taken of late with Russian wolf-hounds at their side. That has set a fashion. Young women all over nowadays desire to be photographed with wolf-hounds. But do you know what a wolf-hound like Pete there is worth? Well, sir, he is worth 400dol. to 500dol. And do you know what he can be hired for a couple of hours for? He can be hired for 1.50dol. Hence he is hired often. He is in great demand. On the mantel of many a poor man's house you can see to-day the wife's or the daughter's photograph, with a magnificent Russian wolfhound in the foreground. Aside from hiring dogs for photographic purposes I hire them for promenades. Young ladies visiting the city like to rent a Boston bull or a wire-haired Irish terrier to walk down the street with. A good dog on a morning's walk gives a young woman distinction, and it is now possible, thanks to me, for the girl to achieve this distinction for 1.00dol. or 2.00dol.

Howard Paul, the London journalist, describes W. S. Gilbert, of comic opera fame, as an unsocial, ungenial man, but witty. On one occasion a woman deficient in musical knowledge, but anxious to talk to the humorist, asked him: "Is Mozart still composing?" "No, madam," replied Gilbert; "he is decomposing."

An American coloured gentleman, by some coincidence had got into a poker game with a London fish. His vis-à-vis, an Englishman, picked up three kings and a pair of deuces, and said: "I raise the pot one pound." The coloured gentleman picked up four aces. His eyes almost popped from his head. He said, stammeringly: "I don't know much about the system of weights an' measures in dis heah country, but I ee agwine to raise you a ton!"

A clever skit on the Sherlock Holmes story-teller is here given:

THE MISSING GOLF BALL.

Sitting open to the fire with a razor, Holmes was about to injure a bicycle pumpful of cocaine, ether, Willmetts water and locustation dope, when the light of battle gleamed in his eyes and caused the cat to think dawn had come. "Someone is coming upstairs, Watson," he said. "I heard footsteps on the stairs, but— You wonder how I know our visitor is coming up in stead of going down," interrupted Holmes, reading my thoughts. "It's childishly simple," he continued. "I fixed the second step from the top so that anyone treading on it is shot down the whole flight. The stranger hasn't fallen yet, and must therefore be coming up."

At that moment there was a crash. Holmes opened the door and stepped out. "Try again, my dear sir," he called out to the man who lay in a tumbled heap at the bottom of the stairs. "This time our visitor was more successful. He entered the room and took a seat opposite the window."

"Did you have a good game?" asked Holmes.

"How did you guess—?" answered Holmes. "Your mouth has certain lines brought on by saying a vigorous word beginning with d, and the Sellwood transfer in your pocket tells me you are a golfer."

"Yes, I play golf. My name is McStings," said our visitor. "I have come to ask you to solve the mystery of the last golf ball."

Holmes brightened up. The old sleuthhound instincts awoke. In a few moments he had the story from McStings. Four thousand golf balls had been lost in two weeks.

"Am you prepared for a long trip, Watson?" said Holmes, placing a revolver in his pocket. "Better take a Scott's glossary," he added.

I compromised on a flask of it.

Reaching the ground Holmes drew out a microscope and examined each blade of grass. "A cow has been here lately," he muttered.

"How did you know?"

He showed me a cowslip.

Inquiries in the neighbourhood showed that there was indeed a cow. She was the picture of health.

"That cow," said Holmes, "has swallowed the golf balls. You see that big ad over there, 'Pills for the Pale.' She has taken the golf balls for pills, and the influence of mind over matter has caused her to grow well and give lots of milk."

On our return to the house Holmes turned the case over to Detective Night with the advice to get out a search warrant.—Wex Jones in "Oregonian."

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# After Dinner Gossip

AND

## Echoes of the Week

### The Universal Language.

Some two months ago, or thereabouts, many readers of the "Graphic" doubtless received—as I did—a polite circular asking us all to join a club, or association, or mutual improvement society, or something equally worthy, for the purpose of using ourselves, and promoting the study amongst others, of a brand new and infallible Universal Language, y-dept "Esperanto." Somebody was to lecture on or in the language, and impart a knowledge thereof, and those who attended were to pick it up easily all in an afternoon. And I've little doubt several if not all of my readers who were honoured with invitations went, and are the wiser for it. By now "Esperanto" is their natural tongue, and they will doubtless translate the following without the smallest difficulty:

Sinjor! Di! starigu,  
Malamikojn pelu  
Kaj falgult  
Pistu politikon,  
  
Venku friponajon,  
Al ci ni konfidu:  
Dio nin savu!

To me personally they look like a fearsome mixture of Japanese, Russian, Roumanian, Italian, and other tongues, as, indeed, they may be! It seems probable. But for the benefit of readers who like myself have not mastered the universal language, I may mention that the lines are "Esperanto" for the second stanza of "God Save the King." Now, who would have thought it! I glean the information myself from the last copy of the "Times" to hand via "Frisco," which gives an account of the annual meeting, which may be of interest to certain readers out here and students of Esperanto, and of which I therefore condense a portion: The proceedings opened with a speech in Esperanto from the president, Mr Felix Moschides, who detailed certain reforms which seem to have taken place in the brotherhood, under the similitude of the history of two babies, with a due number of allusions to the judgment of Solomon. This tickled the meeting ("tiklis la kunveno") as they say in Esperanto. It occurs that these Siamese twins now have a separate existence, one as the London Esperanto Club, and the other as the British Esperanto Association, and each infant has a journal of its own to advertise itself, one the "Esperantist," and the other the "British Esperantist." Miss Lawrence, the secretary, then read the report and balance-sheet in her native tongue. The club has over £50 in the bank, and is going to contribute two of them to the international meeting of Esperantists to be held at Boulogne from August 3 to August 13, the whole of which you can attend for two francs ("du frankoj"). The rest of the meeting consisted of divers performances in Esperanto, including three items from a recent translation of "The Tempest." "Tono Lampino" was a prominent performer in one of the selections along with Signorio Hardcastle. Then there was a bit from Henry IV., the address to sleep, "Ho dormo," and there was to have been a song, "America Coon," Jallo la kara Lullin.

As has been intimated, the writer does not know enough about Esperanto to comment thereon, but according to the "Times" critic it is in some ways a most annoying language. For one thing, it has no exceptions. Now a language without exceptions is like a human being without faults, a sort of prig among languages. Again, all the terminations are standardised, and all the accents are on the penultimate. The result is monotonous. Thirdly, it is rather agonising at times to the philologist. Take a word like "orfo," for instance, for orphan,

The inventor could not say "orfano," because it would seem, on his principles, a member of the sect of the Oris, or something like that. So he throws philology overboard. He makes his word for boat "boto" (pronounced "boochto") and his word for boot "boto"—facts which cast doubts on his thorough knowledge of English, though he has paid this country the compliment of utilising a very large number of its roots, or rather fragments of its roots. But there is no doubt about the enthusiasm of this little body of Esperantists ("ne estas dubo de la entusiasmo de taci ci Esperantistoj"), and we hope they will keep it up ("kai ni esperas ke ili keepos it up"). How easy the language is to learn is shown by the amount the "Times" writer seems to have picked up in writing this article.

### Can We Become "Kiwi-ised"?

Once upon a time the kiwi, with its symmetrical body and abbreviated "bustle," was a very different bird. There was a time when he boasted two strong wings and a very respectable tail. In fact, he used to fly, and behave generally as a fowl of the air. But then he degenerated. No longer in fear of his natural enemies he had no need to fly from danger, and so his propelling and steering gear was used less and less, till in the course of generations it disappeared altogether, and we have him to-day very much foreshortened about the tail regions, and wingless, but abnormally strong as to his legs. It has often struck me lately whether it would not be possible for the human being of this very advanced age to become "kiwi-ised" in his motive power. Is it possible for walking to become a lost art, or rather function? Since the days when shank's pony was the only means of locomotion when a man wanted to shift his camp, the average distance walked by civilised beings must have come down with a run—something like the drop of the barometer before a hurricane in the tropics—and if Mr Cogblan, the famous Commonwealth statistician, or some of his profession, would go into the matter, the result of their labours would prove extremely interesting, if not instructive. The aim of the century is to save a man the use of his legitimate means of getting about, as they would say at the court of Spain, or in plain English, his legs. Horse-carriage, railway, electric tram, so runs the ascending scale, and now in New York they are talking about having moving pavements, from which you step and are carried without further exertion at from four to nine miles an hour, to wherever you desire to go. Of course, the climax will be the flying machine. So that really in a very short time the only use a man will have for his legs will be to double up under him when he takes his seat in one of the many "con-traptions" which the more inventive of his kind have evolved for locomotion by proxy. Take our own colonial towns, for instance. Whoever thinks of walking when for a pen-orth of electricity one can sit still and be whirled along at anything up to 30 miles an hour? Distances that were as nothing before the advent of the flash-like traams seem to have stretched in some remarkable manner, and if we miss the last car anywhere within a radius of a few miles of the city, we think we have been very hardily dealt with, and give ourselves a considerable amount of kudos if we do somewhere in the region of three miles an hour. Some of my readers may have seen (or even possessed) one of those quaint little toys, a gnome, all body and head, but innocent of legs, in place of which he is rounded off and weighted like a cogged disc, so that however you throw him about, he always comes right end upmost, like an American steamboat spinnaker—a smile which I hope the ladies will pardon. This gnome seems

to me to resemble in no small degree the kind of animal we will evolve if these misguided inventors are allowed to go on "kiwi-ising" the human race.

### The League of Empire.

The preternatural ignorance of the average "stay at home" Britisher, with regard to the great countries of the Empire, is causing perturbation of spirit amongst the leading lights of "The League of Empire," a strenuous and conscientious society in London and elsewhere, and a series of Sunday lectures has been started in the Metropolis with the object of blending instruction with amusement, and giving pictorial and other information concerning the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain to all who care to attend. Just before the last "Frisco" mail left the first of these was given by the Agent-General for South Australia, Mr. Allerdale Grainger, and there were present on the platform a couple of live lords, a brace of baronets, four knights no less, and smaller stars of the league constellation. Lord Meath, who was in the chair, told a Seddon story which may be as new to "Graphic" readers as it is to the writer. He observed that to those who stated that such lectures as these were superfluous, he replied that the persons who knew all about our colonies were in somewhat of a minority. One of the many invitations which Mr. Seddon, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, received when in this country was from a lady who said she would consider it a great kindness on his part if he would appear in native costume. That, probably, was an extreme case, and it might be taken for granted that the great mass of the population were not so badly instructed as the lady who issued the invitation. Still, there was undoubtedly a great deal of leeway to make up. The geography of countries very much nearer than New Zealand and Australia was unknown to vast numbers. He had been astonished at the ignorance displayed by Englishmen with regard to Ireland. The league's object was to instruct the public and to improve the relations between our fellow-subjects in distant parts of the world and ourselves. Coming to the lecture itself, Mr. Grainger, I gather from a file of the "Times," devoted most of the time at his disposal to showing upon a screen lantern views of different parts of South Australia, and explaining their situation and characteristics. In his opening remarks he said that as it was Sunday afternoon in this country, though not in Adelaide, he would forbear from talking about the productions of the colony. There is, as "Graphic" readers will admit, something to tickle the fancy here. Even Mr. Lewis, who has so scathingly stung Auckland cricketers for going out a-sailing on a Sunday, is not "in it" as to a sabbatarianism with Mr Grainger. But what, one wonders, are the particularly immoral products of S.A. which precludes their mention on a Sunday. One would really be interested to know. If all the League of Empire are as particular as the Agent-General for South Australia, the attendant at the Sunday lectures will, like the farmer who drank claret, get "very little forrader" on the fare provided.

### A Startling Percentage.

The startling conclusion that one in every thirty-seven persons in England and Wales is a criminal is the first that appears on the surface of the Home Office Report on the Crime of 1904 recently issued.

From this source we get the following figures:—

|                           |                |
|---------------------------|----------------|
| Criminals arrested.....   | 11,850         |
| Offenders dealt with..... | 791,814        |
| Criminals uncaught.....   | 26,714         |
| Habituals "resting".....  | 4,187          |
| Minor offenders uncaught  | 43,310         |
| First offenders, etc..... | 40,020         |
| <b>Total.....</b>         | <b>917,625</b> |

The population of England and Wales (to which alone the statistics relate) is, in round figures, 33,000,000, and thus we get the deduction that one in every thirty-seven is an offender of some sort. But the figures, of course, take no heed of the fact that many of the minor offenders are convicted again and again

in the course of a year. In one case forty-three convictions were recorded against one person in the twelve months. The actual proportion is, therefore, probably not more than one in fifty.

The figures given above lead to a very, frank and very disquieting admission on the part of the police. For 86,172 serious offences they had only 50,458 prisoners to show. Out of 188,678 prisoners in gaol at the period of the report 4099 were of foreign birth.

The principal classes of offence showing an increase are as follows:—

|                           | Five years' Average. | 1903.   |
|---------------------------|----------------------|---------|
| Burglary, etc.....        | 1,251 ..             | 2,863   |
| Larceny.....              | 37,945 ..            | 40,127  |
| False Pretences.....      | 1,513 ..             | 1,830   |
| Habitual drunkenness..... | 220 ..               | 372     |
| Attempted Suicide.....    | 224 ..               | 273     |
| Drunkenness.....          | 213,868 ..           | 230,150 |

Increases are also shown under the heads of begging and gauding.

The police returns give the following details with regard to violent crime:—

|                             | Crime. Arrests. | Men. | Women. |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|------|--------|
| Murder.....                 | 171             | 117  | 70     |
| Attempt to murder.....      | 99              | 87   | 75     |
| Man slaughter.....          | 141             | 135  | 116    |
| Offences against women..... | 1206            | —    | 1018   |

One of the most startling features of the return, however, is the increase in the number of suicides. There were 3480 such cases in 1903, in 880 of which the victims were women; and in 39 cases verdicts of "Felo de se" were returned, 3 in respect of women.

### Persecuting the Appendix.

If any worm ever had reason to turn, it is the verminiform appendix. The doctors, as well as the surgeons, are pretty well agreed now that its only value is to illustrate the skill of the man who takes it out. They are all for expatriating it at the first whimper of insubordination, and cases are not rare in which, while still entirely submissive and peaceable, it is yanked out merely as a precaution against the chance that it may some time do wrong.

I don't think the appendix is having a fair show. It is certainly entitled, at least, to toleration during good behaviour, but the surgeons and doc-



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was in the Old Country—how it made the clothes white and pure—how it cleaned and sweetened the house and how it gave lustre, brightness, and perfect cleanliness to pots, pans, glass, earthenware, and all kitchen utensils. What it will do for the home in the Old Country, it will do for the home in New Zealand.

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born are loath even to grant it that. They hold with the pertinacity of conviction that in the matter of the appendix the safe side is the outside. The doctor are as ready as so many Supreme Court Justices to grant certificates of reasonable doubt as to the docility of the appendix. That is all the surgeons require. Out it comes. They tell you they never knew an appendix that was once successfully removed, to do anybody any harm, whereas in many instances appendices that were left in have made trouble. I heard a big healthy surgeon say the other day that if he were going on a long trip—say around the world—he would seriously consider the expediency of having his appendix out, merely to reduce the chances of being sick in an inconvenient place. That the appendix is of any physiological use, or is anything better than a little stick of dynamite awaiting detonation, they have no idea.

Lacking all authority that comes from technical knowledge, you or I cannot argue with the medical brethren about it, nor would we hesitate to be guided by their judgment if our own appendix got to aching. But I do not believe that the appendix is having fair treatment, or that in twenty years from now the detail of evisceration which deals with it will be so popular as it is at present. That individuals may have physical defects which surgery can relieve, we all know, but it is quite credible that all human creatures, fashioned, as we are still taught to believe, in the image of their Maker, have this universal defect of an unnecessary and irresponsible little gut which exists only to make trouble? A London doctor, Sir William MacEwen, said to be a man of high distinction in his profession, is cited as having come out in defence of the appendix, and in contradiction of the idea that it is wholly bad. He expresses conviction that it has an important function in assisting digestion, and is the favourite home of micro-organisms which are particularly useful in attacking imperfectly assimilated nourishment. These opinions sound respectable. Everyone should be glad Sir William has avowed them. If he can establish their validity it will be a useful public service. The appendix operation is comparatively new. There has not been time yet to establish the fact so confidently asserted, that a man without an appendix is a better man than one who has one. I don't believe he is quite so good a man—so there!

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**The Vogue of Skating.**

Roller-skating is undoubtedly the "craze" of the moment in Auckland, to use a word very much affected by the

young person of to-day. If anything has a somewhat pronounced vogue the young person calls it a "craze," which is the favourite word in her vocabulary of slangy exaggeration. "Excitement" runs it very closely however. The coming party, ball or what not, is referred to by her in her own expressive way as "the next excitement." How one would like to hear a certain Dr. Trench, some time Dean of Winchester, on this modern application of these two words. But to return to skating. In spite of the fact that it is summer, and particularly summery at that, the rink is filled nightly with citizens of renown and otherwise, all ardently following this essentially winter pastime. "Alike all ages." Not only do the young and thoughtless struggle vigorously with the elusive skate, which always wants to go in the other direction, but "dames of ancient days" and their worse halves shoot in and out among the small fry with spasmodic and unaccustomed, and often unexpected, velocity. One devotee in particular earned my unqualified admiration—for her pertinacity. I would not like to say she "frisked beneath the burden of three score," but she was within a pound or two of it, in sporting parlance. I don't know which were the more praiseworthy—her attempts to acquire the graceful art at her time of life, or the attempts of the perspiring attendant to maintain his own perpendicular and that of his fair but bulky partner. Yes, they are all bitten very badly, from the busy professional gentleman and staid man of business down to the young thing who gurgles, "Oh, I know I shall fail" about fifteen times every round, and proves her words twice as often. It has one advantage, however—it makes people perfectly natural. You can't fix your attention on the vagaries of eight wheels, which evince a strong desire to lake as many, if not more, different direction at one and the same time, with a leave-the-floor-together feeling thrown in, and wrap yourself up in that cold mantle of dignity which is so essentially English. Another point in favour of this new pastime—or, rather, the recrudescence of a very old one—is that it makes people more handy with their feet, to use a Mr. Doolyism. If you have once learned to skate, you can always rest assured you walk better, and that you run less risk from losing your equilibrium when your heel makes the acquaintance of a lurking banana peel.



**RACING FIXTURES.**

- March 1—Tukano Racing Club Annual.
- March 2 and 3—Wanganui J.C. Autumn.
- March 3 and 4—Westport J.C. Autumn.
- March 7—Akaroa County J.C. Annual.
- March 11—Nairn J.C. Annual.
- March 17 and 18—Obitnemard Jockey Club Annual.
- March 18—Northern Waera R.C. Autumn.
- March 30 and April 1—Wellington R.C. Autumn.
- April 1 and 5—Aronvale J.C. Autumn.
- April 23, 24, 25—Auckland R.C. Autumn.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

"Manukau."—Armitage was not a starter in the last Egmont Cup.  
 The South Auckland Racing Club's annual meeting takes place next Saturday.  
 W. Kirk rode six winners out of seven races at the Waikato meeting on one day.  
 Madeline Gun is in work for the Manawatu Stakes, and is said to be doing well.  
 General Average, Strathavon, and Poly-tactis have been scratched for all engagements.  
 For winter the Dunedin Cup Ghoocha has been raised 90 in the Wanganui Cup, the weight now being 7st 10lb.

In England this year H. Marsh is training eighteen horses for King Edward. Half of them are by Persimmon.

Strathavon has been enjoying a few days' spell at his owner's place at Otahuhu before going back to J. Rae's.

J. Cuafo, jun., brought back with him from New Plymouth a three year old filly by St. Clements.

Hakaria and The Needle were brought back from Christchurch Sunday, after their successful trip to that district.

Notorial did not return from New Plymouth as stated. He is to go on to Wanganui to fulfil his engagements there.

The course at Rotoura was very fast, and some good times were recorded in consequence.

Lady Love, the well-known trotting mare, has been presented by her late owner to W. A. Scott, the well-known trainer.

I have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of complimentary tickets for the Tukano and South Auckland meetings.

Lady French has been leased by her owner, Mr. A. Hughes, to Mrs. Tolson, wife of the well-known trainer, T. Colton.

Miss Lottie was very sore after her exertions in the Rotoura Cup, and was unable to start on the second day of the meeting.

Two well-known local penitentiaries are billed to engage in a wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can style, at the Devonport Fair to-night.

King Edward has secured a nomination for Flying Fox, and one of his mares is to be mated with St. E. Blanc's champion stallion this season.

Mr. Brady, who came into conflict with the stewards of the Otahuhu Trotting Club last Wednesday, is a farmer at Otahuhu, and not a trainer.

A large number of Aucklanders who were present at the Rotoura meeting stopped at Okoroire on the way down to attend the Okoroire races, which are being held to-day.

The King's steeplechaser Ambush II. dropped dead while being exercised. Ambush II. won the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1900.

Mr. R. Armitage purchased a two-year-old colt by Daystar during his visit to New Plymouth. The youngster was brought from the South last Saturday.

Mr. B. Armitage disposed of Missa after the Egmont Racing Club's meeting. He ran in A. Hall's nomination in the Normanby Welter, in which he ran second.

Golden Hands cut herself badly while contesting the Railway Handicap on the opening day of the Rotoura meeting, and had to be withdrawn from her engagements on the second day.

Idana's name was wired through by the Press Association as running second to Chola in the Normanby Welter, but this was an error, as Numa filled that position, Idana being third.

Golden Vein, whose name was accidentally omitted from the list of horses weighted for the Stewards' Handicap at the Wanganui meeting, has been allotted 9st 2lb.

Kilney Pal, who has been made favourite Gane after time in various events at Epsom, has at last managed to win a race, she accounting for the Pony Trot on the opening day of the O.T.C. Meeting.

Bookmakers doing business at Epsom on the opening day of the Otahuhu Trotting Club's summer meeting were badly worsted by the punters. It is stated that it would take £1000 to cover their losses on the day's business.

The connections of the Auckland mare, Fairy Annie, were asked by the stewards of the Egmont Racing Club to explain that mare's running in the Waimate Handicap on the second day of the meeting. The explanation was considered satisfactory.

The Sydney mare Laybreak gave a greatly improved display in the Otahuhu Trotting Cup, which she won, to what she showed in her essays at the Auckland Trotting Club's meeting at Christmas time. Probably she is thoroughly acclimatized now.

Out of respect to the memory of the late Mr. George Richardson, whose death took place on Tuesday last week at Napier, horsemen and trainers were urged during the progress of the Poverty Bay Turf Club's meeting.

Mr. D. McKinnon sold his promising three-year-old filly during the progress of the Rotoura meeting. The purchaser was a Mr. Schmidt, and the price paid 300 guineas. He goes into D. Moran's stable.

V.S., an good black pointer by Viking, was nearly bringing off a surprise in the Maiden Trot at the Otahuhu Meeting. Had he trotted kindly instead of running all over the course, he probably would have won.

In London last month the owner of a racehorse was sued for £8, which included £4 for champagne supplied to the horse. A defence under the Tipping Act of 1751 was put in, and Judge Gwynne struck out the price of the champagne.

Fashionable, who has not raced for two or three months, was on the scene again at the Otahuhu Meeting. Fashionable, who is looking a lot lighter than he has ever seen him, was again favourite for the Pony Cup, but could not get nearer than third.

Pearl Keckle's absence from the Egmont meeting was due to the mare badly striking herself on the near hind leg. The mare had had luck also with San Paulo, the little son of St. Paul wrenching his knee on the eve of the meeting, which necessitated his withdrawal from his engagements.

The Tukano Racing Club's annual meeting takes place next Wednesday. March 1. Good acceptances have been received, and the gathering promises to be a successful one. A special train has been arranged for, particulars of which will be found in our advertising column.

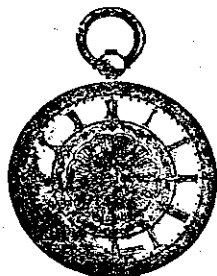
Though Secret Society finished second to Pallas in the Dunedin Jockey Club Handicap, that gelding is sadly out of form, as Pallas conceded him the lead. The late Mrs. Pallas, however, putting up a fine performance, one of the best of his useful racing career.

The announcement that His Majesty has purchased the Grand National winner of 1904, from Mr. S. H. Gillan, has a particular interest for New Zealanders, since Madras was bred in this colony. That early the Royal colours of our King will credit will be the wish of every true sportsman.

Notwithstanding the big counter-attraction in the form of the band's camp on Saturday, at which it was estimated there were 20,000 people present, the amount put through the machines on the opening day of the Otahuhu Trotting Club's meeting was nearly equal to that of the corresponding day last year.

A Gisborne horseowner, who is very popular, was receiving congratulations from friends at a bit of unexpected luck that came his way, when another owner came on the scene and remarked, "And what a big dividend his horse paid." "Yes," said the owner of the winner, "it was a fine dividend, but then I only win at long intervals, and your horses win often."

Frank Ross suffered a severe loss by the death of St. Rowan, who broke his neck when he fell at Rotoura. St. Rowan was a useful horse for country meetings, and occasionally picked up a stake on the metropolitan courses, and his loss, coming at a time when the country gatherings are



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Just common-fig, is a severe one for Ross, whose luck has been anything but the best for some time.

Blas has at last broken the long string of defeat which has recently registered against her during the past few months, and assuming for the big hand-up on the second day of the Rotoman meeting. The mare's victory was a popular one, and her owner, Mr. W. G. Scott, who has had any thing but the best of luck in his turf speculations, was the recipient of hearty congratulations from a large number of friends.

Someone at a recent race meeting, evidently not a judge, got into the judge's box after the business of the first day was over, or before proceedings opened on the second day, and with a knife cut out on the inside of the door of the judge's box, and his judge, and his blind, the judge seeing them, the gentleman remarked to a brother official, "Justice is proverbially blind."

The latest innovation to come into vogue in America is racing on a decision given which displays, immediately after the finish, the numbers of the placed horses in three or four different parts of a course. The judge has merely to touch electric buttons cutting out a sound for the number of the horses in race, and the most outlying parts of the track are instantly informed as to the result of the race.

The New Zealand-bred cross country performer, Maffia, was a decision given for the Grand National Steeplechase last year for Mr. Spencer H. Gould, was out under silk at Hurst Park on November 26th in the Park Steeplechase, three miles, with 11st 7lb up, and he finished in a field of three. Maffia was very all-weather, but showed he was in good form for the Grand National in March.

An Italian land, touring New Zealand, and attempting to show them they can find engagements, was recently in Auckland (Hayek's Bay), and there purchased the hardy gelding Waimata. After the defeat of that gelding in one of his engagements at Foxglove Hill, there was a noticeable absence of work for a couple of days. The conductor had prepared his hindrance to play "The Conquering Hero," and their disappointment was great.

Mr. Namu, MacKay, a West Australian breeder and owner, has purchased Golden Lily and a yearling filly by Royal Artillery from Belmont from Mr. G. H. Stead, and intends breeding from them by his stallion, the imported and well-known Leobler horse, "The Duke of Devonshire," which should suit both. The filly may possibly be raised in the West before being re-exported to New Zealand. While in Napier, Mr. MacKay made an offer for a young colt by Lincolndale, one of the Kanawha lot.

The Gisborne gelding, Mahuanga, better known to Aucklanders as the Auckland Cup winner, did well on his return to Gisborne, and was sound and free of sickness last week, prior to being shipped to Wanganui, and had done one very satisfactory gallop of a mile and a quarter on the Makarua course a day or two before the Purdy Bay Turf Club meeting, and his trainer expects to see him run a great race at Wanganui in the Cup.

A man, who is acknowledged to be one of the smartest and most reliable race men so employed, was having an enforced spell off for a meeting or two, and was asked the reason. "Oh, come the frank reply, 'I've lost my horse, and the money he got, and I gave him all the money he got for the looks to go on the tote to try the good thing and get the money back. Then the good thing no win, and I got the sack.' His poor friend happened to be a guesser."

According to an exchange, it was known that the Calcutta stewards were going to keep a keen look-out for wrong-doers at their meetings, and that any participant that Mr. "Barney" Allen would be the one to be made an example of. It is also stated that the stewards are prosecuting further inquiries, and that the running of a "cup horse" race is to be the goal. Altogether it appears as if the Calcutta stewards are going to make a determined effort to purify the sport in their part of the world.

In the Dunedin Cup the Leobler horse, Chocka, who is moderate at best, but a very weak field, but put up fair time for the race, viz. 2:37. The Wanganui track is not so fast as many courses in the country, though said to be getting faster each season. The handsome little mare, Steppin' Stone, who has shown staying ability, and speed of highly assessed, in running second, must have been a magnificent one, but for she is a delicate little lady, who has had all too many seconds in her time.

When St. Rowan stumbled and fell after the finish of the Wainmanga Handicap, and brought down Success, who was close behind him, it was feared for a time that these two horses and their respective riders, would be fatally injured. However, the rider of the horse present when the lad was brought back to the enclosure, and examined, it was found that they had escaped with slight concussion, and a severe shaking. They were removed to the veterinary hospital, where they were attended to by Dr. Wohlmann, and at latest address they were progressing favourably.

It has long been a moot point in America as to whether any of the present-day trotters could beat the time made by Maud S, 2:28 1/2, under the same conditions of high speed, without built-up bearings. The horse Maud S, of the Vermont stud at recent meeting, when he trotted a mile in a high wheeled snig, some dozen pounds heavier than that driven by Maud S, in the Madison Trot, was in time, in a high wheeled snig, without built-up bearings, in 2:28 1/2. This

was the best on record until November 11 last, when Lou Dillon trotted a mile under similar conditions in 2:28 1/2.

Trainers in general who are in the habit of attending country meetings make complaints in the manner in which their horses are handled, and the manner in which the trackway authorities. They complain that instead of the horse boxes being put next to the carriages, where they would not require to be moved, they are, as a rule, added on to the engine, and every time a truck has to be put off at a station the horse boxes are shunted up and down, greatly to the detriment of the horses occupying the boxes. No doubt if representations were made to the proper authorities an alteration would be made.

Mr. W. H. Herd, M.H.R. for the Bay of Plenty district, does an enormous amount of travelling in order to assist at the various meetings, which are held in his electorate, and at which he invariably acts as judge. Last week he was as far down as Oropiki, and on Wednesday and Thursday he returned as judge at Rotoman, which is about 83 miles apart, and three or four rivers have to be crossed, and that Mr. Herd covers the distance on horseback, it will be seen that it is not all beer and skittles being a popular M.H.R.

The acceptances received for the Wanganui Cup must be considered satisfactory, twelve paying up. The two top-weights, Mahuanga and Scotty, remain in, as do the other two, Maffia and Maud S, and Starshot. Chocka, who is in with 7lb, has accepted, but he has to be rehandicapped, owing to his win in the Dunedin Cup, and his record weight should be known. A further payment is due on the day, but at present there is no thing better than Mahuanga and Scotty, with a decided preference for the latter. The Flying Handicap has divided down to eight, and probably the two best horses, Maffia and Scotty, will have most to say in the settlement of the race.

Dr. Roberts presided over the annual meeting of the Wanganui Hunt Club, which was held at Cambridge on Saturday last. The members of the hunt club and the hunt club races showed the disposition to be in a sound financial position. By the former it was seen that the season commenced with a credit of £374 14s, and the latter began with £28 17s and finished with £22 3s. The chairman spoke of the valuable services rendered by the secretary, Mr. E. J. H. Smith. It was resolved to elect to Mr. Frank Ross of Brunwood, thanking him for allowing the club the use of his kennels during the past year, and asking for a similar favour during the coming season. The election of officers was as follows:—President, Mr. Norman Banks; deputy-master, Mr. Wm. Brown; secretary, Mr. Mervyn Wells; huntsman, Mr. C. Selby; meets committee, the master, deputy-master, the secretary, and Dr. Roberts.

The "Special Commissioner" explains why the English professional jockey and his friends object to the starting machine. The writer says that in the bad old days the professional jockey on his horse, getting a good start for the simple reason that it would be ridden by some jockey who would not allow a start to take place until he got off extra well. The starting machine, as a matter of no account because it was quite certain they would not get off well. Those who remember how Fred Archer used almost always to go down first to the post, take the lead, and then get the start, and get away in flying style, can, if they only think well understand how it is that a system which gives all jockeys an equal chance against the men who used to find a certain lead in their own hands, and of ten or a dozen runners, neglecting all the balance because the principal jockeys would without doubt get off best. That is the reason for the objection to the obsolete old-time who object to anything which has caused objection in England to the starting gate.

Prior to Mr. Barney Allen's horses being offered at auction in Calcutta, the whole lot were under offer to a would-be buyer for 45,000. Luckily for the owner, negotiations fell through, as the horses registered in the following order:—Cool Queen, 43,000; Camira 63,000; Pat C, 70,000; Firewater 79,000; Natta 70,000; Loyal 150,000; Stehlarer 200,000; Nat Gould 740,000; Young Lake 12,000. Camira was bought jointly by Mr. E. J. Marshall and Colonel Beatty, and in paying such a good price for her they must have done so under the impression that they would have little difficulty in selling her to the highest bidder. Loyal was purchased by Mr. Manning, Natta by Dr. Spenser Hart, Nat Gould and Stehlarer by Aga Shah, November 11th. Cool Queen by Mr. Percy Fisher, Pat C by Mr. J. D. Scott on commission, and Firewater by H. H. the Kour-Sabih of Peshawar.

The opinion expressed by "Nester" and other contributors to the "Badminton Magazine," that the English Turf is in a parlous state, is not shared by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who is well qualified to speak with authority on the subject. The owner of St. Amant declares that "taken as a whole, the turf has never been in a better condition than now. Everything has advanced very much during the last 30 years. Racing and hunting, with one or two exceptions, has vanished, except on rare occasions; agricultural depression prevents the squire and the farmer from raising the produce of the family, which has nearly become almost extinct. They do not think worth maintaining till the very day of the race, and there is a great evil, which is the extension of starting-price betting. While we regret that there is much to praise in the way the enclosed racecourses are

managed, the punctuality and order of everything, the excellent press organisation, the dilution of heavy betting, etc." Mr. Rothschild winds up by suggesting that there should be more variety in the races, by sprinters over long courses, to be won by winners of long-distance races over short courses.

By the death of Hotchkiss, which occurred on Wednesday afternoon, the Wellington Park and Turf Club has lost a highly successful sire, and New Zealand has been deprived of the use of one of the few remaining direct descendants of Mustang, of whom Hotchkiss was one of the youngest. Hotchkiss had been inbred for many years past, and for a considerable time was covered by a policy of £2000, which, however, was reduced to £2000, which more or less represented the horse's value, considering that he had grown in years. However, it is really hard to put a value on a sire whose yearlings on several occasions fetched very high prices, ranging from 100 guineas, the sum paid for Royal Artillery and who also sired such high-class horses as Multifloral, Uniform, True Blue, Machine Gun, Lancaster, Screw Gun, not to mention Swooshing, Watrongo, and the Stags, the Peninsula, &c. Fortunately the Wellington Park Stud Company have the imported Scaton Delaval, the brilliant and promising Menschhoff, and the well-performed stayer Bluejecket, which more or less under favourable circumstances Hotchkiss could not have expected to last many seasons. The progeny of Hotchkiss was somewhere in the region of £50,000 in stakes, and several of his sons and daughters are proving successful at the stud.

Mr. Thomas Hoddich, of England, in his recently published book on South America, states that he was much impressed by the excellence of the horses on which the Argentine jockeys mounted. They were "not the horses which found their way in troops for the mounting of infantry in South Africa. They averaged about 15 hands in height, showed signs of careful selection, and were of a fine quality, either in general quality or in quantity of bone and muscle, and they were in excellent condition. It should be remembered that the horse is almost, if not quite, an indigenous animal in South America. The usual tradition points to a Spanish origin, and insists that the horse first appeared with the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and that the present stock of South America sprang from 50 or 70 animals which were left loose after the first Spanish retirement from the coast."

There are many Argentine authorities who hold the horse to be indigenous. However, that may be a secondary error, or half-wild horse of the country, is a very different stamp of animal from what that which the Argentine adopt for their racing purposes. He is usually an ugly, heavy-headed animal, so many shades and varieties of colour that none but a Gaucho could describe them in proper technical Spanish, and he is undoubtedly a sturdy animal, and the progress of continuous hard work. A steady hand gallop is the regulation Argentine pace on the pampas, and the Gaucho makes nothing of riding his horse till he drops, when he is sold to one of a small troop of loose horses which drives before him for the purpose of changing his mount. The "used up" horse is left where it stands, or falls, to find his own living, and is not picked up or again when his owner comes for him. He is entirely a grass fed animal, ignorant of the taste of grain, and his habits are entirely opposed to any restraint in the shape of harness or bit, when he is released from his day's work.

An almost record attendance was present at Hurst Park, England, last month, the starting price being the market for £500, which was divided between the two horses, Clark's four-year-old Mark Time and Mr. A. Prentice's five-year-old Karakool, the latter being in receipt of 7lb. With two such noted huddlers opposing each other the quality of the race, and the unusual amount of interest throughout the country, but it was certainly the general opinion that Mr. Clark's four-year-old would prove his superiority at the weights. This view was supported as early as being on the eve of the race, for although starting was by no means heavy ever-increasing odds being laid on Mark Time, the final figures being 8/1 to 4/1 in his favour.

Unfortunately, as is so often the case in a match, the race was falsely run. Both jockeys had apparently been given starting orders, and in consequence they started off at a ridiculously slow pace, taking well over two minutes to cover the first few furlongs. At this point Mark Time drew out with a six lengths' lead, but Matthews on Karakool made no attempt to draw level, and Fred was content with the advantage which his mount had already established. In this order they dawdled along till over four furlongs from home, where Karakool closed with his rival, and the pair began to race in earnest. They jumped the bit, but by the time they were in the vicar's paddock looked in, and the favourite came away and win, for it was quickly seen that Karakool was gradually getting the better of the struggle. Indeed, Matthews, who had been the surprise of everyone, fairly beat Mark Time for speed, and pulled through by a length and a half.

Karakool, who is a five-year-old by Wolf's Flag out of Valentine, is trained by J. W. P. He is a good all-round performer, but has nothing like such

a fine record as stands to the credit of Mark Time, whose defeat was really a surprising one. Mr. Clark's colt, as Mr. J. W. P. averred, finished ungenerously, and it is more than likely that the restraint which was put upon him in the earlier stages of the race, would have helped him. At any rate, the contest was hardly a first-class one, and the merits of the two horses, as the time for the two miles—4min 4 1/2—proves; and I need hardly say that from the point of view of the spectators the event was anything but a success. Good Mark Time and Karakool meet on the same terms in an actual race, I shall certainly expect to see the former prove that this defeat was all wrong.

The "Special Commissioner" deals as follows with the English Jockey Club's refusal to allow Mr. Croker's horses to be trained at Newmarket:—"In common with most people, I was not a little surprised by the report that Croker had been refused permission to train Mr. Croker's two-year-olds at Newmarket. Before commenting on it, I have ascertained that it is true, and even now I feel quite at a loss to understand the reasons for the refusal. Mr. Muij was prevented from having Parthen trained at Newmarket, but he had had some trouble with the racing authorities in Australia, which, though it was a thing of the past, no doubt influenced our stewards' committee. Mr. Croker does that he should be treated in this manner? Of course, no imputation is cast on Croker. All trainers have now to submit a list of their employers, and the stewards can rule out anything they think undesirable; but why rule out Mr. Croker after a quiet, unpretentious career of a good many seasons on our Turf, during which he has spent a great deal of money on racing, and to the best of my belief, done no harm to a soul? It is surely incredible that American politics are to be taken into account by our Jockey Club? I should like to see a list of the names of outside areas, and to see what is in danger of being classed as 'undesirable' from some cause or other? Of course, there may be some perfectly simple explanation of what has happened, and it may be in no way injurious to the public interest on the face of it, this is difficult to guess at, and it remains to be seen whether country trainers will also be forbidden to train for Mr. Croker, as all now come under the same category. It is not necessary to submit a list of their employers, not to mention making a statement as to whether they possess a starting gate or any and what facilities for having the use of one."

With regard to Lord Darham's remarks at the Gluehard dinner, that "when handicappers had satisfied themselves that some owner had run his horse improperly, they were perfectly justified in imposing, not only upon the horse, but on any other horse belonging to the same owner, such a weight," the "Field" said: "This must necessarily be a very strong measure, and, if carried out, the public would at once be able to understand the fact that any particular owner had been a bad loser, because all his horses, no matter what their form might be, would be placed at the top of the handicaps. Naturally enough, horses thus handicapped would not accept, and the probability is that the owner would be that the suspected owner would retire from the turf. No matter how it is looked at, it is no easy matter to prevent a horse from trying to receive the handicapper; but in all probability, the handicapper at the moment little worse than they have ever been since handicaps were invented, and if one takes the book for the past two or three years, it is difficult to find any glaring blot in the winning and losing of the winners of really important races seem to have carried as much weight as they were entitled to, and the number of successes achieved by top-weights is decidedly large. It seems to me that in handicaps it is, as a general rule, the horse which goes close without actually winning who has the worst of the argument. If a horse gets placed once or twice, or finishes close up in an important race, without even securing a place, he is very seldom 'dropped,' and thus, time after time, always being ridden out, he gets near, but does not win. Moreover, such horses are often handicapped on sufferance in front of others, who have not been ridden out, and if those of the latter class have escaped the vigilance of the handicapper through not having noticed that they were eased, they often go down a few pounds."

Rumours are revived in Sydney regarding the existence of a jockey's ring, "Milroy" in the "Sydney Mail," has the following to say regarding the matter:—"It may be merely a coincidence, though a strange one, that a certain jockey, and his colleagues, were very often, in fact, spite the hoodlum's whip and thigh over horses whose latest form pointed to their having little or no chance of winning. Strangely, these couple generally come off when a good many well-known jockeys are riding horses that are well backed by the public. Suspicion was first directed against this leader of an important handicaps, which was followed a couple of days later by another hand of the same party. So satisfied were the ring and betting collectors that the animal alluded to had no possible chance of winning the second handicap, on its running in the first, that it was backed back in the betting to 100 to 1, but it was backed quietly and steadily

TRY PETER F. HEERING'S GERRY BRANDY WITH SODA. SWIFT & COMPANY, 22 O'Connell St., SYDNEY, Agents.

by the people mentioned. till at flag fall he was one of the worst horses in the race for the ring, and, much to the astonishment of followers of form, it won in grand style. This sort of thing has happened more than once since then, and every time it has happened this betting clique has taken the bulk of the money out of the ring. Of course, the success of this party may be due to the leader being in a position to obtain exclusive information that the owner may know nothing of, but there are wide awake racing men who are confident that when the head of the gang decides to bet, the path is made easy for him by complacent friends in the ranks of the jockeys. That a jockey ring is possible there is no gaining. There was a very strong one in existence some seven or eight years ago, but it was broken up badly by the A.J.C., who had unimpeachable evidence that some half-a-dozen jockeys worked together when opportunity offered. All were punished by suspension, and though some have been taken back to grace, none has done a day's good since the disengagement.

the winner, Macquarrie, for galloping. Mr H. B. Traistram, owner of Caribole, and J. Brady, trainer, were disqualified, the former for life and the latter during the pleasure of the stewards for abusive language towards the stewards. Following are the results:—  
Trot, 14 miles.—Miss Dunmore (Murdin), 1; Kitecrane, 2; H.S., 3. Miss Vola was scratched. Won easily. Time, 4:14. Dividends, 147 and 17.  
Trot, 14 miles.—Lady Rose (Scott), 1; Donkatti, 2; Wallekauri, 3. All started. Won easily. Time, 3:40. Dividends, £2 12 and 0.  
Summer Trot Handicap of 50sovs. Two miles.—27, J. Klama's b h Albertoriver, 4yrs, by Albert Victor—Dulce, 27s (Duncan), 1; 72, Mr G. W. McBride's b h Duchess of Rothschild, 17s (McBride), 2; 32, E. Julian's ch g Boy's Call, 22s (Frankston), 3. Also started: 18, Miss Wilmington, 13s; 142, Cornwall, 15s; 51, Little Ben, 28s. Albertoriver took the lead from Little Ben before half a lap had been covered, and thereafter was never troubled, trotting thirty lengths ahead of the field for a couple of laps, and winning hand held by a dozen lengths from Duchess of Rothschild. Time, 5:24. Dividends, 157 and 17.  
Suburban Pony Handicap of 50sovs, 63 furlongs.—137, J. Montgomery's b m Gladys Rose, by Mousquetier; Miss Dargan, 83 (V. Cotton), 1; 139, J. and H. Hussey's b h Kashtonville, 83 (Julian), 2; 49, H. Bernard's b m Sally Horner, 73 (Paylor), 3. Also started: 18, Miss Wilmington, 13s; 142, Cornwall, 15s; 51, Little Ben, 28s. Gladys Rose took the lead at the head, and though lengths ahead of the field for a couple of laps, and winning hand held by a length and a half. Time, 1:26. Dividend, £1 7.  
Tramway Handicap of 50sovs, 14 miles.—47, F. Salathiel's b m Bazaine, aged, by Bonifas; 137, J. Montgomery's b m Gladys Rose, by Mousquetier; Miss Dargan, 83 (V. Cotton), 1; 139, J. and H. Hussey's b h Kashtonville, 83 (Julian), 2; 49, H. Bernard's b m Sally Horner, 73 (Paylor), 3. Also started: 17s, General Election, 12s; 52, Eureka, 22s; 18, Little Ben, 28s. Gladys Rose took the lead at the head, and though lengths ahead of the field for a couple of laps, and winning hand held by a length and a half from Bazaine. Time, 4:12. Dividends, £8 2 and 0.  
Telegraph Trot Handicap of 50sovs, one mile.—Mrs W. May's g g Macquarrie, aged, by Union Jenter, 10s (May), 1; 21, W. Williamson's b g Caribole, 15s (owner), 2; 20, G. Herbert's b g Colonel, 6s (owner), 3. Also started: 65, Lady Rose, 22s. Macquarrie took the lead soon after the start, and was three lengths in front at the straight the first round. Caribole passed him at the gates, and Macquarrie got up, galloping the length of the back stretch a length behind Caribole. At the head he drew level, and then Caribole, hitting, he drew out, winning by a couple of lengths. Time, 2:50. Dividend, £4 10. A protest was entered against Macquarrie for galloping, but was dismissed.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

THE NORTHERN CHAMPAGNE STAKES.

The following is a list of the horses left in the Northern Champagne Stakes, to be run at Ellerslie on April 22:—  
Mr R. W. Allison's b c Foremost, by Phoebeus Apollo—Forme  
Mr F. W. Arnold's b f Annette, by Soul—Miss Annette  
Mr S. Bradley's br c. by Soul—Lady Musket  
Messrs R. and R. Butler's br c Devonport, by Soul—Annie  
Mr W. Davis' br c. by Stenpak—Lola  
Mr W. Davis' br c Alexander, by Stepjak—Wish  
Mr W. Fox's b m Master Delaval, by Seaton Delaval—Campania  
Mr W. Handley's ch Merry Delaval, by Seaton Delaval—Merry Maid  
Mr J. A. Harding's br f Inel Materon, by Phoebeus Apollo—Field Rose  
Mr R. J. Sage's b c Bardanas, by St. Paul—Electra  
Mr A. Leonard's b c Carl Rosa, by Seaton Delaval—Viola Rose  
Mr H. Mosman's b c Irova, by Hild—Monson  
Mr J. B. Manson's b c. by Stepjak—Hedra Nunn  
Mr B. Morgana's br c Hiro, by Creolian—Epho  
Mr D. McKinnon's b f Carry, by Flintlock—Fikau  
Mr O. O'Brien's br c Mullard, by Mullform—Hicott  
Mr G. O. Stead's br c Delaware, by Seaton Delaval—Stepfield  
Mr S. Tamm's br f, by Phoebeus Apollo—Bangle  
Mr J. B. Thorpe's br c Apologie, by Phoebeus Apollo—Miss Gladys  
Mr J. Warner's ch f Annette, by Phoebeus Apollo—Lady Clive  
Mr E. J. Watts' blk c Boomerang, by Mousquetier—Mousquetier  
Mr E. J. Watts' br c King Billy, by Mousquetier—Indian Queen  
Mr A. Wilkie's b f Silkie, by Creolian—Silk

THE OPENING EVENT OF THE DAY

For the opening event of the day the President's Trot, nine went to the post, the withdrawals being Seecole, Eureka, and Tamaki. Miss Dunmore was made favourite, Miss Vola second to the back, where she was headed by V.S. and Agnes H. the former going on in front, and notwithstanding a bad break in the straight she won by three lengths from Agnes H. The favourite's steady lengths were 13st. Time, 2:50. Dividends, £2 27 and 15.  
Victor C. and Happy dropped out of the Papatoetoi Trot, for which Kitecrane found most support. Caribole was early to the lead, followed by Macquarrie, and to the end of the furlongs, when he got up, and Macquarrie cleared the way past the stand, and around to the gate, where Caribole and Bert both passed her, the latter taking command with a couple of furlongs to go. Going through the dip Juliette was within six lengths of Bert and Caribole, but she broke badly, and the leader drew out again. Bert was able to turn for the post, won a good race by a length and a half from Caribole, with Juliette four lengths away third. Time, 4:2. Dividends, £4 12 and £1 15.  
The seven furlong race started for the Pony Trot, punters going strongly for Agnes H. and Victor C. Lance was in the lead for a mile, when Fibro took charge, and the old grey mare was never after, but she was half a dozen lengths from Agnes H. with Lance, who tried to nothing in the last half mile, twenty lengths away third. Time, 4:11. Dividends, £2 12 and 0.  
The stewards sent an inquiry into the timing of Kidney Pst in the Pony Trot, and after a lengthy hearing accepted the explanation given.

The field in the Welcome Stakes, a pony galloping event, was reduced to three. Early Hovey, Seabird, and Lucy Godfrey were the first named was installed favourite. Seabird got away with his field when the barrier lifted, and getting in front when they had gone a couple of strides, he held his advantage to the finish, a mile being won by two lengths from Sally Horner, who was hard ridden the whole journey. The other starter, Lucy Godfrey, was half a dozen lengths away third. Time, 1:25. Dividend, £1 7. The owner of Laurence was paid £5 for late scratching.

Little Doctor was solidly supported for the Criterion Trot Handicap, when at least a field of nine, Miss Hopen and Little Ben being the favourites. Macquarrie, on the lead, was in the lead for about a mile and a quarter, when the favourite went to the front, and trotting at a nice even gait, never let the rest of the field near him, winning at the finish by fifteen lengths from Macquarrie, who was four lengths in front of K.D. Time, 5:10. Dividends, £1 6 and £2 18. When looking almost a certainty for second honours Wallekauri finished with Donkatti a matter of an inch from home, and took his Wallekauri's sulky, and spelling all change he had of getting the postum.  
Miss Hopen, Bell Car and Bert were the also-rans from the Dash Trot Handicap, for which Hazard was made the favourite. Macquarrie led to the stand, where he was passed by The Officer, who showed the way around to the gate, where he was in turn passed by Collins, who, however, again, and he was to charge till the dip was reached, where he missed it badly, and was headed by Macquarrie and Collins, the

first named taking the lead and trotting steadily through the post with two lengths to spare from Collins, who was a similar distance in front of The Officer. Time, 2:50. Dividends, £4 17 and £1 16.  
The race for the Manukau Handicap was reduced to a match between Orange and Blue and Solitary. There was practically no betting on the race. Orange and Blue was in the lead for a couple of furlongs, when Solitary went to the front, and was never afterwards troubled, winning at the finish by three lengths. Time, 1:5. Dividend, £1 1.  
The winding dock, Southend and Solitary, won a dividend of £11 5.  
Mr Roddy, Miss Wilmington, Mr Robert, and Miss Hopen were withdrawn from the concluding event of the day, for which three or four of the competitors were well backed. Juliette eventually winning up favourite. Donkatti led the first time around, when Juliette took charge, and she was in front till the dip was reached, when Young Salisbury was at the head of affairs, and he was never afterwards headed, winning by three lengths from K.D., who beat Juliette three lengths for second honours. Time, 3:48. Dividends, £2 8 and £1 7.  
The stewards imposed into the running of Young Salisbury, as compared with his effort in the Papatoetoi Trot, but accepted the explanation given.

OTAHUHI TROTTLING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

SIXTH DAY.

The Otahuhu Trotting Club's Summer Meeting was concluded at Alexandra Park yesterday afternoon, in perfect weather. The attendance was good for an off-day, and the track was in very fast order. Four fields came out for most of the events, and one or two the bushes resulted, especially that in the Tramway Trot, which Bazaine won on the post by a short head. Speculation was moderate, a sum of £1430 being passed through the totalisators, against £1742 for the corresponding day last year. The falling off was largely due to the poor result in the pony race, and to the principal medium for speculation. After the Telegraph Trot, in connection with which a protest was lodged against

THIRD DAY.  
The Otahuhu Trotting Club concluded

the summer meeting on Saturday. The weather was fine, but the attendance was not up to expectations. From a financial point of view the gathering was not a success, the investments for the day not reaching £1000. The double machine was used for the first time, but the club were not happy in their selection of the events on which the machine was worked, and although 655 tickets were registered, owing to the dropping out of nearly all the competitors in the events selected, no less than 270 investors had to have their money returned. The amount on the double brought the day's investments up to £1007 10s, and this added to that of the first two days gives a total of £2898 10s; for days given a decrease of £654 10s on last year's amount. The stewards were busy during the afternoon, and sat on no less than three cases, particulars of which are given below.  
For the opening event of the day the President's Trot, nine went to the post, the withdrawals being Seecole, Eureka, and Tamaki. Miss Dunmore was made favourite, Miss Vola second to the back, where she was headed by V.S. and Agnes H. the former going on in front, and notwithstanding a bad break in the straight she won by three lengths from Agnes H. The favourite's steady lengths were 13st. Time, 2:50. Dividends, £2 27 and 15.  
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SPEIGHT'S DUNEDIN ALES. DRINK ONLY SPEIGHT'S PRIZE ALES TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE. SOLE AGENTS AND BOTTLERS FOR THE AUCKLAND DISTRICT: HINKINS & COUTTS, Elliott Street, Auckland.





and Hilarity none showed out, closely attended by Red Star and Melinda. Gladys up the rise, stepped out and won by two lengths. Time, 1.5 3-3. Dividends, £3 14 and £1.

SECOND DAY.

DUNEDIN, Friday.

The weather was fine and warm for the second day of the Dunedin Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting, but a strong wind was blowing towards the evening. The attendance was good for an off day. The sum of £515 was put through the machine, making £135 more than for the corresponding day. As the result of an inquiry held by the stewards into the complaint of the trainer of Hilarity, who ran third in the City Stakes, that the horse had been cut out at the start, the stewards have decided to suspend the crack jockey for three months. The results are as follows:—

Hudson Hurdles.—Wonderful (P. Shaw) 1, Force 2, Zealona 3. These were the starting order. Wonderful fell at the last jump but one. Won easily. Time, 3.20 2-5. Dividend, £3.

Hewitt Hack.—Melinda (MacCluskey) 1, McFlood 2, Barbetta 3. All started. Melinda almost immediately took command, and leading the whole way, won by two lengths. Barbetta was half a length behind. Time, 1.5 3-5. Dividends, £3 2 and £1 16.

City Stakes Handicap of 1000yds. Two-year-olds.—Glenowlet (Clifford) 1, Apollodora 2, Hilarity 3. Also started: Inglenuck, Grand Opera, Riviera, Boudjib, Sataam. Won easily by about a neck. Time, 1.18 2-5. Dividend, £10 10 and £5. Taggart, the trainer of Hilarity, lodged a complaint that Glenowlet crossed him at the start, and threw Hilarity out of the race. The stewards, however, in the matter, Hewitt practically admitted the fault, and he was suspended for three months.

Dunedin Jockey Club Handicap of 250 yds. One mile and a quarter. Mr. Kenzie's Pensioner 1, Secret Society 2, Stepdancer 3. Also started: Vladimir, Annie Chief, Kelburn, Quagga, Blackstone. Secret Society jumped away alongside Blackstone and Pallas. Along the back the crowd was Pallas, Blackstone, Secret Society, and Kelburn heading the rest. Vladimir last. On reaching the straight Secret Society immediately headed Pallas. The better, however, came again ahead, and the latter, who had at once died out, third place being taken by Stepdancer. A very fine finish between the first three resulted in Pallas winning all out on a half-length way. Time 2m. 12s. Dividends £3 14 and £5 12.

Donnan Handicap of 1000yds. Six furlongs.—John Bayley's Master Alex, 9.7 (McCombe) 1; Replete 7.1; Deerstalker 6.10. 5. Only the three started. Won by a length. Time 1m. 17 1-5. Dividend, £1 10.

Warrington Hack Handicap of 200yds. Six furlongs.—R. Jamieson's Captain Kettle, 6.12; J. Brett's Cavalier, 8.5; McFlood 8.2. 3. Also started: Heirloom, Prince Loris, Red Start, Haddum, Marlboro. Turning into the straight Captain Kettle was leading by a length, and for the run home the pair drew out from the others, and after a race finish the Judge was unable to separate them. Time 1m. 17 3-5. Dividends £3 2 and £1 18.

Suburban Water Handicap of 600yds. Seven furlongs.—Ellis Brothers' Brighton, 8.13 (L. King), 1; Stepenfeldt 8.11. 2; Capatall 7.10. 3. Also started: Lady Solo, Scaveller, Angela. Won by two lengths. Time 1m. 31s. Dividend, £2 10.

THIRD DAY.

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

The Dunedin Jockey Club was unfortunately with the weather on the third and concluding day of the autumn meeting. The morning was not so bright as on Friday. About half-past 11 warm rain fell, and continued long enough to seriously interfere with the attendance, which fell a long way below that of cup day. At 11.15 the rain held off for five minutes, when it fell steadily for the remainder of the afternoon, making things disagreeable, and the course inclined to be greasy during the day.

Replete led the whole way. Finally winning by half a length. Time 1.5 4-5. Dividends—£1 4.

Warrington Hack Handicap of 200yds; 4 furlongs.—J. Livingston's Wee Macgregor (J. Reple), 1; Red Ronald, 7.9, 2; Master Alex, 8.2; 3. Also started: Little Kettle, Melinda, Gypsel, King Dick, Little Stone, Hauddee, The Heat. Won by two lengths. Time, 62 4-5s. Dividends, £10 and £1 2.

Amateur Handicap of 1750yds; 1 mile.—3094. Sir G. Clifford's Annie Chief, 8.13 (McCluskey), 1; Lady Wayward, 7.7, 2; 1034, Secret Society, 7.2, 3. Also started: Brighton, Manjess, Quagga. Manjess was mounted by Robert Brown, and was dismounted by Annie Chief, with Quagga third and Secret Society whipping in. The top weight kept his position, but in the straight Lady Wayward supplanted Manjess in second position, while Secret Society was coming fast. Annie Chief won by half a length from his stable companion, who came very fast, with Secret Society two lengths away. Time, 1.45 4-5s. Dividend, £2 8.

Hopeful Stakes Handicap of 1000yds; 5 furlongs.—328. Hon. G. McLean's Apollodora, 7.7 (J. McGuire), 1; 132, Inglenuck, 8.1, 2; Alexis, 8.9, 3. Also started: Hilarity, Macgregor, Riviera. Once in line, Inglenuck took the lead, and Apollodora put in a challenge, and in a fine finish won by a bare neck, with Alexis three lengths away. Time, 1.5 3-5s. Dividend, £1 15.

Wauohia Hack Handicap of 500yds; 5 furlongs.—8. Kennedy's Lily-of-the-valley (McGuire), 1; 121 (Captain Kettle), 9.2, 2; 1014, McFlood, 8.2, 3. Also started: Red Start, King Dick, Wee Macgregor, Red Ronald, Ard Reigh. From a good start, Wee Macgregor, King Dick, and Lily-of-the-valley were first to show out, and they ran in that order till in the home, when Lily-of-the-valley drew out, and won comfortably by three lengths from Captain Kettle, who had come in the straight. Time, 1.18 2-5s. Dividends, £3 10 and £1 10.

Wingate Handicap of 1000yds; 6 furlongs.—434. E. O. Campbell's Prince Loris, 6.7 (McCombe), 1; Deerstalker, 6.13, 2. Also started: Brighton, Sandy, Replete. Prince Loris won by a long neck, Deerstalker being close up third, just in front of Replete. Time, 1.18 4-5s. Dividend, £30 4.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

The Dunedin Jockey Club opened its autumn meeting on Wednesday under the most favourable conditions. The weather was lovely, and the attendance was the largest ever seen at Wingate. The sum of £2875 was passed through the machine, a record for the corresponding day last year. But for defective arrangements the turnover would have been much larger; the operators were quite unable to cope with the demands of the day, and before many of the races numbers of would-be investors were shut out. The arrangements for paying out were also very faulty. The racing was, on the whole, very interesting. In the Cup Pallas drew away, but her chance was may otherwise have possessed by swerving when the barrier rose, and lost a great deal of ground, which he never regained. He also interfered with Stepenfeldt, and under the circumstances—was the latter did remarkably well to finish second. Under any circumstances, however, she could hardly have won, for Geoorka led the race in safe keeping more than half a mile from home. The race was run at a strong pace all the way, the first two furlongs being covered in 25sec., the first half mile in 51 2-5sec., the first five furlongs in 1.4 4-5, and the last six furlongs in 1.19 4-5, and the total time in 4.42 4-5.

Alexis, who started favourite for the Champagne Stakes, looked like winning a couple of furlongs from home. He went all abroad, however, when Glenowlet came with a long and a neck, and he finished third, but came again towards the finish he was easily beaten. Makarora, who finished third, has grown a great deal since the spring, and will be seen to better advantage later on, and Petrova's debut, is not ready yet.

Sandy was struck out of the Philharmonic Handicap owing to his owner, who is a bookmaker, being ordered off the course. The decision of the stewards that the horse's nomination under the circumstances was being unfavourably commented on, it is understood that it was not until half way through the afternoon that Mr. Robinson was ordered off. He is only a foal, and the club failed to add that they informed him that he might return and saddle up his horse for the race. This he declined to do. Master Alex and Petrova ran in front for four furlongs, then the elder sister drew out, and, going on, won easily. Slow Tom might have won the Autumn Hurdle Race if he had set a strong pace at the early stages of the race. Both his opponents fenced very cleanly. Petrova, specially so. The Saracen horse Jolly

Roger created a surprise by winning the Giltchroy Handicap. Penive and the Australian-bred Cavatina fought out a capital struggle in the Trial Plate, and the former also beating her opponent towards the finish got home by a head. Red Lancers' half-sister Hoana Ross won the Stewards' Welter Handicap by a neck from Canine Chief's young brother Deerstalker, who has been at the stud for some time, and the Gipsy Grand—Delle Clair filly typified easily accounted for the Berwick Hack Race.

The disqualification of Hewitt has naturally given rise to much comment in local sporting circles. On the assumption that Hewitt was guilty, the strong-minded action of the Dunedin stewards is generally applauded.

Mr G. Palmer has had the misfortune to lose the yearling colt by Hutchkiss—Simoniola, which he purchased at the last Wellington Park sale. This youngster did of tetanus.

A gelding by Lakeshelf Rosebud, a two-year-old filly by Cashmore from a Sir Leger mare and a two-year-old colt of Rosebud were offered for sale locally today (Saturday).

Sir George Clifford told a Blenheim interviewer the other day that Treadmill was the best horse that he had ever raced in his colours.

Mr Stead has decided not to send Neotoma to Wanganui. This colt is still very sore.

Recreation is still deserted, a large contingent of trainers and horses being at Dunedin.

The San Francisco—Stepfeldt filly in Piper's stables has been named Culmination. She belongs to Mr W. E. Bidwell, of the Watercra. The New South Wales-bred filly in the same stable by Bayou—Whit-bird has been named Naravangeri.

W. Holmes, the well-known horseman, has retired from the saddle, and has purchased a hairdresser's and tobacconist's business in Christchurch.

I hear that Vladimir is under offer to a Brisbane racing man.

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

There is a feeling here that Hewitt has been unfairly treated by the stewards of the Dunedin Jockey Club. This is shared by the "Otago Daily Times," which in the report of Friday's racing, says: "After the race, W. J. Taggart, the trainer of Hilarity, who was down at the starting post, lodged a complaint of interference. Hewitt, the rider of Glenowlet, for interference. The stewards took evidence on the case, and suspended Hewitt for a period of three months. It appears that when the field had been separated by a good start, Apollodora, who was on the outside, at once bore in to the rail, and cannoned Glenowlet, who in turn cannoned Inglenuck and Grand Opera. Hilarity, who was on the inside at the barrier, interfered with, and entirely lost her position. In arriving at their decision the stewards did not deem it necessary to call J. McCluskey or R. King, who separated Hilarity and Glenowlet at the barrier." Interviewed after the race, King stated that the fault of Hewitt's boring in upon the others rested with the rider of Apollodora, and McCluskey's version coincided with that of King.

Both of these riders were agreed that interference took place, but were clear that the entire blame did not rest with Hewitt. It seems to have been a serious omission that the stewards should have overlooked the vital importance of calling on McCluskey and King to give evidence. It was impossible to see from the law or the stand what actually took place, and the correct state of affairs could only be arrived at by those who were in proper position to say what really did transpire. Summing the pros and cons of the case, it appears that Hewitt was hardly dealt with. From what could be gleaned as to evidence given before the stewards it appears that Hewitt admitted an interference, but subsequent inquiries suggest that this was rather a case of truthful evidence than an admission of guilt, as the statements of the majority of riders in the race appear to show that the boring was compulsory on Hewitt's part, and blame the rider of Apollodora for being the original cause of the trouble. In the early part of the day Hewitt was cautioned as to his behaviour whilst in the saddle, but so far as could be seen no exception could be taken in the manner in which he handled his mounts on the first day, nor did any remark concerning any

misbehaviour reach the press representatives. There is one point, however, on which the stewards are to be commended—they certainly did right to give Hewitt a sentence proportional to the offence of which they believed him guilty.

The weather remained fine over the second day's racing of the Dunedin Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting, but broke for the third day. Had it remained fine the club would have had a most profitable meeting. As it was it came out of the gathering with a credit balance of £255.

Kellenee broke down in the Dunedin Jockey Club Handicap, which Pallas won, after leading practically all the way. Blackstone, who is short of work, collapsed before a mile had been covered, and Vladimir gave an exceptionally bad exhibition.

Master Alex gave Mr Buckley his second win in the Domain Handicap, but in the Healey Plate failed a second time to best Petrova.

Mr Buckley's breeding record so far is interesting. It comprises two firsts and two seconds with Master Alex and a second and a non placed with Conyoy.

Zealous would probably have won the Healdon Hurdle Race if she had stood up, but Wonderful is a much-improved horse.

Since he left Canterbury, Apollodora, who finished second in the City Stakes Handicap, and subsequently won the Hopeful Stakes, is a neat youngster. He is too far behind Glenowlet at present to give promise of developing into a first-class horse, but he is bound to improve. He has a chance of Phoenix and Euroclydon's full sister, Irisa.

The soft going on the third day suited Canine Chief, and the old son of Cianrannd won the Anniversary Handicap comfortably. His stable companion, Lady Wayward, who was resting at present to give promise of developing into a first-class horse, but he is bound to improve. He has a chance of Phoenix and Euroclydon's full sister, Irisa.

Slow Tom made no mistake in the Owhiro Hurdle Race on Saturday, and won easily. It is clearer than ever now that he ought to have won on the first day.

Sandy was unlucky in the Wingate Stakes. He was caught in the trap, and lost a great deal of ground. But for this he would probably have won.

The Recreation-trained pony Manjess ran very poorly at Dunedin, and is evidently out of form.

The Hon. G. McLean has received three yearling fillies for racing and stud purposes. They are by Stepanak from Irisa, Ventero, and Mist.

Cianrannd's brother, Deerstalker, had only been a month in work before he ran at the Dunedin meeting.

Red Gauntlet was all to pieces last week, and it was a mistake to run before he had fully recovered.

Geoorka passed through Christchurch on Saturday on his way to Wanganui. Even with his 7th penalty he should run forward in the Waigau Cup.

Quarryman and Stronbold, in charge of E. Curtis, left for Wanganui on Friday. The former, who will be ridden by V. Cotton, may find the distance in the Waigau Cup beyond him, but if Stronbold will conform to do his best he will be dangerous in the Flying Handicap. The latter, however, can hardly be expected to win the Jackson Stakes if it is true that Achilles has recovered his form.

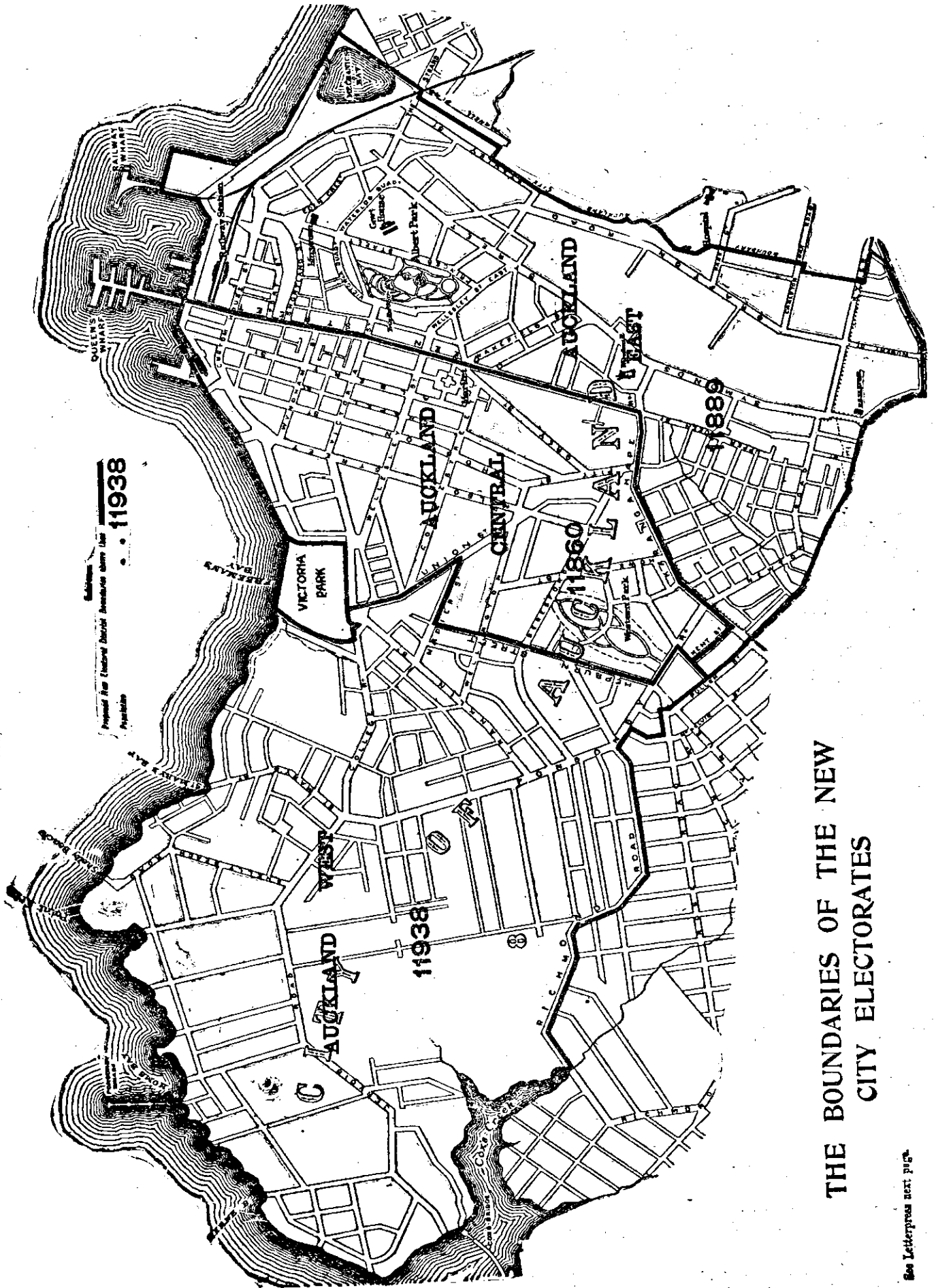
After a much-required spell of fine weather a shower fell on Saturday night, and Sunday was fine, but more showers fell on Sunday night and heavy rain during the greater part of Monday. The rain spoiled the finish of the cricket match between Canterbury and the Australians, and did some harm to the crops, but it has benefited the training tracks at Recreation. Most of the Recreation contingent which journeyed South for the Dunedin meeting have returned home, and the tracks look busy again.

Roden has had an addition to his team in the shape of a three-year-old half-brother by Culmow from Shellfire. On the other hand, D. Murkham has had his team reduced by the departure for home of the gelding by Mackery from Old Saints, which proved useless for racing purposes.

Walbeck's two-year-old half-brother, Buccleuch, by Reuzette has been added to the list and sent home for a lengthy spell. His stable companion, Lee Knifed, has also been turned out for a couple of months rest.

The Smith-Hutchinson filly in Hobbs' stable is now being ridden.

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THE BOUNDARIES OF THE NEW  
CITY ELECTORATES

**THE BOUNDARIES OF THE NEW CITY ELECTORATES.**

The following description of boundaries is gazetted in connection with the plan of the new Auckland city electorates.

**AUCKLAND WEST.**

Auckland West District comprises that portion of the existing City of Auckland Electoral District situated west of a line which commences at the junction of Crummer Road with Tollen-street, in the borough of Grey Lynn, and proceeds north-easterly along the middle of Crummer Road to Ponsonby Road; thence north-westerly along the middle of Ponsonby Road to the junction of Ponsonby Road with Hepburn-street, city of Auckland; thence north-easterly along the middle of Hepburn-street to the junction of Hepburn-street with Napier-street city of Auckland; thence south-easterly along the middle of Napier-street to the junction of Napier-street with Union-street, city of Auckland; thence north-westerly along the middle of Union-street, and across College Road, terminating at Freeman's Bay.

**AUCKLAND CENTRAL.**

Auckland Central District comprises that portion of the existing city of Auckland Electoral District bounded towards the north by Waitemata Harbour from Freeman's Bay to Queen-street wharf; thence towards the east by a line along the middle of Queen-street to the junction of Queen-street with Karangahape Road; thence towards the south-east by a line along the middle of Karangahape Road to the junction of Karangahape Road with Kent-street; thence towards the south-west generally by a line along the middle of Kent-street to the junction of Kent-street with Crummer Road in the borough of Grey Lynn; and towards the west of the Auckland West District heretofore described.

**AUCKLAND EAST.**

Auckland East District comprises that portion of the existing city of Auckland Electoral District situated south-east of a line which commences at Queen-street wharf and proceeds along the middle of Queen-street to the junction of Queen-street with Karangahape Road; thence along the middle of Karangahape Road to the junction of Karangahape Road with Kent-street; and thence along the middle of Kent-street, terminating at Crummer Road in the borough of Grey Lynn.

**A GUIDE TO THE HOT LAKES.**

Quite one of the most interesting and complete books on the Hot Lakes District is "Maggie's Guide to the Hot Lakes," which is just out. The publishers in the course of a preface interestingly sketch the object and scope of the work. "Maggie Papakura is probably the best-known of present day guides in the Rotorua district," says the publisher's note, and continues: "The visitor and tourist will in most cases have at least heard her name before the train deposits him or her in Rotorua, in the midst of the Wonderland region. Although Maggie practically confines herself to the varied and interesting sights of the Maori settlement and Government reserve at Whakarewarewa, her knowledge of the whole district is varied and intimate. The book that this serves to introduce has been written entirely by herself, and is presented without embellishment. That it will be carried to far corners of the globe and treasured by many who will look back with pleasure to happy days spent in the thermal district we are confident. Besides its directness in thought and expression, this little volume will find a strong recommendation with many in the occasional glimpses it affords of Maori life and legend. The numerous photographs with which the text is illustrated were largely specially taken for this publication, and their artistic excellence further enhances what in itself is a notable addition to the literature on the Hot Lakes District." Undoubtedly this little book must take an absolutely unique place among guide-books on account of its authorship, while it deserves a foremost position also because of the general excellence of its get-up and the beauty of its illustrations.

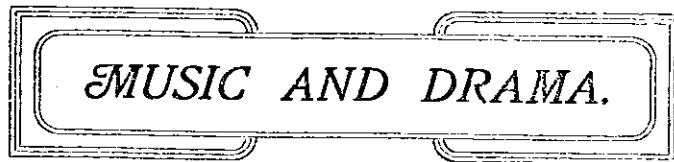
**BOWLING IN NEW ZEALAND.**

**MR FORTESCUE'S CONCLUSIONS.**

Mr Stephen Fortescue, hon. treasurer of the English Bowling Association, was interviewed by a "Dunedin Star" representative on the eve of his departure for Melbourne. Mr Fortescue said that with very few exceptions the greens he had visited, both in Australia and New Zealand, compared very favourably indeed with those he had been accustomed to playing on in England. The greens in Auckland, Hamilton, Cambridge, Rotorua, New Plymouth, Wanganui, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin were equal to anything he had seen at home, and the further South he had come the better the green appeared to play. The New Plymouth green in particular could not probably be equalled anywhere. Regarding the players, our visitor expressed the opinion that amongst those with whom it had been his pleasure to meet on the various greens there were men who could easily hold their own with Australian and English players. At Wanganui, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin this was especially noticeable. The New Zealanders were keen players, and evidently went in whole-heartedly for bowling, but, while they followed the

game with the keenness that alone brings out the scientific aspect of the game, they were genuine sportsmen and best of fellows. Special mention was made of Messrs Paul and Binnie, of New Plymouth, who it will be remembered have already been to the Motherland with bowling teams from the North Island.

Mr Fortescue holds an extremely high opinion of Dr. W. G. Grace, who only took up bowling four years ago. Dr. Grace, he says, has become one of the most enthusiastic followers of the game in England, and in Mr Fortescue's opinion is destined to shine as one of the leading skips of the Old World. Playing in international rinks in Scotland last year, Dr. Grace "skipped" a rink that was not once beaten, and during the contest met the pick of the combinations from Wales, Ireland and Scotland. "So greatly impressed with colonial bowlers have I become," replied Mr Fortescue, in answer to a query as to the likelihood of a team of bowlers coming out to the colonies, "that on my return to England I shall do my utmost to persuade Dr. Grace to bring out a team. If Dr. Grace consents to lead a party, it is a foregone conclusion that in the near future the colonials will have their long cherished wish gratified of seeing an English bowling team in the colonies."



The Auckland Choral Society are busy rehearsing "The Martyr of Antioch" for their next concert. Much enthusiasm is being shown by the performers, who greatly enjoy the music.

There is absolutely nothing new to report with regard to drama in this colony. All present and coming features have formed the subject of former paragraphs, and no fresh developments have taken place.

Lady Bancroft celebrated her birthday last month. It is forty-eight years and three months since the captivating Marie Wilton made her first bow to a London audience. She was married to Sir Squire, then Mr. Bancroft a year later. Their quaintly-written, interesting book of reminiscences was published in 1888.

Blandoff's comedy part in "The Best of Friends" has been specially manufactured for him, like the majority of other parts he has been seen in. In the original London production the greater part of his business was done by Mrs John Wood (who played the fat woman of the circus). Bland has killed the fat woman and stolen her fat part, and makes it one of the finest comedy parts he has ever taken.

Mr Watkin Mills, the great English basso, is to revisit this colony in a month or two, and Mr W. Spencer-Jones was to leave San Francisco to-day in the Ventura for Auckland to make the arrangements. Mr Mills' party is a quartette of voices—Miss Edith Kirkwood (soprano), Miss Gertrude Lonsdale (contralto), Mr Harold Wilde (tenor) and Mr Watkin Mills (basso). M. Parlovitz will be the accompanist, and Mr W. Spencer-Jones will be manager.

Jack Ralston, erstwhile of Pollard's, made an amusing slip in the dialogue of "Tolanthe" on the opening night of the piece at Sydney. He was talking of Phyllis' many lovers, and said, "Why do 25 birds come here every spring to fish in the forest and shoot in the brook?" He tried hard to cover up his mistake, but the gallery saw it, and roared, and Ralston and Dolly Castles had to walk to the back of the stage to laugh a smothered laugh.

A curious incident recently occurred in connection with the pantomime of "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Grand Theatre, Danby. A little brown terrier conceived a great admiration for the pantomime, and insisted on coming to see it nightly. He managed to elude the vigilance of the doorkeepers, and got in regularly, only to be ejected when discovered. One day last week it appeared in the gallery and joined in one

of the choruses. The whole staff pursued it, but to no purpose, and at the conclusion of the performance the dog quietly went out with the other members of the audience.

When any high dignitary of the Church of England refers at all to the variety world, it may please itself on the fact, but Dean Pugin, of Bristol—a broad-minded and kindly cleric has done much more than this. He referred in his sermon on New Year's Day at Bristol Cathedral to the losses sustained by the stage, mentioning among others Mr Charles Merton, Mr John Hollingshead, and Miss Nellie Farrer. He concluded his remarks with a panegyric of the illustrious Dan Leno, in whom he said was exemplified a wonderful instance of remarkable power, given to one individual to brighten the lives of thousands of others.

Mr Robert Brough and Mr Herbert Flemming ask the London "Era" to state that Mr George S. Titheradge has not been engaged by them for their forthcoming Australian tour. Much as they would have liked to have secured that clever artist, their present scheme of plays does not offer any adequate opening for Mr Titheradge, whose London engagement would also preclude the possibility of his accepting any offer that might have been made to him. Negotiations are, however, pending which, if brought to a successful issue, will enable Australian players to renew their acquaintance with their old favourite under Messrs Brough and Flemming's management.

Mme. Adolina Patti gave a concert at St. Petersburg last month for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, under the auspices of Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna. The concert was a brilliant success, netting over £7400. Seats sold at fabulous prices. The Czar, members of the Imperial Family, and all the wealth and rank of the Russian capital were present. The diplomatic corps was represented by Mr Spencer Edly, the American Charge d'Affaires. Patti received a wonderful ovation, and at the conclusion of the concert announced that that was her final farewell to the concert stage, adding that, as her first success was achieved in St. Petersburg, it was fitting that she should close her public career there.

A painful incident was witnessed recently in the Rotunda Theatre, Liverpool. A young man named Alfred Williams, of Hamble-street, was seated in the pit enjoying the pantomime "Abdulla," when suddenly, pointing to one of the artistes on the stage, he exclaimed to his mother-in-law, who sat

beside him, "Why, that's my wife," and fell to the floor unconscious. The man was carried into the passage of the theatre, and medical aid was sought, but he soon expired. He had previously suffered from heart disease. At the

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SHORTLAND STREET.

Inquest it transpired that the deceased had made a mistake. One of the ladies of the ballet bore a strong resemblance to his wife, who now came forward and declared that she had never been on the stage.

Concerning "The Broken Melody," which comes to New Zealand shortly, the "Bulletin" critic remarks: "A curiosity in theatrical entertainment, the performance has, moreover, a certain magnetic power. For all purposes of effect Van Biene is an impressive actor. His strange appearance and foreign accent come natural to the character. He realises the popular notion of a musical genius. In delivering his stereotyped lines his strong Jewish voice has the true ring of passion and pathos. The audience took Van Biene seriously even when they laughed at the mechanical Russian agent who was trying to act up to him in a quarrel scene. "Tomorrow I will kill you," said Van, and he ought to have killed the gentleman for his acting. Other people are satisfactory. Miss Marie Rignold, as the Duchess, tall and mellow-toned, is every inch the daughter of her late father, the niece of Uncle George, and the sister of Dora Rignold."

Mrs Brown Potter was one of the guests at a large party at the Savoy Restaurant on New Year's Eve. It included the Sultan of Johore, the Earl of Kimberley, the Earl of Kilmorey, Lord Crichton, Lord Dabney, Lord Dalhousie, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Lord R. Imes-Ker, Sir Thomas Lipton, Baron and Baroness De Clay, the Duc and Duchess Brune, Lord Brackley, Lord Kintore, Count and Countess Szapary, and the Marquis Spitalto. As midnight came on the picture of a huge clock face, with the big hands moving slowly towards 12 o'clock, was thrown on a screen, and when the hour had struck all rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Mrs Brown Potter, attired in silver-grey velvet and bearing in her hand a large silver tray, made her appearance at the head of the crimson-carpeted stairs leading to the hall. By her side was a small table on which were large cards conveying the New Year's greeting, and bearing the words, "Remember the starving men, women and children of Tottenham." Mrs Brown Potter then said: "I have been requested to ask you to drop a few pennies in this plate as you pass out for the starving men, women, and children of Tottenham. It will bring you good luck in the New Year." The first man to pass up the staircase put three pence in the plate, and underneath the third penny was a sovereign. When the Savoy Restaurant was empty, £33 2/3 had been collected for the "Daily Express" food fund.

FROM THE REIGN OF

HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III.

TO THAT OF

HIS MAJESTY EDWARD VII.

# CHALLEN & SON'S PIANOFORTES

Have been patronised  
by Royalty, and highly  
esteemed by distinguished Musicians.

Write for further information to

The WELLINGTON  
PIANO CO., Ltd.,

63 MOLESWORTH ST.,

WELLINGTON.

## THE BAND CONTEST.

It will be gratifying to all the Auckland people who interested themselves in making the great North Island Band Contest recently a success to learn that a substantial profit has been made on the undertaking. The committee, of course, did not set out with that idea, but the patronage of the public was so generous and the interest taken in the band performances so great that the committee is now in a position to declare a profit of about £500. This money will go to the different Auckland bands which guaranteed the expenses of the contest.

The total expenses of the contest are not yet known, but they will be considerable, close on £1000. That sum includes £385 cash prize money, and nearly £200 for gold and silver medals, besides which there were the expenses of the theatre, the Domain, the advertising and the expenses of the general management. The expenses still to be paid include duty and freight on the trophies which have yet to arrive from England. The total value of the trophies presented amounted to about £120, making the total value distributed in the contest about £700. It is probable that some bonuses also will be voted to those who so energetically and with such success carried out the contest.

The total attendances of the public are estimated roughly at 36,000. There were about 20,000 at the Domain last Saturday, about 7000 on the previous Wednesday, about 3500 in the theatre on the best selection nights, and about 3000 on other nights, and a miscellaneous attendance during the days, which brings the attendance total up to about 35,000 for the whole week, excluding, we presume, bandmen, of whom there were between 300 and 400 in uniform during the week. This is a remarkable total, considering how little brass band music has been encouraged in Auckland during the past, and it is regarded as a very hopeful sign amongst the bandmen, a sign of awakened interest, which, it is hoped, will not die out as so many Auckland enthusiasts do.

## WELLINGTON PARK STUD CO.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The second annual meeting of shareholders in the Wellington Park Stud Co. was held on Monday last at the office of the secretary (Mr W. B. A. Morrisou). The Hon. E. Mitchellson (chairman of directors) presided, and 12 shareholders were present.

The report and balance-sheet, as previously published, were taken as read, and in moving their adoption the chairman said that he very much regretted that the operations of the company since its initiation had resulted in so much loss. In the directors' report this was attributed to three things—excessive valuation, quality of the stock sold, and high cost of management and expenses. He must personally take some responsibility regarding the statement as to excessive valuation. He had held strong opinions on that subject ever since the company was started. In saying this he chiefly meant the young foals, which were taken over at a valuation of £4000. The question of the value of foals was largely one of sentiment, as well as being a pure matter of opinion. He had been assured by Messrs Gorrie and Nolan, who assisted in making the valuation when the stock was taken over, that the values they gave they sincerely believed to be the proper values of the animals. They stated that this opinion was subsequently confirmed by the prices realised for the mares and foals sold on account of Messrs Nathan. If any statement in the report reflected on them he must take the bulk of the responsibility on his own shoulders. The directors were not unanimous on the point, and only two were in town when it was prepared (himself and Mr Gorrie), it being impossible to get the whole of the directors together to decide the wording of the report. When considering the values of the stock taken over, they must not forget that since then a very serious depreciation had occurred in blood stock values all over the colonies. Whether this was caused by inferiority of stock or more caution being exercised in purchase, he could not say, but a very large slump had taken place. The foal question was the one he took most exception to, but he was assured that the valuation was not based on the

average prices realised at the three previous sales. If that were so, their valuations were somewhere near the mark, but unfortunately for the company the foals were taken over at £4000. They realised £3812, to which had to be added the cost of bringing them into the ring. The result for one and a-half years showed a net loss of £5351.

It must be remembered that the yearlings sold in the three previous sales were sired by stallions that were thought to be of considerably more value than those the Company owned, and to that a portion of the loss might be attributed. In the sales of the three previous years were stock sired by St. Leger, while only one had been sold by the Company, Phoebe Apollo and Menschikoff, the next stallions to Hotchkiss, were both untried, and this fact must be considered in thinking of the lesser price realised. As to the question of management it appeared to be significant that the total expense of management of Wellington Park were only £2008 for three years, prior to the Company taking it over. Taking into consideration that the property was exactly the same under the recent management, that no alteration had been made except in the manager's salary. It appeared a peculiar fact that while the management only cost £2008 in three years, the first half-year of the Company cost £1809, and the full year £4100. There was something in connection with the statement presented to the shareholders to induce them to take shares that required explanation. There were only three sources of income in a company like the present—the sale of yearlings, stallion fees, and grazing fees. If the income from these three sources was insufficient to cover the cost of management a loss must result, and this was the experience of the company. The average of stallion fees for three years was shown in the prospectus to be £650, while the receipts for the Company from this source had only been £420. Of course stallions in earlier years were more in demand than now. So many matters had come to light during the last month that the directors

felt somewhat suspicious regarding the figures placed before them when the Company was formed. The large amount of loss sustained was receiving the very careful consideration of the directors. At first it was thought that in the interests of shareholders it would be better to wind up the Company, but when the season was considered, together with the fact that if a forced sale was brought on the shareholders would lose the greater portion of their capital, the Board had come to the decision to carry on the stud until the end of the year, when the prices realised would return a considerable amount to the shareholders. The directors had, therefore, determined to carry on the stud at all events until December. They would then have the opportunity of noting whether the large expenses might not be reduced.

The Chairman then went on to refer to the circumstances which had led to the retirement of the late managing director, Mr T. Morrin. Certain matters involved were now being considered by the company's solicitors, and he would not say more on the subject at the present time. When the late managing director was retired from the management it was thought necessary in the interests of the company that his place should be filled, and with that object they had elected Mr John Colbeck. He (the speaker) thought that the new director would be of great use to the board in endeavouring to save what could be saved to the shareholders. He expressed his regret, and that of the directors, that matters had come to the present point. As far as he was personally concerned he had been in the position of acting manager, and it had caused him a great deal of worry and anxiety. Mr Mitchellson concluded by moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet.

The Hon. S. T. George seconded, and without discussion the motion was agreed to.

Mr T. Darlot, retiring director, was re-elected on the motion of the chairman, and Mr R. E. Isaacs was re-appointed auditor. The meeting then terminated.

## THE WALLET CARD

FOR THE XMAS AND TOURIST SEASON.

PRICE 6d.

POSTAGE 1d.

A Panoramic and Three Post Cards combined... Neat and Artistic. Hand Tinted. Absolutely New.

EXQUISITE VIEWS of Auckland, Maori Haka, Maori War Canoes, Whakerewara, Waimangu Geyser, Wanganui, Taranaki, Dunedin, Queenstown.

From all Stationers. Order Early. 15,000 sold in one week.

## THE NEW ARTISTIC POSTCARDS.

AUCKLAND HARBOUR BY MOONLIGHT.

From Photographs by Sir John Logan Campbell

Six Views, Price 6d.

MAORI MAIDS and MAORI CHIEFS ARTISTICALLY TINTED.  
SIX IN A PACKET. PRICE 6d.



HUDSON'S  
BALLOON BRAND  
BAKING POWDER

It is absolutely free from

Starch, Arrowroot, or  
Other Adulterations.

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And Beware of Imitations.

Obtainable RETAIL at all Stores.

Wholesale from all Provision Merchants, and from

F. J. COOPER, Chemist,

121 VICTORIA STREET, AUCKLAND.





BRANDING CALVES, MAKARIKA, EAST COAST.



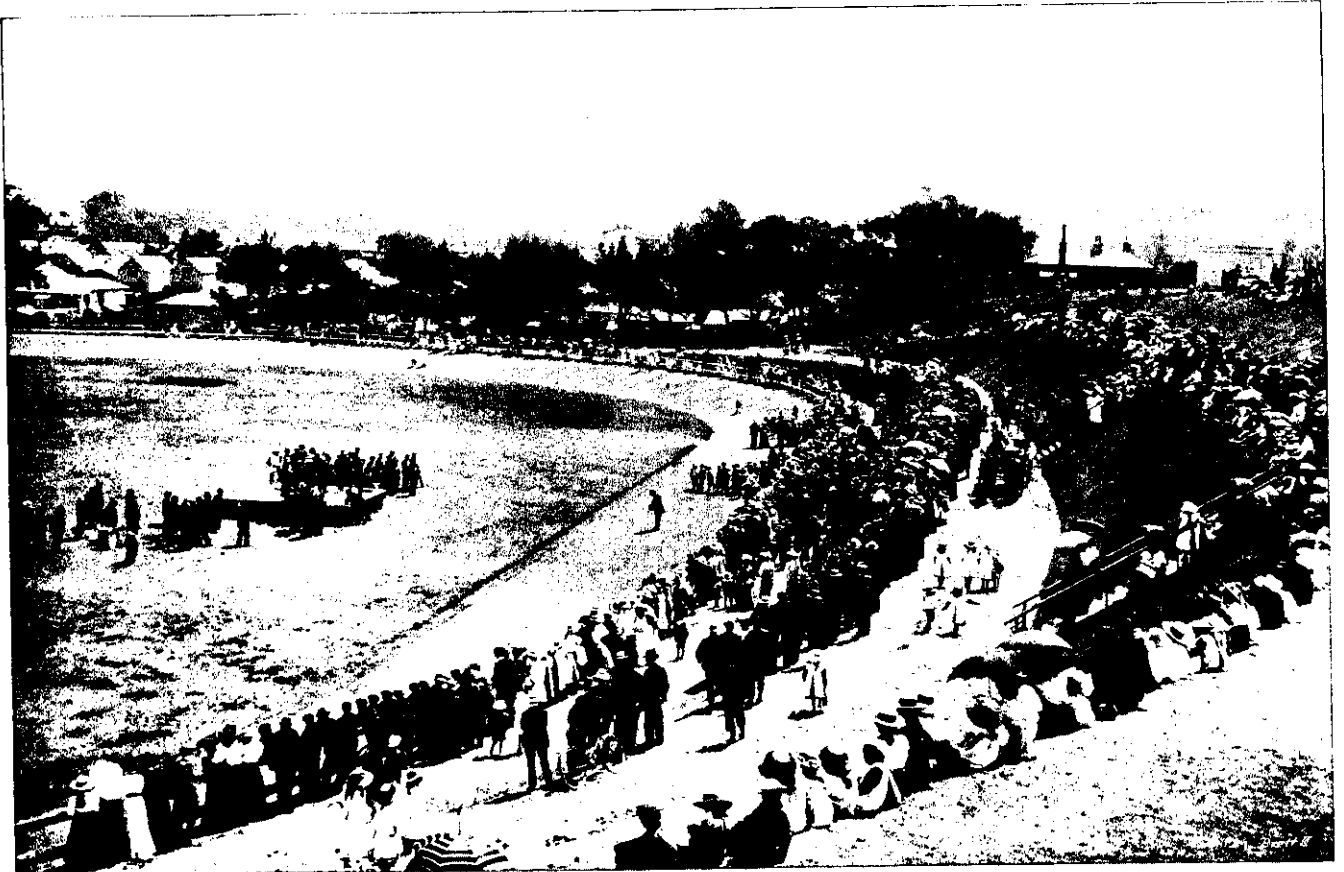
T. A. Hargreaves, photo.

ROPING A COLT FOR BRANDING.

**FAMILIAR WORKING SCENES ON A NEW ZEALAND CATTLE STATION**



THE VAST CROWD WHICH TRIUMPHANTLY ESCORTED THE SUCCESSFUL BAND TO COOK'S GARDENS, WHERE AN ENTHUSIASTIC PUBLIC RECEPTION TOOK PLACE.



THE RECEPTION AT COOK'S GARDENS. AMIDST FRANTIC CHEERING THE MAYOR WELCOMES AND COMPLIMENTS THE BAND.  
Newham, photo. Wanganui.

**WELCOMING HOME THE WANGANUI CHAMPION BAND**



**THE ENJOYABLE BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT ROTORUA**

A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF VISITING AND LOCAL PATRONS OF THE SANATORIUM GREENS, TOURNAMENT WEEK.



**THE FUNERAL OF PETERA, AGED 96, THE GREAT ARAWA BANGATIRA, AT OHINEMUTU.**

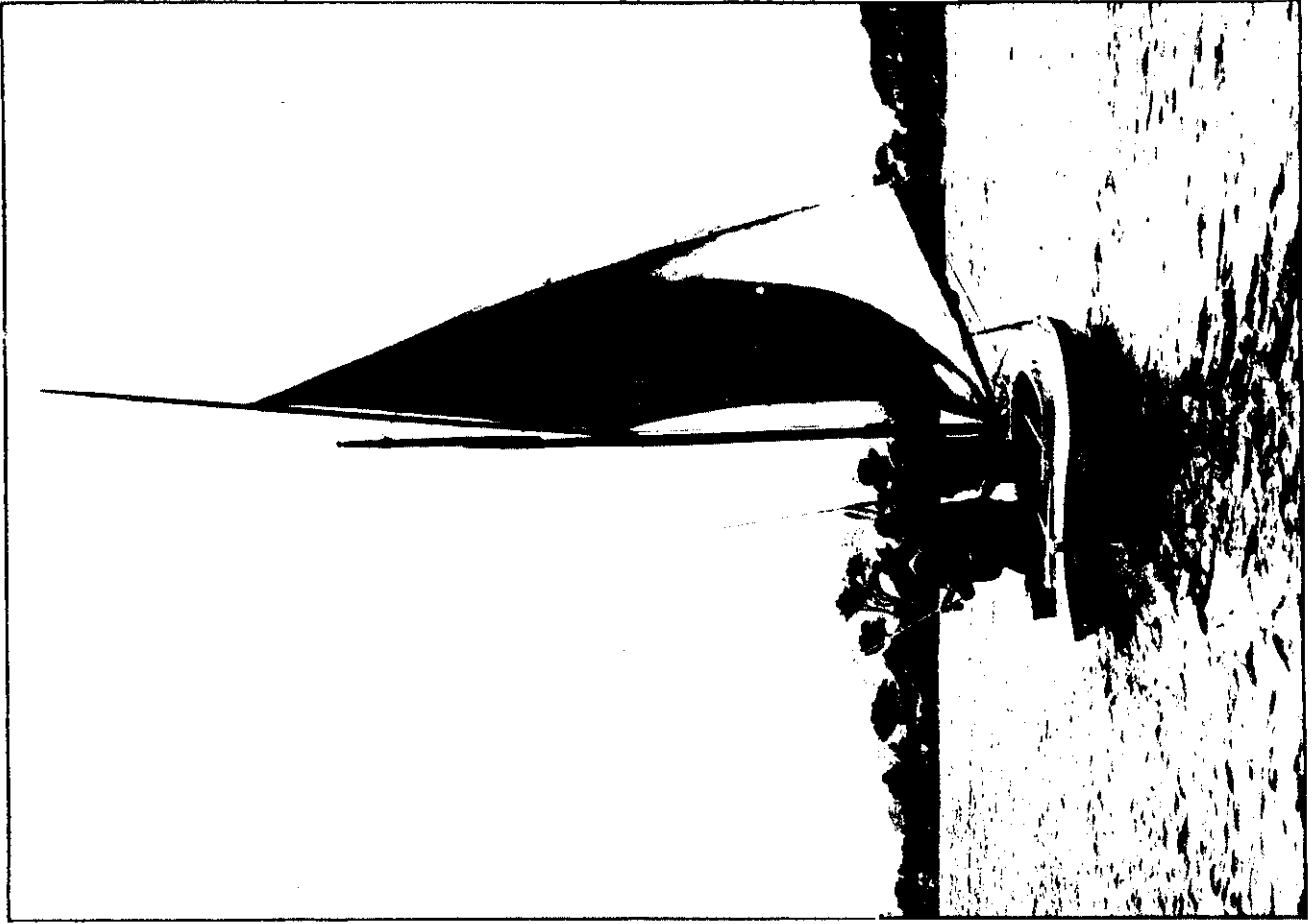
No such "tangi" as that held over Petera is likely to be seen at Ohinemutu in the future.



HYDRAULIC GOLD MINING AT ROSS, SOUTH ISLAND, N.Z.

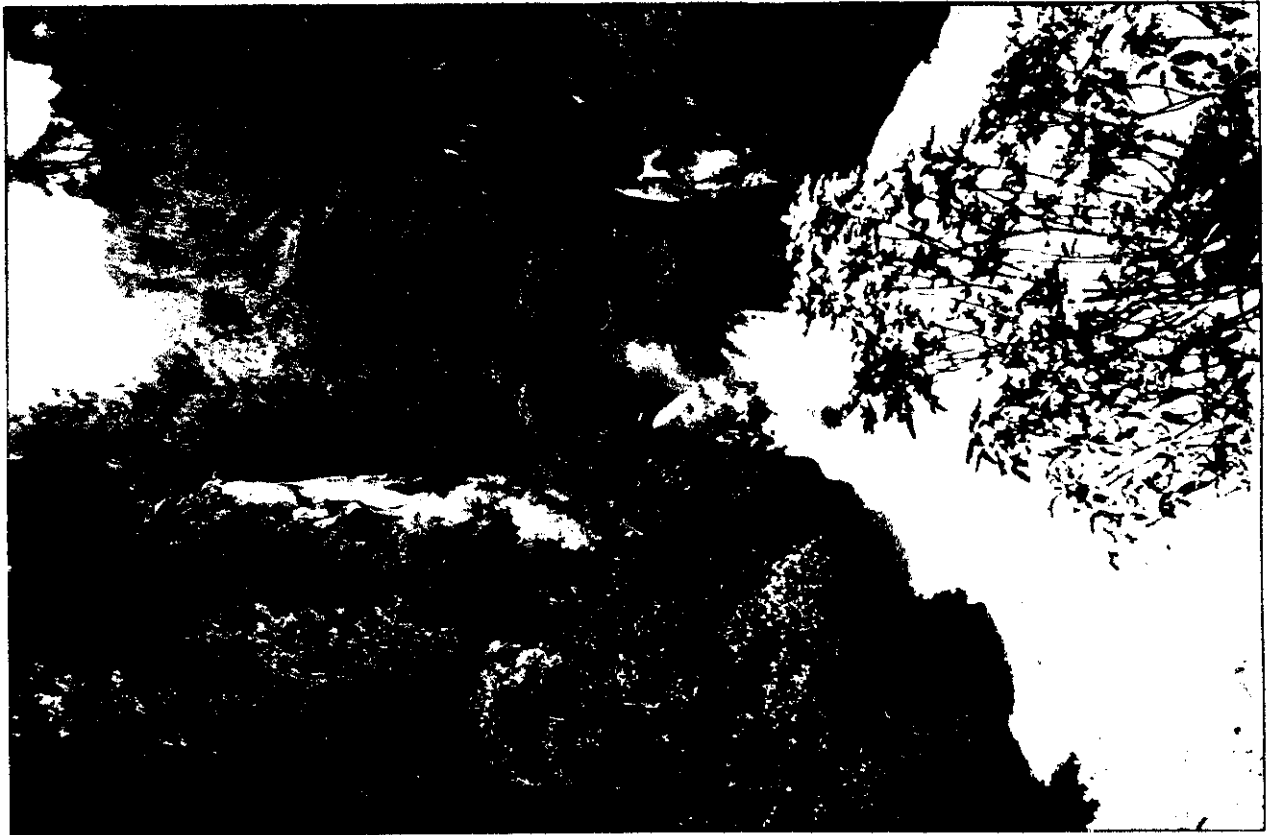


Tourist Department, photo. SWANS IN THE EQUISITE BUT RUINOUSLY EXPENSIVE SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA.



A TROLLING EXCURSION, LAKE ROTONA.

Hundreds of trout are taken by trollers at Rotona during each week of the season.



LOWER FALLS, ONEKE, LAKE ROTONA.

The above is a favourite spot with the fishers for rainbow trout.

TONGS, Dept., photo.



A PARADOX: REAL OLD SCOTCH BUT SOUTH BRITISH.  
Mr. A. Russell tells one of his inimitable yarns.



WATCHING PUNCH AND JUDY.



MR. D. CRAIG INSPECTS AN ATHLETIC TEAM.



DECK CARGO—THE PICK-A-BACK RACE.



"ONE TO BE READY, TWO TO BE STEADY!"  
Children waiting the word "GO!"



THE "SALVAGE" BOOT RACE.

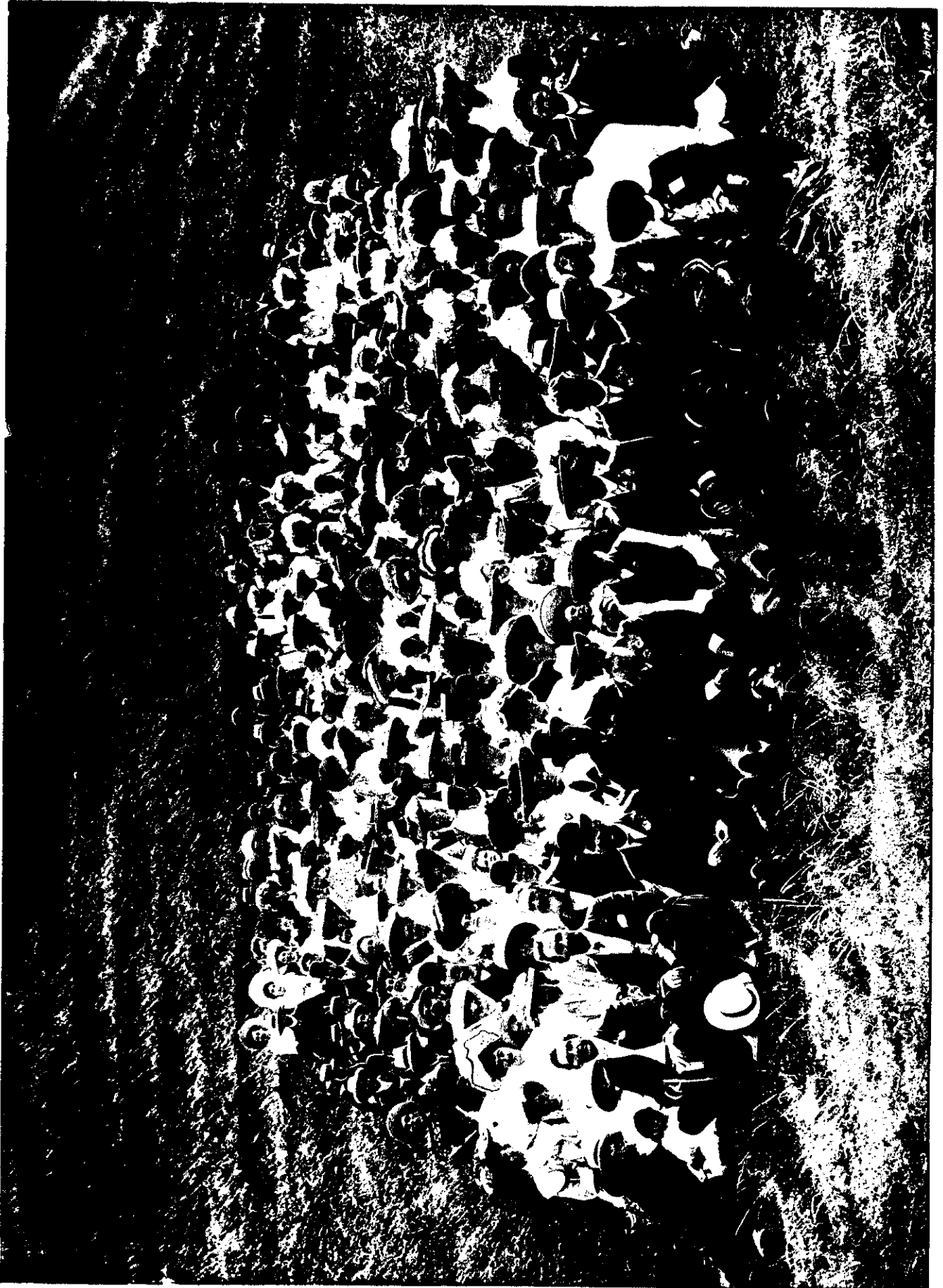


PASSING THE MINUTES—"HERE'S LUCK!"



ARE THEY TWINS?

Snapshots at the Annual Picnic of Auckland's Fire and Marine Underwriters



**"FIRE AND WATER."**

A HOLIDAY GROUP OF AUCKLAND'S FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE MEN AND THEIR FRIENDS AT THE ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE UNDERWRITERS' ASSOCIATION.



AN IDEAL BEAUTY SPOT ON THE WAIPA.



THE WAIKATO, NEAR TAUPIRI MOUNTAIN.



ON THE GREAT SOUTH ROAD.



A PICTURESQUE HOMESTEAD NEAR NGARUAWAHIA.



A DAISY-COVERED BANK OF THE WAIKATO.



ON THE WAINGARO RIVER.



WHERE THE WAIKATO AND THE WAIPA JOIN.



BY TRANQUIL WATERS—A WAINGARO STREAM.

**Trout-fishing Possibilities on the Lower Waters of the Waikato and Waipa**

SOME PRETTY VIEWS OF THE NEW FISHING GROUNDS.





TROUT-FISHING ON THE WAIPA RIVER, NGARUAWAHIA



THE TUG-OF-WAR.



MESSRS. D. JACKMAN, RAYBURN AND A. HELM, BEST-DRESSED HIGHLANDERS.



PAKU PUTTING THE SHOT.



A MAORI TUG-OF-WAR ENTHUSIAST—"Urging on to victory."



MR. W. ROBERTSON, winner of the Highland Fling.



A GROUP OF PIPERS AND VISITORS.

Sorrell, photo

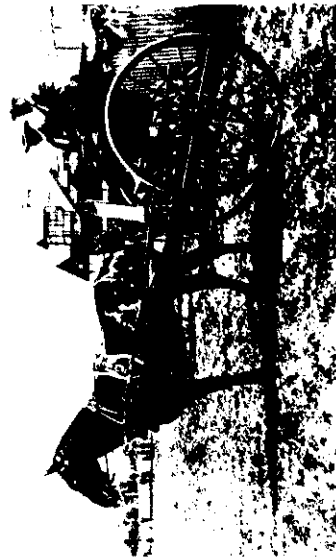
**THE DECIDEDLY SUCCESSFUL CALEDONIAN SPORTS AT NAPIER**



MRS. W. J. BARLETT'S SUCCESSFUL MOUNT.  
First ladies' jumping, first prize hack, first prize tramp horse, third prize list hack.



THE JUDGES' AND SECRETARIES' PAVILION.



MR. BURNETT'S TOMMY. FIRST PRIZE WEIGHT-CARRYING COB.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS.



A GROUP OF WELL-KNOWN SHOW SECRETARIES AND STOCK BREEDERS.



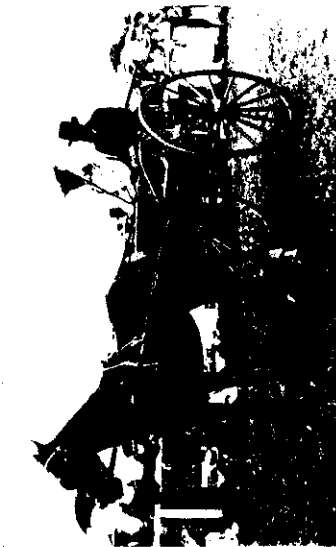
THE PONY CLASS.



THE PREMIER DECLARES THE SHOW OPEN.



MR. G. N. PHARAZAN'S FIRST PRIZE FOLD PONY.



MRS. ROBERTSON. Winner first prize ladies' driving competition, first prize best lady driver.

**SNAPSHOTS AT THE RECENT SUCCESSFUL A. AND P. SHOW, FEILDING**



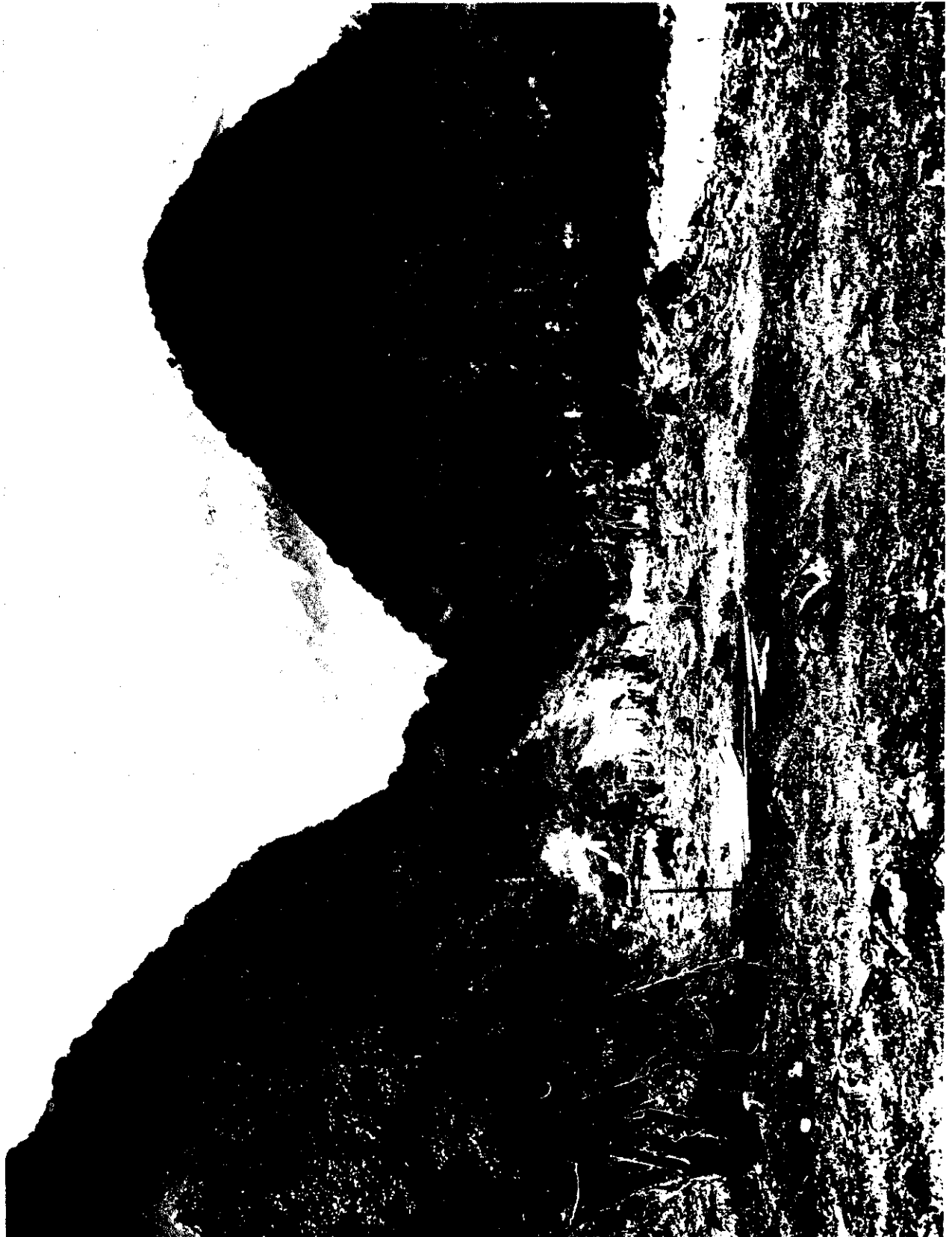
PICTURESQUE EFFECT IN HOWE STREET, WHERE TREES WERE PLANTED SOME YEARS AGO.



A SUMMER DAY IN TREELESS QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

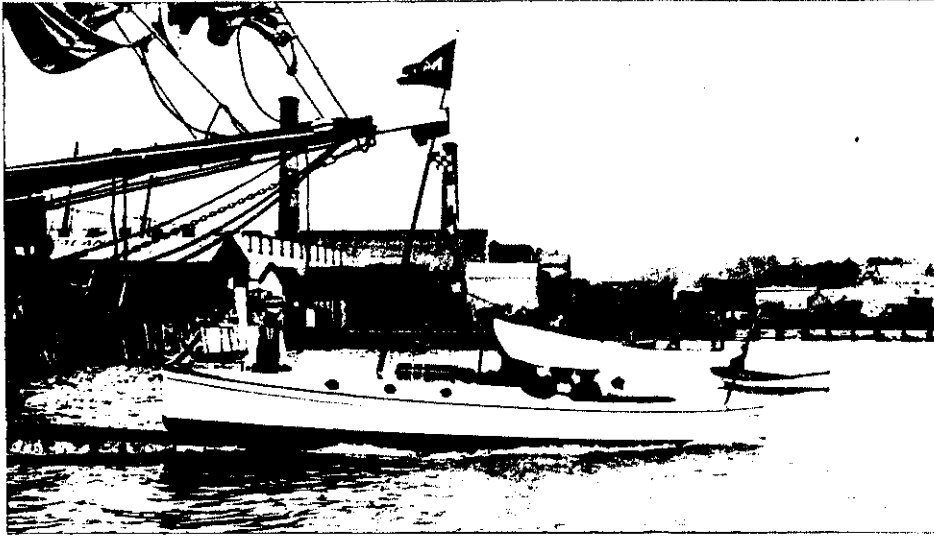
Jackinson, photo, Auckland.

**THE SUGGESTION FOR TREE-PLANTING AUCKLAND STREETS**



BEAUTY SPOTS OF NEW ZEALAND.—WAHIO, NEAR THE FRANCIS JOSEPH GLACIER.

**The Silent Oyama.**



Educated in France, Marshal Oyama, the brain of the present campaign, served in the Franco-German war as attache, and has trained the Japanese army after the best of French and German methods. He fought in the Civil war in Japan; it was he who suppressed the Satsuma revolt, and he who commanded the 2nd Field Force against China ten years ago. It was at the small seaside town of Hiroshima that he planned the details of this campaign. When he sailed at daybreak, behold there was a small Russian vessel waiting under the headland to watch his movements. Seeing Oyama on the bridge, the Russian turned and steamed away for China. "Spies! Spies! Scoundrel! Your turn will come!" yelled the Japanese troops, but Oyama said never a word. He only smiled. But he has never forgotten.

"What did you do with that new drug you invented, professor?" asks the friend of the plodding chemist.  
 "Made up a lot of it and put the drug on the market," answers the chemist.  
 "Meet with success?"  
 "Not much. It seems to be rather a drug on the market at present."

LAUNCH FROM MR. LOGAN, SENR'S SLIP OF THE SPEED MOTOR LAUNCH NAPIER.

Photo. by FRITH.



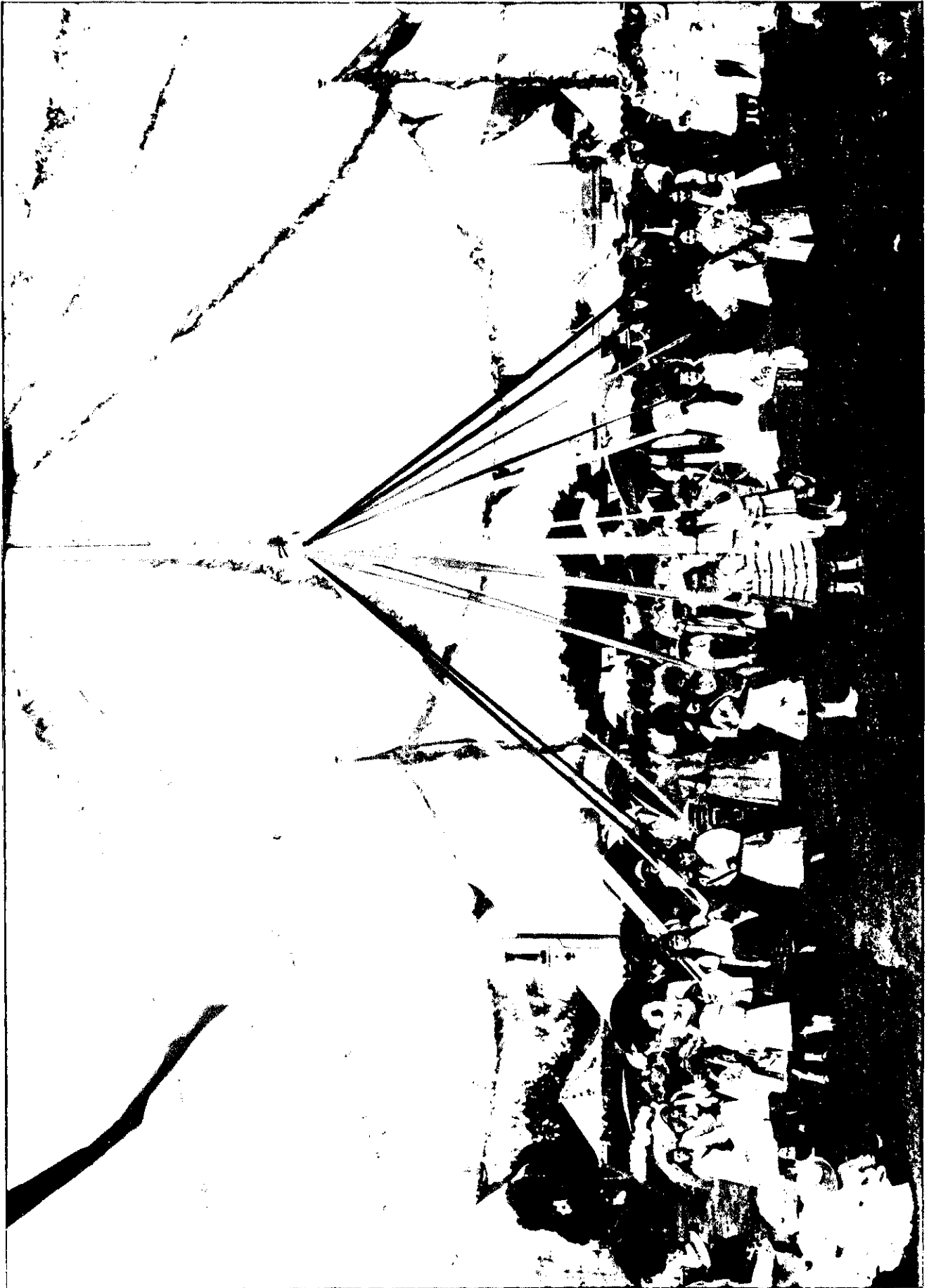
THE OPENING CEREMONY.



Valley photo.

THE GIPSY CARAVAN.

**THE BRILLIANT VILLAGE FAIR HELD LAST WEEK AT DEVONPORT**



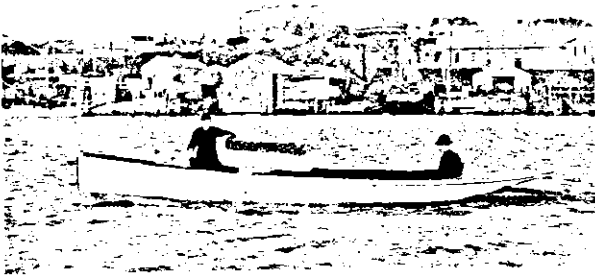
THE BRILLIANT VILLAGE FAIR HELD LAST WEEK AT DEVONPORT

CHILDREN IN THE CHARMINGLY GRACEFUL MAYPOLE DANCES.

Vaie, photo.

# Hercules Oil Engines

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BELOW REPRESENT A FEW OF THE LAUNCHES WHICH HAVE BEEN LATELY BUILT AND INSTALLED WITH HERCULES OIL ENGINES



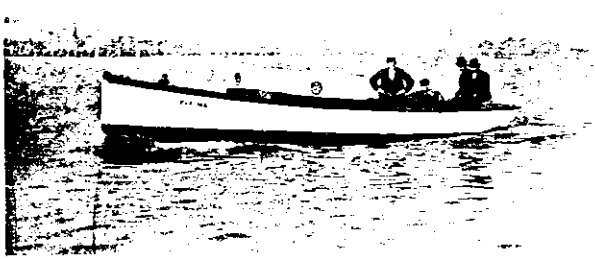
NAME.

Fitted with a 3 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 25ft; Beam 6ft 6in; Draught 1ft 6in. Built for Mr. Webber, Elmslie's Bay, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



MARORO.

Fitted with 8 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 29ft; Beam 7ft 6in. Built for F. W. Newton, Kawhia, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



FABINA.

Fitted with 5 H.P. Hercules Engine. Speed 8 miles. Length 30ft; Beam 7ft 6in. Built for Messrs. Rohrbach and Huxley, Thames, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



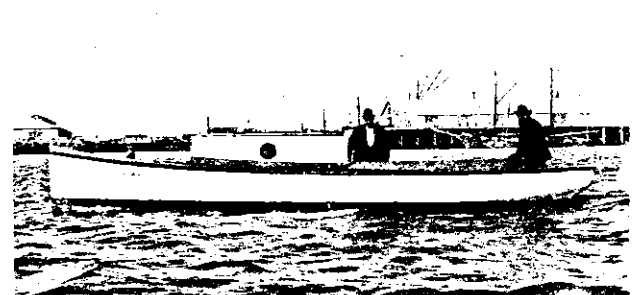
REWA.

Fitted with 14 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 23ft; Beam 4ft 6in. Built by Messrs. Brown and Sons, Te Kopuru.



WAIROA FUNNEL LAUNCH.

Fitted with 3 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 22ft; Beam 5ft; Draught 3ft. Built for Messrs. Oway Bros, Blako, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe. This launch made the trip from Auckland to the Thames in six hours.



STAI.

Fitted with 14 H.P. Hercules Engines. Length 29ft; Beam 7ft. Built for A. Gove, Auckland, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



PILI.

Fitted with 11 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 23ft; Beam 5ft 6in; Draught 1ft 6in. Built for Mr. Hughes, Pihou, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



NITA.

Fitted with 5 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 25ft; Beam 6ft 3in. Built for Raglan Launch Co., Raglan, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.

# E. PORTER & CO.

SOLE AGENTS, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

IF YOU REQUIRE A LAUNCH, WRITE US FOR PRICES AND FULL PARTICULARS. WE CAN QUOTE FOR ENGINES ONLY OR FOR THE LAUNCH COMPLETE. WE EMPLOY EXPERT ENGINEERS FOR FITTING IN THE MACHINERY AND GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. FULL STOCKS OF BENZINE ALWAYS ON HAND AT THE LOWEST RATES.





**NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.**  
**WAIKATO CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION'S SHOW AT CAMBRIDGE.**

ON 8th AND 9th MARCH, 1905.  
 HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued from any station to Cambridge on 7th, 8th, and 9th March, and will be available for return up to and including TUESDAY, 14th March.

WEDNESDAY, 8th MARCH.  
 Special Train to convey stock will leave Te Awamutu for Cambridge at 7.45 a.m.

THURSDAY, 9th MARCH.  
 Special Train will leave Auckland at 6.45 a.m., Newmarket 6.50, Mercer 9.10, arriving Cambridge 12.15 p.m., returning leaving Cambridge at 4.30 p.m., arriving Auckland 10.10 p.m. These trains will not stop at Westfield or Runciman.

A train will leave Te Awamutu at 8.30 a.m., Hamilton 10.0, arriving Cambridge at 11 a.m., returning leaving Cambridge 5.30 p.m., arriving Te Awamutu 7.40 p.m.

Special Train to convey stock will leave Cambridge at 4.35 p.m., Hautapu 5.55, arriving Te Awamutu 8.5 p.m.

The 12.10 p.m. train from Cambridge to Rungata will not run.

The 8.40 a.m. train from Rotorua to Frankton and the 11.10 a.m. train from Frankton to Rotorua will not run.

A special train will leave Rotorua at 6.30 a.m., Cambridge arrive 12.15, and Frankton 12.10 p.m. Return Special will leave Cambridge at 4.50 p.m., arriving Rotorua 11.0 p.m.

A Special Train will leave Thames at 7.15 a.m., Paeroa 8.35, Te Aroha 9.50, arriving Cambridge 11.40 a.m., returning leaving Cambridge at 5.5 p.m., arriving Thames 9.25 p.m.

BY ORDER.

**AUCKLAND EDUCATION BOARD.**

Applications for the position of Lady Assistant at the Beresford St. School (Salary £105) will be received by the Board on or before SATURDAY, March 11th, 1905, from Teachers classified E2, or higher.

VINCENT E. RICE,  
 Secretary.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS AND CANVASERS.**—WANTED. Enlargements to Paint in Oil, Water Colour, and Black and White; first class work; reasonable prices.—Address "SABLE," "Star" Office, Auckland.

**Personal Paragraphs**

Mrs Henry Wood (Christchurch) has gone South on a short visit.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Haydon (Christchurch) left for the Argentine last week.  
 Miss Gregg, of Wanganui, is staying with Mrs. C. McLean, of Napier.  
 Mrs. Morrison, of the Wairarapa, is staying in Wanganui.  
 Mrs. John Barton, of Wellington, is at present on a visit to Wanganui.  
 Mr. J. Cunningham of Melbourne, is making a short visit to New Plymouth.  
 Mrs Babington (Wellington) is staying at Waikanae for the present.  
 Mrs. J. T. Stewart, of Wanganui, is staying with friends in Wellington.  
 Mrs and Miss Ross (Dunedin) are at present in Wellington.  
 Mrs Alec Crawford (Wellington) is visiting friends in Hawke's Bay.

Mrs and Miss Roy (New Plymouth) have been staying in Wellington lately.  
 Mrs. Cave, of Waverley, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs Sarjeant.

Miss A. Gibson (Patea), was the guest of Mrs Hirst (Hawera) last week.  
 Mrs. Friend, of Palmerston North, is staying in Wanganui.

Mrs Loughnan (Timaru) is visiting friends in Wellington.  
 Mrs. and Miss Humphries, of Napier, are staying in Wellington.

Miss V. Wilson, of Napier, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Reed, of Waipawa.  
 Mr J. J. Devine will contest the Wellington Mayoralty.

The Rev. Herbert-Williams, M.A., of Gisborne, has been visiting Napier.  
 The Rev. C. E. Beecroft, of Napier, has returned from a visit to England.

Mrs. Bannicott, of Wanganui, is paying a visit to Napier.  
 The Misses Teclenaker (Oamaru) are in Christchurch on a visit.

Miss McLean (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. R. K. Reed, at Palmerston North.  
 Mrs and Miss Russell (Palmerston N.) are the guests of Mrs T. C. Williams, Hobson-street, Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Montgomerie (Eaglehawk, Wanganui) are staying with friends in Wellington.  
 Dr. and Miss Bennett (Foxton) are leaving there in order to spend a few months in Rarotonga.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Elworthy (Timaru) are staying at Bishopscourt, Christchurch.  
 Miss Bedford has returned to New Plymouth after a pleasant trip to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mrs and Miss Martin (Napier) made a short stay in Wellington on their way to Christchurch.  
 Mrs Foote, wife of Capt. Foote, H.M.S. Psyche, is staying at Caulfield House, Sydney-st., Wellington.

Miss Durie (Sydney), is at present staying with her sister, Mrs R. H. Nolan (Hawera).  
 Miss Eva Biggs, of Hamilton, is visiting New Plymouth, and staying with her aunt, Mrs Paul.

Mrs. H. Campbell (Hawke's Bay) is staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott (Gisborne).  
 Mrs Gregg, Mahakipawa, Marlborough, has returned home from a short trip to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Russell and family left Palmerston North on Monday en route for England.  
 Mrs Rule and Miss Ida Rule, of Christchurch, are staying with Mrs P. Webster of New Plymouth.

Mrs. J. M. Johnstone, Palmerston North, has gone to Dunedin for a change after her recent illness.  
 Mrs. Baldwin, of Wellington, who was staying in Napier with her sister, Mrs. Moore, has returned home.

Lady Plunket and the Hon. Kathleen Plunket left Christchurch on Tuesday for Dunedin.  
 Mr. Holmes Hall, of Melbourne, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Tabateau, of Napier, has returned home.

Mrs. and Miss Morrison, of Auckland, are spending a short holiday in Wanganui.  
 Miss Cameron, of England, is staying at "Wharemu," Wanganui, with her sister, Miss Cameron.

The Rev. F. R. Harbord, an English clergyman, who is now visiting the colony, went to Rotorua last week.  
 Mr G. Allport, secretary of the Marine Department, is visiting Auckland.

Mr W. Gothard, editor of the Westport "Times," is visiting Auckland. He left for Rotorua on Monday.  
 Mr Arnold will contest Dunedin South and Mr Millar Dunedin Central against all-comers.

Mr Henry Wood, of the firm of Wood Bros., of Christchurch, arrived in Auckland by the Zealandia on Monday.  
 Dr. Mason (chief health officer of New Zealand) is in Auckland on Monday. He will attend the Medical Conference.

Mrs Pharaazyn (Napier) and her daughter, Mrs Steadman (Napier), are spending a few days in Wellington, and are staying a few days at the Royal Oak.  
 Miss Morgan, who accompanied the Waihi soloists at the band contest, has been presented with a handsome brooch by the competitors.

Mr Geo. H. Buckeridge, provincial organiser of the New Zealand Farmers' Union, is at present visiting the Northern districts.  
 Mr H. Stead, who conducts the Australasian edition of the "Review of Reviews," is about to visit New Zealand. Mr Stead is a son of Mr W. T. Stead.

Mr David Molesworth, sen., the oldest working coal-miner in the Waikato, left Huntly last week on a six months' trip to the Old Country.  
 The Rev. W. E. Gillam received a telegram from Mr. Seddon stating that he will be present at the consecration of St. Matthew's Church.

Mr and Mrs. Jupp, of Wellington, went up to Rotorua last week with a party, and will return to the South by way of the Wanganui river.  
 Mr R. H. Nolan and his son, Vernon, left Hawera last Tuesday for Auckland, en route for England, where they intend remaining for about a year.

Mr H. A. Parker (Wellington), the well-known tennis player, has left for England in order to compete at the English Championship Meeting.  
 Miss Amy Murphy (Dunedin) is now in Wellington, having accepted an offer to sing at the Navy League concert to be held in the Town Hall.

Mrs. Greig, of Wanganui, has gone to Dannevirke to be present at Miss Knight's wedding, which takes place next week.  
 Mrs Beauchamp, "Anikiwa," Marlborough, and Mrs T. Cawte, Mahakipawa, Marlborough, were in Pierton this week, staying with Mrs H. Greensill.

Mr W. Denison Roebuck, F.L.S., is in Auckland just now. He goes to Sydney next month. He has been making some scientific investigations in the colony.  
 The Rev. C. Griffin, whose name appeared in the Southward passenger list of the Rototiti, did not go on her. He

left on Monday for the conference at Wellington.  
 Mr Ernest Chitty, an inmate of the Jubilee Institute for the Blind, has received intimation of passing the first section of the examination for the B.A. degree.

Mr and Mrs T. C. Urquhart, of Whangapoua, Coronandel, who have left that district for Auckland, were presented with souvenirs of the locality, by the people of the district.  
 Mr Roy Furness, Blenheim, a student of Canterbury College, has passed his final B.A. examinations successfully, and is receiving numerous congratulations from his Marlborough friends.

Lord and Lady Ennismore arrived in Wellington from Sydney per Warrimoo, and will make a short stay here. Lord Ennismore is an ardent fisherman, and hopes to get some sport in the district.  
 Mr and Mrs Martin Kennedy, who went to Christchurch in order to be present at the consecration of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, have returned to Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Gosman (England), who have been spending some months in New Zealand, are returning to the Old Country next month. They are at present in Wellington.  
 News has been received by cable of the death of the Hon. Capt. Addington, R.N. Capt. Addington was a brother of the Hon. Mrs Arkwright, Overton, Rangitikei, and was in command of H.M.S. Phoebe until a year or two ago.

Mrs Ferris, of Parramatta (New South Wales), who is a sister of Mr W. Lyons, the well-known Auckland bowler, is at present in Rotorua. She has been seriously ill from pleurisy, and is now recovering rapidly.  
 Mr Henry Clayton Brewer, of Auckland, who has been very seriously ill for the last twelve weeks, is slowly recovering, and though still confined to bed, is now able to see his friends occasionally.

Mr Archibald Stewart was waited upon by the Mt. Wellington Road Board a few days ago and presented with an illuminated address, recognising his 25 years' work as a member of the Board. Mr Stewart has just retired from the Board.  
 Information has been received privately that Miss Caddick, traveller and authoress, left England for New Zealand on the 28th ult. One of Miss Caddick's feats of travel was to penetrate Africa by herself. The outcome of this journey was that interesting book "A White Woman in Central Africa."

The Revs. Blair, Slade, Griffiths, Rothwell, Luxford, Griffin, and Greenslade went to Wellington last week by the Rototiti. They are bound to Wellington, where the annual session of the New Zealand Methodist Conference is to be held.  
 The many friends of the Rev. T. H. and Mrs Spratt (Wellington) will be glad to hear that they have just received the news that their son, Dr. Maurice Spratt, has passed the final section of his B.A. degree, and has won the Senior University Scholarship in Greek.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cowper, Mr. and Mrs. S. Peel, Mr. H. Cowper, Mr. Earle, the Misses Cowper (2), and Mr. Mrs., and Miss Montgomerie, all of Waingaiti, are in Dannevirke to be present at Mr. H. Cowper's wedding.

The Rev. Father Patterson, who has been visiting Wellington for some days, has returned to Auckland. He intends to go back to Yorkshire (where he was born of Irish parents) and Ireland for about nine months—a holiday well deserved by many years of hard work. The familiar figure of the popular cleric will be missed greatly in Auckland.

The Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Harper and family returned to Palmerston North on Monday from their trip to England. The Rev. R. Young, who has been acting-vicar of All Saints' during Mr. Harper's absence, left on the same day for Palmerston, where he will spend a month's holiday. Mr. Young will then resume the charge of the Carterton parish.

Mr W. R. Bloomfield, of Auckland, was injured in alighting from a tram-car last week. He was in the act of alighting from a car when the car unexpectedly moved forward, and Mr Bloomfield, losing his balance, fell to the ground. He received a cut over the forehead and also injured his wrists. He was able to proceed to the Volunteer Officers' Club in the Drill Hall, where he was attended by Surgeon Captain J. H. Neil.

A pleasing function took place on Saturday at the premises of Messrs. Buchanan & Co., Ltd., wholesale jewellers, Albert street, when Mr. T. R. Ballantine was presented with a handsome marble clock by the factory employees, in view of his approaching marriage. Mr. Hayden, in a few well-chosen remarks, expressed the good wishes of the employees for Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine's prosperity and happiness, to which the recipient suitably replied.

The Rev. A. T. Thompson was welcomed back to Titirangi on Thursday night by the congregation of St. James' Church. The Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, vicar of St. George's Church, presented a fine sideboard to Mr and Mrs Thompson on behalf of the congregation, and the 'B. H. H. Ladies' Hockey Club, of which Mr Thompson is president, also gave him some silver table appointments.

At the residence of Mr and Mrs M. H. Walker, of Foxton, an enjoyable garden party was given on Wednesday last as a farewell to the Rev. Mr Harris and Mrs Harris, who leave for Auckland on March 7, after a term of four years on the Foxton Station. Mr G. H. Stiles, on behalf of the congregation, presented Mr Harris with a silver inkstand, and then Mrs Austin, on behalf of the Ladies' Sewing Guild, presented Mrs Harris with a gold chain, Mr G. Simpson, Mayor of Foxton, acting as spokesman.

The condition of the Very Rev. Mungton Paul, V.G., of Ouhanga, is causing his medical adviser, Dr W. G. Scott, as well as his parishioners, grave anxiety. The rev. gentleman has been confined to his bed for the past three

weeks, and notwithstanding all that can be done, shows little signs of improvement. This is particularly regretted, as His Lordship Bishop Lenihan and the clergy of the diocese were preparing a fitting souvenir for the occasion of his golden jubilee to the priesthood, which would occur in May next.

Mr Fred. B. Smith, organiser of the Y.M.C.A. work in the United States, is expected shortly to arrive in the colonies. He is considered by Mr J. B. Molt to be the greatest evangelist in America, and Australian religious papers consider his meetings in Sydney will be the biggest thing of their kind ever see there. He is especially attractive as a speaker to men, who in the States flock to hear him. After his Sydney meetings Mr Smith leaves for Wellington on May 13th, and it is probable that he will visit Auckland during his tour.

The Rev. R. Hall, who has been minister of the Alexandra-street P.M. Church for the past year, has been transferred to the Ashburton circuit, and left for his new charge on Monday next. Mrs Hall is going back to England for eight months by the Tonic from Wellington. The Rev. W. S. Potter, of the Auckland No. 2 circuit, replaces him, and the Rev. G. Clements, who has been in Geraldine lately, takes his place in the No. 2 circuit. The No. 3 circuit remains unchanged, the Rev. Mr Smallis being appointed.

The officers and men of the Petone Naval Artillery have bidden farewell to Captain Archibald, who is being transferred to Auckland. Major Kirk referred to the high efficiency of Captain Archibald, and the high esteem in which he was held, not only by present members of the corps, but by those who had passed over to the Ex-Navals' Association. On behalf of the Petone Navals he presented Captain Archibald with a handsome silver inkstand and silver pen, as a farewell gift and a token of their esteem. Captain Archibald was also the recipient of a handsome gift from the members of the permanent staff, and a gold badge-pin from the members of the Ex-Navals' Association.

A smoke concert was tendered by the Palmerangi Hunt Club, in the Sans Souci Tea Kiosk, Ouhanga, last week, to Mr. E. D. O'Rourke and Mr. W. Carminer. Mr. O'Rourke, who has held office as master for some time, has resigned on account of his intention to visit England, and Mr. Carminer, hon. treasurer, is leaving Auckland. Mr. W. McLaughlin, the master, presided, and presided both the guests with handsome smokers' companions in oak cases suitably inscribed. In making the presentation, Mr. W. McLaughlin stated that Mr. O'Rourke was the best master the club had ever had, courteous, fair, and exceedingly hospitable. He also eulogised the services of Mr. Carminer, both gentlemen responding.

### Are We Spoiling Our Children?

(By W. PETT RIDGE.)

A bachelor can approach this question with an unbiased mind; he may be wrong, but he is at any rate impartial. Moreover, the judgment given here is not final; a court of appeal exists in every household, and there my decision can be reversed or upheld. Let me say at once that in my opinion the methods of parents are greatly improved and the spoiling of children becomes less common as the years go on. Whilst there is not so much of the "Go and see what baby is doing and tell her she mustn't," on the other hand the sentimental mother no longer permits her ten-year-old boy to wear long curls which some of us used to pull in school days with a cry of "Shop!" Let us argue the matter and see whether we are at one in regard to reasons. Three judges some time since had to hear a case, and they gave their decisions as usual in order of seniority: Henry Collins, coming second, said "I agree!"

Romer, the third, remarked: "I agree also!" "Pardon me," said Henr Collins, "I wish to give my reasons." And having stated these at considerable length, he bowed to his colleague to intimate that he had finished.

"I still agree," said Justice Romer. There was a time when children called their fathers "sir!"; what the fathers called the children who thus proclaimed servility can be imagined. Those were days when no house was completely furnished unless it possessed a birch; when governesses used a ruler mainly for application to little knuckles; it was considered right and indeed indispensable that a child should be shaken regularly; nurses with the tact and intelligence of hens told their charges grisly stories that came back to terrified young nuns in hours of sleep. Girls were brought up to be clinging and dependent, with a nice taste in fainting; boys were cuffed into a show of reverence for their elders. I see no good reason why the child of 1904 should envy the child of 1854.

What is the general spirit existing now between father and son? So far as I can see it is one of increased comradeship; fathers are younger than ever and join in games in which sometimes the old boys win, and sometimes the old boys lose; to the good sportsman this matters little or nothing. There are indoor recreations nowadays in which all the family can join, and sons, who are growing up and approaching the age when they have the inclination to be desperate blades and make their mark somewhere recklessly, can be induced (given discretion to parents) to see that home has the attractions possessed by fully licensed premises, without some of the drawbacks to be found there. No better way exists of training children to be good tempered; once a boy can lose even a mere game of bagatelle with equanimity, he has been brought far on the road that leads to a sane disposition. The father generally takes charge of his boy at ten, that being the age when the lad begins home serious tasks from school in regard to which the mother, guided by appeals for advice and assistance, generally replies that children who bother mothers about subjects which mothers learnt years ago at school but have since forgotten are detested, by a special regulation from going to heaven. This is where the wise father who knows his own children comes in. If he can gain the boy's affection and respect at this age he will never really lose them. This greatest error that a father can make is to omit to note that year that is at the top of the current almanac and to forget that his sons grow older each year. There comes a time when they feel they have the right to smoke indoors, to take a glass of claret with their meals, to go on their own account to the play. Happy the father who knows the right moment for according to these applications. The mothers' boys are of the age when they can be placed in corners if their behaviour comes short of absolute perfection, whereas they are released on

giving their parole. I suppose some little children are still punished severely, but the general trend is certainly in the way of milder correction; for my own part I would as soon think of whipping a lamb. Even the feudalish parent is now fearful of public opinion, and of the excellent society which prospers in such cases.

Occasionally a fear is expressed by fathers that mothers spoil an only child; the mothers always retort that it is being done by the fathers. Certainly, recital of the infant's repartees, description of his extreme goodness the first thing in the morning, account of his excellent behaviour when no company is present—these are sometimes enough to turn heads and give a swollen idea of importance, but if this should be the case in early days, the impression is carefully removed as soon as the only child steps out into the world and meets his peers. I would rather this over-praise than encounter the perpetual nagging, the deeply rooted conviction that whatever the child desires to do becomes, ipso facto, wrong and deserving of reproof. The artful child, recognising the defects of his system, conducts himself as Brod Rabbit did after the struggle with the Toy Baby, protesting wildly against the thing that he desires to be done. Some parents have a special voice for their children, just as people shout to foreigners. I cannot think this necessary; children have powers of hearing that are quite as good as they need be.

For the youngsters themselves, I don't know any better counsel than that given by Mr George to Woolwich Baguet. "The time will come, my boy, when this hair of your mother's will be grey and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles. Take care, while you are young, that you can think in these days 'I never whitened a hair of her dear head, I never marked a sorrowful line in her face.' For of all the many things that you can think of when you are a man, you had better have that by you, Woolwich!"

### Master of One Hundred Palaces.

As most of our readers are aware, the Czar's income is far in excess of that of any other Royalty in the world. But to read the full tale of his magnificence brings to one's mind reminiscences of the story-book splendours of the Arabian Nights. His possessions no fewer than ninety-eight palaces and castles, but it is said that of these he has only seen thirty-four. Yet all the rest are kept up in the pink of perfection. A vast army of 55,000 servants, indoor and out, are in charge of these various residences, and their salaries amount to the colossal annual sum of £80,000. In the stables are five thousand horses, while the cattle which feed in the Royal farms are put at ten times that number.

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PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, January 21.

It was reported last week that Lady Dufferin, who was then on route for Spain, would after a brief sojourn there make a trip to Australia and New Zealand, primarily for the purpose of paying a visit to her daughter, Lady Plunket. Inquiries have elicited the fact that her ladyship has no intention of making a voyage to Maoriland, but will return from Spain to her Irish home, Claudeboye, County Down.

Dr. W. Gratton Guinness, of Waihi, Auckland, arrived in London on January 8th, and was joined there by his wife, who has been in England for the last eight months. After a short stay in London and the South of England, Dr. Guinness intends to go to Dublin, and take out a post-graduate course of study at Dublin University and Hospitals. His wife and he will remain in Dublin for about three or four months, and then after a short tour will return to New Zealand.

Ranginia, the Maori singer, has had to cancel all his English engagements owing to an attack of pneumonia, brought on by this severe fog. His doctor has ordered him to the South of Europe until after the winter.

The second round of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hopkins' progressive eucheire tournament for Christchurch friends in London was concluded this week. The first prize, silver-mounted walking stick, was won by Mr. B. Spiller, and Mr. J. Foster annexed the consolation prize.

Callers at the Agency-General this week: Miss W. J. Bathgate (Dunedin), Mr. A. R. Falconer, M.B., D.P.H., Miss Kathleen Ryley, Dr. and Mrs. W. Gratton Guinness (Auckland).

Sir A. P. Douglas, late of New Zealand, was elected a Fellow of the Colonial Institute at the last meeting of the Council.

A New Zealander carried off the lion's share of the honours for the past year's work at the National Dental Hospital and College. The Dean of the Hospital, in his speech at the annual dinner of past and present students, mentioned that three gentlemen monopolised all the class prizes for the year, and one of them, from New Zealand, Mr. H. Parkinson, had been particularly brilliant. Mr. Parkinson's performance certainly bears out the Dean's words. He carried off one gold and five bronze medals, a case of instruments, and six first certificates. His record for the year stood as follows:--

- Dental Anatomy—Medal and 1st Certificate.
Dental Surgery—1st Certificate.
Dental Mechanics (Practical)—1st Certificate and Medal.
Dental Mechanics (Theory)—1st Certificate and Medal.
Operative Dental Surgery—Medal and 1st Certificate.
Dental Histology—Medal and 1st Certificate.
Aek Prize—23 3/4 case of instruments.
Rymer Medal (gold)—For General Proficiency.

Mr Spence Gollan, the well-known Antipolean sportsman, and his friend, Tom Sullivan, ex-sculling champion of England, were instrumental in saving a couple of lives on the River Thames not far from Hammersmith last Sunday morning. A tub-four with a coxswain of the Alpha Club were rowing upriver, and when opposite the Doves ran into a very rough patch caused by a sudden squall, and a moment later the crew were struggling in the water. Of this five not one could swim even fairly well, and the stroke (a young man named Davies) not at all. Fortunately, at the critical moment Mr Gollan and Sullivan were proceeding upriver for their Sunday morning spin in a double-scull boat. Seeing the danger of the party they at once sculled over to them, and taking one on the end of their boat rowed with him to the shore. They returned and rescued another. In the meantime the man in the water had clung to the boat, and in their efforts to board her they turned the craft over. All the men were thrown

clear. One of them named Hancox seized an oar floating by and gave it to Davies. He then swam ashore. A man in a rum-tum and two scullers in a skiff had meanwhile rescued the fourth man, but Davies had disappeared, and it was not until two o'clock that his body was recovered by the drags. At the inquest the coroner warmly complimented Mr Gollan and Tom Sullivan on their promptitude, but for which he said the Court would certainly have held an inquiry on more than one corpse.



THE GOVERNMENT VALUATION OF LAND ACT, 1896, AMENDMENT ACT, 1900.

DISTRICT VALUATION ROLL OPEN FOR INSPECTION.

LAST DAY FOR THE RECEIPT OF OBJECTIONS.

It is hereby notified that the District Valuation Rolls for the Districts mentioned in the Schedule hereunder will be open for public inspection at the respective places named in the Schedule from WEDNESDAY, the 1st March, to FRIDAY, the 31st March, inclusive, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Objections to any valuations therein may be sent to the Officer in Charge, Valuation Department, Auckland, not later than the said 31st March.

Table with columns: Name of District, Place of Deposit, Valuation Department, Wellington, 24th February, 1905. Includes districts like Birkenhead, Parnell, Newmarket, etc.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

HAMILTON RACES. SATURDAY, 4th MARCH, 1905.

HOLIDAY ESCORTION TICKETS will be issued to Kihikihira from Auckland, Onehunga, Tamaramoa, and Intermediate stations, and to Hamilton from Whangarei, Rotorua, Cambridge, and Intermediate stations on SATURDAY, 4th March, available for return on MONDAY, 6th March.

NOTE - These Tickets will not be available by the 5.45 a.m. or 10 a.m. express trains from Auckland except from stations where the 6.45 a.m. special does not stop. ON SATURDAY, 4th March, a Special Train will leave Auckland for Kihikihira at 6.45 a.m., arriving Kihikihira at 11.42 a.m. Return Special will leave Kihikihira at 6.10 p.m., reaching Auckland at 10.32 p.m. Special Train will leave Auckland at 5.35 p.m., Kihikihira 6.20 p.m., Tamara arrive 10 p.m.

The Train which usually leaves Frankton for Te Awamutu at 2.30 p.m. will not leave until 6.25 p.m.

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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 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

- MUNSDEN.—On February 10, at their residence, Hula Villa, Tennyson st., to Mr and Mrs W. Munsden, a daughter.
GIBB.—On January 21, at Golden Cross, Waitekaui, the wife of R. Gibb of a daughter. Both doing well.
LITTLE.—On 19th February, at Epsom, the wife of John Little of a son; both doing well.
LOWRY.—On February 24th, at Mrs Robinson's, Arnold-st., to Mr and Mrs J. Lowry, Glenmurray, a son.
NEVILLE.—On February 23rd, 1905, at their residence, Albert-st., Mr and Mrs T. Neville, of Twiss (sons).
STEWART.—On February 22, at Hamilton-road, Parnell, to Mr and Mrs John W. Stewart, a daughter.
WISSEMAN.—On February 15, the wife of J. W. Wisseman, Epsom-avenue, of a son. (Still-born.)

MARRIAGES.

- HANDCOCK — KELLY. — On January 25th, 1905, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, Robert Alexander, eldest son of the late William Benedict Handcock, Newmarket, to Agnes Alice, second daughter of John Kelly, Newmarket.
WILSON BURTON. — On January 4th, 1905, at Grace St. Church, by Rev. J. J. Lewis, Frank Thomas, 3rd son of Mr A. Wilson, of Napier, to Alice Mary, youngest daughter of Mr W. Burton, Auckland.

SILVER WEDDING.

GIBBLE — HERON. — At the residence of the bride's uncle, James Heron, Esq., Parnell-st., Auckland, on the 24th February, 1880, by the Rev. Thomas Biddle, William, 6th son of Mr Samuel Gibble, Thomas, to Catherine (Katie), youngest daughter of Mr Thomas Heron, late of Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

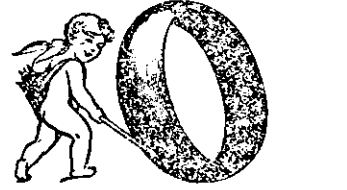
DEATHS.

- ARNOLD.—On February 24, 1905, at her son's residence, Charlotte-avenue, Martha, widow of the late Wm. Arnold; aged 79 years.
CHAPMAN. — At South-st., Newton, on Thursday, February 23rd, 1905, William John, twin son of F. H. and J. Chapman; aged 7 months.
CORNHILL. — At Berkeley Place, Parnell, in her 80th year, Charlotte Ann, mother of J. H. Cornhill, R.I.P.
GALLAGHER. — On December 10th, at her residence, Asken Rise Rd., Newport, England, the wife of Major Gallagher.
GOODALL. — On 26th February, at Bulls, Raupunga, John Goodall, M.L.C. (late of Auckland); aged 60 years.
HOWARD. — On February 23rd, Alfred George, husband of Amelia Howard, in his 72nd year.
MACFARLANE.—On February 27, 1905, at the District Hospital, William Murray, infant son of David R. and the late Annie Catherine Macfarlane; aged 7 months.
MOLLER. — On February 27th, at the Auckland Hospital, Robert, the eldest son of the late Captain Charles Moller, of the brigantine "Mog Merrill" who was killed in the Marshall Group; aged 30 years.
PERKINS. — On February 23, at her late residence, Sea View rd., Remuera, Catherine A. R. Perkins, beloved wife of Alfred Perkins, in her 59th year.
PAPESCH.—On February 21st, at Rosedale, Pirongia, Elizabeth St. Uruta (Miss), 8th daughter of the late Joseph Papesch, after a long and painful illness, aged 22 years. R.I.P.
DISTRIBUTION. — On February 22, at the Auckland Hospital, Dr. Umberto Dale Liberman at Working Men's Club; aged 61.
SIMPSON. — On February 23th, at Cambridge, Samuel, the deeply beloved husband of Jean Simpson, and youngest son of Martha and the late James Simpson, of Curra-st., Pongsonby. Deeply regretted.
TAYLOR. — On February 26th, George, dearly beloved husband of Sarah Ann Taylor, in his 65th year.
TAYLOR.—On February 26th, at his late residence, West-end, off Porters' Avenue, late of Eden Terrace, Edmund, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Sarah Taylor, in his 72nd year. Deeply regretted.
Nottingham and Middleton papers please copy.
THOMPSON.—On February 22nd, at the District Hospital, Edward John Sparrow Thompson, beloved son of Mrs Dick of Douglas-street, aged 21. Deeply regretted.
Christchurch papers please copy.
WRIGHT. — At Nelson Lodge, Parnell, suddenly, on February 20th, Frances Ann, relict of the late Dr. F. W. Wright, and daughter of the late Dr. B.J. Stratford; aged 71 years.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Shaylor-George, daughter of the late C. Southwell Shaylor-George (Auckland), to Lieutenant Charles Acton, fourth son of the late Edward Acton (South Canterbury).
The engagement is announced of Mr O. C. Hall, of Hawke's Bay, son of Col. C. Hall, Cheshire, England, to Miss R. M. McQuire, daughter of Mr P. McQuire, of Auckland.
The engagement is announced of Miss Ida Thorne-George, second daughter of the Hon. Seymour Thorne-George, M.L.C., of St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, Auckland, to Mr. F. Waller, of Epsom Auckland.

How Servants are Treated in England.

While mistresses and housemaids in this country are struggling to solve the vexed "Servant problem," they do not appear to take into consideration the fixed forms of etiquette governing the treatment of servants in England, which probably do much towards promoting mutual understanding between the servants and the served over there.
A housekeeper, a lady's maid, and a head nurse belong to the hierarchy of a household. A lady's maid wears no cap, and, when in attendance on her lady, is expected to be well but quietly dressed in black, or some sober colouring. Her wages are from £50.0l. to 200.0l. a year, with the reversion of her employer's wardrobe. An English maid is always called by surname, "Smith" or "Jones"; but a foreign maid's first name is used, "Marie" or "Francoise."
A lady speaking of her maid to other upper servants, such as the butler or the housekeeper, would style her "Smith" or "Marie"; but when mentioning her to housemaids or footmen she would be careful to allude to her as "Miss Smith" or "Miss Marie."



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Opposite Library.

## Happy, Married or Single.

"If I weren't so much in love with Jack," declared an engaged girl, "I'm sure I should not look forward to being married. In fact when I look around I see far more unhappy wives than unhappy single women. I know some girls think that not to be married would mean a miserable future for them, and this very belief shows me how much happiness or unhappiness depends upon one's self. Every girl pictures herself married, but it is always in some ridiculously ideal way. I don't mean that ideal married life is ridiculous, but she only pictures the easy-going times, never how they would be placed in troublous times, or how they would get out of difficulties. Not knowing the circumstances, perhaps they can't do this, but it is quite true that they think of married life as a rosy, ever happy time, and a single life as a dreary grey existence, never learning the lesson that is read out on all sides, that happiness for themselves and others depends entirely upon their own temperament, and upon their determination to be always happy, and to see the bright side of things in every case. I know, for myself, that I should have been very happy if I had not married, but having met Jack, I realize that I should not now be so happy if he did not love me and marry me."

## A POVERTY PARTY DRESS.

"A Papa," said the sweet young thing, "here is an invitation from Mrs. Sprig, she wants me to come to a 'poverty party' at her home. Everybody is to wear old, raggedy things, you know, and it will be lots of fun."

"Poverty party?" said papa. "Oh, raggedy things? Now, that's something sensible. Of course you may go."

"Well, then I'll have to have a hundred dollars to buy an appropriate costume. I haven't a thing to wear."

## Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

February 28.

### A CAPITAL IDEA.

In conversation with one of the Northern Club members, I heard this week of a really capital suggestion made at the annual meeting of members held at the club-house last week. It is proposed that by giving certain notice to the committee members shall have the right of entertaining their lady friends at dinner or supper. The idea was very well received by members present and the committee are going to look into the rules and see what alterations thereto will be necessary. Will it not be nice if the new arrangement can be satisfactorily carried out? Club men are often accused of self-ness in the use of their "town homes," as clubs have been aptly described, but so far as our two clubs are concerned, the rules as they are at present, give them little opportunity to show hospitality. An occasional ball or reception is all the members can offer, and these they have certainly given with generosity.

If dinner and supper parties are allowed, a new and very welcome form of entertaining will spring up, and the club's revenue should benefit very considerably. I hope, therefore, that as Captain Cattle would say, the lady belongings of members will "make note on" the proposal and see that their husbands, brothers, etc., vote for the motion when it comes before the Club in due course. The London and Australian clubs where the privilege is granted are both the most cheery and the most prosperous in Clubland.

Sir John Campbell was, by the way, elected president of the club, and Mr S. T. George vice-president.

### AFTERNOON TEA.

A very pleasant farewell tea for girls was given by Miss Flossie Gilbert, of "Whararui," Hobson-street, in honour of Miss Stella Stewart, who is leaving for England. The entertainment took the form of a "flower wedding," which was quite a novelty. Each guest was presented with a programme, on which were written several questions concerning a wedding, to be answered in flower names. The prize for the greatest number of correct guesses fell to Mrs Howard. During the afternoon musical selections were contributed by Mrs Fernyhough, Miss Edean, Miss Gay, and Miss Gilbert. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table being artistically decorated with sweet peas and crinkly paper of the same tints, arranged in points, and caught with butterflies. Miss Stewart, who is to be accompanied by Mr and Mrs Stewart, leaves Auckland on Monday week by the Victoria, and upon her arrival in England is to be married to Mr Harry Rountree, the rising young artist. The guest of honour was charmingly frocked in white lace inserted lawn, and a white hat caught up at the back with a large blue bow; Mrs Gilbert was in a black and white figured taffeta blouse, and a black merveilleux trained skirt; Miss Gilbert looked very winsome in a cream silk blouse and ecru lace yoke, with green ribbon trelia, and a black voile skirt; Miss Frater wore a very pretty cream voile, with lace applique; Miss — Frater, pale blue diamond figured doline; Mrs Barry, dainty biscuit voile; Miss Muriel Knight, white Swiss muslin, inset with lace; Miss Gay, cream silk blouse and voile skirt; Miss Maebel Dawson, heliotrope colienne frock; Mrs Fernyhough, white lawn, with lace flounce; Miss Gannon, rosea green voile, with cream lace yoke; Mrs Burton (Suva), very pretty rose pink silk blouse, inset with ecru lace, black voile skirt; Miss Boyd, white silk frock; Miss Ellingham, white and green spotted blouse, and black skirt; Miss Spedding, cream voile; Miss Houghton, pretty biscuit voile, inset with lace; Miss Faulder, brown colienne, with cream lace applique; Miss Edean, grey voile, mounted over heliotrope glaze; Mrs Howard, pretty pink and black floral chiffon blouse, and black satin striped silk skirt; Miss Malavey, white Indian lawn frock; Miss Pascoe, navy blue voile frock; Mrs G. Winstone, grey and pink Pompadour silk blouse, and black voile skirt.

### THE SUCCESS OF THE NGAPUHI EXCURSION.

All our friends who went on the Ngapuhi holiday excursion to the North are thoroughly enthusiastic concerning the success of the tour. The weather was perfect, the management ditto, and the company pleasant. Mr J. J. Kerr, who practically acted as maitre d'hotel and manager, was an ideal host, and his efforts to promote the comfort and pleasure of all were warmly seconded by Captain E. Stephenson and the capable staff of officers, stewards and stewardesses, all of whom were most attentive. The table was excellent—not to be excelled, indeed, by any trans-Atlantic liner—and the service most adequate. I have seen a copy of a specimen souvenir menu card, which is not only a perfect photographic work of art (it was prepared by Mr Coleman, of Jones and Coleman), but gives an idea of the luxurious fare served on board. I hear a number of those who went this year are looking for next year's outing.

### WATER PICNIC.

Aucklanders avail themselves less of the facilities that the harbour offers for entertaining than would be expected. How enjoyable an outing on the water is in summer was demonstrated on Wednesday last, when Dr. and Mrs Knight gave an evening picnic as a welcome to Dr. C. Owen, who has been absent from Auckland for some years taking the medical course. A party of about thirty left town in the Ruru shortly before six o'clock, and went as far as Pine Island, when a landing was made and tea spread under the pines. Afterwards a couple of hours were spent in games and in strolling round the island. When the time came for returning the moon had risen, and served to enhance the enjoyment of the homeward journey. The Ruru's party was landed at the wharf in time to catch cars after a wholly delightful outing.

### FAREWELL HIGH TEA AT THE GOLF HOUSE.

A very enjoyable evening was spent out at the Golf Links, One Tree Hill, on Monday evening as a farewell to Mr and Mrs E. D. O'Rourke, who are leaving for England shortly. High tea was served in the men's large room, about fifty being present. Everyone did full justice to the good things on the table. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs O'Rourke, Dr. and Mrs Lewis, Mr and Mrs Duthie, Mr and Mrs Colbeck, Mr and Mrs E. Horton, Mr and Mrs G. Bloomfield, Mr and Mrs E. Bloomfield, Misses Barstow, Gillies, Lewis, Richmond (2), Fenton, Gorrie (3), Horton, Tolhurst, Rooke, Buckland, George, Cotter, Messrs. Gillies, Irvine, Walker, Woodward, Banford, Cotter, Tolhurst. It was also made the occasion of saying farewell to Miss Blanche Gorrie, who is shortly to be married to Mr Borthwick, of Christchurch. She is a very popular member of the Auckland Golf Club. She has been an enthusiastic player and will be greatly missed.

Miss Blanche Gorrie will be married to Mr Borthwick, of Christchurch, on the 9th March. The honeymoon trip consists in a visit to England, after which Mr and Mrs Borthwick take up their residence in the Cathedral City. Another marriage of interest is that of Miss Geraldine Ching, of Remuera, to Mr R. Burns, of Epsom.

### A WAINGARO SUCCESS.

The most successful dance ever held in Waingaro took the form of a subscription fancy dress ball, under the auspices of the ladies of the district.

The hall was most artistically decorated with tree ferns and festooned with lycopodium, from which various coloured Chinese lanterns were suspended. The costumes were many and various, the whole scene representing a veritable fairy-land. A most elaborate repast was provided by the ladies, and one really wondered how so many good things had been collected in this somewhat distant district.

The object of the ball was to obtain funds to pay off the debt on the vicarage, and this was successfully accomplished. Great credit is due to the Mesdames Harold and Frank Bull, Mrs. Hewitt, Mesdames Walter and Ronald Seavill, and Mrs. Gibson McMillan for the energetic manner in which they brought the whole scheme to such a successful issue, in spite of the fact that a certain section of the district showed a considerable amount of opposition to the ball. A special feature of the evening was the artistic

playing of Mr. Hartman, of Ngaturo wahia, who kindly volunteered his services.

Our Hamilton correspondent writes: Mr. and Mrs. Chitty, "Brooklyn," gave a most delightful euchre party at their residence on Wednesday evening. A large marquee was erected on the lawn, which was prettily decorated with ferns and Chinese lanterns. About 15 tables were dotted round, and when play commenced it had quite a picturesque appearance. The first prize, a handsome silver glove stretcher, was won by Miss Burd; second lady's prize, a silver mounted scent bottle, fell to Miss Carrie Wall-nutt; first gentleman's, a clock; second gentleman's prize, a silver pen holder, which fell to Mr. Pantou. The supper table, which was laden with good things, was prettily decorated with yellow and yellow floral decorations. Mrs. Chitty received her guests in a handsome black satin gown; Miss Chitty wore a pretty white silk, with scarlet flowers on bodice; Miss K. Chitty, dainty pale blue tucked silk; Miss M. Chitty, white frock; Miss M. O'Neill, pale blue merveilleux, the bodice prettily draped with white lace; Miss Holloway, black evening gown, bodice finished with blue chou; Miss Stevens, cream evening gown; Miss C. Holloway, red frock; Miss Barton, green evening blouse, black skirt; Miss Gillespie, pretty blue and white gown; Miss Ross, cream tucked gown; Miss Edgecumbe, white dress; Miss C. Wallnut, pale blue merveilleux, the bodice finished with pink roses; Miss Newell, black lace evening gown; Miss C. Jolly, blue evening blouse and black skirt; Mrs. Holloway, black silk; Miss M. Cussen, white silk; Miss F. Cussen, white tucked silk frock; Misses E. and L. Cussen, pretty white frocks; Miss Burd looked nice in pale pink; Miss H. Graham looked well in pink; Miss O. Graham, white frock, and red silk sash; Miss Ewen, black net evening gown; Miss D. Ewen, white spotted muslin; Miss Gibson looked charming in cream gown; Miss Rothwell, cream silk blouse, and black skirt; Miss Bongaard, white dress; Miss Von Sturmer, white silk, red chou on bodice. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. Chitty (4), Holloway, McDiarmid, Pantou, Corbett, Platt, Downer, Ewen, McArthur, Smith, Barton, Edgecum (2), Swarbrick (2), Hume, Bradley, etc.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

## GISBORNE.

Dear Bee. 24th Feb.

We have had a very delightful week since I last wrote.

The "at home" given by the Poverty Bay Club on Saturday night was one of the largest and most enjoyable social events of the year. The members of the club did everything in their power to entertain their guests, and were most successful in their efforts. A ladies' billiard tournament was a most attractive part of the entertainment, and there were many entries for this. In the final round Miss Foster (The Hut) and Miss Clark played off for first place, and Miss Foster won, receiving a silver thimble and pair of silver scissors as a prize; as runner-up, Miss Clarke won a silver and cut glass bottle. For those who preferred to talk, numbers of comfortable chairs were scattered about the different rooms and halls. In the music room upstairs a concert programme was rendered, songs being given by Mesdames Buckridge, Kennedy, Stephenson, Miss Bright, Messrs. Thomas, Bell, and Dr. Buckridge. A pianoforte solo was contributed by Miss Freda Davies, and a whistling solo by Miss Cushla Boylan. Some very pretty dresses were worn. Mrs. Symes wore embroidered net over yellow glaze silk; Mrs. W. D. Lyman wore black satin, with white lace; Mrs. A. F. Kennedy wore a dress of cream-brocaded satin, large pink rose on bodice; Mrs. Chas Gray, was in black satin, with white lace bertha; Mrs. G. McLean wore wine coloured silk with cream lace; Mrs. A. W. Rees was in black peau de soie; Mrs. Common, black glaze silk; Mrs. Fred. Parker wore white pleated chiffon over white silk; Mrs. Reynolds, black silk; Mrs. Donner wore a beautiful gown of palest blue chiffon, hand-painted with pink roses, and designed with lovers knots in pale blue ribbon; Mrs. Brannon wore black satin and red flowers in hair; Mrs. Stook, black satin; Mrs. Mann, white chiffon over white silk; Mrs. H. Bailey, deep pink satin, with cream insertion; Mrs. Ormerod, black net over white silk; Mrs. Wallis, black satin, pink roses; Mrs. Winter, pale blue silk; Mrs. Thomas, black satin, white lace; Mrs. H. Ken-

way, black silk; Mrs. Jex Blake, cream satin with silver passementerie; Mrs. W. Sherratt, white oriental satin, gauged and trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Wm. Cooper, black silk; Mrs. Willock, rich red velvet with silk panels, cream lace; Mrs. Bright, black silk; Mrs. Buckridge, pink silk dress covered with silk drawn lace; Mrs. E. A. Pavitt, rich black satin with lace bertha; Mrs. Rutledge, black silk with transparent yoke of cream lace; Mrs. Wachsmann, black silk; Mrs. H. M. Porter, black satin; Mrs. C. Thomas, pale pink crepe de chine, with accordion pleated chiffon flowers; Mrs. Jackson, black gathered silk; Mrs. Gaddum, pale grey gauged crepe de chine; Miss Reynolds wore a pretty dress of black crepe de chine with a wide silver belt; Miss Rutledge wore pink mousseline de soie; Miss N. Reynolds wore a handsome white satin dress; Miss C. Reynolds, white silk net over green lace silk; Miss K. Rutledge, black net over black silk; Miss E. Clarke wore a beautiful dress of cream lace over cream lace silk; Miss McLean, soft white frilled silk, pink flowers; Miss Hoskins, black spangled net over black satin; Miss Evans, string coloured frilled net over pink silk; Miss S. Evans, soft blue gauged silk; Miss Woodbine-Johnston, cream satin with broad bands of insertion; Miss M. Sherriff, blue silk; Miss Grey, black accordion pleated silk; Miss W. Seymour, yellow gauged crepe de chine; Miss A. Rutledge, cream net over cream silk, red flowers; Miss W. Reynolds, blue accordion pleated chiffon; Miss W. Adair, cream silk with bands of ruching and transparent lace yoke; Miss Foster, black silk, silver passementerie; Miss Foster, blue gauged silk; Miss Wallis, pale green broadcated satin; Miss Perry, pink satin; Miss E. Davies, white silk with pleated chiffon frills; Miss F. Davies, soft white silk trimmed with insertion; Miss Boylan, ivory satin, blue roses; Miss C. Boylan, yellow gauged silk, red roses; Miss Twigg, white silk, pink bows; Miss Horne (Tasmania), white silk, pink flowers; Miss Campbell-Thomson, black silk; Miss Marjory Thomson, soft white silk; Miss F. Boylan, dainty blue muslin, white bow in hair; Miss Bright, pink satin; Miss L. Orr, pale green silk; Miss Coutland, blue satin; Miss Wachsmann, white tuckered muslin; Miss M. Cooper, white silk; Miss P. Cooper, blue silk, chiffon frills; Miss Willis, black silk; Miss M. Dunlop, white frilled net over white satin; Miss M. Barker, pale pink gauged crepe de chine; Miss M. Campbell, black satin; Miss Bradley, white satin, lace bertha; Miss E. Bradley, cream satin trimmed with chiffon; Miss Busley (H. B.), bright pink silk; Miss G. Wall, black silk with white lace bertha; Miss E. Brook-Taylor, black silk; Miss Booth, black satin. An Italian string band

discouraged sweet music during the evening, and played three waltzes at the end, which made a very pleasant wind up.

A TENNIS-AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs. A. W. Rees and Mrs. A. Seymour gave afternoon tea at Whataroa tennis courts on Saturday. Although the weather was inclined to be damp, there were a good many people present. E.H.S.A.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, February 24. A sale of work in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Home was held here yesterday, and thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Dean, Miss Barron, Miss Beattie, Miss Hunter, Miss Pallott and others, the results were most satisfactory. Amongst those present were—Mrs. Howell, in pale heliotrope silk, with a white hat; Mrs. Cornford, in black voile, trimmed with black satin ribbon, a black toque in which were some crimson roses; Mrs. Davidson, pale blue and white striped muslin with black velvet trimming, a black bonnet relieved with blue; Miss Kirk, a white muslin dress and black hat; Mrs. Tanner, black gown and mantle trimmed with chiffon, and a black and white toque; Mrs. Rowdy, white muslin and a burnt straw hat trimmed with black velvet and a bunch of pink roses; Mrs. Hill, blue and white figured muslin, and a black hat relieved with white flowers; Miss Thornton, black; Miss Gillies, white and pale green and black hat; Mrs. Hunsard, a black and white check coat and skirt, and a white hat in which were bunches of cornflowers; Miss Williams, black; Mrs. McLean, black and white; Mrs. Margouliouth, dark blue and white muslin, trimmed with lace and a black hat; Mrs. Sheath, black and heliotrope.

The other day A LARGE GARDEN PARTY was given by Mrs. George White as a farewell to Mrs. W. Anderson, who has lived in Napier for many years, but is leaving to reside in Gisborne. Mrs. White wore a pretty fawn silk dress and a black hat; Mrs. Westall, fawn and pale pink trimmed with white gipure lace; Miss McVay, pale blue; Mrs. Bowen, a dress of white muslin and silk; Mrs. Anderson, black and heliotrope, with a white hat; Miss Humphries, a dainty pale blue dress and black hat; Mrs. Nantes, a fawn gown relieved with black, and a hat to match; Mrs. A. Kennedy, a cream dress and cream hat; Mrs. Crowley, pale green; Miss McLean, white muslin and a cream hat; Miss Hunter, black and white with a black hat; Mrs. Rowdy, light brown; Miss Williams, black and white.

LADIES' ROWING CLUB RACES.

In spite of the weather, which was by no means all that could be desired, there was a fair attendance at the races held by the members of the Napier Ladies' Rowing Club on Saturday afternoon. The crew composed of Misses Goldsmith (stroke), Shirley, Paterson and Millar proved to be the winners. At the conclusion of two races the prizes, consisting of four gold brooches, were presented by Mrs. Baxter. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent both by the visitors and the members of the Rowing Club, and the tea and cakes presided over by Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Baxter and others, were thoroughly appreciated.

A LITTLE ECURE PARTY

was recently given by Mrs. Todd, of the Bluff Hill. Amongst the guests were—Misses Martin, Fannin, Williams, Dean, Kennedy, and Hoadley, Messrs. Brabant, Bell, Hindmarsh, Margouliouth, Dunwiddie and Von Dadelzen.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, February 24. On Thursday the High School girls' invited their old schoolmates and friends to a FAREWELL AFTERNOON TEA.

to meet those of their number who are about to enter the responsibility of brides elect, and to wish them every happiness and prosperity in their new sphere of life. The guests of the afternoon were, Miss W. Capel, engaged to Dr. Fookes, Miss Paul to Dr. Bennett, and Miss Bertha Thomson to Mr. L. P. Webster. Miss Grant (head mistress) received the guests in a white voile blouse, with black spots, black voile skirt, white and black hat; Miss Drew,

white blouse, holland skirt, gem hat; Miss W. Capel, pretty green voile costume, hat trimmed with green leaves; Miss Paul looked striking in cream voile trimmed with blue ribbon, large black hat; Miss Thomson looked dainty in a white silk blouse, black skirt, green hat trimmed with black; Miss Snowball, black voile, black hat; Miss Smith, holland costume, gem hat; Miss Mackellar, white insertion muslin; Miss Saddler, flowered muslin, black hat; Miss Irene Skinner, dainty white muslin, hat to match; Miss Lucy Skinner looked pretty in champagne coloured muslin; Miss Fookes, crash costume, gem hat; Miss D. Skinner, cream, cream straw hat; Miss Thomson, white muslin blouse, white pique skirt, gem hat; Miss Winnie Baker, flowered muslin; Miss E. Baker, white blouse, black skirt; Miss Chong, holland coat and skirt; Miss Ruby Clarke, white silk blouse, crash skirt, white muslin hat; Miss Maud Chong; Miss Sybil Thomson, white muslin; Miss Miss, blue blouse, black skirt, black hat; Mrs. Shaw, crash skirt, pink muslin blouse hat with black; Miss A. Drake, white; Miss D. Bedford, white; Miss R. Pyrell, white muslin; Miss A. Barnett, pretty cream voile, blue chiffon hat; Miss S. Barnett; Miss V. Quilliam, white muslin, white hat.

AN EVENING "AT HOME."

On Monday, Miss Jean Fraser gave an exceedingly pleasant evening at her parents residence "Walmarie," to a large number of friends. The guessing competition from pictorial advertisements caused a great deal of fun, and the prizes were won by Miss D. Bedford, and Mr. D. Bruce. Amongst those present I noticed: Miss Jean Fraser, pretty blue and white silk blouse, black sunrayed skirt; Miss Fraser looked well in cream voile, with Paris tinted insertion; Miss Snel (Auckland), dainty cream silk blouse, green skirt; Miss Erica Bayley, pale green; Miss E. Hanna, blue silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss J. Mackay, flowered pink muslin; Miss M. Evans, pretty tussore silk; Miss B. Evans, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Lewis, white; Miss M. Burgess (Auckland), green chiffon blouse trimmed with pink, dark skirt; Miss D. Bedford, white; Miss Liddle looked sweet in white muslin; Miss E. Fookes, red. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs. Fraser (2), Hamlin, Jay, D. Bruce, Outfield, George (2), Whitcombe, Bayley, Gray, Bewley, Weir, Wilson, etc. NANCY LEE.


HAWERA.

Dear Bee, February 23. Had to relate, the summer race meeting of the Egmont Club is now a thing of the past, it having been held last Wednesday and Thursday. Glorious weather prevailed on both days, which greatly helped to make the meeting more enjoyable, although I am afraid there were many empty pockets after the races, the most unexpected horses winning in almost every case.

Quite the most striking features on both days were the many handsome toilettes worn, which eclipsed anything we have seen of former years. It was impossible to notice all the pretty frocks, but amongst them I remember seeing—Mrs. Robinson (Eltham) wearing a gown of black voile, the corsage relieved with a handsome creme embroidered yoke, becoming floral hat of violets; Mrs. W. O. Williams, dainty frock of white muslin, tucked and inserted with muslin embroidery, black chiffon hat, with bandeau of pale green; Miss latter wore a charming frock of white silk, the skirt trimmed with graduated tucks, the corsage finished with most effective creme halatone lace; Mrs. D. E. Fannham wore an effective gown of dark red voile, relieved with velvet of a corresponding shade, white embroidered vest, white bow, black hat; Mrs. Webster, white tuckered silk, frilled and inserted with lace, pretty white hat; Miss Koch, blue and white muslin, daintily trimmed, black hat; Miss Flynn, dainty blouse of green spotted voile, black skirt, becoming white hat, trimmed with feathers; Miss B. Flynn was prettily frocked in white silk, frilled and trimmed with yak insertion, lace straw, trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Stewart (Normanby) was gowned in a pale blue voile, relieved with white, white marabout stole, black and white hat; Miss Hrenda Outfield (Wanganui), smart white serge coat and skirt, white hat,

trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. (Dr.) Puget (Stratford) wore a charming gown of creme embroidered net, over a glass foundation, creme hat finished with pink roses; Mrs. D. Syme (Eltham), a graceful frock of gray voile, large white hat, trimmed with violets; Mrs. M. J. O'Donnell, effective frock of champagne voile, accordion-pleated and shirred, blue hat, trimmed with flowers and silk; Miss Baird, a frock of white tuckered silk, smart blue hat, trimmed with blue and white spotted tulle; Miss P. Baird, pink crash Russian coat and skirt, white shirred front, creme Breton sailor hat, trimmed with fawn ribbon; Mrs. R. Fannham, dainty frock of navy blue voile, transparent yoke of lace, black picture hat; Miss Elaine (Munua), creme voile, accordion-pleated frills, white hat; Mrs. Buckley (India), smart frock of white serge, white hat trimmed with chiffon and feathers; Mrs. Welch, pink and blue flowered delaine, creme hat trimmed with flowers and chiffon; Miss Keobane, handsome gown of blue voile over glass foundation, blue hat; Mrs. White wore an elegant gown of navy blue voile over glass, handsome trimmings of lace, black and white hat; Miss White, a dainty frock of white silk, tucked, transparent yoke of lace, black Romney hat; Mrs. C. R. Bayly, gown of French grey voile, black ribbon, velvet trimmings, white hat, trimmed with black and white; Miss E. Bayly (New Plymouth) was frocked in green voile, relieved with esru lace, burnt straw hat, trimmed with roses; Miss Newing (Mamata), grey spotted voile, frilled, black Romney hat; Miss Brewster (New Plymouth), frock of white canvas, relieved with yak lace, white hat; Miss Glenn (Mamata), pretty frock of white muslin, green and white hat; Mrs. Meek was in a smart gown of black voile, deep transparent yoke of lace, Romney hat of pale blue straw,

Mother could not have done a days wash at my age (15) It is so different now, when one uses **SUNLIGHT SOAP**



RHEUMATIC GOUT CURED.

Mr. W. Oakley, painter, New Brighton, writes: "I was suffering from a severe attack of Rheumatic Gout, and got a bottle of Rheumo. After a few doses, I was able to shave myself, although before taking it I could not use a knife. I will never be without Rheumo for the future, and will gladly recommend it to my suffering friends."

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large black feathers; Mrs Hogg, handsome gown of champagne voile, over glace, the corsage most effectively trimmed with Oriental embroidery, burnt sienna hat, trimmed with crease silk; Mrs Barton looked very graceful in a gown of checked black and white voile, black chiffon hat; Mrs F. Lyaglet was in a gray costume, relieved with a white silk waist, black hat; Miss Russell (Manchester), cream voile gown, the corsage embroidered with gold, black hat, trimmed with tulle; Mrs G. Gibson, black silk skirt, corsage of cream brocade, trimmed with fringe, black hat; Mrs. M. J. Gordon, a frock of grey voile, profusely trimmed with ruchings of same, black picture hat; Mrs. H. Nolan (Auckland), dainty frock of white silk spotted voile, pretty white hat, trimmed with tulle and pink roses, white muslin; Mrs. B. H. Nolan, handsome gown of black silk, pretty black hat; Miss Nolan, a lovely frock of grey voile, handsomely trimmed, pretty hat of grey chiffon, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Durie (Sydney), a gown of champagne voile, embroidered with yellow, yellow floral hat; Miss Carey, black laced voile, cream embroidered vest, black Romney hat; Miss V. Hunter, white muslin, laced and inserted, white hat; Mrs. Gill-Croft, navy blue voile over glace foundation, transparent yoke of rich lace, navy blue floral hat; Miss Earle (Wanganui) looked very smart in a navy blue tailor-made costume, hat to match; Miss Blatter (Wellington), white crevasse coat and skirt, brown and white hat; Miss Barry, dainty frock of pink muslin, green hat, trimmed with pink roses; Miss Council, white silk, frilled, white hat; Mrs. W. Glenn (Mania), electric blue coat and skirt, effectively finished with Oriental trimming, white frock, black hat; Mrs. Baird, smart black costume, black hat, trimmed with chiffon and feathers; Miss E. Baird, very pretty frock of white silk, frilled and inserted with lace, burnt sienna hat trimmed with white silk; Mrs. Gillies, frock of grey muslin, pink floral hat; Miss Coates, dainty frock of pink silk, chiffon vest, black hat; Miss N. Coates, blouse of fuscine silk, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss McLean, smart frock of white serge, lace yoke, white hat; Miss Culfield, grey muslin frock, black hat with chiffon strings; Miss Brewer, cream dress, black hat with tangerine roses; Miss Cowen, cream voile, with accordion-pleated rills, black picture hat. The dresses worn on the second day were also very smart, and amongst them I noticed: Mrs. Mack, lovely frock of white silk, Victorian yoke of cream lace and gathered ribbon, blue hat trimmed with black feathers; Miss McLean looked exceedingly well in a black brocade gown, large black hat; Miss Tutfield, in a pretty frock of pink muslin, brown hat; Miss Dewar, pink muslin frock, black hat; Miss Day was frocked in red voile, frilled and inserted, red hat; Mrs. W. Glenn, pretty frock of white silk, inserted with lace, black picture hat; Miss Durie (Sydney), blue checked voile, hat to match; Mrs. C. G. Bayly, white frock, white hat, trimmed with black and white; Miss Cowen, grey tweed Russian blouse and skirt, black hat; Miss Hay (Christchurch), ac-

cordion-pleated crepe de chine over glace, black picture hat; Miss Douglas, frock of blue floral muslin, tucked and shirred, black hat; Miss Vera Brett, pale blue voile, blue hat to match; Mrs. Gillies, smart costume of black and white check, black hat green bird; Miss A. Gibson (Patea), pretty blouse of white silk, black skirt, white hat; Miss M. Hirst, white muslin, prettily frilled, white hat trimmed with blue; Mrs. Syre (Editham), very dainty frock of white silk, effectively trimmed with lace, black picture hat; Mrs. Harrison (Editham), lovely gown of black crepe de chine over glace, black hat; Mrs. Stewart (Normanby), handsome gown of grey corded silk, trimmed with lace medallions, black and white hat. ENA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee. February 22.

We are revelling in a delicious whirl of gaiety, which is particularly pleasant after the long dull season we have had. There was great excitement when the signal was hoisted on Mount Victoria to denote that the men-o-war were in sight, and groups of eager spectators lined the posts of vantage to see the ships come up the harbour. H.M.S. Karyalus looked most imposing as she majestically came to her moorings, escorted by the two smaller ships. It was a gloriously fine afternoon without a breath of wind, and as it faded into twilight, equally beautiful and just as peaceful. I think we all breathed a sigh of relief and satisfaction at the indisputable proof that Wellington weather is not all bad. Rather to everyone's surprise there was no display of electric searchlight at night, but to make up for it there was a wonderfully bright moon, which lighted up the ships and the harbour with gold. Quite a number of people tramped up to the Kelburne Tea Kiosk to admire the view from the wide balconies there. First I must tell you of the

CLUB BALL.

which really was a most gorgeous affair. Everything was so well done, as it always is at the club. The walls of the ballroom were hung with flags of all nations, the scarlet and white of our Victorian ally, Japan, having a very prominent position. The programmes were carried out in red and white, the style being old English, and the supper menu cards had a design of a cruiser showing the searchlight. The supper itself was superlatively good, and the champagne was much praised by the many connoisseurs. A covered way led to the marquee, which was pitched on the tennis court, and there teas and oysters and other dainties were obtainable. The floral decorations were exceptionally pretty; the supper tables were decorated with asters and sweet peas, while the mantelpieces were artistic harmonies in orange lilies, monstereas and feathery ferns.

The Admiral and his staff were received by the president of the club, Mr A. de B. Brandon and Mrs Brandon. There were some very handsome dresses, but it was in many cases difficult to identify the wearers in such a large crowd. Among those I noticed were Mrs Brandon, in oyster brocade with lace flounces; Lady Ward, black chiffon and lace with some handsome jet about the decolletage; Mrs Johnston (Rangitikei), black velvet, Brussels lace, and diamonds; Mrs A. Russell (Palmerston North) cream brocade mesh trimmed with lace; Mrs Strang (Manawatu) ivory satin; Mrs A. Pearce, grey satin heavily inserted with guipure lace in the same shade; Mrs H. Johnston, black satin and jet; Mrs Collins, ivory satin and Brussels lace, Empire belt of apricot satin; Mrs Graytor, cream brocade; Mrs Turnbull, cream satin, flounced with lace; Mrs Pirih, pale blue brocade and chiffon; Mrs Longman, pale blue satin, veiled in lace; Mrs Findlay, ivory Chantilly net, embroidered in delicate shades of palest mauve pink and blue; Mrs Von Huest, orange satin with berthe of white chiffon, erwin with pearls; Mrs Wilford, lime green glace; Mrs C. Pearce, white chiffon and satin; Miss Coates, black satin and jet; Mrs Ewen, black satin, veiled in lace; Mrs Miles, lilac chiffon with touches of purple velvet; Mrs Hishop, rose-coloured satin; Mrs Rawson, green brocade with lace berthe; Mrs Fulton, cream satin, veiled in embroidered net; Mrs Watson, white Louisiane with an overdress of beautiful black

lace, Mrs Travers, black satin and chiffon; Mrs Martin, soft pink satin and berthe of delicate lace; Mrs W. Johnston, white brocade; Mrs Foote (England), pale pink brocade; Mrs E. Cole, ridge, white satin and lace; there were three debutantes who chose a naval ball for their first appearance in society; they must feel very pleased with their success — Miss Elsie Simpson had a lovely gown of soft ivory satin, made with many that ruffles and quiltings of the material, the decolletage was sufficed with folds of chiffon; Miss Elsie Watson was in a dainty frock of white glace, the peloric collar of white chiffon was edged with delicate lace, which also formed the ruffles for the pretty puffed sleeves; Miss Greia Ewen wore white satin and killed chiffon with shoulder straps of white roses; Miss Brandon was wearing black satin and jet; Miss E. Brandon, pink satin; Miss L. Brandon, ciel blue Louisiane; Miss Cooper, white satin and lace; Miss Reid, ivory satin; Miss Grace, white satin, veiled in tulle, gartanded with pink banksia roses; Miss Fitzgerald, pale blue glace; Miss B. Fitzgerald, white Louisiane with flounces of black lace; Miss Simpson, demou taffetas; Miss Fitzherbert, green satin and chiffon; Miss Miles, white lace and net; Miss W. Miles, pale lilac satlin; Mrs Rawson, green taffetas; Miss E. Rawson, demou glace with scroll designs of brown ribbon; Misses Coleridge, more pale blue brocade dresses; Miss Fulton, white chiffon over glace; Miss Blandell, white satin and rose-coloured choux; Miss Haylittle, cream taffetas with touches of pale blue; Miss Harcourt, cream satin with flounces of lace; Miss Edwin, black satin and Honiton lace; Miss Dishop, white taffetas; Miss Palmer, pale pink satin; Miss Montgomerie (Wanganui), cream satin and chiffon; Miss D. Johnston, white satin with festoons of pink roses; Miss Ewen, blue taffetas; Miss Chaytor (Blenheim), pale green satin with rills of chiffon; Miss — Chaytor, cream satin and lace; Miss Fell, cream satin; Miss M. Fell, white brocade; Miss Somerville, turquoise glace; Miss MacTavish, cream lace and net; Miss Macintosh, black satin and Maltese lace; Miss Turton, white lace and net; Dr. Isabel Watson, pale blue brocade with lace berthe; Miss Stuart, white taffetas; Miss N. Stuart, white lace and chiffon; Miss Gasman (England), black satin and Maltese lace; Miss Russell, white mouseline de soie; Miss Abraham (Palmerston), white killed chiffon and lace; Miss Pitt, black satin and jet; Miss Barron, black satin; Miss McKellar, cream embroidered net with both of pale blue; Miss Wheeler, black satin and jet.

Friday afternoon was the time setled for the

GARDEN PARTY

given by the lady members of the Navy League. This branch, which was only started a fortnight ago, is already in a flourishing state, and boasts a large and increasing membership. The weather which has been glorious since the squadron came into port, was on its best behaviour, and the lovely grounds of Awarua House looked their best. (I cannot resist dwelling on the weather, because the arrival of the squadron is, as a rule, a signal for the worst samples of rain and wind that Wellington can produce.)

A small army of photographers had posted themselves in favourable positions for taking snapshots, and indeed the scene was a very charming one. The band of H.M.S. "Euryalus" (kindly lent for the afternoon) was posted at one end of the lawn, and its performance was very much admired. The fete was over rather early, as the Navy League entertainment in the Town Hall was to follow a few hours later, and even the most fervent "Leaguers" were desirous of a rest between. His Excellency the Admiral was present with his staff, and there was a strong contingent of naval officers from all the warships; but, owing to the early hours fixed (3.30 to 5.30) many of the local men invited were unable to be present. Mrs Seddon wore black poplin with perpendicular strapings, piped with white; Lady Ward looked very well in black crepe de chine, with motifs of lace and delicate embroidery, large black picture hat of black chiffon; Mrs. Findlay, black taffetas, the flounces edged with embroidery; Mrs. Pitt, ecru muslin and pale blue hat; Miss Pitt, white silk and lace, black picture hat; Miss Edwin, cream voile and red hat; Miss Mills, white crepe de chine, and white chiffon picture hat; Miss Seddon, white cloth and

large white tulle hat; Mrs. Cecil Jones, grey voile and black tulle; Mrs. Stuart, brown crepe de chine; Mrs. C. Johnston, grey crepe de chine with insertions of lace; Mrs. Russell, blue voile and black picture hat; Mrs. Chaytor, white and rose muslin; Mrs. Mills, black crepe de chine; Miss Mills, white voile and floral hat; Mrs. Larnach, black crepe de chine; Miss Harcourt, white cloth dress; Miss G. Harcourt, white muslin and floral hat; Mrs. Macintosh, black crepe de chine; Miss Macintosh, black crepe de chine; Miss Macintosh, white voile, spotted with black, black picture hat; Miss — Macintosh, floral voile and large black hat; Mrs. Quick, black voile; Mrs. Phiarazyn (Napier), steel grey crepe de chine; Mrs. Montgomerie (Wanganui), black poplin, with white collar; Mrs. Nelson, black voile; Miss Nelson, blue linen; Misses Harding, white voile dresses and floral hats; Mrs. Wilson, black voile; Miss Wilson, white muslin and pale blue hat; Mrs. Strang, pale blue crepe de chine and white chiffon hat; Mrs. Shirlcliffe, dark blue voile; Miss Brandon, white silk and black picture hat; Mrs. Beauchamp, cream canvas; Mrs. Longman, grey voile; Miss Longman, floral muslin; Mrs. Curtis (London), blue voile, embroidered with white; Miss Turner, royal blue voile; Mrs. W. Johnston, blue cloth with red collar; Miss Coleridge, blue canvas; Mrs. Blandell, deep blue canvas; Miss Blandell, white muslin and picture hat; Mrs. Ewen, blue voile and blue hat; Miss Ewen, white muslin and large blue hat; Mrs. McTavish, grey voile; Miss McTavish, white muslin and black hat; Misses Rawson, white muslin dresses and floral hats; Miss Reid, brown crepe de chine; Mrs. Wilford, white embroidered muslin and picture hat; Miss Quick, pink silk, with tulle of black lace; Miss — Quick, white muslin and green hat; Mrs. Miles, royal

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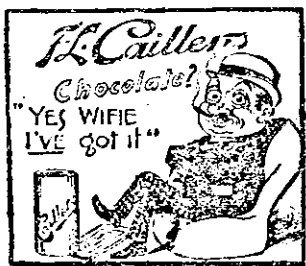
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**MARTIN'S**  
**APIOL & STEEL**  
**PAIN KILLERS**

blue voile; Miss Miles, white muslin; Mrs. Kennedy, black voile and chiffon toque; Miss Stafford, pale blue muslin; Mrs. J. P. Campbell, royal blue canvas; Mrs. Finch, grey canvas and black hat; Miss Finch, cream voile.

**A VERY PLEASANT AFTERNOON** was spent at McGregor Wright's art gallery on Wednesday by a number of people, who were invited by Miss Annie Black to a "private view" of her pictures. Miss Black has lately arrived from England, and it is said has been commissioned by a lady residing there to paint views of New Zealand scenery, and it is quite evident from the work exhibited that the choice was a wise one. Afternoon tea was laid out on the long counter of the shop (which was closed for the afternoon), and was most welcome on such a warm day. Miss Black wore a dainty dress of white silk, much shirred and trimmed with fagot stitch and lace insertions. Her hat was of black chiffon, the upstanding brim having large white roses and chiffon inside; Miss Richmond wore a pretty cream voile, patterned with wistaria, finished off with narrow ruffings of heliotrope velvet, large black hat; her sister, Mrs. Tudor Atkinson, cream and brown flowered delaine and brown hat; Mrs. Loughnan (Timaru), cream serge coat and skirt, with emerald green belt, hat with jam pot crown, bands of emerald green swathing it; Miss Payne, royal blue voile, toque of sun-burnt straw; Mrs. Field, grey costume, with touches of navy blue silk; Miss Butts, blue delaine, white hat; Miss Wilson, cream voile, dark blue hat; Mrs. Moss, white muslin feather stole, and black hat; Misses Seddon wore pretty white dresses, with blue velvet waist ribbons; Mrs. Reynolds, cream cloth costume finished off with pale green ribbons; Miss Burnett, pretty blue muslin and black hat; Miss Turner, cornflower blue costume, burnt straw hat.

OPHELIA.

**WANGANUI.**

Dear Bee, February 24.  
**A SMALL AFTERNOON TEA**

was given on Thursday by Mrs Stanford in honour of the Misses Humphreys, of New Plymouth, who are spending a few weeks in Wanganui. Amongst those present were Mesdames Stanford, Moore, Gifford Marshall, Alexander, Dodgshun, James, Watt, Fairburn, Sarridens, Misses Stanford, Humphreys (New Plymouth), Moore, Dodgshun, Inlay, Alexander, and others.

On Friday and Saturday evenings **WILLIAMSON'S BIO-TABLEAU**

had most successful audiences at the Opera House. Amongst them were the pupils of the Collegiate school. Mrs W. Empson wore a handsome black tuckered silk, banded with insertion, and lace choux of shaded heliotrope silk ribbon on the corsage, handkerchief sleeves of black silk, edged with insertion; Miss J. Empson wore a white tuckered silk frock, turquoise blue silk sash and bow; Mrs Cecil Wray, black silk skirt, dainty white silk blouse, banded with insertion, folded silk belt with bow and

ends; Mrs Krull, black figured brocade gown, white chiffon front, and collar of cream lace; Miss Krull, pale blue satin evening blouse, gauged, and full sleeves with bill of white chiffon, berthe of Honiton lace, white satin skirt; Mrs Sheriff, black and white spotted muslin frock with bands of insertion on the skirt, gauged corsage with insertion forming round yoke, full sleeves to the elbow, edged with a deep frill; Miss Fairburn, black skirt, pale pink silk blouse with wide champagne insertion; Miss Gresson, black silk evening frock, gauged black chiffon on corsage, and transparent Maltese lace yoke; Miss Norris, pale pink figured voile blouse, gauged and trimmed with champagne insertion; Miss Newton, black tuckered silk frock, banded with insertion; Mrs Mason, black and white evening gown, white velvet opera cloak; Miss Mason wore a dainty pale pink flowered muslin with flounced skirt, gauged bodice with straps of insertion; Miss J. Mason, white tuckered silk frock; Mrs A. Lewis, black voile skirt, with wide gauged frill at the foot, tuckered white silk blouse with wide bands of champagne insertion; Miss Witchell, black canvas skirt, white silk blouse, pale green silk belt with bow and ends; Miss Jones, black satin skirt, tuckered white silk blouse; Mrs Newcombe, pale grey skirt, tuckered white silk blouse with insertion; Miss Towsey, black skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Izard, pale blue serge de chine evening frock, gauged corsage and embroidered chiffon berthe; Mrs H. Sarjeant, grey crepe de chine with beautiful fichu of Maltese lace; Miss Stewart, pale blue silk; Mrs O. Lewis (Fordell), champagne canvas gown. There were also present Mesdames Pattle-Zett, Bond, Friend (Palmerston North), Misses Babant, O'Brien, Stewart, Mrs Trimble, Messrs Sheriff, Bartlett (Wellington), Bond, Sarjeant, Jones, Krull, Houslan, Wray, Kettle, Waterson, Atkinson, Stevenson, R. Jackson, D'Arcy, Jardine, Elliott, Towsey, O. Lewis, Rev. Compton, G. Marshall, and others.

On Thursday the St. Laurence Guild held a sale of work and garden party in the picturesque grounds of the Arahoro Tea Gardens. Amongst those I noticed were Mesdames Fitzherbert, Sarjeant, Caye (Waverley), Bond, Lock, Carew, Bosking, Mrs and Miss Caye, Misses Izard, C. Anderson, Cleghorn, Stewart, and others.  
On Tuesday Mrs James Watt gave a most enjoyable

**AFTERNOON TEA**

at her charming residence on St. John's Hill. During the afternoon croquet was played by some of the guests. Our hostess received in a dainty tuckered white muslin with insertion and lace, black picture hat with chiffon. Amongst those present were Mesdames Alexander, Friend (Palmerston North), Lomax, Christie, Innes, Sarjeant, Gifford Marshall, Babbage, Dodgshun, Bunnell, Pattle-Zett, Fairburn, Misses Cameron, Krull, Humphreys (2) (New Plymouth), Colson (England), Cameron (England), and others.

**A WELL DESERVED RECEPTION.**

Our champion Garrison Band met with a well deserved hearty reception on their arrival in Wanganui on Tuesday from the Band Contest in Auckland. After leaving the railway station a large crowd assembled in Queen's Gardens, where several addresses were given, and hearty cheers for the band. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs and Miss Alexander, Mrs and Miss Greig, Messrs Krull, Cohen,

HUIA.

**MARLBOROUGH.**

Dear Bee, February 19.  
Mrs F. Dodson, Spring Creek, invited a large party of friends out to spend the evening last week. About fifty went out from Blenheim in drags and other vehicles. There were also present a number of friends living in the neighbourhood. The party was in honour of Mrs Dodson's sister, Miss Robinson, who is shortly to be married to Mr Clark, of the Roads and Bridges Department, New Plymouth. All sorts of

**AMUSEMENTS**

were on the tapis, including progressive euchre, ping pong, etc., etc. The prizes were very handsome ones, and the affair was a very great success in every way.

**Mrs and Miss Furness gave a "SONG-TITLE" PARTY**

on Monday evening, which was much enjoyed by the young people, who took great interest in solving the many puzzles in the designs.

**On Thursday last a GARDEN PARTY**

was held in Miss Dart's grounds, Wai-kawa-road, in aid of the Pieton Anglican Vicarage Fund, which resulted in about twenty pounds being added to the fund. During the afternoon games were started, which helped to amuse those present, and in the evening the Waitohi Brass Band gave several selections. The greatest draw was a fortune-teller, "Madame Jeannie," and quite a crowd collected round the primitive tent to have their hands read, and a great and happy future predicted. The following ladies took a prominent part in the affair: Mesdames Wright, H. C. Seymour, Stow, Jackson, Kiddle, Misses Seymour, Prier, Fuller, Speed, Harris (2), Greensill, Dart (3), Chaytor (2), etc., etc. Others present were: Archdeacon Wright, the Rev. Wollstein and Mrs Wollstein, Mesdames Beauchamp, Greensill, Allen, Cayte, Price, Fuller, Williams (2), etc., Misses Seymour (2), Stone, Philipotts (3), etc.

**On Monday a DELIGHTFUL PICNIC**

was held at the Bay of Many Coves. The party fixed upon one of the many beautiful coves in the bay, and there spent a very good time. Some went fishing, others feasting, and berry-hunting in view of the prize offered by the Marlborough Horticultural Society for a bouquet of berries and leaves. Others, again, just rested in the shade of trees and creepers, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Amongst those present were Archdeacon and Mrs Wright, Mrs Allen, Mrs Ribbell, Mrs Kelly, Mrs Neenan, Mrs Wolff, Mrs Howard, Misses Seymour (2), Stone, Philipotts (2), Speed, etc., and Messrs Wright (3).

**Several BLACKBERRY PICNICS**

have been held already, with good results, the berries being exceptionally good this year.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

Dear Bee, February 24.

The great event of the past week was **THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW**, organised and carried to a most successful issue by a committee of 12 ladies. Friday, the 17th inst., was the day selected for the show, and it proved to be a beautiful cool summer's day. As a result of the large crowd collected in the Zealanda Hall the day's takings amounted to about £60. Mrs. Soley (Feilding) and Miss Bennett (Foxton) acted as judges in the decoration classes. Mr. Just in the fruit and vegetable classes, and Mr. Laird (Wanganui) judged the flowers. There were 16 entries for the best decorated table, and really the majority of them were so pretty that it seemed impossible to say which would be placed first. At the close of the evening, when the votes were counted, it was found that Mrs. W. Park (with 71 votes) was first. Mrs. H. Wallbridge and Miss Wyatt (56 votes each) tied for second place. For the best decorated mantelpiece Mrs. McKnight's were placed first and second. The other competitors resulted as follows: Bean guessing, Mrs. E. W. Hitchings; lilies guessing, Mr. G. U. Slack. Amongst the many ladies present I noticed: Mrs. Mellish, wearing a pretty lawn linen Eton costume, trimmed with embroidery of the same shade, Tuscan hat with scarlet geraniums; Mrs. Soley (Feilding) navy blue voile and Paris tinted lace, black hat; Miss Bennett (Foxton), grey frock, cream hat; Mrs. Keiller (Bulls), white filled muslin, white glace belt, Tuscan hat with brown and yellow trimming; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, pretty blue linen, with cream lace insertion, black hat with tips and touch of yellow; Mrs. J. Strang, white linen skirt, dainty blue silk, and insertion blouse; Mrs. Alan Strang, navy blue voile Eton costume with large white collar, black hat; Miss Green, black Eton

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costume, coat strapped with white. Large cream straw hat with ruching of pale pink, green, and heliotrope ribbon; Mrs. Cobb, given linen frock, lace vest, large pale grey flon costume, white vest, black hat; Mrs. A. Fitzherbert (Feilding), very pretty frock of cream embroidered muslin over blue silk, black hat with tips; Mrs. E. Haggard (Feilding), black voile, Victorian yoke of Paris lace, black cotton hat; Mrs. Laughlan, pale blue floral muslin and insertion, black hat; Mrs. C. J. Munro, champagne voile, cream hat with brown tulle; Mrs. E. Riddiford, lovely black voile, inserted with fine black lace over white silk, black hat with tips; Miss Riddiford, grey flannel coat and skirt, Tuscan hat, with scarlet ruching; Mrs. Howitt, black cloth coat and skirt, white cloth collar, black hat; Mrs. Robbins, white flon, white hat with navy blue bows; Miss Keeling, champagne voile, black hat with touches of yellow; Mrs. W. Keeling, cream silk and insertion, cream hat with pale pink rose; Miss McEneaney, white silk and insertion, black hat; Mrs. Park, black skirt, cream silk and insertion blouse, black hat with feathers; Mrs. C. Waldegrave, black voile over glace, handsome black embroidery on skirt, yoke of fine lace over white, and frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice; Mrs. Innes, cream voile and Paris tinted lace, blue hat with cornflowers; Miss Wilson, white and heliotrope spotted muslin, black hat; Miss Collins, pale blue frock, blue hat with forget-me-nots; Mrs. Hopkins, white, blue flon, white vest, blue hat; Mrs. Warburton, black voile, white yoke veiled in black, frills of accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice, black hat with wreaths of small pink roses; Mrs. F. S. McEneaney, cream flon costume, cream hat with flowers; Miss Warburton, white muslin and insertion, wine coloured straw hat with trimming of same shade; Mrs. H. Cooper, white linen coat and skirt, large cream hat with pale blue trimming; Mrs. V. Babinui, cream silk, yoke and insertion of Paris lace, cream hat with touches of pale blue; Miss Copeland, holland Etou costume, strapped with white, cream hat with pink. Others present included: Dr. and Mrs. Stowe, D. and Mrs. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell, Dr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Harden, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. D. Monrad, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Monrad, Mr. and Mrs. Hodder, Mr. and the Misses Reed, Mr. and the Misses Park, Messrs. Riebling, Spencer, Smith, Sim, Collins, Waldegrave, etc.

TENNIS AND CROQUET.

Saturday was fine, and a large number of members were on the tennis and croquet lawns. Mrs. E. Loring and Mrs. Watson dispensed tea during the afternoon. Others present were Mesdames Fitzherbert, Bell, Tripe, Milton, Randolph, McKee, Jamieson, Gould, Aiksen, Copeland, McKnight, Campbell, Innes, Thompson, McGill, Misses Wilson, Wyllys (3), Banks, Randolph (2), Bell (2), Hayward (2), Porter (2), Reed, Waldegrave, Pownall (Wanganui), Watson, and Messrs Loring, Milton, McGill, Newton, Collins, Ready, Spencer, Hardin, Vaughan, Burr, Wyllys, Smith, Dr. Campbell, etc.

FEILDING SHOW AND WOODVILLE RACES.

Large numbers of people took advantage of the beautiful day on Wednesday to drive over to the Feilding Show. Excursion trains from here were crowded. Several Palmerston

Ladies entered for the Driving Competition, Mrs P. S. McEneaney being placed third. Mrs and Miss Warburton, Mrs and Miss Hankins Mrs McEneaney, Miss Waldegrave (Wellington), Miss M. Waldegrave, Mrs Copeland, Miss Copeland, Miss Montgomery, Mrs W. Keeling, the Misses Fitzherbert, Messrs Abraham, McKnight, Copeland, Montgomery, Hankins, Waldegrave, Bell, were a few who went from here.

On the same day the Woolville races took place. Many from Palmerston drove through, while others went by train. Mr and Mrs Milton, Mrs Innes, Mrs A. Bell, Mrs J. Bell, Mrs C. Waldegrave, Mrs Elkington, Mrs Fitzherbert, and others were present from here.

CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Last Thursday Mrs O. Porritt gave a large party for very little people from 3 p.m. till 6.30 p.m.. A large Xmas Tree was one of the many delights provided for the children's enjoyment.

VIOLET.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, February 22.

The arrival of the AUSTRALASIAN SQUADRON

caused a flutter both in Lyttelton and Christchurch. An official welcome was tendered them, and it has been one round of entertaining for the whole week. On Thursday at Lancaster Park it was a most interesting sight to see about 700 of our naval men going through various evolutions with wonderful precision. The Governor, Lady Plunket, the Hon. Kathleen Plunket and suite were present, and a number of ladies of the Canterbury Branch of the Navy League received Lady Plunket, while Mr W. D. Meares (president of the same branch), received Admiral Fanshawe and his staff with the Governor and the rest of the Vice-regal party. A very pleasing part of the ceremony was the presentation of a handsome shield subscribed by the ladies for competition amongst the squadron. It was presented by Mrs W. Reece, and received by Admiral Fanshawe on behalf of the Squadron. Then came a little ceremony we were all proud to witness, as Lord Plunket handed Miss Mollie Denniston a bronze medal and certificate from the Royal Humane Society, and a certificate to Miss Gertrude Smith for saving two little girls from drowning at Sumner a few months ago. The tea-room at the pavilion was beautifully decorated and a delicious afternoon tea served there. Lady Plunket wore a becoming costume of navy blue, black picture hat, and white feather stole. A beautiful bouquet was presented to her on arrival by Mrs Pat. Campbell's little daughter. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket wore a pale grey costume and large black hat; Miss Fielding, a fawn voile; Mrs W. Reece, black trimmed with white, black and white toque; Mrs Denniston, a pretty grey silk, black toque; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mrs Boyle, Mrs Elworthy, Mrs and Miss Gossett, Mrs and Miss Hill, Mrs Russell, Mr and Miss Bowen, Mrs Jennings, Misses Devenish Meares, were only a few of those present.

On Monday, a large afternoon tea was given by the Admiral on the flagship, visitors greatly admiring this most up-to-date man-o'-war.

CROQUET AND TENNIS

have been most vigorously played, not a day passing but a party of one or the other in progress somewhere. Mrs H. P. Hill and her daughters entertained a number of friends at tennis, the garden and grounds looking very fresh and pretty. Among the guests were, Mrs Melville Jameson, Mrs Deswick, Mrs and Miss Nancarrow, Mrs and Miss Leslie Mills, Mrs and Misses Moore, the Misses Julius, Stead Burns, Walls, Bowen, etc. Mrs G. G. Stead gave a charming afternoon of tennis and croquet at Strouan-for the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, others present were, Mrs Cracroft Wilson, Mrs M. and Miss Campbell, Mrs and Misses Burns, Mrs and Miss Nancarrow, Mrs and Miss Boyle, Mrs and Miss Reeves, and several others. The Misses Cook, Cranmer Square, had a girls' afternoon tea, and then adjourned to Mrs Corry Thomas' lawn for tennis. Among those present were Misses Banks, Kitson, Nancarrow, Burns (2), Bowen, Anderson, Campbell, Cameron and Todhunter.

Mrs F. Graham gave an all-day croquet party and luncheon on Friday, when a most pleasant time was spent. Amongst the players were Mesdames Guthrie Moore, G. Merton, Appleby, Coverdale, Steinger, Chapman, Staveley, McWiddie, Secretan, Morton Anderson, Walley Wood, J. Wood, Croxton, Kohn, W. Olivier, G. Bennett, Misses Croxton and M. Bruce. The finals were played on Monday, and won by Mrs Guthrie Moore and Mrs Staveley.

Mrs Coverdale and Mrs Anderson have both had long days at croquet.

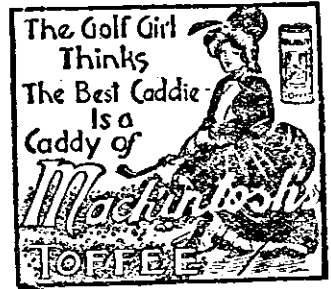
Mrs B. H. Burns gave

A DELIGHTFUL MUSICAL EVENING at her residence, Chester-street, for her guest, Mrs Burdon of Geraldine. Others present were, Mrs G. Harris, Mrs Smith (Napier), Mrs and Miss N. Reeves, Miss Tripp, Mrs Nancarrow, Miss Denniston, Fathers Price and Ainsworth, Miss Katie Young, and some of the officers of H.M.S. Psyche. Some charming songs were given by Mrs Burns, Mrs Burdon, Miss M. Fox, and Father Ainsworth, while Mrs Smith and Miss Katie Young played delightfully.

We have seldom had a more brilliant ball than that given by the Christchurch Club in honour of the Squadron last week. The quiet but handsome uniforms of the navy, the fact of the presence of His Excellency the Governor, Lady Plunket and suite, and the Admiral and his flag officers, made a memorable evening for the numerous guests (some 400) invited to be present. The House Committee received the guests, and in spite of the crush, a most enjoyable time was spent. The opening set included Lord Plunket and Mrs Boyle; Lady Plunket and Mr Boyle; Admiral Fanshawe and the Hon. Kathleen Plunket; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, Mrs J. D. Hall, Mrs Pyne, Mrs Pitman, and Miss Fielding. Lady Plunket wore a graceful gown of pink silk with deep lace bertha, diamond necklace and tiara; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, a pretty canary silk trimmed with lace and chiffon; Miss Fielding, grey chiffon velvet, the bodice trimmed with lace; Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes, rich white satin with relief of pink on the bodice, diamond ornaments; Mrs Pitman, rich yellow brocade, finished with lace; Mrs Pyne, pink crepe de chine frilled and trimmed with white lace; Mrs Alister Clark, rose pink silk lace trimmed, diamond ornaments; Mrs J. D. Hall, pretty white satin and chiffon; Mrs Stedman, bridal gown of white silk and lace; Mrs Burns, yellow and white brocade frilled with chiffon; Miss Burns (debutante), gown of white satin and chiffon, and clusters of chiffon roses, rose wreath in her hair; Dr. Alice Moorhouse, white satin under black lace; Mrs G. Gould, pink satin veiled with white sequin net; Mrs Warder, brown chiffon relieved with red berries; Mrs T. Cow-

shaw, white satin finished with exquisite lace; Mrs A. S. Elworthy (Parera), handsome yellow brocade; Mrs Marma duke Bethell, her wedding gown of rich, white satin and lace; Miss Stead, pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs L. Clark, white satin bridal gown.

DOLLY VALE.



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

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Always restores color to gray hair, always. Brings back all the deep, rich, beautiful color of early youth. Perhaps the color of your hair suits, but you are losing the hair itself. You are threatened with thin hair, rough hair, scraggly hair. Your hair seems weak, not well nourished. Then give it Ayer's Hair Vigor, a true hair-food. It stops falling hair, makes the hair grow, and keeps it soft and silky.

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

The secret of Good Ironing is Good Starching. Whiteness, Stiffness, Smoothness. Then always use "SYLVIA," the Best Starch in the world.

DELICIOUS MELLOR'S SAUCE. Genuine Worcester. The Favourite for Quarter of a Century.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN. COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALING and Emollient; Preserves the Skin, heals all eruptions, and Beautifies the Complexion more effectually than any other preparation; removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness and all irritation and is warranted harmless. Ask Stores and Chemists for Rowland's Kalydor of 7, Hatton Garden, London.



## Stamp Collecting.

The early stamps of Uganda type printed by the missionaries promise to become valuable. At an auction sale in London an unused copy of the 45 cowries violet realised £10 3/, and at another sale a strip of 10 showing all the values of the 1895 series realised £39.

It may not be generally known that Nicholas Avelinda, whose portrait appears on the 10c. brown stamp of the Argentine Republic, was a journalist, and managed the "Nacional" for several years. He was president of the Republic for several years until replaced by General Roca.

Talking about school boys and stamp-collecting warrants the reproduction of the following item from "The Captain":—"Some boys are a bit sharper than they need be in their own interests. Some boys dearly love a bargain in stamps. It is a failing that runs through all grades of stamp collectors, from the boy to the specialist. One day a sharp-looking lad entered a stamp-dealer's shop in New York, and asked for some United States stamps. 'There you are, my lad,' said the dealer, as he placed a book of stamps on the counter in front of him. 'Pick what you want.' The boy made his selection, paid his money, and left the shop. In a few minutes he was back. 'See here, mister, this stamp has got a corner off.' 'Has it, my lad?' said the dealer, taking the stamp and examining it, and adding, 'Very well, there's the book. Pick another.' The boy selected another and more perfect copy, but when he got outside the door he turned round and, with a broad grin, shouted, 'Done ye, Mister. That old torn stamp was out of my collection, and now I've swopped it for a nice clean one.' The stamp-dealer,

still holding that stamp, looked after the boy with a quiet smile. The stamp was slightly torn at one corner. Nevertheless, it was a very saleable specimen of a great rarity, known as the 15 cents United States of 1869, with inverted centre, and was worth from £15 to £20.

Just at the present stamp collecting in Auckland seems to be quiet. This is scarcely to be wondered at when there are such lovely nights to tempt people outside. As, however, stamp collecting may be either chronic or intermittent, it is well for those who have not reached the latter stage to simply put their albums safely away, if their interest has been temporarily diverted to some other hobby. The word "temporarily" is used because "Once a stamp collector always a collector," is an accepted fact, and one of the saddest sights to be seen is when the attack has come on again the collector who has sold his lot to a dealer trying to pick up his rarities again, and comparing the price he has to pay with the lump sum he received for his album. Even then he most likely spends the rest of his days regretting some of the special stamps which he was unable to again secure for his collection. The writer once lost interest in the hobby, but fortunately saved his collection. There was, however, a box of duplicates that were given to a friend who had started collecting, and to this day there is still a yearning kind of feeling as to what was in that box which had lain unopened for many years, and was handed over without examination. Although postage stamps when used have no actual intrinsic value, yet they form a link between the past and the present, furnish indications of changes of dignities by the picture gallery of rulers, and more recent issues give valuable information regarding the flora and fauna of countries, while the exhibition series of the United States show the progress of inventions right down to the automobile. What a fine thing it would have been had the British stamps of the early days borne a picture of the old wooden

battleships with which Nelson fought at Trafalgar! One stamp of Tonga shows amongst other things the three historic stones, so that even the geologist is not without his interest when glancing through a stamp album. It is now becoming fashionable in some districts to have botanical albums, zoological albums and other specialised lots such as a picture gallery of the world's rulers. It is one of the beauties of stamp collecting that it is such a many-sided hobby, and one that may be followed with comparatively small expenditure, unless one aims at getting complete issues, when naturally the rarities run into a lot of money. A great amount of recreation can be got from stamp collecting, however, without trying to get great rarities. Of course, it is very nice to have them, but one need not lose interest in a collection simply because there are certain vacancies that there is no chance of filling. One advantage of having plain albums is that they only show what the collector has got, whereas the illustrated ones annoy him by emphasising the fact that there are so many stamps he has not, and most likely will never possess. Probably the greatest pleasure is gained from collecting stamps, and not purchasing them in lots. One great advantage about this hobby is that the pursuit seems to be equally interesting to the boy at school, the busy man in mid-life, and the retired gentleman whose course is towards the setting sun. At a stamp-collector's reunion may be seen the sharp-eyed school-boy bending his curly head alongside the grey-haired veteran as they scrutinise some rarity brought for exhibition.

## INDIGESTION FOR MANY YEARS

Bile Beans an Infallible Cure.

Indigestion comprises many ailments, has many varied symptoms. Pain after food relieved slightly when wind is riddled; a feeling of sickness if awakened suddenly; headache; a bad taste in the mouth; the recurrence of food; heartburn; sleeplessness—all these, or any of them, may be present. They all mean that the digestive organs are out of order, and need a little help to get them equal to their work. Bile Beans give that help and tone up the digestive organs, so that they can do their work properly. Mr. James Young, a blacksmith, of Cambridge, Waikato, N.Z., says: "I have been a sufferer from Indigestion for years, and have tried numerous remedies, but all of no avail. In complaining to a friend of mine he informed me that his sister, who was a martyr to the complaint, was permanently cured by Bile Beans. I therefore decided to give them a trial. I procured a box, and before I had finished the contents, I experienced a decided relief. Altogether I have taken six boxes. It is now about two months since I discontinued taking them, and I have never felt better in my life, and can now eat food that formerly disagreed with me. Whenever any of my friends complain of indigestion, I encourage them to give Bile Beans a trial, and the results invariably warrant the recommendation." Bile Beans are a safe and speedy cure for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weakness, 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. Obtainable generally at 1/4, or 2/9 large box (contains three times the 1/11 size).

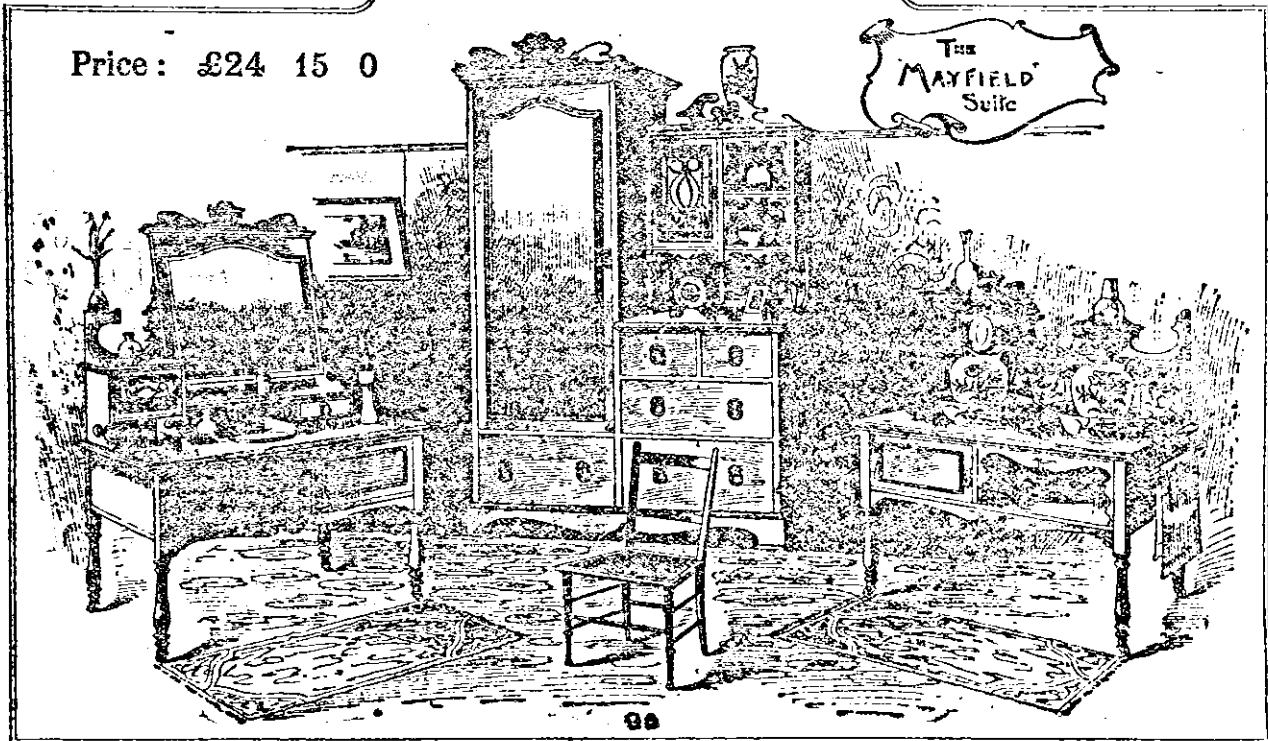
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**SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.,** Complete House Furnishers, etc., AUCKLAND.

# An Incident of Fuji-Yama

By Jason Trench

The Japanese always have had a Monroe Doctrine, though it has not been called by that name. The difficulties with which Commodore Perry had to cope, in securing the first commercial treaty between the United States and Japan, may be cited in proof of this statement; and later instances of the exclusive spirit of the Japanese might be mentioned, notwithstanding their adoption of many features of Western civilisation.

The peasantry of Japan have not been influenced materially as yet by these innovations, and the following true episode, which the Japanese press, in consideration of the sensitive feelings of the parties concerned, forbore to publish at the time, illustrates that the peasant class of that Empire possess a serious feeling in regard to their environment.

By way of explanation it may be said that, though much beloved, and made a good deal of in native art and literature by the Japanese, Fuji-yama really is not the sacred mountain of Japan, as so many careless writers have alleged; at least, it is not sacred in the Shinto sense that Kamiyama in Ise, and another mountain on the west coast are.

Usually on the ninth day out from Honolulu, a white, cone-shaped cloud is seen on the horizon, thiny leagues or more away. The traveller, however, soon learns from the Captain or some other person who knows that it is not a cloud, but Fuji. The first thing in the morning that every Japanese within a hundred miles of this mountain does is to turn his eyes toward it—not in worship, for as I have said, it is not deemed holy, but as to a weather-signal. If he can see the white snow-caps—always there except in July and August—he may be sure of fair weather for the day. Having no foot-hills, its almost perfect slope rising twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, Fuji is renowned justly as the most symmetrical, if not the most beautiful, mountain on the globe. It is volcanic, but its last eruption occurred as long ago as 1707.

On the west side of the mountain, some ten years ago, tourists noted that the inhabitants of several small villages thereabouts were well supplied with ice. At that time no artificial ice was manufactured in Japan, and as no storage-houses for the winter crop were to be seen the tourist wondered where in the name of mystery the ice used and sold by the peasants came from. After many futile inquiries, for the natives would not answer them, they finally bribed a jinrikisha man, who promised to take them to a natural ice deposit.

Early the next morning they started, ostensibly on a hunting trip, and after climbing some distance up the side of the mountain they entered the mouth of a large cave running far into the depths. Here, in a large chamber, the ice was found. Water continually dripped from the roof, but immediately froze into massive blocks of transparent ice where it fell. The peasants had been getting ice from this cave for centuries, mind you, and had kept the source of supply a profound secret. Little is known about the cave, even now.

During the hot months ice is a necessity in Japan. On every street, every block, little ice kori are seen, some of them on wheels, in which ice, cracked and in solid chunks, is sold, also shaved ice in glasses flavoured with lemon juice or syrup. At every railway station blocks of ice are sold. Tourists and rich natives carry chests in which to keep ice, wine and food when they travel by rail. The ice usually is brought in ships from the extreme north about Tokaido—the best grade of it being cut on a moat of spring-water surrounding an old Japanese castle. Brought south in the winter, it is stored in rice straw. It costs about three cents a pound. People commonly put ice in buckets down in their wells, to retard its melting. Even in summer the butchers have no refrigerators—hence the poor quality of meats beloved of foreigners.

Thousands of pilgrims climb the famous Fuji-yama every summer; but it is not a difficult feat, even for bicyclists, as the black cylinders and loose lugs have kept their headlong speed in check.

In April, 1901, the Tokio Gun Club gave what was intended to be a large hunt on the wooded slopes of Fuji-yama. Tickets sold for one to five dollars each. Hundreds of peasants were engaged as beaters and guides, foreigners with the latest guns of their respective countries, Japanese with their own home-made firearms, and many of the poorer classes with their primitive bows and arrows, flocked in large crowds to the scene the day before the hunt. Everyone was confident of a large kill—of sport worthy of St. Hubert himself, as deer, wild boar, bears and other smaller animals abound in the tangled forest fastnesses of the mountain.

That night the chief men of several villages met at a tea-house, to talk over the next day's hunt. One aged peasant, after many bows, made the following speech:

"Honourable friends: I should not dare ask such honourable gentlemen to listen to the weak words of one so humble as myself, had I not fished at the base of this beautiful mountain

for eighty-seven years; had I not been fed by such of its delicious game as has fallen to my bow. To-morrow foreigners and Japanese from all parts of our land will try to take away from us dwellers here one of our chief means of subsistence, and many of us, for a few cents, have promised to help in depriving, maybe for years to come, all our families and neighbours of the wild food of nature that we love so well.

"Now, good friends, conscious of my own unworthiness, I humbly submit this proposition: Our young men are to be paid for their services, as I understand it, before the hunt; in fact, I know some already have received their pay. Therefore, since they are employed to drive the game, why should they not drive it away from the hunters instead of into their hands? I move that they be so instructed by their fathers, uncles and the older heads here gathered."

With these words the old man sat down, his colleagues nodding their heads in solemn approval.

The following night saw the hunters returning from the chase. They were all tired and hungry; and nearly all were disappointed, for what they had bagged was only two deer and three wild boar. Small results, indeed, for the mighty efforts of such an army of highly trained sportsmen! But, you see, the old man's advice had been followed strenuously. The members of the Tokio Gun Club are teased yet over the monstrous force.

For centuries it has been a saying in the "Land of the Rising Sun" that whenever a pair of storks build their nest on the slopes of Fuji, Japan will have unworldly prosperity for seven years thereafter. Last summer a Japanese peasant while climbing the mountain found a stork's nest, and the event was telegraphed all over the country and caused much rejoicing. It seems that the wise storks have a sort of hereditary dread that Fuji may prove a treacherous abode.

However that may be, storks seldom are discovered there, and when they are it is considered a most propitious omen.

## Tyranny of the Tip.

There is little doubt that this question of tipping contains a grave social nuisance; in fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is fast becoming a tyranny. Even the well-to-do are finding that tipping servants is making country visiting an absolute luxury. I heard a lady say lately that where, ten years ago, a sovereign would get you through with the servants, you must now be prepared to give five. There seems to be something against the very root of hospitality in this enforced payment for service. Let us for a moment return to Miss Ramsack. An invitation to a house ought to mean complete comfort and equality for her. Yet, how can she have either when her host and hostess, cognisant of her means, are also cognisant that tribute will be expected from her in their house which she cannot afford to pay? Whether she is to blame for being in a humiliating position has nothing to do with the matter. Hosts are under obligations to their guests, and if they cannot protect them from the unwritten laws of the servants' hall then they ought not to invite them to their houses. The remedy, so far as the exorbitant tips now the fashion are concerned, rests entirely with the masters and mistresses. A rule that the taking of tips was not permitted might be easily promulgated. And if a notice to that effect were displayed for visitors' guidance, it should certainly be supplemented by a special warning to the nouveaux riches. "Millionaires," it might run, "are cautioned that their invitations cannot be renewed if they are found guilty of tipping"; for, it seems, the millionaire's five-pound note is at the bottom of the abuse.—Frances in "Five o'Clock Tea Talk" in "T.P.'s Weekly."

## AGONY WITH PILES.

Zam-Buk Promptly Cures.

"Four years ago," says Mr. J. Smith, of 4 Brougham-street, North Melbourne, "I contracted that dreaded complaint, Piles. During that period I suffered extreme agony when moving about, and at night the pain and irritation they caused was fearful. As you may imagine, I tried many so-called cures for Piles in the hope of alleviating my suffering, but with very little success. Six weeks back a friend advised me to try Zam-Buk. I fortunately acted on this advice. The first few applications of this Balm had an extremely soothing effect, and continuing the treatment I was thoroughly cured. I shall never fail to recommend such a valuable Balm to my friends." Zam-Buk, the great healer, is a speedy cure for Piles, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Legs, Ringworm, Barren, 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, Black-heads, 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 The Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney. Send a penny stamp or FREE SAMPLE LOT.

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# Roberts'

TAKE THE CAKE

TAKE THE CAKE.

# Biscuits

[COMPLETE STORY.]

# Her Infinite Variety

## A Naugatuck Club Story

"Good gracious me!" It was involuntary. She could not help it. There she stood, holding to the strap and gazing at the unoffending cash-box.

"What shall I do?" "Can I help?" asked the only other occupant of the stage.

She turned. "Oh, no, thank you. I—" Then she sat down and tried to compose herself.

The stage crawled slowly across Forty-second street—as slowly as it usually does. The other occupant knew when enough had been said.

Suddenly the girl stood up again, and keeping her balance as she best could she peered through the glass front of the cash-box. There was no mistaking the real dismay and perplexity on her face.

Then she sat down in despair. Then she looked up. Then their eyes met.

"If I can help you—" "I—"

"You can trust me—probably, and he smiled across at her.

She hesitated. He waited.

"You—you won't—nobody would believe me."

"I'll try," and he smiled still reassuring. "I'll try," and he still smiled reassuring to such a big hat, and such a trim little gown, and such—well, such an admirable piece of work on the part of the Creator as to the eyes and hair and troubled features.

"Why, I've just put a five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of a nickel—it's true, really!"

He laughed now.

"That needn't worry you. If you'll ride down to Washington Square—"

"But, you see, I can't!" and the becoming perplexity returned. "I've got to hurry to the Thirty-fourth Street ferry and catch a train going out on Long Island."

"That can be easily fixed," said he. She looked up at him with hope written all over her face.

"How?"

"Give the driver your address and he'll send it—"

Embarrassment now fought with the old perplexity.

"But I can't! I—"

"Certainly you can. These drivers are reliable. Wait, I'll—"

"Oh, please don't! You don't understand—" and now a dozen emotions were flying across the fair face.

"But—"

"I—I haven't any more money!" gasped the girl.

A pause.

"You don't believe it—I know you don't!"

"Of course I do. Wait! I'm thinking. Couldn't you—"

"I must go on that train!" There was a hint of tears. "I must!"

They were passing the Union League Club. He moved over to her side of the stage.

"Tell me all about it quick, and I'll help!"

Then she began, first haltingly, afterward with a rush of anxious words.

"I have just had a telegram that my friend is suddenly ill."

"Yes."

"And I stopped only an instant at Forty-fourth Street. Then I only had a five-dollar gold piece and a five-cent piece—"

"Go on."

"And—and—here's the five-cent piece!" Her face was so serious and yet so comical that he laughed again.

"But wait!" cried the girl. "I haven't got a ticket—and now—"

"Let me give you five dollars, and I'll go down to Washington Square and get the gold piece."

"Oh, no! I couldn't think of that. I—"

"Of course you can. Here, take it!" and he held out a bill.

"I wouldn't do that for worlds."

"Why not?"

"Why, suppose you didn't find—"

"But you say it's there. I think your word is good."

"Oh, no—"

"What! laughing."

"I mean—something might happen."

Then her face lighted up with hope. "If you would be willing to let me have a dollar I will return it to you."

"And shall I keep the five dollars?" "You could send it to me—no, no, that's too much bother. I can write to the stage company."

"How silly! Listen, here is Thirty-fourth Street coming. Take it!"

"But, there's still five cents—"

"Well, good Heavens! Give me your five cents, then."

"You're very kind—"

"Here we are!" and he pulled the strap and stopped the stage. As he got out to help her he said:

"May I hope some day to see you, and hear—"

Up came the face again—a little severe, a little sorry, yet nice and friendly, too.

"Please don't spoil it."

"You are right. Good-by!"

"And you don't know how much indebted to you I am."

"Don't think of it again." And he got back into the stage and watched her board a car.

At the end of the line he went into the office, told his story, and waited for the agent to open the box.

The box contained nothing but five-cent pieces!

The agent and the benefactor looked at one another with expressions that can be better imagined than described.

"Some mistake, I guess," said the former, carefully gathering up the nickels.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" said the latter. "That is the neatest thing that ever was played on me!"

"It wasn't your money, then?" asked the agent with raised eyebrows.

"Mine? No—worse luck."

"What sort of a lookin' feller was he?"

"Fellow! It was a woman!"

The agent allowed himself the luxury, of a smile.

"To think of it! Me done by a pretty thief! And yet I'll swear she didn't look like one—but I apologize for the trouble I've given you." And he walked out. "Me! Me! Done by a pretty girl! I'm an ass with ears a mile long. It doesn't seem possible—here in my town—after all these years! And she was offended when I suggested that some time we might meet. I don't wonder! And I didn't know how much I was indebted to her! Fool—ass—idiot!"

At that moment over in Long Island City a young person opened her purse for the purpose of buying a ticket. Something dropped out. She picked it up and uttered a cry of amazement.

There she stood, while the colour came and went on her face, gazing at a bright five-dollar gold piece that lay peacefully in her hand.

### II.

It was nearly dinner-time out at Naugatuck when a hired trap stopped at the Bravours' door. Out jumped a young woman who was met by a maid.

"What is it, Annette? Is she—is she dead?"

"Ah, no, mees. Madame was thrown out—the ponies they run away—and monsieur, who is away—Dieu, I am so frightened! I telegraph you—"

"Yes, yes, Annette. But is she badly hurt?"

"The doctor is there—" but the girl was half-way up the stairs.

She found him sitting by Mrs Bravours' bed, and he held up a finger as she entered, pointing out into the hall.

"Oh, Doctor Blanchard, she isn't dead!" whispered the girl as he followed her out.

"Dead! What would I be doing here if she were dead?"

The girl gave a gasp of relief.

"No, she's all right, I think—pretty well shaken up, but nothing broken, Where's Jimmy Bravour?"

"He's in Washington. But, Doctor—"

"Well, he'd better come home. Be careful, though, what you telegraph

him. Don't scare him." And he went back into the sick-room.

There was not a thought of anything but Lucy Bravour for a week. Then the atmosphere cleared. Her husband had come home, and Lucy was sitting up in a big chair with nothing worse than a few bruises and a sprained shoulder.

"Marjorie, dear, how Annette must have frightened you that day."

"Frightened! I nearly went crazy. I supposed, of course, you were dead—and then—" she hesitated.

"And what?"

"And I did a most awful thing." Then she told her story.

"Goodness, child! You don't even know the man's name."

"There isn't the slightest clue. I—"

"Was he good looking?"

"Lucy! What a question! I was so frightened and hurried that I don't believe I'd know him again if I saw him—and I hope I never shall."

"What?"

"I mean I should be too ashamed. Think of it! Think of what he must have said about me—what he must have thought—when he didn't find the money. I'm sick with worry over it all this week."

"We'll find him some way," said the invalid.

"I wish I'd never gone to town that day, anyway. I'd have escaped that telegram, and this awful mistake, and—and the heat."

"Let's see," said Mrs Bravour meditating. "He was to go and get the money at the office in Washington Square?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the starting point."

"But suppose they don't know anything about him?"

"Well, that's the only thing I can think of. Jim can go and find out—"

"Not for worlds!" cried Marjorie.

"Why not?"

"Jim must never hear a word of this! Promise me never to tell him. I should die! Promise me, quick!"

"Of course, if you feel so. But he could help us."

"No, I'm going to do this myself."

And in a day or two she went into New York and presented herself at the office of the stage company.

The agent smiled at the story.

"I remember, miss. The gent was in, and—and, well, you see, we didn't find nothin'—"

"I know, I know," said she; "did he leave any word, or say anything?"

"Well, you see, miss, as there wa'n't nothin' there he kind o' felt—you see—"

"Yes, yes."

"Beggin' your pardon, miss, seems like he was a little mad, and he say—he—"

"Yes, what did he say?"

"He seemed to think that you—that is, the woman—I mean what he thought you was—you see—did him a pretty neat game—"

"Oh," cried Marjorie again. "Can't you help me to find him? I'll pay well if you will."

"I'd do it right away without no pay if I knew where to begin. But, you see, I never laid eyes on him before nor since."

And so there was nothing to do but go back to Naugatuck and ask for another clue from the amateur detective.

They discussed it all the afternoon and found no suggestion.

In the morning Marjorie, as she had for nearly a fortnight past, took the supervision of the household, reported the needs of the cook, and received orders that were repeated in the kitchen. Then she put on a big white apron and took up the one morning occupation that Mrs Bravour never missed—the dusting of the library and the drawing-room.

She had got as far as the library when some one drove up. Nobody answered the bell, and Marjorie turned into the hall and opened the door herself. Then she stood frozen to the doorknob. There, before her, stood the man of the Fifth Avenue stage.

### — III.

He started to ask in the usual manner for Mrs Bravour. His lips opened and then stayed open while their owner gazed at the apparition. She was on the

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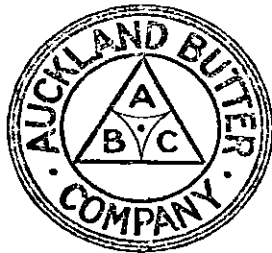
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point of crying out for joy, when she saw his glance at her apron and duster and the cold, cynical expression that appeared on his face.

"So, my good girl, this is a pretty, small world, after all."

Marjorie turned suddenly pale and backed away from him as he entered with his eyes fixed on her.

"Did you find your friend very ill?" The blood rushed to the high-spirited girl's forehead. "It was a nice way to eke out your wages, wasn't it? And I was a country-looking chap to work on, wasn't I?" She started to answer, but anger choked her, and he did not give her an opportunity to speak.

"Go and tell Mrs. Braveur that Mr. Morton is here, and then come back and give me a kiss for my four dollars and ninety-five cents."

"Oh!" cried the girl in a low, choked voice. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself—"

"Aren't you?"

"I—"

"Come, run along and do what I say. I'm ashamed of you—so pretty and so shy!"

Without a word, but with her head up, she marched up the stairs, found Annette, told her what to do, and went herself to her own room. The library must go undisturbed for that day.

At luncheon she sent word to Mrs. Braveur that she had a headache and would not come down. At dinner the headache was no better, but while the meal was in course she went into Morton's room and placed an envelope with four dollars and ninety-five cents in it on the bureau. Then she went back to her room and tried to gloat over the wretched man, though, if truth be told, she was getting tired of living in one room on a hot summer day.

Mrs. Braveur limped in after dinner and found her reading.

"It's better," answered Marjorie to her question.

"But why don't you go to bed? And you oughtn't to read, dear."

"I haven't any headache, Lucy."

"What is it, dear?" asked the other in a different tone.

"That—that man downstairs is the man in the stage."

"What, Peter Morton? You don't mean to say. Why didn't you explain it to him?"

"Because I don't choose to, Lucy!" with extreme hauteur.

"False pride, dear. He's as nice as he can be."

"He may be as nice as he can be, but—"

"What under the sun has happened?"

"He thinks I did it deliberately—"

"That's foolish. When did you see him?"

"When he arrived."

"What did he say?"

"He said—I won't tell you. Yes, I will. He took me for a maid."

"Marjorie!"

"Yes, he did. I was dusting the drawing-room. Oh, you can laugh all you like!"

Mrs. Braveur looked at her and continued to smile.

"From present signs I begin to pity him." And she went out still smiling.

And so morning came. And as the fair Marjorie, being distinctly a lively

person and fond of plenty of out-of-doors, had gone to bed at eight the night before, she awoke at six, dressed, and went out into the flower garden in search of fresh air before another day of prison.

The morning was perfect. The girl was very nearly perfect. The flowers only waited to be picked. It was the fact that Morton woke early, too, that caused all the trouble. Of course, he made for the little garden also, and then—

"You know if you weren't so pretty—"

"Sir!"

"I believe I'd have you arrested, you did me so completely."

Then the Spirit in her ladyship's sprightly make-up took a hand in the game. She looked down at the flowers she had picked, and said demurely:

"I've paid it back, sir."

"That saves me from ruin, not from mortification."

"I'm very sorry, sir. I hope you won't tell."

"I'm considering," and he looked steadily at her.

The Spirit became more courageous. Marjorie looked up.

"I'll never do it again, sir," she pleaded.

"What will you do for me if I promise not to tell?"

"Anything! Anything!"

"For four dollars and ninety-five cents?"

"It isn't that, sir. It's the disgrace."

"Why did you do it—er—Mary?"

"Maggie, sir," said she, looking down.

"Why did you do it, Maggie?"

"I—I spent all my money—"

"You're a clever one!" and still he looked at her.

"I had to get here on that train, sir."

Morton came a little nearer and noticed the bright morning sunlight in the brown hair.

"Did you actually need the money?"

"I did, really—sir," and she looked up at him suddenly with a most sincere and earnest gaze.

"Would you like it now?"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl, stepping back.

"I—"

"Wait," Maggie—I don't know—you fooled me so well once—are you fooling me now?"

"Do I look like it?"

"That's the devil of it! You look perfectly beau—er—that is perfectly honest. But—"

"I only want you to pardon me, sir," and this time the long lashes had to come down, or the Spirit would have leaped out of her eyes and discovered everything.

"I'll pardon you on one—no, two conditions."

"Thank you, sir."

"Wait till you see if you will grant the conditions."

"It isn't for such as me, sir, to grant to you."

"Yes, it is. First," and he held up one finger, "first, that you'll take the four dollars and ninety-five cents—"

"Sir!" Her expression ought to have warned him.

"—as a present! As a present!"

"I don't need your money!"

"But you said you did."

"I said—I said—"

"Maggie, look at me! Look at me this minute!"

"I said I needed money."

"But not mine?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Whose, then?"

"That's none—that's—"

"None of my business?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't dare to say such a thing."

"You might think it, though."

"Can I help my thoughts, sir?"

"I believe, Maggie, that you're a very deep one."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Wait. And second," holding up two fingers, "second, that you will give me a—"

"Oh, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" cried the girl, looking at him with blazing eyes.

"Well I—"

"Do you call yourself a gentleman and insult poor, helpless girls like this?"

"Helpless girls! God save the mark! There's nothing helpless about what I know of you." The girl's throat swelled with anger. "Look here, Maggie, I can't fathom you—wait, I'm talking now—you worked a confidence game on me—"

"I did nothing of the kind! I—"

"—And I forgave you. And now I'll be switched if I'm not prepared to apologise for what I've just said."

A pause.

"Come, I'll apologise. Do you accept it? Silence, and examination of the flowers in her hand. "Maggie, look straight at me and tell me you'll accept the apology."

"I—I must go in, sir."

"Not yet."

"But I must."

"Why?"

"Why, to—to get the breakfast."

"Not till you've looked at me—"

But she ran by him and walked sedately into the house.

He followed, and entered the hall just as he heard Braveur's cheery voice cry: "Hello, Marjorie. All right again?" And then he stood still, gazing at the girl. Her face was the colour of the setting sun. "What's up?" cried Braveur. "Oh, good-morning, Peter. Here, have you met Miss Apthorp?—er—oh, I guess you have!"

Morton gathered himself together, and then said slowly:

"I've just had the pleasure of discovering Miss Apthorp for myself."

"Marjorie, behave yourself. Come, hurry along."

And so the young lady arrayed herself in her best and got up on the front seat with Braveur without, so much as a glance at Morton. But she could not refuse to sit beside him at dinner. For a time she talked to the man on the other side, and then a break coming in the conversation, she found herself turning toward him.

"Tell me about these people," said he in a matter-of-fact tone. "Who's the girl in pink over there?"

"Miss Turner," dryly.

"And the wau next to her?"

"Mr. Langdon," icily.

"Do you stay here for the season?"

"No." Her replies were the pith of dryness.

Morton turned squarely and looked at her. Then his brows came together and the lines about his mouth tightened.

"Have you accepted my apology, Miss Apthorp?"

"I—"

"Because, if you haven't, it doesn't really matter."

She looked straight at him in amazement. This was a new attitude.

"It seems that you do not confine your rather extraordinary behaviour to servants."

He hesitated an instant. The matter was getting serious for both of them.

"My manner doesn't change. It is the person to whom it is addressed who is kaleidoscopic."

"And yet kaleidoscopes and variety are often considered beautiful."

"So are some persons."

"Are you going to pay me compliments now?"

"I shouldn't dare to pay you anything more."

"You are unfair, Mr. Morton."

"If I could discover what you consider fair—"

"I only wanted to be treated as a re-

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spectable woman."  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "Within a few days you have treated me as a thief and as a—"  
 "And now," he interrupted suddenly, "you would like to be treated as an intelligent person?"  
 "That is all I ask."  
 "Listen, then. I offered a lady a little assistance in New York the other day—"  
 "I thought you considered her a—"  
 "Would I have paid money willingly to a thief, Miss Aphthorp?" She looked down at her plate. "The simple facts in the case ultimately gave me to understand that I had been deceived—"  
 "That sounds like a legal phrase. You ought to have known that I—"  
 "But I only knew that you looked like a lady."  
 "I am sorry that I was wanting—"  
 "It was the gold piece that was wanting." Another pause. "I did nothing. Why should I? How could I? But suddenly I came upon the same person in servant's costume, and no matter how attractive, how beautiful—"  
 "Do you think the adjectives necessary?"  
 "No, you are right; the fact is self-evident."  
 "Really, Mr Morton, you are getting interesting; you are so rude."  
 "Then I discovered," he went on calmly, "that person in a maid's costume, and I took her at her costume, so to speak."  
 "Of course, any maid would steal?"  
 "That isn't the point."  
 "That was what you thought, however?"  
 "It—that is—"  
 "Costume makes the person?"  
 "To an idiot like myself, yes."  
 "I don't know you well enough to pass on your characterisation of yourself, but—"  
 "So far as you've been able to see—"  
 "I wasn't going to say so."  
 "You thought it?"  
 "Hardly 'idiot.'"  
 "Say a stupid man who was just imbecile enough to be a good mark for a

fair lady to poke fun at in her many disguises."  
 "I didn't make fun of you."  
 "You gave a wonderful imitation of it."  
 "Not at all, I only—I only—"  
 "Well?"  
 "I only got angry."  
 "Because I didn't know that 'you' could never deceive a stranger, and that 'you' could never be a servant?"  
 "Wouldn't any girl have been angry?"  
 "Couldn't any girl have settled the whole thing in two words?"  
 "But—er—I—you made me so angry—"  
 "That you decided to take it out of me? Come, tell the truth."  
 "You hurt me very much."  
 "I am sorry, really," and his manner changed at once.  
 "I wonder if you are?"  
 "Are you a little sorry, too?"  
 "Not a bit!"  
 "Then I'm not, either."  
 "What!"  
 "I'm going to be frank some more. I'm getting mad—"  
 "A small nose was slightly elevated on his left. "I tried my best to help that girl—"  
 "And she thanked you for it, and does still."  
 "Wait a moment. I thought, as any one would have thought, that I'd been deceived—"  
 "You know now that you weren't."  
 "It looked like it then. I found the person who I thought had deceived me, and I thought again she was a clever and dishonest servant—"  
 "But—"  
 "Don't interrupt, please. I know I should have known you both on the stage and with the duster, but I didn't—and there's the whole story. Now, you can make fun of me all you like. I'm not going to defend myself any more." And he calmly turned back to the girl on his right.

V.  
 For a week the truce continued. The two were constantly together. She was polite, but not friendly. He was looking

for any sign of weakening on her part, but was bound to keep to his view and make no advances toward a settlement.  
 Then Mrs. Braveur, who was as well as ever again, made up her mind that something was needed. She puzzled her brains in search of some means. Finally, one day, Miss Aphthorp expressed a desire to ride. It was at the luncheon-table, and, without giving any one a chance, the hostess agreed that she must get on a horse, and asked Morton if he would act as her escort. Nobody could take any exception to this, and the girl herself could hardly decline.  
 Thus it came about that these two rode away together in the afternoon.  
 Nothing was said for a while, until Morton asked: "Miss Aphthorp, don't you think you've punished me enough?"  
 "If I shouldn't presume to 'punish you,' as you say."  
 "But you do. Here I am riding with you, and you might as well be clothed in medieval armour with your visor down for all I see of your real self."  
 "I couldn't be more natural."  
 They were walking the horses through a wood road up in the hills.  
 "Then I'm going to ask you once more if you will be willing to forget my mistakes. I'm really sorry, no matter what I say to the contrary."  
 "Why, I've—"  
 "No, you haven't. You're just as unforgiving as ever. You—"  
 There was a sudden movement by the side of the path, and the girl's horse jumped across into the bushes on the other side. She kept her seat only by a narrow margin, and then had hard work to bring him back into the roadway. Morton was by her side in an instant.  
 "That was a vicious jump," said he anxiously. "I don't like his looks, anyway. He's in a bad temper."  
 The girl was startled, unquestionably, but she was not going to show it.  
 "I can control him, thank you, as I can others who are in a bad temper."  
 "I don't care an atom for your kindly references. That beast has got something the matter with him! Won't you

—suppose we dismount and walk a little?"  
 "Not by any means."  
 "He might easily get unmanageable, Miss Aphthorp. He nearly threw you then."  
 "Do you think I'm so poor a horse-woman as that?"  
 "You are a beautiful horsewoman, but that animal is in a bad frame of mind."  
 They came out on the highway and started on a canter. Then—neither of them could tell how it happened—they both realised suddenly that the horse was beyond her control. Margerie Aphthorp was not a nervous woman, and she knew a little about horses—enough to tell her that she could make no impression on this one now. Morton fearing another rebuff, let his horse out into a full run and gradually pulled up on her.  
 "Can you hold him?" he called.  
 There was no answer. She leamed far back and pulled with all her strength—without effect. Then Peter took the risk. He jabbed the spurs into his horse, gradually came alongside the other, and, leaning forward, caught the reins, and added all his strength to hers as they rushed along the country road.  
 "It's no use," cried Morton; "he's crazy. Are you afraid?"  
 "No," gasped the girl.  
 "Then do just what I say." She nodded. "Get your knees clear of the pommel and let go when I yell!"  
 He grasped her round the waist and cried, "Now!" She let herself be dragged out of the saddle. "Let go! Let go!" cried Morton, for she still clutched the reins.  
 And then in a moment he had pulled up and let her sink to the ground in a rather limp condition.  
 "Are you alright?" he asked presently as she sat by the roadside.  
 "Yes—I think so—how dreadful!"  
 "Never mind, if you're not hurt!"  
 "Why should he run? Why should he?" she asked in a bewildered tone.  
 "Heaven knows! but he did."  
 "What will Jim and Lucy say? It's their horse, and he's lost."



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"Not a bit of it. I'll go and get him presently. Somebody'll stop him."  
 "It only they need never know."  
 Morton hesitated a moment.  
 "Would you wait here a few minutes while I—"  
 "Yes, do, please. We could lead him home, and they won't know. Lucy would be frightened to death."  
 It was only a few moments when he rode back mounted on the runaway and with her saddle on his horse. She was not by the roadside, and he had nearly passed the spot when he discovered her stretched upon the leaves just off the road with her face hidden in her hands.  
 In a moment he had dismounted and was lifting her.  
 "It's nothing, nothing!" she said presently, wiping her eyes.  
 "Nothing! Why, you're all unstrung."  
 "No, I'm not. Come, we will walk home." Then she saw the changed saddles. "You mustn't ride him!"  
 "I've just ridden him a quarter of a mile, and it's some distance to the house. Are you up to mounting the other?" She turned to him a moment, and hesitated. "I'd like some nerve, I know, but—"  
 "I'm ready," said the girl, and without a word he lifted her into the saddle, and they walked the horses three miles to the heavens.  
 "Please go right to the stable," she begged.  
 As they walked slowly back to the house he turned to her and said:  
 "Miss Apthorp, you're splendid! Splendid! You've got more good nerve than I ever saw in any woman, or most men, for that matter—". But she only can up the steps and through the hall. As she went upstairs she heard Bravcut ask some question, and Morton reply:  
 "No, Miss Apthorp said she would go up at once and dress before tea."  
 In a few minutes there came a knock. She got out of the bed where she had thrown herself, and opened the door a little. There stood Morton with a glass in his hand.  
 "Drink this—all of it—at once. Will you, sure?"  
 She took it, nodded, and closed the door.

VI.

When she came down to dinner Morton was standing in the hall. He turned toward her and caught a look he had not seen in her face before. Then they went in to dinner. Afterward they were to go over to a dance at the club. On the way across the lawn he asked in a low voice:  
 "All right?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Hain't you better go to bed?"  
 "No, I'm quite right now—but—"  
 "Can I do anything?"  
 "No, I—"  
 "What is it?"  
 "I you saved me from a—a bad—"  
 "Never mind that. Come and sit here. We won't go in just now." And they went to the end of the long piazza.  
 There was no sound for a time but the wheezing of the summer insects. Yet Miss Apthorp seemed to have something on her mind. Suddenly, without turning toward him, she said:  
 "I think I'm going to apologise."  
 "Don't," laughed he nervously. "It would keep me over."  
 "But I ought to."  
 "Because the beast got crazy?"  
 "Oh, no."  
 "Why, then?"  
 "Because I've been thinking the last few days—"  
 "Never think," murmured Peter.  
 "—About my about the stage." She was looking out into the darkness and speaking very softly.  
 "Don't, please!" begged the man in quite a different tone.  
 "I must. I think I was angry at myself for—for not telling you at once when you came here—"  
 "Look here," said Peter abruptly. "I can't stand this. It's all right, if you'll only not lay it up against me—"  
 "But I don't."  
 "I mean if you can forget my taking you—that is, my saying what I did."  
 "But, don't you see, I was angry at myself."  
 "Then you're not really mad at me?"  
 "No-o."  
 "And you don't lay it up?"  
 "No-o."  
 "And—and I can—that is, it's all right."  
 "Yes."

"And we're friends?"  
 "Yes, if you're willing."  
 "Well, I'm not!"  
 She whirled round on him, anger ready to blaze forth again; then her eyes fell. "Did you hear?" he asked gently as he stood over her.  
 "Yes," in a low voice.  
 "Did you understand?"  
 No answer.  
 "Did you?"  
 "I won't—I don't know—"  
 "Look at me and tell me if you understand."  
 She turned her face up to him with eyes that glistened a little. She could not speak, and so she nodded her head. "Is it all right, then?"  
 Still looking into his eyes, she nodded again.  
 "No friendship?"  
 The head moved slowly from side to side, and a little smile crept into the corners of her mouth.  
 "And you'll never be unhappy again?"  
 For answer she put her hand in his.  
 "Not even if we have a servant named Maggie?"  
 "Don't you ever mention that again, Peter Morton!"

NEURALGIA.

Cured to Stay Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It's over nine years since Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me of the worst Neuralgia a man could possibly have," said Mr Alexander Bennie, of Kaitangata, "and I have never had a twinge of it since."  
 A statement of this kind is worth reading. It plainly shows that when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure, they cure for good. Nearly ten years ago they cured Mr Bennie's Neuralgia, and he has never had a single return since. And they did this by actually making new pure rich red blood—the only sure and lasting cure for Neuralgia.

It is people with weak and watery blood who have Neuralgia. They have no strength in their system—and the delicate nerves are the first to break down. It only needs the least cold then to set the nerves jumping and burning and aching. And that is Neuralgia. Nothing can cure it, nothing can ease the aching, throbbing nerves like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually "make" new blood—the life food of the nerves—the only real cure for Neuralgia.  
 "My blood was in a bad state," Mr Bennie went on to say, "and I was always exposed to wet and cold and rough living. Before long, my nerves broke down. Suddenly a sharp stab of pain would shoot through my face, and set every nerve in my head on edge. All night long I lay groaning and pressing my hot throbbing cheeks against the pillow."  
 "I was nearly out of my mind with pain when the doctor told me to have some teeth out. I did—but it made me ten times worse. The least movement of my jaws started the pain going. I used liniments—oil, of course, they couldn't possibly touch the blood or nerves. Nothing did me any real good till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"At first Dr. Williams' Pink Pills didn't seem to be any better than common medicine," Mr Bennie continued. "They brought me up a bit and certainly gave me a marvellous appetite—but the Neuralgia seemed as bad as ever. However, I made up my mind to give them a fair trial. After the fourth box, the pain began to ease up. I started to sleep like a top, and my nerves grew strong and steady. By the time I had finished six boxes every sign of Neuralgia was gone. I have never had a twinge of pain since." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me for good.  
 Mr Bennie's case is only one of hundreds. Among your own neighbours you will find cases just as wonderful in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have struck at the root of other bad ailments like neuralgia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, kidney disease, liver complaint, headaches, and the special secret sufferings of growing girls and women when the regularity of their blood supply is disturbed. Remember, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act on the bowels. They do one thing only, but they do it well: they actually "make" new blood. If you are not sure whether your special trouble is caused by bad blood or not, write for free medical advice to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. From the same address you can order the genuine N.Z. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills by mail—3/ a box; six boxes 16/6, post free. Always in boxes—never in bottles.

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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.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been waiting all the afternoon for the "Graphic," but it has not come, and I am dreadfully disappointed when they are busy at the Post Office, and then we don't get it until Thursday morning. Thank you very much, Cousin Kate, for putting my letter in last week. Did you go up to the Domain last Saturday to hear all the bands? I had a friend to spend the afternoon with me, so we sat on the verandah and watched the crowds and crowds of people going in, and listened to the music. At least, I don't think it was much like music, as it got so monotonous. Didn't you think it was? Just fancy the one piece all the afternoon. Of course I suppose the marching would have been very nice to have seen. I received three more (study) music books yesterday from my Aunt Jessie in England, and a pretty little menu of the last dinner party she had given. It is such a pretty red one; quite different from the others I have. When are Winnie's and Olive's photos to be in the "Graphic?" Cousin Kate? They sent me one, and it is very nice. I wonder if yours is the same as mine? Oh, I forgot to tell you that with my music Valerie got some (a dozen, I think) post-cards—also from Aunt Jessie. Have you read "Fio," by Max Pemberton? I have started it, so will tell you what it is like when I finish it. Do you like Boston cream, Cousin Kate? It is a very cool drink—just lovely this weather. Mother and father are waiting for this, so I must say good-night. With heaps of love to the cousins and yourself from Cousin Muriel J., Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—Do you have your "Graphic" posted out to you every week? If you do, I expect it often does not arrive until Thursday morning. No, I didn't go up to the Domain on Saturday. I was there on Wednesday afternoon, and though I liked watching the crowd I didn't think the music good enough to make me want to go again on Saturday. I suppose each band had to play the same piece as it was a competition, but it certainly did get very monotonous. I heard that the marching was splendid on Saturday, and there seems to have been an enormous crowd of people there—between eighteen and twenty thousand people, I believe. What a grand collection of music you must be getting now. You will have to get it all bound, won't you? It gets so shabby if it is left lying about loose. I'm afraid Olive's and Winnie's photographs won't go in this week, as we have so much that has to be in, but I hope to be able to get room for it next week. I don't think I have ever tried Boston cream, but it sounds delightfully cool. Have you the recipe for it? Do you remember telling me about "Victorina" in one of your letters some time ago? I wish you would tell me all about it next time you write, where it is to be got, and the price, etc. I had a letter asking me to find out all about it, so I thought it would save time if you could tell me.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for some time, but as Mary and myself go to Prince Albert College now, there is nothing but lessons to do at night, so I have hardly any time for anything else; but I will try and get time to write to you. Mary and myself are both in the second form, but Mary does different sums to what I do. We were playing tennis to-night, and I am very hot. I am learning to serve the over-arm way. I am used to serving under-hand, so it is a bit difficult at first. Yes, indeed, Cousin Kate, I will be glad when this dreadful hot weather is over. It is true we are forever grumbling—if it is wet, we say how horrible and wet it is; if it is fine and sunny, we say, "Oh, how very hot it is." I am sure I don't know when we will be satisfied. I don't know, I'm sure, if Lillian Turner is any relation to Ethel Turner. I was just wondering if she were myself. Good-bye, Cousin Kate. I remain, your loving cousin, Amy S.

[Dear Cousin Amy,—I have been wondering how it was I had not heard from you lately, but, of course, I can quite understand that you do not have a great deal of spare time nowadays. It must take you so much more time to get to and from school, and then you say you have so many more lessons to do now. How is it that you and Mary are both in the same form? You were not in the same standard at the Renuera school, were you? It is hard to change one's style in sewing, but I think one can get a much swifter ball in serving over-arm than under-arm; don't you agree with me? Did you ever hear that song in "Princess Ida" about "souldier" life be extremely flat if there was nothing whatever to grumble at? I think that is the way we all feel, and so we grumble about the weather whenever there is nothing else to do. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for your nice answer to my last letter. Isn't the weather lovely, Cousin Kate? It is very hot. All the grass is quite burnt up looking. We had a lovely letter from my brother yesterday. He is working very hard now, as it is his final year this year. I am longing to see him again. We have started school again, but we go to Prince Albert College. It seems so funny going in the tram every day. We have a great many lessons now. There is a nice tennis court at school, and we play nearly every day. I think that bus accident was very sad. I am reading a lovely book called "The Madcap" (by Mrs. L. T. Meade). I love her books, don't you? I think it is time for me to stop now, dear Cousin Kate, as I have a great many lessons to do to-night. With fondest love to the cousins, and not forgetting your dear self. I am, your loving cousin, Mary S.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—In one way we are having perfectly lovely weather, but I don't like the heat a bit. It makes me so lazy that I have no energy to do anything. Do you like it yourself? The grass is beginning to look very burnt up now, but I think we shall have rain soon, and that will freshen it up. Have you seen the account of the "Village Fair" which is being held over at North Shore this week? I went over yesterday evening. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the whole place is brilliantly lit up with gas. It did look so pretty. How you must all look forward to the "Frisco" boats. I suppose you get long letters by every mail. But however long they are, it is much more satisfactory to be able to talk to people, isn't it? I hope you won't

have too many lessons to do at your new school. Do you think you will like it as well as going to Renuera? Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am making another start to write to you. I must tell you that I have another dear little cousin. I went up to see him on Sunday. I think that his name is to be Alex. Wesley. I was home from school the week before last with a bad cold. I spent the end of the week at Mount Eden. I went up to the Domain on Wednesday and Saturday to hear the bands. We sat up on the grandstand, so we saw everything very plainly. When the next English mail goes out I will send some post cards to that little cripple girl, and perhaps I shall write a short letter. I am going to Cambridge at Easter just for a few days with my sister. I must close now.—Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I suppose you are very delighted at having another cousin, and will always be going off to nurse him. I am very fond of nursing babies, aren't you? That is if they don't commence crying directly one takes them. I am sorry you have had such a bad cold; they are wretched things to have in the summer time, and one seems to take so much longer to get rid of them in the hot weather. I have just got over one too, so I am speaking from experience. Did you enjoy yourself at

the band contest? I went on Wednesday, but thought it was rather monotonous. I liked watching the crowd, though. There is an outward English mail, via Suez, nearly every Monday, if you would like to send the post cards to Violet Kate before the next "Frisco" mail, and that does not go out for nearly three weeks now. It is very good of you to send the post cards, and I am sure your Violet will be delighted at getting so many. They will be such a surprise to her, too. What a lucky little girl you are to be going to Cambridge for your Easter holidays; it is such a pretty place. I wonder if you will see Cousin Beatrice, who lives in Cambridge.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, I was so pleased to see my letter in the "New Zealand Graphic." I will send you some mistletoe when it is pressed; it is not pressed properly yet. When I saw my letter in the "Graphic" I was going to answer it the next day, but I kept forgetting it, but I made up my mind to write to-day. I do not think Arthur can answer, cousin Doreen's last puzzle, so I am going to put a puzzle at the end of my letter. I do not think Arthur has written to you for a long time. We are having lovely weather here now, but it is sometimes very hot. Dear cousin, I do not think I will be able to write you a very long letter, as I have not got any more news, so I must say good-bye. Give my love to all the other cousins, and the rest to yourself.—Cousin Queenie Kariori.

## THE PUZZLE.

A man had a fox, a goose, and some corn to convey over a brook. He could only take one at a time, and could not leave the fox and the goose together, nor the goose and the corn. How did he get them over?

[Dear Cousin Queenie,—You are quite right; Arthur has not written to me for a very long time now, not since he answered Cousin Doreen's puzzle. Will you tell him that I should like to hear from him again some day soon? Thank you so much for pressing the mistletoe for me; I have never seen any; I am quite looking forward to getting it. It was very good of you to think about it. You say you are are having lovely weather, but very hot sometimes. I wonder if it is as hot at Kariori as in Auckland; it makes us all so lazy and sleepy, and sometimes I'm afraid a little cross, too. I am going to put your puzzle in



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the "Graphic," but I don't think many of the cousins will be able to guess it; but, perhaps, some of them have seen it before. I haven't and can't guess it either. I saw one something like it before, and the answer was, "Gave it up like you."—Cousin Kate.]

✦ ✦ ✦

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was so excited when the "Graphic" came this morning to read that I had gained the second prize for the competition. I think you must have misunderstood my age as I am not yet thirteen, and will not be so until May next. Last Saturday I went to stay with Cousin Ruby until Monday. I had simply a glorious time, and never enjoyed myself more. Gwen collects postcards, and she says she will send some to Violet later. I have just read such a lovely book called, "Mollie's Prince," by Rosa Carey, and have just commenced another by Katherine Tynan called "Three Fair Maids." Have you ever read a book called "A Naughty Girl's Dairy"? It is so funny and rather clever. I hope you will excuse my not having written to you for such a long time, but I have been very busy with lessons. Now, dear Cousin Kate, as there is no more news, I will end this letter. With love from Cousin Stella, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Stella.—I am sorry I made a mistake about your age, but I'm afraid it is too late to make any alteration now. I had forgotten that you had told me your age, and was really going by the letters themselves, and yours are so well written and well expressed that I thought you must be quite fourteen. In any case I don't think it would be quite fair to put you in the same class as little Doreen, who cannot be more than nine years old, if she is as much as that. I suppose Cousin Ruby has quite settled down after her holiday. She seemed to be away from Auckland such a long time. What did you do, when you were staying with her, that you enjoyed yourself so much? I am so glad that some of the Cousins are going to send post cards to Violet later, it must be so dreadful to be quite helpless and dependant on the people for everything. I have read "Mollie's Prince," and liked it very much indeed, but I haven't read either of the other books you mention. I think I should have to read day and night and never do anything else, if I were to try and read all the books the Cousins' tell me about, as well as all the ones I want to read for myself.—Cousin Kate.]

### Children's Parties.

It is not everyone who can give a children's party that results in pleasure and enjoyment to all; and now that the children's party season is in full swing, a few words as to the management of these may not be misplaced. The mother often finds that these parties are a great deal more trying and take quite as much preparation as it does when she is entertaining her own friends.

A children's party, to be a success, should be superintended by one who thoroughly understands the little ones, and a few grown-ups are required to join in the games and frolic, and make them go with a will.

When issuing the invitations, see that not too many are invited, as in this case it is very awkward to arrange games that all can join in, and some shy little people may be left out in the cold. Send the invitations out on pretty cards, specially sold for children, as the young folk like these better than the stiff, grown-up ones.

For girls and boys from about thirteen to sixteen, perhaps nothing is more successful than a "progressive games" party. This is conducted on similar lines to "progressive whist." The boys and girls are provided with little cards and pencils, blue for the former and pink for the latter. Have as many small tables placed round the room as you will require for the number invited, and put one game on each table. Board games that can be played by four persons answer the purpose best, and race games being general favourites, these should be included; and diddlewinks also answers the purpose. Pair the children off to start, and arrange four at each table. The winner of

the game gains one mark, and proceeds to the next table and so on.

This causes a lot of amusement, and there is no pausing to wonder what games shall be played next.

Prizes should be presented to the boy and girl winners and also "booby" prizes to the two who have the lowest number of marks.

If you give a party on these lines refreshments should be passed round while the games are in progress and a nice supper be ready when they are all over. Do not arrange for the number the winners have to reach to be too high, or the games will take up too much time, and some may have to go home supperless.

It is not very difficult to think of games that will interest children of younger ages, and for a good romping game, blind man's buff is a general favourite, and hard to beat. Hunt the thimble is usually liked by all, and may be varied a little if the hostess beforehand hides little presents all round the room, and sets the children at work to find them.

For a young children's party, try and arrange that they sit down to the table to supper, and a great many accidents will be avoided. See that the little girls are provided with large serviettes, so that their pretty dresses may not be spoiled, or the enjoyment marred by wondering what mother will say when she finds the party dress all stained with lemonade or coffee.

When preparing supper for the children, remember that they like pretty dishes as well as grown-up people; and simple, wholesome dainties may be made to look very tempting without using a lot of rich ingredients. For instance, if custard is used with trifles, they look just as well as when covered with cream, and sponge cake and custard can do no harm to the most delicate child; and there are several other dishes which can be treated in a similar way.

### Tuskie.

Fuzzy was a little Indian boy. When he was so small that he could only laugh and cry, the king of the elephants had carried him off into the jungle. His parents searched for him everywhere, but they did not search the jungle. It is never wise to search the jungle unless you have a gun, and even then it is safest to sit in a high tree.

The king of the elephants was very kind to Fuzzy. He taught him to walk and to run much faster than you ever run. And this is the way he taught him. Under a bamboo was a tiger. Under a palm tree was a banana. If Fuzzy got to the palm tree before the tiger he got the banana. If the tiger got there before Fuzzy he got the banana and Fuzzy. So you see that Fuzzy learned to run very fast. The elephant also took Fuzzy for long rides. He would wrap his trunk round the little boy, lift him high in the air, and drop him on his back. Then they went together through the jungle. At first Fuzzy used to feel queer, but soon he liked it very much. He never had to pay a penny as you do at the Zoo; and when he was hungry the elephant gave him fruit and berries from the trees. When it was hot they plashed into deep pools where the reeds and grasses were as high as the elephant's ears, and wild birds flew over their heads. Sometimes Fuzzy asked the elephant if he could go home.

"Why cannot I go to my father and mother?" he would say.

But the elephant always answered, "You are better here. When I carried you away I swore you should never return till they gave me back Tuskie."

"Tell me about Tuskie," Fuzzy would say. And this is what the elephant used to tell him.

"Many, many seasons ago, I had a son—he was Tuskie. More sprightly than the jackal, swifter than the tiger, stronger than the lion was Tuskie; but he was foolish, and did not fear men. I warned him to avoid the dwellings of men, for men are cruel, and do not love us."

"My father is not cruel."

"It was your father who took my Tuskie. Foolish son, your father is a bearer of families. He snared the wild creatures, and leads them in chains; he makes their lives a sorrow. He followed my Tuskie for many days, and caught him with traps and guns. Then he took him across the sea. Do you know what

the sea is like? It is a great green meadow that is never still. Animals cannot drink it as they do the pool at sunset, for it is bitter. Sometimes it is blue, sometimes it is green, and often it is covered with white flowers which men call waves. My Tuskie was taken across this sea, and he has been brought back but I have never seen him. Your father, they say, is often in the plain, snaring more wild beasts, but him I have never seen."

"Take me to him," Fuzzy would say; "I will set Tuskie free."

"Are you not happy?"

"Yes; but I want to see my home."

As Fuzzy grew older he thought more and more about going to his home. One day he met a jackal. "I have seen Tuskie," said the Jackal. Everyone in the jungle knew about Tuskie.

"Where is he?" asked Fuzzy.

"In the village where the sun rises. There are many other beasts with him."

"Is my father there?"

"That I do not know. But you must make haste, or they will have gone."

Fuzzy ran as fast as he could and found the Elephant. He told him that Tuskie was in the village where the sun rose, and that they must go and set him free. The Elephant was afraid.

"If we go near them," he said, "they will come out with guns and put us in cages."

"We can run," said Fuzzy.

At last the Elephant said he would come, for his love for Tuskie was greater than his fear. So Fuzzy was swung on to his friend's back, and they started. The village lay many miles east of the jungle, and when they were clear of the great trees and the thick scrub there was still the plain to cross, so when they had tramped across the last field the sun had set. But this was well, for the Elephant could not go near the village in the daylight. When it was dark, Fuzzy and the Elephant crept close up to the village fences. Just over them they could see the tents and the fires, and hear the cries of the animals.

"We are behind what men call a Wild Beast Show," said the Elephant. If only I could find my Tuskie!"

"Tuskie is here," said a voice beside them.

Then Fuzzy and the Elephant saw that a long trunk came from under a tent just over the fence. It waved along the ground gently, but they could not see Tuskie.

"My long-lost Tuskie! Are you in the tent?"

"Yes—alone!"

"Bound or free?"

"Bound with five cords. Men will come before long."

"I will creep under the tent and set Tuskie free," said Fuzzy. "You stay here. When I whistle you must run

for the jungle as hard as you can. Tuskie will go another way, but he will be free, and can join us when we are all safe."

Fuzzy climbed the fence softly, and crept into the tent. Inside he found Tuskie tied with many cords, which he cut with his hunting-knife.

"That is all very well," said Tuskie; "but how can I get out? The men will see me. They are returning now!"

"Do as I tell you," said Fuzzy, "and all will be well. When I whistle the King of the Elephants—your father—will run for the jungle. The men will follow him; but he has got the start, and in the noise you can slip away from this side."

Fuzzy whistled; then, crawling again from the tent, he loosened it so that Tuskie could get out more easily. The King of the Elephants, once clear of the village, raised a loud bellow, and began to run for the jungle. He swung from side to side like a huge ship in a wind as he ran. Everyone in the village looked in amazement. The men dropped their axes, the women stopped cooking, the little children ran to their mothers crying. Fuzzy sprang in the midst of them, waving his arms.

"The Elephant is loose!" he cried.

Then the people began shouting and quarrelling. They quarrelled so hard as to whose fault it was that it was a long time before they began to follow the Elephant, and none of them thought of taking the other way. If they had they would have seen Tuskie moving off amongst the shadows. Some of the men at last turned to Fuzzy.

"He's let him out. The rascal! Hold him!"


"I did, and there's two of them. Catch me if you can!" cried Fuzzy. He sprang through the people and took to his heels—straight across the plain, after the Elephant, to the jungle. He heard cries and the hoofs of horses behind him, but Fuzzy could run faster than them all. He ran until he overtook the Elephant, and then they ran more gently together through bushes and tall grass, for they had now reached the border of the jungle. The

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Turned-up Point, 1832.



Elephant's feet sounded like thuds of damp earth as they struck the ground, and several times bullets came buzzing past their ears. But Fuzzy thought of how he had been taught to run, and of all the bananas he had saved by the skin of his teeth from the teeth of the tiger. At last, gasping and weary, he threw himself down in their home of boughs and soft leaves and slept until the morning sun burned on his face. When Fuzzy looked round once more Tuskie and the King of the Elephants were beside him.  
 "We are safe," said Tuskie, "and Fuzzy saved me."  
 "Yes, but if he returns to his people

they will kill him," said the King of the Elephants.  
 "Why?" asked Fuzzy.  
 "Because you have set free my son Tuskie. You shall live with us for ever."  
 "But will they kill me if I say I am their child?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well see about that," said Fuzzy, and up he sprang and ran and ran until he reached the village. The sun was so hot that he was almost blinded. He burst into the first tent he came to and threw himself down on the floor. Two women were busy in the tent, and one of them brought him a cup of milk.

"I do not eat or drink," cried Fuzzy, "till I see my parents."  
 "Who are your parents?" asked the woman.  
 "My parents are great people," said Fuzzy. "All these beasts and tents belong to them. I was taken from them by the King of the Elephants because they had stolen his son Tuskie."  
 The woman took Fuzzy in her arms and kissed him.  
 "You are my child," she said.  
 "Last night," said Fuzzy, "with my own hands I freed Tuskie. For doing that they said you would kill me."

"My child," said Fuzzy's mother, kissing him many times "your father is alive no more. All that he had was mine—it is now yours. Do with it what you will, but stay with your mother."  
 Then she sent the maid-servant who was with her to call the keepers of the beasts and the servants and the villagers, and taking Fuzzy's hand she went out and showed them her newly found son.  
 And Fuzzy bowed to his mother and said:  
 "My mother, I have hands and I have feet. I will serve you by their labour all my life, but the birds and the wild beasts shall go free."



# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Evenings at the Cosy Club.

THIS WEEK'S DISCUSSION: "IS MARRIED LIFE FOR A WOMAN PREFERABLE TO SINGLE?"

Chairwoman: Ladies, the question before the meeting to-night is—"Is Married Life for a Woman Preferable to Single?" The discussion will be opened by Miss Marian Young, who, being unmarried, is in a position to judge—theoretically!—and who will speak in favour of it. After that, you are all invited to give your views on either side.

Marian (rising): Mrs. Chairwoman and Ladies, as you all know, I have never been married—down to the present. But that is not because I do not hold with the principle, but for certain private reasons which it is not necessary to inflict on you now. I hold that for a woman the married life is a far safer, happier, broader, more satisfying life than the single. Safer because she is usually guarded by her husband from temptation of every description, and if not consciously by her husband, unconsciously by her own sense of what is owing to herself as his wife, and as the mother of his children; happier because more unselfish; broader and more satisfying because she has perforce to throw herself into so many interests outside her own, if she is to keep the intellectual respect and comradeship, to say nothing of the love of her husband, and the devotion of her children.

Edith: Mrs. Chairwoman and Ladies, I also have never married, and don't mean to—

Mrs. Plumper (sotto voce): She'll never get the chance!

Edith (severely): —and never mean to. But judging from all I see and hear of my married friends' experience, it seems to me that a woman is far happier and far better off living in single blessedness, for then at least she has a peaceful, quiet life, and isn't bothered with the ways and tempers of a man—

Mrs. Plumper: What nonsense! A woman's always bothered with the ways and tempers of someone; if it isn't a man, then it's another woman; and a woman's ways are harder to put up with than a man's.

Edith: I don't agree with you. A man's much more selfish. With him, it's all take and no give. Now a woman does a bit of both.

Marian: Perhaps she may. But then think, on the other hand, how petty and trivial and narrow a woman gets if she doesn't rub shoulders with a man. Take any household you can think of where there are only women, especially elderly women, and think what an atmosphere of littleness surrounds it. In such a place the four walls that bound their own home bound the centre of the universe and of all their interest. Women who live alone may, in fact, they generally do, have great bodily and personal

comfort, because the machinery of the house runs regularly and smoothly, without the upsets that a man living in the house generally occasions. But it doesn't seem to me that any amount of personal comfort will make up for the loneliness of the unmarried middle-aged woman.

It's all very well while we're young, and other people, especially men, help us to have a good time. But remember when a woman is middle-aged, or old and is unmarried, everyone looks on her as rather a nuisance in society or at a party. She is no longer pretty and attractive, so she gets no attention from the men. She isn't a "Mrs.," and is therefore of little importance, and consequently gets no consideration from the women.

Lena: Yes, that's true enough, as I know by experience! And I suppose if all men were good to their wives, it would be different. But think how many are or at any rate, how many marriages are really happy. How many do you know?

Marian: Oh, a great many.  
Edith: Then you're lucky, for I don't! And it stands to reason it must be far far worse to be married to a man you don't like (and I don't see how you can be sure you're going to like a man for always (ill you're married to him) than not to be married at all.

Mrs. Nestful: I'm not so sure about that. It seems to me that if a woman isn't married she has lost her share in woman's natural heritage. No, I'm sure you're wrong. If a woman marries and is unhappy, well, it must be terrible; I'm sure it is terrible. But if she never marries, then she has always got a grudge against fate that she has not had her fair innings in life. She has not had her chance of being a happy wife and—that is quite as much her rightful heritage—her chance of being a happy mother.

Audrey Scribner: Well, of course, that depends entirely on how you look at things. For my part I don't see that it is such a great thing to be a man's wife. If you have a profession or work you like of your own, you have to give it up to look after his house and bring up his children. You can no longer develop your individuality—that is, if you want any peace and quiet in the house. The only way for a married woman to secure that is to become a mere echo of her husband. And I maintain that that isn't fair. A woman is a breathing, living personality, with a life and a soul as important to her as a man's to him. Why should she be a man's chattel and a man's drudge and a man's echo? Why shouldn't he be hers?

Mrs. Plumper: My dear, aren't you aren't we all, leaving out the main, vital point, and arguing around the side issues? We may not approve of things

as they are, we may wish that they, and above all, ourselves, were different. But if we argue for a whole year we shall not get away from the primary fact that a woman is born to love and to spend herself in the service of the one she loves best, if she has the chance! And that one, in the natural, primitive ordering of our senses, is nearly always a man. And if she loves a man, she cares not a jot whether she has a profession, or an individuality, aye, or even a soul.

I don't say this is high philosophy, or the Gospel of Woman as it should be. But I do say it is the Gospel of Woman as it is, has been, and probably ever will be!

Chairwoman: Ladies, ladies, time's up. Those in favour of married life being happier and better for a woman than a single life, kindly hold up their hands. Thank you—six. Those against it? One, ladies, the motion is carried by a majority of six to one.

## The Girl Who Quickly Wins a Husband.

### USEFUL ADVICE FOR THE UNATTACHED GIRL.

We are what Nature and training make us. To try and alter our disposition and settled habits would only make us appear unnatural and probably foolish." This was the reply made, in the writer's hearing, by a girl of eighteen to her mother when the latter bemoaned her daughter's unattractiveness, and ventured the opinion that she would never secure a husband unless she altered her ways and manners very considerably.

To a certain extent the girl was quite correct in her remark, although it was a rather unkind one, seeing that it reflected somewhat discreditably upon the mother. We are what Nature and training make us, but if we have not been well made and well trained, there is no reason whatever why we should not set about trying to improve ourselves. The girl who, like the one mentioned above, philosophically accepts what has been done for her, and concludes that she herself has no power to alter what she is, deserves every reproach, and will probably live and die an old maid.

There are many such girls in this world. They see other girls who are pretty and well-cultured; who have excellent taste in dress, and are pleasing and fascinating in their ways and manners. But although they may envy such girls for a time, there seems no real desire on their part to copy them. Such neglect is rather foolish, for it is every girl's duty to make the best of herself. Deep down in the bottom

of every girl's heart is the thought that some day she may marry the man of her choice and live happy ever after. But she is not likely to realise this natural ambition if she does not take the deepest interest in herself.

There is comfort for the average girl in the fact that it is not always her pretty and accomplished sister who most quickly wins a husband. Men nowadays study girls from quite a different point of view. They are attracted more towards the quiet, useful girl, who proves herself indispensable at home, and in catering for the pleasures and wants of others. She may not be able to talk a great deal, her conversational powers being somewhat limited; but she pleases a man by being what every girl can become—a good listener.

The girl who would make herself attractive must not try to remedy all her defects at once. Neither should she take one girl whom she admires as a pattern and copy all she says and does. By doing so, she certainly will make herself appear unnatural, and perhaps foolish. The unattractive girl must first of all try to discover in what direction her faults lay. Perhaps she has no taste in dress. If so, she must find out, by consulting friends and dress-makers, what styles best suit her, and keep to those styles, no matter what the fashions may be. Men are attracted far more towards the girl who is neatly dressed, rather than toward one who follows unsuitable fashions.

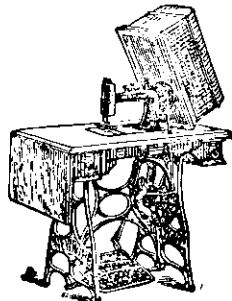
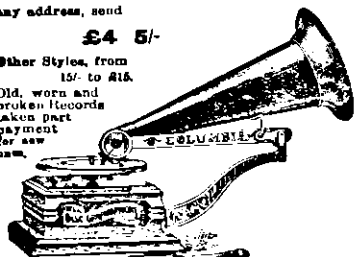
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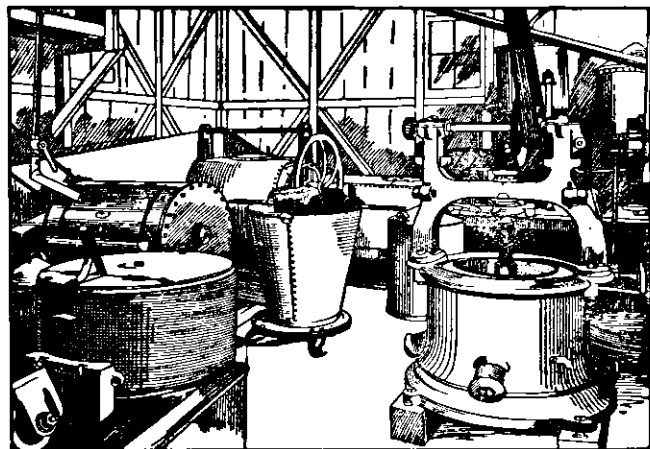
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can improve upon Nature's handiwork in this direction, by taking care of her health, thus securing a good complexion; eschewing habits which have a detrimental effect on the figure, and indulging in those exercises and recreations which add grace and beauty of form; there are ample facilities nowadays. In fact, no girl need be discouraged because Nature has been in any way unkind to her.

As a matter of fact, there is an infallible method by which any girl can counterbalance lack of beauty. This is by cultivating the mind, and proving herself to be a girl of common-sense. There is no girl a man likes to talk to so much as one who can take an intelligent interest in all that concerns him. The girl who quickly wins a husband nowadays, is the one who is not only pleasing to the eye, but also pleasing to the mind. The butterfly girl has no real attractiveness for the serious-minded man of to-day. He may admire her appearance, and interest himself in her amusements for the time being; but he looks for more solid qualities than she possesses, in the woman he is to marry.

It is really the practical-minded girl

to whom he is most quickly attracted - the one who, while taking a keen interest in herself, and exhibiting the hundred-and-one little feminine ways so dear to the heart of the man, shows that she could be relied upon to prove a good helping companion to the man she married. That is why the homely, useful girl stands a far better chance of marrying than her prettier or more accomplished sister.

A woman is invariably attractive in home life. She has been assigned a certain position in the home by Providence, and if she fills it as she is meant to do, she must ever be charming.

In your desire to be attractive, however, do not let your one anxiety be to please men. The more unconscious a girl appears of the existence of the opposite sex, the more eager man will be to claim her acquaintance. Many girls spoil their matrimonial chances by showing themselves too eager to win a man's admiration. The latter cannot fail to see the motive which underlies the conduct of such a girl, the result being, of course, that she at once cheapens herself in his estimation.

## How Many Evenings Out For the Married Man?

UNFORTUNATELY, HUSBANDS, BEING CREATIONS, AND NOT "MADE WITH HANDS," DIFFER FROM EACH OTHER IN THE MOST SURPRISING WAY, AND THAT'S WHERE THE TROUBLE USUALLY BEGINS.

"How many evenings out for the married man?"

It is one of those domestic questions which are always with us.

Of course, if Tom and Dick and Harry were all cut from the same piece of clay, as it were—or even if there were a strong family likeness between them—the solution to this problem would have been discovered and patented and passed round as a wedding present centuries ago.

Unfortunately, husbands differ from each other in the most surprising way, and that's where the trouble usually begins.

Dulcie, having married Dick, and being miserably convinced that he loves her no longer because he proposed spending an evening at his club, consults her mamma.

Now, Dulcie's mamma married papa—he was only known as Tom Trelawney in those days—who belongs to the class of husband that clings to home more closely than the limpet to the rock.

Consequently she sympathises with Dulcie, misunderstands Dick, and you can picture the rest for yourself.

Dulcie's mamma has probably forgotten her early married life, and

wouldn't believe you if you told her that when she was a bride she sometimes actually longed for papa to go out for an evening so as to give her a chance to experiment with face massage, or have dinner in a dressing-gown, or even to be dull and mopy by herself, if she felt that way inclined, without having him fussing round her with the irritating sympathy of an ignorant though well-intending male.

Nowadays, after five-and-twenty years, she would be infinitely less disturbed by an earthquake than by his proposing to spend an evening out. And she thinks all the other husbands in the world, if they were good husbands, would be constructed on those lines.

She quite believes "it takes all sorts to make a world," but she doesn't dream of applying the maximum to real life.

Probably she mournfully relates that "Dulcie is the very image of papa, a regular homebird," as if that made Dick's conduct worse, instead of explaining it.

Why, it is just precisely because Dulcie is so sweet and soothing and stay-at-home that gay, genial, gad-about Dick fell in love with her! And she reciprocated his affection because she felt in him the very attributes she lacked.

By now the human race would be divided into two distinct varieties. The "home-birds," who would have got so homey that they were practically rooted to their houses, like vegetables; and the "society-birds," homeless as the winds of heaven, always pursuing some new thing, and when they fell out by the way, condemned to suffer and die alone, as the wild things do, for their mates would have lost the power to tend them.

What you want in marriage is not an echo, but a complement.

There are three things every quiet wife, who has taken to herself—for better, for worse, remember—a festive husband, should bear in mind.

The first thing is: Discussing one's husband with another woman is as dangerous as playing with edged tools, and about as helpful.

Watch the other woman if you like; observe and deduct, and rise on stepping-stones of their mistakes to wiser things.

Don't try to prevent Dick going out for the evening the very first time he wants to do so, whether it be to his club, or for billiards with that confirmed old bachelor, Brown; or to some abstruse and scientific lecture which doesn't seem to you the least enticing; or even—oh, oh, dreadful thought—to some place of entertainment, possibly even a music-hall!

If you look aggrieved, or coax, or tease, he will probably stay at home the first time, and the second, and the third—for your sake. But he will not love you better for it, even though he may not love you less.

Don't say—either to yourself, to him, or to your best friend, "I don't want to go out alone—why should my husband want to?"

It's different—absolutely, and what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander in this connection.

Before you married Dick you lived at home, and stayed at home most evenings, and naturally you find no difficulty in continuing to do so now, especially with a brand-new, or nearly new, husband to play with.

But before Dick married you he was a festive bachelor, and rarely disported himself at home at all. Innumerable hostesses—your mamma amongst them, Dulcie!—did their level best to persuade him to spend his evenings abroad. He had seven evenings out in the week, and instead of finding fault, everybody said: "What a pleasant, sociable young man Dick is!"

If you make him feel that you'd like to keep him prisoner—that's fatal.

Another thing, Dick will appreciate home all the more on his six nights in if he spends one evening away from it. It will help him to remember that he wasn't always a happy married man, with everything "just so" at home, with a sympathetic someone to warm his slippers, and listen to his worries, and see that his dinner is nice, and generally cocker him up as adoring, stay at home wives love to do.

And that brings me to my final point.

Granted that a good husband, with a charming wife and a happy home, may sometimes spend an evening elsewhere than beside his own hearth, and other-

wise than in company of—his wife, without being considered a monster then, how often may he do so? Once a month, once a week, twice a week? Or what?

Dulcie will be a goose if she doesn't let Dick have an "evening out" just whenever he feels inclined.

But it is her business to see that Dick does not want to have an evening out more than once now and then.

No husband—I am talking about the average real life husband, not the occasional monster—however social his nature, should want to turn out of his comfy home as a usual thing to do.

And if an otherwise satisfactory Dick develops a propensity for frequent "evenings out," it means that Dulcie hasn't yet acquired the art of making home the most attractive place on earth.

Making a semi-detached suburban villa into a home is an art that does not come by nature to every woman; but, unlike music or painting, it is an art that can be acquired.

Home-making is extremely subtle, and has to be done sub rosa if it is to work. But what is the use of being a woman and a wife at all if you can't revolutionise your tactics under your husband's very nose without his discovering anything but that he is an exceptionally happy man, who has somehow lost his taste for "evenings out"?

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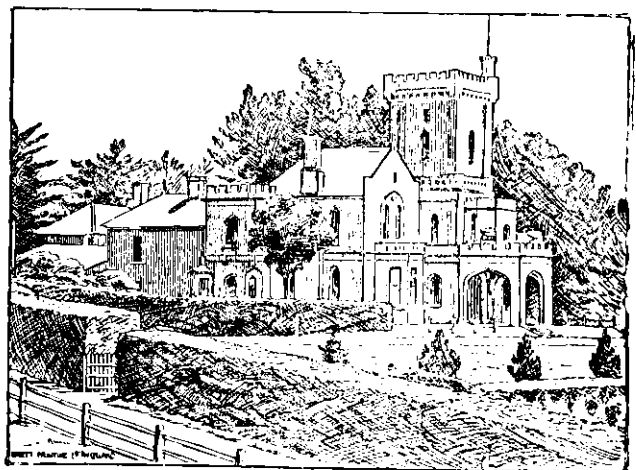
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### "Savouries" and the Complexion

Byron's "bread-and-butter miss" was a little mawkish and sickly sentimental, perhaps, but she had a lovely milk-and-roses complexion.

And so would 80 per cent. of women if they only kept to a simple nursery diet. But directly a girl comes out she kicks over health traces and starts on devilled kidneys and Welsh rarebits, etc., at supper after the play. And then the trouble with her skin begins.

It is only within the past 15 years that women woke up to the epicurean delights of the hors d'oeuvre and the savoury.

To start with olives, German sausage, and raw salt anchovies, and to finish up with devilled bones or cheese with chilies, used to be considered only fit for a man. Nowadays, girls and women take these things as a matter of course.

In the wife's own family, if a feminine person had been seen 15 years ago eating cheese, pickles, clintney, smoked salmon, or any of the highly spiced savouries which now appear at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, she would have been thought hopelessly vulgar.

Nowadays, mere girls are not satisfied without such highly spiced pick-me-ups and tibits at every meal. It was a fearful shock not long since to see a charming looking girl of 17 eating pickled onions and pork, and drinking a small whisky-and-soda!

One knew that food of this sort would at once ruin her skin and complexion before she was 25.

Old-fashioned mothers used to take the utmost care of their young daughters' diet. Their food was simple and pure, as a young girl's diet should be.

Byron's "bread-and-butter miss" has been a good deal ridiculed; but a man would be much more likely to idealise, romance over, and fall in love with her than with her clintney and "savoury" modern sister! And the skin and complexion of such a girl would be a thing of beauty and joy to her and others for ever.

Since woman took to man's rich, spiced, and seasoned foods, and dined so much in public restaurants, ate made-up dishes, entrees, and the complexion and digestion-destroying diet served at table d'hotes, there has been a regular rush for beauty doctors, face masseuses, and every conceivable sort of artificial make-up.

It is said you can't eat your cake and have it.

Neither can you eat the strong diet of a man to say nothing of drinking his strong drinks and smoking his cigarettes, and have the skin and complexion of a daintily living, pure-dieted woman. And it is of no use to imagine that steaming, strapping, creams at a guinea a pot and face massage will conceal the havoc wrought in a woman's beauty by "restaurant food." An unnatural diet causes unnatural wear and tear. And just as there is no royal road to learning, so there is no royal road to beauty.

The way is built up largely of self-denial and careful diet. "Home Care."

### Don'ts for Mothers.

Don't try to make a baby sit up till it does so of its own accord. It will do this without any slowing or teaching when its spine is strong enough.

Don't take your young infants out in mail carts. They are very good for children over three, but younger ones need a bassinette or perambulator. Don't give young children pickles, condiments, strong tea, or any kind of alcohol. Such things are very injurious to little ones. Don't leave bottles of medicine, liniments, disinfectants, or pills within reach of children. Childish curiosity is a thing to be reckoned with, and even the fear of punishment will not deter them from sampling the contents of forbidden bottles and boxes.

Don't give children medicine that has been ordered for a grown-up. This is always dangerous, as what has only a very mild effect upon the system of an adult is sufficient to upset a child for weeks afterwards.

### Household Reminders.

That hot milk added to potatoes when washing them will keep them from being soggy or heavy.

That celery should lie at least an hour in cold water before being served, in order to be firm and crisp.

That cheese may be kept moist by wrapping in cloth wrung out of vinegar and hung up in a paper bag in a cool place.

That a pinch of salt thrown into the

coffee pot will improve the aroma of the coffee.

That a piece of flannel dampened in camphor is nice with which to polish mirrors.

That the knife should be held perpendicularly when cutting warm cake.

That ammonia will remove white stains from furniture.

That a pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs will make them whip easily.

That washing fabrics may be set in colour if given a thorough rinsing in a salt-and-water solution before being put into the regular wash.

That mildew stains may be removed from articles by soaking in a solution of four quarts of cold water and one tablespoonful of chloride of lime. Wash well in clear water afterwards, and hang in the sun to dry.

### Restful People.

"Very pleasant, but slow!" How often we hear simple-minded people called this. And we frequently smile at these quiet, steady-going people. But whilst we agree that they are pleasant, are they not also restful—restful to others who are bustling about, so occupied as to seem to have no time for repose.

There is something refreshing about their manner, their tranquil talk. They know something of what is going on, of course, but there are so many things into which they have entered only slightly. And when you talk of those things of which they know so little, their remarks cause you to think and

to ask yourself whether there is so much in the hurly-burly as you had imagined. Is it worth while?

You must go through it, perhaps; your living depends on it; but you go away with the feeling that you would like to pass an hour or two with them more frequently. That afternoon visit with a cup of tea has been very restful and has given you fresh energy, and has helped you to take a more rational view of life.

They enjoy life, those simple, "slow," out-of-date people. They have their troubles, which they bear bravely. They have a mission, if we can only see it. To come in contact with them is like the pouring of oil on troubled waters.

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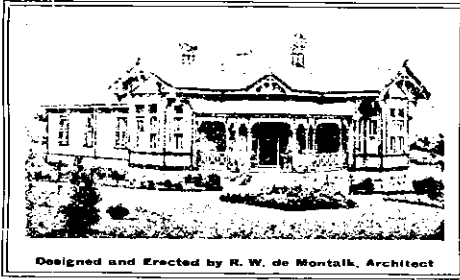
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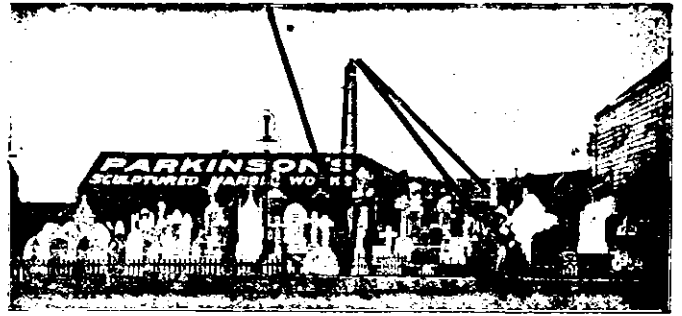
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**LOCATION**—Take College Hill car and ask the conductor to put you down at Nelson Street. **IT WILL PAY YOU.**



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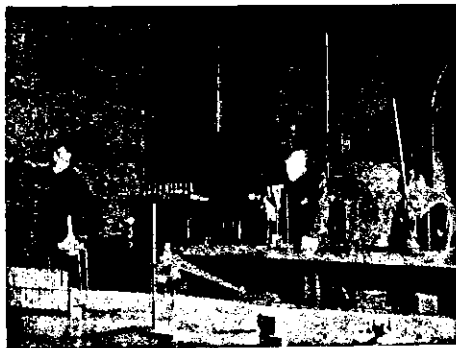
**AERATED WATER and CORDIAL MANUFACTURERS**

GOLD MEDAL FOR AERATED WATERS AND CORDIALS. Auckland Exhibition, 1898-99.

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PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

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



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PROSPECTUS CAN BE OBTAINED AT MESSRS UPTON AND CO'S, QUEEN STREET

25/-

The "MARVEL" Watch.  
 Patent Screw Back. Oxidized Steel Case. Lever Movement. Non-Magnetic Watch.  
**MOST RELIABLE.**

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 TWO WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

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Have your Watch repaired by **A. KOHN.**

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BUY YOUR WATCH FROM **A. KOHN**, 178 Queen Street, Auckland, who is known to be the most reliable Watchmaker and Jeweller in Auckland.

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See our 4-guinea to 9-guinea RINGS.

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**A SPECIAL LINE GREENSTONE BANGLES, 57/6.**

40/-

The "CANTERBURY" Gents' Silver Keyless Lever Watch. Full Jeweled. Compensation Balance and Rigid Dial-Proof Cap.

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Sole Agent RHEUMATIC RINGS. Cured Thousands.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

I should advise each and all of you about to order new frocks of any and every kind to see that they are cut certainly full very full as regards sleeves and skirts. In Paris the sleeves are voluminous. To our idea of course they look exaggerated, and every exaggeration is in bad taste. The great thing seems to me to hit the happy medium, and for this reason would say allow your skirts fairly full and your sleeves also. So far in England fashion shows a plain sleeve at the shoulder and a very full bishop or bag shape at the wrist. In Paris, however, it is exactly the other way. The somewhat old time leg-of-mutton sleeve is back again, and carrying all before it. The cuff is in almost every instance quite tight, while the shoulder bulges out, and is set in pleats and gathers without end. This information I give merely as a matter of interest, because I would not for the world have you copy such exaggerations to the full. As time goes on I will give further particulars of fashions to be; but at the moment it behoves us all to go carefully, and certainly not to order our new frocks to be cut too narrow.

The feather stoles of various kinds, which were to be had at such remarkably low prices during the recent sales, are still obtaining, and are as fashionable as they can possibly be. Therefore, those of you who have invested in such delights will feel doubly proud of your possessions, and of the bargains which you have no doubt obtained. These charming stoles are not only becoming, but delightfully warm, and may be worn immediately, and continued in wear for many months to come. Even in winter itself they will look well worn over a cloth or fur jacket of almost any make. Of course, I am referring to feather stoles in black or brown shades. White stoles are suitable only for quite best or evening wear; but I fancy most of

my readers have been too sensible to spend their money in such fleeting charms.

Never has the home dressmaker-way been rendered more easy than at the present time in the variety of trimmings available and ready for putting on to the gown. Not only are there all kinds of Oriental galons, of embroideries upon silk, of stamped and braided cloths, and of rich passementeries to be bought by the yard, but the "motif" and applique styles have been immensely extended in scope. At less than 4/ a yard this latter may be obtained, embodying bold devices of velvet in the newest colourings, with black and white silk braid.

Others are carried out in braid entirely, and constitute an admirable addition to cloth or serge dresses, while there are raised embroideries of flowers and fruit, suggestive of the most elaborate and patent hand work.

§ § §

THREE VERY EFFECTIVE DESIGNS FOR BLOUSES TO BE WORN AT AFTERNOON OR EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Designs for pretty afternoon and evening blouses will be seen on this page. On the left of the trio of blouses will be perceived a soft white nun's veiling

model with a deep shoulder collar, narrowing to the waist, scalloped at the edge, and bound with panne. A pretty substitute for the panne is to be found in finger-width fur, which looks particularly well in company with soft satin, a fabric that might well account for this model. The festoons of roses and leaves that so charmingly adorn the blouse are made of applique chiffon roses with silk foliage. From the task of making them no girl with deft fingers should shrink, for it is delightful work, and the result is exquisitely beautiful.

Next in order upon the illustration is a more than usually pretty bodice mainly made of chiffon frills strengthened and



THREE VERY EFFECTIVE DESIGNS FOR BLOUSES TO BE WORN AT AFTERNOON OR EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.



A STYLISH HAT.



A SIMPLE EVENING BODICE, TRIMMED WITH GAUGED RUFFLES.

beautified by means of velvet bands overlaid with embroidered medallions of lace. Such a corsage as this allied to an accordion-pleated skirt composes a delightful gown that might be worn in the afternoon or evening, for the smartest dressmakers are still sending out their afternoon frocks of ceremony for the house with elbow sleeves.

The third shirt revealed is primarily intended for afternoon wear, and would figure at one of those now so popular progressive bridge parties, or one of the other forms of entertainment rife in the winter months. It is carried out in moonlight blue soft silk, with a collar and vest of cream lace, and deep cream lace cuffs joined to a couple of full puffs that account for the rest of the sleeve.

The third shirt revealed is primarily



A VISITING COSTUME.



WHITE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, WITH HERRING-BONE AND EMBROIDERED APPLICATIONS.



A PRETTY FROCK.

# CADBURY'S

Curly locks,  
airy tares,  
Will thou  
be mine?  
Thou shalt  
not wash  
dishes,  
Nor yet  
feed the  
Swine.

But sit on  
cushion  
Awaiting  
in State  
And feasting on  
Cadbury's Milk  
Chocolate.

## MILK CHOCOLATE

Absolute Purity  
(Guaranteed)

THE NEW SWEETMEAT FOOD.

Pure cocoa, pure sugar, and pure fresh milk from the famous English meadows alone being used. A product of the beautiful Garden City of Bourneville, founded by the manufacturers of

## CADBURY'S COCOA

of which *The Analyst* says it is "Absolutely Pure," and *The Lancet* "The Standard of Highest Purity."





DISAPPOINTED.

A certain youthful author is a great fisher after compliments. Having given, by request, a reading from his own works to some friends, he said afterwards to one of them:

"It was very cruel of you, I think, to make me stand up there and read my own stuff."

"Ah," replied the man addressed, "but you had your revenge. You must have seen that we were compelled to listen!"

ADVICE.

'Tis very wrong to lie, my child,  
But ere you've lost your youth  
You'll find it makes some people wild  
When others tell the truth.

CONCERNING THEIR DEAR FRIEND.

Irene: "It's Kit Skimmerhorn's first engagement, isn't it?"  
Gabriella: "Of course it is. Haven't you noticed that she's telling everybody you noticed she's telling everybody about it?"

THE DISGUSTED SCULPTOR.

The sculptor once threw down his chisel,  
And said: "O, this statue's a fisel!"  
The rest that he said  
As he beat his own head  
Was enough to have made your hair fisel.

RAW MATERIAL AS YET.

Naggus (literary editor): "Got that new story of yours finished?"  
Borns (persistent author): "It isn't all written yet. It's only in the rough. I've got it in my head, though."  
Naggus: "I see. Only partly blocked out, huh?"

WILL HAVE TO HUSTLE.

"There goes Ranter," says the first actor. "He says he is going to bring out an all-star revival of 'The Hunchback' next season."  
"He is?" asks the second actor, mechanically pushing back his front hair. "Well, if he makes a success of 'The Hunchback' he'll have to hump himself livelier than he ever has."



OUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

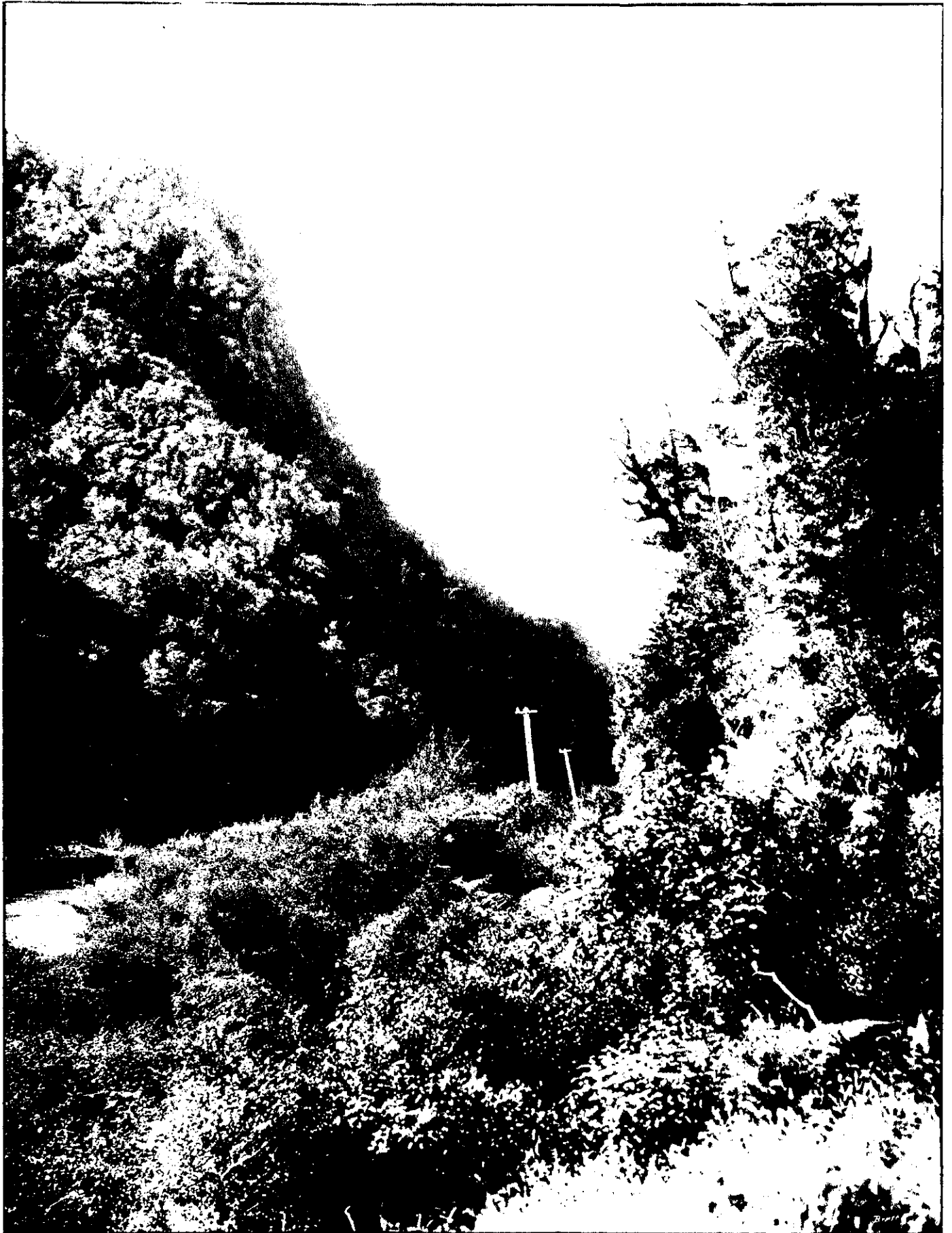
The Rector: "Oh, Piano, Mr Brown! Pi-an-o!"  
Mr Brown: "Piano be blowed! I've come here to enjoy myself!" —From "Punch."



"Why do you refuse to look at my sketches?"  
"Well, Jack saw them, you know, and he says there isn't a decent one in the whole batch."

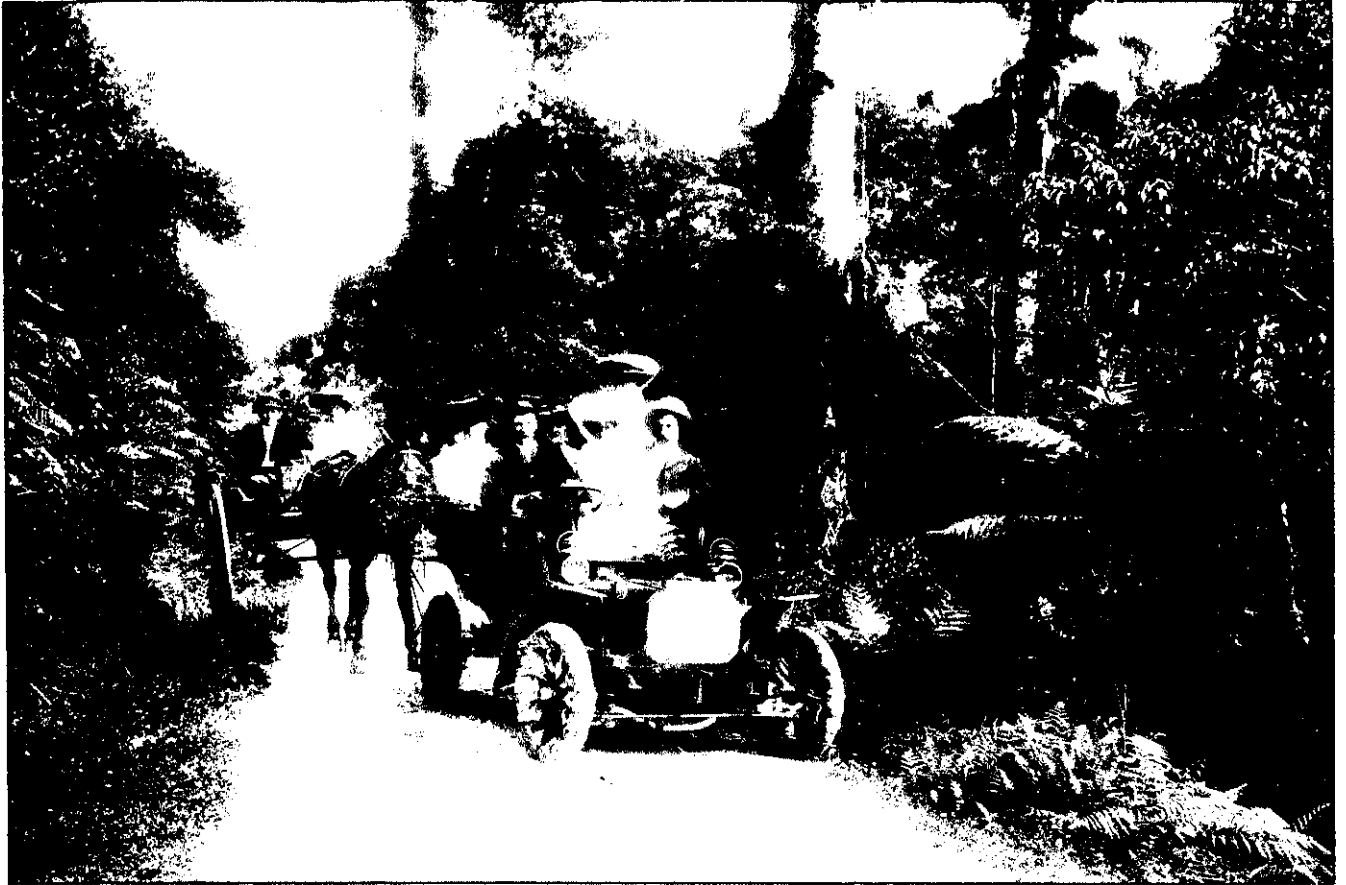


"Is your engagement a secret?" "Oh, no. The girl knows it."



Beauty Spots of New Zealand—In the Buller Gorge

Tourist Department, photo.



Schoef, Sarony Studio, photo. THE ADVANCE OF THE MOTOR-CAR: A PEUGEOT CAR ON THE BUSH ROAD, LAKE KANIERA.



THE MAKINGS OF A COLONY. The first cottage being built at the township of the State coal mine, Greymouth.  
Schoef, Sarony Studio, photo.



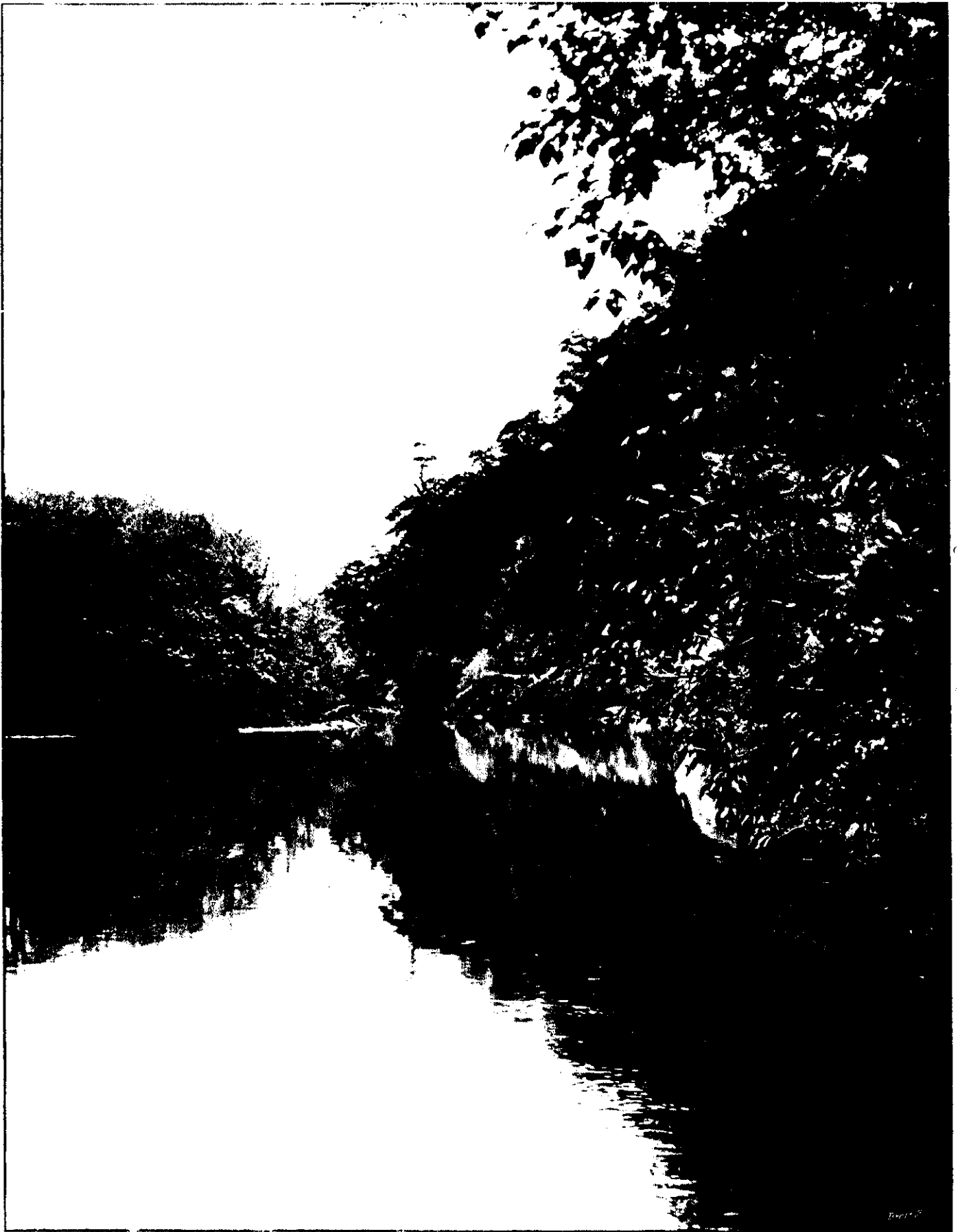
Tourist Department, photo.

A FAVOURITE DRIVE FROM ROTORUA: ROUND ROTOEHU LAKE.



Reid of Waihi, photo.

EVENING SCENE, LAKE WAKATIPU.



Beauty Spots of New Zealand—Lake Ada, Milford Sound