

# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 14

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905

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



**BURST!!!**

N.Z., ACCORDING TO MR. MASSEY, M.H.R.

# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## A Fallen Queen.

### EMPERESS EUGENIE'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

Empress Eugenie, now an aged lady whose hair is white with years and sorrow, after an interval of 35 years, left in February a French port on a trip to Egypt. She travelled incognito. In recording the fact, the London "Daily Telegraph" calls attention to the altered circumstances in which the ex-Empress of the French set out on her second trip to Egypt, the first having been undertaken in the closing months of the year 1869. What a changed world it is to-day for this fallen Queen, and what memories must rise up before her eyes as she thinks of then and now. The contrast is so dramatic and so poignant that we may venture to recall events which may have slipped from the memory even of those who are old enough to recall their impressions of the year 1869.

On November 17, 1869, the Suez Canal was opened with all the pomp and circumstance which Ismail Pasha, the most recklessly lavish of all modern rulers, could devise. And the Empress of the French, the Empress Eugenie, was the most august personage in all that brilliant throng which assembled on the banks of the Nile. Yet the Emperor of Austria was there in person, and the Crown Prince of Prussia afterwards the ill-fated Frederick the Noble—and the Prince of Holland. But these passed almost unconsidered compared with the presence of the Empress of the French, the Consort of Napoleon III., then the arbiter—or believed to be the arbiter—of the destinies of Europe. Sedan lay in the future less than a year ahead—but who could foresee that? Only a few sharp, eagle eyes at Berlin, who knew how destiny was shaping itself, for they were helping her in her task.

The Emperor of the French was the great figure in Europe in the autumn of 1869, when the Empress embarked for the Orient, travelling slowly in the Imperial yacht l'Aigle, and calling at Venice and Constantinople on the way. It was highly appropriate for yet another reason that the Empress Eugenie should be the guest of honour in the land of the Pharaohs. For the canal was a French undertaking; the engineer was a Frenchman and the idol of France; and Napoleon III. had proclaimed his faith in M. de Lesseps from start to finish, and had helped his project by every means in his power. The ambitious visionary was right where the practical English engineer Stephenson and the level-headed Palmerston were wildly wrong. What Palmerston had denounced as "a bubble scheme" became a reality, and instead of English speculators, as he confidently foretold, becoming lost money, the British Exchequer has continued reason to bless Disraeli's shrewdness in purchasing Ismail's shares. It was but right, therefore, that the Empress of the French should be the central personage during that amazing week when Ismail's borrowed money was poured out like water in mad profusion.

The Empress was then in early middle age, with beauty scarcely touched by time, a queenly figure, possessed of every grace and charm. She was the mistress of the fetes of Compiègne of which all Europe was talking; she was the friend of Queen Victoria and of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria; of both she had been the hostess during their stay in France, while at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 she had received the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Prussia and the Prince of Wales. In 1869 the Empress Eugenie was the most brilliant lady in Europe, whose slightest wish was law. At Constantinople the Sultan himself embarked on shipboard to greet her in the Bosphorus, and conducted her to his palace of Beyler Bay; at Port Said it was the French Imperial yacht

that all eyes strained to see. There were rumours at the last moment that she was not coming, that the Emperor had taken offence at something, that some hitch had occurred. From first to last people's thoughts were of Napoleon and Eugenie. Poor Ismail, who hoped to show the world that a new power had been born in Egypt, had built a palace for her coming on the shores of Lake Timsah—a real Aladdin's Palace, where for three days open tables were kept for 10,000 people, feasted with the best and rarest that luxury could supply, and surrounded by a great city of tents, where the Khedive's guests were housed. Someone told him that the Empress was sure to desire to visit the Pyramids—at once he ordered a broad road to be made, seven miles

long, to be finished in six weeks. And finished it was by the labour 10,000 fellahs working under the heavy lash. The Empress of the French must be able to travel smoothly!

The Empress came and saw and conquered anew, though her conquest was already secure. Her yacht arrived last, just in time—a studied effect, no doubt—and sailed slowly down the canal from Port Said, greeted with salvos of cannon. The procession of yachts was too slow to be very impressive, and the real triumph of the Empress took place in a scene more suited to her sex and to her charms—in the ballroom of the palace, where the State ball was held to celebrate the opening of the new route between East and West. Her Majesty was the Queen of the ball—she and

France triumphed. With her own hands she decorated M. de Lesseps in the name of the Emperor with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. "I can see her still in my mind's eye," Mr Edward Dicey has written in a recent book, "as covered with diamonds, she moved like a goddess amidst the crowds who stood up to give her passage to the dais, on which, surrounded by crowned heads and the heirs to Royal thrones, she took her seat as, if I may use the phrase, the patroness of the ball. I can still hear the strains of l'artant pour la Syrie, which the bands played in her honour as she embarked on the Imperial yacht, or leaving the ball, and the salutes by which her departure was proclaimed." It was her culminating triumph—thereafter all was bitterness



A ROYAL VISITOR.

His Majesty King George Tubou II, of Tonga, and his late consort. King George came up to Auckland last week from his Island Kingdom in connection with the recent trouble, which resulted in Mr. im Thurn, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, deposing Sateki, the Premier and his son, Fobu, the treasurer, from Tonga to Fiji. Mr. T. Cotter, of Auckland, legal adviser to His Majesty the King of Tonga has drawn up a lengthy protest against Mr. im Thurn's action, which will be submitted to King Edward VII. and his ministers. King George is a big man, 6ft. 7in. in height, and weighs over 20 stone. He is not yet 31 years of age.

and disaster. The height she climbed was dizzy; the fall was terrible.

It is said that while the Empress Eugenie was in Egypt she wrote to the Emperor, urging him to inaugurate a more liberal regime. "I do not like surprises," she wrote, "and I am persuaded that a coup d'etat cannot be made twice in one reign." Seven months later she said good-bye to husband and son, as they left Paris for the frontier. A few more weeks and she was a fugitive hastily fleeing from Paris in a hackney coach, deserted by her friends and almost alone. It was the prelude to Chislehurst, Farnborough, the tragedy of Zululand—a succession of sorrows and shattered hopes.

Such were the circumstances in which the Empress of the French sailed, in her Imperial beauty and power, for the Orient. Now it is an aged lady who, all unobserved, takes passage like an ordinary traveller for Port Said. It is a brave journey, for it challenges memories as sad as ever oppressed a Queen dethroned. Times are changed, indeed, and the Empress with them, and Egypt, too—changed beyond all recognition save for the Pyramids and the Nile.

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**A Mighty Hunter.**

According to a statement issued in Berlin, based on the returns of the Royal Forestry Office, Emperor William II, since his accession to the throne, on June 18, 1888, has shot the following game: Two aurochs, 1 whale, 3 walruses, 17 bears, 1825 deer, 1055 wild boars, 822 stags and elks, 287 foxes, 156 wolves, 19 gazelles, 5 lynxes, 65 mountain sheep, 54 chamois, 6 ibexes, 12 seals, 17 herons, 3 eagles, 5 vultures, 35 hawks, 5560 hares, 173 squirrels, 6 marmots, 76 capercaillie, 18 polecats, 23 weasels, 3351 quail, 4223 partridges. This is a total of 4327 head of big game, and 13,590 head of small game.

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**The World's Greatest Oculist.**

Probably the greatest oculist in the world is r. Pagenstecher, of Wiesbaden, who regularly attended Queen Victoria, and who is consulted by almost every Royalty in Europe, and by the aristocracy and plutocracy all over the world. Wiesbaden and Pagenstecher are synonymous, and close to the famous Klinik in the Taunus Strasse runs Pagenstecher Strasse. "Der Herr Professor" as he is called with a sort of reverential affectionateness in Wiesbaden, lives a very quiet life, and one of absolute devotion to his work. By half-past nine every morning he is in his Klinik ready to receive the patients, new and old, crowded in his consulting-

room from all parts of the world. But before this he has already been round his private hospital, and has visited each resident patient in his or her room. Consultations last till noon, after which he devotes himself for two or three hours to the Charity Eye Hospital (Augenheilanstalt) close by. Here every patient is seen by him and every operation performed by him, whilst he deals personally with the cases as gent-

the power of this small, slight, old man, who, with grey hair and long beard, in which the brown of youth still lingers, looks so like an Englishman. Dr. Pagenstecher, by-the-way, speaks English perfectly, having spent several years in England. But when his hands touch one it is a revelation of the genius of the man. Beautiful hands they are; white and firm, with slim fingers and pink, filbert nails. And in each of those finger-

tips seems to live a separate brain; an independent, conscious visioning power; whilst with all their gentleness and delicacy of touch their strength is that of the finest tempered steel. Over the vine-covered door of his famous Klinik in the Taunus Strasse, hundreds of grateful men and women to whom Pagenstecher has given back the joy of life, might unite in inscribing, "He maketh the blind to see."



A FAMOUS ENGLISH RACER.

"Pretty Polly," with the well-known jockey, W. Lane up. This aristocratically-bred mare, by Gallinule, out of Admiration, the property of Major Eustace Loder, established a unique record. She won the St. Leger, the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, and twelve other races before experiencing a defeat. A short while ago she had to lower her colours to Presto II.

ing," one may not at first glance realise ly for the poorest peasant sent hither at the cost of his parish as he does for the aristocrat or millionaire who can pay the fees which the great oculist's genius and marvellous skill demand. In the afternoon he performs operations in his own Klinik.

Pagenstecher is a wonderful man. But though his eyes are keen and "see-



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND HIS FIANCEE, THE DUCHESS CECILIE OF MECKLENBURG.

Whose forthcoming marriage will be a most brilliant affair, according to the lavish style of preparations being made for this interesting event.



A PROMISING YOUNG ACTOR.

Mr. Henry Ludlow, who is leading man for Mr. Aug. Van Biene, who was last seen in Australia starring with Miss Jennie Mayward's Comedy Company. Since then Mr. Ludlow has been understudying Kyrle Bellew in America, also supporting Sir Charles Wyndham and Geo. Alexander, in London.

# Typical Prize-Winners at the English Kennel Club.



There are very few people who, even if they don't keep a dog, don't admire a good specimen of man's faithful friends. Knowing of this popularity of the dog the "Graphic" has frequently published pictures of some of the famous prize-winners at Home, and has lately gone to some trouble

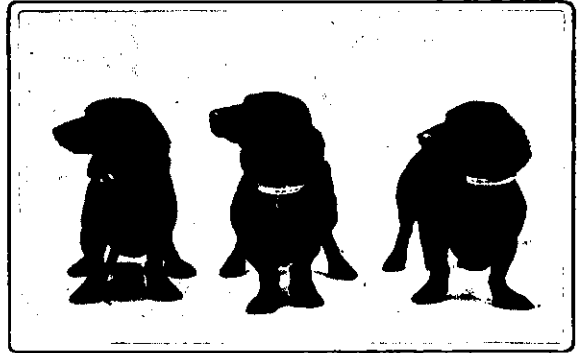
in showing a number of photographs of aristocratically-bred animals which have made names for themselves on the best-known show benches in England. This week we give several blocks of dogs which gained distinction at the recent Kennel Club's Show at Crystal Palace, which was one of

the best ever held, the entries numbering 3240, the actual number of dogs competing being 1739. Of these, the Pomeranians furnished the largest contingent, the entries of these favourite little animals amounting to 193. Among the exhibitors were representatives of all classes of the community from the King and Queen down-

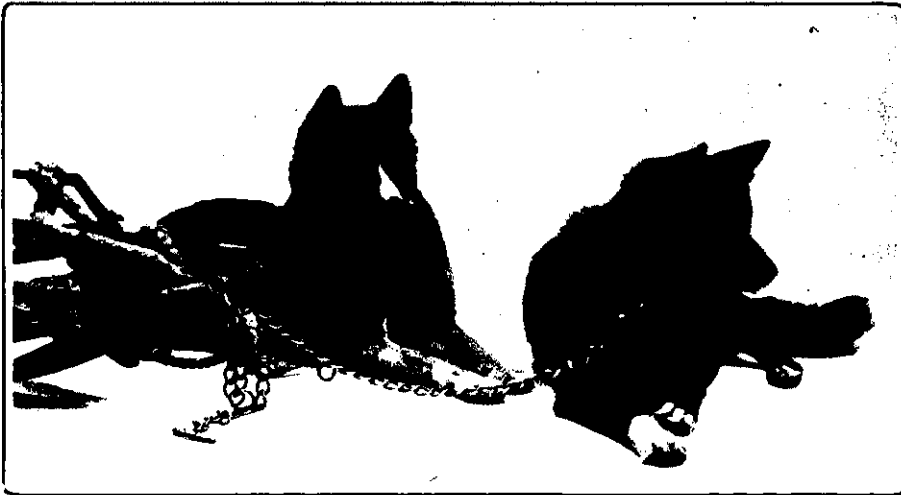
wards, duchesses and domestics, Cabinet Ministers and coachmen all sending their favourite animals for exhibition. But among the owners of dogs shown there were a very large proportion of ladies. One of the most interesting pictures we give is that of King Edward's celebrated clumber spaniel, "Sandringham Lucy."



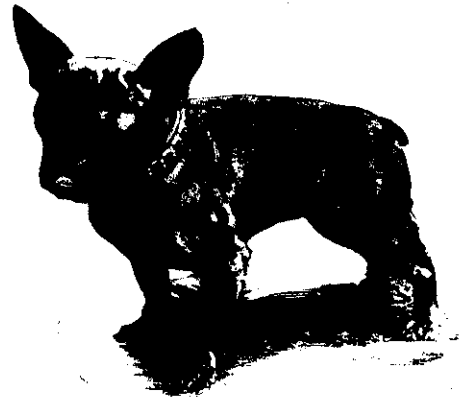
The Countess of Aberdeen's Tayland Tit Skye Terrier. Winner of Reserve, Championship, and Second prizes.



Mrs. A. L. Dewar's Dachshunds. Teufelskirl, Second and Special; Mudge Mildfirl, Second Champion; Lenchen, Third.



"NOBBY" AND "ROGER."  
Two sledge dogs from the Antarctic Exploration ship "Discovery," which were exhibited at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace.



THE PRIZE TOY BULL



Miss Spofforth's Toy Spaniels. The Cherub, First Championship and Special; Cherubel, First and Second Special; Philotis, First, Second, and Third.



The King's Clumber Spaniel, Sandringham Lucy, winner of Second, Third, and reserve.

# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

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

## TE AROHA.

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

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

ROTORUA, on the shores of a beautiful lake, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles south of Auckland. Daily railway service. It is the Centre of New Zealand's Thermal Wonderland, and its Unequalled Natural Hot Mineral Waters are sure remedies for many ailments. The climate is healthy and equable. There are several large and comfortable hotels and many boarding-houses. Easy facilities for side-trips are provided by steamer, coach and buggy. **Spouting Geysers** (including WAIMANGU, the largest in the world), boiling springs and lakes, miniature volcanoes and other thermal marvels abound. Beautiful forest, river and lake scenery.

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

## THE BATHS.

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

**THE PRIEST'S BATH.**—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and 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.

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

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

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

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

**THE BLUE BATH**, an open air hot swimming bath, fed by the Maffroy 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 80/ 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 offered to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to 45.

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 Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and terminates at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence a Government oil launch conveys visitors across Lake Tarawera. Another launch trip is made across Rotomahana (the most wonderful lake in the world), where the excursionist boats over boiling water. Thence visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. GOVERNMENT ACCOMMODATION HOUSE AT WAIMANGU.

## LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This beautiful lake, surrounded by lofty cliffs and forest-clad mountains, is accessible from Wairoa (Hawke's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Wairoa; thence coach to the lake. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well equipped house, conducted by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely little neighbouring lake of Waikare-iti. Oil launch and rowing boats.

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

## HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

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

## MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS.

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

## LAKE WAKATIPU.

WAKATIPU, the most easily accessible of the great Southern Lakes, is one day's journey by train from Dunedin or Invercargill. Lofty mountains ranging up to 8,000 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 Canyon of the Clinton, McKinnon's Pass, and the triple leap of the Suther and Falls (1,304 feet), the highest in the world, are features of the trip.

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

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

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

Cable Address: "Maotiland."

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

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

# THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN—By Lilian Bell

IF you knew our best man you probably would not be surprised to make the discovery that I made—to wit: that two girls were in love with him at the same time.

I will admit, however, that I was surprised—just a little—at first, but after I thought about it I said to Adrian: "Well, why not?"

He said: "Why not? what?" "Why shouldn't two girls be in love with him?"

"They should," said Adrian pleasantly. "There is no doubt in the world that they should. But who are the girls and who is the man?"

I thought, of course, that he knew what I was talking about, or I shouldn't have begun in the middle like that; but after all, if you do begin in the middle you can often skip the whole beginning and hurry along to the end.

"Why, Artie Beg, to be sure! Who else? And as to the girls—well, as I discovered it for myself, I shall not be betraying their confidence to say that the girls are—will you promise not to tell nor to interfere in any way?"

"Of course," said Adrian. "Well, the girls are Flora Forsyth and Cary Farquhar."

"Flora Forsyth!" exclaimed Adrian with a wry face.

"Now, Adrian, what have you against that poor girl. To me she is one of the most fascinating creatures I ever saw, if I were a man I should be crazy about her."

"Then if you had been Samson, Delilah would have made a fool of you just as easily as she did of him."

"But Flora is no Delilah, Adrian."

"She's worse!" said my husband shortly.

Adrian leaned back in his chair and puffed at his pipe.

Presently he spoke.

"These two girls are both clever—as clever as they make 'em—but Cary's cleverness is full of ozone, while Flora's is permeated with a narcotic. Cary's tricks make one laugh, but the other girl's give one the shivers."

"Oh, is it as bad as that?" I said in affright. "Don't you like her?"

"Like her," repeated Adrian slowly. "I hate her."

I gasped. Never, never had my husband expressed even a settled dislike of any one before, while as to the word "hate!"

"Oh, Adrian!" I cried tearfully. "I wish you had mentioned it before. The fact is, I've—well, I've invited her to visit me, and she says she'll come."

If I expected an explosion I was mistaken.

Adrian bit into his pipe stem and sat looking at me for a moment without speaking, a kind, wistful look that completely undid me and made me resolve never, never again to do a single thing without consulting him first. Then he leaned forward and slowly began to empty and clean his pipe.

"You like her very much?" he said tentatively.

"I do indeed!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "You don't do her justice. Indeed you don't. Why, she is the dearest, most confiding, innocent little thing, just out of college last month—a baby couldn't have more clinging, diffident ways."

"I'm glad she is coming to visit you, if that's the way you feel about her," he said.

I drew a sigh of relief. Some husbands would have made such a fuss that their wives would have felt obliged to cancel the invitation. Adrian was different.

"How did you come to invite her?" he said presently.

I smiled in pleased anticipation of a good long talk with my husband in which I could explain everything.

"Why, you know at the wedding I saw that Artie was very much taken with her, and—"

"First, tell me how she came to sit with the family?"

"Why, she wrote and asked if she

couldn't. She said she loved me so she felt as if she were losing a sister, and that she wanted to sit with mother and mourn with the family."

Adrian grinned, and I felt foolish. "And you believed her, you silly little cat!"

"It does sound idiotic to repeat it, but it reads as if she meant it," I said, blushing.

"Never mind, dear, said Adrian. "You are all right."

Now, when my husband says I am all right it means that I am all wrong, but that he loves me, in spite of it.

"Well, and so she and he were together all the evening, and afterward they corresponded. But Cary, being my bridesmaid, had, of course, the first claim, on Artie's attention, but he was so taken with Flora that he sort of neglected Cary. Then Cary, being so spoiled by being rich and courted and flattered, was piqued into trying to make him notice her, which old stupid Artie refused to do, but tagged around after Flora as if she had hypnotised him. Then Cary must have been quite roused, for the first thing I knew she was showing unmistakable signs of its being the real thing with her, though of course she would deny it with oaths if I taxed her, while Flora—"

I stopped in sudden confusion.

"I forgot," I faltered. "I said that neither had confided in me, but—"

Adrian grinned.

"But Flora has," he supplemented. "She has confessed her love, not blushing, but tumultuously, brazenly, temptuously, and has begged you to help her!"

I paused aghast. Adrian had exactly stated the case.

"Well, she told Cary, too," I said in self-extenuation, "so she can't care very much that I've told you."

"Oh, no," said Adrian cheerfully. "She'll tell me herself the first chance she gets."

"She told Cary that she had told me, so we felt at liberty to talk it over," I added.

"She did?"

"And Cary was perfectly disgusted with her, and asked what I was going to do. I said I didn't know. Then what do you think she did? Cary asked me to ask Flora to visit me! What do you think of that for a bluff?"

"When does she come?" he asked.

"Next week."

Adrian pulled at his pipe.

"There will be something doing here next week, I'm thinking."

There was something doing.

First, I told old Mary that I was going to have company. One does not ordinarily ask permission of one's cook, but Mary was such a mother to me that I felt the announcement to be no more than her due.

"Who is it, missus, dear?"

"Miss Flora Forsyth. Have you ever heard me speak of her?"

"Do you mean that dratted blonde on the mantelpiece?" she asked in the conversational tone of one who had passed the time o' day.

"Mary!" I said.

She walked up to Flora's picture, took it down, looked at it, and put it back.

"Well," I said tentatively. "What do you think of her?"

"What do I think of her?" demanded Mary, wheeling on me so suddenly that I dodged. "I think she's a little blither—that's what I think of her. And you'll rue the day you ever asked her into your house."

Ordinarily one would reprove one's cook for such freedom of speech, but I had not only brought it on myself, but if I had dropped into her own vernacular and enforced my reproof by cursing her by the beard of Abraham, Mary would not have turned a hair. Wherefore I saved my breath, put on my hat and went out, ruminating and somewhat shaken in my mind to have the two household authorities against me.

However, true to my determination to make Flora's visit as attractive as possible, I purchased at least a dozen sorts of fine marmalades, jellies, sweets and fancy pickles, such as schoolgirls love. She had told me so many times how she had always wanted her breakfast served in her room, but had never been able to have it, that I decided to give her that privilege in my house. I told Mary with some misgivings and showed her the things I had bought. To my surprise Mary assented joyfully. I never knew why until after Flora left, and then Mary told me. Flora's room was fresh for her. No one had ever slept on that bed nor fluttered those curtains nor written at that desk. Flora would be its first occupant.

And how her pale, blond beauty matched its blue and gold loveliness! It gave me thrills of delight to think of her in the midst of it all.

But, of course, it was Cary I loved. Flora simply fascinated me. She possessed the attraction of a Circe, but Cary was worth a million of her and I knew it, and I wanted her to have Arthur Beguelin, or anybody else on earth she fancied. The whole proposition was as plain as day when I came to think about it. I was Cary's champion, Cary's friend, and intended Cary to win. Why, therefore, had I permitted myself to be inveigled into asking Flora to visit me, under the supposition that I was going to help her? It was not because Cary had urged me to. Not at all. It was Flora herself who had managed it, I reflected, and it gave me a little uncomfortable tinge to realise that whatever Flora had wanted me to do in our brief friendship I had done, no matter whose judgment it went against.

Had the girl hypnotic power, or was I a weak fool to be flattered into doing her bidding?

I don't like to think of myself as being a weak fool, even for the sake of argument.

Flora always acted as if she knew of my repressed childhood and of how, all my life, I had thirsted for praise. No matter if it had been put on with a trowel, as hers undoubtedly was, I should have lapped myself in its tropical warmth and luxuriance and never stopped to quarrel with its effulgence; whereas dear old Cary let her actions speak, and seldom put her affection for me into words. But she had been on the eve of sailing for a winter in Egypt when my hurried wedding preparations and frantic telegram arrested her. The party sailed without her, and she did not try to follow. And that was only one of the sacrifices she had made for me, and made without a word, too.

She was a girl of thought and of ideas, but, unfortunately, she was a great heiress, and fortune-hunters had made her suspicious and cynical. Only Adrian and I knew how glorious she could be when she let herself out and expressed her real self.

When Flora came Mary put on her spectacles before she opened the door, and I noticed the look she gave all three of us. It did not speak well for Flora.

But at first our guest's shyness and modesty left nothing to be desired. Her clothes were simple even to plainness, her voice soft and deprecating, and her manner deferential in the extreme. She was always asking advice, and when that advice was given she always followed it. Flattery could go no further.

Artie Beg came to see her morning, noon, and night. I was horrified to discover how far things seemed to have progressed, for, after all, it was Cary who must have Artie if she wanted him.

Cary called on Flora once, and we returned it, but after that she never came again. So I resolved on a dinner for just six, and Cary promised to come. The others were Artie and a man so insignificant, so not worth describing, that Adrian and I called him the Also Ran.

I worked hard over that dinner. Flora offered to help, but Mary, without absolutely refusing her assistance, managed to do without it, and I did not realise until afterward how quickly Flora accepted her fate and curled herself up luxuriously on Adrian's couch in Adrian's particular corner to read while I blanched the almonds that she had offered to do.

Flora kept me well informed of the progress of Artie's passion for her, and I could do nothing. I was surprised at her confiding such details to anyone, dismayed for Cary's sake, and worried as to how it would all turn out.

Finally the evening of the dinner came. I dressed and ran out to the kitchen to see if everything was all right, for Mary was so jealous she refused to let me engage an assistant, but doggedly persisted in preparing and serving the dinner entirely herself.

Flora heard Mary let Artie Beg in, and ran down the corridor to meet him. She was a vision in white—her graduating dress—with her snowy shoulders rising modestly from a tulle berthe. I paused, in order to let her greet him first, and to my consternation, before I could make known my presence, heard her say plaintively: "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

And then with a stifled groan Artie flung his arm around her, pressing her to him as if he would never let her go. Then he pushed her away from him almost roughly, and Flora laughed a low, tantalising laugh and crept back to him to lean her head on his shoulder and lay her arms around his neck.

I turned and fled. I fairly stamped down the hall, running full tilt against Adrian and nearly folding him up.



I found, not Artie, but the Also Ran, with Flora Frankly in his arms.

"Oh! Oh!" I gasped, dancing up and down before him excitedly.

He seized both my hands. "Hold still, Emily! What's the matter? Tell me!" "They're engaged!" I wailed. "I'm too late! Cary has lost him."

"Who? Artie and Flora?" "Yes, of course." "What makes you think so?" "He's kissing her, and she asked him to, just as if she had a right. I wouldn't think so much of it if he had just grabbed her and kissed her without a word, for she looks too bewitching, and any man might lose his head, but for her to ask for it—oh, what shall I do?"

"Hold on! You say she asked him to—tell me just how." I told him. Adrian put both hands into his pockets and whistled.

"Don't worry," he said. "They're not engaged."

I felt relieved at once, for my husband does not write books from guess-work. He knows things. But I was greatly confused at going back. Of course, they did not know that I had seen and heard, and equally of course I could not tell them. But I had my confusion all to myself. Artie seemed about as usual (which he wouldn't have done had he known that there was powder on his coat), and Flora was as cool as an iceberg.

It seems to me as I look back that that was the first time I suspected anything. It was almost uncanny to see her sitting there looking so shy and demure when ten minutes before she had asked a man to kiss her and laughed that cool, tantalising laugh, as of one who knew her power and revelled in the sight of her victim's struggles to escape.

I turned to Cary, my well-bred girl, my friend, with a feeling of relief, as if I had found a refuge. Cary flushed a little as she greeted Artie, and Flora's lip curled perceptibly.

I glanced at Adrian, and saw that he, too, had noticed it. But, then, Adrian sees everything. That is why he writes as he does. His manner as he greeted Cary was so cordial that it caused Artie to look up, and then and there, to my surprise, Artie got up and came and stood by Cary and took her fan.

I wish you could have seen Flora's blue eyes turn green. Then, to avoid further pleasantries, as I saw Mary standing in the door, I marshalled them all out to the table.

Flora was between Adrian and Artie, but I put Cary on the other side of Artie. Flora, who pretended jealousy of my husband in order to veil her instinctive dislike of one who read her through and through, frankly turned her back on him and turned all her wiles on Artie.

Then something spurred Flora to do a foolish thing. She deliberately began to bait Cary—a say things to annoy her—to try to mortify her. At first Cary refused to see what was palpable to the rest of us (oh, my dinner party was proving such a success!).

They were talking about love when I began listening again, and Cary made some remark inaudible to me, which gave Flora the opportunity to say:

"Is it true, then, what I have heard? Were you ever disappointed in love?"

"Always!" said Cary evenly. Flora rushed angrily, because Artie laughed and looked appreciatively at Cary as if really seeing her for the first time.

The next thing I heard the conversation had become personal, and Flora was saying:

"Love is an acquisition. The more you have the more you want."

"Pardon me, said Cary. "To my mind love is a sacrifice. Yet the more you give the more you gain."

"But I don't want to receive that!" pouted Flora, charmingly. "That is a cruel, ascetic conception of love."

For the first time Artie spoke. "You prefer, then, the Song of Solomon?" said Adrian bringing his hand down on the table a little heavily and looked at me.

"Yes, I do," laughed Flora, thinking she had scored. "And I know, because I have loved!"

"You have loved, have you?" said Cary, leaning forward to look at her across Artie's tucked shirt front. "Then if you have, truly and deeply as a woman can, when she meets the man who is her mate, can you just so idly about lover's being an acquisition? Are you thinking of his income and what he can give you more than your father has been able to do? Does your idea of marriage consist of dinner parties and routs? Or do you think of the man himself—of his noble qualities of heart and mind? Does not the idea of permanent prosperity sometimes fade, and in its place do you not sometimes see the man you love, poor, neglected by his friends, and jeered by his enemies? Does he not sometimes appear to you stretched on a weary bed of sickness? Can you picture yourself his only friend, his only helper, his only comforter? If he were crippled for life would you go out to try to earn bread for two, rejoicing that Fate had only taken his strength to toil and not his strength to love? Would you still count yourself a blessed woman if you knew that everything were swept away but the love of a man worth loving like that?"

Flora quailed and drew back, abashed and a little frightened, and I heard Artie whisper to Cary:

"Tell me, have you ever loved like that?"

And Cary's murmured reply: "Not yet, but—I could."

After that Flora's fascinations seemed to wane, and as for Artie, he never left Cary's side. He had been the first to follow us to the drawing-room, for as I always let men smoke at the table, we always leave it en masse.

He said little, but he listened to every word Cary spoke, and he watched her as if fascinated.

I was jubilant, and my sober old Adrian almost permitted himself to look pleased, but not quite. Adrian is never reckless with his emotions.

Every one was leaving, and Artie was taking Cary home. I looked to see how Flora took it, but her appealing blue eyes were fixed in their most appealing way upon the Also Ran, who was plainly undergoing thrills of exquisite torture.

After that curious evening there seemed to be a tremendous emotional upheaval. Artie hardly came near Flora.

and when he did call he appeared to derive much satisfaction from gazing at her with a quizzical look in his eyes that seemed to annoy her excessively. The Also Ran became omnipresent, and was instant in season, out of season; but instead of arousing Artie's jealousy, this seemed only to amuse him.

Finally the cause of Artie's visit developed. He blurted it out to me one day with the red face of a shamed school-boy.

"Emily, I wish you'd do me the favour to ask Cary Farquhar here some evening and let me know! I've been going there until I'm ashamed to face the butler, but I never can see her alone, and the last two times she has sent me down her excuses and would not see me at all."

I could have squealed for joy, but, mindful of Cary's dignity, I said: "I don't believe she'd come, I'm afraid—"

"Afraid she'd suspect that I should be here, too? I don't believe I've made it as plain as that!" he interrupted.

"Do you mean to say that you really and truly—?"

"I mean just that," he said with a new earnestness in his manner that I never had noted before.

"Oh, Artie!" I cried. "I'm so glad! But what if she—?"

"Don't say it! It makes me cold all over to think of that. That's why I want you to ask her here. I've got to see her. Why, Emily, she's—really, Emily, she's the only girl in the world, now, isn't she?"

"So I've thought for years!" I cried warmly.

"Talk about love being instantaneous," said Artie, plunging his hands into his jockets and striding up and down. "I've loved her, and loved her hard, ever since she explained what love meant to her that night at your dinner. Why, if I could get her to love me that way I'd be richer than John D.! But she's! She never will! What am I, I'd like to know, to expect such a miracle?"

"You're very nice!" I stammered in my haste, "and just the man for her, both Adrian and I think; but I'll tell you where the trouble is. She thinks you belong to Flora."

"Never!" cried Artie vehemently. "I never thought of marrying Flora. She—well, she sort of appealed to me—you know how? She wanted me to help her to understand golf. She said it made her feel so out of it not to know what people were talking about who played the game. Well, you can understand it when you look at her. She couldn't get into a sweater and a short skirt and play basket-ball now, could she? She'd be wanting some man always about to hold her things for her or pitch the ball for her. She's such a dependent little thing. But as to marrying her! Well, to tell the truth, I think her emotions are a little too volcanic to suit me."

"You'll tell Cary this, won't you, Emily? All but that last. Explain how I came to get tangled up with the girl. You can do it so she won't suspect that you're rooting for me. You can bring it in casually without bungling it. Tell her I never gave a serious thought to Flora in my life."

"I will, and I'll get her here for you!" I cried as he rose to go.

I followed him to the door, and as I

closed it after him the door of the butler's pantry opened noiselessly and there stood old Mary with her finger on her lips. She motioned me to precede her, and she followed me down the hall to my room and into it, carefully closing the door behind her.

"Missis," she whispered, kneeling down beside my chair. "kick me! Do! I've been made the fool of by that little blister. Lord! if I wouldn't like to take her across my knee with a fat shingle in my good right hand. Listen! She heard you at the telephone and knew you expected Mr Bequelin this afternoon, so she comes to me just after lunch and she says to me, 'Mary, Mr Bequelin is coming this evening, so I think I'll take a little nap on the couch if you'll cover me up with the brown rug!' The brown rug, see? Just the colour of the couch, and the one I always keep put away for the boss. Of course, I couldn't refuse after she said you said to give it to her—"

"I didn't," I interrupted.

"I know it, I know it now! But the little devil knew that I was going out and that you would answer the door yourself—"

"Mary!" I shrieked in a whisper. "She wasn't in there all the time, was she?"

"That's just what she was, listening to every word you said. I just came in a minute ago or I'd 'a' let you know. But he got up to go just as I had my hand on the door-knob."

"What shall I do?" I murmured distractedly. Then, after a pause, I said, "Perhaps she was asleep and didn't hear!"

Mary gave me such a contemptuous look that I hurriedly apologised.

Then Adrian came in and I told Mary to go, and then I told him everything. He thought quite a while before speaking.

"Do you care for her very much, Emily, dear?" he said in his dear, gentle way.

"If she has done the abominable thing that Mary says I'll—hate her! I'll turn her out of the house!" I cried viciously.

"Ah!" said Adrian in a satisfied tone. He knows I wouldn't, but it does do me so much good to threaten to do the awful things I'd like to do if I were a cave woman.

He rose and left the room. I started to follow him, but he waved me back. "I shan't be gone a moment. Wait for me here."

I waited three or four years, and then, when I had grown white-haired with age, he came back.

"Begin at the beginning, tell me everything, and don't skip a word," I demanded.

"Well," he began obediently, "she was sobbing quietly—not for effect this time. I went in softly and asked her what the matter was. She said she had been out all the afternoon to see a friend who had just been obliged to place her mother in a lunatic asylum, and she was crying for sympathy. Then, as she saw me look at my rug, she said Mary had left the rug out for her to take a nap early in the afternoon and that she had intended to, but had decid-

Continued on page 12.

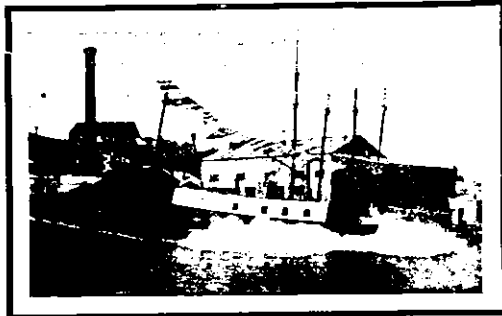
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# Will Warburton

A Romance of Real Life

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

## CHAPTER XL.

With curiosity which had in it a touch of amusement, Will was waiting to hear from Norbert Franks. He waited for nearly a month, and was beginning to feel rather hurt at his friend's neglect, perhaps a little uneasy on another score, when there arrived an Italian postcard, stamped Venice. "We have been tempted as far as this," ran the hurried scrawl. "Must be home in ten days. Shall be delighted to see you again." Warburton puckered his brows and wondered whether a previous letter or card had failed to reach him. But probably not.

At the end of September, Franks wrote from his London address, briefly but cordially, with an invitation to luncheon on the next day, which was Sunday. And Warburton went.

He was nervous as he knocked at the door; he was rather more nervous as he walked into the studio. Norbert advanced to him with a shout of welcome, and from a chair in the background rose Mrs. Franks. Perceptibly changed, both of them. The artist's look was not quite so ingenuous as formerly; his speech, resolute in friendliness, had not quite the familiar note. Rosamund already more mature of aspect, smiled somewhat too persistently, seemed rather too bent on showing herself unembarrassed. They plunged into talk of Tyrol, of the Dolomites, of Venice, and, so talking, passed into the dining-room.

"Queer little house this, isn't it?" said Mrs. Franks as she sat down to table. "Everything is sacrificed to the studio; there's no room to turn anywhere else. We must look at once for more comfortable quarters."

"It's only meant for a man living alone," said the artist, with a laugh. Franks laughed frequently, whether what he said was amusing or not. "Yes, we must find something roomier."

"A score of sitters waiting for you, I suppose?" said Warburton.

"Oh, several. One of them such an awful phiz that I'm afraid of her. If I make her presentable, it'll be my greatest feat yet. But the labourer is worthy of his hire, you know, and this bit of beauty-making will have its price."

"You know how to interpret that, Mr. Warburton," said Rosamund with a discreetly confidential smile. "Norbert asks very much less than any other portrait painter of his reputation would."

"He'll grow out of that bad habit," Will replied. His note was one of joviality, almost of bluntness.

"I'm not sure that I wish him to," said the painter's wife, her eyes straying as if in a sudden dreaminess. "It's a distinction nowadays not to care for money. Norbert jokes about making an ugly woman beautiful," she went on earnestly, "but what he will really do is to discover the very best aspect of the face, and so make something much more than an ordinary likeness."

Franks fidgeted, his head bent over his plate.

"That's the work of the great artist," exclaimed Warburton, boldly flattering. "Humbug!" growled Franks, but at once he laughed and glanced nervously at his wife.

Though this was Rosamund's only direct utterance on the subject, Warburton discovered from the course of the conversation that she wished to be known as her husband's fervent admirer, that she took him with the utmost seriousness, and was resolved that everybody else should do so. The "great artist" phrase gave her genuine pleasure; she rewarded Will with the kindest look of her beautiful eyes, and from that moment appeared to experience a relief, so that her talk flowed more naturally. Luncheon over, they returned to the studio, where the men lit their pipes, while Rosamund, at her husband's an-

treaty, exhibited the sketches she had brought home.

"Why didn't you let me hear from you?" asked Warburton. "I go, nothing but that dimmy postcard from Venice."

"Why, I was always meaning to write," answered the artist. "I know it was too bad. But time goes so quickly—"

"With you, no doubt. But if you stood behind a counter all day—"

Will saw the listeners exchange a startled glance, followed by an artificial smile. There was an instant's dead silence.

"Behind a counter?" fell from Norbert, as if he failed to understand.

"The counter; my counter!" shouted Will blusterously. "You know very well what I mean. Your wife has told you all about it."

Rosamund flushed, and could not raise her eyes.

"We didn't know," said Franks, with his nervous little laugh. "whether you cared—to talk about it—"

"I'll talk about it with anyone you like. So you do know? That's all right. I still owe my apology to Mrs. Franks for having given her such a shock. The disclosure was really too sudden."

"It is I who should beg you to forgive me, Mr. Warburton," replied Rosamund, in her sweetest accents. "I behaved in a very silly way. But my friend Bertha Cross treated me as I deserved. She declared that she was ashamed of me. But do not, pray do not, think me worse than I was. I ran away really because I felt I had surprised a secret. I was embarrassed—I lost my head. I'm sure you don't think me capable of really mean feelings?"

"But, old man," put in the artist, in a half-pained voice, "what the deuce does it all mean? Tell us the whole story, do."

Will told it, jestingly, effectively. "I was quite sure," sounded, at the close, in Rosamund's voice of tender sympathy, "that you had some noble motive, I said so at once to Bertha."

"I suppose," said Will, "Miss Cross will never dare to enter the shop again?"

"She doesn't come?"

"Never since," he answered laughing. "Her mother has been once or twice, and seems to regard me with a very suspicious eye. Mrs. Cross was told, no doubt?"

"That I really can't say," replied Rosamund, averting her eyes. "But doesn't it do one good to hear such a story, Norbert?" she added impulsively.

"Yes, that's pluck," replied her husband, with the old spontaneity in his eyes the old honest look which hitherto had somehow been a little obscured. "I know very well that I couldn't have done it."

Warburton had not looked at Rosamund since her explanation and apology. He was afraid of meeting her eyes; afraid as a generous man who shrinks from inflicting humiliation. For was it conceivable that Rosamund could support his gaze without feeling humiliated? Remembering what had preceded that discovery at the shop; bearing in mind what had followed upon it; he reflected with astonishment on the terms of her self-reproach. It sounded so genuine; and to the ears of her husband it must have been purest, womanliest sincerity. As though she could read his thoughts, Rosamund addressed him again in the most naturally playful tone.

"And you have been in the Ba-que country since we saw you. I'm so glad you really took your holiday there at last; you often used to speak of doing so. And you met my sister—Winifred wrote to me all about it. The Coppingers were delighted to see you. Don't you think them nice people? Did poor Mrs. Coppinger seem any better?"

In spite of himself, Will encountered her look, met the beautiful eyes, felt their smile envelop him. Never till now had he known the passive strength of woman, that characteristic which at times makes her a force of Nature rather than an individual being. Amazed, abashed, he let his head fall—and mumbled something about Mrs. Coppinger's state of health.

He did not stay much longer. When he took his leave, it would have seemed natural if Franks had come out to walk a little way with him, but his friend bore him company only to the door.

"Let us see you as often as possible, old man. I hope you'll often come and lunch on Sunday; nothing could please us better."

Franks' handgrip was very cordial, the look and tone were affectionate, but Will said to himself that the old intimacy was at an end; it must now give place to mere acquaintanceship. He suspected that Franks was afraid to come out and walk with him, afraid that it might not please his wife. That Rosamund was to rule—very sweetly, of course, but unmistakably—no one could doubt who saw the two together for five minutes. It would be, in all likelihood, a happy subjugation, for Norbert was of anything but a rebellious temper; his bonds would be of silk; the rewards of his docility would be such as many a self-assertive man might envy. But when Warburton tried to imagine himself in such a posi-

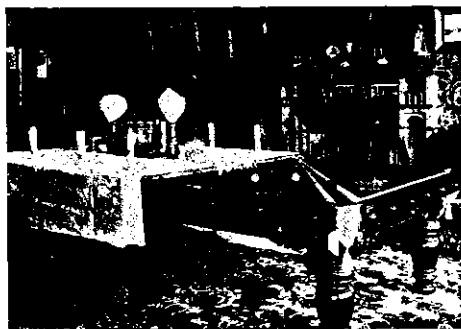
tion a choked laugh of humorous disdain heaved his chest.

He wandered homeward in a dream. He relived those moments on the embankment at Chelsea, when his common-sense, his reason, his true emotions, were defeated by an impulse now scarcely intelligible; he saw himself shot across Europe, like a parcel despatched by express; and all that fury and rush meaningless as buffoonery at a pantomime!



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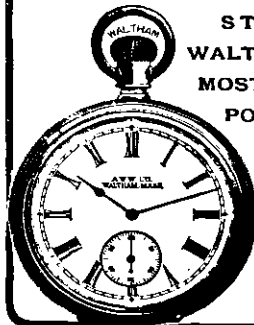
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Several hundred people on March 29 gathered outside the new building in St. Mary's-road, Ponsonby, called the Leys Institute, to witness the ceremonies of handing it over to the City Council and of officially opening it for the use of the public. Amongst the assemblage were the R.G. Bishop of Auckland (Dr. Lenihan), the Hon. T. Thompson, W. C. Smith, W. J. Beehan, M.L.C.'s, Messrs. Alison, Baume, and Kidd, M.H.R.'s, the Revs. Archdeacon Calder, Canon Nelson, Dr. Egan, Rabbi Goldstein, R. Somerville, Luxford, Jellie, Farrell, North, and Mr. Chas. Watt, the Mayor of Auckland (the Hon. E. Mitchellson) and Mrs. Parr, Court, Brown, Bagnall, Knight, Casey, the town clerk (Mr. H. W. Wilson), the city engineer (Mr. A. A. Wrigg), the Mayor of Parnell (Mr. J. Fitt), Mr. A. E. Rosser (for the Trades and Labour Council), Messrs. J. O'Brien, W. B. Leyland, J. J. Holland, H. Brett, E. Morton, J. L. Tole, W. J. Napier, J. Savage, G. E. Mueller, J. H. Upton, G. George (Auckland Technical School), J. Secorff, J. Christie, E. T. Hart, Leighton, Douglas ("N.Z. Herald"), W. Coleman, A. Cameron, W. J. Speight, J. M. Brigham, W. Thome, J. St. Clair, R. Farrell, J. M. Shera, R. Warnock, W. J. Courtney, W. J. Ralph, J. Bridge-water, T. U. Wells, T. Peacock, J. W. Tibbs, Jas. Muir, J. McK. Geddes, W. J. Rees, Professors Brown and Talbot-Tubbs, Dr. Inglis, and many others. The gathering was representative of every class in the community.

THE MAYOR'S SPEECH.

The Mayor, taking his place on the dais, said: To-day should be, and I think we may take it for granted that it is, a "red-letter" day in the history of Ponsonby, for we are now assembled for the purpose of opening the Leys Institute, as a Free Public Library and Mechanics' Institute, within a building which is not only a credit to the architect who designed it, but also a great adornment to the district. Viewed from any point, from the other side of the water or from any portion of the harbour, the building stands out in great prominence, and the view obtained from the upstairs windows is both beautiful and extensive. The site has been admirably chosen, as being within the radius of the penny sections of our tramway system, thousands of persons will be able to avail themselves of the great privilege afforded them of using what will ultimately be one of the best libraries and reading-rooms in the colony. The Leys Institute was founded under a bequest of the late Mr. W. Leys, who formerly occupied the position of chairman of the Ponsonby School Committee, who died on the 5th October, 1899, and who, during his life, took a great interest in the education and training of the young and the betterment of the people. The late Mr. Leys, by his energy and devotion to his business, accumulated a considerable amount of property, the value of which is steadily increasing, all of which will ultimately be owned by the City as an endowment for this institution. Auckland has been exceptionally fortunate in having had many philanthropists, who have made valuable bequests to the citizens for charitable and other purposes, and the bequest of the late Mr. Wm. Leys is not by any means the least of them. His will, after making provision for his family, directs that the surplus income should be accumulated until the amount so accrued should, in the opinion of the trustees, be sufficient to build a brick building at a cost of not less than £2000, and equip the same for the purpose of an institute, in the nature of a Free Library and Mechanics' Institute in the Ponsonby district,

to be called the Leys Institute, and that when completed the building and contents should be conveyed to the Mayor and Councillors of Auckland, to hold in trust for the citizens, and that if funds were available, after the payment of other charges on the estate, the trustees should pay to the City Council the sum of £100 per annum, towards the support of the Institute, and that after all the parties benefited by the will are deceased, the whole of the property and securities comprised in the estate shall be conveyed to the Corporation of Auckland for ever, for the purpose of supporting the Leys Institute. The trustees were directed to frame regulations for the management of the institution, subject to the stipulation that no religious lectures or discussions should be allowed. During last year a number of Ponsonby residents expressed a desire to have a free library and reading-room erected in Ponsonby. Upon this being made known to the Library Committee of the Auckland City Council, a deputation from that committee waited upon the trustees for the purpose of ascertaining what prospects there were of the Leys Institute being brought into existence at an early period. It was then ascertained that at the rate of accumulation ten years at least must expire before effect could be given to the intentions of the testator, but, in order that no time should be lost, Mr. T. W. Leys, one of the trustees, with great generosity offered to contribute one-half the cost of erecting and equipping of the building, provided that the Corporation would provide a suitable site. I need hardly say that this offer was gladly accepted by the Corporation and the trustees, the result being that the present site was acquired at a cost of £850. Mr. R. M. Watt was entrusted with the preparation of the plans, the lowest tender, that of Messrs. J. W. Jones and Sons, for £2582, with certain modifications, was accepted. The total cost of the building, furnishings, and equipment will be about £3000, exclusive of the library. Of this sum Mr. T. W. Leys has contributed £1500. The funds in the hands of the trustees only amounting to £1200, Mr. T. W. Leys has advanced to the trustees £300 to enable them to fulfil their part of the bargain, so that the total cost of land, building, and equipment, exclusive of the library, is about £3850. The library, presented by Mr. T. W. Leys comprises 4100 books, including the latest editions of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (35 volumes), Chambers' Encyclopaedia (10 volumes), The Century Dictionary, Watts' Chemistry (four volumes), and many other standard reference works, also a representative selection of classical literature, history, biography, travels, science, law, medicine, theology, poetry, drama, and fiction. There are in addition 1018 volumes consisting of duplicates drawn from the Auckland Free Library, which include a valuable collection of standard historical and technical books, so that the Institute opens with a library of 5118 volumes, to which additions will be made from time to time. The number of books in the Auckland Free Public Library when it was opened by the Mayor in 1880 was 5300 volumes, the Leys Institute, therefore, opens with 118 more books than the Auckland Free Library had upon the day of its opening. Mr. T. W. Leys has spent a large amount of money and time upon the purchase and selection of books which will be useful to students. The library contains the very latest editions of literary, scientific and technical works. In some of the classes it will be found that the books are later and more comprehensive than those in the City Library. In the leading department, while there is a full representation of all the old standard novelists and the best writers of current fiction, other departments of literature have not been

neglected. The 44 volumes of the "Story of the Nation" series, perhaps the best collection of works ever published upon the history of the nations of the world for popular circulation and general information, which will be found on the shelves of this branch, is specially worthy of note. The lending library also includes many recent books on travel and biography. Before passing to a description of the building, I would like to say that had it not been for the generosity of Mr. T. W. Leys in coming to the rescue, the establishment of the Leys Institute would not be the established fact that it is to-day, and to him I think the public owe a deep debt of gratitude. It is not often that we find our citizens contributing so generously as Mr. T. W. Leys has done during their lifetime, and as a member of the Library Committee I take this opportunity of thanking him for the very great interest he has always taken in the work of the Auckland Free Library. As Mayor of the city, and on behalf of the citizens of Auckland, I tender to him the thanks of the city for his noble and generous gift. The reading room, as at present arranged, has seating accommodation for 60 readers, and the newspaper and magazine room for 22, so that with the accommodation in the chess-room for 50 players, the institution has seating accommodation for 122, which could be increased without overcrowding. The hall will be available free for classes, clubs and societies formed in terms of the general rules regulating the formation of such associations in connection with the institute. It may also be lent free, or at a reduced rate, for any other purpose approved by the Committee of Management subject to the condition that no religious lectures or discussion shall be allowed within the institute, nor shall any entertainment be permitted which causes annoyance or disturbance to the occupants of the reading or chess rooms. The ordinary charge for the hire of the hall for meetings, lectures or classes, subject to these conditions, shall be fixed by the Committee of Management. The Committee of Management consists of nine members, two of whom shall be trustees of the late Mr. Wm. Leys and three shall be elected by members of the institute. The other four are nominated by the City Council, the first members chosen being Councillors Parr, Etricson, Bagnall and Brown. The three elective members are to be chosen at a meeting of the subscribers held in the first week of May. The librarian is prepared to take the names of subscribers to the lending library at once. The trustees will pay to the Council £100 a year for the maintenance of the institution, which more than defrays the librarian's salary. It is believed that with this aid the establishment being started entirely free from debt, the revenue arising from the subscribers and hall will render the institution entirely self-supporting. But as it is being conveyed absolutely to the Corporation, and thus becomes a branch of the Auckland Free Public Library, governed under the provisions of the Municipal Corporations Act, it is entitled to share in the funds arising from the library rate. The whole of the estate of the late Mr. Wm. Leys ultimately becomes an endowment for this institution, and it will be a very valuable one indeed.

THE LIFE OF THE FOUNDER.

Mr. T. W. Leys, in handing the Mayor a silver master-key of the building, said: I think you will understand that the occasion which has called us together is one that stirs within me a deep emotion. It recalls many memories of a brother who was playmate, school-fellow, companion, and friend for more than 40 years. His early struggles for success, his ideals in life, his intellectual aspirations, religious doubts, his broad sympathies for his fellow-men, and especially for those who, like himself, were leading laborious lives, his simple-hearted desire to make his life of service to the community in which he lived—these are the impressions that remain clearest in my mind. It is fitting, and will, I believe, be agreeable to you if I say something about the founder of this institution and the circumstances out of which it was evolved. Mr. William Leys arrived in Auckland in 1853, being then only 31 years of age. For a short time he went to school in Newton, and was then apprenticed to the trade of book-binder. At 20 he entered into business on his own account, and continued to follow his trade until two years before his death, which took place on October 5, 1899, at the early age of 47. His business was never a large one, consisting mainly of the work done with his own hands; but he lived very carefully, and invested his savings judiciously. His life was one of self-denial, but he had an open heart and hand for those in need. I know that almost the first £100 he saved was given to a relative who had brought himself into difficulties through his own reckless wastefulness, and the gift was made so unostentatiously that it was months before I discovered what he had done. For 26 years, and until within three months of the date of his death, he never left the provincial district of Auckland—a life monotonous in its way, with comparatively few pleasures, undistinguished perhaps, but still the life imposed by circumstances upon the great majority of mankind. For him, however, the daily task, the affairs of the land in which he lived, were full of interest. His political and religious opinions were always liberal, and he was for some time chairman of the Auckland Liberal Association. He was as energetic a champion of the gospel of work as Carlyle, but he also saw the difficulties under which the masses of the people labour, and his sympathies were especially drawn out towards those who find themselves worsted by time and misfortune in the battle of life, struggling bravely but ineffectively with waning powers to preserve their independence. It was this feeling that induced him to commence a vigorous agitation in favour of the Old Age Pensions, and I believe that the lecture which he delivered in 1893 and subsequently circulated broadcast throughout the country, had considerable influence in securing the adoption of the Old Age Pensions Act in New Zealand. In the course of this address he reviewed the system adopted in Germany, and the schemes propounded by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Robert Stout for granting pensions in consideration of certain premiums paid in early life by the recipients, and he showed the impracticability of these proposals. The basis he laid down for the payment of pensions was that subsequently embodied in the Old Age Pensions Act of

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this colony, except that he suggested 10/ weekly, the amount Mr. Seddon now proposes to submit to Parliament, and 60 instead of 65 as the qualifying age. He also proposed a condition that applicants must give proof that they had been industrious, and had never become a burden on the State. (Mr. Leys here read extracts from the pamphlet published by the late Mr. Wm. Leys expressing his views on the question of pensions. He then proceeded to say: The need for an Institute such as that which we hope this will become was impressed upon him during the years he filled the office of chairman of the Ponsonby School Committee. He frequently said to me during our walks that while the Government spent enormous sums of money upon education, practically nothing was done to encourage boys and girls to continue the good work when they leave school, often at very early ages. He pointed to knots of boys recently from school loitering in the vicinity of the Three Lamps, rapidly losing the good effects which the mental and moral discipline of school had impressed upon their characters. And he would remark that many of the cottages these boys lived in were small and over-crowded, and that, in a climate like ours, the streets offered an almost irresistible temptation. The wish to do something to combine instruction with rational recreation was always present in his mind, and when he became afflicted with the illness which ended in his death, this desire took strong possession of him. His letters show that it still occupied his thoughts during the few days preceding his death at Colombo, five and a-half years ago. By the terms of his will his entire estate will ultimately become an endowment for this institution. But, as I have already said, he was never a rich man in the most restricted sense of the term. The valuations made for probate after his death showed a total of only £8723, which was subject to a moderate allowance for his wife and only daughter. My brother, therefore, had no expectation at the time of his death that the object he had in view would be attained at an early date. He looked rather to the future, and the disposition of his property was largely an assertion of the belief which always animated him, that the greatest evil under which our civilisation labours is its fatal departure from simple living, and that wealth is unwisely applied when, to use one of his favourite phrases, a man toils from youth to age with the simple object of setting up some loafer in the world. I am certain that my brother would have regarded his own life as an utter failure if it had accomplished no more than this. You can see, from what I have said, that the position of the trustees was a somewhat difficult one. Although the attainment of the object seemed far off, we never lost sight of it, and we endeavoured by careful administration to create a fund for carrying out the intention of the testator. The early death of my brother's wife, 18 months ago, increased the rate of accumulation in the estate. Soon afterwards the need of a free public library and reading room was referred to in the City Council, and resulted in a deputation from the Council to the trustees to ascertain how far we could assist the proposal. The result of the subsequent negotiations has been explained to you by the Mayor. I desire to add, however, that Mr. Mitchellson has taken a strong personal interest in the matter from the beginning. When the proposal for a library and reading-room for Ponsonby was first mentioned, and before he was aware that any bequest had been made for that purpose, he warmly espoused the proposal as one which the Council should undertake. It was on his motion that the Corporation decided to offer a site, and he also proposed the committee through whose good judgment the splendid site on which this building stands was secured.

**THE VALUE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.**

Turning now to the public purposes served by such an institution as this, it is not necessary for me to speak at length upon the subject of free libraries. We have evidence that four or five thousands years ago, in Egypt and Babylon, the national importance of providing storehouses for records of the accumulating wisdom of mankind was recognised. In Assyria, 2500 years ago, the King possessed a library of more than 10,000 distinct works and documents, systematically arranged and catalogued,

and available for the use of his subjects. Many of these interesting records are now preserved in the British Museum. The Alexandrian Library, under the Ptolemies, attained the vast size of 700,000 rolls or volumes. Through the destruction of that monumental collection, much of the wisdom of the ancient world has been lost. But in olden times the stores of knowledge thus preserved were available only to the learned few. Thanks to the art of printing, they have become the common heritage. And think what an inestimable privilege it is thus to commune with the greatest minds of the past, as well as to hold converse with the most gifted intellects of the present day. Small as our library is, compared with some of the vast collections of books in various parts of the world, it will yet enable those who consult its contents to gather the wisdom of the East, as embodied in ancient papyrus and in the sacred books. Greek, Latin, Moorish literature are well represented, the best that the world has in song and story, the discoveries of its travellers, and workers in the domains of science, the history of those who have trodden the earth as conquerors, as teachers, who have offered their lives as martyrs for principle or the love of country, the achievements of the adventurous, the aspirations of the lofty minded—they are recorded here. And though we have in our library only 5400 books out of the two millions which lie stored in the archives of the British Museum, it is a fair start for those who are keen for the acquisition of knowledge. I think I am justified in claiming, with very little qualification, that no book among the 6000 is altogether unworthy of being read, and if the ardent student gets through one volume a day he has literary pabulum to last him for about 14 years. Long before that time we hope to have another 5000 ready for him, because we mean to keep up-to-date, so that he need not apprehend failure in the supply.

**PROVISION FOR RATIONAL RECREATION.**

But intellectual culture is not the only end which we intend this institution to serve. We desire to minister to human needs, which are not less important. In the immediate future I hope not only to see our recreation room filled nightly with young men who desire rational recreation, but if the Institute do not fail of its intended purpose, it will become the headquarters, not only of the literary societies, but also of the cricket, boating, football, and other clubs of young men and women in Ponsonby. Facilities will be given for the attainment of this end. The erection of a gymnasium is, I think, one of the most pressing wants; but we must move carefully, so that expansion shall proceed along the lines of an ascertained need. Much will depend upon the spirit infused into the management by the members and the committee, but, personally, I have no apprehension with regard to the future of this institution. My only regret is that the man to whom its inception is due cannot be with us to-day to see the achievement of his heart's desire, but though all that was mortal of him lies in a lonely grave at Ceylon, what he dreamed of and worked for will remain to the great advantage of the inhabitants of this city long after we have passed away. It is now my pleasant duty, Your Worship, in fulfillment of his instructions and on behalf of his trustees to hand over to you, as Mayor of the City, possession of this building and library in trust for the citizens of Auckland for ever.

Great applause followed the speech, and Mr. Leys handed over the key.

**SPEECH BY COUNCILLOR PARR.**

Mr. C. J. Parr, speaking as one of the earliest supporters of the movement for a library in Ponsonby, expressed the gratitude the council, and the residents of Ponsonby, in particular, felt for the late Mr. W. Leys' forethought, and for the generous action of his brother, Mr. Thomson W. Leys, in enabling the present scheme to be completed. The Mayor had told them about the money gift Mr. T. W. Leys had given, but he had not mentioned the enormous work Mr. Leys had done during the past six months for the library. He had given up much of his valuable time to the choosing of the thousands of books for the library—a work for which in the Old Country ex-

pensive experts had to be engaged for considerable periods. All that work Mr. Leys had done in six months, and gratuitously. As a member of the Library Committee and a resident of Ponsonby he assured Mr. Leys that they were deeply grateful to his revered brother and himself. (Prolonged applause.)

**PRESENTATION TO THE ARCHITECT.**

Mr. W. Cecil Leys came forward next and said that he had one of the pleasantest tasks that afternoon. He believed the public would feel, when they looked over the building, that no better for its size and purpose could have been designed; every inch of space was utilised to the best advantage. For this, credit entirely was due to Mr. R. M. Watt, the architect, who had spared neither time nor pains to make the building creditable, and who had assisted the trustees in innumerable ways. The trustees thought such service should be recognised, and therefore desired to present Mr. Watt with a gold watch in memory of the work, and in token of their appreciation. (Applause.)

Mr. Watt replied suitably, and recognised the services of the contractors (Messrs. W. Jones and Son), and especially their foreman (Mr. G. Olliver).

The Mayor then turned the key in the door, and formally opened the building for public use.

The Mayor was presented by the Trustees with a silver-mounted photograph of the building with a silver inscribed plate attached, as a memento of the opening.

**The Purpose of the Menu Card.**

Like most other of the conveniences of modern life, the menu card has its abuses as well as its uses. Designed for the obvious purpose of assisting the guest in his selection of dishes, and thereby facilitating the rapid serving of the meal, it is, nevertheless, as often a hindrance as a help, the guests devoting to it the attention which might with more propriety be bestowed elsewhere.

When a menu card is placed at each plate, as should invariably be the case when the meal is an elaborate one, including many dishes, the guest should examine it quickly but carefully, immediately upon seating himself at the table, making his decision as to what he will take or refuse as expeditiously as possible.

It is of hardly less importance that the serving of wine be similarly expeditious, the guest signifying "yes" or "no" the instant the servant approaches him. Should any guest not desire to drink wine, it is in better taste to let the attendant fill the glass and then leave it unattended than to decline the liquor in so many words. If the glass be left untouched nothing will be said and no one's feelings will be hurt, whereas both of these things will be likely to happen if one adopt the other course. — "The Delineator."

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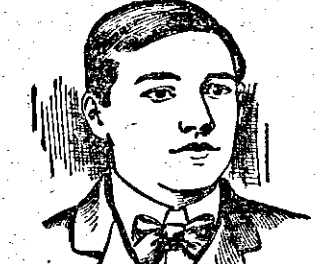
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# HERE AND THERE.

In Russia alcoholism is being treated by hypnotism. The Russian Government has established dispensaries in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Seratov, Jaroslavl, Astrakhan and other cities, and inveterate drunkards are flocking there by hundreds in order to put themselves under this treatment. It appears that the results are most satisfactory.

The confidence that the tenants of the sky-scrapers of New York have in their fire-proof qualities was demonstrated recently during a fire in the Park Row building. While the firemen were battling with the blaze the office occupants calmly attended to their regular business. The fire was kept confined to one room.

A short-tempered English sergeant was conducting a firing squad which missed the target in the most unanimous manner at 600 yards. They repeated this manoeuvre at 300, and with equal success at 200. "We've got to do it," the sergeant spluttered at last, setting his teeth; "fix bayonets—we'll charge it!"

First a halfpenny and then a gold piece gave considerable amusement to a small crowd in the Rue Daumesnil, Paris, recently. The former coin was placed on the pavement, and lay untouched for an hour and a-half before it was picked up by an old lady, who carefully placed it in her reticule, despite the derisive cheers which were accorded her by those who were watching. An American gentleman then placed a 20-franc piece on the ground, and as pedestrian after pedestrian passed without seeing it, they were startled by the uproarious laughter from doors and windows. They stopped short, looked confused and then hurried away with indignant glances at the merry-makers. The louis was at last picked up by a bent and feeble old man, who hobbled off with his treasure amid enthusiastic cheers.

Even now the prevailing view among laymen is that physical exertion is dangerous, if not fatal, in heart disease. But about half-a-century ago successful results were obtained by the treatment of heart disease by gymnastics. Later, Oertel initiated the mode of treatment, and Schott of Naheim made public his method of treating heart disease by "resistance gymnastics" and the carbonated saline baths. The following four forms of exercise have been found the most useful:—(1) Massage, (2) Swedish gymnastics, (3) mountain climbing, and (4) resistance gymnastics. The exercise taken must be slight, although numerous large muscles must be used. Respiration must be deepened, but not hurried. Exercise must be graduated, beginning with the lightest.

It is reported, says an exchange, that one of our newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this paper pay up before long he will need bread without so much as anything on, and this is no Garden of Eden, either, in the winter time.—From the Enid (Oklahoma) "Daily Wave."

Lloyd Osbourne says that Robert Louis Stevenson once invited a friend to visit him in Samoa.

His friend said that nothing would give him greater pleasure, if he could secure the leisure to do so. "By the way, Louis," said he, "how do you get to Samoa, anyhow?"  
"Oh, easily," responded Stevenson. "You simply go to America, cross the continent to San Francisco, and it's the second turning to the left."—Harper's Weekly.

President Luther, of Trinity College at Hartford, Conn., preached, one Sunday, when he was a professor in college, on the story of Esther. He concluded with the words: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai, and everyone was pleased." Then as the irony appealed to him, he added in a lower voice, "Except Haman."

As soon as May had named the day  
She issued invitations  
To all the crew our mothers knew  
(Including poor relations)  
We were aware they all would swear  
In language far from pleasant,  
"Confound it! I shall have to buy  
The blessed pair a present."

Then boy and man in cart and van  
And motor-car came driving,  
With gifts galore, and more and more,  
And still they kept arriving;  
And housewifery few, and posies too,  
Till all the terrace wended,  
And night and day they rang away—  
Lord! how the knocker thundered!

We worked in shifts upon the gifts:  
And when we had exhausted them,  
We'd twenty score of forks and more,  
But not a knife among them;  
And as we two had scarce a sou,  
There needed to be a "curet,"  
Which silly mugs gave claret jugs,  
But not a drop of claret.

We'd endless gongs, and sugar tongs  
Of every shape and fashion,  
As if sweet tea was bound to be  
Henceforth our ruling passion;  
We'd sachets, too, of pink and blue,  
With sickly perfumes scented,  
And oh! the show of "art nouveau"  
With which we were presented.

And, now we've got the little lot,  
We're under obligation  
To every guest we most detest,  
And every poor relation;  
And by the time the church bells chime,  
And Hymn 116a the true knot,  
We find 'too late—we've all we hate,  
And nothing that we do not.

—"Wedding Presents" (By a Victim), in "Punch."

Andrew Lang says that the worst of knowing history is that it spoils you for historical novels, as when you are aware, for example, that the Duke of Hamilton in "Esmond" could not be affianced to Beatrix, because the duke was a married man at the moment. "In the same novel," he continues, "the lively libertine prince of fancy can not be convincing, when you know that he was mocked for his following in the virtuous steps of the patriarch Joseph, as a matter of fact. On the other side, really good historical novels spoil you for history, the events were never so romantic as they appear in the pages of Scott and Dumas."

tee of the Local Government Board, appointed a few years ago, recommended that boracic preservative might be allowed in cream and butter, provided the fact was notified by label, but that in all dietetic preparations intended for invalids and infants no chemical preservatives should be permitted, nor should the use of preservatives be allowed in milk. Some eminent experts endorse these recommendations, and add, "Under the conditions of modern dairying, with proper cooling appliances, and with due regard to cleanliness, the use of preservatives in milk is unnecessary and undesirable, and is

to be condemned." For ourselves, we ("Science Biftings") urge our readers not to use even cream or butter containing boracic acid, even when the fact is "notified on the label," for boracic acid is poison. Cleanliness is, in our opinion, the secret of a pure, undrugged milk supply, but sterilised milk has been suggested, and been the subject of innumerable protests on the grounds of its being neither nourishing nor digestible. M. Variot, according to the "Lancet," does not agree with these protests. He is physician to the hospital for Sick Children, and founds his arguments upon the fact that during some 12 years he has distributed to 3000 infants some 700,000 pints of milk sterilised at a temperature of 108 degrees C. The good results obtained show that milk sterilised in this manner does not lose its nutritive value, and that its lactose is not caramelised as was formerly wrongly held to be the case.

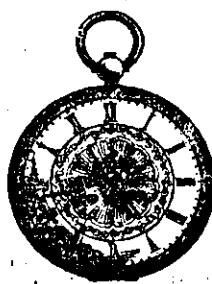
A paragraph has been going the rounds of the American press referring to the following inscription, which, it is stated, was written by Mark Twain for the tombstone of his wife:

"Warm summer sun,  
Shine kindly here,  
Warm southern wind,  
Blow softly here,  
Green God above,  
Lis light, He light,  
Good-night dear heart,  
Good-night—good-night."

It appears that this statement is erroneous, according to the literary sheet of the Harpers. The lines are favourite ones with Mr Clemens, and when he had them engraved for his daughter's—not his wife's—gravestone he inclosed them in quotation marks, to indicate that he was not the author of them. Who the writer is he does not know; but, as he says, the lines were to him touching and beautiful, and expressed what he felt better than any words of his own could have done.

A Wallstreet banker, who is said to be "the head of one of the largest financial institutions" of New York, is credited with the statement that the fortune of John D. Rockefeller will in a few years amount to one thousand million dollars. There are many estimates current of Mr. Rockefeller's wealth, estimates ranging all the way from 400,000,000dol. to 600,000,000dol., but the Wall-street authority adds that all estimates of the Rockefeller fortune have been too low. Years ago, Mr. Gladstone was one of the guests at a dinner in England, where the oldest member of the Vanderbilt family was also present. Somebody whispered to the English Premier that the rich American had 100,000,000, and Mr. Gladstone commented, after looking curiously at Mr. Vanderbilt: "Then I should say that he constitutes a peril to the American Republic." What Mr. Gladstone would have said of a Rockefeller may be imagined.

"Courabyra" writes to the Sydney "Town and Country": "Judging from the frequency with which one hears the expression, 'A cat and dog's life,' to describe the domestic relations that grow, aye, and bite, too, one would suppose that cats and dogs never live together on a peaceable footing. This is not the case, for I have known dozens of instances where most amicable relations existed between these favourite domestic animals, and have actually known a cat to suckle a puppy after losing her kittens. Further, I have known a slut to rear two kittens, and fine cats they became, too. An old German resident down Millen-jandera way once owned a cat and dog that were devoted chums. One day, Ludwig and Katarina had quarrelled, and, after each had discharged all the verbal



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# After Dinner Gossip

AND

## Echoes of the Week

### When Servants Are No More.

Servants are to be as snakes in Ireland. The concentrated effort of some millions of masters and mistresses having failed to mend them, they are to be ended. So says Mrs Perkins Gilman, of New York, where the beautiful future is planned. The reforming lady is probably right in thinking that the grievances of mistress and maid will be settled when domestic service is abolished altogether. We are in future to get our food wholesale from factories—which seems an unnecessary sacrifice to convention in these days of food and drink tabloids—and to have our private houses cleaned scientifically, which is certainly an advance on anything which has been enjoyed up to the present time. The exact method of this scientific cleaning is not explained. Perhaps, on the lines of Christian Science, our houses will be clean if only we think sufficiently hard that they are. "Then," says Mrs Gilman, "for the first time we shall have private homes. Private homes, of course, exist at the present time for those who are exceptionally gifted with imagination. Only unkind people call them lunatic asylums."

But the beautiful vista of domestic peace opened by Mrs Gilman's vision of a servantless age is as nothing to that foreshadowed by her system of professional baby-culture. Incubators for the human race have been known for some time. We are now to go one better, and keep a kind of forcing pit for the tender seedling of mankind. "Forcing" will be done by contract, much to the advantage of the baby, since we are told to believe that "the idea of the mother keeping her child with her is a beautiful myth."

"It is a pathetic thing," said Mrs Gilman, at the end of a recent lecture in England, "that no baby on earth enjoys the society of other babies." This we believe to be true, since without our own knowledge the green-eyed monster jealousy has led more than one callow infant into the crime of attempted murder. Mrs Gilman's apocalypse is fascinating. Still, we are inclined to believe that both Mary Ann and the baby will remain for many years to plague the British home.

### Incomprehensible.

According to a telegram in the papers last week, our friends across the Tasman Sea were under the impression that we had adopted the metric system of weights and measures in this go-ahead little corner of the empire. Sad to relate, they gave us credit for being more up-to-date than we really are. We are so well up with the front rank in so many other matters, that the Cornstalks might readily be pardoned for thinking we had adopted such an obviously desirable system as that in question. It appears that our legislators have placed an act on the statute books giving the authorities power to bring the system into force when deemed advisable. What an opportunity of earning undying fame and gratitude somebody is losing! If any gentleman (capable of judging) could possibly come to the conclusion that the time had not arrived and passed when some reform in our system of weighing and measuring things was necessary, I should like to meet him. How many different kinds of weights and measures are there? I really forget, but have a miserable memory of a disgusting number of pages devoted to tables at the end of that instrument of torture the sun book. It was bad enough to learn them—you will probably remember how you revelled in them yourself—but imagine the unalloyed pleasure of having to use them!

Could any other people in the world—barring, perhaps, the fellahs of Egypt, who to-day till the ground with the same style of plough as their ancestors did when some of the thousand-year-old mummified pussies found in unearthened Sarcophagi used to frisk on the tiles and have infuriated boots thrown at them—cling with such tenacity to a cobwebby, useless, and cumbersome system of weights and measures like that of the British people? The prospect of sweeping away all the present thousand and one ways of getting at the weight of things, and substituting one system, simplicity in itself, is so delightful that sensible people must be very puzzled to know why our enlightened Government has not brought that latent statute into life.

### Clever Women! Are They Unpopular?

A London contemporary devotes a long article on the subject, "Why Clever Women Are Unpopular." As a matter of fact a clever woman is never unpopular, since no really clever woman would ever let the world see or know that she was clever. The women who are unpopular are the women who are so lacking in cleverness that they always want to air their own knowledge. Such a woman may well be regarded as a terrible infliction—as great a bore as a man of the same type. She can never listen to other people because she always wants to show off her own learning. Her conversation is usually a series of verbal fireworks, and she has a mania for turning on intellectual taps labelled Darwin, Carlyle, Emerson or Arnold with a self-consciousness that is positively paralysing in general society. We all know that woman, and the man who flies before her has our heartfelt sympathy.

### Women and Clubs.

Time is forcing proud men to eat his words. The Woman's Club, he said, is doomed to failure. Women are unclubbable beings. They would wrangle among themselves. They would never be able to manage the commissariat, and they would never be able to make it comfortable and convenient as men do. In spite of all the prognostications, clubs for women have gone on and prospered in the most remarkable way, and now we get a quite funny incident from London showing how completely the table is turned. Men are abating so keen an appreciation of the more luxurious of the clubs for women that committees are rising in their wrath and ordaining that the evidence of that appreciation must be kept within bounds. One indignant office-bearer realises that "men for years kept us from setting foot within the sacred precincts of their clubs, but the moment we started such places for ourselves and they found how comfortable and cosy they were, and how well-fed the guests could be, forthwith they crept into the folds, and having got there they show a tiresome disposition to make the most of them. Who is it that occupies the most comfortable chair by the fire? Who best knows the women's clubs that serve the finest wines and have the best-toasted muffins? Is it not man who—?" But the rest can easily be kept to the imagination. An interesting fact is that the men most inclined to take advantage of the comforts of a woman's club are members of "swagger" establishments which still preclude women. The situation is certainly a quaint one, and may well serve as a warning to those in authority over women's clubs in other places than London.

### A Good Story.

If one can insult a man and then make a confirmation of the insult sound like an apology it makes things pleasant for both sides (says "Womera"). Every one has heard of the famous Parliamentary apology: "I said the hon. member was a liar, and I'm sorry for it." It was rivalled in a certain regiment, the colonel of which is by no means popular. He was absent from mess one night during camp, and as the evening lengthened the diners grew more candid in their criticism, and the colonel was the subject of it. But the colonel heard of it somehow, and, meeting one of the captains next morning, said, with a smile that was three-fourths of a sneer, "Ah, good morning, Captain Candour. I understand you had a most enjoyable evening at the mess last night. A little bird tells me that some of my officers were really eloquent upon a particular theme. What was that theme again—surely I cannot have forgotten it so soon?" The captain saw the whole story had reached the colonel's ear, so thought to smooth it over. "Well, you know how it is, sir," he said; "it was a jolly sort of night, and every one was talking a good deal. You know the old saying, 'In vino veritas.'" Another officer who, like King Gamu, was born sneering, knew that his regiment detested him, and was fool enough to be always harping on the subject. They were on service at the time at some place beginning with "Fon" and ending with "dorp." One night, after mess, the colonel and his officers were standing in the open, when the commander said, "Oh, gentlemen, Binks, of the Fifth, has applied to be attached to us. Don't you think some of you who feel strongly on the subject might let him know in confidence what a rotter of a colonel you think you've got." There was a dead silence for a moment, and then a cleverful young subaltern remarked glibly: "Why not let him find out for himself?"

### Unsavory Topics.

"The conversation of even the 'polite society' of those days was very coarse." Probably the gentle reader has also come across this comment in a certain history of the English people. Confess, gentle reader, didn't you feel morally elevated and unconsciously draw your mantle of refinement closer round your classic form? Didn't it give you that same superior feeling that you experience when looking at one of those coarse scenes so vividly depicted by Rowlandson? Of course we take it for granted that we leave those vulgar persons far behind in the search for culture and refinement, but I am afraid we flatter ourselves. To be sure, we would not dream of discussing some subjects which were table talk in the bright days of say a century ago, but there is to-day a most disgusting tendency to talk about the ills that human flesh is heir to in a very frank manner. The more civilisation the more disease (or perhaps it is only more knowledge of complaints about which we were formerly happily ignorant), and people find a wonderful fascination in talking about their complaints from toothache to appendicitis and worse. It is a truly cheerful and inspiring sight to see two decadents condoling with one another, and comparing notes about the state of their livers or some equally attractive parts of the earthly tabernacle. Even in the "best of families" one hears at the dinner table references to health, disease and the state of the "innards," which would be most proper and instructive in a medical work, but at dinner and in mixed company—ugh! The "Lancet" has an interesting comment on this phase of modern society which will bear repeating. "Not only have we heard appendicitis discussed at the dinner table, but even intimate gynaecological complaints," remarks that journal. "It is true that London society is not yet so advanced as is fashionable society in Paris, but it is too true that refinement and that old-fashioned virtue known as reserve have markedly decreased of late years. The arena of feminine dress are exposed to all and sundry in every shop window, to say nothing of the advertisements in fashion papers, and although there is

nothing immoral in underclothing or in conversation about appendicitis or less savoury operations, we cordially agree that such matters are not fitting for ordinary social conversation."

### The Colonial Girl on Afternoon Tea "At Home."

An Australian Girl writes entertainingly in the "Australasian":—"One thing which we 'colonials' cannot get used to in London, and, indeed, even when staying with friends in the sleepy moss-grown country villages, where time surely cannot be a matter of supreme importance, is the strict observance of punctuality at the ceremony of afternoon tea. Really, it gets on our nerves sometimes—if we happen to be in the middle of an exciting set of tennis, or out for a delightful stroll in a dear old English lane—but it is no use kicking against the pricks, or we should certainly have to go without tea. And what thoroughly colonial girl could bear to do that. But, even if she would forego her tea for the sake of an enchanting walk in these glorious woods, it would be considered nothing less than a crime if she did. In the colonies we do pretty much as we like. Our housemaid will bring us or our visitors a cup of tea at any hour, if she happens to like us, or—we run out and put the little brass kettle on the gas-ring, and make it ourselves in less than no time! But, here in England, afternoon tea, though it may be a feast, it is not a movable one. At 5, the clockwork maid brings in hot muffins, hot buttered toast—and sometimes even jam—leek cakes and chocolates, and the hostess makes the tea. The whole paraphernalia is set in front of her on a silver salver, match-box, methylated spirit bottle, hot water in a kettle raised above a spirit stand, tea caddy, and silver teapot. After all the performance, you may have raspberries or strawberries and cream. You can put up with all this 'pothor' if the days are dull and wet, but if you long to be out—as what colonial girl does not—you feel you'd give anything to be allowed, as at home in our 'free' country, to go out and 'just come in at any time.' I heard an only daughter one day not long ago, begging—nay, imploring—her mother (who was going out for the afternoon) to order tea for her at a quarter-past four, as she wanted to go skating at Prince's afterwards. 'I'll not have my house upset,' said the mother; 'tea will be in as usual at five. You can buy tea out of your pocket money if you like; but I'll not alter any arrangements.' They keep seven women-servants, and are three in family!"

### MEN, DON'T WORRY

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cleanses the hair, leaving it delightfully soft and glossy, and removes dandruff. It is a species of soft soap of special purity for toilet use, and delicately perfumed.

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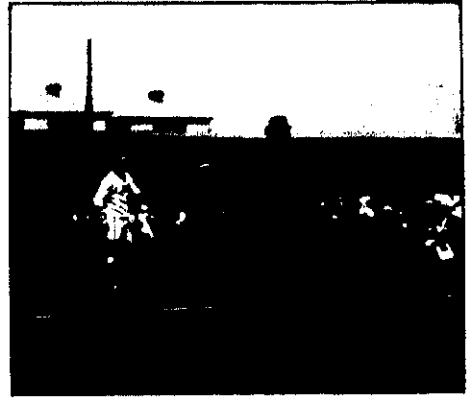








CLOSE FINISH OF THE 50yds DASH.



DUFFEY HAS A FEW WORDS WITH THE STARTER.



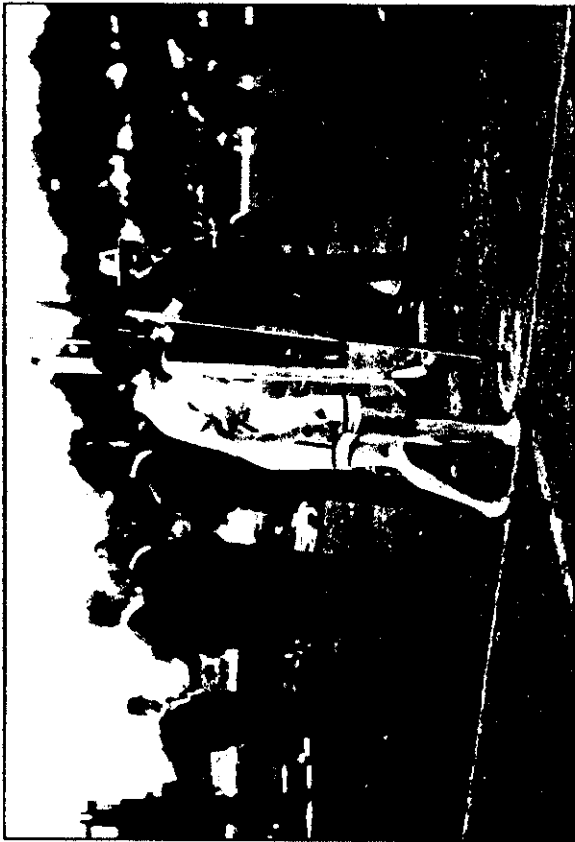
THE COMPETITORS AT THE MEETING: SHRUBB AND DUFFEY ARE SITTING IN THE FRONT ROW.



Schaefer, Sarony Studios, photo.

FLASHLIGHT PHOTO AT THE SMOKE CONCERT TO THE VISITORS.

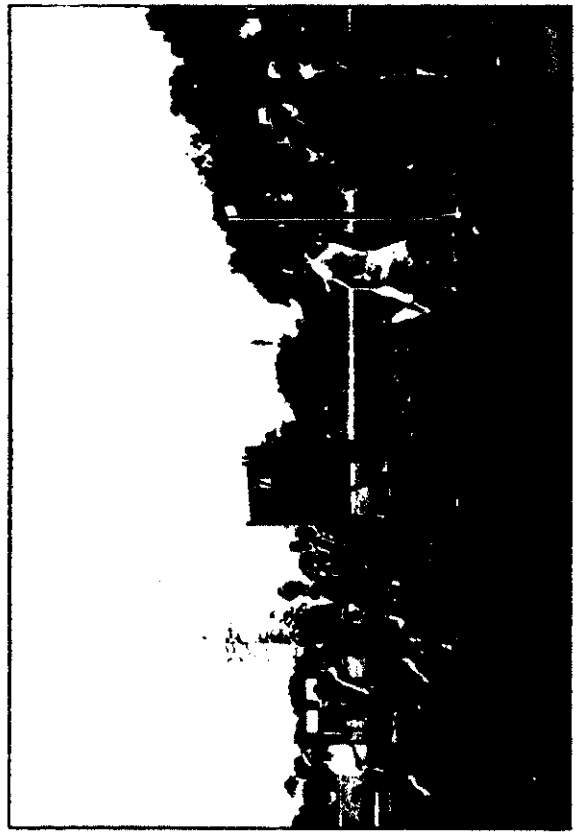
**THE SHRUBB-DUFFEY ATHLETIC CARNIVAL AT WELLINGTON**



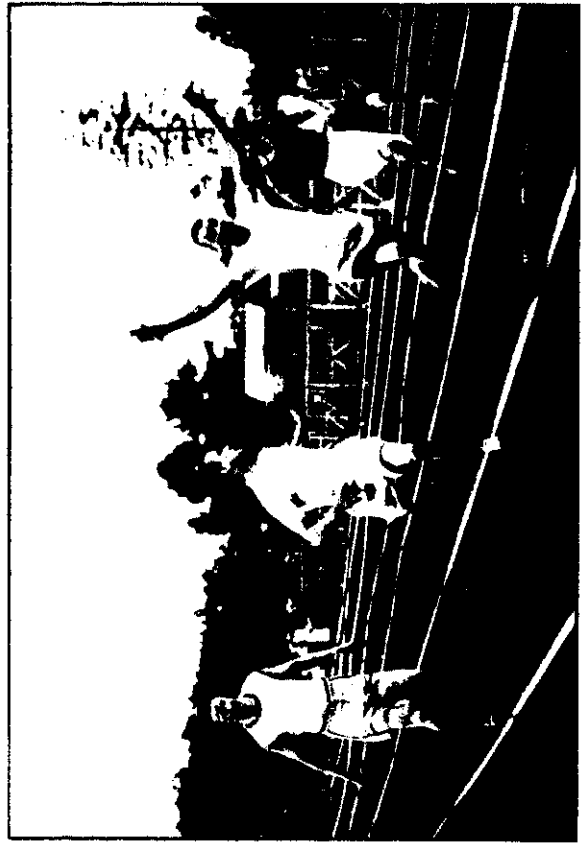
SHRUBB WAITING FOR THE PISTOL IN THE THREE-MILE FLAT HANDICAP.



50 YDS INVITATION DASH—G. W. Smith, 1; P. King, 2; A. F. Duffey, 3.



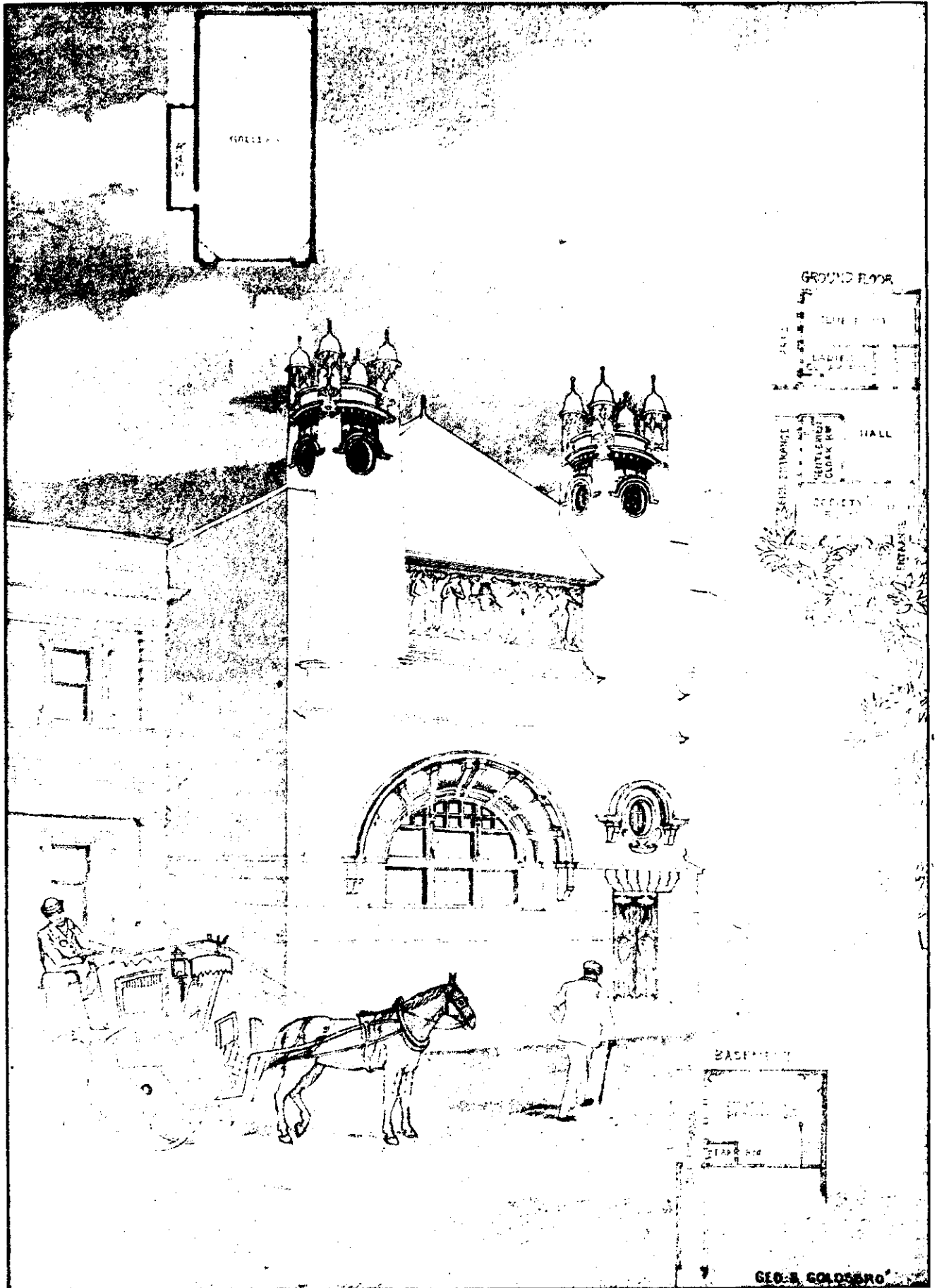
L. B. TODD WINNING THE 20 YDS HANDICAP.



FINISH OF 75 YDS INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP—E. Barton winning, P. King second, Duffey third.

See "Our Illustrations."

**VISIT OF SHRUBB AND DUFFEY TO AUCKLAND**



Sketch by Mr. G. Goldsbro.

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NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN COBURG STREET. THE ARCHITECTS ARE MESSRS. GOLDSBRO AND WADE, AND THE BUILDER IS MR. J. J. HOLLAND. THE COST OF THE BUILDING WILL BE £2500.

### At the Theatre.

"Funny name isn't it?—The Darling of the Gods! Didn't know gods had darlings—just look at those diamonds—and there's Mrs. Smythe—she looks a fright—oh, now the curtain's going up—why, they're all Japanese—it's a Japanese play, you say—what a funny way those girls walk—I never can remember all those foreign names—why doesn't Blanche Bates come on?—that's her, you say—which?—I don't see her—Yo San?—oh, that one—is that Blanche Bates?—she looks just like a Jap, do-s'n't she?

—you'd never tell from her looks she was born right in this town—are those gei-shas?—how horrid—they're not nice persons, are they?—what does that man want with two swords?—one for each hand, I guess—that's the result of jiu jitsu—why does she talk about breaking bones?—must be going to make soups for him—oh, oh, they've killed that man, haven't they?—I do hope they won't shoot off any guns—my nerves won't stand it—what are these ky-isses?—oh, just kisses—what a fuss to make over a kiss—is the hero an American?—they're all Japanese!—I don't see why the hero

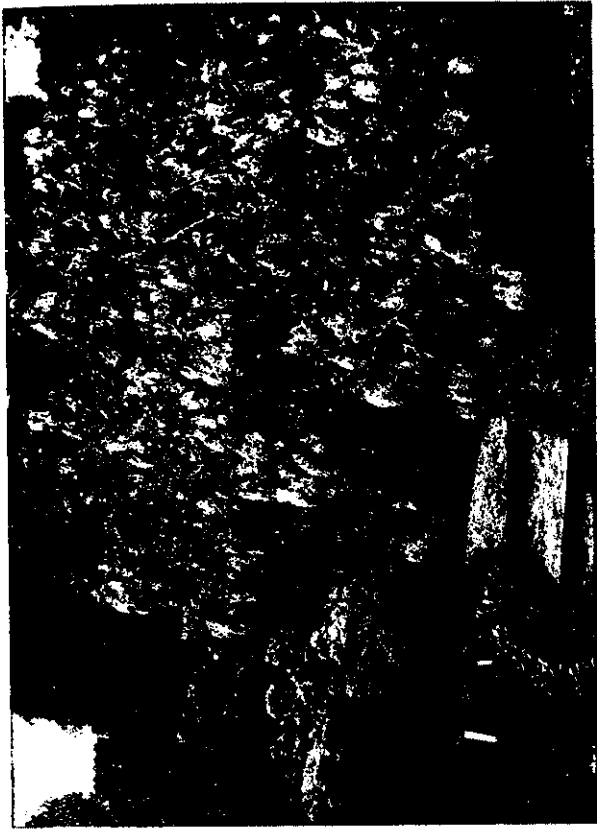
can't be an American—look at those Japs in the box—this must make them feel like home—what's the shoji they talk about?—I hope it's not improper—why does that man in front of us keep looking back?—is anything wrong with my hair?—I don't understand it a bit—these foreign plays are foolish, I think—what are souvenir chocolates?—you can't keep chocolates—now the curtain's going up again—just look at that girl letting that man hug her—she's a geisha, you say—well, that makes no difference—she's a bold thing—what's down in the cellar?—is it on fire?—well

it looks like it with that red light—torturing him down below?—well, he's only a Jap—are all those people swimming? the River of Souls?—how can souls swim?—a thousand years after, you say—a thousand years—why are they in the clouds?—have they airships in Japan?—why don't they come down by parachute?—is that the end—how silly—the villain wasn't even killed—I'll never come to see a Japanese play again—but wasn't Blanche Bates just too sweet?—yes, the Irvington car—we're just in time, if we hurry."—Wex Jones in "Oregonian."



“Boadicea”

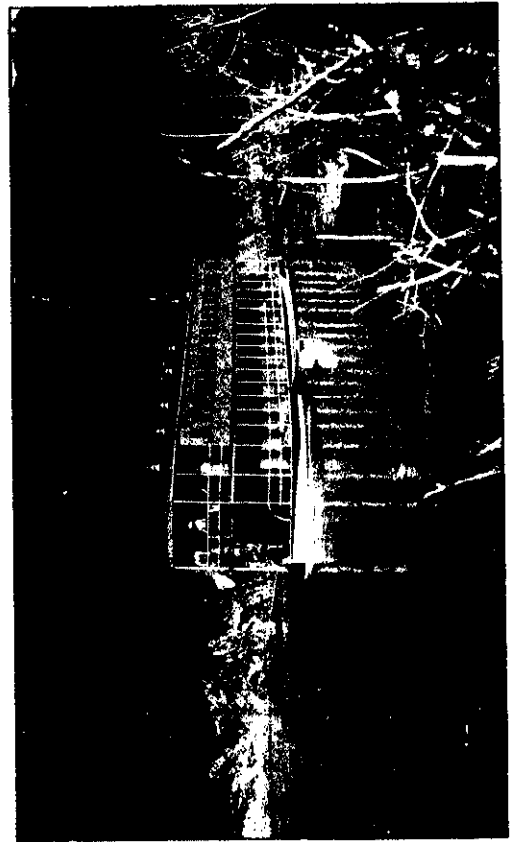
ONE OF THE STRIKING PICTURES IN MISS ELLEN VON MEYERN'S ART UNION.



Love Studios, photo.  
TWO VIEWS IN A BEAUTIFULLY-KEPT AUCKLAND GARDEN.



Middleton, photo., Wanganui. MISS EVA DICKSON'S HUNTER MERRYFIRE.  
A well-known prize-taker at Auckland and other agricultural shows.



See "Our Distractions."  
Messrs. A. Hattrick & Co.'s house-boat, on route from Taurarunui, where she was built, to the mouth of the trilateral stream Olura, where she will be moored. The Olura is about half-way between Taurarunui and Pipipi.



THE MARRIED WOMAN'S RACE.



UNDER THE TREES.



Valle, photo.

THE SPORTS COMMITTEE:

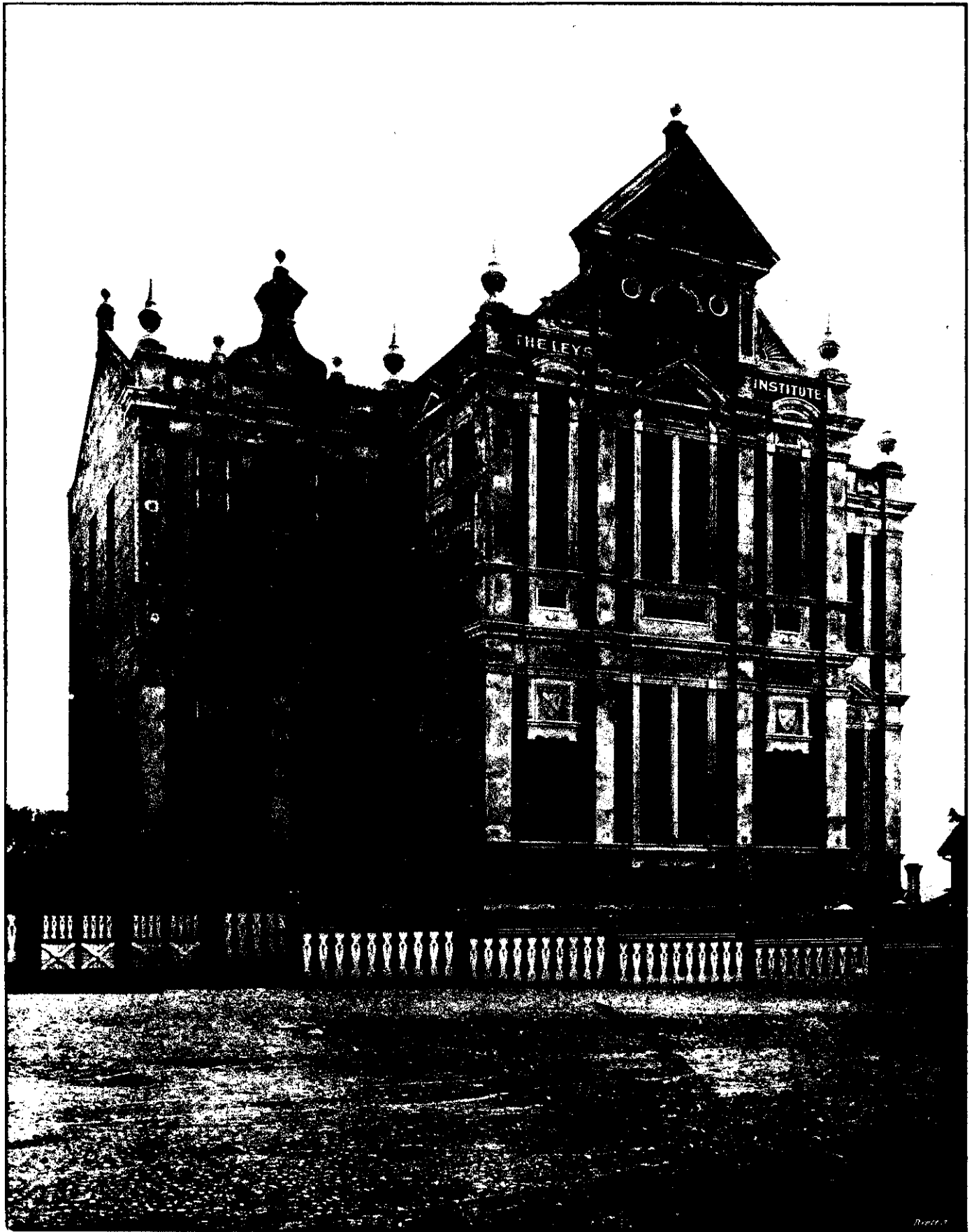
BACK ROW—Messrs. Marshall and McGulgan. MIDDLE ROW—Messrs. Donovan, Bush, McCollam, Wrigley, McClusky, Coffie, Thompson.  
 FRONT ROW: Mr. E. W. Alison, M.H.R., Captain Pilkington, Colonel Davis, C.B., Captain Napier, Sergt.-Major Shepperd.

**AUCKLAND DETACHMENT PERMANENT FORCE ANNUAL PICNIC AT MOTUTAPU**



A GROUP OF THE PICNICKERS.

AUCKLAND DETACHMENT PERMANENT FORCE ANNUAL PICNIC AT MOTUTAPU



See Letterpress, pages 13 and 14.

VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDING IN ST. MARY'S ROAD, FORMALLY OPENED LAST WEEK BY HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR.

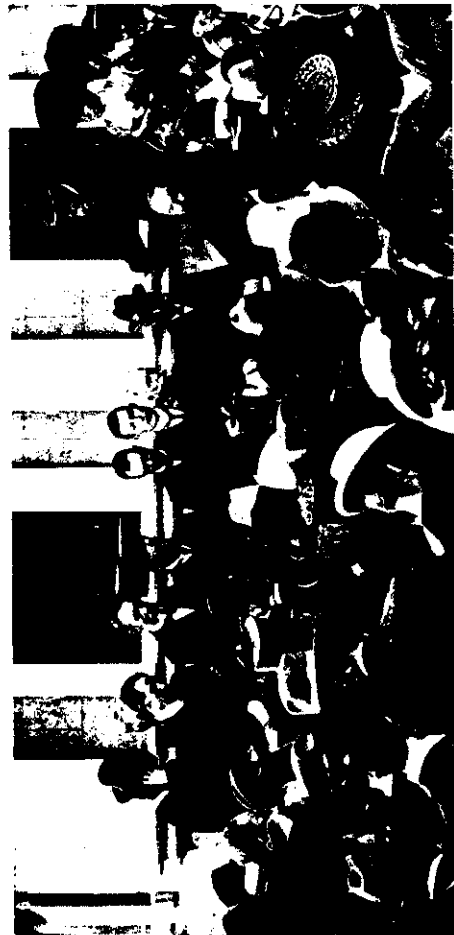
**THE LATEST DONATION TO AUCKLAND:**

OPENING OF THE LEYS INSTITUTE. PONSONBY.





MR. THOMSON W. LEYS GIVES THE HISTORY OF THE DONATION.



PRESENTATION OF A GOLD WATCH TO THE ARCHITECT, MR. J. M. WATT.



HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR, THE HON. E. MITCHELSON, ADDRESSING THE PUBLIC AT THE OPENING.

**THE LATEST DONATION TO AUCKLAND: Opening of the Leys Institute, Ponsonby**



THE LATE MR. W. LEYS.



MR. THOMSON W. LEYS.



MR. W. CECIL LEYS.



MISS MABEL A. J. H. LEYS.

THE FOUNDER AND THE TRUSTEES.



THE LIBRARY.

**THE LATEST DONATION TO AUCKLAND:**

OPENING OF THE LEYS INSTITUTE, PONSONBY.



THE DINING ROOM.



A VIEW OF THE LECTURE HALL.

**THE LATEST DONATION TO AUCKLAND:**

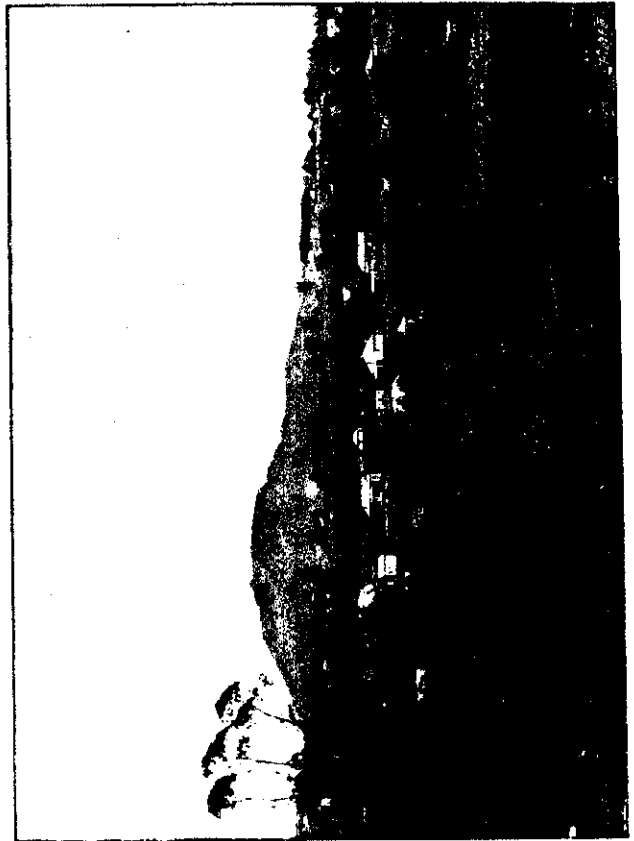
OPENING OF THE LEYS INSTITUTE, PONSONBY.



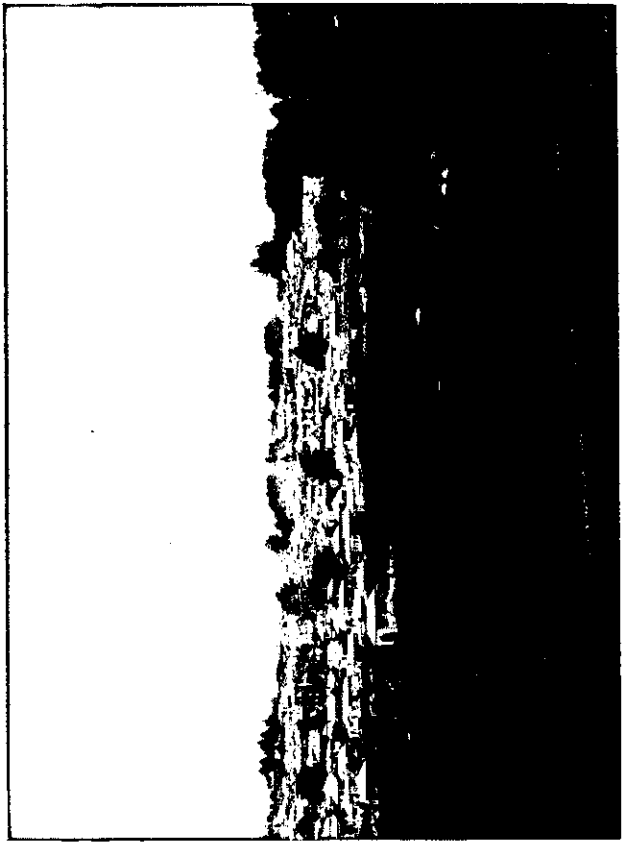
THE PRESENT TERMINUS AT KINGSLAND.



A TYPICAL NEW SIDE STREET JUST OFF THE TRAM LINE.

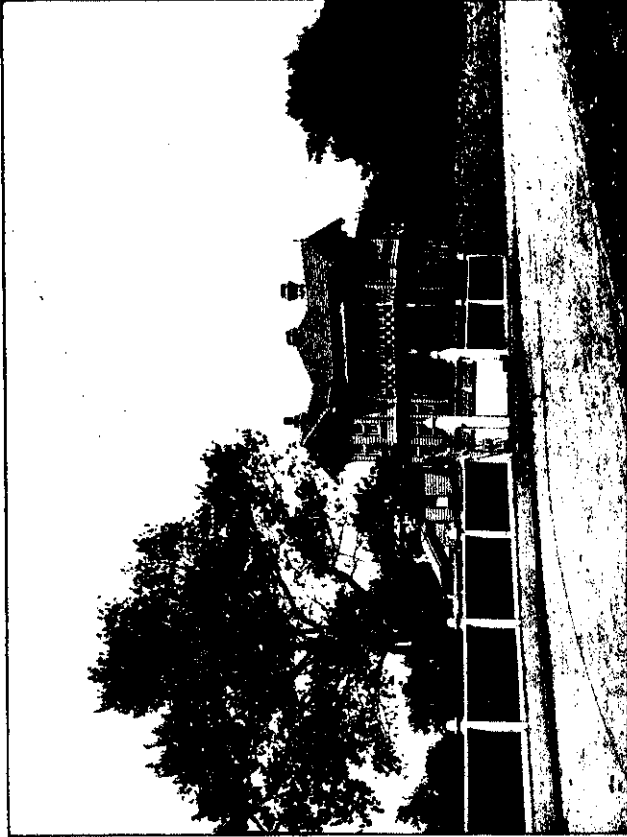


FRESH FIELDS TO CONQUER. Mount Albert, where the Kingsland line will eventually be extended.

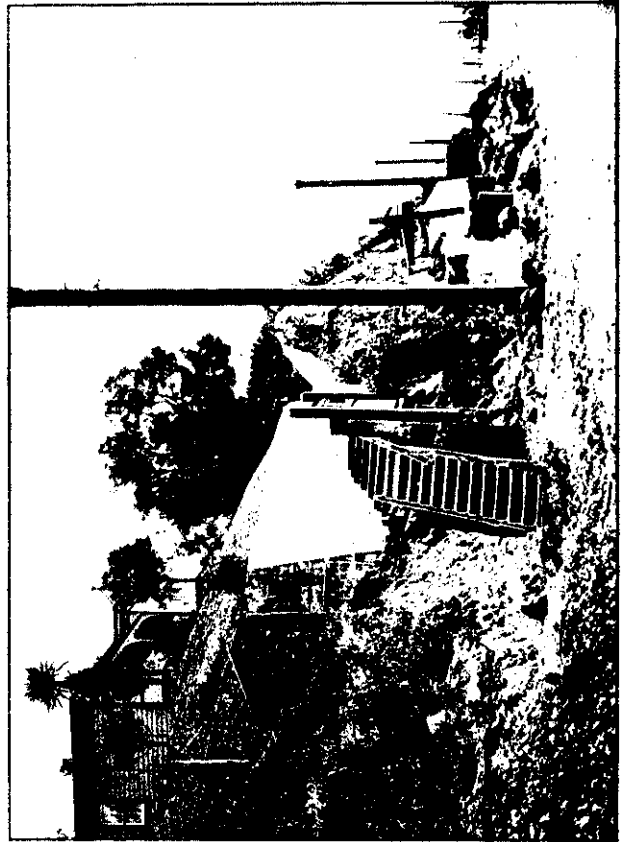


PART OF THE RISING DISTRICT WHICH WILL BE TAPPED BY THE MOUNT ROSKILL EXTENSION.

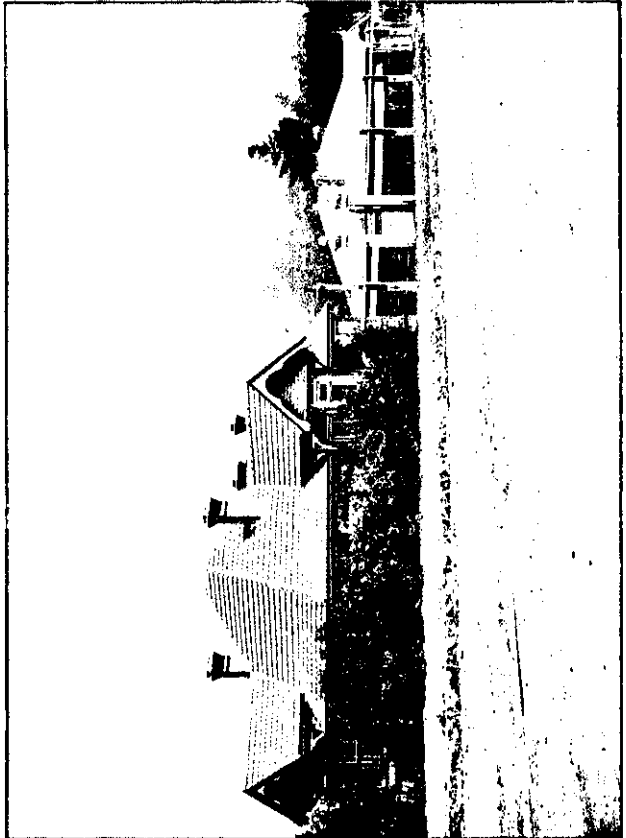
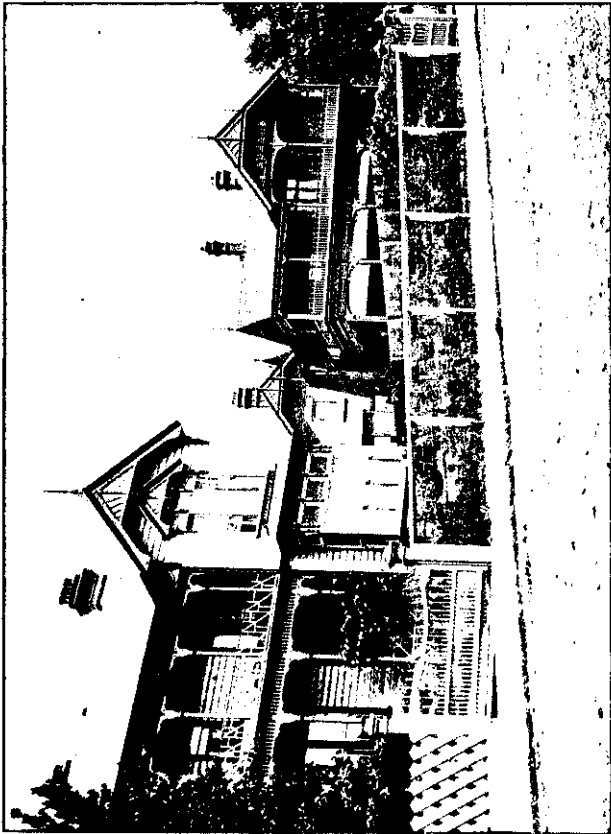
**THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS IN THE SUBURBS**



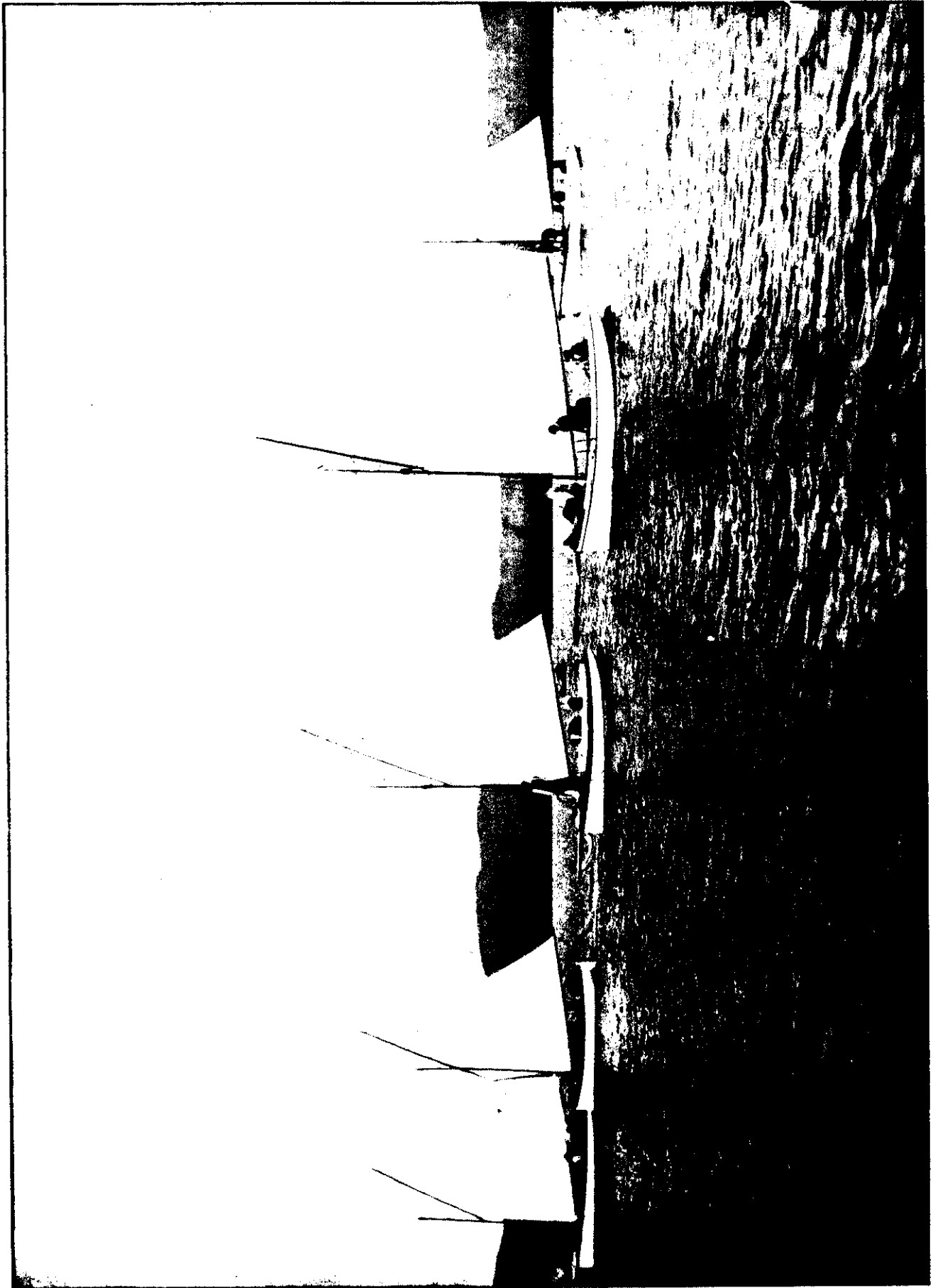
TYPICAL RESIDENCES WHICH ARE SPRINGING UP IN THE WAKE OF THE TRAMS. Houses on the Cathedral site, Parnell.



WHEN BEAUTIFUL ROAD WAS LEVELLED FOR THE TRAM LINE SOME PEOPLE FOUND THEIR HOMES VERY MUCH BELOW THE NEW ROAD, WHILE OTHERS WERE CONSIDERABLY ELEVATED.



### THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS IN THE SUBURBS



START FOR THE HANDICAP RACE HELD ON THE 28TH INST.

**FIRST REGATTA OF THE RECENTLY FORMED ROTORUA YACHT CLUB**

Parkeron, photo.

# The "Glory" Song.

"We know . . . we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN iii. 2.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL arr.

1. When all my la-bours and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
 2. When by the gift of His in - fi - nite grace I am ac - cord - ed in  
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a

1. beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,  
 2. hea - ven a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,  
 3. - round me will flow; Yet just a smile from my Sa - viour, I know,

CHORUS.

Oh, that will be.....  
 1. Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me..... } Oh,..... that will  
 2. Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me..... }  
 3. Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me..... } Oh, that will be.....

glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me,..... When by His  
 be..... glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me,.....  
 glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me,..... glo - ry for me,..... When by His

*accel.* . . . . . *rit.*  
*grace*  
 When  
 grace I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me!

THIS IS THE REMARKABLE SONG WHICH HAS BECOME THE BATTLECRY OF THE TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION, NOW HOLDING GREAT REVIVAL MEETINGS IN ENGLAND.

Thousands have been singing it nightly, and it is said that many conversions have been traced to the influence of its inspiring strains.

# BENS DORP'S

is pure delicious  
and strengthening COCOA.

½ teaspoonful sufficient for a  
breakfast cup.



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**MOTHERS WHILST NURSING.**

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Makers of KEEN'S MUSTARD.

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Recommended by PARLIAMENT.

AND

**'STANDARD'**

ROLLED OATS AND OATMEAL

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G3008. 9ct. Gold and Greenstone Brooch. 14/6.



B8738. 9ct. Gold "Wishbone" Brooch. 10/6.



G3848. Dark Leather Purse, Nickel Mounts. 3/.



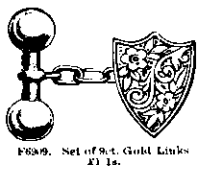
G8147. Dark Morocco Purse. Silver Mounts. 11/6.



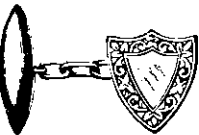
G4310. Silver-backed Hair Brush. 16/6.



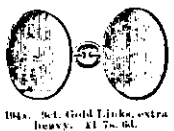
F9665. Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Box. 8/6.



F8649. Set of 9ct. Gold Links. 21/6.



F8807. Set of 9ct. Gold Links. 15/6.



D942. 9ct. Gold Links, extra heavy. 21/7s. 6d.



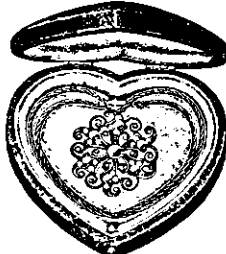
F8811. Silver-mounted Spectacle Case. 41/6.



G3718. 15ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant. 6/.



G2814. 9ct. Gold Brooch, set Rubies and Pearls. 41/7s. 6d.



F8814. 9ct. Gold Necklace and Pearl and Turquoise Pendant, in case. 42/6.



Gent's Silver Card Case. 10/6. Others from 16/6.



G865. 15ct. Gold Pearl Star Pendant or Brooch. 19/6.



9ct. Gold Cross. 12s. 6d. Others from 6/6.



G8085. Silver Rattle, with Ivory Ring. 14/6.



E2884. 8-Day French Carriage Clock. In Case. 41/6.



F8218. Solid Silver Case for Shaving Soap. 15/6.

F7286. 15ct. Gold Ball Top Scent Pin. 7/6.



Personal Paragraphs

Miss Hitchings, of Levin, is staying in Wanganui with friends. Mrs Derry Wood (Ashburton) is staying at Summer for change. Mrs and Miss Bethell (Christchurch) have left for England. The Hon. Geo. McLean and Miss McLean were in Wellington for the races. Mrs. Richter, Palmerston North, has gone to Sydney. Mrs. Innes, of Wanganui, is back from her visit to relations in Gisborne. Mrs. Fitzherbert, Feilding, was a visitor to Palmerston North last week. The Rev. J. J. North has taken charge of the Wellington Baptist Church. Mrs Denniston (Christchurch) is on a visit to Wellington. Captain and Mrs. Allman are in Picton, staying at Oxley's Hotel. Mr L. H. Darlot (Western Australia) left Auckland by the Sierra for Sydney. Mr, Mrs and Miss Stead were in Wellington for the races. Dr. and Mrs Paterson and family have left for England by the Athenic. Miss Morna Fell (Wellington) has been spending a few days in Picton. Mrs Wilford and her daughter (the Butt) left for England by the Athenic. Miss McLerron (Napier) is staying with Miss Arndt (Wellington). Mrs McCallum (Blenheim) is spending a few days in Wellington. Mr P. Sainsbury, from the Argentine, is visiting his people in Gisborne. Mr E. Chrisp has return to Gisborne from Auckland. Dr. and Mrs Palmer, of Wellington, are on a visit to New Plymouth. Mrs R. Simpson, of Hawke's Bay, has gone to Sydney en route for England. Mr and Mrs John McVay, of Napier, are spending a short time at Taupo. Mrs Tubor, of Wellington, is at present in New Plymouth. Miss McGrath, of Wairoa, is staying at Lake Waikaremoana. Mr Montgomery, of Wellington, is staying at Hastings, Hawke's Bay. Miss Large, of Napier, has returned from a visit to Hunterville. Mrs Moeller, of Napier, is leaving very soon for a visit to England. Dr. Moore, of Napier, has been for a visit to the South. Mr N. Robertson, of Auckland, is staying at Mowere Hot Springs. Mr and Mrs D. McLeod, of Hawke's Bay, have gone for a visit to England. Mr P. E. Cheal will meet probably be a candidate for Auckland West at the forthcoming general election. A Press Association telegram states that Mr. Fairburn, town clerk of Dunedin, has resigned. The appointment of Mr. R. L. Kay as a ranger under the Animals Protection Act for Auckland is gazetted. Mrs Jennings (Christchurch), who has been in Napier for a month, has returned home. Mrs. S. Gordon, of Wanganui, has returned from visiting friends in Christchurch and Ashburton. Dr. Martin has returned to Palmerston North from a very enjoyable trip to Sydney. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Palmerston North, have this week on a trip to England. Mrs. Deauchamp (Anikiwa), Queen Charlotte Sound, was in Picton for a few days last week. Mr. and Mrs. D. Willis (Hawera) are visiting Captain and Mrs. Hewitt, of Fitzherbert, Palmerston North. Miss Phyllis Barnicott, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to her aunt, Mrs. Phillips, Canterbury. Mr. T. Cawte and Mr. W. Cullen, of Mahakipawa, Marlborough, are going for a trip to England. Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Mason, of Wanganui, have returned from their holiday in Wellington.

Miss Cotterill, of Napier, who was the guest of Miss Inlay, "Mt. Desert," Wanganui, has gone to Christchurch. Miss Stace, Robin Hood Bay, Port Underwood, has been staying in Picton lately. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chaytor, Richmond, Nelson, are staying in Picton with Mrs. Chaytor's mother, Mrs. Allen. Miss Eva Butts, of Wellington, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nixon in Wanganui. Mrs. and Miss Scott, of Palmerston North, are visiting friends and relations in Wanganui. The Hon. Francis Trank, of Nelson, who has been visiting Auckland, returned to Nelson on Monday. Professor Park, who has been visiting the Thames, returned to Dunedin by the Tarawera on Saturday. Miss Milne (Oamaru), who has been visiting friends in Wellington, has left for the South. Mr and Mrs A. D. Kennedy and Miss Lincoln (Wellington) have gone for a trip to Sydney. Mrs Menzies, who has been spending some weeks in Invercargill, has returned to Wellington. Mrs Shand, who has been staying in Wellington since the marriage of her son, has returned to Dunedin. Miss Sydney Johnston and Miss Ingles, who have been visiting friends in Wellington, have returned to Napier. Mrs Newman, who has been spending some months in England, returned to Wellington by the Corinthic. The Misses Pollen, daughters of Dr. Pollen, Wellington, left for England by the Athenic. They will be absent for some months. Miss Twigg (Napier) is staying with Mrs McFavish (Hobson-street, Wellington). The Hon. Kathleen Plusket, who has been making a short stay in Wellington, has returned to Christchurch. Miss Violet Warburton, who has been spending some weeks in Melbourne, has returned to Wellington. Dr. and Mrs Turrell (Wellington) have taken a house at Lowry Bay for a few weeks. Mrs Gibruth, who has been staying in Dunedin, has returned to Wellington, and has taken a house at the Hurt. Miss Edwin has returned to Wellington from Blenheim after a visit to Mrs Chaytor (Marshlands). Miss Mary Nolan, who has been for a trip to Christchurch and the Southern Lakes, has returned to Gisborne. Mrs Taylor, who has been visiting Mrs Brewster, New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Sydney. Miss Eva Biggs, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs Bennett, of Blenheim, has returned home to Hamilton. Mr Robert Govett, of Wellington, is visiting his brother, Mr Clement Govett, of New Plymouth. Captain and Mrs Chrisp, of Gisborne, are paying a visit to the Moreere Hot Springs. Mrs A. Reid, who has been staying at Hastings, Hawke's Bay, has returned to Wellington. Mr and Mrs J. H. Coleman, of the Barrack Hill, Napier, are paying a visit to Rotorua. Mr and Mrs Dinwiddie, of Napier, have returned from a visit to Taupo and Rotorua. Mr and Mrs Stratton, of Hawke's Bay, have been staying in the Hut Lake district. Mr and Mrs Maurice Mason, of Ahuroa, are paying a visit to the Moreere Hot Springs. Mr and Mrs J. Lawrence, of Hastings, Hawke's Bay, leave this month for a trip to England. Mr Douglas H. Morrison (Wanganui) is spending a fortnight's holiday with his people in Auckland. Mr W. D. Eysoght, traffic manager of the Tramway Company, went to the South on Sunday by the Barawa on a holiday. Dr. Casement Aickin, M.B. of the Otago University, assumed his position on the resident staff of the Auckland Hospital on Monday. Mr and Mrs Martin Kennedy, of Wellington, arrive from Rotorua to-night, and will stay at the Star Hotel for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, of Dunedin, who have been staying at the Star Hotel, left Auckland by the Ventura last week for San Francisco. Mr. E. Leard, of Christchurch, spent a few days in Wanganui, prior to leaving for Auckland, en route for a trip through America and England. Mr. and Mrs. Bull, of Wanganui, have returned from an enjoyable trip to Christchurch, Dunedin, and Wellington. Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilson, of the Wai-kato, who have been visiting relations in Wanganui, have returned to their home. Mrs Leatham and her two children returned to Parnell, Auckland, last week from Hamilton, where they have been spending a short holiday. Judge and Mrs Cooper, who have been travelling in the South Island, and came through the Oira Gorge, have returned to Wellington. Mrs C. J. Cooper (Christchurch), who has been staying with her mother (Mrs Hsiop, Wellington) for some weeks, has returned home. Mr J. H. Williams (Wellington) has purchased the house in Hobson-street which belonged to the late Mrs Brandon, and intends to reside there. Mrs and Miss Brown (Rarotonga), who have been staying in Wellington, have left for Dunedin, where they will make a long stay. Mr and Mrs W. Levin, who have been on a visit to Mrs Chas. Johnston, Homewood, Karori, have returned to Greatford. Mr and Mrs Wright (Wellington) intend to make a hurried trip to Sydney prior to their departure by the Corinthic for England. Mr Wastney, manager of the National Bank, New Plymouth, is on a trip to Auckland on account of his health. Mr P. B. Fitzherbert has lately gone to join his brother, Mr W. L. Fitzherbert, solicitor, New Plymouth, as managing clerk. Mr Dixon, who has been for several years in the Napier branch of the Bank of New Zealand, has been transferred to New Plymouth. Mr Paget Gale, who was recently appointed organist and choirmaster at the Napier Cathedral, has arrived from Scotland. Mr. Platt, of the Coromandel Post and Telegraph Office, has been transferred to Auckland, Mr. J. Tanner taking his place. Mr C. J. Saunders, member of Waihi Borough Council, announces himself a candidate for the majority at the forthcoming borough municipal elections. At a social given by the Victoria College (Wellington) students presentations were made to Professors von Zeidlitz and McLaurin, in honour of their marriages, which have taken place during the recess. Miss Ruby Graham, who has been staying for some weeks with her sister, Mrs Buckleton, of New Plymouth, has gone to visit some friends in Feilding before returning home to Hamilton. Mr W. Falder, who has been studying dentistry under his brother-in-law, Mr A. D. Gray, of New Plymouth, has come to Auckland to complete his studies. During the visit of H.M.S. Challenger to Napier, a day was spent by the officers at the Maraekakaho Station, where they were entertained at luncheon by Mr R. D. D. McLean. Mr John See, accompanied by Miss See and Miss Bryan, arrived from Sydney by the Manuka on Sunday, and are staying at the Grand Hotel for a time before proceeding to Rotorua. Mr W. F. Massey M.H.R., Leader of the Opposition, left Auckland on Sunday by the Barawa on a political visit to the South. Mr E. W. Alison, M.H.R., also went South by the Barawa. Mr George Prier, of the Thames iron-founding firm of A. and G. Prier, left Auckland last week in the Ventura, en route to London via San Francisco. Mrs Price went with him. Mr David Stewart, of Thames, has just returned from an enjoyable tour of the Rotorua, Whakataue, and Opotiki districts. The Governor has appointed Mr A. J. Farmer (Mayor of Te Aroha) as representative of the Piko County Council,

and Cr. Matthew Paul to represent the Thames County Council on the Board. Miss Frances Chaytor and Miss Hecor were in Napier for a few days, staying with Miss Chaytor at Waikawa. Miss Hecor had been visiting Mrs. Chaytor at "Marshlands." Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, who have just returned from England, have been unable to get land in the neighbourhood of Picton, or even a house for the winter, and have decided to go to Wellington. Mrs Linden Coleman and Master Coleman returned to Auckland from Sydney on Sunday by the Manuka, after having spent a three months' holiday in Australia. Mr W. F. Massey, M.H.R., Leader of the Opposition left Auckland on Monday on a Southern political tour. He goes to Wellington, where he makes a short stay, and then goes to Otago and Southland. It is gazetted that Messrs W. Bowles, M. J. Jack, W. T. Wilson, W. G. D. Evans, and W. Morrison have been elected to act as members of the North Island Railway Board of Appeal. Bishop Lenihan has appointed the Rev. Father Cahill, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, chaplain of the city branch of the H.A.C.H. Society in succession to Father Patterson. Harriet Lady Dufferin is expected shortly in this colony on a visit to her daughter, Lady Plunket. Lady Dufferin is one of the Irish Hamiltons, and the widow of that famous diplomatist and administrator, the Marquis of Duffin. Miss Violet Short, daughter of Mr Chas. Short, received two handsome presents from the teaching staff of the Newmarket school and from the headmaster, Mr F. H. Ohlson. Miss Short is now relieving teacher at the Parawai school. The Auckland passengers to England by the Athenic last week were: Messrs. A. H. Scott, A. E. Smith, H. Rolland, and J. Varuom, Mrs. A. S. G. and Misses E. and D. Graves, and Misses J. Crawley and K. Jamieson. Mr. C. J. Glidden, who is making a motor-tour of the world, is at present in New South Wales, having toured through Tasmania, South Australia, and Victoria previously. He had covered 23,547 miles up to the 24th of March. Mr Cecil Leys and Miss Winnie Leys, of Horne Bay, Auckland, were passengers by the Ventura last week for America. A large number of friends assembled to wish them bon voyage. Mrs and Miss Lee, of Brisbane, arrived in Auckland by the Manuka last Sunday. After spending a few days here they will visit Rotorua before returning to Australia. Mr A. M. Shaw (Western Australia) was a passenger to Sydney by the Manuka last Monday. Mr Shaw, who is a very keen angler, intends returning to New Zealand about Nov. next, after paying a flying visit to relatives in Scotland. A party of sportsmen from this province, consisting of Messrs. A. A. White, F. H. Coombes, and W. D. Farley (of Auckland), and Mr. Charles C. Brunsell (of Cambridge) are visiting the Nelson district, where they are deer-stalking. Last week a large congregation assembled in Tauranga to bid farewell to the Rev. J. Richards, the pastor of the Methodist Church, who is now on his way to Christchurch, where he takes charge of the church in the suburb of Belfast. The Premier has intimated that he intends to return to Napier shortly and give an address. He finds that so Minister has spoken there for five or six years, and that it is time he (the Premier) visited the place and spoke on matters of general interest. News has been received of the death of the Rev. James Culver, of Ringwood, Hampshire. The deceased gentleman, who was the father of Mr. W. J. Culver, of Wellington, retired from active duties as a Congregational minister some years ago. Like his son, the rev. gentleman took a great interest in political affairs. Last week the Rev. B. Griffiths presided over a large gathering of friends in the Birkenhead Methodist schoolroom to wish the Rev. W. and Mrs Green-slade farewell to Birkenhead, they having been appointed to the Roxburgh district, Southland, by the recent Confer-





WOES OF WOMANHOOD.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS Banish All Sore, Suffering.

"For years I suffered as only a woman can suffer," said Mrs Mary Murphy, of Featherston near Wellington.

Mrs Murphy is right. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for men, women, and children—but they are good in a special way for women.

There is not a month in her life, from fifteen to fifty that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a boon to every woman.

By making the blood rich and regular, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rid a woman of those headaches, backaches, and piercing sideaches that come unexpectedly or unexpectedly.

"No one will ever know what I suffered in secret four or five years ago," said Mrs Murphy.

"I kept failing, for I was afraid to eat. The least food made me feel as if I had gorged myself.

"Month after month I suffered as only a woman can understand," Mrs Murphy continued, "but, like other women, I tried to struggle on.

"At last a friend made me promise to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial of, at least, half a dozen boxes," added Mrs Murphy.

Mrs Murphy's case is only one of hundreds. Amongst your neighbours you will find cases just as wonderful in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have struck at the root of other blood diseases.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Isabel Martin, of Park terrace, Christchurch, niece of the late Mr Alexander Carrick, to Mr A. R. Bloxam, Registrar of the Supreme Court, Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Macfarlane, daughter of Mrs Macfarlane, of Clyde-road, Napier, to Mr Allen Saxby, also of Napier.

The San Francisco "Call" says: "Mr and Mrs Charles W. Platt have announced the engagement of Miss L. Burrow-Platt to Frank W. Ferrers Baker, youngest son of the late Rt. Rev. Shirley Waldemar Baker, for many years Premier of Tonga.

Orange Blossoms

MURRAY—WHITSON.

A quiet but unusually pretty and artistic wedding was celebrated on Thursday last at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, by the Rev. Canon MacMurray. The bride was Miss Dora Isabel Whitson, eldest daughter of Mrs Thomas Whitson, "Avoca," Manukau-road, Parnell, and the bridegroom Mr Frederick Steele Murray, also of Parnell.

R. Murray wore a smart costume of brown cloth with white embroidered revers and white vest, very pretty heliotrope and violet hat; Mrs Austen, black, relieved with touches of green, and black and green hat to match; Miss Murray, grey; Miss Dora Murray wore blue with black facings, white vest, and black bonnet with cluster of pink roses in front; Mrs Walker, handsome black silk grenadine with transparent embroidered chiffon yoke, black Marie Stewart toque with pink roses; Miss Mary Frater looked dainty in cream voile, inserted with lace, brown feather pelerine, and large black hat.

SAVILL—PHILLIPS.

A wedding of considerable interest was celebrated at Mr. T. A. Phillips' residence, Point Station, on 22nd March, when Daisy Isobel, his eldest daughter, was married to Mr Frederick James Savill, of Hororata (writes our Christchurch correspondent). Mr Savill has recently sold his run there, and the happy couple have left for England.

McKINSTRY—FOOTE.

A quiet but very dainty wedding was celebrated on March 28th in St. Paul's Church, Auckland, when Miss Clara Peace Foote, fifth daughter of Mr William Foote, of "Newhope," Rpsom, was married to Mr William McKinstry, manager of the Kauri Timber Co., Whangarei. Canon Nelson was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a soft white silk gown.

The bridesmaids were Miss Ivy Foote, sister of the bride, who wore a very pretty cream voile dress, the bodice trimmed with puffs of white silk and silk insertion, and a cream hat with ostrich feather and touches of sea-green ribbon. The second bridesmaid was Miss Eunice Clarke (niece of the bride), who looked very winsome in her white silk frock and large white hat.

Mr E. Foote acted as best man, and Mr R. Foote as groomsmen. After the ceremony the party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where the usual toasts were honoured.

Relatives only were present. The table was very prettily decorated with white Japanese anemones, maiden hair fern, and white and heliotrope silk centre, on which the lovely wedding cake stood.

Later on in the afternoon Mr and Mrs McKinstry departed 'midst showers of rice on their way to Waitera, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride wore a smart travelling dress, navy cloth coat and skirt with white facings, navy straw hat with navy silk rosette and quill. The presents were numerous and handsome.

The brides' mother wore a handsome black merveilleux gown and white chiffon scarf, black and white bonnet; Miss Foote, navy voile, the bodice shirred, and yoke and cuffs of cream lace, gathered skirt with deep lace, large black hat with spray of pink rosebuds underneath the brim; Miss J. D. Foote, white lustre, ostrich feather boa, black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss McKinstry, navy costume, hat to match; Mrs McKinstry, stylish brown costume and hat; Miss Barker, navy coat and skirt, navy and white straw hat with quill; Mrs Clarke, black voile dress, vest and cuffs of white satin veiled in lace, black hat; Miss Muriel Clarke, pretty grey voile dress with pin tucks, black and white chiffon hat; Miss L. Clarke, white silk dress, white chiffon fichu, white hat with chiffon trimmings, blue flowers resting on hair; Miss F. Clarke, white silk, white hat; Miss Muirhead, black voile skirt, and white silk blouse, brown straw hat ruined with shaded ribbon.



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

PHOTOGRAPHY. Our Enlargements are unsurpassed. J. C. MORTON, THE POPULAR NEWTON PHOTOGRAPHER. Is still conducting an up-to-date business at the old address— BALMORAL ART STUDIO, Karangahape Road, OPPOSITE TABERNACLE. ALSO AT BRANCH— GLENMORE ART STUDIO, New North Road, OPPOSITE MOUNT ROSKILL ROAD. Where Bridal Parties, Family Groups, Huggies, Horses, etc., can be appointed for at any time. Every facility for above at Glenmore. All the Latest Novelties in Monna, the New Aristo Paper, Platinotypes, etc. Framing also done. Civility and Prompt Attention can be relied upon.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER. Hunyadi János FOR LIVER COMPLAINTS, OBESITY, &c. THE "VIENNA MEDICAL PRESS" SAYS: "Hunyadi János may be regarded as a specific for obesity." AVERA'S DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water. CAUTION.—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signatures of the Proprietors, ANDRÁS SAXLENER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

WILLIAMS-DENNETT.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at Holy Trinity Church, Gisborne, on March 20th, when Mr George Henry Williams (son of Mr H. Williams, of Tolago Bay) and Miss Violet Rose Edith Dennett (third daughter of Mr W. Y. Dennett, Mayor of Hastings, Hawke's Bay) were married.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS

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

BIRTHS.

- ATKINS.—On 30th March, at Commercial Hotel, the wife of S. J. Atkins of a daughter (still born).
BEVIN.—On March 23, the wife of T. H. Bevin, Eden Terrace, of a daughter (premature birth).
CLARKE.—At her residence, Ardmore-road, Ponsonby, Mrs Irving Clarke of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- BURNS-CHING.—On the 7th March, at St. Mark's, Remuera, by the Rev. William Beatty, Vicar of the parish, Robert Burns, elder son of John Burns, One Tree Hill, Epsom, to Louise Germaine, only daughter of Thomas Ching, "Deane," Remuera.
BRETZ — BAKER. — On February 22nd, 1905, at St. Paul's Church, Symonds-st., by Rev. Canon Nelson, William Alfred eldest son of the late A. Brett, of the late James and Margaret Baker, late of Te Aroha.

DEATHS.

- ATKINS.—On 1st April, at the Commercial Hotel, Shortland-st., Mary Jane Atkins, beloved wife of S. J. Atkins; aged 82 years.
BEVIN.—On March 27, Vera Florence Bevin, the daughter of Thomas and Frances Bevin, Eden Terrace.
COUGHLIN.—On April 3, at her daughter's residence (Mrs Olsson), Stewart-street, Mont Eden, the dearly beloved wife of Wm. Coughlin, Ararimu South, after a long and painful illness; aged 57 years. Borne with Christiana fortitude.

Hair Physician & Face Specialist.



Mrs. Thornton Lees (Graduate of Dr. Malone, America) Restores Ladies' and Gentlemen's Thin, Falling, and Grey Hair.

AMERICAN OIL AND HYDRO VACU is used instead of steaming for renewing and holding up the Facial Tissues permanently.

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Sole Agent for DIANO, the Wonderful Developer Write for particulars.

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Mrs. A. Teutenberg WELLESLEY ST. EAST, AUCKLAND. Opposite Library.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, April 4.

There is, usually, much of a muckiness about sales of work, and naturally they do not, or indeed are not supposed to, provide many gleanings for the gatherer of social paragraphs.

Mrs Nelson wore a black voile costume and dainty black tulle bonnet; Mrs Nelson was wearing a black canvas toilette with black plumed hat; Mrs Calder, dainty grey costume with hat to match; Mrs C. Calder, wore a black skirt, pretty cream silk blouse, and black hat; Mrs Lush, black, with becoming black bonnet with cluster of violets; Mrs Beatty, black voile, the bodice trimmed with cream insertion, toque to match; Mrs MacMurray, black costume with white vest, black and pink bonnet; Miss Swinden wore a dainty heliotrope and white costume, black bonnet; Mrs Gillilan, smart navy voile toilette with Paris lace encrustations, black hat; Mrs Marsack, navy blue costume with pretty cream hat garlanded with crimson poppies; Miss Pailing, black voile with handsome Maltese lace collar, pretty black and white hat; Mrs Pollen, navy voile gown relieved with white and touches of green, black plumed hat; Mrs Rathbone, black voile, the bodice trimmed with insertion, Tus-

can hat trimmed with elius ribbon; Mrs Arnold, black and white costume with hat to match; Mrs Arthur Pursh, black voile with cream lace yoke, hat en suite; Mrs Brooke-Smith, black costume, black bonnet with cluster of violets in front; Mrs Schwartz Kissing was gowned in black, with pretty black and white pelerine, black bonnet; Mrs Dewa, dainty grey French muslin with black hat; Mrs Judge MacDonall, black costume with handsome lace mantle, black bonnet with violets; Mrs Judge Smith, black with silk and lace capette, black bonnet; Miss Dock pretty black and white French muslin and black hat; Miss Roskrudge wore a very effective black toilette with hat to match; Mrs Colegrove was daintily attired in cream canvas voile with blue hat; Miss Myram, pink and white French muslin with pretty pink and white hat to match; Miss Banks, black skirt, dainty China silk blouse and black hat; Mrs Pierce, black and pretty lace and silk mantle, black and white bonnet; Miss Beale wore white muslin with blue ceinture, black picture hat; Miss Brooke-Smith, dainty white frock and black hat; Mrs Bankhart was wearing a black toilette with lace capette and black bonnet; Mrs Erson mourning costume; Miss Nelson, hot hand costume, burnt straw hat garlanded with red; Miss K. Nelson, white muslin with black picture hat; Miss Gillilan wore a dainty white gown relieved with touches of pale blue, picture hat; Mrs Friend, champagne tinted voile with cornflower blue hat; Miss McAndrew pretty muslin blouse and dark skirt.

A LARGE 'AT HOME.'

One of the most successful afternoons "at homes" of the season was given by Madame Boucufe at her artistic home, "The Abbey," in Symonds street, on Tuesday, when her pretty rooms were crowded to overflowing with her many friends, who had donned their smartest garbs out of compliment to the gracious hostess.

MISS GLEESON, late of "BELL VISTA," Waterloo Quadrant, having taken over "HINEMOA," ALFRED-ST., which has been thoroughly renovated, will be pleased to receive guests.

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS wanted to cure severe Gravel, Pain in the Back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 80 years. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

This delicate cream is absorbed into the pores of the skin, cleans and whitens it, removing all blemishes.

WILTON'S Hand Emollient 1/6 Jar. NOT A GREASE but a pure skin food healing redness, roughness and irritation, giving to the skin a freshness and brilliancy.

First comes the chills, with other ills, To set us all a-sneezing. We pay our bills and make our wills. With coughing and with wheezing. Around our beds, with shaking beads, The doctors keep us poor, Till all our dread at last is sped. By WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

WEDDED BLISS IS ONLY COMPLETE

When the bride's hand is adorned with one of our lace Wedding Rings. Ours is the largest assorted stock in the colony. Wedding Presents also a speciality.

SKEATES BROS.

The People's Reliable Jewellers, Opp. Town Clock and Exchange QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND

N.B.—To any purchaser of a Wedding Ring who sends us this paper we will present a Wedding Gift.



WEAK MADE STRONG!

OUR ELECTRIC APPLIANCE pours glowing, exhilarating vitality into you while you sleep. It activates the sluggish circulation, stimulates the brain to activity, and fills the body with life, animation and endurance. It furnishes the motive power that tones your body, and quickly restores you, nervousness and weakness. You rise every morning buoyant, energetic, and satisfied of ENERGY and VIGOR. Catalogue and Price List Post Free.

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Dept. N, 63 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.





**WELLINGTON.**

Dear Rec, March 31.

**A VERY SUCCESSFUL BALL**

was given by the members of the Wellington Polo Club on Friday at the Sydney-street Schoolroom, which was prettily decorated with trails of lycopodium and many flags. Polo sticks, tied together with the colours of the various teams, were placed at intervals round the room, and were quite a feature in the scheme of decoration. A delicious supper was laid in the gymnasium, the tables being artistically arranged with flowers and colours of the different teams. About 300 people were present, including many visitors. Miss Coates, who acted as hostess, wore a handsome black sequin dress over satin. She was assisted by Mr Skerrett, captain of the Club. The winning trophy was placed in a conspicuous position on the platform, and attracted much interest during the evening. Mrs Bakington wore a lovely dress of cerise gace with clusters of Parma violets on the bodice, which was draped with fine lace, diamond ornaments; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, yellow flounced silk with touches of black; Mrs Roberts, white satin and white roses; Mrs Arthur Duncan, uncommon dress of blue silk with a blurred design of roses; Mrs Percy Adams (Nelson), silver grey brocade with lace berthe; Mrs Fulton, cream brocade, waist belt and knots of emerald green velvet; Mrs Alan Strang, pretty gown of deep cream crepe de chine, embroidered with chiffon roses; Mrs Walter Strang, cream satin, draped with lace; Mrs C. Pearce, white satin dress; Mrs Pollen, black crepe de chine, made very full, over satin, berthe of folded chiffon; Miss Ida Coleridge, old rose silk; Mrs Harold Johnston wore a rose-coloured frock; Mrs Wylie, cream brocade dress; Mrs Bucholz, white satin, finished off with chiffon; Miss Johnston, yellow brocade, finished off with some beautiful lace, diamond ornaments; Mrs Wright, graceful dress of white lace over gace, orange waist ribbon; Miss Seddon, pale blue sarah with lace insertions; Miss Reid, black flounced gace, lace berthe; Miss McTavish, cream Roman satin with chiffon ruffles; Miss Jean Wilson (Dunedin), a very effective frock of cream silk, powdered with tiny pink rosebuds, the skirt fully gathered at the waist, and falling in soft folds,

the bodice had a cream chiffon fichu; Mrs Levin, cream satin with pleated flounces of chiffon and lace; Miss E. Williams, dainty gown of soft pink silk and sequined chiffon; Miss Hacon, white silk with overdress of spangled tulle; Miss Moua Brandon (debutante), pretty cream Oriental satin, draped with fine lace, deep bouce of the same, white shower bouquet; Miss Stafford, pale blue tuffetas with chiffon ruffles; Miss Fitzgerald, soft white silk, tucked and inserted with lace; Mrs H. Crawford, cream brocade with clusters of roses on the bodice; Mrs Robinson, deep yellow tuffetas, berthe of folded chiffon; Miss Waldegrave, white crepe de chine over gace; Miss Elsie Simpson, white Roman satin with lace tucker; Mrs Tweed, pale blue brocade with pink roses on the bodice; Miss A. Edwin, cream satin, chine sash; Miss Gore, cream satin with folded belt and knots of blue velvet; Miss Fulton, white satin and chiffon; Miss Lewis (Auckland), blue crepe de chine, the bodice draped with white chiffon; Miss Brandon, pale pink tuffetas; Mrs Turnbull, cream brocade, with lace flounce.

**Lady Stout invited a few people TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO MRS SHAND**

prior to her departure for Dunedin. Among those present were Mrs Cooper, Mrs and Miss Hislop, Mrs and Miss Macgregor, Messdames Williams, Watson, Findlay, Deniston, Von Haast, and Tolhurst.

The Williamson Opera Co. have been playing to good houses, and there have been many theatre parties made up, notably by Mesdames Duncan, Turnbull and Brandon. Some of the dresses worn were: Mrs C. Richardson, black lace dress, long theatre coat; Mrs A. Duncan, white silk dress with touches of black velvet; Mrs K. Duncan, black satin and lace dress; Mrs Collins, cream brocade, long theatre coat; Miss Doris Johnston, pretty pink dress; Miss Effie Williams, white satin dress, long white coat; Miss Harcourt, cream silk; Miss G. Harcourt, pale lemon-coloured gown; Miss Watson, soft white silk; Miss McLernon (Napier), black lace dress; Miss Reid, black satin, crimson roses; Miss Green, cream mousseline de soie; Miss Lucy Brandon, white silk and lace dress; Miss Skerrett, white satin, shaded rose coloured waist ribbon; Miss Elliott, blue silk, white opera coat; Miss E. Elliott, white muslin, inserted with lace; Mrs Pearce, black brocade, white lace berthe, hand-ome opera coat; Mrs Rhind, grey brocade; Miss Rhind, white silk dress.

A good many visitors have come to town for the races, but, alas! the fates are not propitious, and the rain "it raineth every day," and the Hutt race-course is not an ideal spot under those circumstances, especially with a blustering northerly wind thrown in. However, a few ladies braved the elements, and went out on the first day, hoping for better luck on Saturday.

A Savage Club has just been formed here, and promises to be a great success. The first meeting is to be held this week.

Miss Barlowe's winter dances are to begin again next month, and are eagerly looked forward to by all who attend them. OPHELIA.

**MARLEBOROUGH.**

Dear Rec, March 29.

The Government have at last agreed to give us a new railway station in Blenheim. We have suffered long and patiently in this respect, the one at present in use being a real old wry-back affair; but everything comes to those who know how to wait—and worry.

A Moonlight Picnic at "Laughing Bob's Bay," Picton, was most enjoyable. A good fire, perfect weather, and a fair moon made all present feel happy. Some of those present were Mrs and Misses Macalister (2), Mrs and Misses Allen (2), Mrs C. Philpotts, Mrs Robertson (Nelson), Messrs Wicks, Philpotts, Fisher, and Macalister.

On Thursday a larger party went by steam launch to Double Bay, and picnicked on the beach for lunch and afternoon tea. A few of the ladies went off fishing in a boat, and had splendid sport. Among the party were Archdeacon and Mrs Wright, Mrs Stow, Mrs and Miss H. Allen, Mrs C. Philpotts, Mrs Macalister, Mrs Riddell, Misses Chaptor (2), Hector, Stone, Greenstill (2), Seymour (2), Moynihan.

There is a great commotion in Picton. Three ladies are spoken of as likely candidates for the Picton Borough Council, and another for the Mayoral chair. There are frequent and close communings among the male population. Many of the ladies, however, are on the side of the ladies, and have promised to carry them through the election triumphantly, but there will be some strong opposition, too. Both sides have axes to grind.

A friendly lawn tennis match between the Upper Spring Creek and Awarua (Lower Spring Creek) Clubs took place on Saturday. An enjoyable time was spent. The Awaruas won by 14 games to 6.

Archdeacon and Mrs Wright have started the Christian Endeavour movement in Picton, and about 27 young

people were present at the initial meeting. They are also starting a Young Men's Club. This is the first attempt made in Picton to provide amusement, other than dancing, for the young people, and it is to be hoped that it will be appreciated. MIRANDA.

Went to school two archons sent. The trout played and fishing went; One caught it hot, his pants were thin, One caught a cold, for he fell in; The cold grew worse and caused alarm, Till some kind neighbours brought a charm, A charm it proved that did endure, They called it WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

**"MARION,"**

Late of VALERIES, New Burlington Street, London West, Court Milliner.

**SUMMER SEASON SALE**

All Trimmed Hats and Bonnets will be sold at Half Price.

SALE LASTS THREE WEEKS.

2nd FLOOR HIS MAJESTY'S ARCADE, Queen Street, AUCKLAND.

**NEUROL**

IS THE REMEDY FOR

**HEADACHE and NEURALGIA.**

A NEW SCIENTIFICALLY PREPARED MEDICINE

POWDERS or WAFERS.

1/- Per Box.

All Chemists and Stores.

**TORA-LINE**

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DIFFICULT BREATHING, ETC.



The Best Life Insurance.

• Clears the Tubes AND Saves the Lungs

• BOTTLES 1/- and 2/6

Chemists and Stores.

**The "ROYALISTE"**

IS THE **CORSET** THAT WEARS BUT DOES NOT WEAR OUT THE WEARER.

Auckland Agents: **MILNE & CHOYCE, Ltd., Queen-st.**



CHRISTCHURCH.

Stamp Collecting.

Dear Bee, March 28.

A most enjoyable afternoon was given by Mrs Michael Campbell last week at her residence, Avonside, to enable a few of her musical friends to hear Miss Eva Champion sing, a young New Zealander who under Ada Crossley's advice and the auspices of the well-known Girls' Resala Guild, leaves for England early next year to begin in real earnest the study of singing.

Mrs Haslam gave a very pleasant afternoon at her residence, Riccarton, last week to meet Mr and Mrs Laird (England). Some of those present were Mrs Vernon, Mrs and Miss Neave, the Rev. and Miss Moreland, Mrs Wigram, Mrs and Miss Helmore, Mrs and the Misses Cook, Mrs Geo. Harper, Mrs Izard, Mrs R. J. Scott, Mrs and Miss Matthias, Miss Tripp.

Mrs Elworthy had a christening party at "Inglewood" last week for her little granddaughter, the infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Sydney Williamson, of Gisborne. All the guests attended the ceremony, which was performed by Archdeacon Harper, of Timaru, at St. Mary's, Merivale, and then adjourned to "Inglewood." Mrs Elworthy wore a becoming gown of black glace silk trimmed with velvet and chenille applique, and finished with lace, black and white bonnet; Mrs Williamson, pretty pale grey crepe de chine with lovely lace trimming, Tuscan hat with red roses and foliage; Mrs J. Bond, lawn cloth trimmed with green velvet and black braid and touches of white; Mrs P. Campbell, navy blue coat and skirt, black picture hat and feathers; Mrs Beals, blue four-lard with white spot and becoming toque; Mrs H. P. Hill, petunia crepoline, black mantle and bonnet; Mrs Reeves, black satin gown, hopsack coat appliqued with silk, black and white bonnet; Mrs Innan, cinnamon brown costume, black hat; Mrs H. Knight, black costume; Rev. and Mrs Gossett; Miss C. Gossett, white muslin skirt, silk blouse, and crimson sash; Miss R. Tabart, black and white muslin, black hat; Miss N. Reeves, cream voile; Miss Hill, pale blue skirt, white coat.

Since her arrival back in Christchurch Lady Plunket has again been busy in good work. On Saturday afternoon she opened Nurse Maude's "Home for Consumptive Women." On Monday Lady Plunket visited the Convalescent Cottage of the Ministering Children's League at New Brighton, and was received by Mrs Bowen, the ladies' committee, and the matron. After inspecting the cottage (which is always spotless) and speaking to the children, afternoon tea was partaken of, and Lady Plunket returned to town.

The law offices were closed last Thursday for the annual cricket match of all that profession, which took place at Hagley Park in beautiful weather. Among the onlookers were Mr and Mrs W. Cowlishaw, Mr and Mrs H. Cotterill, Mr and Mrs Stringer, Mrs and Miss Izard, Mrs and Miss Nanerrow, Mrs and Miss C. Kettle, Mr and Mrs Wigley, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Fisher, Mrs G. F. and the Misses Martin, Mr and the Misses Bloxam, Miss I. Martin, Mrs H. Rose, Mrs Geo. Harper, Mr and Mrs Nukler, Mr Eric Harper, Mr Beswick, Mrs Ronalds, Mrs and Miss Merton, the Misses Julius, Gossett, Thomson, Teddunter, Cotterill, Nicholls.

Mrs Wilding gave a small luncheon party at "Fowhope," Opawa, for Mrs Birman prior to her departure for England. Mrs G. G. Stoad, Mrs J. Craeoff, Wilson, Mrs Moorhouse, and Mrs Gower Burns were among those invited.

Miss Helen Macdonald gave a very pleasant little boating party up the river last week for her girl friends, amongst whom were the Misses Julius, Cook, Stead, Nanerrow, Mills, Anderson, Merton, Moore, Molyneux, and Burns.

Mrs Carey Hill gave a delightful picnic to "Te Kiteroa," Clifton Hill, Summer, last week, when some of her guests were: Mrs Gilbert Anderson, Mrs Adair, Mrs de Lange and Miss Bullen (England), Misses Bullen (Kaikoara), Mrs F. Waymouth, Mrs P. Wood, Mrs de Vries, about twenty in all, spending a charming day there.

DOLLY VALK

An ardent stamp collector, Mr Edward H. Roebuck, of Madras, India, during his visit to Auckland added to the pleasure of his trip to the colony that of collecting scarce New Zealand stamps.

A prominent English stamp collector recently passed through Auckland, namely, Mr Leslie Hansberg, who has been deputed by the London Philatelic Society to visit the colonies and collect information regarding stamps issued in Australasia for a new work now being compiled under the auspices of that Society. Mr Hansberg only remained in Auckland a day or two.

The report submitted at the annual meeting of the Philatelic Society of New Zealand stated that during the session three hundred and thirty sheets, containing 11,880 stamps, valued at £1500 6/3, had been received for circulation, and out of these stamps valued at £362 4/3 had been selected. The receipts for the session amounted to £193 1/8 and the expenditure totaled £165 2/11 leaving a balance in hand of £27 18/9. The liabilities amount to £29 4/5, and the assets are valued at £84 7/2. Office-bearers for 1905 were elected as follows: Patron, His Excellency Lord Plunket; president, Sir Joseph Ward, Postmaster-General; vice-presidents, Messrs. A. T. Bate and E. G. Pileher; hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr L. A. Sanderson; exchange superintendent, Mr Thomas Adcock; committee, Messrs. J. H. W. Wardrop, C. T. Callis, P. B. Phipson, and A. Hamilton.

It is asserted that as high as £5000 was offered to the head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in the United States once if he would issue half a dozen sheets of stamps with an error in the printing. Naturally the offer was declined, but history does not state whether the man who attempted to bribe an official was properly and thoroughly kicked. In fact, the whole story seems doubtful, because such a position is too valuable to be sacrificed even for a big bribe, added to which one would think that even a keen dealer or collector would hesitate before flying at such high game as the head of a department, more especially when it is remembered that an error which produces what is termed a freak stamp means the dismissal of the employee who are responsible for the mistake.

As far back as 1869 some errors were issued in the United States, which are very valuable stamps to-day, as they were very few in number. It was when a series of stamps was issued in colours. The series comprised denominations from 1 cent to 80 cents. The 15, 24, 20, and 90 cents were printed in two colours. On these the central picture was printed inverted, and the error was detected. To-day any of these freaks will bring from £100 to £200 each. The 2c. of the Pan-American series of stamps was also printed with the train upside down. A gentleman who purchased 10 wrote to the Department drawing attention to the error. It is needless to state he was not a collector. Had he been he would have tried to buy up the whole issue, and not tell anyone until he had secured the lot. Apparently the only error was in one sheet, and only six of these can now be traced, so that the stamp is a very scarce one. The Kansas "Star" also mentions several other errors, such as that of 1890, when a sheet of the ordinary 1 cent stamps with the word "Guam" printed across the face, slipped through with "Guam" upside down. Again in the seventies, when the Government used its own distinctive set of stamps for the several departments, an error was made by the bank-note company which then held the contract for making the stamps. The regular colour adopted by the Navy Department was blue. A sheet of the 2-cent denomination was printed in green, and the freak has now a market value of about £3 each. The genuine, in blue, is worth twenty times its face value.

**THE BEST**



**GIVES BRILLIANT RESULTS.**

**BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER**

**BIRD'S CUSTARD.**  
is the one thing needed with all Canned, Bottled, or Stewed fruits. It enhances their flavour and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-class Custard - Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes. The unfailing resource of every successful Hostess.

**RIEN IN NUTRIMENT—DELICATE IN FLAVOUR.**

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard, Bird's Concentrated Egg, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanche-Mange Powders from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

**THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.**

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND—  
**CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.**

FUNDS - - - £4,000,000  
ANNUAL INCOME nearly £750,000

**Rates Low.** MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY. AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.

**Bonuses Large.**

**J. KEW HARTY,** DISTRICT MANAGER, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

**ORTON STEVENS,** Manager for New Zealand



to see Fook Chew's wife start back to China. Fook's rich. She's a little-foot, and dey say he had to give up a big wad for her, 'cause she didn't want to marry him in the first place. Mary Kelly, the 'White Rose,' says it'd 'a' been all right if he'd kept her in China where the women don't have much to say, but he goes and brings her to Ne' York and she gets onto the ways of the white goils. Fook takes to runnin' after the 'Rose,' and Mrs. Fook bin' put wise by one of her relations, she and Fook don't do a thing but have a run in. Now she's leavin' him and startin' for China. Maybe she wouldn't be let, though, if her re-lations wasn't in it. Say, we'll go back into the yard."

Most of this was lost on Gon, who was more interested in the long red streamers which waved uneasily under the eaves of the temple of Joss. They brought to his mind the reflections of the steamer lights, but before the comparison was quite complete he was compelled, perforce, to stop and ejaculate the words "Ta Tsing Kwo."

"Great pure kingdom," translated Joe, who knew this as a legend on one of the lottery tickets. To him it was evidence that the man was feigning ignorance of Chinese, but he did not mention it. "Yes," he went on, "it's a good gig, that. We'll see Lee Wong inside and maybe he'll let you have it."

The Bah-ka-pu lottery has, for obvious municipal reasons, no settled habitation, and the yellow tickets are sold literally from under the hats of the four or five men who run it. But Gon's mind was far from lotteries.

They turned into a dark hallway in one of the tenements. It was a narrow passage and ended suddenly on the brink of a flight of stairs leading to a cellar. At the bottom of the stairs they had to step over a drunken man or woman—they could not tell which—who had fallen there in the dark. They passed into a damp cellar, Joe leading Gon by the hand among the broken ginseng crates and through a jagged hole in a foundation wall where a gas flame burned dimly. Then they climbed up again into a rear tenement

and passed down a hallway that opened out on a court.

It was a square-paved place, beamed in on all sides by the tenements. It was the common area of communication between the buildings, and many passages opened out of it. A fugitive having gained this court would become lost to his pursuers, since he might choose any one of twenty exits. Lanterns hung on lines at various altitudes. An old Chinese stone bed stood at one side. A strip of carpet reached across the stones between two opposite doors. Chinamen sat on benches, stood in groups or lay about in careless attitudes. Many of them smoked cigarettes, and all were in that picturesque undress which the average American never sees. Coloured lights streaked from a hundred windows in the court walls, and over the sills leaned women in silk-figured wrappers. Some of the women were yellow and some were white; some still had the dope stick in their hands. The subdued singing of the dialects rose up from the pavement and mingled with the hum from the windows. Above all could be heard the plaintive squeal of a Chinese fiddle.

"That's Fook Chew smoking over there on the stone bed by the wall," said Joe to Gon, as they stood in the shadow of their doorway. Gon had been looking up at the criss-cross of the window gleams, but at the word he brought his head down suddenly, and it was not good for his wound.

"Fook Chew!" He said it in a whisper that leaped sibilantly from wall to wall. And then, before the startled lobbygag could stop him, he had walked out into the half light of the court. At the sound of the voice Fook Chew's cigarette stopped halfway to his mouth, and when he saw Gon it dropped to the flagging, but his hand remained up. The humming of the hive increased at sight of the newcomer. He stopped in the centre of the court with the bewildered air of one who, having found what he long sought, has as suddenly lost it. When the tension was greatest Fook Chew's wife stepped out of a doorway.

There was a straining of necks from the windows as the woman came forth, and a half-suppressed murmur of approbation, for her going would establish a precedent of value to every other woman in the quarter. She was gorgeously dressed, as befitted the occasion. Her cheeks were tinted with bismuth, but her head was bare. In her coil and on her wrists were ornaments worn only by Chinese women of high caste, and she hobbled across the strip of carpet with the air of one who knows that the way will be cleared, who in China might have the obstructing populace beaten aside with thongs. But Gon out at that moment was not a Chinaman, and at sight of her he stood in her way like one transfixed. She paused and stamped her foot angrily in front of this red-hooded apparition. He, far from recoiling, leaned forward and peered with great yearning into her eyes. He even touched her gently on the breast.

Instantly her people rose up from the flagging and the benches. The drone of the voices died out. The fiddle stopped its wailing. One brawny Mongol reached for Gon's neck. Probably he meant to get his queue, but he got the bandanna instead and it came away with a sucking sound that made the man who pulled it recoil from his work. But the crowd that pressed to the undoing of the man on the carpet strip never reached him. The instant the handkerchief went from his face the fire died from the eyes of Fook Chew's wife. She uttered an indescribable choking cry and fell senseless. Fook Chew rolled off the bed and grovelled on the stones. A near relative of Mrs. Fook retowed violently and uttered an invocation to the god of the dead, and the others, taking their cue from these, fell away slowly and gazed with superstitious awe at the strange being that had taken the place of Gon Out.

For with the wrenching away of the blood clot, Gon Out, the characterless, religionless nonentity of Blackwell's Island, had disappeared, and in his place stood a dignified, high-caste Chinaman, who to his knowledge had not spent one

moment of life outside the Flowery Kingdom. And they listened—the men on the flags and the women above—while in fancy modulated tones this high-born Celestial poured forth a Chinese rendering of the dictum ofocrates:

... for neither in this nor in any other world can lasting harm befall a good man.

His countenance bore a nobleness of expression, even of outline, that had never existed on the face of Gon Out. But what impressed his listeners most was the feeling, instinctive to all, that the words he uttered were the completion of a sentence begun in China long years before.

Don't waste time in experimenting. **Thirty Years' unbeaten and increasing Success is the best proof of the claim of Onbridge's Lung Tonic** to be the **WORLD'S CURE** for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Throat and Lung Troubles. It can be obtained from any Chemist, Druggist, and large Grocery Store.

*Pearls' Soap*  
 beautifies the complexion  
 keeps the hands white and  
 imparts a constant bloom  
 of freshness to the skin.  
 As it is the best and lasts  
 longest it is the cheapest.





ing on the floor. She could hear him more. She thought that Sam, her son, was out on one of his mysterious excursions.

Full of the pleasure of being alone, she took out an old pocket-book and gazed in rapture at the contents. There were two or three baby photographs, features and sex equally indistinguishable. Then came a girl-dimpling in corkerow curls, with eyes like black beads—then a baptismal certificate, a school group, and a collection of such announcements as that quoted above, with the name of Lily Smith, underlined, always prominent among the prize takers. There were also many letters from Widow Smith, much in the same words, acknowledging a monthly remittance.

"Lily is as good a girl as any mother need wish and no trouble, except shows some temper with her teething." As who indeed would not.

Anne Barraclough was smiling at this last. A tear was slowly irrigating a furrow on her cheek, and pushing its way towards the angle of her chin, when suddenly a shaky hand, accustomed to larceny, shot over her shoulder from behind and snatched the pocket-book while the thief laughed a triumphant laugh.

"I have it this time, mother," said Sam Barraclough, and he laughed again as she screamed in fear. He repulsed her several times, as she desperately strove to regain her treasure. Then he lay back on a wooden settle and kept her off with his foot, while he despoiled the pockets, rooting and nosing through them like a beast of prey, as indeed he was.

"Miss Lily Smith," he cried, "who's she? A marriage certificate—yours, old lady? A sister, too, have I? So that's where the money goes to, and to-morrow is the school prize-giving! So nice. Well, I'll be there, and I'll see Lily Smith. I'll tell her where the money comes from that's made a fine Miss of her. She goes to no Normal College, not if I know it! Normal College indeed—doing me out of my rights! Ain't I Sam Barraclough. Isn't the money all made at Barraclough's? Well, then—out with it, mother. Show me where you keep the shiners. Give me halves and I'll never trouble you more. You won't, eh? Then, by God, I'm off to Doggermouth Public School to-morrow—It's public, that's one comfort, and I'll cry out your shame and hers—before all them kids and teachers—some of them sweet on Lily, no doubt—aye, and before that precious School Board that's so fond of her—yaw, that I will.

"I will kill you first!" said Anne Barraclough, the same glitter which lay so stilly under her daughter's lashes coming into her eyes as she looked at her son.

"Show me where you keep the money, then, or I will," he threatened.

Anne Barraclough appeared to waver. Then, suddenly taking a resolve, she pointed with her hand.

"In there," she stammered, "in there, Sam—in one of them cracks of the limestone."

"What," cried Sam, "between our cellar and the Provost's lime-kiln?"

"Yes," said his mother softly, "just at the place where it always feels warm when you put your hand against the wall."

"Give me a pick," said Sam, "I'll have it out, every penny of it."

He laid down the pocket-book, in his eagerness to search for the hoard. She snatched it up and was through the door like a shadow.

The Select Infant Choir of the Doggermouth Public Schools, trained by Senior Pupil Teacher Lily Smith, was singing its closing hymn—

"Lord, a little hand and lowly,  
We are come to sing to Thee—"

The Science Master was crooking the left side of his moustache, and watching the brown cheek of the conductress flush with pride and pleasure, when he saw two policemen enter. They looked a moment and then the taller laid a hand on the arm of a tired woman in rusty black sitting by the door, a stranger in the neighbourhood. He stopped and whispered something in her ear.

"What for?" she asked, simply. "Murder," he answered, as quietly; "they are both dead."

"Who?" said Anne Barraclough, her eyes on his face.

"Your son and your husband!" said the policeman.

"Thank God," said Ann, rising with a smile, "I'll go willin'!"

It was long remembered as the most mysterious and difficult criminal case ever adjudged at Doggermouth assizes.

Briefly the facts as presented to the jury were these. Anna Barraclough had had a violent quarrel with her son and her husband, both of whom brutalised her mercilessly. She fled from the house on the night of the twenty-third of December. On the morning of the twenty-fourth, both were found lying dead, Sam in the limestone cellar still grasping a pick, and a considerable sum of money in silver scattered about. Nearer the door Bob Barraclough was dead, lying on his back on the floor.

The cause of the quarrel probably concerned a child born of a previous marriage, to whom it would be proved Anna Barraclough was in the habit of remitting considerable sums monthly. The medical experts diagnosed death by poisoning, but failed to find traces of anything specific. But the woman was a known bad character, a shebeener, while raw spirit, chemicals, and dried herbs were found on the premises.

Anne Barraclough herself seemed dazed, and attempted no particular defence. Her official advocate, appointed by the judge, essayed the usual appeal to the feelings, but she seemed solely anxious for him to finish. She was listening for a name—that of Lily Smith. It was not mentioned in court, but was soon afterwards dragged into publicity by an enlightened and up-to-date journalism.

Twenty years was Anne Barraclough's portion, and, as she had said to the policeman who arrested her, she "went willin'."

She would have gone less willingly, however, had she known that Lily Smith lost her place the week after, and that she was left without means

to take up her course at the Normal College.

But Mr Henry Hurst, B.Sc., promptly offered her another situation. He even changed his own line of life in order to do it, resuming his original role of chemist to a paper factory. Lily must go with him to Polwarth Mills as his wife. She refused time and again. After what had been printed in the papers about her mother she would be a shame to no man. But Mr Henry Hurst was nothing if not scientific. He said that it mattered not a straw to him who or what was her mother or her father, or her step-father. It was the little brown thing with the flush on her cheek that he wanted.

And so, necessarily, he got her, flush and all.

It was not quite two years before the matter was cleared up. Barraclough's passed to other tenants, a shade more reputable. But it was not long before both husband and wife were found in an unconscious state, one on the threshold of the limestone cave, the other within. The wife died, the husband barely pulled through. The symptoms of poisoning were identical with those present in the Barraclough case. Then there came the long-refused investigation. It was a close day when the investigators arrived, among them being Mr Henry Hurst, still B.Sc. though in strict fact no longer a bachelor. It chanced that one of the doctors had brought a dog, which, tired of the rapid boredom of the day, and the lack of canine society, stretched himself down on the threshold of the limestone cellar which had been Anne Barraclough's treasure house. By and by his master called. The dog slept on. He kicked him sharply in the ribs, equally in vain. The dog was dead. And Henry Hurst, nosing and searching about the cracks in the limestone, discovered the secret. There was a lime-kiln on the other side of the little crag into which the

original Barraclough had burrowed. As often as it was in action, after Sam's exploration with the pick, deadly carbonic acid gas poured through the cracks, and falling to the floor, mounted knee-deep or higher, an unseen pool of death to all that breathed it.

Thus had died Bob Barraclough and his son Sam, the latter kneeling in the pursuit of the three-penny bits which rolled about the floor.

When they took Anne out of the prison and told her she was free, she said it did not matter so long as they were dead. Money was given her in the name of the Crown, to make amends for the terrible miscarriage of justice. But Anne only said, "It is very kind of the gentlemen. Send it to the Widow Smith at Doggermouth! Thank God, I can always earn my livin'!" And so, for the second time, Anne Barraclough went out into the darkness, this time to be heard of no more.

But she kept the pocket-book, and looked at its contents each morning and night—the baby photographs, the stinky girl in corkerow curls and all.

"I am glad little Lily is married," she said, "he is a good man, they say. God keep such as I from ever coming between them!"

I am indebted for the facts and the dramatic conclusion of this story to Mr Albert Bataille's excellent report of the "Maison du Four à Chaux" case in the 1896 volume of his "Causes Criminelles et Mondaines" published in Paris by Dentu.—S.R.C.

## WEAK MEN!

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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 am very sorry I did not write to you before. I had no time. I am very busy at school, studying for the examination. Our gardens were all dry by the time we went back to school. Mother is in Rotorua. We still go in for swims nearly every day, when we come home from school. There is going to be a play to-night. I am not going. There is no more news, so I must close now, with love to you and all the cousins.—I am, your loving cousin, Dolly, Whakatane.

[Dear Cousin Dolly,—Thanks very much for your letter, which I received this morning. I know you cannot find time to write very often if you are studying for the examination, so I must be content to hear from you now and then. There has been no rain for such a long time now that everyone's garden is beginning to look very dried up, but it can't be fine very much longer, and then we shall all be grumbling because we have too much rain. Is your mother going to make a long stay in Rotorua? It is horrid when one's mother is away from home, I think. I hope she will have a pleasant trip. You will soon have to leave off your swims, I expect, because it is beginning to get quite chilly in the mornings now.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you please send me a cousins' badge, as I wish to become a member of your band? I am in the third standard at school. Karori is a very lonely place, so there is not very much to write about. I live on a farm called Tapuarau, and I have three brothers and three sisters. We have fifteen pigs, and there are sixteen cows to milk every day. I like milking, though. I can only write you a very short letter this time, but I hope I will be able to write a longer one next time.—I remain, your loving cousin, Jack Stubbing.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—I shall be very glad indeed to have you for one of my cousins, and I will send you a badge by the next mail. I don't suppose there is very much to write about in such a small place as Karori is, but I hope you will write sometimes and let me know how you are getting on just the same. Have you far to go to school? A nice long walk morning and evening in the summer-time must be very nice, but I don't think I should like walking any distance through the rain and mud in the winter.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—There is no news, but still I thought I would write you a few lines as I had a little while to myself. I thought I had told you that I spent a lovely few days out at Hillsboro' with Cousin Ruby. The bush out there, Cousin Kate, is really beautiful. In one part you go down a little way and come to a small spring, where Ru said they might put some gold fish. The view is simply perfect. You can see all the Manu-

kau Harbour and all around there. Have you ever read a book called "A Bad Girl's Diary," Cousin Kate? It is so funny. Gwen and I have one by the same author, called "Peck's Bad Boy," but I have not read it yet. I am at present in the middle of one of L. T. Meade's school stories called, "Girls New and Old." It is very pretty. I thought we were going to have a few wet days this morning, but it seems to have cleared now. We cannot complain, can we, for in the last two or three months we have not really had more than two or three wet days? We had snapshots of our little niece a few weeks ago. She has grown so big, but has not altered much. I would love to see her now, as I think babies are such darlings from one year till they are about four. I would have liked very much to take up rinking this year, but it was really fearfully hot in the summer. Perhaps we shall go more in the cooler weather. The first time I skated I fell about every minute. Whenever I felt as if I was going to fall I let myself fall. I find it is the best way, as then you are not so apt to hurt yourself. By the end of one morning I got on quite well. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I think my stock of news has run out, so I will have to end for this week, with love to you and all the cousins.—I remain, yours sincerely, Cousin Stella, Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Stella,—It was very good of you to take advantage of your few spare moments to write to me, and though you say you have no news, yet you managed to write a rather longer letter than usual, and an interesting one, too. I never hear from Gwen now; I suppose she thinks you can tell me all the news, though. Hillsboro' seems to be an ideal place to spend a holiday, and it must be very pretty. I have had so little time for reading lately, I don't think I have read more than a dozen books since Christmas, but I have read lots of magazines. I am very fond of magazine-reading, aren't you? We haven't had much to grumble about as far as the weather is concerned lately, but then we had horrible weather up till January, so we deserved a month or two of good to make up for it, didn't we? Marget must be getting quite a big girl now, and I suppose can run about and say almost anything; they are much nicer at that age, I think, than when they are very young. Have you heard the Bavarian band yet? It is lovely to have them back again. They were playing in front of our house yesterday, and they played such a lot of "The Country Girl" music.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for that lovely purse you sent, and that dear little handkerchief; it was the very thing I wanted. I went to town on Saturday to get my photo taken, and I took my little purse with me. I have got my little cousins with me; Doris is seven, and Noel is thirteen months old. Noel is such a dear little thing. Doris comes to school with me, and is in the third primer. On Saturday Doris and I went to a little girl's to play, and her name is Gretta; we had lots of games and swings; we played ladies, hide-and-go-seek; it is such a grand game. Noel went with father and mother and auntie for a drive on Sunday, and enjoyed it very much. Thank you very much for your nice letter. I am going to have Gretta over

to play with me next Saturday, and I hope we will have a good day. At school the teacher is giving sixpence to the one who says a piece of poetry called "Two Little Stockings" the best, and I am trying very hard for it. Noel went for his first motor ride on Wednesday, and was very good. I must now stop, with lots of love to all the other cousins, and lots to yourself.—From Cousin Doreen.

[Dear Cousin Doreen,—I am so very glad you got your prize safely, and wasn't I lucky to choose just what you wanted? I think a little fairy must have told me, don't you? If your photographs are good I hope you are going to send me one; I should like it so much. I heard quite a lot about you the other day. Some friends of mine have been staying with your little friends Marjory and Jean, and though they didn't see you, because you were away, they had heard a great deal about you. I wish Marjory and Jean would be cousins too; don't you think you could persuade them to join? I expect you like having your cousins staying with you. Doris is a little younger than you are, but she is not too young to make a good playfellow, is she? I used to like playing hide-and-seek too when I was your age. I haven't heard "Two Little Stockings," and I should like to hear you recite it. I hope you will get the prize; you must be sure and let me know if you do.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please excuse me for not writing before. We have been having rather exciting times here lately, what with picnics, dances and then the carnival. We have had fine weather for over a month, and water is getting rather scarce. Dear Cousin Muriel, I hope your feet will be better soon. Cousin Carl, I have not seen any of your letters lately; do write soon. And what has become of Cousin Dora, too, Cousin Kate? What a dear little girl Cousin Norma is, don't you think so, cousins? Cousins Winnie and Olive, you remind me of my two youngest aunts in your photos. I am still looking forward to getting my badge some day, dear Cousin Kate. Dear Cousin Amy, do you know a girl called Lizzie Climie going to Prince Albert College? I think this is her first term. She used to go to school here, and I know her very well. She is a very nice girl, I think. Our flower garden is looking so pretty just now. I must stop now and go and practise. I have had nothing but scold this last term to practise, so my fingers are getting that they simply fly over the keys.—With love to all, from Cousin Jenny.

[Dear Cousin Jenny,—I don't believe I have heard from you since the New Plymouth Exhibition, and that is quite a long time ago, so I was very glad to get your letter this morning. You must have been having quite a gay time in Stratford, and you have had most lovely weather for picnics. Several people have been complaining that the water is running short in the country districts, and though we had a little rain this week I am afraid there was not enough to be of any use. I am so sorry about your badge, dear Jenny, but I can't send it to you until you send me your full name and address. I have asked you for it several times, too. Next time you write put it on a separate slip of paper, and I promise I will send you a badge by the next mail. I am afraid, "Jenny, Stratford," would hardly be a sufficient address. What do you think? You are more fortunate than the Auckland people if your garden is looking nice; ours are all so dried up, and there is hardly a bloom to be seen.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It doesn't matter how much I try, I can't keep up a regular correspondence. I have just come from the dressmaker's, so I will have



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**Do Horses Ever Cry?**

"Did you ever see a horse cry?" recently asked an equine expert. "Many people believe that horses do not weep. But those who have had much to do with those faithful creatures know that on certain occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow, in the most heart-breaking manner.

"In certain regions, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common, when the weather is extremely cold, to have an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearing zero, and while its owner is transacting business. In this case the suffering is evidenced by cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on to the cheeks like icicles.

"When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan. But under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner.

"I remember a favourite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed."

**Apple Pie.**

BY BURGESS JOHNSON.

When our cook she makes a pie,  
You oughter see her fingers fly!  
She sits an' holds a yellin' bowl,  
An' stirs so fast she keeps a hole  
Down through the middle of the stuff--  
There's milk an' eggs, an' flour enough  
And maybe other things, but I  
Forget just all that makes a pie!

When our cook she makes a pie,  
She rolls the dough that, by an' by,  
Is two round blankets; then you'll see  
Her slice some apples evenly.  
Plump into bed she makes 'em hop,  
An' cuts some peep-holes through the top.  
So they won't smother when they lie  
All warm an' sugared in the pie.

When our cook she makes a pie,  
She balances the plate up high,  
And with a pleasant sippy sound  
She trims it nicely all around.  
And when she's thumbed the edges tight  
The apples can't get up at night.  
But when she's baked it, then, oh my!  
You never et such apple pie!

**JUNGLE JINKS.**

MR. RHINO HAS AN-ARROW ESCAPE.



1. Dr. Lion says "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." When the Jungle boys are in school he makes them work hard, but he doesn't forget to arrange nice games for them out of school. Here you see him in charge of the archery practice. "What's this! Mr. Rhino come to see me?" said the Doctor, as Jane, the maid, came out with a card. "Very well, I'll see him in the garden."



2. "You take charge of the archery, Jumbo, and don't get into any mischief," said the Doctor, as he left. But when Jumbo caught sight of a robin sitting on the garden wall he quite forgot Dr. Lion's instructions. "Who'll kill Cock Robin?" piped Willy, the lion cub. "I," said Jumbo, "with my bow and arrow, I'll kill Cock Robin!"



"Whizz-zz!" The arrow sped through the air, but Cock Robin didn't wait to die, like the one in the nursery rhyme. He just hopped off, and Jumbo's arrow went clean through Mr. Rhino's silk hat, on the other side of the wall. "Now I've done it," gasped Jumbo, all in a tremble, as he peeped over the wall. "There will be no more archery this term!" And he was right. Dr. Lion was dreadfully angry about it.



Valle, photo.

THE PROPOSAL.

"YES."

"WHEN DID YOU FIRST BEGIN TO LOVE ME?"

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Fashionable Pets.

### SIAMESE CATS.

By Miss Frances Simpson, authoress of "The Book of the Cat."

There are two recognised varieties of Siamese cats—the royal and the chocolate. The former, however, is certainly the more beautiful in appearance; and whereas a number of fanciers keep and breed the Royal Siamese, I only know of one or two that have gone in for the chocolate variety. A visitor to Bangkok

has stated that no trouble is taken in Siam to keep this breed of cats pure, and that a great deal of twaddle is talked as to their being bred under royal supervision, also that more tabby, blacks and whites were to be seen in Siam than the cat known in England as the Royal Palace cat. There is a legend, however,

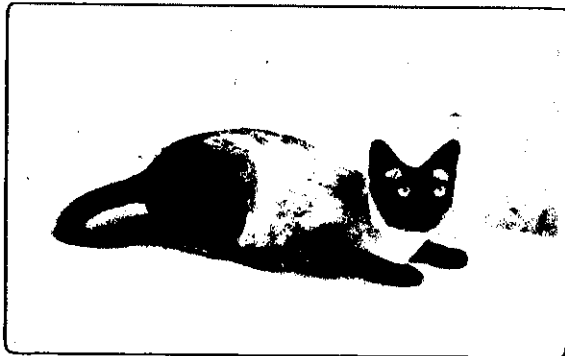
that these quaint creatures were kept exclusively and with great care in the King of Siam's Palace, and that a sort of religious sanctity surrounded them. The Buddhists, who believe in transmigration, considered these animals were a fitting resting place for the souls of their gods. Whether there is any truth in these traditions or not the fact remains that the Siamese cats most common in this country are called "Royal Siamese," and many of the cats exhibited nowadays are supposed to trace back their ancestry to dwellers in the royal palaces in Bangkok.

The Royal Siamese cats greatly resemble pug dogs in appearance, the body being pale fawn or cream, with dark chocolate points. The markings on

head, legs and tail should not merge into the cream.

Siamese are rather prolific breeders, the litters being generally large ones and the females, as a rule, in the minority.

There is no doubt that Siamese cats are extremely intelligent, being almost dog-like in their nature. They are charming companions and are specially suited for home pets. The sole objection to a Siamese house cat is the trying nature of its unmelodious voice. The males are terribly antagonistic to others of their sex, and fight with great persistency. There is an immense fascination about this peculiar breed of cat, which is yearly becoming more popular and fashionable.



"URSULA," OWNED BY LADY MARCUS BERESFORD.



MISS ARMITAGE'S SIAMESE KITTENS.



MISS DERBY HYDE'S "THAMES VALLEY MISSIS."

## The Troubles of the Pretty Girl.

Diogenes, with his lantern, seeking an honest man in a corrupt community, had an easy task, writes Helen Oldfield in the "Chicago Tribune," compared with one who should search for a woman to refuse the gift of great beauty were it hers for the choosing, "fatal dower" though it be.

Mme. de Stael, with the brilliant intellect which made her a power in Europe, so that even the great Napoleon feared her mourned bitterly that the fates, so lavish with mental gifts, had refused her charm of person as well; and Queen Elizabeth, for all her wit and wisdom elsewhere, was a veritable fool in her craving for admiration of the beauty which did not exist, but which all who desired to please her were forced to concede and extol. Yet history teaches us no plainer lesson than that the crown of beauty is a thorny one; the great beauties of the world have rarely been happy women. Undoubtedly "a beautiful maid is a cheering sight to see," as well as a pleasant one, yet the passably pretty girl is usually more fortunate in the long run than she who is dazzlingly beautiful, while in many respects the plain woman often fares better than either.

In the first place, great beauty renders its possessor unpleasantly conspicuous. Wherever she goes all eyes are upon her, and her beauty, like the famous "blue china," is difficult to "live up to." If great wealth go with the marvellous beauty, the woman thus richly dowered may have an easy time. Still, life is made up of compensations, and great belles, for some occult reason, rarely make happy marriages. There is no apparent safety in a multitude of suitors.

When the beauty belongs to the lower walks of life, her lovely face may prove her greatest misfortune. Temptation assails her on every side, and her beauty is actually an obstacle to her earning an honest living. While merely good looking girls, for example, are desirable as shop girls, strikingly beautiful ones are objected to by all but confectioners. "We want girls to sell goods, not for show. Girls who are too pretty think too much of themselves and too little of their business," says the manager of a large department store.

There is always room for the strikingly pretty girl on the stage, but brains must go with the beautiful face in order to assure success, and even then the pitfalls along the way are many and terrible.

It is difficult for a beautiful woman to escape being spoiled; vanity and selfishness are taught her so soon as to be almost her birthright. From the time when the pretty baby attracts general attention on the street her face is her fortune and she expects admiration as her due. Men especially forgive her most things because of her beauty, and she learns to be pert and overbearing. Her exactions, her caprices, her actual ill-humour, are all merely "p'ty Fanny's way" so long as she continues to be pretty. Her plainer sister is taught to be useful and to make the most of whatever talents she may pos-

sess, but the Beauty, with a big B, accomplishes her end in life if she acquires a few surface attainments to enable her to shine in society. She has only to smile, and look charming; so long as she listens her admirers are content. But, alas and slack-a-day! her eggs are all in one basket, and some time, sooner or later, that basket is sure to be upset!

Beauty is proverbially perishable. Sometimes it is blighted by one feli stroke, as a rose by untimely frost, and when that mischance is spared the rose must surely fade with time. It is a singular fact that few great beauties understand the art of growing old gracefully. Among the saddest sights on earth is that of a woman striving vainly to hold on to her vanishing beauty and youth; struggling to repair the ravages of time, the thief, with paint and powder and wearing garments which only serve as a travesty of youth.

In many respects the merely good looking girl has really the best time, although she seldom, if ever, is aware of the fact, and usually envies her pretty sister, especially when she sees her own Jack looking at that sister with admiration written large in his eyes. The girl who has no great beauty to live up to need not worry unduly over her dress, so long as it is passably pretty and becoming. A freckle more or less is not a dire misfortune, nor a pimple sufficient cause for seclusion in her chamber under plea of illness. She knows always that she can pass in the crowd without attracting comment one way or the other, and if she is sensible, she does her best to be clever, by which means she often succeeds in being so entertaining that even when she has no claim to good looks she is more sought after and admired than women with ten times her personal attractions.

"So that is Miss Blank!" exclaimed a stranger at the first sight of a woman who possessed an interstate reputation for her social charm. "Why, she is actually homely!" "Yes," was the answer, "I suppose she is, but wait till you hear her talk. No one who knows her ever thinks of her looks. Her friends all call her the charmer."

The beauty who would be happy must forget that she is beautiful and endeavour to live as though she were plain, while the wise mother of a pretty girl will rigidly exact that she add graces of mind to those of person and so become indeed the "perfect woman nobly planned."

### 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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## Would You Rather Love or Be Loved?

We are told that if two people who marry are to be really happy together, equal and mutual love must exist between them. The truth of this assertion is obvious. Marriage indeed only becomes the proper and ideal state when men or women join their lives to one whom they truly love, and who as truly loves them in return.

Without doubt, deep and sincere mutual love characterises most marriages. Even in these practical and prosaic days the majority of men and women recognise the value of true love, and what an influence it has upon the happiness of married life. But Cupid's ways are extremely capricious, and the consequence is that often two people meet and marry whose love is of unequal proportions.

Hence the question, to love or to be loved, which brings greater happiness? Is it better for a woman to marry a man who has honestly given her his whole love, but for whom she has not that same feeling of affection? Or should she marry a man whom she passionately loves, but who, she is well aware, has little more than lukewarm love for herself? It is a question which confronts hundreds of women almost every day, and it is one which they find it extremely difficult to decide.

Shall she marry the one whose tenderness seems in the moments of doubt, which come even to the happiest lovers, merely a response to her own? Or shall she choose rather to give her life to the other man, whose love seems so broad and vast, so deep and tender, that sometimes it actually reminds her of what she feels herself, though not for him?

Doubtless a woman in such circumstances feels that should she marry the latter, she will never forget her love for the other man, and consequently be dishonourable in thought to the one she had married. And if she marries the man whose affection is not equal to her own, there is the fear that marriage would not increase the strength of his love, and, in fact, might diminish it, and thus the happiness of her whole life would be destroyed.

And should it so happen that she is possessed of a little money, she is probably haunted by the fear that he is more concerned about her banking account than about herself. On the other hand, she knows full well that the other man loves her for herself alone. But, alas! her real affection is not for him. Well might she shrink before the serious task of choosing between the most loved and the most loving man.

"Marry neither" would probably be the advice of some people to a girl placed in such a position. Such advice, however, if followed out, would only

have the effect of making three people miserable for life, whereas there are excellent possibilities of two being made exceedingly happy.

In choosing between the most loved and the most loving man, the woman who wishes to marry will, in nine cases out of ten, find greatest happiness in accepting the latter, always providing that she has some liking and affection for him. She should be most careful, however, not to allow him to marry her under any false impressions. That is to say, she should explain the exact state of her feelings towards him, and that it is on account of his great love for her that she is quite content to trust her future life and happiness in his hands.

When this is done, the man's love for the woman he marries will invariably make him determined to gradually win the true affection of his wife, until it is equal to that which he has for her. Kindness, tenderness and fidelity will be the three guides to his conduct, and it will indeed be a stubborn heart which is not touched and won by such a man.

A girl need not explain, in rejecting the most loving man, that her real affection is bestowed upon another. The former will intuitively understand this, and make up his mind that there shall be no lack of endeavour on his part to supplant this misplaced love with affection for himself.

It is just possible, of course, that the girl who marries the best loved man would by her devotion, constancy and tenderness, strengthen his love until it was as great as her own. But the risk is very great. There would always be doubt in her mind. Even when he was with her, and in his most devoted and tender moods, she would probably find herself watching his varying expressions, and wondering whether some one of the many thoughts she cannot fathom was not being given to another woman.

## With Pen and Camera in Japan.

A Japanese house is the simplest thing in the world, says Mr. Douglas Sladen, in his popular book, "Queer Things About Japan." It consists of a post at each corner and a roof. The roof may or may not be covered with enormous blue tiles. It makes little difference in the long run. For if it is not, the first typhoon that comes along transfers it to somebody's garden a quarter of a mile away; and if it is, it may resist the typhoon; but woe betide its inhabitants when the first genuine earthquake happens. They will be caught like sparrows under a sieve, only more so. But the odds are that it will be burnt down before either happens, as the Japanese use very cheap lumps and very nasty petroleum, and are regular children about fires.

A Japanese house is generally all on one floor; in fact, one might say it is all one room. And in the daytime it is all one room if it is a small house. The number of rooms in it depends on the number of bedrooms the owner requires. They are divided for the night by paper shutters fixed in grooves like the divisions of an old-fashioned workbox. There are no doors or passages. Your bedroom acts as a passage, and when you want a door you slide back the nearest panel. Two sets of shutters go round the outside; the inside set are of paper on the off-chance of the owner using them for privacy during the day, and the outside are of wood. These outside shutters cannot be slid in the same promiscuous fashion as the others. Each is held in its place by the next, and the last one is secured with a bolt—of wood. There are many houses which, when secured

for the night, would hardly stand a man leaning against them.

Better-class houses are divided into permanent rooms for a foot or two down from the ceiling, by wooden frames filled with plaster to hold the tops of the shutters. Some go so far as having windows, made of glass, too, which is very un-Japanese. The ordinary native is quite satisfied with the light that filters through paper. The houses which have windows generally have walls, too, outside; though they put up the paper shutters inside.

Every self-respecting Japanese house has a guest-chamber, and always in the same corner. There is the recess, which contains the celebrated Tokonoma and Chigaidana, the principal stage property of Japan. The Chigaidana is a sort of chest of cupboards, and is often the only bit of real furniture in the room.

A Japanese room sometimes contains other furniture, but as a rule, the Japanese is satisfied with the floor, to which he pays extravagant adulation. He uses it for everything, and covers it with mats too good to use. It is a wonder that he does not put them on the ceiling instead; then he would not have to take his boots off to enter his own house.

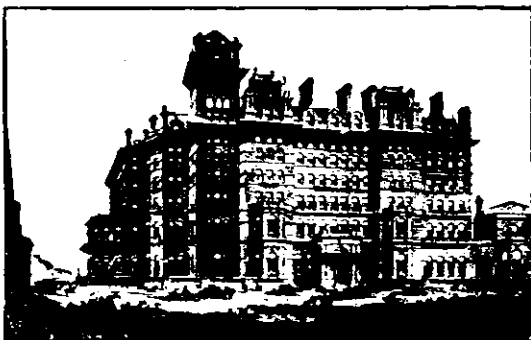
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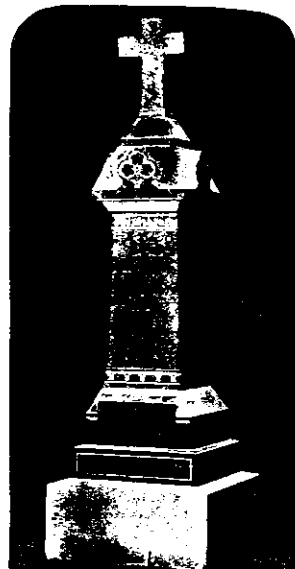
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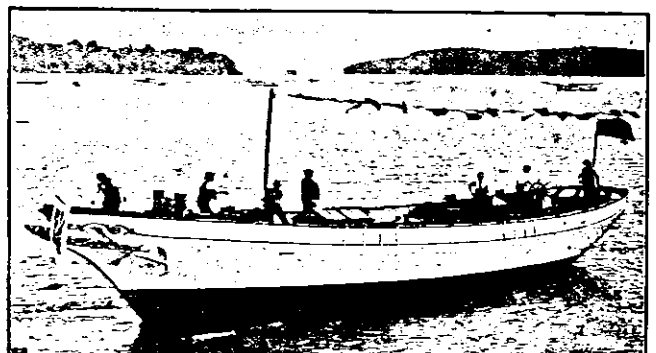
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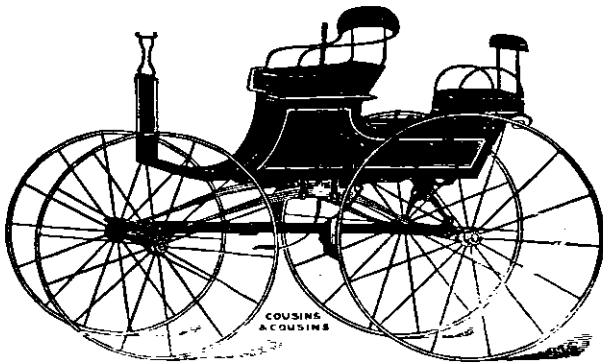
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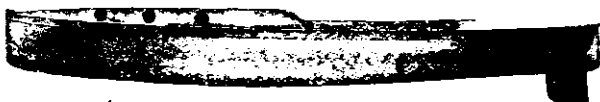
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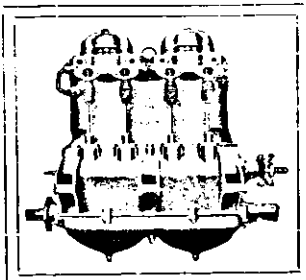
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# THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE)

Pessimistic prophecy is always condemning the blouse, predicting its total disappearance from the well-stocked wardrobe, and denying it every now and again the least sign of favour. But fashion, so potently powerful in other quarters, can no more condemn the wearing of the blouse than it can command the weather of the day.

The fact of the matter is, blouses are far too indispensable and useful to be subjected to the vagaries of fashion. Vienna and Paris, from whence come all that is smartest in the way of blouses, are ingenious enough to make the minutest concession to the particular phase which fashion is favouring, so that, as a garment, the blouse embodies the latest and smartest thing, and is no more to be ignored than warm clothes in winter. So that, conforming with all her latest dictates, fashion can scarcely at any time, summer or winter, quarrel with the garment which so happily solves the difficulties of a coat and skirt.

The blouse leapt into fashion with the demand for tailor-mades, and its unsurpassed usefulness has increased its popularity ever since. It is something to wear in the street under the coat, at home, in the morning, for evening, and is sometimes even, but only with the skirt carefully matching, permissible for a dance. More ingenuity would appear to have been directed to the fashioning of blouses than has been lavished on anything else appertaining to dress, and this season the makers would seem to have attained to the farthest possible point of suitability, style, and shape.

Actual novelties in design are not

overstep in ecru pinched lace, upon which are sewn circular strappings of silk in delicate colour, eau de Nil, apricot, tangerine, heliotrope, or shell-pink, and the sleeves are similarly strapped to give a wide effect.

Then there is beside a score of blouses never destined to come down to the ordinary price—lovely creations in silk chiffon, chiffon velvet, and chiffon taffeta, all ranging at so many guineas. Of these it would indeed be hard to resist the charms of a tangerine chiffon velvet blouse, gathered around a circular yoke of heavy ecru lace, edged with several rows of gauged chiffon. A cream creation, where again the circular effect predominated, had a shoulder cape coming from either side of the chiffon-gauged front, run with rows of ruffled Valenciennes and caught with delicate tassellings of eau de Nil silk.

Only one more may be mentioned in

most picturesque in amethyst-coloured chiffon with bosses and chains of the same very fashionable gems in imitation, matched by a set of real ones round the throat. The lace that comprises the bolero is of a delicate

ivory shade which very materially enhances the beauty of the robe's colouring. A white flannel shirt trimmed in the modish manner of to-day, with big discs worked in blue crewels, adds another possibility.



so particularly prolific, however, but we are perhaps too near the winter season yet to expect any radical changes; but never have the materials been so beautiful or the prevailing style more becoming.

The deep circular yokes which are such a feature of the present modes are very happily conceived in some of the blouses from Vienna. Embroidered medallions of different colours are set into these yokes, fastened by a spider web of fancy stitchery. The effect is admirable.

A good style of blouse recently seen was faced with a contrasting shade of satin. This was made with a shoulder yoke and a broad pleat on either side of the front, and a double row of gold buttons, giving the effect of a double-breasted waistcoat. It suggested a capital wrap to wear under the new liveriness capes.

Leaving the realms of the useful bodice to record the dainty beauties of the evening and party models, it seems hopeless to convey anything at all approaching a representative idea of their diversified charm. One shop is making a specialty of a French

this tempting category—this of apricot panne, with every here and there a light and dark blue painted butterfly, its wings outlined in pokerwork. Blue butterflies cut out in velvet were scattered over the ecru yoke and down the cascade of lace in front. But this was a blouse for the butterfly in the height of fashion's recklessness.

\*\*\*

Several delightful models are sketched in this page, the salient features of which are as follows:—In the first column appears a very

### DECORATIVE LOOKING BLOUSE

of golden brown crepe de chine, destined to be worn with a cloth skirt of the same colour. It has a yoke of buttercup yellow lace edged by bands of blue velvet and puffed sleeves that terminate in lace flounces instead of cuffs. Two evening gowns are shown next, the first a simple rose-pink nun's veiling, one for a girl of sixteen or so, adorned with ivory lace and bands of pink satin, threaded through a diamante buckle; and the second a more elaborate scheme, which will look



This illustration would do splendidly for a home evening blouse or for the theatre. The handkerchief effect is heightened by a broad inlet of a different coloured silk, either in pale pink, blue, green, or heliotrope. These sleeve frills are of pleated lawn, and add to the dressiness of the blouse. At the back the handkerchief crosses over into the high belt, to correspond with the front.

Among the blouses which would specially appeal to the economical maid is the one shown in illustration. It is one of the newest things of the golf jersey family, of material, however, not knitted, and has many points worth the consideration of those who have many hours to spend in office rooms not too well heated. The colours include pale and dark blue, red and white, and it is quite the cosiest blouse for wearing under a loose coat or cape.

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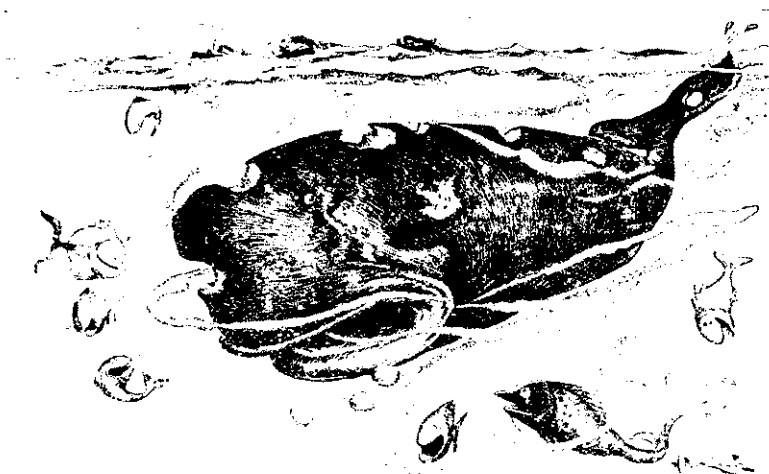
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Mr Snapper—"What's the matter, Mr Whale?"  
 Mr Whale—"Matter? Why, I just went to the surface to blow myself, and a fleet of Russian cruisers took me for a Jap submarine boat and made me look like a Swiss cheese—that's what's the matter."



DECOLLETTE.

She was in magnificent full attire.  
 "By what right, sir, do you tell me I shall not wear this gown?" she demanded, with flashing eyes.  
 "Before we were married, your old father asked me if I could keep you in clothes, and I assured him I could," replied he, and met her look of high defiance with a look of steady determination.



"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

CRUEL.

"Ah, professor," said the charming hostess, "let me introduce you to Miss Ann Teck. I'm sure you will get on well together. The professor, my dear Ann, is deeply interested in prehistoric relics."

And now she wonders why Ann does not speak as they pass by.

FOR BUSINESS MEN ONLY.

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch. "He made his money in the grocery business."

JUST LIKE AN AUTO.

Customer: So you sell these watches at 5/ each? It must cost that to make them.

Jeweller: It does.

Customer: Then how do you make any money?

Jeweller: Repairing them.

THOSE DEAR FRIENDS!

The contralto (laughingly): I have sung in five flats before now.

The soprano (naughtily): Indeed! I suppose you had to move out of them all!

INDIGESTIBLE.

"Where can I get dinner?" asked the weary passenger on the express train.

"Read the time-table," growled the brakeman. "Don't you see it says, 'Short stops for lunch?'"

"Yes. But I can't eat short stops."

HIGH AND LOW.

Judge: "Did I understand you to say that the parties used high words?"

Witness: "Their voices were pitched rather high, but the words they used were extremely low."

HOW HE MANAGED.

Maud: "Have you noticed that peculiar sinuous, snake-like motion with which Mr Dodge-Kopp dances lately?"

Mabel: "Yes; he has acquired that unconsciously from his habit of crawling under his motor-car to see what's the matter with the machinery."

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

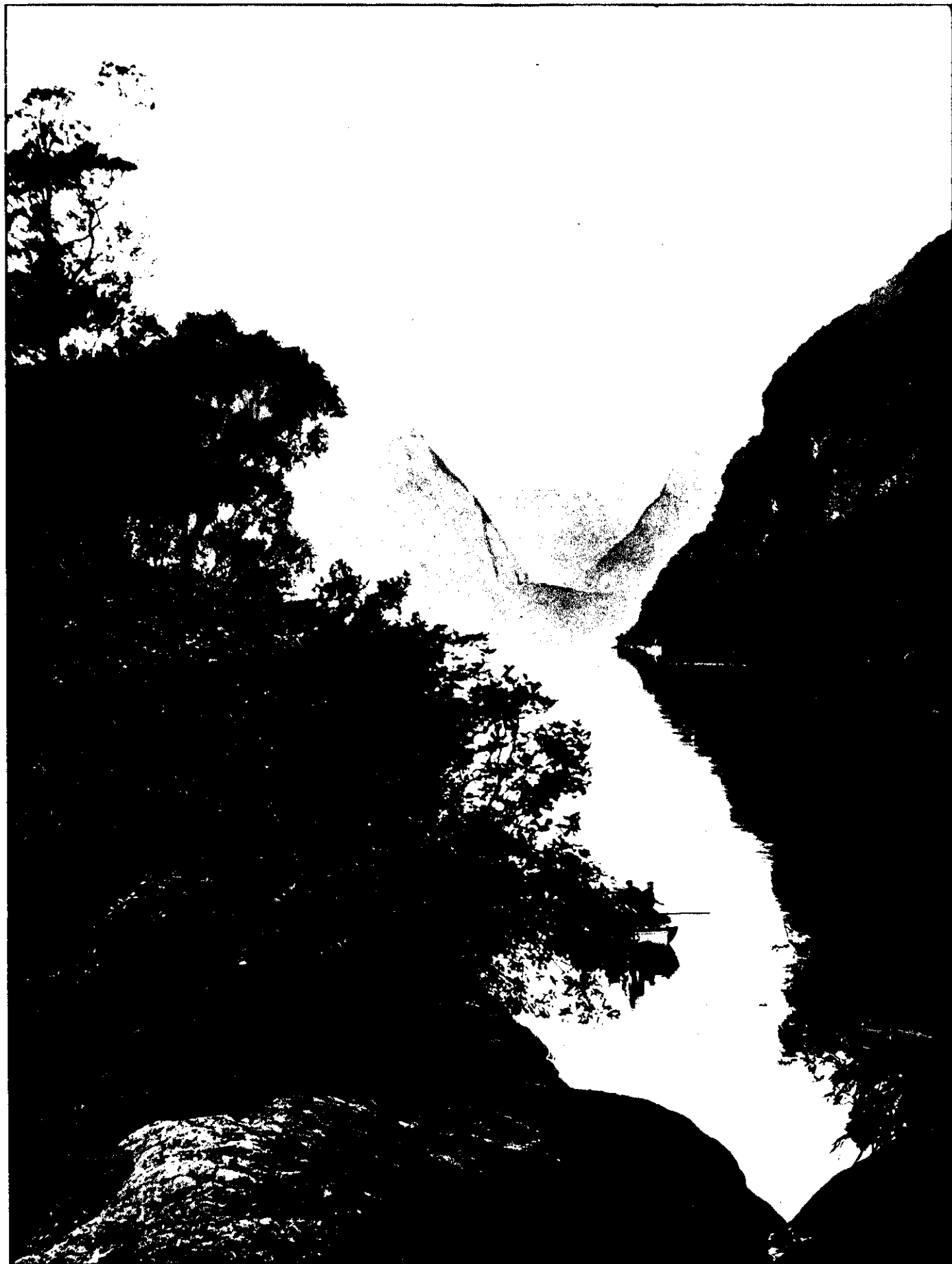
Miss Screech: He said something to you about my singing last night, didn't he?

Miss Peppery: Well, he did remark how funny the corners of your mouth looked when you sang.

Miss Screech: The idea! How could he have seen them?

Miss Peppery: Why not? He was sitting directly behind you while you sang.

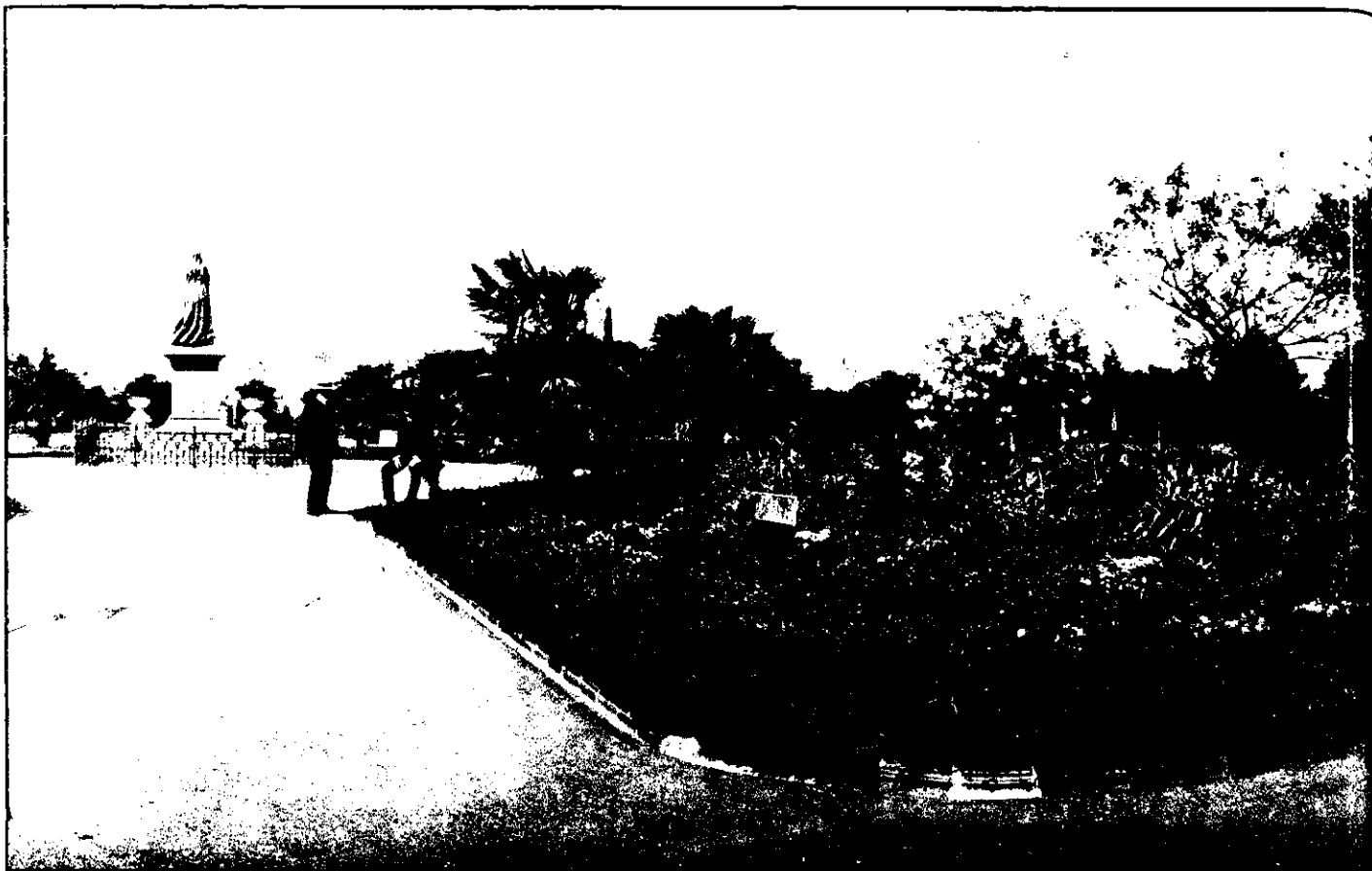




Tourist Department, photo.

LOOKING UP MILFORD SOUND FROM WINDBOUND POINT.

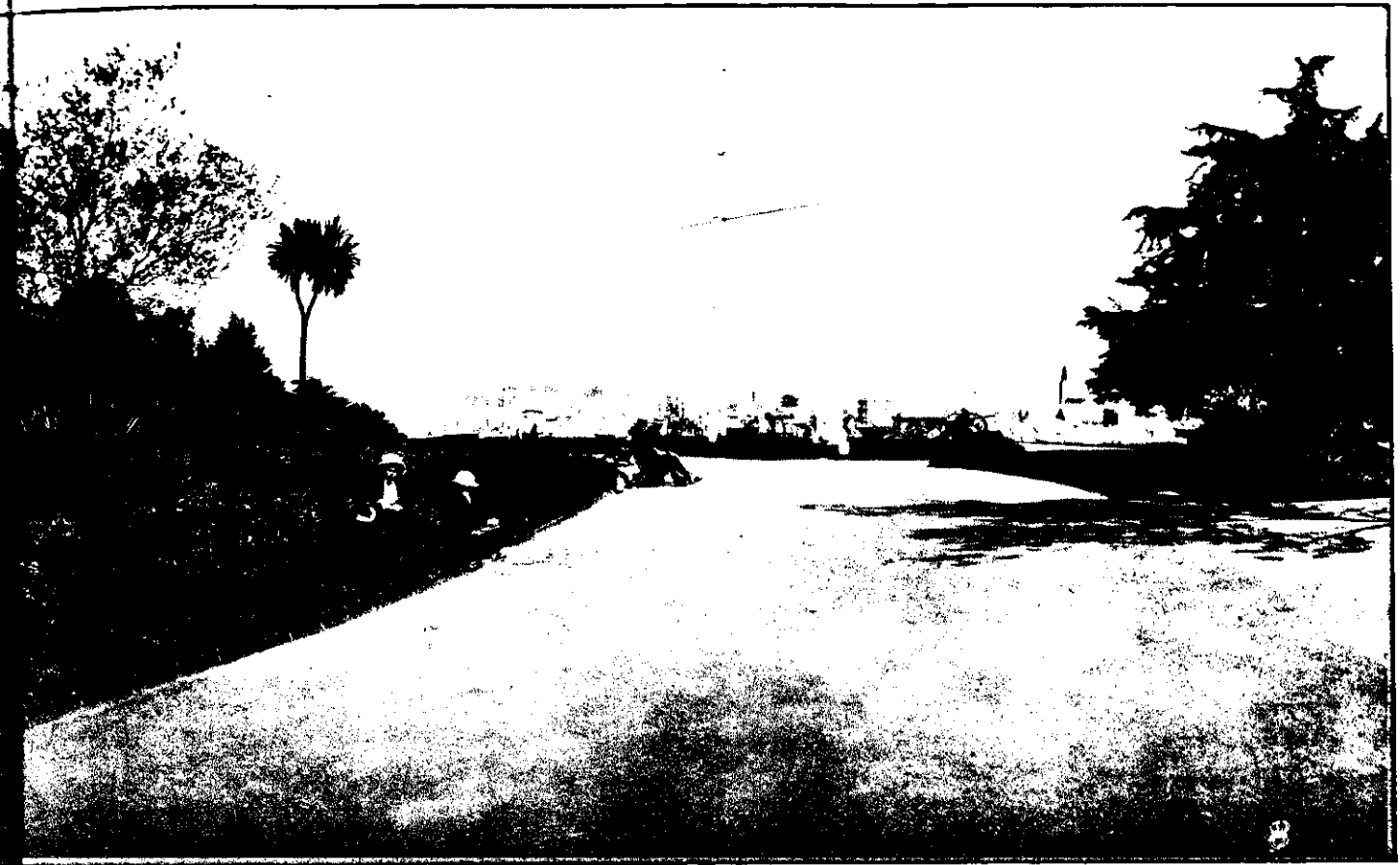
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WHARVES AND WATER FRONTAGE.



Carole, photo.

WAIOKARURU FALLS, WAIROA, SEEN ON THE ROTORUA—TARAWERA ROUND TRIP.

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