

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, May 24.

"The event of the week was the concert given by the Musical Union on Tuesday night, when "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni's fine opera, was produced with marked success. Canterbury Hall was taxed to its utmost extent. Every seat had been reserved. So great was the demand for tickets that the Society decided to repeat the concert on Thursday night, when they were again greeted by a crowded and enthusiastic house. The opening night was graced by the presence of Lord and Lady Plunket, the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, and Captain Braithwaite, who were received by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaye (Mr. Kaye being president of the Society). The soloists were Miss Amy Murphy (Dunedin), Mrs. Wilson, Miss Woodhouse, Mr. Frank Graham (formerly of the Carl Rosa Opera Company), and Mr. Hamilton Hodges. Dr. Bradshaw had chosen them wisely, and most admirably did they sing their respective parts. The success of this first concert in Christchurch under the leadership of Dr. Bradshaw must be most gratifying to him and to the Society, who have secured his services, for it undoubtedly was the finest and most even amateur concert that we have ever had here. The scene, too, was a brilliant one, the house being in full dress. Lady Plunket wore a lovely pale blue brocade, with Brussels lace, and diamond ornaments. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket, black chiffon over satin. Miss Murphy (soprano) looked charming in a graceful gown of cream crepe de chine. Her sweet and cultivated voice charmed all her hearers.

On Monday night a small dinner party was given at Government House to welcome the Bishop and Mrs. Julius home. Amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gould.

Golf is in full swing at present. The monthly medal has been once more won at Shirley by Miss Noel Stead. Quite a large number of players are competing at Hagley Park for Mrs. Stead's prize.

A delightful afternoon tea party on a large scale was given on Thursday by Mrs. George G. Stead at Strowan. The amusements were "Pit" in the billiard-room, and an excellent musical performance in the drawing-room. Tea was served in the dining-room and hall.

Enchre parties still find favour, in spite of the popularity of bridge and pit. On Thursday a large party was given by Mrs. Walter Thomas as a welcome home to her eldest son, Dr. John Thomas, who recently returned from England.

On Friday night a large enchre party was given by Mrs. J. Collins (Merivale).

DOLLY VALE.

What turned the microphone out of home  
And drove him far over earth to roam,  
Of all his race the last?  
What banishes him from day to day,  
And drives these colds and coughs away,  
He manufactures fast?  
Ancestral spirits cry "en masse,"  
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alas.



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What Men Have Done for Money

What have men not done for money? The money motive, indeed, is present in most of the enterprises and affairs in which man concerns himself, if we except those undertaken through the influence of the purer affections and noble ambitions.

It was for money that the maritime adventurers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries sailed over unknown seas in quest of mythical El Dorados; for money that the alchemists of old dedicated their lives to the search after the philosopher's stone; for money that the great Duke of Marlborough allowed his reputation and honour to be tarnished by accepting bribes; for money that Arkwright and so many other notable inventors wrought while solving the mechanical problems the elucidation of which gave England her industrial greatness; for money that Fauntleroy forged; that Law schemed; and that Eugene Aram committed murder.

So the catalogue might be continued through endless ramifications, the list being added to from every state and condition of life—political, professional, commercial, literary, artistic, and even religious. The inducement of money is the prime mover of the universe. Often cursed as the "root of all evil," it has been as often blessed as the "provider of all good."

English kings have done some strange things for money. Richard I. raised money for his military enterprise against Saladin by selling Crown manors and fortresses, and would have sold London itself if he could have found a purchaser. Henry III. sold or pledged the Crown jewels when in want of cash; and when Edward I. got them back again, and added largely to them, they were stolen by thieves—also for money's sake—while the monarch was away in the north having a tussle with the Scots. Another pawn of Crown jewels was the third Edward; and even the heroic Henry V. was compelled to pledge his "Skeleton Collar," garnished with sapphires, rubies, and pearls, and his "Rich Collar," valued at £2800, to raise funds to carry him and his army to France to chastise the jesting Dauphin, Henry VI, and James I. both resorted to similar means of supplying their monetary needs; and Charles I. cleared out the jewel-house altogether, sent the "baubles" to Holland, where the money-lenders would have nothing to do with them, and at last had to place them in the hands of merchants at home; the relief he thus obtained being of a very temporary nature, however, much trouble arising subsequently when the king was asked to redeem the jewels. Later British rulers and princes have also gone great lengths in their schemes for money, but the Crown jewels have not in recent times been regarded as marketable commodities.

Many strange things have been done for wagers, though in these matters other elements than the money motive often weigh. A hundred guineas was the wager competed for in a walking match from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith between Mr. Penn and the Hon. Danvers Butler, on which occasion the Duchess of Gordon, in retort upon someone who had expressed regret that a young fellow like Penn should be always playing some absurd prank, said, "Yes, it is a pity, but why don't you advise him better? Penn seems to be a pen that everybody cuts and nobody mends." A similar sum was won in 1724 by a noted maker of fireworks named Austin, who undertook to cook a big pudding ten feet below the surface of the Thames. He accomplished the feat by putting the pudding into a large tin vessel, which he enclosed in a sackful of lime, and then let sack, pan, and pudding down to the required depth near Rotherhithe. After two hours and a half's baking the pudding was hauled up out of the water and eaten with much relish, the only fault that was found with it being that it was a trifle overdone.

Another sum was won, early in the reign of George III. by a gentleman who wagered that he would jump into water seven feet deep with all his usual clothing on and undress himself completely. He did it easily.

More than £1000 was staked on another curious exploit in connection with the Thames. A butcher crossed the river from Somerset Stairs to the Surrey side in his wooden tray, and seventy boat-loads of spectators witnessed the feat. Richard Jenkins, a York merchant, paid one hundred square yards with stone in nine hours for a large wager.

The money risk was certainly great when a gentleman wagered that he would stand on London Bridge for a whole day with a tray full of genuine sovereigns and offer them at a penny each and not sell one. Report says that he won his bet, passers-by believing him to be a cheat. It is related of Sir John Throgmorton that, for a wager, one June morning in 1811, he had two of his Southdown sheep shorn, the wool washed, carded, slubbed, roved, spun, and woven, the cloth scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed, and at 8.30 p.m. the same day he actually wore the wool converted into a dress-suit at dinner!

Of eating, drinking, fasting, gambling, and the like, we need not particularly speak in our instances of what men have done for money; nor is it necessary for us to dilate upon the terrible experiences of those who have made the misfortunes or vices of others the pivot on which to work money-grinding operations. Hush money is by no means a currency solely confined to sensational novels. There are plenty of traders in family skeletons in real life. Perhaps the most notable incident of this nature with which we have been made acquainted in recent times has been that of a gentleman of high position who was socially ruined by a person who traded upon the possession of some secret information. To silence the assailant many sums of money had been paid, but the demands increased to such an extent that they could be borne no longer, and a public exposure followed, resulting in the collapse of a distinguished career. Confidential servants and discharged valets often wring large sums from their former employers under threat of disclosing secret matters, and it needs more moral courage than many men possess to defy these miscreants.

Anthem.

Soprano: Behold my new hat.  
 Quartette: Her new hat, her new hat, her new hat.  
 Alto: It is a fright, a fright, a fright!  
 Soprano: It is a joy into the sight.  
 Bass: You are a peach in your new hat.  
 Tenor: I've got my own thoughts as to that.  
 Alto: O thank you, thank you, thank you.  
 Soprano: It cost me more than any horse.  
 Alto: That's a very queer; that's very queer.  
 Quartette: O hear, O hear, O hear!  
 Alto: I prefer it myself.  
 When it lay on the shelf,  
 And I know, and I know low—  
 That the price was quite low—  
 Much lower than mine, indeed.  
 Soprano: Indeed! INDEED!  
 Alto: Yes, yes, indeed!  
 Soprano: You hateful old thing!  
 Alto: It's the style of last spring.  
 Bass: Hush, hush.  
 Tenor: Tush, tush!  
 Soprano: O very well, then I'll resign.  
 If her hat is as nice as mine.  
 Alto: Alas, I grieve to see you go—  
 But my hat was the highest, though.  
 Quartette: Now all is joy; now all is good!  
 Ring out ye bells and glad the air!  
 Alto: Such hats as yours are five pence!  
 Soprano: It's no such thing at all. Be there!  
 Bass: Hush, hush.  
 Tenor: Tush, tush.  
 Quartette: And now let stillness soothe the air!  
 While silver bells in gladness ring.  
 Our hearts are free from hate or care—  
 Soprano and Alto: I think you are a hateful thing!  
 Quartette: (Crescendo)  
 As it was in the beginning,  
 So now and ever shall be,  
 World without end!

A happy inspiration strikes the lad as he is being led into the woolshed by his father, who holds a long switch in his hand.  
 "Remember, father," says the boy, "that you were a boy yourself once."  
 "I hadn't thought of that," replies the father. "Come to think of it, I was. And when I got into such mischief as you have, my father always licked me a good deal harder than I meant to whip you."  
 Cautioning the youth to wait, the father goes to get an additional switch.

An absent-minded butcher was asked by a young mother to weight her baby. He put the little one on the scales, and, glancing at the dial, remarked: "Just nine pounds, bones and all. Shall I remove the bones?"

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