

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

JOHN BULL: Your navy system seems to work just as splendidly as your army. How do you manage it?"

JAPAN: Perfectly simple. With us every man is ready to sacrifice himself for his country—and use it!

JOHN BULL: Remarkable system! I must try and introduce that at home!

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

A New Music Diploma.

The Council of the Auckland University College has lately instituted a diploma of Certificated Teacher in connection with the School of Music. The requirements are: To play what is required for the Associate of Music, to pass



Bartlett, photo.

MISS RUBY MOSES.

First recipient of the newly-instituted diploma in connection with the School of Music, Auckland University Council.

an examination in Theory up to the standard of the senior grade examination, and to pass a viva voce examination on the technique of teaching, with special reference to backward pupils, and the difficulties generally met with in teaching. Miss Ruby Moses, who is the first recipient of this diploma, is a beautiful piano player and an able theorist.

The Love Affairs of a Princess.

The following highly-coloured and imaginative article from the Chicago "Times" on the love affairs of Princess Victoria is a typically American production.

"Princess Victoria of England, the only unmarried daughter of King Edward, declares that if she marries at all it will be for love. She is 37 years old and for twenty years has refused to consider every marriage proposal suggested by her father the king.

"If I marry it will be to the man of my choice," she is reported to have said. "Father, mother, and government shall not choose for me. I will love the man I marry, if I ever marry, and I shall not, under any circumstances, have a beer-swilling foreigner, afraid of soap and water for a husband. He will have to be a well-bred, clean, English-speaking gentleman with some ideas." This bold declaration by the daughter of a king has shocked royal and aristocratic circles all over Europe, but it has been read with delight by the English people.

In Europe princesses and princesses rarely marry for love. "Reasons of state" generally are considered first, and love afterwards.

Naturally, a princess with so much spirit as Victoria has had few love affairs. There are rumours, however, that even so independent a princess as Victoria of Wales has had several "affairs of the heart."

Many years ago an Indian prince visited England. He came as a lad and was put to school, first at Eton, afterwards at Oxford. He was a sturdy boy, and as he grew older became a famous cricket player and an oarsman of repute. He was, in fact, an Englishman in all except the dusky hue of the complexion, the dark, dreamy, liquid velvetness of the eye, and the long, thin, nervous hands of the Oriental.

His rank gave him entree to royal society, and he was lionised much. The



Lafayette Studio.

MISS MAUD YATES.

Winner of the First Senior Exhibition (Trinity College of Music, London) for pianoforte playing to come to Auckland, Miss Yates, who is only 15 years of age, is a daughter of Mr. Robert Yates, and sister of Miss Ada Yates, both of whom are prominent musicians in Auckland.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND THE DUCHESS CECILLIE OF MECKLENBURG,

whose marriage was most brilliantly celebrated in Berlin last week.

Princess Victoria, it was whispered at the time, was extremely friendly to him. So much so, in fact, that British statesmen began to ponder among themselves whether a marriage alliance between an English princess and a son of one of the great princes of India might not be a stroke of policy that would knit more closely the political ties between the kingdom and its great Oriental dependency.

The matter finally went so far, it is said, that discreet overtures were made to Princess Victoria. A statesman, whose hair had grown grey in the service of the queen, ventured to discuss the question with the princess. In guarded, well-chosen words, he hinted at the great and lasting benefits which might accrue to England by such a marriage. Then, as the princess listened, he painted with warmer colours the splendours of the Indian court, where the young prince one day would reign. He hinted at its wealth, the luxury, the Oriental splendour of the capital of India.

The princess was silent and the statesman passed on to praise the young prince himself. When he had finished the young princess is said to have looked him in the eyes for a moment and then to have said:

"My lord, would you marry your daughter, the Lady Mary, to the prince?"

The earl's face is said to have mantled red.

"We will say no more about it, your highness," he hastened to reply.

From that day on British statesmen knew that they were not to use the hand of Princess Victoria as a treaty with a foreign people.

Then there was another "affair of the heart," in which Princess Victoria, for a time, was believed to be concerned. She

frequently visited her grandfather, King Christian of Denmark, and at the great castle of Fredensborg she met Prince George of Greece. For a time there were quiet rumours that perhaps a match might be arranged between them.

Prince George of Greece, however, is Princess Victoria's first cousin. This seems strange at first, but not so strange when it is remembered that when the modern kingdom of Greece was established the powers placed an alien king on the throne. They selected the son of King Christian of Denmark, and therefore the King of Greece is the brother of Queen Alexandra of England.

A marriage between Prince George of Greece and Princess Victoria might have



LORD KITCHENER,

Commander-in-Chief in India.

Lord Kitchener, of whom this is the latest portrait, is unostentatiously but firmly reorganising army arrangements in India.



WELL-KNOWN WELLINGTONIANS.

THE JOURNALIST AND THE BARD: MR. J. L. KELLY.

been of great political advantage to England. Prince George's mother is the sister of the Czar, and the marriage, therefore, would have bound England, Russia and Greece closer together.

But Prince George is a great deal of a swashbuckler in his way. It was not known at the time, but his administration of the government of the island of Crete has revealed traits of character which no one dreamed he possessed. The maidenly intuition of Princess Victoria, however, seemed to read his character — and she would have none of him.

Then there were rumours of a suitor near at home an Englishman, but not royal. He was not a "beer swiller," and he was not "afraid of soap and water." He was none other than John Baring, who is now Baron Revelstoke. He is a member of the great banking firm of Baring Bros., and one of the directors of the Bank of England. In many respects John Baring was a suitable match for a king's daughter. He is a millionaire many times over. His family, while not noble, is one of the proudest and most aristocratic in England. He lives in one of the great homes in Carlton House terrace, and is only five years older than the princess. But Princess Victoria could not bring herself to love even so good an Englishman, and so eligible a man as John Baring.

Another famous Englishman, and a noble of the bluest blood, was prominently referred to in connection with the name of Princess Victoria. Earl Rosebery is so high in England that his feet are close to the carpet of royalty. He is one of the handsomest, one of the wealthiest, one of the greatest men in England. To him have come three greatest delights of an Englishman—he won the Derby, he married the richest girl in

England, and he was Premier. He has been a widower for some years, his wife, who was Hannah Rothschild, daughter of the world's most famous banker, dying in 1890. But nothing came of the rumour that Earl Rosebery might secure the King's consent to wed Princess Victoria.

The Princess Victoria is domestic in her tastes, and cares little for the ceremonials of court life. She does not like London. In fact, she feels more at home at Fredenborg Castle, in Denmark, the home of her grandfather, King Christian. One of her reasons for disliking London is that her health is always bad there. Buckingham Palace is especially her aversion. It is built on low, swampy ground, so low, in fact, that its first floor windows are on a level with that of the river Thames. A three days' residence there usually is sufficient to affect the health of the princess. Last year, when social duties kept her at Buckingham Palace longer than usual, her health gave way entirely, and she was obliged to leave London at the height of what had been the most brilliant season in years and go to Scotland for rest in complete retirement.

Princess Victoria, strange as it may seem, has not taken kindly to automobilism. She still prefers the bicycle, and she is extremely fond of riding in parks and country lanes. She has toured the greater part of England on her wheel, and likes to travel with as little ostentation as possible. Indeed, many a carriage has passed the royal cyclist on the well-kept country roads with scarcely more than a glance, little dreaming that the young woman in quiet cycling habit and plain chiffon hat was the daughter of the King of the greatest empire on the globe.

Princess Victoria is the warm friend of the Czar of Russia. She is his first cousin, for his mother and her mother are sisters. She is not so fond of that other first cousin, Emperor William of Germany.

The Princess is a clever amateur photographer and fond of animals and children. She would make an ideal wife for a king, but she doesn't care for kings. She would adorn the home of a millionaire, but she doesn't care for wealth. She prefers to be a wholesome, independent English girl, who would rather die an "old maid" than marry a man she does not love.



From the Grant Duff Diary.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, who is known to many readers as a most interesting diarist, brings his literary labours to a close with two more volumes of his diary, which have just been issued in London. In humorous stories and witty bits the writer will be found as prolific as ever. He tells us of a gentleman, who rather overvalued himself, looking at a case of birds, saying to an ornithologist who was with him, "What is that bird?" "That," said the other, "is a magpie." "It's not my idea of a magpie," was the rejoinder. "Perhaps not," replied his friend, "but it is God's idea

of a magpie!" The story is told of an American bishop, who before going to sleep adjured the conductor of the train in which he was travelling to call him at six o'clock, as he had to get out at Syracuse. He slept the sleep of the just, however, till he reached Buffalo, a hundred miles further on. He then went to look for the conductor, whom he found in very evil case, a finger broken, his head cut open, and so forth. When he remonstrated with the man for not having called him, he received the reply, "Lor' Bishop, it wasn't you, then, that I put out at Syracuse; he did struggle a bit."

We are reminded that Brillat Savarin said of the Jesuits that their redeeming vices (after colonising and civilising the New World) were the discovery of the turkey and its introduction to the truffle. A friend mentioned to Sir Grant Duff that a countryman came to the bar of a country inn, and asked for a glass of "mother-in-law." The barman handed one to him, which he drank. When the customer had gone the bystander turned to the barman, and asked, "What is mother-in-law?" "Stout and bitter," was the reply.

The present Bishop of Oxford was looking over the accounts of a school, and found an item, "Occasional monitor." "What is that?" he asked, but presently added, "Oh, I see, I suppose it is the Nonconformist conscience!"



WELL-KNOWN WELLINGTONIANS.

A USEFUL OFFICIAL: MR. JAMES ASHCROFT, OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE AND CORONER.

FIRE-BACKS

(By George Cecil.)

The origin of the fire-back, like that of so many other pieces of antique furniture, is shrouded in mystery. However, we know that the earliest examples were comparatively plain, and that as foreign information on the subject compiled by the most learned of our antiquaries—

shrouded in mystery. However, we know that the earliest examples were comparatively plain, and that as foreign information on the subject compiled by the most learned of our antiquaries—

Continued on page 41.

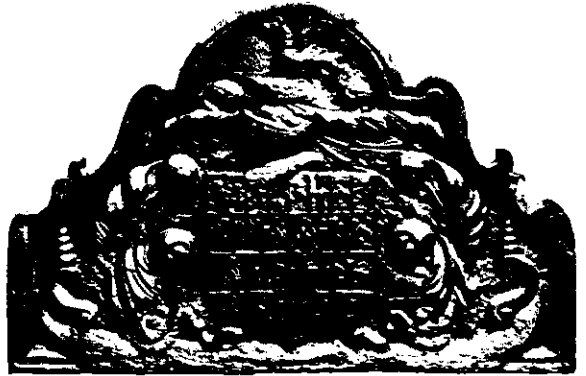


FIG. 2.

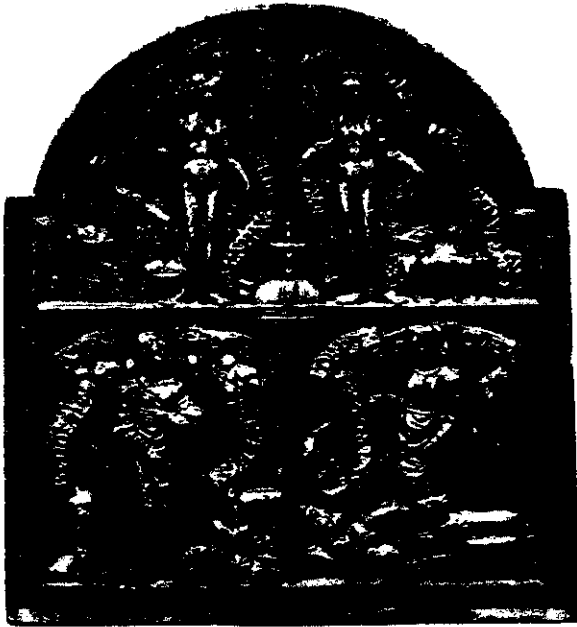


FIG. 1.

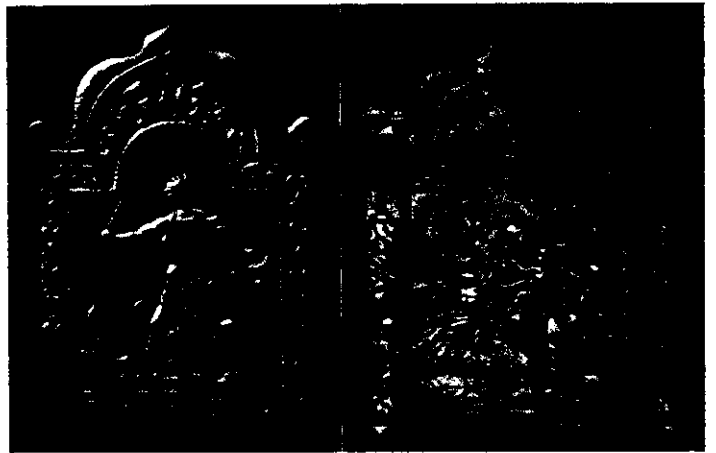


FIG. 10.

FIG. 6.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 3.

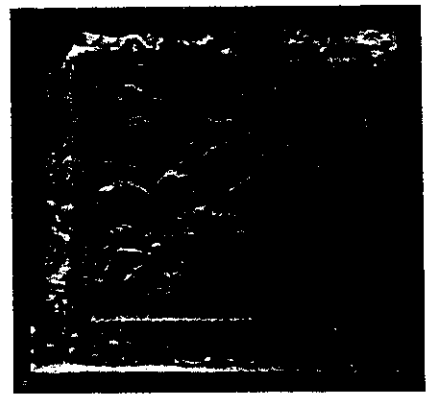


FIG. 5.



FIG. 9.

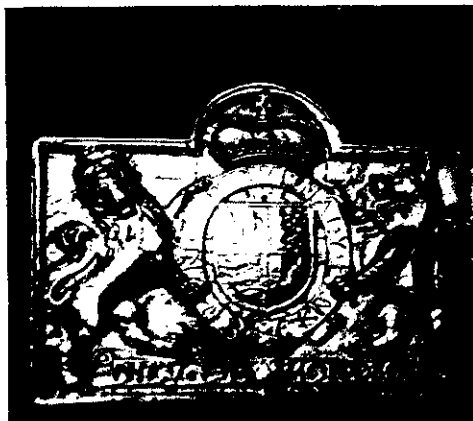


FIG. 7.

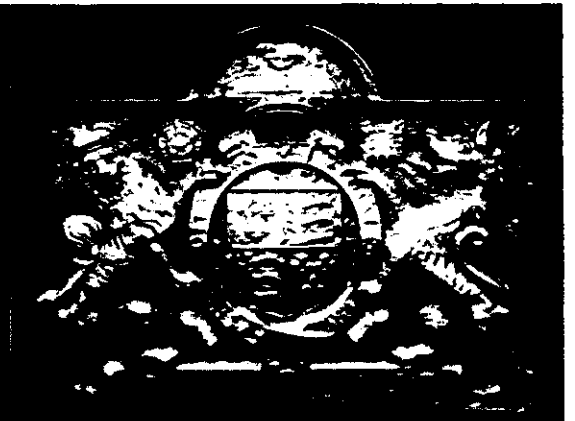


FIG. 8.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE AIX MASSAGE BATHS—These baths, only recently opened, are in charge of trained operators. Various kinds of powerful douches, under high pressure, play upon the body, while at the same time massage and various manipulations are employed. The installation, though at present comparatively small, is very complete, while the Rachel water possesses in a very high degree the "quality" 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 Maifry Geysers, and furnished with cold shower baths; and

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

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

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters Are Obtainable at Rotorua.

ROTORUA GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM.

The charge for admission to the Government Sanatorium at Rotorua is 30/ per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. Owing to the accommodation being limited, and the great demand for beds, intending patients are advised to secure accommodation in advance. Patients recommended by Hospital or Charitable Aid Boards and members of duly registered Friendly Societies are admitted at 21/ per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

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

TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the mammoth Waimangu Geyser. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and terminates at the round village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence a Government 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 Waikareiti. Oil launch and rowing boats.

MOHERE 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, sun, 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 on route. Splendid Alpine ascents and Glacier excursions, guides, buses, and all necessary equipment at the Hermitage. Mountain buses well stocked with food, blankets, etc., at the foot of the Ball Pass, and on the Maite Brun Range, overlooking the Tasman Glacier, at elevations of 3,400 and 5,000 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted.

LAKE WAKATIPU.

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

OVERLAND TO MILFORD SOUND.

The most magnificent walking tour in the world. Train and coach to the lowest 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 Sutherland Falls (1,904 feet), the highest in the world, are features of the trip.

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

All INFORMATION

as to Charges, Fares, etc., in connection with the above and other Tourist Resorts in the colony may be obtained free on application to the GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT OF TOURIST AND HEALTH RESORTS, WELLINGTON, or on inquiry at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Te Aroha, Rotorua, Wairoa (H.B.), 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: "Maoriand."

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

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Over the Balustrade

By Carolyn Wells

SCENE: An upper hall and the balustrade of a winding staircase. From below there come sounds of an orchestra playing "Waltz You Come Out and Play With Me." From a chamber door enters Marjorie, in a blue satin robe over her night-gown, and three bed-room slippers. She holds a large coil in her arms and steps softly, looking cautiously about.

"Oh, goody! Nobody's here! I just couldn't stay in bed when I heard that music! I jump with the music and dances about softly."

"Oh, the day I went to see that opera! I think it was an opera; but anyway it was lovely. We went early, and at first all I could see was a darkness sort of light, and a big, wrinkly curtain; and the boxes were all full of spindle-legged white chairs that looked exactly as if they were the skeletons of people who sat there ever so long ago."

"Then the music began. All the violins and flutes played together, and it was just like a big wave of sounding glory, and it made me feel all quivery, as if my soul would burst from my body and fly away. Then the curtain went up, and everything happened at once. It was just one great group of sparkle, and a princely lady came in and stalked around like this, and then she flung herself down and died! Oh, it was the funniest thing I ever saw! I wish mamma would let me go to the opera often. I hardly ever can go to things, and I'm 'most sixteen—that is, I'm nearly half of it or more."

"Now the music has stopped. I can hear them laughing and talking downstairs. Keep still, Emily Augusta, they'll hear you! Are you cold? There, dear, don't cry; little mother will walk you. There, there, baby heart, go to sleep in mother's arms. We'll go back to bed in a minute; but little mother wants to hear just one more pretty music. Oh, they're playing 'Kiss Me Good-night, Dear Love.' Aunt Ethel sings that so sweetly! I can sing it, too. I'll sing it to you, Emily Augusta, if you'll go to sleep." Sings doll to sleep, and lays it on a couch near by.

"Oh, how gay it sounds downstairs! The lovely gentlemen are prancing around, and the lovely ladies are all decked out with flowers and jewellery. It must be splendid to be a young lady, and have young men send you boxes of roses with the stems sticking out of the end of the box, and violets tied up with cord and tassels. I don't care so much for violets; but the cord and tassels are lovely to trim dolls' hats. Aunt Ethel gives me all of hers." Listens.

"That's her voice now. I hear her smiling. Oh, my Aunt Ethel is the loveliest thing! I'm glad mother gave this dance for her, because Aunt Ethel let me go to her room and see her dress, and she does look so sweet, dressing. And such a beauty frock as she put on! It was white and sprinkled all over with embroidery all full of tiny blue stones, just like turquoise measles, and it had the longest train, and such a low neck—that falling-off effect on the shoulders, you know! Oh, Aunt Ethel'd look so sweet! And her flowers!"

"Ever so many men sent her flowers. She let me open the boxes—all except Mr. Phillips—she opened that herself. And in it were the biggest pink roses in the world. Oh, such beauties! And what do you think? Aunt Ethel put her face right down into them so, and nearly spoiled them."

"But that's Aunt Ethel there, and I guess she doesn't care much for Mr. Phillips, 'cause whenever he sends her flowers she doesn't try to keep them nice and neat; but just kisses them and worries them till they're good for nothing."

"I think there ought to be a cemetery for poor little dead flowers; they're too pretty to throw away."

"Well, she broke the heads off of two or three of her big pink roses. she was so rambunctious. And, anyway, when roses are cold, when they just come in from the street, their heads break off awful easy. I'm glad children aren't like that. S'pose when I come in from my walk all cold and rosy, and mamma kissed me, s'pose my head snapped off!"

"Oh, hear that lovely waltz!" Hums

"La la la, la la la," and dances about.

"I wish I could be downstairs in it all, instead of up here alone with only a doll, and her sound asleep."

"I am going to peep over the banister, maybe I can see Aunt Ethel." Goes cautiously to the balustrade and peeps over, then turns away laughing, with her hand over her mouth. "Oh, it's so funny to see the tops of people's heads like that! I never say people before from the top. It's just like I was in Heaven looking back to earth." Looks again.

"Oh, there's Mr. Griswold, and he's so bald! From here his head looks just like a big, flat mushroom. I don't see

how he ever gets it all under one hat, unless it's a big picture hat like Aunt Ethel's."

"Oh, he's looking up! He must have heard me giggle. Now he's fixing his eye-glass—he's only got one. I suppose his other eye is made of glass." Imitates him. "I wonder why he uses his mouth so much to get his eye-glass in place?"

"Now he's gone. Oh, there's Mr. Bentley and Mrs. Vanderveer! Her gown has that falling-off effect, too. Gracious! I should think it had! From here she looks just like a roll-top desk—one of those very light oak ones. Mr. Bentley has funny hair—it's so thick and light brown and bushy and bristly. I never

saw the top of it before. Why, it's just like a door-mat. I should think he'd have 'Welcome' cut in it, or else his street number."

"Now they're gone. This is just like a parade. I never had such fun! If only nobody comes up here!"

"Oh-ho, there's Aunt Ethel! Isn't she beautiful! From here she looks lovely—like a big blue-and-white cream puff. Only it shows where that new hair wave of hers joins her pompadour; but of course that doesn't show to people downstairs. Who is that with her? Oh, Mr. Denning! She doesn't like him a bit, I know. She hardly looked at the flowers he sent her. Violets, they were, tied with a lot of lavender gauze ribbon. Isn't it queer how you can tell where flowers come from by the things they have tied on them? Of course you can tell by the box, too, and to-morrow I'm to have that gauze ribbon to trim Emily Augusta's new hat—Aunt Ethel said so."

"Her pink roses are keeping pretty good. Oh, there's one just broken off now, and it fell smash on the floor! She didn't see it, though. Now she's gone, and that lovely big rose is just lying there. I wish I had a bent pin and a string, and I'd hook it up."

"Here comes Miss Daisy French. Why, she has picked up Aunt Ethel's rose! I'm glad she did. Poor little rose! I should not want it to be all trampled to pieces."

"Miss Daisy is awful thin; she ought to drink milk or take a massage or something; and she's silly, too. Now Mr. Denning has come, and she's rolling her eyes at him awfully. This way, you know."

"Aunt Ethel doesn't act like that; she's just natural. Oh, Aunt Ethel is so sweet!"

"Now Miss Daisy is talking to Mr. Denning. She's supposed to be awful witty." Listens.

"Oh," with an air of disgust, "she said: 'Next time I fall in love, I think it will be with you.' Now, isn't that silly?" Listens again.

"And Mr. Denning said: 'Oh, thank you; but the line at the box office is already so long, and I'm not very patient.' 'Isn't that witty? That's what they call repartee. They always talk that way at parties."

"Now Miss Daisy said: 'This is an earnest of it.' I wonder what an earnest is."

"Now she is putting the rose in his buttonhole. Why, that's Aunt Ethel's rose! She wouldn't like Mr. Denning to wear it; but then she has plenty more, and Aunt Ethel's awful generous."

"Now they've gone away, rose and all. I wish some more people would come. That's such a cosy little place down there in the corner of the stair-landing. It's a real cosy-corner. Papa hates it, says it looks like 'put up complete for 15/'; but mother thinks it's artistic, and Aunt Ethel says it looks as if it would tumble down every minute; but it's a good flirting place. I suppose it is; but when I grow up I'm not going to flirt under a lot of wobbly old tin spears and helmets, and dusty old Turkish draperies—they're awful dusty from up here—I want something more romantic."

"I'm not going to be silly when I grow up. I shall be haughty and high-born, like a princess or an actress. I shall walk around all proud like this, and wear high-heeled slippers and a head chain with tassels on. And when the young men come to see me, I shall hold my hand away out, so, and the young man will kiss it and say: 'Oh, Princess, live forever!' and immediately I'll live forever."

"Then I'll say: 'I pray you sit,' and of course he'll sit. Oh, it will be perfectly lovely! I wish it was now; and now I've nothing but trouble. I'm so young, and I'm so hungry. My goldfish is sick besides."

"The worst thing is being so young, and then mamma always wants to make me out even younger, at least she does on the street-cars. Why, yesterday, we were going across town and we didn't have any transfers. We'd been out all the morning and we had so many transfers that our trip was a regular plaid; but this time we didn't have any, and mamma said she wasn't going to pay for me; she'd say I was five years



old. So when the conductor came along, mamma gave him five cents, and he said awful cross: "How old is the child?" and mamma said five years old, and the conductor looked at me; but I had scrounced all down in the seat, and pulled my frock up to my knees, and I put my finger in my mouth, and said: "Mamma!" just like a baby. And that conductor just grunted and went on. But mamma pulled it all by giggling. Looks over the balustrade again.

"Oh, there's Mrs. Hopkins! She does wear the stunningest clothes! I don't see how they fitted that solid jet all over her. She's a funny lady. They say she can't talk grammar, and I don't believe she knows much about geography. Mamma says she is a cat. Aunt Ethel says she is a climber, and papa always calls her that glittering atrocity! From here she doesn't look like anything but a big jet cloud with a silk lining.

"Now she's gone, and, or, goody! Here's Aunt Ethel again, and Mr. Phillips is with her. I guess they're both happy; but they don't look so. Why, I wonder what's the matter. Aunt Ethel looks as if she was going to cry. Why, I do believe Mr. Phillips is scolding her! Oh, isn't he horrid!" Listens, and her eyes open wide in indignation.

"He said: 'And Denning is wearing one of the roses I sent you!'"

"And Aunt Ethel just said: 'Ye?' in that icy little way of hers. Oh, why doesn't she tell him that she didn't give her rose to that horrid man? I'd tell him myself if I dared; but if they catch me up here they'll send me to bed."

"Now Mr. Phillips is taking to her again. He says: 'You care so little for my flowers, why do you wear them at all?'"

"And Aunt Ethel just looks down and picks at the flowers. Oh, she is exasperating! She looks awful pretty, though, except that place on top of her head where her false wave shows; but Mr. Phillips can't see that. I think she's silly to wear it, anyway. She has just lovely hair of her own; but she says she can't have that fashionable Marcel effect without wearing it."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips said: 'Why did you give it to him, Ethel?' in such a tragic tone! Oh, isn't it lovely! I think he's going to kill himself or propose to her, or something! I'm so glad I'm here!"

"Now Aunt Ethel's looking at him like that big marble lady in the art gallery—Medusa. I think her name is. Gracious, she looks as if she'd bite his head off! I don't see what she's so mad about."

"Let me pass, please, Mr. Phillips! Oh, auntie, what a goose you are! Let me pass, please, Mr. Phillips! and she's walking away like this." Holding back her skirt, and with her chin high in the air, Marjorie stalks off indignantly. Then she returns and looks over the balustrade again.

"Oh, that poor Mr. Phillips, he's still standing there, so despairful. It's a shame for him to think that Aunt Ethel gave that rose to Mr. Denning. I wish I could tell him she didn't! Ahem!"

whispers, "Mr. Phillips! He can't hear me, on account of the music playing. Oh, Mr. Denning has come, and he's talking to him. I can't hear what he says; but he's laughing like everything. It must be a good joke, he laughs so hard. Now, Mr. Phillips is laughing too; but it's different—he's laughing as if his heart would break. I suppose it makes him feel so awful to see that

pink rose in Jack Denning's buttonhole. Now Mr. Denning has gone, and Mr. Phillips looks as sad as my wax doll that got her face melted. I must tell him about that rose.

"Ahem -- ahem-m-m-m! Mister Phillips! Oh, he can't hear me, and I dare not speak any louder! I wish I could drop something down on his head." Looks around. "I don't see anything to drop." Looks in bathrobe pocket. "No, I left my handkerchief under my pillow." Looks in other pocket. "Oh, here's Emily Augusta's bonnet; this will do, it's such a light thing." Drops bonnet over balustrade. "Oh, it struck him square on the head. Now he's looking up and smiling at me." Whispers: "Mr. Phillips, don't look up; but just listen to me. Can you hear me? Well, Aunt Ethel did not give that rose to Mr. Denning! Oh, yes, I do know what I'm talking about! That rose broke off Aunt Ethel's bunch and fell to the floor, and Miss Daisy French picked it up and put it in Mr. Denning's buttonhole."

"Look down, quick, there's somebody coming!"

Marjorie draws back and crouches behind balustrade, then rising again, peeps cautiously over. "Have they gone? Well, anyhow, Mr. Phillips, it was all Miss French's fault—she did it on purpose. Why? Because she didn't like Aunt Ethel. Well you are stupid! because Miss Daisy likes you, herself, and she thinks you like Aunt Ethel. You do, don't you? Yes, I thought so, and Aunt Ethel likes you, too. You just ought to have seen her kiss your flowers when they came! She broke off two or three, when they were so cold, you know; but Mr. Denning didn't get those—I got them myself."

Now, you go and hunt Aunt Ethel, and tell her that it's all right. She's so stuck up, you know, she never would tell you; but I know she thinks you're unjust to her, and that's an awful thing for a young man to be to a young lady. And look here, Mr. Phillips, wait a minute; you'll be unjust to me if you tell that I'm up here! I was sent to bed, you know; but I just couldn't sleep, with that lovely music playing.

"Now, here's gone away."

"Oh, here he comes back again, and Aunt Ethel is with him." Listens.

"He is saying: 'Why did you let me think you gave that rose to Denning, when you knew how much I cared?'"

"Oh, isn't that romantic! I think Mr. Phillips is perfectly lovely!"

"Now Aunt Ethel is speaking; but she doesn't look at him. She is just looking down at those everlasting roses; but she looks awful pretty."

"She is saying: 'How could you think I would do such a thing, when you knew—how?'"

"How you cared? Oh, Ethel do you care, just a little?"

"Now it's up to Aunt Ethel! Oh, isn't it exciting! Why, she doesn't look at him yet; she just smells of those roses. Mr. Phillips, Mister Phillips, she does care. Honest, she does!"

"Oh, yes, I'm here yet. No, I don't want to go to bed! What? A whole box of chocolates? And a new French doll? To-morrow? Well, all right, then I'll go right away. But you promise not to tell that I was here. All right. Good night!"

"I don't want to go to bed a bit; but a whole box of chocolates, and a new French doll? Come on, Emily Augusta, we'll go!"

An Apostle to the Genteels

The Story of Doughty Father McCann's Mission to Murray Hill

By Vincent Harper

I was up to "Holy Joe" to act, and with characteristic simplicity and directness he acted. Technically his parish did not include Murray Hill, his corner of the Vineyard lying wholly within "de Ate" Assembly District; but what are ecclesiastical boundaries to a man with a message? Did not John Wesley claim the whole world as his parish? Let doctrinaires haggle over the niceties of clerical etiquette; when Macedonia cries "come over and help us" it is not for such as the Reverend Joseph Aloysius McCann to waste time discussing the professional propriety of invading another shepherd's fold.

To the unsophisticated mind of Father "Holy Joe," every man who was "up agains; it," as he would have put it, had a claim upon him, and with an alarming profusion of evidence Mr. Herbert Mortimer, Jr., of Fifth Avenue and Bohemia, was in that appealing condition. Accordingly, after passing through the artistic hands of an Italian barber on Third Avenue, from whose establishment the apostle emerged oily and redolent, he took a hansom cab in Cooper Square and prepared to extend his missionary efforts beyond the field assigned to him by his ecclesiastical superiors.

"Sure, I always knew that I'd rather be after buttin' in a society wan of them days," said Father McCann to his friend Meehan, the bookmaker, who was one of the few who knew the present whereabouts of Mr. Herbert Mortimer, Jr.

"Can you break in, do you think, Fader?" asked Meehan incredulously.

"Never fear, me lad," replied the priest, his little eager, tender, roving eye dancing with interior joy.

After paying the cabman and telling him not to wait, as he might stop for dinner, the round little man toddled up the great steps and rang the bell. The door was soon opened by an English butler, who, if appearances count for anything, must that day have heard of the death of his nearest relative.

"Not receiving," said the bereaved one, shutting the door in the face—and on the foot of the messenger of peace, the latter fact being the result of the reverend gentleman anticipating some



Bertie reached his mother in a state that made the interview one never to be forgotten.

such inhospitable act on the part of perfidious Albion.

"Judgment! I had me foot on the base!" laughed "Holy Joe," as the butler, finding it impossible to close the door tight, opened it again.

"But Mrs. Mortimer is not receiving, sir," repeated the butler.

"Now, see here, Clarence," said the priest insinuatingly, "I didn't ask you anything about that, did I? No. Well,

now, chase yourself and just tell Mrs. Mortimer that a clergyman is here—about her boy, you know."

Feeling that there was some guarantee in the clerical garb of this extraordinary visitor, the suspicious butler conducted him to a small reception room so full of things that "Holy Joe" thought they must be going to have an auction. After a very long time spent by his reverence, as he afterward

explained, in taking stock—the butler returned to say that Mrs. Mortimer would be down immediately; and so she was, for a sweet, middle-aged lady presently came in betraying very much more embarrassment than her visitor supposed any one could feel on meeting him.

"You are from the Little Church Around the Corner, I presume, sir?" she said after Father McCann had stated that it was a fine day.

"Hear that, now!" replied the priest, his fat sides shaking. "From the Little Church Around the Corner, is it I am? I am not, ma'am, but from the big church around the world, Father McCann, ma'am, from the Seven Dolores Church in First Avenue, and I hope you're as well as you look, ma'am."

"I fear—that is—there must be some mistake, sir. We are not Catholics, you know," said Mrs. Mortimer nervously.

"Oh, sure, we can't be blamed for our misfortunes, ma'am, no more than for picking out the parents we have. And anyhow, God help us all, trouble is neither Catholic nor Protestant—is it, ma'am?—but comes to every wan of us, like death and the misery of our sins," replied "Holy Joe" reassuringly.

"And you are not from the Little Church Around the Corner, then?" The servant said that you wished to speak to me about my son," continued the poor lady, her voice so full of tears that Father McCann felt that things were coming his way faster than he could have hoped.

"Not at all, ma'am," replied the apostle; "though I must say that I have a great respect for that same little church, for they do be sayin' that any poor corpse can get a decent burial there and no questions asked, especially if the dead man is a woman that, God have mercy on us, made a mistake or two. But, anyway, I came to see you about the boy, ma'am—us fine a lad as any mother could wish to see doin' different from what he is."

In spite of her perfectly trained manner, Mrs. Mortimer winced as she heard this gentle but unmistakable evidence that the reason for the present visit was Bertie's seeming inability to act

The Man Who Paid

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson
Author of "The Barn Stormers," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INSTALLMENTS I.—II.

Lady Wenwick is waiting impatiently in her boudoir for Lord Stainforth, a young man with whom she has, unknown to herself, fallen deeply in love. He has lost his way in the thick fog, where he is of service to Consuelo Vail, the daughter of an old friend of Lord Wenwick's, as she is on her way to visit the latter. Together they go to a tea-shop, until the fog has cleared up, when they proceed to their destination, arriving extremely late.

Owing to the non-arrival of her luggage, Consuelo is unable to attend a ball given by Lady Wenwick, but watches the dancing from a musician's balcony. After the ball she involuntarily overhears a conversation between Lady Wenwick and Lord Stainforth, in which the former announces that Lord Wenwick has been dead for some hours, and further confesses that she has poisoned her husband, in order to be free to marry Lord Stainforth. On learning the fearful truth, leaves the house, horrified, whilst the murderer totters to her room, whence a fearful fascination draws her to her husband's death-bed, upon which she falls, with a terrible cry, repentant.

There is no suspicion that Lord Wenwick's death arose from any but natural causes; the knowledge of the crime being confined to Consuelo and Lord Stainforth, who blames himself so severely for his conduct towards Lady Wenwick as to offer to marry her, which offer, however, she refuses, as having been prompted not by love for her, but by his sense of culpability. Lady Wenwick seeks refuge from her remorse in a convent, whilst Stainforth, having entered the Church, is appointed vicar of the parish in which Consuelo lives, though, owing to his change of name, she is unaware of his identity until attending service.

Consuelo, though she had only met Lord Stainforth on her visit to London, and then only for a few hours, is so moved by the remembrance of him, and by his appearance, as to gently refuse an offer of marriage from Sir Anthony Wyndham, an old friend of her father's. She does not meet Stainforth, for he has determined that a part of his atonement shall consist in avoiding the society of his enemies, concentrating all his efforts on bettering the conditions of the poor. He lives a life of the sternest self-denial, and whilst engaged in thinking out a sermon, by which he hopes to settle a strike amongst the fishermen, he is startled by hearing a tapping at his study window.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE RED LIGHT.

Again came the knocking, and it seemed to Stainforth that an imploring voice mingled with the waiting of the wind.

There was but one window in the study, a great bow window at the far end of the room, opening in four parts, like doors. He slipped back a bolt, and, such was the force of the storm, that the glass door burst open of itself, and a cloaked figure almost fell into the room. Lance caught and supported it, as it stumbled forward, dripping water on the polished wood of the uncarpeted floor.

"Thank heaven I made you hear at last!" panted a woman's voice; and, pushing back the soaked hood of her long cloak, a girl looked up into the vicar's face.

"Jenny Garth!" he exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter? Worse trouble at home?"

"'Twill be the worst ever come to us yet, if you can't stop it, sir; and if you can't, no one can." At the last words she choked, then broke into heavy sobbing, her face hidden between two brown hands.

Lance laid his on her heaving shoulder. "Let me help you lay off your cloak, and I'll light the fire," he said. "You mustn't take cold and ill on top of all. Now, try and tell me what has happened. It is something serious, I know, to make you cry like this, Jenny, for you are a brave girl."

"It is the thing that's going to happen, I'm afraid of," the young woman faltered, dashing away tears. "Father and

Dick West have made up their minds to punish the Squire for his work against us all, and to-night's the time fixed for it."

"What are they going to do?" asked Stainforth quietly, though a spark had kindled in his dark eyes.

"Fire his house. I think what that means in this wind, sir! The rain won't help much, the way they mean to set to work, for the fire'll have too big a start before the water gets a chance to quench it."

"Oh, I prayed them on my bended knees not to do what they'll repent their lives through, and I told Dick that if he went for such work, even if he escaped arrest, I'd never be his wife. But father shut my mouth, and neither would listen. They wouldn't for worlds have had me hear the plan: it was by accident I did; and when I couldn't stop them from going I threatened I'd warn the police, but they knew well I'd never do that. I couldn't betray my own father and Dick. They're mad, sir, not wicked at heart. That's why I've run to you to save them from themselves—and poor Miss Consuelo, too. The Squire's nothing to me. He's been hard and cruel, so we all think, but I wouldn't have harm come to her. I can trust you to do something, I know, without hurting my two men. You wouldn't give them away any more than I would?"

"No, I won't do that," said Lance, "for you're right. Trouble and the wish for revenge has set fire to their brains. No one need know you came to me. Rest for a few moments, and then you had better go home. I must leave you now, and do the best I can."

"You'll make haste, and warn the Squire, sir, that the house is burning! It will be burning by this time. You see, I dared not go myself. The truth might be suspected, and anything but that! So I thought of you, and there's been all this delay."

"There shall be no more," returned Lance. He did not wait to find his overcoat, nor did he even think of it, but snatching up his clerical hat which lay on a table, he went out by the window at which Jenny Garth, the fisherman's daughter, had come in five minutes ago.

It was a long walk from the vicarage on the headland to Pelham Vail's house, which stood almost as far from the village on the west as the vicarage did on the east. It was nearer by a mile to the Garth cottage, and it was of this fact that Lance thought as he ran, rather than walked, his face set against the wild wind.

The fire brigade a Lurlwin Cove twenty years behind the times, and Stainforth did not hope much from its quickness or efficiency in a crisis. His heart was beating fast, and not wholly from the speed he made. He thought of Consuelo Vail, thought of her sleeping, unconscious of danger. He saw her face as clearly as on the first day when she had come into his life, only to go out again, like some fair star swallowed up in the blackness of a cloud.

He knew the house well, though he had never crossed its threshold. Often, he passed it, offering himself some reasonable excuse for taking that way to reach a destination attainable more easily. He knew the look of each small-paned, old-fashioned window, half hidden behind oaks and copper beeches, which had been trained into strange shapes by the sea winds. Sometimes he had caught himself wondering which was Consuelo's window, and had listened to turn his thoughts to other things. He wondered again now.

As he came to the gate, set in a thick hedge of holly, the low, irregular building was cut blackly against the

dark and stormy sky. There was no light anywhere, and Lance began to hope that Jenny Garth had been mistaken or that the young fisherman and the old one had changed their minds at the last moment. He paused, hesitating to disturb the peace of the sleeping house. What if those within were in no peril, after all, and he should rouse them, at this hour, on a false alarm?

Standing inside the gate, unconscious that he was cold and drenched with the stinging rain, suddenly he saw a red light leap up in one of the dark windows of the east wing, as if a closed eye had suddenly flashed wide open in fierce anger. He hesitated no more, but sprang up the path, and then, when it wound between trees, crossed the sodden lawn with swift steps. Loudly he struck the old-fashioned brass knocker, which he had never touched before. Twice, thrice, he brought it down, but there was no answering sound within the house. All was as still, save for the moaning of the wind, as in the charmed forest of the Sleeping Beauty, where no storm ever came. Again Stainforth knocked and shouted loudly, but only the storm answered, and the light in the wide bow window was red and vivid now.

There was but one thing to do, and Lance did it. He gave up his hope of

rousing the sleepers from the outside, and determined to get into the house. He would not break into the window of the room where the fire was, lest the draught should rush to the aid of the flame; but going to one on the other side of the door, he wrapped a handkerchief around his knuckles and smashed a pane of glass with his clenched fist. With a sharp, jingling noise the pane fell in, and Lance, thrusting his hand into the open space, found the bolt which held in place the two glass doors. He slid it back, pushed open the long, French window, and stepped into the dark and quiet room. Even here, the acrid odour of wood-smoke had penetrated, and it stung Stainforth's eyelids as he paused to light a match from the little silver box he carried.

The small yellow flame showed him his surroundings; a pretty little room, with faded, flowered chintz coverings on the old-fashioned furniture. There were many framed photographs standing about among bowls of late roses, and on the walls were water-colour sketches, "Her sitting-room!" Lance said to himself with a pang that anything of hers, anything that she cared for, should be destroyed. On a quaint Chippendale desk stood a pair of candles in old silver sticks. Lance

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Winter, 1905.

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LARGEST VARIETY IN AUCKLAND AT—
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lighted one, found the door and opened it. The room opened into another beyond, evidently a dining-room, and there the smoke was thicker and more acrid. A line of wavering light round the door warned him that he would not need the candle on the other side. He set it down, impressed by the strange contrast between the peaceful aspect of this room, and what he feared to find beyond. But he went to meet the expected danger unhesitatingly. The door, which he carefully closed behind him, led into a square, low-ceiled hall, with wainscoted walls, one of which was crowned by little wreathing wisps of flame, close to the ceiling. It was the wall, beside which the staircase ascended, and as Lance ran up, trailing spirals of fire rayed out above his head.

Below, the atmosphere had still been comparatively clear, but on the floor above, a curtain of smoke hung thick and dark as a pall. Lance guessed now why the sleepers had been so hard to rouse. They were drugged with smoke. Again he called loudly, shouting "Fire—fire!" but no answer came. Groping, he found the door, and ponnied desperately on the panel. Would Consuelo's voice reply? No, it was another's, a man's voice. "What is it? Who is there?" the words came dazedly, as if clogged by slumber, and Lance recognised the tones of Mr Vail, with whom he had spoken on several occasions since coming to Larkwin Cove.

"The house is on fire. I have come to help you. It's Lancelot Churchill," Stainforth cried, turning the handle of the door, which, to his relief, yielded under his grasp.

In the room a night light burned faintly, but so veiled was it by smoke that Lance had to grope his way to the bed, seen faintly through a bluish haze. The man had fallen back in his drugged doze, but as Lance bent over him, and shook him by the shoulder, he started, with a groan, followed by a spasm of coughing.

"I'm bed-ridden," he murmured, chokingly—"have been for two days, with rheumatism. I can't move. For Heaven's sake, if there's danger, save my little girl. Don't think of me."

"I'm going to save you both," said Lance. "Where does she sleep?"

"In the room adjoining this, since I have been worse; there's a door between. I can't see it for the smoke. She's worn out with nursing me, or she's been awake long ago. It's not natural for her to sleep heavily. Go to her—wake her, I beg of you. I'm helpless as a stone."

Half choked with thick smoke, his eyes streaming with tears, and almost blinded, Lance got to the door towards which the invalid pointed. "Miss Vail, wake—wake!" he called, as he threw it open.

Consuelo had been dreaming a terrible dream. She had thought that she was lying in an iron coffin and that she was to be buried alive, because she could not cry out that she was not dead. Into the midst of this dream broke the voice which each day for four years had sounded in her thoughts, which on each Sunday for the past two months had spoken to her from the pulpit, and never anything else. Now, she thought in her dream, he had come to save her from being entombed alive. He was calling her name. If only she could answer.

With an effort which seemed to tear the very fibres of her being, she shook herself free from the spell which had bound her, and sat up in bed with a cry which was like a sob. The spell and the dream both broke together, and she knew that she was not shut up in the iron coffin, but was in her own bed, in her own room. Yet, something was strange and dreadful, and—the voice was real. She staggered out of bed, dazed, seeing nothing save smoke, which stung her eyes, her throat, her lungs, like Cayenne pepper, and stole away her presence of mind. "Oh, my father—my father!" she gasped. "Where is he? What is happening? I must go to him—save him!"

"Here, let me wrap you in these blankets. Trust me. I am going to save your father too. No harm shall come to him," said Lord Stainforth's voice—the voice she knew so well. It was close to her now, though she saw nothing; and in another instant she was half smothered in blankets—blankets over her head and face, blankets so folded round her body that she was swathed in them like a mummy. Strong arms had lifted her up; she was being carried as if she were a child. Now she was being taken downstairs. Oh, how hot it was! A blast of heat swept over

her for an instant, which she felt intensely even through the blankets. She struggled and began to beg that she might be taken back to her father, but she bit back the words remorsefully. He had told her to trust him, and she would. He would save them both—she knew it, and her part was to be passive now. He was carrying her downstairs. Now they were on the landing; now the stairs again. Once he stumbled slightly, then righted himself, and at last they had reached the foot of the stairs. They were moving along a level space. It was cool there; the fire had not come so far. Now she was on her feet. The blankets were pulled back from her face, though they still wrapped her like a cloak. A dazed glance showed her the familiar outline of the dining-room, dim with smoke, but faintly lighted by a candle which stood on the table—one of the silver candlesticks which she kept always on the desk in her own sitting-room.

She looked up at Lord Stainforth, and cried out in horror: "Oh, you are burned! Your face—your hands—"

"It doesn't matter. I didn't even know," said Stainforth, simply. "Wait here. I am going back to bring your father down."

Consuelo's heart contracted with sharp pain. He was risking his life twice over for her and hers. Suddenly, in a single flash, she knew how dear that life was to her—how unutterably, unthinkable dear. How could she let him go back into the fire? And yet—it was for her father. He must go. She could not bid him stay.

"God bless you—God keep you!" she heard herself sobbing, in a strange voice, which did not seem like hers. While he was gone, she waited thinking only of him and her father, not at all of herself or of the house, and how this dreadful thing had come to pass, in the dead watches of the night.

The seconds were ticked out by her heartbeats, and the throbbing of the blood in her ears. She stood with her hands clasped tightly over her breast, her breathing choked, her soul seeming to be absent from her body, following Lord Stainforth up to her father's room. She tried to pray, and could not; but God must know what was in her heart. Would there never be a sound up there? Were they both burned, or stifled in the smoke? Should she disobey Lord Stainforth's wishes, and go to find them—to die with them, if need be?

The time seemed as long as all the life she had lived, concentrated in those moments of doubt and waiting, but they ended at last. He—the one man in her world, would save her father; the one man who ever had been, ever could be in the world to her, she knew, now—was coming back. His tall figure loomed dark through the lurid smoke, as he came towards her, carrying a heavy burden—a burden swathed, mummy like, as she had been.

"I've brought him to you—safe," Lord Stainforth gasped rather than spoke, his voice choked. "Now," come with me to the room farthest from the fire. You'll both be safe there for a little while, and then tell me where the servants sleep. They must be saved, too, you know."

Of course she ought to have known. But she had forgotten everyone, everything, except him and her father, and he alone had remembered. She thought that it was like Lancelot Churchill to remember, whether it had been like the Lord Stainforth of the past or not.

She could not speak, but her eyes poured out her gratitude, if he had only seen. Presence of mind was coming back now, and she told herself that, if the fire had begun in the west wing, under her room and her father's, the east wing might still be clear; and thinking this, she led the way, her cloak of blankets trailing, her beautiful brown hair disordered, floating out like a shimmering veil behind her shoulders as she moved. Passing on from room to room, through quaint passage after passage, the air, more and more free from smoke, was like the breath of life. In a disused sitting-room, half-stripped of furniture, the girl bade Stainforth lay her father down on a huge, old-fashioned sofa.

"Soon I will come back," he said. "But I must leave you here now, for a little."

"Oh, it may be death for you to go back!" Consuelo half whispered, as her father's face looked up at her, pale and drawn with pain, from among the blankets.

"I think not," said Stainforth, "and if it were to be so, I must still go back. Can you tell me the way?"

"I will show you," said the girl. "Father, do not try to move, I will be with you again soon. There is another staircase. Perhaps it will be safer. I will take you there."

Together, they went back for part of the distance they had come; but opening a door at one end of a corridor through which they had not passed, a narrow stairway was lit up by the light of fire not far off, and a hot blast struck them in the face. "This is far better," said Stainforth, and with a sick thrill, Consuelo guessed, since this was "far better," what the other must have been.

"There are only two servants—both women. They sleep in adjoining rooms, at some distance to the left at the top of the stairway. It's the second and third doors to which you must go. But if you called loudly down here, and tried—"

"I am going to them. Get back to your father as quickly as you can," he answered; and even as he spoke he was gone, springing up the shallow stairs three steps at a time.

But this time Consuelo could not obey. She stood at the foot of the stairs, and waited in an agony of suspense, as she had waited before. In a moment, she heard Stainforth's voice rousing the servants, then a woman's scream, half-stifled, and then—silence.

"Are they coming?" she asked herself. And while her mind strained with the burden of the unanswered question, a wave of flame-streaked smoke gushed across the top of the stairway. Something dark broke through it, and Consuelo cried, "Thank God!" when she saw that it was Stainforth, carrying one of the women, wrapped in bed clothing, and lending the other, whose head was covered. He alone was exposed to the scorching breath of the fire, and the girl wondered how he bore it and lived.

"Now I am going to run to the village and rouse the firemen," he said, when he had brought both sobbing, terrified women to the foot of the stairs. "If the fire comes too near you, in that further room, can you all three get Mr. Vail out of the house?"

"Yes, to the stables. They have not been used for years, but the roof is whole, and we can shelter there for

awhile," Consuelo answered bravely. "But you are burned—severely burned, and after all you have done for us, you must be half-dead with exhaustion. I—"

"I feel neither pain nor fatigue," Stainforth answered. "Don't think of me. In less than half an hour I hope to have the firemen here, and even then the main part of the house may be saved. Have courage!"

"I am not afraid," the girl answered. How she worshipped him for his splendid bravery, for his generous self-sacrifice! He was all that she had thought him once, long ago—all, and more, far more.

With the two servants the girl hurried back to the room, where she had left her beloved invalid, wrapped in blankets, on the sofa. There was no fire there, and no smoke, nothing to tell—save memory of what had passed—that they were in a burning house. All the doors had been shut between to check the draught and keep the fire back. There was nothing to do now, save wait, and try to reassure the sick man.

"Who can have done this thing!" he asked, between the groans that physical suffering wrung from him. "I believe it is the work of incendiaries—some enemies I have made since this miserable strike. The house must have been fired from within, or the rain would have quenched the flames before they could have made much headway. I suppose, Andrews, that you never lock the doors?"

"Indeed, sir," faltered the old cook, "since the troubles with the fishy folks, and the threats I've heard in roundabout ways, each night, when I've thought of it, every door has been fastened and—"

"Ah, when you've thought of it! How often was that?"

"Well, you see, sir, there never was any need before, all these years I've served you, so it's hard forming a new habit. About to-night, I'm not sure; but anyhow, sir, the bolt on the kitchen door isn't firm in the socket. A strong man could break into the house if he was determined."

"It is there, in the kitchen, that the fire must have started, I think," said Consuelo. "It all seemed to come from the back."



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"There was a biggish tin of methy- lated spirit," suggested Andrews, the cook. "They might have upset it over something, the wretches!"

"If it had not been for—for Mr Churchill, we should all have been burned to death in our beds," exclaimed Consuelo, shuddering. "He must have been passing by, and seen the fire through each of the windows. Oh, father, his poor hands are terribly burned, and I saw a streak of blood on his forehead and cheek. I pray God he may not have to pay too dearly for what he has done for us this night."

"I repent some harsh thoughts I've had of him since he came to Lurlwin," said Mr Vail. "I thought him too cold, too reserved for a parson. But he is a hero. No gratitude we can ever show will half requite him. He has saved four lives, and it may be he will yet save us enough of the old home for me to end my days in."

"Listen," cried Consuelo. "What is that sound? It is like shouting in the distance."

"Someone coming to the rescue, perhaps," answered her father.

"No, for it must be very late, long past midnight," said the girl. "How seldom anyone goes along this road after ten o'clock. And there's not been half time for Mr Churchill to have got to the village, called up the fire brigade, and come back, even if he had run at full speed all the way."

"That is true," replied the invalid. "Nevertheless, you are right. I hear shouting. Run to the window and call for help."

"You forget the trees," said the girl. "No one could see me from this window, but I will try to make them hear." Her voice trembled a little. She was very brave, but she knew that help was needed, or would be soon—perhaps before it could come—for already the air in the room had thickened. The smoke from the burning wing was finding its way in.

CHAPTER XL

THE WAY OF FATE.

Stainforth had not run half way to the village when, to his astonishment and intense relief, he met the Lurlwin fire brigade, with their engine and hose, hastening at full speed along the road towards the house of the "Squire," as Mr. Vail was called.

"I was on my way to the fire station," he said, hurriedly, "to tell you that Mr. Vail's house is on fire. But now you—"

"Someone else called us up; we don't know who, but we couldn't neglect the summons," answered the captain. "When we saw that light there we knew that there was no question of a practical joke."

Stainforth turned and went back with the firemen, for the brigade was neither large nor very efficient, and he knew that every helping hand would be needed, if any part of the Vail's house were to be saved. Had Henry Garth given the warn-

ing after all, he asked himself, or had one of the men repented when it was too late to undo his work?

There was no time for questioning. His only thought must be to reach the fire as soon as might be. The burns he had received were very painful, and sometimes a curious giddiness seized him, so that for an instant now and then he seemed on the point of losing consciousness. Still, he staggered on, keeping up with the firemen, who had no horses.

This was the explanation of the sounds that Consuelo had heard, and of the arrival of the fire brigade, so long before she had dared hope for it.

Some of the men in the land were fishermen, and had a grudge, either personal or for the sake of some relative, against Mr. Vail. They were honest fellows, and despite their prejudice, intended to do their duty; yet, perhaps, had it not been for Stainforth, they might not have put their whole souls into that duty, as they would in striving to save the property of another man. But his example was contagious. Forgetting his injuries and his fatigue, he worked like a hero, tearing down curtains which had begun to burn, snatching valuable books and pictures from the very teeth of the fire, dashing water upon climbing flames, and helping by deeds as well as example in beating the fire back into the west wing of the house, where it had started.

For hours the work went on, while a curious crowd, recruited from the village, watched at a distance, held in check by two or three deeply interested policemen. Everyone knew that "the parson" was there, and murmurs went round. "It's just like him." "Hope they'll let no harm touch the vicar. We could ill spare him now. Never will we see his like again." "No friend of the rich, he ain't; he's our own man. He'd do as much as this for us, and more; we can be sure of that."

At last the fire was out, and only a great mass of belching, black smoke rose from the west wing. Six rooms had gone, but the main part of the rambling old house, so dear to Consuelo Vail, was safe, and the captain of the fire brigade came to the room where the girl sat with her father to bring the news.

"There's no danger the fire will spread further now, Squire," he said. "You'll be put to plenty of trouble and inconvenience, changing your quarters, and there'll be a tidy bit of expense for rebuilding and repairs, but there's only the west wing hurt, except the bit of damage done by water in the dining-room, and in a little sitting-room, which may be Miss Vail's own."

"We are very fortunate, and have much to thank you all for," answered Mr. Vail. "I trust that no one has been injured in any way."

"And—and Mr. Churchill?" faltered Consuelo.

"Well, as it happens, the parson is the only one of us who is hurt, except for a trifling burn here and there among the men, which none of them need think of a few days from now," replied the captain. "But the poor parson was pretty

well knocked about, it seems, before he came to fetch us. Not that he stopped for that. He's worked more like three men than one, all through, and didn't give up till about ten minutes ago, when a lump of plaster as big as his head fell and caught him on the temple. It knocked him insensible, and he hasn't come to yet; but, he's a real athlete if he is a parson, and he'll come round all right presently, we hope. I thought you wouldn't mind, Miss Vail, his being in your own sitting-room, on the sofa there. Our chaps have been throwing water over him to bring him to, and it won't help your sofa covering much. I'm afraid, but at a time like this I thought—"

"You thought rightly," the girl broke in. "Father, if you can spare me, I'll go to him. He saved us all, and—and I—"

"Go, of course," said Mr. Vail.

By the time Consuelo had found her way through the smoke-filled corridors and rooms, and the general confusion which the firemen's work had wrought, Stainforth had come to himself, but he seemed dazed and scarcely able to realise where he was, or what had happened.

His handsome face was stained with smoke and blood, and the dark eyes were dim. If Consuelo had not known before that she loved him she would have known it now. Her heart yearned to him in a passion of gratitude and repressed tenderness.

He was sitting on the sofa, when she came into the smoky twilight of the little boudoir, which was lighted by a candle or two which the firemen had found. His elbows were on his knees, his face on his hands, as if he were striving to recover himself, and scarcely succeeding. He raised his head, as Consuelo uttered an exclamation of distress at sight of his condition.

"Miss Vail! I forgive me. I'm afraid I'm rather stupid. I can't rise yet, but—" he began, the words coming slowly, then suddenly breaking off.

"Forgive you?" the girl echoed. "Why, I've come to thank you—thank you with all my heart and soul for everything. You are very ill. You must let us help you to a room where you can rest for the night, and soon the doctor will be here, from the village. Already he has been sent for—"

"No, no, I don't need a doctor," said Stainforth heavily. "I—I'm quite right,

or will be, in a few minutes, as soon as I can remember—things a little better. I've got rather confused, but it's nothing—noting at all. You are safe—and your father?"

"Quite safe, thanks to you." "Then I'll go home now."

He lifted himself up, resting one burnt and blistered hand on an arm of the sofa, but sank down, his eyes half closed, Consuelo sprang to him, or, falling into unconsciousness again, he would have slipped helplessly to the floor. She half sat, half knelt, beside him, supporting the tall, strong man with her frail young arms. His head drooped forward on her shoulder, and a thrill of such strange happiness as she had never known, ran through the girl's nerves. It was so keen, that it was almost pain.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN AGAINST HIMSELF.

For a week Stainforth was very ill. A bedroom had been hastily prepared for him in the east wing of the "Squire's" house, and Consuelo divided her time between him and her father, who had been made worse by the fatigue and exposure on that eventful night of the fire. A professional nurse was sent for from Braymouth, the nearest large town, but even when Stainforth's mind wandered slightly, during the first few days of his illness, the comfort given him by the girl's presence was so evident that Sister Wells was glad to encourage Miss Vail's ministrations.

Meanwhile the mystery surrounding the origin of the fire remained a mystery still. It was known that it had started on the ground floor of the west wing, in a store-room separated from the kitchen by a short passage; but that room had been destroyed with all its contents, and it was impossible to be certain that the fire was the work of incendiaries. It had been learned that Dick West was the man who gave the alarm at the fire station, hurrying off so quickly that his identity was unknown at the time. But he stated that he had been on his way home from an evening visit to a friend who lived on a farm at some distance, that he had seen the fire, and given the alarm, but that, as he was "no friend of the Squire's," he had

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slipped away because he did not wish his name to appear in the matter.

"The parson" held his peace; so did Jenny Garth; and there was no proof against anyone known to be among Mr. Vail's enemies. There were those who believed that Mr. Churchill could have spoken had he wished; for if he had had no warning, how came he to discover the fire so opportunely? But he was often out late at night, and his passing the house at the right moment might have been a coincidence. At all events, he would become but the more popular in the neighbourhood for "knowing how to hold his tongue."

Stainforth suffered intensely from his burns, for some time, and could neither sleep nor eat for the fever in his veins. Often, at first, he knew only dimly what was passing round him, and seeing Consuelo's face constantly near him, he believed it to be a dream. By and bye, however, he realised that he was lying ill at her house, and remembered everything that had led to his presence there.

He tried to be sorry and to wish that he were at home, lonely though that home might be, but he could not be sorry. Physical weakness made it difficult for him to do battle with himself, as he had long grown accustomed to doing in his strength, and he resigned himself to being quietly happy because he could not help it—happier than he had been since the days when he was Lance Stainforth. But that was before he had begun to think.

Some times when he could not rest, but would lie tossing with fever, and the throbbing pain of his burns, Consuelo would lay her little hand, very shyly at first, then with less self-consciousness on his hot forehead, smoothing back the short, dark hair. He could have died happily thus, he told himself, with her hand on his head. "If only I had known her six months sooner than I did," he would say over and over, "she was a child then, but I should have loved her, and that miserable flirtation of mine would never have been begun. Lady Wenwick would be an innocent woman to-day; poor old Jim would probably have been alive still, contented, if not happy, and I—I should have been free to try and make a good woman care for me."

When the bitterness of his regrets would become almost too deep to bear, he would try to remind himself that perhaps his suffering in the past had not been all in vain. Through the expiation of his own sin, he might have been able to help others, whose lives he would not have touched in happiness and good fortune. But with Consuelo near him, ministering to him, his yearning was hot in his veins, and he could only remember that he was a man who loved a woman, and was unfit to ask that she should share his life.

"I ought not to wish her to share such a life as mine," he would remind himself sternly, "even if I had a right to ask her, which I haven't, and never shall. My life must always be one of hardship, for atonement's sake. Whenever I find that I am becoming too happy and comfortable in one place, I must go to another—I must 'move on' always, doing what good I can, and bearing my cross. I should be a brute even to want to lay that cross on a girl's shoulders."

So when he had begun to think, he would argue, and the first sweet contentment of his convalescence was gone, as if scorched by the flames which had burned his flesh.

Mr Vail had recovered from his woe attack of rheumatism before Stainforth was able to talk with the young "assistant nurse," as Sister Wells called Consuelo; and freed from her attendance upon her father, the girl had more time to give to their guest. When he was strong enough to listen, she told him how parish affairs were going, and spoke of the progress of repairs on the burned wing. The curate, Mr. Danvers, was doing very well; he had preached a good sermon on Sunday; everybody seemed satisfied with his work, but was anxious to have Mr. Churchill back when he was quite, quite strong enough—not before.

When Stainforth had been ill for a week, he was allowed one afternoon to sit up in bed for the first time, propped up among some pillows. His mind had been as clear as ever now, for two or three days, and he knew that he was allowing the image of Consuelo Vail to dwell too constantly there. He knew that she coloured all his thoughts; that he had but to shut his eyes for her face to appear, like a fair apparition in the dark; that when she went out of the room, he watched the door continually for her return; that when she was with

him, he was miserable lest she should go.

"Miss Vail said she would come in and sit with you for a bit, if I wanted to go out for a little exercise about this time," announced Sister Wells. "You won't mind if I do go, will you?"

"Of course not," said Stainforth. "But please don't trouble Miss Vail. I am perfectly comfortable, and shan't want anything till you come back. There's no reason why I shouldn't be left alone. I must get used to it, you know, for in a day or two I shall be well enough to crawl home, and—"

"Can't you pretend to yourself that this is home?" asked Consuelo, smiling her lovely, shy smile, as she came in just in time to catch the last words.

"No; for I am happy here," Stainforth had said, before he could stop the words, and then regretted them, for though they were true, he had no right to tell such truth to Consuelo Vail. "I am also in danger of growing lazy," he went on, trying to make his voice sound indifferent, and succeeding in making it sound very cold. "You are too good to me. I must go away as soon as I can."

By this time Sister Wells had slipped out for her walk. Consuelo and Stainforth were alone together for the first time since the day of their meeting in the fog, nearly five years ago. Each thought of that day, and each supposed that the other would not; for the man was not at all sure that Consuelo recognised him as Lord Stainforth, and remembered the hour or two that they had spent in each other's society so long ago; while the girl fancied that the little episode would have been without importance in his mind.

"If you are so anxious to go and leave us," Consuelo said, rather sadly, "we shall think that we let you miss things you would have at home, and we should be so sorry to think that."

Something in the sweet young voice quickened the beating of the man's heart. Instinct told him temptingly, at this moment, that he had a strong influence upon the girl, that it was in his power to make her care for him as she never had cared, never would care for anyone else in the world. He did not deliberately say this thing to himself, and if he thought had taken form in his mind, he would have put it away as monstrous conceit, protesting that he must be mad to dream it for a moment. But he felt the truth with his heart, not with his brain, and he felt also that, if he were to act consistently with principle, he would do what he could to displease her, now at the very threshold of their renewed acquaintance.

It was this instinct which had put ice into his voice, to contradict the warmth of his impulsive words. "She had better dislike me, and then there will be no danger for either of us," something had whispered insidiously, and kept him bound in silence. If he did not answer her gentle little hint, she would think him a disagreeable fellow, ungrateful, and cold-hearted; and it was better so. But it hurt him horribly to hurt her, and he had to press his lips tightly together to keep back the words which she would have been glad to hear.

Consuelo saw him grow pale, and so the effect of his intended unkindness was lost upon her, for she fancied that he was suffering, and unable to speak.

"I mustn't make you talk," she said, and sighed in sympathy with his pain. But the sigh was a knife-thrust at Stainforth's heart, for he believed that his sulky silence had caused it. To save his life he could not have helped turning to look wistfully at the girl, and the hungry dark eyes met the blue grey ones, which spoke the love she would have died sooner than speak with her lips.

He saw the look, and his pale, worn face flushed darkly to the forehead. Again Consuelo misunderstood. "Are you suffering?" she exclaimed. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can do everything," was the answer in his heart, but aloud he said, almost chillingly: "No, thank you, there is nothing that you can do. I want nothing."

Now, at last, the girl began to understand that his coldness was not caused by pain, and she wondered, miserably, how she could have offended him.

"Perhaps," she thought sadly, "he dislikes me because he associates me with the past that he has evidently been trying to put away far from him. Perhaps it worries him to have me in the room. It never occurred to me before, that it might be so. I'm afraid I am very stupid." The girl felt suddenly as

if she had a great lump of ice in her breast, which must always be there all the rest of her life. "I ought to have understood," she said to herself, "when I heard him tell Sister Wells not to call me, that it was because he really would rather be alone than have me with him."

She had been sitting by the bed side, but now she rose, her cheeks brightly pink, and her eyes sparkling with tears which she would not let fall. "Perhaps you could sleep if I went out," she suggested, trying to speak lightly. "Will you try if I go?"

"Yes, I will try," he replied.

"And you will touch the bell on the little table if you need anything."

"I am sure I shall not need anything," he said.

There was nothing for Consuelo to do but to go. As soon as she was outside the door the tears she had held back streamed from her eyes.

"Yes, it is certain that he dislikes me," she thought. "But how different he is now that he is getting better. When he was very ill he seemed to cling to me, and want me with him. Sister Wells often asked me to stay. But now—in what a tone he said: 'There is nothing that you can do.'"

With the shutting of the door the grimness of his fate seemed to close in round Stainforth irrevocably. He would have given the world to call Consuelo back, and yet he could not have done so for all that world.

He loved her; she meant youth, and life, and the sweetness of the one Woman to him, but she was not to be his, and because of the revealing look in her dear eyes, he must make himself hateful in them. He must begin to do it now, and go on doing it until he could leave her, never to see her any more, save from a distance. It would be the kindest way, therefore the only way to take; for if she learned to care she would be miserable. Now, to find him hateful, sullen, ungracious, and ungrateful, would hurt her girlish vanity, perhaps, but scarcely more. Yet, how he wanted her! How his soul cried out for her to come back.

He wished that he were very ill again, and not responsible for his own words and actions; he had been happy when he thought her face a dream, and had tried to go on dreaming. But dreams were not for him. Life was very real, and it had to be lived.

By and bye Sister Wells came back, and was surprised to find Miss Vail sitting by a window at the end of the corridor, not far from the closed door of the invalid's room. She spoke brightly, saying that she had come out to let Mr Churchill sleep, remaining close by in case of need; but her eyes looked as if she had been crying. Mr Churchill seemed feverish, and had certainly not slept. Sister Wells' curiosity was roused, and she determined to find out if anything had happened; for she had been weaving a very pretty little romance round the year and Consuelo Vail, and now she pictured a lovers' quarrel.

"Poor little Miss Vail has been sitting outside in the corridor crying," she announced, as she mixed water with Stainforth's cooling draught, and peeped at him from under her eyelashes. "I wonder what can be the matter?"

Stainforth did not answer, but she had the satisfaction of seeing the blood rush to his face, leaving him paler than before, as it ebbed slowly away. As he gave her no opening, the nurse was obliged reluctantly to drop the subject; but soon after her patient began to speak again about going home. "I am so much better and stronger now, that I shall be able to get away tomorrow, I should think."

"Certainly not," replied Sister Wells. "Why, I have been engaged by Mr Vail to stop till next week, and take care of you, when you are putting on the airs of a well man, sir? How could you do your own bandages, I should like to know. You couldn't; and until your

burns are well, you are at my mercy and Miss Vail's."

Again Stainforth was silent, but he was not convinced. He could not continue to see Consuelo as he was seeing her now, and be certain that he would not fall in his newly adopted policy. He would almost surely yield to an impulse stronger than any policy, and ask the girl's forgiveness for his seeming ingratitude, and explain it all too clearly for his own peace of mind—perhaps for hers. And if he were to be in the same house without seeing her, knowing that he had driven her away by his ruthlessness that he had hurt her in heart and girl's pride, he would suffer too intensely. No, the situation was now too severely strained, after the scene which had just passed. He determined that next day he would test his strength by getting up, when the nurse had left him alone, and try to dress himself. If he could succeed in doing that, no one could say that he was not able to go home to the vicarage, where his housekeeper would look after him well enough.

According to this resolution, he made the effort next morning, and though he was surprised at his own weakness, he succeeded in dressing himself without fainting.

Sister Wells had gone out, making an errand to the chemist's, in the village, an excuse for her daily exercise, and this time Miss Vail had not been asked to sit with him in the nurse's absence. Thus Stainforth had more than half an hour to spend in carrying out his plan; and weak as he was, he had needed every one of those thirty minutes. At last, when he was dressed, and the bandage across his forehead folded as narrowly as he dared, he decided to try going downstairs. Consuelo often wrote letters for her father at this time of day, he had heard her saying to the nurse, and probably he should find the two together, and surprise them.

Very slowly, he went down the shallow steps of the winding stairway, that led to a part of the house which he did not yet know. It was humiliating to find that he had to keep one bandaged hand on the balusters, to steady himself, but, after all, he thought that he was doing very well. He would no doubt be able to persuade Mr. Vail that he was quite able to take up ordinary life again, where he had laid it down, eight days ago.

Far away in the west wing, a sound of pounding came to his ears; the carpenters at work; but there was no other sound in the house, and he paused at the foot of the stairs, uncertain which way to go. He felt curiously giddy, too, and was glad that there was no one near for a moment, until he should have time to recover himself.

He was in a small, old-fashioned square hall, with wainscotted walls, and a big latticed window at one end, so draped with creepers that the place was fitted with a soft emerald light, as if the sunshine filtered through a transparent green curtain. Opposite, was a door that led out into the garden, and this stood half open. The sweet, yet melancholy fragrance of aromatic autumn flowers hung in the air.

Set against the wainscoting, near the foot of the stairs, was a big, chintz-covered sofa, and near by was a table on which asters and marigolds lay scattered, ready to be arranged in some bowls and vases in the centre of the brilliant heap.

This was the picture Stainforth saw as he stood hesitating. "She must be out there in the garden," he thought. "In a moment she will be coming in with more flowers. What a fool I am to be so weak. She must not see me like this. If I sit down for a moment, perhaps, I shall be myself again. I—"

But the thought was never finished. His head swam, and he staggered to the big sofa, falling back upon it, dead white, just as Consuelo came in, with her hands full of late roses.

(To be Continued.)

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[COMPLETE STORY.]

Tom Munro's Murder

By Herbert J. Allingham

"I confess," said Munro, "I have committed most crimes once. Did I ever tell you how I blackmailed a man, and got 5000 dollars out of him? Then there was my murder, quite an artistic affair."

"There were four of us loafing in the club reading room. It was a bright but cold October afternoon, and the first fire of the season blazed in the grate. We were all ranged about it, sprawling in saddle back chairs. There was Masters, the lawyer, who meant to do something some day; there was old Tufnell, the comedian, who had done all he meant to do twenty years ago; there was myself, the youngest of the group, an untraced playwright; and there was Munro.

No one knew quite what Munro did for a living. He was a wanderer, and would absent himself from our set for months at a time, but he always turned up at the club sooner or later. He was a man of 45 or so, hair grizzled about the temples, face strong, and hard eyes keen but kind.

"Let's have the murder," said Masters with a yawn.

"A really artistic murder should possess dramatic possibilities," remarked the comedian ponderously, "and may be of service to our young friend here."

The old man indicated me with a patronising gesture. Munro took his pipe from his mouth, and thoughtfully polished the bowl on the sleeve of his coat.

"The beginning of the business was in the summer of '97," he began presently. "I left Chicago at a moment's notice. Eventually I found myself in Turkey, hobnobbing with a wicked old pusha of my acquaintance. One day I was with him in his house, which was more like a palace, when a dealer brought some newly captured slave girls for his inspection.

"My friend rejected the majority with scorn; but one beautiful Greek girl found favour in his sight, and after a lot of haggling with the dealer he purchased her.

"The girl, when she learned of her fate, was terrified, and made a painful escape."

"I am not, as you know, a ladies' man, but I confess the scared look in the girl's eyes made me feel qualmish.

"At the pusha's request I spoke to her in her own language, but could get nothing from her except a despairing request to save her from her new master.

"The end of it was that I offered to re-purchase her. My friend was amazed and much amused, but he good-naturedly consented, and so Nada became my property.

"I offered to send the girl back to her people, but it appeared that they had been ruthlessly slaughtered when she was captured, and she swore that she would never leave me. The situation was embarrassing, and I anticipated all sorts of trouble. But Nada behaved splendidly. It is true she followed me about like a dog, but she never obtruded herself upon my notice, and yet was always at hand to render me any service within her power.

"All went well for a time, and I had got quite used to her being about the place, and even found myself missing her when she was absent.

"Then, in the autumn of '99 I went to Paris. There I found a certain M. Ionides lordling it in fashionable society. He was, it appeared, a Greek merchant, who had made a fortune out of currants. He occupied a magnificent hotel, kept a retinue of servants, had a gorgeous equipage, and entertained in a most lavish and princely fashion.

"He was enormously rich, enormously fat, and as ugly as a satyr. We had been in Paris about a week, when this M. Ionides saw Nada, and at once took a fancy to her. I think I have told you the girl was really strikingly pret-

ty. People turned in the street to look at her. Well, the Greek was fascinated by his countrywoman, and the result was that one day Nada came flying to me for protection. I soothed her, and thought no more of the matter, but on the morrow I had a visit from the great man.

He was pretty frank, talking like a man accustomed to pay for what he wanted and to get it. He understood the young lady was my ward. Would I transfer my office to him? Between men of the world, any sum I might name, would I mention a figure, and so forth.

"I looked at his ugly face, his great pendulous cheeks, the puffy mounds of flesh under his beady eyes; and then I thought of Nada, delicate, innocent, childlike.

"In the end I told M. Ionides cautiously that to my extreme regret the matter could not be arranged.

"He smiled and shrugged his fat shoulders; but as he went out he remarked softly that in his experience he had always found it possible to arrange such matters.

"A few days later I had to leave Paris on business. I was away about 48 hours. When I returned I was informed that Nada had disappeared.

"Immediately I suspected the fat Greek, and decided to call upon the gentleman when I had dined.

"However, I had just finished the meal in my own house in the Rue Barbet de Jouy, and was sipping my coffee alone, when the door of the room was unceremoniously flung open.

"I sprang to my feet and confronted a wild, mad-looking creature. Her hair was dishevelled, her clothes torn and wet, her face distorted, her eyes fixed and glaring. Nevertheless, it was Nada.

"The girl was quite mad. At times she would fall on the ground at my feet moaning piteously, then in a frenzy of hysteria she would rave at me, and then again she would turn shivering from me, and crouching in a corner, would sulk in silence. No connected story, hardly an intelligible sentence, could I get from her. I sent for assistance, and she was put to bed. The good woman whose services I had requisitioned came to me in about half an hour, and her face was grave. She told me that the girl had been terribly ill-used. She was a mass of bruises, and across her shoulders were the livid marks made by the lash of a whip.

"When I heard that I gave instructions that she should be properly cared for, then lit a cigar, and walked across to the hotel of M. Ionides.

"I found him alone in his magnificent apartment, seated behind a richly inlaid oak table. I thought I detected amused expectation in his tiny eyes, but there was certainly no shadow of fear in them. Evidently the fat rascal felt secure behind his rampart of gold. Evidently, too, his creatures were near at hand to protect him from present violence, perhaps crouching behind the heavy curtains which hung at his side.

"Indeed, as I drew near to the table his great puffy right hand rested on it within an inch of a button of an electric bell.

"I took all this in at a glance, and between the door and the table, a matter of five paces, I had made up my mind how I should kill this oily, smug-faced villain, for I knew that if I challenged him he would not fight.

"I apologised for the lateness of my call. 'The fact is,' I said, laughing, 'I am devoured by curiosity. You kept your word and you have got the girl; but how the dickens did you manage it?'

"He was taken aback a little, I think, but he readily fell into my humour. He laughed and chuckled over his achievement till his great sides shook. Then he offered me money. I would not listen to this, assuring him that I considered myself fairly beaten, and congratulated him on his adroitness.

"He was delighted. 'You are a man after my own heart,' he declared. 'But you need not congratulate me. The business turned out most unfortunately. The girl was a fool. Why, my dear sir, she tried to kill me! Of course, I had to give her a lesson, but it did no good.' He raised his fat, beringed hands in a gesture of disgust. 'You know my little place on the Seine? She was locked up in a room high above the river, but she jumped out of the window and was drowned.'

"From that time," went on Munro, in his queer, emotionless monotone, "I cultivated the acquaintance of M. Ionides, and we became inseparable. Do you know I found him an amusing companion?"

"One forenoon we were drinking wine together in a famous cafe—he ate and drank at all hours—and he happened to turn his ponderous bulk away so as to stare in comfort at a pretty woman at a distant table. I took the opportunity to drop a little white pellet into his glass.

"You know I have made a study of poisons. In this country there is a prejudice against them nowadays. I know, but it was not always so. The drug I used was an old Italian poison. I believe originally it came from the East, but it owes its fame to the extensive use made of it by the Borgias in Italy. Its peculiarity, which is also its great virtue, is that it does not kill its victim until the expiration of thirty days or thereabouts.

"I stayed with M. Ionides until he had drained his glass. Then I left him.

"My next step was to persuade Nada to write a letter to her countryman in which she prophesied his early death. The girl was still quite out of her senses, but with me she was submissive and obedient.

"Every day a letter to the same purport was sent to the Greek, and each letter was signed 'Nada of the Seine.'

"A week passed before I saw M. Ionides again. He was greatly changed. He was paler, and less grossly fat, and his great face had lost its complacent simper. He confided in me, whom he declared to be his one true friend in Paris. He told me that he experienced queer and alarming pains in his head, and he admitted that he was worried by an anonymous letter writer. Of course, it is ridiculous," he declared; "but she—that is, I mean the writer of these confounded letters—says I shall not live beyond the 20th of this month. And—well, it is now the 8th. I tell you, my friend, I don't like it!"

"The days went by. The Greek grew thinner, more worried, and the pains in his head became more frequent. The most famous doctors of Paris could make nothing of his complaint, and asked him if he had any secret worry.

"Every day I called upon him to watch him as he slowly died. It was, I remember, on the 23rd that he met me in a stormy and rebellious mood. 'I will throw this thing off,' he shrieked. 'Six more days to live! Bah! I am searing myself into the grave.' This cursed scribbler tells me I shall die on Friday next. Well, it is a lie. I will live! On Saturday next I shall give a banquet such as Paris has not seen for many a year and all society shall be present. Thus will I celebrate my triumph!"

"I cordially approved of the plan, telling him that in the preparations for the banquet he would forget his vain fears. With feverish eagerness he pursued the idea. The short week went swiftly by. The fatal Friday came and went, and the Greek still lived. I found him Saturday morning almost mad with delight. A great weight seemed to have been lifted from his soul. All fear of death had passed away from him. Even the pains which had been his constant companions for a month appeared to have vanished. That night I attended the banquet at the Ionides mansion—a banquet still talked of in Paris. It is easy to sneer at the vulgarity of wealth, but it is hard not to be fascinated by the splendour it can purchase.

"The cream of Paris fashion, beauty, and talent assembled round the Greek merchant's table.

"Never had I seen the man so exultant, so vivacious, so full of life. He and I were probably the two happiest persons in the room. He did not know, and I did, that in an adjoining room a woman, closely veiled, was awaiting my signal.

"She sat alone, swaying gently to and fro, and crooning softly to herself.

"The hours passed swiftly with good

food, good wine, and good talk. The affair was at its height. Some one proposed the toast, 'The Giver of the Feast.' It was drunk with acclamation, and the unwieldy Greek rose to reply.

"Then I gave my signal, and at the same time slipped quietly out of my seat at the foot of the table.

"My place was taken by a figure dressed wholly in black.

"All eyes were turned upon her as she drew off her veil. White as the danish cloth on the table, but more beautiful than I had ever seen her, she stood silent and motionless.

"Ionides leaned heavily on the table with both hands, and stared at her with eyes almost as wild and fixed as her own.

"Then she raised a thin, delicate arm slowly, pointed at him with a gesture quite mechanical, and uttered the one sentence I had rehearsed to her a thousand times during the last week—'The Seine gives up its dead.'

"The Greek's jaws moved, the muscles of his face were convulsed, and the veins stood out on his forehead. Again and again he tried to speak, but no words passed his lips. Then suddenly he straightened himself up, his great arms sawed the air, his flashing fingers clawed at nothingness, and at last a cry, shrill, piercing, and blood curdling, escaped him, a cry of mingled agony and horror.

"Then he fell forward and crashed down upon the table among the gold, silver and shattered glass, and there he lay like a great, lathsome frog, ugly and disgusting. He was quite dead. I touched Nada on the arm and she followed me like an obedient child. I had thought the shock might restore her. That was my chief reason for confronting her with her countryman. But it was not a success. She never recovered her sanity."

Munro ceased speaking and began to refill his pipe.

Masters yawned and rose to his feet. "Did you ever try to write a novel, Munro?" he asked with his irritating drawl.

Tufnell and I laughed, both a little relieved, I think, at being brought back to the sane world after the gruesome recital.

Munro said nothing, but, taking a letter from his pocket, flung it over to me. I caught it, and the other two leaned over my shoulder as I read.

It was a brief notification from the superintendent of a private asylum, and it ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that the patient known as Nada is seriously ill. If you care to see her you may do so at any time of the day, or night on presentation of this paper."

I noted that the letter bore a date two days old.

I handed it back to Munro in silence. He twisted it into a spool and took a light for his pipe from the fire. Then he moved towards the door.

"You went, of course," I said impulsively. "Is she better?"

"Yes," he replied simply, "he died in my arms last night."

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AN APOSTLE TO THE GENTEELS

Continued from page 7.

differently from the way in which he was acting and had been acting for many a sad year.

The words of the priest dashed from her the momentary hope that had been hers when he denied that he came from the Little Church Around the Corner, for on the two occasions when clergymen had called on Bertie's account it had been the clergy of that unique parish that had come. Once it was a curate fetching a bundle of letters written by Bertie to a once popular vaudeville artiste who had been buried, friendless and penniless, from that home of the unchurched; and the other time it was the rector with the announcement that Bertie was safe at his house recovering from an overdose of alcohol.

"He's not home, now, I suppose?" asked Father McCann, after giving the mother time to blow her nose and arrange a curtain that was hanging wrong.

"Not unless he has come in without my knowing it," answered Mrs. Mortimer. "I will ring and inquire."

"Sure, little you'd be findin' out by ringin', ma'am, for he's down at me friend Terry Doogan's at Sheephead Bay. Don't know him, I suppose, ma'am? But rest aisy, ma'am, for a finer man nor a squarer don't live than Terence Doogan, whose sister is married to Inspector O'Dea, though Doogan's place don't need never protection at all. Well, ma'am, it's meself as has known the boy for I don't know how long—so I thought I would take a walk up and make your acquaintance. It's a fine day, Mrs. Mortimer."

There was a painful pause. Mrs. Mortimer dared not ask the question which was filling her heart with vague wretchedness. She heard her husband's step in the hall and rose to call him, but Father Joe prevented her, saying: "Wan moment, if you please, ma'am. Be the law of nature, mothers is intinded to do some things that fathers can't, d'ye see? If you'll be quiet and aisy-like for a minute I'll tell you how the land lies—and there'll be plenty of time to tell Mr. Mortimer afterward."

"Then, sir, for God's sake tell me! Has anything occurred? What happened yesterday to keep my son away?"

"Don't you read the papers at all?" asked the priest, pulling his chair nearer to hers and speaking in low tones. "Is it yourself don't know what happened yesterday? Sure, the Suburban was run yesterday, ma'am, and Bertie plunged like mad on Turkey Red, although I put him wise, having got the straight story from me friend, Mike Sullivan—him as trains Mr. Powers' string, you know, ma'am."

"That awful racing again?" sighed Mrs. Mortimer. "If it is that I do think that Mr. Mortimer had better not be told. But what has all this to do with my poor boy? How much has he lost this time?"

"Lost, is it?" asked Father McCann, wondering at the poor lady's obtuseness. "Sure, if it was only money, ma'am, there's enough of us would chip in and give him a lift until he could get on his feet. It's not the money that he lost as is keepin' us guessin' now, ma'am—it's the ugly things that's bein' said about the way Bertie monkeyed with the jockey that rode Preston Pans, d'ye see, ma'am? To be plain with you, ma'am, there's a warrant out for his arrest on a charge of fraudulent conspiracy—he's been trainin' with a bad gang, ma'am, against me earnest advice—and the question is, will you and the lad's father stand by him? If you don't it's all up with him this time, for shame sends more men to the devil than conscience sends to Heaven. It's up to you, ma'am."

For a few moments Mrs. Mortimer could only make an ineffectual effort to dam up with a tiny square of lace the tears that sprouted hot and quick from her breaking heart.

"Oh, sir," she was able at last to say, "the poor boy has tried us severe-

ly! He has exhausted the patience of the kindest of fathers, and he—has—crushed my heart. But—of course—anything that I can do—"

"That's the talk," exclaimed the priest, cheerfully putting the mother's arm with his chabby hand.

"But," said Mrs. Mortimer, regaining her composure. "I really feel that this is a matter for Mr. Mortimer to discuss with you, sir. You see, I can't quite understand it all. Our clergy, if you will pardon me, are not associated with racing—and—"

"'Twould be a long tale to tell the difference between your clergy and ours, ma'am, wouldn't it, now?" broke in Father McCann, laughing, "and there's more than one way of looking at sin and sinners. But, be the powers, I'm glad that your rector has only sinned to deal with—and that I have the credit of knowing more sinners be their first name than any man in New York. A wonderful interestin' lot is sinners, when you get to know 'em through the wan way on earth where no bluff goes. Y'd be that amazed ye wouldn't believe me, ma'am, if I was to tell you how much alike the sinners and saints is when you once get off their flesh and their bones and make 'em sit in their souls. Sure, their own mothers wouldn't know the half of 'em if you congregation and me own was to get mixed up like with no clothes on—saving your presence."

Mrs. Mortimer smiled through her tears. The man had a heart—and the mother seemed to feel that just then it was full of love for her boy.

"I thank you, sir, for your interest in my poor son. And just what is to be done for him?" she asked after "Holy Joe" had said a few simple words about the goodness of God and the weakness of youth and the fact that hope is the only thing that ever saved a man.

"Nothing aiser," answered the apostle, glowing with the success of his mission. "I just want you, ma'am, to write Bertie the sweetest, kindest, most affectionate letter that ever drowned the despair in a man's heart—a talkin', winsome, meltin' sort of letter, ye mind, askin' him to come home—not because you don't know what he's after doin', but because you do know, and because you feel that home is the only place fit for him just now. I saw me friend Mat Creggan, and he'll keep the whole thing out of the papers for forty-eight hours—and that means forever, for who'd care to be readin' about sins committed day before yesterday? Bertie said you'd never let him show his face here again—and now, d'ye see, you're writin' you're dyin' for a look at his fine young face! Once we have him here I'll see me friend the leader of our district, and he'll see the old man—the boss, ye understand, ma'am, and no Mr. Mortimer—and he'll ring up the judge—and away goes that warrant like frowns before the smiles of love. They'll trust us that far. Bertie's no criminal at all, and it'll be a mercy to them politicians to give 'em a chance to do good for once. I thank you, ma'am, for preachin' the Gospel this day."

Mrs. Mortimer submitted to a vigorous handshaking, and then said sadly: "But after all this, Father"—she had not said "Father" before, and the good little apostle chuckled guardedly—"after all this, Father, what hope can we have? Will not the unhappy boy fall back into the same old ways?"

"There, there, there!" protested "Holy Joe," with a deprecating wave of his hand. "Is that all the faith that you have in a mother's love? Sure, there's many a lad comes and tells me the same old tale every month, year in and year out, and the old mother church forgives 'em each time and puts 'em back on their feet once more—in the hope—d'ye see?—that they'll die standin' up. Go write the letter, ma'am, and I'll bring Bertie home—and you might thank God when you're savin' your prayers that some of the clergy keep in a sort of touch with the raas."

Late that evening the apostle returned to the Mortimers' house with the prodigal son in tow, having in the meantime quashed the warrant and otherwise squashed the scandalous rumour poured with the world. Whether it was because of his mother's letter, or what Father Joe said to him in the long drive home, Bertie reached his mother in a state that made the interview they had in her room one never to be forgotten by either, and full of consolation to Mrs. Mortimer.

After hearing from his wife the account of the priest's visit, and while waiting for the homecoming which was

its result, Mr. Mortimer wrote a note to one of the Cathedral clergy, with whom he was pleasantly acquainted, making some enquiries about the Reverend Joseph Aloysius McCann. The reply was as follows:

"Is it possible that you do not know 'Holy Joe'? I thought every good fellow in New York knew this best of all of them. All I can say now is, that if you want to get into any place, or out of any place—including jail—see 'Holy Joe.' If you want to get anything, from a nomination to Congress to a job at the gas works, see 'Holy Joe.' For he will see his friend Killea or Pat Leary, and fix it. If your friend is in trouble, don't waste time retaining a lawyer, but see Joe, for he knows the boss who made the judge who will try the case. If you want to get next to anybody see Joe, for he either knows him intimately or else he knows a man who knows the man you want to know. If you do not think things are going just right in any matter see Joe, and he will find out. If you want to believe in man and give your old heart a breaking up that will be good for what ails you, then go, as I have done, with 'Holy Joe,' as he radiates hope and courage and repentance amid the wretchedness and degradation in which his work is cast. Joe is not a Free Mason, of course, but he has taken the thirty-third degree in the Grand Lodge of Getting-Next, and is a past-master in the still more glorious lodge of The Up-Against-Its. If I did not know the facts I could hardly believe what I hear about the countless men and women whom this chivalrous little New Yorker snatches back from the edge of despair. If you ever chance to meet him take him to your heart, for it's dollars to doughnuts that he is at that moment planning the uplifting of some brother in the fight of life."

For some reason there were tears in the eyes of the undemonstrative Mr. Mortimer when he finished reading this strange letter, and when, an hour or two later, "Holy Joe" came in, and Mrs. Mortimer presented her husband to the little priest, it was not the latter but the polished man of the world who was embarrassed.

"If not contrary to your principles, I would like you to taste some of my wine, sir," said Mr. Mortimer, while Bertie and his mother were upstairs having their memorable talk. "My wife has told me what you have been doing

for our unfortunate son. Will you permit me to drink your health?"

It was past midnight when the apostle left his new mission ground. From last accounts, Bertie is slowly putting himself together, and "Holy Joe" is unmercifully ragged by his fellow-carriers every week when he goes to dine with "me friends the four hundred."

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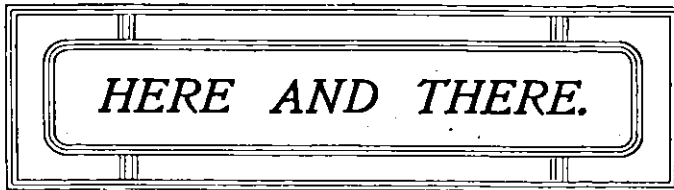
Literary Communications, Photographs, and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

OFFICE:

Shortland St., Auckland.



The Antidote.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'" But one small phrase annuls the curse. And that is this: "It might have been worse."

Made All the Difference.

In an English inn, where some labourers were sitting one evening, mathematics became the topic of conversation, when one of the company propounded the old-time problem: "If a herring and a-half cost a penny and a-half, what would three herring cost?" There was silence for several minutes while all sat smoking and thinking. At last one of the thinkers spoke: "Bill, did you say 'errin' or mackerel?"

"Follow the Leader."

A young curate was asked to take a Sunday-school class of girls of 18 or 19 years each, which had formerly been taught by a lady. The young clergyman consented, but insisted upon being properly introduced to the class. The superintendent accordingly took him to the class for this purpose and said: "Young ladies, I introduce to you Mr Chase, who will in future be your teacher. I would like you to tell him what your former teacher did each Sunday so that he can go on in the same way. What did she always do first?" And then a miss of 16 said: "Kiss us."

A Serious Reflection.

A New York Irishman, who began his career in America at street work, and who became a rich contractor, died recently. The widow—who, since her rise to wealth, had put on society airs and cast off many of her old friends—came into the room in which the coffin lay. It was full of flowers and mourners. A prominent floral-piece was an anchor. The widow gazed upon it. The idea that some of her cast-off friends were trying to call up memories of former days came to her mind. Turning to the assembled company, she faintly demanded: "Who th' devil sent that pick?"

Wanted a Choice.

If a Bacchanalian were but half as wise as he looks at half-past twelve on a winter's morning it would be a criminal offence to preach total abstinence. Of course, this is impossible, because nobody could be as wise, for example, as Simpson looks after a good night, or rather a good midnight, without risk of having his skull fractured by the pressure of the great mass of brain from within. He got into a haussom-cab a few night since, wearing his wisest look, and the driver asked, "What street do you want, sir?" Simpson stared at him for a while, then, with the cautious air of a man who was not to be rushed into a bargain, said, "Les'see, ole man. What street's have you got?"

G. B. Shaw on Feminine Dress.

George Bernard Shaw has broken loose again, this time on Women's Dress, and what he says is, of course, brilliant and irrational. "My great idea of clothes," he says, "is that they should be clean and comfortable. This, of course, excludes starch. I couldn't wear a thing which, after having been made clean and sweet, is filled with nasty white mud, ironed into a hard paste, and made altogether disgusting. "In our sordid civilisation, people lose all delight in colour. The commonplace, respectable English woman never talks of red, yellow, or green, but of gay colours, loud colours, nice colours. She becomes an adept in dressing respectably, and a perfect nincompoop at dressing prettily.

Another Society Craze.

The Japanese "art" of jiu-jitsu, or self-defence, has become the rage in London, and elderly ladies attired in "physical culture" dress wrestle with each other instead of going to the countless massage establishments. Spinsters living in lonely suburbs are learning the art, so that they can tackle "hooligans" in cases of necessity, where small Skye terriers afford little protection. Young men and old men have put themselves in the hands of Japanese professors, and the result of the boom has been an influx of little yellow men into London, many of whom are very indifferent teachers. There are now over forty schools of jiu-jitsu in London, and the physical culture people, and those who run gymnasiums are doing all they can to pour cold water on the Japanese fad as being extremely dangerous and joint-dislocating.

Suppressed Chapters.

Zenobia, they tell us, was a leader born and bred; Of any sort of enterprise she'd stily take the lead. The biggest, burliest buccanera bowed down to her in awe; To Warriors, Emperors or Kings, Zenobia's word was law.

Above her troop of Amazon her helmet plume would toss, And every one, with loud accord, proclaimed Zenobia boss.

The reason of her power (though the part she didn't look), Was simply that Zenobia had once lived out as cook.

Xantippe was a Grecian Dame—they say she was the wife Of Socrates, and history shows she led him a life!

They say she was a virgo, a vixen and a shrew, Who scolded poor old Socrates until the air was blue.

She never stopped from morn till night the clacking of her tongue, But this is thus accounted for, You see, when she was young— (And 'tis an explanation that explains, as you must own), Xantippe was the Central of the Grecian telephone.

The Use of Pepper.

Pepper is not, like salt (says "Health"), a mineral substance. It is a vegetable poison. Flies will not touch it, neither will they eat salt. Black pepper, if taken on an empty stomach, in the moderate quantity of a teaspoonful, will either be promptly ejected, or it will cause great disturbance in the stomach and bowels, and also on the heart's action, after it enters the circulation. It is in no sense a food, but in every sense a stimulant, which is but another name for a substance non-usable by the vital organs, and, therefore, to be thrown out of the vital domain. Red or black pepper is a prolific cause, as are all stimulants, of enlargement of the blood vessels, and ultimately of disease of the heart. Its immediate effect upon the tongue, throat, stomach, and bowels is to create increased action, not only of the capillaries, causing temporary congestion, and even inflammation of

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the mucous surfaces, but also of the organs which secrete the digestive fluids. Its ultimate effect is to weaken and deaden these organs by repeated stimulation to abnormal action. It also impairs or destroys the nerves of taste in the mouth, together with the gastric or other nerves, which aid the progress of digestion. When these are weakened by stimulants the functions themselves are necessarily impaired, and confirmed dyspepsia and its attendant train of bad symptoms bring up the rear.

Her First Railroad Ride.

An old lady in Missouri took her first railroad trip last week, says "The Butler Democrat." She noticed the bell-cord overhead, and, turning to a boy, she said:

"Sonny, what's that for?"
 "That, marm," he said, "is a mischievous twinkle in his eye, 'is to ring the bell when you want something to eat."

Shortly afterward the old lady reached her umbrella up to the cord and gave it a vigorous pull. The train was in the middle of a trestle. The whistle sounded, the brakes were pulled on, the train began to slacken its speed, windows were thrown up, questions asked, and confusion reigned among the passengers. The old lady sat calmly through it all.

Presently the conductor came running through the train and asked: "Who pulled the bell?"

"I did," replied the old lady meekly.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the conductor impatiently.

"Well," said the old lady meditatively, "you may bring me a ham sandwich and a cup of tea, please."

The Modern Lochivar.

O, young Lochivar came from out of the West.
 And of all the swift autos his mode was the best.
 He sped to the house where his lady love sat
 And he gave her no-time to pack up dress or hat.
 But: "Jump in my auto! Come just as you are.
 We'll skip in a hurry," quoth bold Lochivar.

The girl to her seat by the chauffeur he swung
 Himself was the chauffeur—the warning bell rung;
 Then off and away with a zip and a scoot.
 They fled, with her relatives hot in pursuit.
 "They follow us, love, like a lume troil-ly car."
 Observed the impetuous young Lochivar.
 There were puffings and pantings, and tootings and whoops,
 And bumping, and bursting, and looping the loops,
 And jolting, and jarring, and many a wall
 From afar in the rear on their hotly chased trail.
 "They will do pretty well if they follow us far,"
 Was the confident speech of the bold Lochivar.

The followers stopped every once in a while
 Until there was none at the twentieth mile.
 Young Lochivar said with a satisfied grin,
 "It was luck we stole most of their gaso-line."
 "I know it will give all my rivals a jar,
 But you auto belong to the bold Lochivar."

Geological Terms.

The names of many of the subdivisions of the geological ages are derived from the names of the localities in which typical occurrences of the rocks were first studied. Azoic means without life, and refers to the earliest Archaean. Archaean means old, being the oldest formation known to geological science. Laurentian and Huronian are divisions of the Archaean; Laurentian being named after the Laurentian hills on the River St. Lawrence, Canada, a typical exposure of the rocks in question, and Huronian is the name given to a large area of ancient schistose rocks near Lake Huron, Canada. The Algonkian rocks were formed during a period intermediate between Archaean and Cambrian, and was named from a once powerful tribe of Indians that wandered from the Carolinas to Hudson Bay. The typical exposures are near the shores of Lake Superior. Silurian is from the ancient Silures, a Celtic race, who at one time inhabited Wales where these rocks are prominently exposed. Cambrian is the lowest member of the Silurian, though sometimes sepa-

ately considered, and is named from Cambria, the ancient name for Wales. Devonian is from Devonshire, England. The Carboniferous is named from the large amount of carbon (the coal measures) occurring in certain localities in some portions of the rocks of that age. The Jurassic (usually called the Jura) is named from the Jura Mountains, between France and Switzerland. The Triassic is from the Greek, meaning three, in consideration of the three distinct divisions of this formation in Germany. The Jurassic and Triassic are usually considered together as the Jura-Trias. The tertiary means the third (in point of classification). Formerly the Mesozoic, which includes the Jura-Trias and Cretaceous, was known as the secondary period. The Palaeozoic—the period of old life—includes the Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous. The Permian is the uppermost division of the Carboniferous. All of these divisions of geological time, together with the numerous subdivisions, will be found in any geology, unabridged dictionary, or encyclopaedia. Rock formations are usually identified by the remains of plant or animal life (flora or fauna) contained. These are known as fossils. Where fossils are absent, the classifications are generally made on lithological grounds. The latter has led to many disputes among noted geologists in the identification of the older crystalline rocks, and in some instances a certain confusion of identity and names, as, for instance, the relation of the Algonkian to the Archaean.—"Mining and Scientific Press."

The Science of Golf.

(A certain make of field glasses is advertised just now as "suitable for golf players, enabling them before striking to select a favourable spot for the descent of their ball." There can be little doubt that this brilliant bit of wit be further developed, and with some such results as those outlined in the following anticipation.)

As I told Jones when he met me at the club-house, it was a year or more since I had last played, so the chances were that I should be a bit below form. Besides, I was told that the standard of paly had been so raised—

"Raised? I should just think it has!" said Jones. "Why, a year ago they played mere skittles—not what you could properly call golf. Got your clubs? Come along then. Quaver old-fashioned things they are, too! And you're never going out without your theodolite?"

"Well," I said with considerable surprise, "the fact is, I haven't got one. What do you use it for?"

"Taking levels, of course. And—bless me, you've no inflator, or glasses—not even a wind-gauge! Shall I borrow some for you?—Oh, just as you like, but you won't be able to put up much of a game without them."

"Does your caddie take all those things?" I asked, pointing to the curious assortment of machinery which Jones had put together.

"My caddies do," he corrected. "No one takes less than three nowadays. Good; there's only one couple on the first tee, so we shall get away in half an hour or so."

"I should hope so!" I remarked. "Do you mean that it will be half an hour before those men have played two shots?"

"There or thereabouts. Sinkins is a first player—wonderful head for algebra that man has—so it may be a shade less. Come and watch him; then you'll see what golf is!"

And indeed I watched him with much interest. First he surveyed the country with great care through a field glass. Then he squinted along a theodolite at a distant pole. Next he used a strange instrument which was, Jones told me, a wind-gauge, and tapped thoughtfully at a pocket-barometer. After that he produced paper and pencil, and was immersed apparently in difficult sums. Finally he summoned one of his caddies, who carried a metal cylinder. A golf-ball was connected to this by a piece of india-rubber tubing, and a slight hissing noise was heard.

"Putting in the hydrogen," explained Jones. "Everything depends upon getting the right amount. New idea? Not very; even a year ago you must have seen pneumatic golf-balls—filled with compressed air! Well, this is only an obvious improvement. There, he's going to drive now."

And this he did, using a club unlike anything I had seen before. Then he surveyed the putting green—about half

a mile away—through his glasses, and remarked that it was a fairish shot, the ball being within three inches of the hole. His companion, who went through the same lengthy preliminaries, was less fortunate. In a tone of considerable disgust he announced that he had over-driven the hole by four hundred yards.

"Too much hydrogen," murmured Jones, "or else he got his formulae muddled. Well, we can start now. Shall I lead the way?"

I begged him to do so. He in turn surveyed the country, consulted instruments, did elaborate sums, inflated his ball.

"Now," he said, at length settling in to his stance, "now I'll show you."

And then he missed the ball clean. . . . Of course he ought not to have used such language, and yet it was a sort of relief to find something about the game which was entirely unchanged! "Punch."

Bill Nye's Literary Methods.

I eat almost anything with perfect impunity, except health food. That is the only thing I ever have trouble with. Health food will send my pulse down to forty-eight in less than an hour. A man must have a very strong constitution to stand up against food which is already prepared, so that all he has to do is to swallow it.

I exercise a great deal in the open air. In summer I follow a lawn-mower around for an hour each day, and in winter I take a spin on the elevated railroad.

I keep a notebook, in which I write all my best thoughts. I then put the book in a side pocket of my coat and give the coat to a poor man whose address I do not know.

I give a great deal to charity, but try to keep it out of the papers as far as possible.

When the weather is such that I cannot exercise in the open air I have a heavy pair of dumb-bells at my lodgings, which I use for holding the door open. I also belong to an athletic club and a pair of Indian clubs with red handles. I owe much to my robust health to this.

I do most of my writing in a sitting posture or in an autograph album. When I am not engaged in thought I am employed in recovering from its effects. I am very genial and pleasant to be thrown amongst and frequently submit to all kinds of indignities, especially from people to whom I am indebted, rather than resent it and cause them pain.

I keep a large pair of brass knuckles, which I wear on my feet while riding in a crowded car. This I like better than getting myself newly upholstered every week.

I do not believe in mixing up alcohol with literature. Literature with nothing else in it will last longer when exposed to the air than the other kind.

I dress expensively, but not so as to attract attention. In the morning I wear morning dress, in the evening I wear evening dress, and at night I wear a night dress.

I have forgotten what books have helped me most; also what my favourite passages of prose and poetry are. I had the benefit of the best of home influences when a child, and everybody has been very kind to me, so I cannot say definitely what it was that brought me here.

—"The New York World."

The Zoo Budget.

The family budget of the inhabitants of the London Zoo, their tragedies and comedies, are dealt with in Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's annual report, which was issued a few weeks ago.

The commissariat is an extensive one, and ranges from horsedesh and clover to shrimps. Feeding the brutes cost in all £3423 4/5 last year.

Here are some of the principal items in the bill:

207 horses.....	£240 6 0
270 goats.....	160 2 3
34,921 lbs fish.....	480 0 0
Fruit.....	150 0 0
25,196 eggs.....	82 14 6
6855 quarts milk.....	96 8 5
137 loads hay.....	1030 10 2
1488 joints shrimps.....	
1872 fowl heads.....	

Among the animals born at the Zoo during the year, the most interesting were the two lions. They were, how-

ever, imperfectly formed, and died after birth. Three leopards were born and lived, and among the other additions in the course of nature were eight timber wolves, a Korean bull, an eland, and five Barbary wild sheep.

The population of the Zoo at the end of last year was 2552, made up as follows:

Mammals.....	646
Birds.....	1448
Reptiles.....	343
Fish.....	121

The total number of registered additions to the menagerie in 1904 was 1804, of which 701 were acquired by presentation, 254 by purchase, 177 were bred in the Gardens, 581 were received on deposit, and 91 obtained in exchange.

The number of deaths recorded is 1149. Of these the great majority died a few days after arrival in the Gardens. They include the lamented gorillas Venus and Chloe, two zebras, and the old rhinoceros presented to the society in 1864.

During all last year 706,074 visitors, an increase of 48,866, visited the Gardens. Of these, 114,944 were admitted on Sundays, 34,350 on Easter Monday, 33,391 on Whit Monday, and 20,042 on August Bank Holiday. The record annual attendance at the Zoo, it may be mentioned, is that in 1876, when 915,704 were attracted by the Prince of Wales' Indian menagerie.

The total receipts in 1904 amounted to £31,538 1/10, an increase of £1480 4/8 on the previous year. The total payments reached £33,545 4/10.

Should Music Be Applauded?

The musical editor of the London "Truth" thus discusses the question of applause:

Periodically, some one puts forward the notion that applause in the concert room is absurd and inartistic. "Must there not be a kink in our musical intelligence," says a recent writer, for instance, "when we hasten to drown the echoes of rich and varied harmony by an outburst of the ugliest noise at our command?" In point of fact, applause is the life and soul of public music. There is nothing more depressing than musical performances—those given in churches and cathedrals, for example—at which such demonstrations of approval are prohibited. I go so far as to say, indeed, that that musical performance can be of little value which does not prompt its hearers spontaneously to applaud. The writer referred to himself admits as much, indeed, but suggests the need for a better mode of applause than that which prevails.

As to hand-clapping being cacophonous and displeasing, why should it be thought so? Some people, no, 66 course, more sensitive in matters of this kind than others. One of the greatest of composers, it is recorded, "painted as a child at the sound of a trumpet, and Schopenhauer, it was, I think, who pronounced susceptibility to noise the surest index to high nervous organisation. There are those again who can not abide the harmless necessary tuning of the orchestra (which the Shah of Persia thought the best part of the performance when he was taken to Covent Garden), and some years ago a well-known opera-goer went the length of complaining formally to Sir Augustus Harris an account of the anguish which he suffered from these preliminary exercises. Sir Augustus laughed at the complaint, however, observing that he liked to hear his men tuning up vigorously, since it ensured the accuracy of their intonation. Perhaps here and there the same kind of ultra-sensitive personage might be found to take exception in a similar spirit to the applause which follows a performance, but certainly most are not affected by it in any such fashion. Musicians, for instance, are among those who usually applaud most vigorously. Nor shall anyone condemn them on this account.

On the other hand, for people to insist on extinguishing their demonstrations of delight long after the audience in general has ceased to do so is an obvious abuse of an otherwise wholesome practice, and audiences are often absurdly indulgent with such offenders, allowing them perhaps by sheer persistence to bring back an artist in whose fortunes they happen to be interested against the manifest desire of the audience as a whole. For this sort of bad manners there is no sort of excuse, and it can not be too sternly repressed.

District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, June 1st, 1905.

WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this Office up to 30th June, 1905, for the 21 Years Lease of the Native School Reserve at Galatea, lately occupied by Mr Wylie. The reserve in question contains 323 acres, at an upset annual rental of 27 15 0, and is subject to a loading of 2500, which sum, together with half year's rent, and lease fee, will have to be paid by successful applicant on the notification that his tender has been accepted. Map of locality can be seen in the office of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Auckland.

JAMES MacKENZIE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.



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After Dinner Gossip

AND

Echoes of the Week

As Japanese Children See the War.

The Japanese illustrated fairy story of "Little Peachling," adapted to the present war and its causes and effects, which appears in another portion of this issue, will be found not a little instructive, as well as intensely comical and amusing. Below we print the fairy story itself, as it appears in Mr Mitford's well-known book, "Tales of Old Japan" (kindly lent by the Rev. Gray Dixon), and it explains several points not originally quite clear in the brief notes of such English as the author-artist of the book possessed. It is quite significant, by the way, that only English and Japanese are given. There is no German, nor yet any French, and it is also to be noted—a point to be again referred to later—that America, or Columbia, as she is called in the story, is hand in glove with John Bull in his discovery of Japan and his encouragement, not to say his abetting, of her in her struggle with the bear. Our Artist's English is a trifle vague, but always interesting. The preface—which, by the way, is not printed with the pictures—is as follows:—

"Little Boys and Girls
"Now we are for the audacious and proud Russia in making war.
"This an account of the making war.
"Now I have a nurseley tales to please you.
"This nurseley tales is the very likeness to old nurseley tales Moto-taro. But how many likenesses must yours reading to the end of this book.
"R. Nagagaron. December, 1904."

It should be mentioned, for fear any should miss it, that the English translation of the pictures is on the prints themselves. Noticing each page individually, there is little to comment on in the first picture, save the admirable expressions of delight and pride on the faces of the old couple. The English here is also faultlessly correct. In the second picture we see the sudden realization or discovery by America and England that there is a new Power in the world, and that the Jap. is civilised, while the sun of the new Power rises in the background. In the next, the youngster is shown to be strong enough to be seriously reckoned with. Exactly what nation is represented by the cross-cornered referee at the back is unfortunately not explained. Probably it is England, but, on the other hand, either the second or the fourth figure in the pulling group might be England. Readers can settle the point for themselves. There is real drama in the next page illustrating Russia's molestation of Korea and China. The Rooster belongs to Korea, and the pig to China. The excellence of the medallion showing America and England urging young Japan to "go in and win" is quite delightful, as is also the questioning look on the young warrior's face. He is saying as plainly as print can, "Will you back me up?" Following this we see what is the current Japanese opinion concerning the method of backing by ourselves and America. While Japan prepares for the contest, England and America provide the shells and sinews of war, and generally help to get this ready. Despite the fact she is not in the treaty, America is particeps criminis in the supply of war material to a belligerent. Probably this most indiscreet acknowledgment would somewhat scandalise both Uncle Sam and our own diplomatists. The other pictures are best understood through the fairy story which we now proceed to give:—

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE PEACHLING.

Many hundred years ago there lived an honest old wood-cutter and his wife. One fine morning the old man went off to the hills with his billhook, to gather a faggot of sticks, while his wife went down to the river, to wash the dirty clothes. When she came to the river, she saw a peach floating down the stream; so she picked it up, and carried it home with her, thinking to give it to her husband to eat when he should come in. The old man soon came down from the hills, and the good wife set the peach before him, when, just as she was inviting him to eat it, the fruit split in two, and a little plump baby was born into the world. So the old couple took the babe, and brought it up as their own; and, because it had been born in a peach, they called it *Momotaro*, or Little Peachling.

By degrees Little Peachling grew up to be strong and brave, and at last one day he said to his old foster-parents—
"I am going to the ogres' island to carry off the riches that they have stored up there. Pray, then, make me some millet dumplings for my journey."
So the old folks ground the millet, and made the dumplings for him; and Little Peachling, after taking an affectionate leave of them, cheerfully set out on his travels.

As he was journeying on, he fell in with an ape, who gibbered at him, and said, "Kia! kia! kia! where are you off to, Little Peachling?"
"I'm going to the ogres' island, to carry off their treasure," answered Little Peachling.
"What are you carrying at your girdle?"
"I'm carrying the very best millet dumplings in all Japan."
"If you'll give me one, I will go with you," said the ape.
So Little Peachling gave one of his dumplings to the ape, who received it and followed him. When he had gone a little further, he heard a pheasant calling—
"Ken! ken! ken! where are you off to, Master Peachling?"
Little Peachling answered as before; and the pheasant, having begged and obtained a millet dumpling, entered his service, and followed him. A little while after this, they met a dog, who cried—
"Bow! wow! wow! whither away, Master Peachling?"
"I'm going off to the ogres' island, to carry off their treasure."
"If you will give me one of those nice millet dumplings of yours, I will go with you," said the dog.
"With all my heart," said Little Peachling. So he went on his way, with the ape, the pheasant, and the dog following after him.

When they got to the ogres' island, the pleasant flow over the castle gate, and the ape clambered over the castle wall, while Little Peachling, leading the dog, forced in the gate, and got into the castle. Then they did battle with the ogres, and put them to flight, and took their king prisoner. So all the ogres did homage to Little Peachling, and brought out the treasures which they had laid up. There were caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels which governed the ebb and flow of the tide, coral, musk, emeralds, amber, and tortoiseshell, besides gold and silver. All these were laid before Little Peachling by the conquered ogres.

So Little Peachling went home laden with riches, and maintained his foster-parents in peace and plenty for the remainder of their lives.

*Momotaro means a peach, and Taro is the termination of the names of the eldest sons, as Hikotaro, Tokutaro, etc., in modern times. However, the termination has been applied indifferently to any male child.

†The country folk of Japan pretend that the pheasant's call is a sign of an approaching earthquake.

The Question of the Canes.

The evergreen question of corporal punishment in our schools has again been very much before the public during the last week or so. There can be no possible doubt that a tremendous change has come over public opinion in regard to this matter within the last decade or so. Not only is corporal punishment rapidly becoming almost obsolete in our secondary and primary schools, amongst elder pupils, at all events, but even in the administration of home discipline the small boy of to-day is far less acquainted with the slipper, the strap, or the stick, than were his forebears. Does anyone ever read to their children nowadays that most delightful of juvenile stories "Holiday House," and, if so, are they not struck with the tremendous place occupied by corporal punishment in the early days of the Victorian era? What modern parent or guardian would allow a nurse to beat a child with a tawse, or leather cat-o'-ninetails, for some purely mischievous prank, as were the nephew and niece of Lady Harrier by the redoubtable Mrs Crabtree, a capital portrait of the head nurse of those days, by the way. But is it not evident, indeed, that corporal punishment is being evolved out of existence? The good mammas of "Good Queen Bess's glorious days," carried fans with long handles of some three feet of tough cane, and were wont therewith to chastise their grown-up daughters if they became unduly pert. And this was amongst persons of quality. One can only surmise what happened amongst we commoners. Personally, I cannot range myself on the side of those who see in the disappearance of the stick a degeneration and dangerous effeminacy of society. For certain offences, at certain ages, nothing can be better than a spanking, but thrashing children who can be made to understand other forms of correction, and to beat a child for being unable to spell or manage the three R's as quickly as his or her fellows, is mischievous and stupid. It is an axiom of education that the teacher who cannot keep moderate order and discipline without a ready recourse to the cane must be a weak fellow, and unfit to be in the charge of youth. Times there are, as has been said, when the cane is necessary, and when it is applied it should be in such style as not to be easily forgotten. But a teacher who is everlastingly using the cane is good for nothing. The writer well remembers being beaten twice and three times in a morning, as a child of 10 or 11, for inability to do certain arithmetical studies conducted on the blackboard. The matter went on for weeks, and the strict unwritten law which compels a public



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When your hair is rich and heavy, and when the closest inspection fails to detect a single gray hair, you will certainly look a great deal younger, and you will be much better satisfied with yourself, too. Isn't that so?

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

school boy, even in the Preparatory, not to speak, or write home, made it impossible to explain. The master—a thorough bully, by the way—would listen to no excuse, and constant beatings naturally soon produced complete stupidity. It was only a chance visit of the "Head" in one of these painful scenes which revealed the fact that I could really not see what the figures were, but made wild shots thereat. The school doctor speedily discovered serious short sight, glasses were provided, and the number of earnings much reduced. The case is by no means exceptional, a similar instance coming under my notice only a week or so ago. The shyness and reserve of a schoolboy on certain subjects is profound and incomprehensible when one thinks of his other characteristics.

† † †

Do Dogs Reason?

Some of us who possess a faithful hound, of which we are more than fond, would at once answer this question in the affirmative. Have we not had dozens of instances of his almost human wisdom? For example, I have an intimate acquaintance with a beautiful collie, who if he doesn't think does the next thing to it. Where he lives there is a low wicket gate with an ordinary "fall over" latch. The collie has never been tied up, and all parts of the premises are free to him. This particular gate hung between him and about half of his freedom, and when it was closed he was particularly "worried." Nothing remarkable happened till his proprietors began to notice lately that gate shut or open, doggie wandered about at his own sweet will. An investigation proved that the collie was his own turnkey. Putting one paw on the lower brace of the gate, he nosed away at the latch which, after one or two tries, he threw up out of the catch, and so opened the way to fresh fields. Nobody taught him, and he could only have learned his trick by putting two and two together after watching the people of the house passing in and out by this gate. While I was writing this story, which I can assure the gentle reader is a true one, a colleague told me of another, which is even more conclusive. Some years ago there was a surveying party out in the bush in the North Island, and, as is very common in such cases, the men had nothing but salt junk to eat. To get rid of as much of the salt as was possible, it was the custom to tie a lump on the end of a bit of flax, and let it soak in a neighbouring creek till tea time. The flax, I should mention, was fastened to an old tree stump, which ran out into the water. One day "cookie" went to fish up the evening meal, but, sad to relate, it was missing. All that remained was a few inches of the flax, which had evidently been severed by some blunt instrument. Eels, Maoris, and half a dozen other suggestion were made, when the strange disappearance was discussed that night round the camp fire by the suppleless gentlemen

of the theodolite, but the jury disagreed and an open verdict was returned. A few days later the member of the party who tells the story had to return to camp somewhat earlier than usual. He was accompanied by the camp canine—a strikingly ugly bulldog of much cunning and acumen. When they reached camp the surveyor set about warming up some cold tea and lapsed himself with the fire. While he was thus engaged Bully, after a furtive glance or two round the scene, made off into the bush. Curiosity led my informant's friend to follow him, as the dog's demeanour was somewhat strange. By a round-about path the dog made off to the river, and the surveyor stationed himself behind a tree to watch the proceedings. Bully made right for the log, and went gingerly along to the end—it was somewhat rickety. Arriving at the spot where the flax was tied, he steadied himself and began to pull in the flax with his paw. Something made him look round just then, and he visibly caught the eye of the peeping surveyor. Dropping the flax back into the water very discreetly, he pretended to be violently thirsty. After several vigorous and ostentatious laps, he backed gingerly off the log and made straight for camp without the slightest hint that he had observed the presence of the watcher. The old humping couldn't have been the slightest bit thirsty, as the party he was with had been working in and near water all day. When my friend got back to camp Bully was lying round with a most child-like expression on his ill-favoured countenance, but the surveyors had very little doubt as to who chewed their salt meat anchor rope. At the risk of being tedious I would like to quote a couple of good dog stories I came across the other day. One is related in the "Practitioner," a London publication. Two fox-terriers, who had been treated at King's College Hospital for some trifling ailment, appeared at the institution with a collie early one Sunday morning. The collie's right leg was damaged and bleeding, and its injuries were promptly attended to. The portraits of the dogs are preserved in the board room of the hospital.

Mr George R. Sims tells a good story of a dog impostor in the "Referee." The animal is a terrier, and one night was found on a doorstep in Rotherhithe. He was taken in, fed, and given a night's lodging, and all the time he hopped about on three legs. He was lame in the morning and had a good breakfast, continuing lame till some one opened the front door. Then he put his lame foot down and ran off at top speed, entirely cured of his lameness. But that evening the same dog was observed lying on a doorstep in another part of Rotherhithe. When the door was opened he held up one leg and limped in on the other three. The occupants of that house had a pet cat, and didn't want a terrier. So the cripple was gently put out into the street again, and to the surprise of everybody he trotted off without showing a symptom of lameness.

A librarian at one of the principal London free libraries (says the "Pictorial Magazine"), was recently talking about animal stories, and the growing interest in that line of literature, des-

pite the preposterousness of some of the tales, and the almost impossible things credited by authors to horses, dogs, and other animals. "Three months ago," said the librarian, "a neighbour of mine died. At the house they kept a very ordinary dog, which my neighbour had never made much of; but, being a kind, good-natured man, he had never abused him. After my neighbour's death this old dog would take his place on the path outside the gate to meet his master, who had always reached home at a certain hour. The family noticed the dog's actions, but not one of the members of it could remember having ever before seen him watch for his master. Yesterday I called at their home, and found a stranger there. The old dog trotted across the room, but stopped when he heard the stranger's voice. He looked at me, and I spoke to him. The stranger spoke again, and the dog turned and faced him. The man had not paid the slightest attention to the dog, but the animal's actions were so unusual that I could not take my eyes from him. The old fellow lifted his head to one side, took a few steps forward, and then sat in front of the man, and gazed into his face. Next he put his front feet on the man's knees, and listened intently while the man, heedless of the dog's familiarity, talked to me. He climbed into the man's lap, and looked up into his face. Then he stood on his hind feet, put a paw on each of the man's shoulders, and gazed into his eyes. It may have been only my imagination, but it seemed to me that I had never before seen such a troubled puzzled look in an animal's eyes as that dog wore as he stared into the man's face and tried to reason it out. What was the cause of his behaviour? The stranger was the dead man's brother, whom the dog till that day had never seen."

When MacCallum Sleeps.

"Sleep is to a man what winding up is to a clock."—Schopenhauer.

I have heard the lion roaring, I have heard a drowning yell, But to hear MacCallum snoring is a sound 'a' by itself.

As it comes from depths unfathomed at the evening's gentle close, For MacCallum's nasal organ discharges from his nose; And like infant peals of thunder with a rumbling choked and stilted, Is the great MacCallum's slumber—Champion Snorer of Argyle.

I have heard the rock-bound coast-line booming back the angry sea, And a can of shaken pebbles—they are merrily matched with thee, As thy lusty heathery layous grinds a pandemonic noise.

Thou each bone within thy framework holds a trembling equispice, I have watched thy heart, MacCallum, and have watched it with a smile, Like a plumber for a burst pipe—Champion Snorer of Argyle.

In the sound of wild Killbuckman, where the whistles and pebbles play, There is always storm at midnight, though there may be calm all day; Where the storm comes from we know not, any more than where it goes, But there's deep suspicion pointing to the great MacCallum's nose.

For from caverns in his bosom to his left and right Gusty breezes start in tumult—Champion Snorer of Argyle.

Years ago the mighty Callum "at the hearing" made a pile, And he built a solid dwelling in the best masonic style; But it soon became a ruin, Callum raxed it with a screw;

Now his specific murmurs are conducted on its floor, He emits like any cester; he will make Kintyre an isle; He's a rock disintegrator—Champion Snorer of Argyle!—"Punch."

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TURF FIXTURES.

June 21 and 22 Hawke's Bay J.C. Winter
June 28 and 29 Napier Park R.C. Winter
July 6 and 7 Gisborne R.C. Winter
July 11 and 14—Wellington R.C. Winter

TURF NOTES.

Seventy-two nominations have been received for the New Zealand Cup.

Legislation's name appears amongst the nominations for the hurdle events at the Wellington Winter Meeting.

Cresnot was the biggest outsider of the field that started in the Great Northern Hurdle. Cresnot finished fourth.

There is every probability that Mr A. Champion will take his horses, Full Cry and Cavalry, to Australia at an early date.

Messrs McLean, Frier, and Cleave are mentioned as being likely candidates for seats on the A.R.C. Committee at next election.

The Auckland horses Apologue, Scotty, Romeo and Gladstone figure amongst the nominations for the New Zealand Cup.

Evidently an attempt is to be made to get another race out of Nonette, as his name appears in the New Zealand Cup entries.

Kremlin's party were evidently not satisfied with Mr Evelt's treatment of their horse, and he was not seen out at the A.R.C. winter meeting.

Terence, the full brother to Norton, was sold by auction at the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Co's yards on Friday for 100s, the purchaser being Mr W. Austin.

At the annual meeting of the Taranaki Jockey Club Mr James Paul was elected president. Mr Oliver Samuel, the retiring president, was elected a life member.

The racehorses Waitmore, Eamoor, Chivalry, Defoe, Levant, Cymro, Dubaib, Paritutu, Waivera, Commonwealth, Miss King, and Trumpany were shipped South by the Taranaki on Sunday.

A few of the local punters escaped laying the winning Great Northern combination, Irish and Klater. The majority, however, were struck, but not for very large amounts.

Newtown, Lady Hume, and Iniskillen were withdrawn from their engagements on the concluding day of the A.R.C. Winter Meeting immediately on the appearance of the weights.

Moffat's time, 8:10-45, for the Great Northern Steeplechase in 1901, still stands as a record for the race, the next best being Muscadel, 8:22, and then comes Klater's performance on Wednesday, 8:26.

Mr John Todd, of Otahuhu, owner of Stratavon, received a wire at the latter end of last week from John Rae, stating that he had arrived in Western Australia, landing his team in good condition.

Mr W. Lyons, owner of Up to Date, coupled his horse with all the fancied candidates in the Hurdle Race, but although he invested £150 in various dummies, he did not succeed in getting a leg in with any of them.

Messiasin pulled up very lame after competing in the Ladies' Bracelet at Ellerslie last Saturday, and it was with great difficulty that he was got back to his stable. It is not very probable that he will be seen out for some time.

The following Auckland horses appear amongst the nominations for the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting: Kremlin, Iniskillen, Klater, Nor-west, Numa, Lady Hume, Newtown, Waikato, and Dotes.

A Sydney cable message states that the New Zealand horses Mandopote and Machine Gun have been nominated for the Nelson Handicap, Malantonga, Golden Kuleit, and Marchionne being among the entries for the Metropolitan Handicap.

Although Irish was one of the outsiders in the Great Northern Hurdle Race, his victory did not benefit the local punters much, and the majority of them had to carry his name forward, coupled with most of the fancied horses in the Steeplechase, Tombsation being the worst.

Up-to-date was shipped back to Sydney by the Mararoa on Sunday. Provided the weight is satisfactory, the horse will fulfil his engagement in the V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase. Mr W. Lyons, the owner of the horse, goes over by the same steamer.

The nominations received for the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting are probably the best ever received by the Club. The entries in the back hurdle events total 25, which is the largest received in New Zealand for this class of race.

Cresnot, Rose Madler, and Trumpany were not asked to fulfil their engagements on the concluding day of the A.R.C. Meeting, and they were shipped home, via Taranaki, the former pair on Thursday, and Trumpany on Sunday.

Mr Evelt and Mr Henry seem to have a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of Cresnot and Trumpany. Mr Evelt calls on Trumpany to concede Cresnot's ability, but Mr Henry takes the other view of it, and makes Cresnot give Trumpany a pound.

Paputa was shipped back to Gisborne last Saturday. The Crackshot gelding has been lame off and on for some time, but he was kept going in the hope that the lameness would wear off. However, after giving him every chance, it was finally decided to give him a spell of about twelve months, during which time he will probably do duty between the shafts of his owner's buggy.

When Irish came down at the double, during the running of the Great Northern Steeplechase, by reason of the fact that he was badly staked in one of his flanks. How the accident happened, no one seems to know, but the horse was in a very bad way when he got back to his stable, and his bowing him and an anæsthetic thus with him. He is not yet considered out of danger.

A different rider was found for Defoe in the Great Northern Steeplechase. Stewart being put up in place of Evelt, who rode the horse in his engagement on the Saturday. The change evidently had a beneficial effect, as the half brother to Moffat raced splendidly until he fell on top of the hill the last time around, and never offered to turn his head or anything.

It has been a popular opinion that Cresnot and Wallcut were both unable to act when being worked at their best on their performances on Wednesday, when they ran first and second in the Memura Hurdle, in and up to their knees, guess a long way to disprove this. Certainly both were both heavily laden with weight, but still they got through their task in good style.

Mr Evelt was evidently of the opinion that had he stood up, Nor-west would have won the Great Northern Steeplechase, in framing his handicaps for the concluding day of the meeting, he raised Mr Selby's horse seventeen pounds, while the winner, Klater, was only asked to carry ten more. Mr Evelt's opinion proved the correct one, as Klater, notwithstanding his increased weight, was the Winter Steeplechase in a canter.

One of the most popular victories seen at Ellerslie for some time was that of Newtown, the champion show galloper. When it was seen that the old veteran had got over the last fence in safety, the cheering commenced, and after he had passed the winning post, and was returning to the stables, the enthusiastic crowd was wonderful. I venture to say that there was not a prouder man in New Zealand on Wednesday than Mr Selby, the owner of the horse.

There is often a lot of fun to be had amongst the early risers tending the work at Ellerslie. One morning last week a fog enveloped the course, making it difficult to see, and every one was on the alert at the early start of a gallop. Among the number present at our particular occasion was a veteran tout, who, probably, is one of the oldest of the game in the colony, and who is up to every point, raising intensity at the six furlong post. There he suddenly saw something white-flit by, and immediately closed his watch. The vision disappeared in the fog for a few moments, and then reappeared at the five furlong post, where the fog was not quite so thick, when he discovered the "Old Resident" what he took to be the white strid of a boy on a horse, turned out to be a seagull.

Mr Stead's remarks at the annual meeting of the Canterbury Jockey Club regarding the raising of the minimum weight in handicaps should meet with the approval of all horseowners throughout New Zealand. There is scarcely a slightest doubt that matters as they are at present are anything but satisfactory. Take Auckland, for instance; there is not a meeting going on but what one sees horses handicapped at the minimum weight, 6 st 7 lb, carrying from seven to twelve pounds overweight. In fact, I think I am pretty safe in saying that we have only two, or at the other extreme, three, in Auckland that hold horses at the minimum weight. The matter is clearly one for

the Racing Conference to take up, and it is to be hoped in the best interests of the public that the matter will be done in the direction indicated.

The scene at the grave of the late Mr John Higginson, the veteran jockey, who was interred in the Eastern cemetery, N.S.W., last week, was marked by a number of pathetic incidents. The officiating clergyman, in delivering an eulogy of the deceased, appealed to the crowd of mourners to carry their arms to the back of his head, as they said, and say whether Mr Higginson had ever committed a dishonourable act. With one accord, the answer came. Just as the body was about to be lowered into the grave, a venerable old gentleman said in the course of the eulogy the deceased had worn when he rode Yvon and Tarragon to victory in the early fifties. The old gentleman proved to be Mr S. Lovell, who owned the above-named horses, and who had owned a long way to be present at the funeral. The pathetic character of the incident greatly affected many of the mourners present.

The market showed that it was little supposed that Mania would beat Jack o' Lantern in the Hurdle Stakes at Stockbridge in 1886, for the betting was 6 to 1 on Jack o' Lantern, and 10 to 1 "bar one." Mania was the property of Tom Jennings, and he was sold by his friend Tom Cannon before the race.

"I can't tell you how to ride her. Do what you think best. On paper Jack o' Lantern is sure to beat you."

The race concluded at a moment. "If you can't win on paper, the thing is together a false run race," he presently observed. "You know they can beat you at five furlongs; see if you can beat them at two."

It came off, for when Mania challenged Jack o' Lantern, who had cut out the work at a slow pace, she had him in trouble opposite the stand, and won by three quarters of a length.

Racing men, as a rule, are proverbial gamblers, especially when handicapping is concerned, and it is not always wise to take any notice of their complaints, but there are exceptional cases that come under one's notice that call for explanation. Take, for instance, the case of Lady Hume. This mare runs third in the Great Northern Hurdle Race, carrying 9 st, being beaten pretty comfortably by the winner, Irish, who carried her 5 lb. Mr Evelt in making his handicaps for the second day of the meeting, raises Irish to 10 st and Lady Hume to 10 st 3 lb, making them equal in weight for the Saturday. The Irish beat her in the Northern, neither of the pair ran in the hurdle race on the Wednesday, but when Mr Evelt comes to assess the weights for the concluding day of the meeting, he handicaps them at even weights. Mr Evelt's verdict arrives at this conclusion is not quite clear, but probably, if asked for an explanation, he would be able to furnish one.

Men who are accustomed to ride racehorses in their gaiters are, of course, familiar with the movement achieved when a horse, while striding out, "changes his legs." Some do this very quickly, and it does not seem to be very generally appreciated, speed, while others cannot do so cleverly, and do not always give their rider a pleasant "feel."

The other morning a young nobleman visited my stables. In looking at some horses, and to ride out, he greatly fettered his own ability as a jockey (entirely without reason), and told the lad after the first canter that he had ridden with great success in India. Then he essayed to perform in a long gallop, and was gasping horribly before it was over.

"Well, and how did the horse go with you, sir?" asked the trainer politely, as he stretched the patrician trying to get his wind.

"Go with me?" replied the nobleman, somewhat hysterically, "why, he went very badly. He was always changing his legs." "Great Scott! I wish he could change them, and ride out," he presently, "for at present he hasn't got a sound one at either end."

The decisions arrived at by the A.R.C. stewards last Saturday, in connection with the racing by Newtown and Dr. Quest, in their respective races, has been the subject of a lot of comment in sporting circles. Both cases were exactly similar, so practically the one decision covered the other. In the Maiden Hurdle Race, Newtown and Commonwealth had the finish of the race to themselves, nothing close being within half a dozen lengths of them, when Newtown undoubtedly came out and beat Commonwealth with commonwealth, who, however, managed to beat him by a very narrow margin. After the race everyone looked for an inquiry, expecting the stewards to decide whether Newtown's rider, Howard, had caused the interference. However, the inquiry was not made, and the decision arrived at. How the officials came to the conclusion they did is a matter for wonderment, as, if the interference was accidental (which by their decision they assumed it was), then no inquiry would have been done to anyone (considering that only the winner of the race was interfered with) had they decided to let the Judge's placings stand. On the other hand, if the interference was intentional, did a grave injustice both to the owner of the horse and the public who supported

him. The stewards of a racing club are at all times to be congratulated on their efforts to stamp out foul riding, but when they decide to call a race off, and a forfeit is taken place, then it is a matter of regret that when such interference does not cause any injury, that the owner of the horse, and the general public should be allowed to suffer. The above remarks in the Newtown case apply equally to that of Dr. Quest.

An English writer says:—Perhaps no jockey ever did more under more prodigious efforts to build up the progress of Nature developments than Fred Webb.

After he settled down at Newmarket, his horse walks became a frequent topic of conversation. Fred, however, to Cambridge and back was his usual stroll, and at no lounging pace did he travel either.

For some time he had Fred Jeffery as a companion, and subsequently the late Fred Jeffery, who had accompanied him on his "out and home" journey.

As often as not, however, Fred pursued his walk alone, which, of course, on such occasions increased it monotonously.

Had just Fred Archer adopted this method of wasting the one natural method, after all said and done, he might have been alive now.

Webb served his apprenticeship with good old Matthew Dawson, and he it was who really taught Fred Archer the art of racing riding, and the late great jockey could not have modelled his seat in the saddle on better lines.

With a splendid reach, and rode with his head as well as his hands and legs. What a tremendous effort that was between the two Freds. Webb and Archer on Hampton and Glendie respectively for the Northumberland Plate.

After pulling up and turning round to return to the paddock Archer said, "I think I've won a head or a neck." "I think you did," answered the elder jockey, but the younger instant Archer caught sight of the number board and said, "No, you've beaten me, Fred. I should have thought it."

No more did hundreds of other spectators who were nearest the winning post.

The chairman of the Canterbury Jockey Club, Mr G. Stead, in his remarks at the annual meeting that body, made strong reference to the fact that the totalisator receipts of the club, and attributed the fact to the support given to the bookmakers, who were largely patronised owing to the fact that the club is on the right track in the matter, but it hardly think he has hit the nail on the head. So when he puts it down to the credit system, or that it is quite a number of totalisator proprietors who allow fully two-thirds of those who bet on the track with bookmakers to bet on credit on the books of the investor in public credit betting that is the cause of the decrease in the receipts. Personally, I am of the opinion that the cause of the falling-off will have to be looked for in quite another quarter, the one mentioned by Mr Stead, and that is the introduction of the one-two dividend scheme. For a short time after this system came into operation the turnover increased, but it was only for a short time, as most of the leading centres there has been a decided falling-off of late. When one comes to consider the fractions that must be paid to the bookmakers of the investor in the percentage deducted will mean that the majority of cases to be considerably more than the authorised ten per cent., and this it has to be borne in mind, comes out of the pockets of the investor in public. Then, again, the dividends returned under the one-two scheme are such as to make it practically impossible for an ordinary bettor (unless he has a phenomenal run of luck) to win any money so that taking all things into consideration a bookie naturally keeps away from the machine and invests with the bookmaker in order to get the best return in investment. In the older days, under the one dividend, the punters did very little w.p. betting, as it was no good to them, the straight out business being far the best. The one-two is only since the introduction of the present system that they have so largely adopted the style of betting which is now in vogue. Take, again, the double machine, which has only been introduced on a number of courses; it is only a matter of time when the bookmakers will lay clients wagers to be decided by the amount paid by that instrument. So, I think if the racing clubs wish to regain their turnover of a few years ago their only chance is to do away with the present style and revert to the one-dividend system.

That good all-round sportsman, Mr Geo. Mulcaster, writes something interesting in connection with the life of the late Mr Geo. Mulcaster, the Cumberland trainer. Mulcaster started as a trainer in the seventies, at Easington, in Yorkshire, where he had charge of the then Duke of Hamilton's stud of steeplechasers, which included the crack racing hunter of the day, The Bear. This horse had been so highly tried that the trainer had become a very expert master that success in a certain occasion was only a question of The Bear standing up, but the good thing, with Marsh (now the King's tanner) riding, failed to materialise, to the disgust of the owner of the horse, and the trainer, who was satisfied the form was wrong and proved it to be so in a subsequent trial at home. On the horse's next appearance in public, Mulcaster's confidence was not shaken, though the result of the same jockey up, was as disastrous as be-

TRY PETER F. HEERING'S CHERRY BRANDY WITH SODA. SWIFT & COMPANY, 32 O'Connell St., SYDNEY, Agents.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HANDICAP

second horse to receive 10 lbs., and third horse 25 lbs. out of the stake. Seven furlongs.

- Mr. J. Monk's br g Exmoor, 5 yrs, by Captain Lauder, 11.0; Dunblain, 11.0; McNamara's Admiral Cerveras, 10.0 (Young)..... 2
Mr. T. H. Lowry's b m Rose Maddier, 4 yrs, 9.7 (E. Davis)..... 3

Also started: Romeo, 11.11; Durable, 11.0; Full Cry, 10.8; Gordie, 10.5; Landlock, 10.3; Waikato, 9.10; Sir Gilvad, 8.10; Liberator, 8.7; Adonis, 8.7; Governor, 8.5; The amount, 9.4; Cattle Irb, 9.2; Southey, 9.0; Albuera, 9.0.
Notorini was first to find his feet, but was immediately displaced by Liberator, who in turn was supplanted by Exmoor, and the former showed the way through the cutting, two lengths in front of Notorini, then came Admiral Cerveras and Rose Maddier, with the rest of the field in a tuck was signalled by Exmoor, and they crossed the top stretch and turned for home. At the distance Exmoor was going easily in front, and although Admiral Cerveras and Rose Maddier both made determined efforts to get on terms, it was of no avail, as Exmoor had no difficulty in keeping them off, and winning easily by a couple of lengths from Admiral Cerveras, who was a similar distance in front of Rose Maddier. Cattle Irb, was fourth, Sir Gilvad fifth, and Landlock last. Time, 1.35. Dividends, £2 18 6 and £2 5 6.

THE TAILY-HO STEEPCHASE HANDICAP

second horse to receive 10 lbs., and third horse 10 lbs. out of the stake. About three miles.

- Mr. E. P. Selby's br g Nor-west, aged, by Sun-wester-Betty, 10.0 (W. Wilson) 1
Mr. L. Coleman's Dingo, 10.0 (Phillips) 2
Mr. T. Wylie's Major, 10.0 (J. Wilson) 3

Also ran: Hyles, 10.0; Evermore, 9.10; Terence, 9.7.
Nor-west and Dingo were first to break the line, and they jumped the soil wall together. At the water the whole field could have been covered with the proverbial sheet, but once over the field spread out a bit, Nor-west, Terence, and Dingo comprising the leading division, and they were alternately in the lead as they went along the back and up the hill, with Hyles, Evermore, and Major close together some distance back. There was no material alteration in the positions as they came into the course and jumped the double, but after clearing the old water jump Nor-west showed out three lengths in front of Dingo, while Major made a forward move. Going up the hill the last time Nor-west laid his advantage, and after jumping the last fence on the hill, he drew out, and getting over the last two obstacles in safety, the old veteran won in great style by half a length from Dingo, who was four lengths in front of Major, the others coming in at intervals. Time, 6.37. Dividend, £4 3 0.
On returning to scale Nor-west met with a great reception, both horse and rider being loudly cheered, in fact, such a demonstration has not been witnessed at Ellerslie since Waitaki won the Derby in 1903.

THE PONY WELTER HANDICAP

second horse to receive 10 lbs., and third horse 5 lbs. out of the stake. Six furlongs.

- Mr. J. B. Williams's br g Dr. Quest, 5 yrs, by South-Nelsonia, 8.5 (E. Quest) 1
Mr. H. Burch's b m Orange and Blue, 10.7 (Barr)..... 2
Mr. J. H. Hussen's br g Fashionable, 11.11 (Gibbin)..... 3

Also started: Sonoma, 11.7; Forth, 10.11; Giron, 10.3; Sally Harner, 9.5; Gill-sadie, 9.5; Little Mabel, 9.3; Thurlock, 9.0; Lucia, 8.8; The Crusader, 8.0; Nettle, 8.0; Stort-ler, 8.0.
The race was run in semi-darkness, and beyond the actual leaders it was impossible to distinguish the competitors. When the barrier (from Gilvad) whipped around, and was left, Dr. Quest and Orange and Blue were first to find their feet, and they made a lay three lengths in front of Sally Harner and Sonoma, with Little Mabel at the head of the others. Dr. Quest took charge as they crossed the top stretch, and he was first to turn for home, just in front of Orange and Blue. Holding his own in the run to the post, Dr. Quest at last succeeded in breaking his maiden, winning by the best part of three lengths from

Orange and Blue, who was half a length in front of Fashionable; Little Mabel was close up fourth. Time, 1.33. Dividends, £2 16, and £2 13.

THIRD DAY.

The Auckland Racing Club brought their Winter Meeting to a close at Ellerslie on Saturday afternoon. The weather was perfect, and there was a good attendance. The principal events of the day were the York Welter and the Winter Steepchase. The former attracted the good field of 20 runners, and was won after a good race by the Wellington-owned Exmoor. The Winter Steepchase only brought out five contestants, and the race was generally looked upon as a duel between Haydn and Nor-west, who practically monopolised the betting, the other three starters only being entered in a very half-hearted manner. The betting in the opinion of the majority of the race, as when it came to the business part of the contest there were only the two with any chance, and victory eventually rested with the renowned veteran Nor-west, who was one of the leaders throughout, and won at the finish with plenty in hand. Nor-west's victory was a very popular one. Mr. R. B. Lusk officiated as judge, Mr. A. Kuhn as bookmaker, and Mr. C. G. Connor as starter, while the latter gentleman carried through his arduous duties in his well-known style. The catering in the hands of Mr. T. King left no room for complaint, and the imported Handicapper James continued proceedings during the afternoon with a choice programme. Notwithstanding the beautiful weather and the large fields which took part in most of the events, speculation was slow, and a shrinkage on last year's amount has to be noted, the totals being—1904, £10,827; 1905, £10,145. These figures make the amount handed at the gathering £28,574, a decrease of £1953 on last year's total. The meeting was satisfactorily closed by the secretary (Mr. W. Percival) and the various officials, and with the decision of the Ladies' Bracelet the curtain was rung down on local racing for the season 1904-05.

TAMAKI STEEPCHASE

- second horse 10 lbs., Distance, 2 1/2 miles.
85—Mr. H. C. Tonks' Lingard, 9.7 (W. Wilson)..... 1
55—Mr. H. Cotter's Great Scott, 9.12 (McGregor)..... 2
37—Mr. J. W. Wylie's Rolf, 9.10 (W. Wilson)..... 3

Also started: 141 Major.
Rolf was first to break the line, and he showed the way up the hill, with Major, Lingard, and Great Scott following. Rolf was still acting as pacemaker as they came down into the course, but at the sod wall the field were all together, and they came to the double in line. Great Scott outdistorted by the schree at the end of the fence of the double, and was in front as they went to the old water-jump, but once over Lingard was in the lead, and joined by Major, the pair raced together along the back and up the hill. At the top Lingard was three lengths ahead of Major, who, however, had reduced the gap and was almost on terms as they came to the sod wall in the course, where Major made a faulty jump and came down, leaving Lingard to go on ten lengths in front of Great Scott. The latter made a great effort to get on terms, but Lingard kept him off, and after jumping the last three lengths, with Rolf twenty lengths away third. Time, 4.56 3/5. Dividend, £3 7 1/2.

YORK WELTER HANDICAP

- second horse 10 lbs., Distance, one mile.
352—Mr. J. Monk's Exmoor, 11.0 (Jenkins) 1
95—Mr. A. H. Lloyd's Sir Gilvad, 9.10 (Taylor)..... 2
61—Mr. F. L. Armitage's Lylea, 9.7 (Ryan)..... 3

Also started: 105 J. Parham; 90 Romeo; 61 Full Cry; 50 G. G. G. G.; 24 J. J. J. J.; 20 Jewell; 37 Deland; 47 Zulueta; 100 Admiral Cerveras; 43 Akarua; 157 Fashionable; 220 Waikato; Scratchers: Chivalry.
When the field came into sight Romeo and Jewellery were showing prominently, but a little further on Waitaki took charge, closely attended by Fashionable and Seabird, the others, with the exception of Armitage, being bunched. Waikato showed the way along the back and across the top stretch, Exmoor running up into se-

cond position, and then came Admiral Cerveras, with Full Cry at the head of the others. Exmoor took the lead as they turned for home, and at the distance he was easily in front of Full Cry, Sir Gilvad, Lylea, Cattle Irb, who all issued strong challenges half way along the town rails, and Exmoor had to be hard ridden to win by a head from Sir Gilvad, who was a length in front of Lylea, Cattle Irb being fourth, and Full Cry fifth, the last horses being Armitage and Jewellery. Time, 1.48 1/5. Dividends, £4 2 5/8 and £3.

WINTER STEEPCHASE

- second horse 10 lbs., Distance, about 3 miles.
301—Mr. E. P. Selby's Nor-west, 10.12 (F. W. Wilson)..... 1
84—Miss M. Macnamara's Dingo, 10.4 (Haydn, 11.10 (Fergus)..... 2
84—Mr. L. Coleman's Dingo, 10.4 (Phillips)..... 3

Also started: 112 Ludo, and 37 Evermore.
Nor-west was quickest to the first fence. After a little Dingo and Evermore joined with him, the trio being in line at the water three lengths in front of Haydn, with Ludo last, and in this order they passed the old water. There was no alteration in the position as they rode along the back, but ascending the hill Nor-west had a slight advantage of Dingo, with Evermore and Haydn following, and they came into the course with the position unaltered. At the double Nor-west, Dingo, Haydn, and Evermore were all of a heap, but Nor-west got in the lead again with Dingo in second place, and the pair were on terms as they went along the back with Haydn close up. Breasting the hill the last time Haydn supplanted Dingo, and he was within a couple of lengths of Nor-west when the top of the hill was reached. Coming down the hill for home Haydn led his effort, but although he was hard ridden right to the finish it was of no avail, as Nor-west, jumping the remaining obstacles in great style, came on and won with the greatest ease by three lengths. Haydn and Dingo by 20 lengths for second honours. Evermore was fourth, and Ludo last. Time, 6.30. Dividend, £2 11 6.

THE CAMPBELL HURDLE RACE

- (H.C.A.P.) of 200 lbs.; second horse to receive 25 lbs. and third horse 10 lbs. out of the stake. Over seven furlongs of hurdles. One mile and three-quarters.
Mr. A. Chapman's b h Cavalry, 6 yrs, by Light Artillery—Sunningdale, 10.12 (G. O'Rourke)..... 1
Mr. F. Steuning's br g Cairnago, 4 yrs, 9.6 (McCabe)..... 2
Mr. J. H. Prosser's blk h Waitaree, 4 yrs, 10.3..... 3

Also started: Miss King, 10.7; Levant, 10.6; Walkers, 10.5; Lady Clare, 9.3.
Levant hung a bit, then he was lifted and lost a lot of ground. Cavalry was first to make play, and he showed the way over the first fence, the order then being: Cavalry, Cairnago, Lady Clare, Waitaree, Waitara, and Levant. Cavalry setting a good pace, was still in the lead as they passed the stand, Lady Clare being second, and then came Levant, Cairnago, and Waitaree. Cavalry was still bowling along in front as they went along the back and across the top stretch, Cairnago running into second position, with Levant and Waitaree following in that order. Cairnago was almost on terms with Cavalry as they turned for home, and there was practically nothing between them as they jumped the last fence, and a good finish home resulted—Cavalry staying the longest and winning by a length and a half, with Waitaree second, or eight lengths away third. Levant was fourth, and Miss King last. Time, 3.33. Dividends, £2 14 and £11 5 1/2.

THE FITZROY WELTER HANDICAP

- of 100 lbs.; second horse to receive 10 lbs. out of the stake. Minimum weight, 8 lb. Six furlongs.
Mr. A. Telfer's br g Neryne, 3 yrs, by Phoebe Apollo—Eve, 10.9 (Motherley) 1
Mr. J. Rouleau's Pukekoe, 9.11 (T. Taylor)..... 2
Mr. D. J. Wallace's b m Leo Delaval, 9.5 (Barr)..... 3

Also started: Notorini, 10.7; Takaro, 9.11; Whakahihi, 9.9; Luetia, 9.7; Albuera, 9.6; Sir Hector, 9.6; Louisa, 9.4; Royal Shell, 9.0; Stepmar, 9.0; Southland, 9.0; Loch Awe, 8.9; St. Cyril, 8.0; Te Papa, 8.0; Simple Simon, 8.8.
Albuera was first to commence, but when they settled down Stepmar was in the lead

a couple of lengths in front of Neryne and Pukekoe, with Luetia at the head of the others. Stepmar showed the way across the top stretch, but as they turned for home Neryne took charge, and he led to the distance, where Pukekoe challenged, and Leo Delaval also putting in a claim a good race resulted in Neryne winning by half a length from Pukekoe, who was a length in front of Leo Delaval. Luetia was fourth, Lerin fifth, and Whakahihi last. Time, 1.23 2/5. Dividends, £9 4, and £1 19.

THE FARNWELL HANDICAP

- second horse to receive 10 lbs. out of the stake. Minimum weight, 8 lb. Five furlongs.
Mr. F. Williams' b g Waitaki, 3 yrs, by Lord Royal—Jennie, 9.10 (McCluskie) 1
Mr. F. V. Ralph's b g Waikato, 10.0 (Howard)..... 2
Mr. H. Burch's ch g Discoverer, 10.0 (White)..... 3

Also started: Hoboro, 12.8; Black and Gold, 10.9; Landlock, 10.7; Liberator, 10.4; Te Aroha, 10.3; Desmond, 10.3; Gwynn, 10.2; Lovell, 10.0; Woodmont, 10.0; Kula Sp, 9.9; Klondyke, 9.3; Merry Scott, 8.4.
Landlock and Black and Gold gave a lot of trouble at the post, but after a bit of delay Mr. O'Rourke succeeded in getting them away in line. Landlock was second on his feet, but Klondyke immediately rushed to the front, and he showed the way across the top stretch just in front of Black and Gold, Waitaki, Discoverer, and Desmond. As they turned for home Waitaki and Discoverer were together, and at the distance this pair were fighting out the finish, when Waikato came fact on the outside, and although he passed Discoverer, he could not reach Waitaki, who won by half a length, with Discoverer three parts of a length away third. Hoboro was fourth, and Landlock last. Time, 1.8 2/5. Dividends, £2 3/8 and £2 7 1/8.

THE LADIES' BRACELET

- of 200 lbs.; second horse to receive 10 lbs. and a bracelet of the value of 100 lbs. out of the stake. Gentlemen riders. A trophy value 500 lbs. to the rider of the winner. One mile.
Mrs. O'Rourke's b g Commonwealth, 6 yrs, by St. Legor—Cantiller, 11.0 (Mr. O'Rourke)..... 1
Miss Wallace's b m Leo Delaval, 11.0 (Mr. G. Paul)..... 2
Miss McDonald's f Pearl Necklet, 10.10 (Mr. H. Tonks)..... 3

Also started: Lanuit, 11.0; Ngarine, 11.0; Loch Fyne, 11.0; Southern Cross, 11.0; Sir Hector, 10.10.
When the field came in sight they were all together, with the exception of Landlock, who hung a bit when the barrier lifted. As they passed the seven-furlong post Southern Cross took charge, and he showed the way along the back a length in front of Commonwealth, who was just in front of Pearl Necklet and Sir Hector. Commonwealth was still in the lead as they went to the front and Leo Delaval also made a forward move. Commonwealth was first to turn for home, and drawing out in the run to the post, he won with the greatest of ease by half a dozen lengths from Leo Delaval, who was two lengths in front of Pearl Necklet. Time, 1.51. Dividends, £2 13 6 and £2 5 1/2.

HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

NAPIER, Thursday.

The following weights have been declared for events at the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting:
June Steepchase of 800 lbs., about two miles and a-half—Jack of Lantern 12.5; Maccashi 11.0; Phoebe, 11.8; Mpl 11.3; Comfort 10.9; Torpina 10.7; Snelgrove 9.13; Sumner 8.9; Moeaki 8.9; Hoer 8.9; St. Rene 8.7; Pannagere 8.7; Kohatu 8.7; Mphisto 8.7; Road 8.7; Narela 8.7.
Winter Hurdle Handicap of 800 lbs., one mile—Rocky 10.5; Provost Marshal 10.5; Pantalone 9.13; Barea 9.13; Reunero 9.12; Hatter 9.0; Hoan 9.0; Minder 8.5; Shanks 9.3; Tironal 9.2; Pearl River 9.2; Pakea 9.0; Rossgrove 9.0; Goldwing 8.0; Cosma 8.0; Tass 8.0.
Ladies' Bracelet of 200 lbs., one mile and a-half—Admiral Cerveras 12.7; Grand 12.0; Frodo 11.11; Comfort 11.10; Shackle 11.9; Benefactor 11.9; St. Lya 10.8; Oter

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THE THEATRICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.
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Watch Future Advertisements.

On this Wednesday and Thursday evenings "Camille" is to be given, and amongst old play-goers expectation is on tip-toe to see how Miss Stewart will compare with the other artists of repute who have essayed the great part in these colonies.

"Music" writes to us to say that a very old and popular musician in Auckland is by an illness of over ten weeks placed in very straitened circumstances. This is Mr. Chas. Waud, who has on numerous occasions given his assistance to charities and benefactors. It is now the occasion to give him some assistance in return. Mr. A. Eady will be pleased to acknowledge any contribution or other assistance.

Madame Modjeska received a benefit of a remarkable nature at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, recently, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Ada Rehan, Madame Ella Russell and M. Vladimir de Pachmann were among the contributors to the performance, while Miss Loftus sold flowers at exorbitant prices in the lobby. Before the box-offices opened over £200 had been received. Mr. Paucrowick, who was among the first to offer his services, sent a sympathetic letter declaring himself increased and humiliated by his inability to attend. From Madame Modjeska he had received the first encouraging words in his career as a pianist.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert proved himself once again a Solomon in judgment at the Edgware Court, London, when a chauffeur, charged with travelling at excessive speed, pleaded he was not aware he was driving at 20 miles an hour. "If the driver of a motor-car," said Mr. Gilbert, "does not know the difference between going at 20 and 20 miles an hour, he is not justified in being a driver." The defendant was fined 40, and costs.

The grave of the late Dan Leno, the King's Jester, in Lambeth Cemetery, Tooting, is now marked by a handsome monument. It is in the form of a white marble cross entwined with ivy, and bears the following inscription: "In loving memory of my dear husband, George Galvin, 'Dan Leno,' who fell asleep October 31, 1904, aged 43. Here sleeps the King of Laughter Makers. Sleep well, dear heart, until the King of Glory awakens thee."

The Auckland Shakespeare Society will give their first reading of the present season on Thursday evening, 22nd inst., when "Othello" will be presented by a carefully selected cast. Mr. J. M. Clark, of Wellington, will assist the society on this occasion, and will read the name-part. Among others taking part will be Mr. McVeagh ("Iago"), Mr. Jellie ("Cassio"), Mr. Singer ("Roderigo"), Miss Bruce ("Emilia"), Mrs. Kekwick ("Desdemona").

"Blind Man's Buff" has proved more to the taste of Aucklanders than "Pretty Peggy," which, though a pretty play, has little stability in it. Its first scene is frankly ludicrous, and absurd, and it is really only Miss Stewart herself who redeems the others from commonplace. In "Blind Man's Buff" we have a good wholesome play, with striking dramatic points, of which Miss Stewart takes the fullest advantage. The first act is perhaps a little spun out, but thereafter interest holds the audience absorbed to the end.

On Friday a double bill will be presented at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, when Miss Stewart and her company will produce "Up o' Me Thumb," and "The Marquis of Treville." The former play is a London success, purchased by Mr. Musgrove at the height of its popularity. "The Marquis of Treville" has never yet been played on any stage. That shrewd and capable judge of plays, the late Mr. Charles Arnold, submitted it to Miss Stewart at the author's request. Very great curiosity and interest naturally surround the production.

"Leah Kleschna" is a "safe success," says the London "Era." It combines all the strong, close construction, and least sensationalism of a melodrama with the deep human interest of a modern "social regeneration" play. The union is irresistible. At the end of the fourth act you could have almost heard a pin drop. Typical theorists, scornful of mere melodrama, held their breath for a while; and even the ranks of Tuszany—that is to say, the jaded, hack first-nighters, in whose breasts every spark of enthusiasm has long died down, could scarce forbear to cheer. As for the popular parts of the house, they shouted at the conclusion till they must have been almost hoarse, and remained for many minutes, getting curtain up again and again on the three leading artists, and going home reluctant at not having seen the author.

The play-going public will very soon be given the opportunity of seeing the much-talked-of Hill-Birch comic opera, "A Moorish Maid." The premiere is fixed for June 26, and the season will last for six nights. I hear most favourable accounts from well-informed quarters of the way in which the new work is developing at rehearsal. The cast of principals alone should go a long way to inspiring confidence in the result of the production. Madame Lillian Tree (backed by an operatic career at Covent Garden, London), Fred H. Graham is grotesque comedian, as well-known here as in Australia and London, Mr. Archibald Taylor (our old friend of the amateur opera days),

Misses Marion Mitchell and Sissie Sandford, Lucie Ehrenfried, Mr. M. Hamilton Hodges, and Mr. H. R. Coney—these constitute, surely, as strong a cast of principals as the colony could well produce.

A striking feature in "A Moorish Maid" will be the introduction into the beginning of the second act of a Moorish carpet dance, put sent by Miss Rose Lennard and an auxiliary pas de deux by Misses Clarke. This dance, which has the accompaniment in orchestra and chorus of a remarkable Arabian musical number, has been taught by Mrs. Malcolmson Boulton, who has the stage direction of the opera. It is said of it that it gives that peculiar Oriental atmosphere to the work that is so suitable to it. Other features I hear spoken of as very likely to catch on are a double sextet, a topical trio by the two comedians and soubrette, and, amongst others, a musical sketch written for Mr. Graham and Miss Sissie Sandford. Mr. Birch's lyrics by no means stop at the humorous kind, there being several of a light sentimental type. As for Alfred Hill's music, I am told that for variety and sweet melody he has never excelled it. Throughout not only Auckland, but the whole colony, "A Moorish Maid" is being awaited with quite remarkable interest.

Mr. Ben Greet, who is at present engaged in a series of Shakespearean revivals in America, has been offered the Chair of Dramatic Literature in the University of California. This is probably the first time that an actor has been honoured in this particular way in America. It is not an infrequent thing for prominent players to be called upon to address classes at the great universities, and both in America and England the custom of inviting members of the theatrical profession to lecture upon the drama has long been a part of the programmes of the leading institutions of learning. Sir Henry Irving first delivered his famous lecture on "The Art of Acting" to the students of Harvard in 1885, and he has been heard on various occasions in other American colleges. Mr. Greet is generally recognized as an authority on early and Elizabethan drama, and when his company was in California the university people insisted upon a return appearance of himself and members at the university theatre. In all he was three months on the Western coast.

The Criterion (Sydney) was packed in every part when Mr. George Stephenson's brilliant musical comedy company appeared in "Bill Adams" or "The Bloke Wat Won Waterloo"—a musical and terpsichorial extravaganza of the most popular order. Mr. Edward Lauri, as Bill, caused shrieks of merriment. May Beatty (Margot) looked good enough to eat as Lady Bingo Barr. Miss Roland Watts-Phillips was a strong pillar of power; while Charles McNaughton was excellent as Major Brussels Sprouts. Arthur Lissant, Harold Reeves, W. and C. Bovis, Roy Sydney and Sutton filled the various parts ably; and May Garstang and Alice Nixon did good work. In his songs, "I Am Mr. William Adams" and "The Fighting Things-ny-bobs," and dances, Lauri was grotesquely funny. Miss Beatty has no less than six chances to air her splendid voice and style; both artists being repeatedly recalled. Miss Garstang was immense in her songs, "Honey-moon" and "Honey-suckle Island," "Bill Adams," whether he won the battle of Waterloo or not, certainly won Sydney outworks, ramparts and citadel. It was an unconditional surrender! "Bill Adams" comes to New Zealand anon.

The Miss Rose Yates, whose portrait appears on page two of this issue under the mistaken title of Miss Maud Yates, is a daughter of Mr. R. Yates, one of the "old time" musicians of the colony. Mr. Yates is a most admirable violinist, and has proved a most valuable member of local orchestras for many years past, having taken the important position of leader of both first and second violins in some of the most notable concerts and operatic performances given in Auckland. He has a genuine love of music, and is perhaps as shrewd a judge of orchestral work as could now-a-days be found. An older sister of Miss Rose (winner of the Trinity College Senior Exhibition), Miss Ada Yates, is also very well known in musical circles, both as a teacher, pianoforte soloist, and an exceptionally able accompanist. In the palmy days of the Auckland Amateur Opera Club, Miss Yates invariably acted as accompanist, and in that capacity brought an amount of enthusiasm and

hard work to bear, and a good nature and good temper under difficulties, which earned the hearty goodwill and respect of all brought into contact with her, and contributed not a little to the many successes scored by the club years ago. Miss Rose Yates, who was taught entirely by her sister, is evidently endowed with the family talent for music, and her early success as recorded on page two will bring many congratulations and good wishes for further advancement.

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GENIUS consists of doing an unusual thing at the right time; of utilizing the commonplace so as to give a hint of the supernatural.

Billy Campbell made this declaration in referring to Tiberius Smith's knack of making bricks with very little straw. "And that's why Tiberius nearly always was able to score a master-stroke," he continued; "for he used whatever property effects there were at hand, and was never dependent upon any intricate paraphernalia. He could a-tound a crowd of men by doing something extraordinary with a clothes-pin, and I reckon he could quell a mob with an umbrella."

"It was the very oddity of his moves, and the simplicity of the deus ex machina that aured the average gang of trouble-seekers and gave him time to hunt for the rear exit."

"But the Burma incident?" I reminded him; for Billy had long saved me this story as an illustration of American adaptability in the Orient.

"Oh, yes; I was to give you the Irrawaddy transaction on the first rainy evening. And, by Jove, how it does rain!"

Saying this, he went to the window and pulled back the curtains to enjoy the sullen autumnal downpour. Then, turning appreciatively to the open grate, he remarked:

"It was ridiculous to take a white woman up there, any way."

"That was the strolling actor's way. Just as you settled back to enjoy a good yarn, he would anticipate something in his story by some such irrelevant observation."

"Well," I asked desperately, exasperated by this continued silence, "did you and Smith abduct any white woman in Burma?"

"No," he replied absently. "Tib saved one, though. Say, let me begin at the beginning. It's a queer story, but except for the climax I reckon scores and scores of foolish Europeans have faced the same fate, and unfortunately succumbed to it."

"It was after we made a haul in Brazilian diamonds that Tib proposed a trip abroad, in order to get out of the beaten tracks and enjoy life in our own way. With plenty of funds and an inclination to enjoy them, there was nothing to hinder our going where we pleased."

"I had no people to watch for my exits and entrances, and Tiberius, who had left his home State, Vermont, when very young, could point to no relative nearer than the sixth degree. The only bother was to decide just where we would go."

"You see, we knew Europe like a guide-book, and it was not until we had secured state-rooms on the liner that we saw our course clearly defined. For just as we were leaving the hotel in this town to board the boat, Tib received a letter from Sydney Danby."

"Danby, you know, was an Anglo-Indian, and idiotic enough to prefer the banks of the Irrawaddy to the Thames or the Hudson. A man of independent means, he could live where he listeth, and some erratic strain of ancestry led him to go houn-ah-hunting in Burma."

"In fact, to him, Assam and Burma were the only decent rental stations in the world's real estate market. Think of it!"

"Well, we'd met Danby in New York several years before, when he was globe-trotting. He was entangled in some contretemps here, and Tiberius entered from the right wing and performed a thrilling five dollar rescue. It was nothing for a man to remember, but the idea sank in Danby's show mind that Tib was his sworn brother, and all that sort of stuff, and occasionally he wrote Tib long letters, solid and stolid. It was only his English imperturbability that restrained him from gushing.

"Later on we met him in London, just after his marriage to a little pink-checked woman who always thought of him in capitals. At that time he was busy crating up his laces and penates, bound for his old home in India. Only, he told us, he had bought a new place up in Burma on the banks of the Irrawaddy."

"Well, the letter told Tib how the writer was elegantly situated, while his only sorrow was that we two couldn't drop in and have a smoke with him."

"I guess that's where we are bound for," cried Tib. "I've been in Calcutta, but not for any length of time. Let's take it easy and wind up by visiting Danby."

"As his way was my way I nodded, although I didn't exactly like the idea. It seemed a long jaunt to take just to be eaten up by a new breed of flies, or to be stung by a serpent with a long Latin name."

"Still, if it hadn't been for Tib I should never have retained my equity in life, let alone having any vacation money so I bowed in acquiescence and we began to study the ship's atlas. Danby said his bungalow was about thirty miles from Bhamo and about three miles from the nearest plantation."

"The voters in his ward have plenty of elbow room, I should say," remarked Tib, as he opened a volume of Kipling's jungle stories to ascertain the nearest way of separating a tiger from life. And I fell to wondering what on earth an English gentleman could find to enjoy up there alone with her husband and a dozen coolies."

"No dropping into tea, no theatres, no lawn parties, just a sun-baked existence minus the latest fashions. I remarked that the lady must be lonely at times, but Tib waxed enthusiastic and spoke learnedly of the scenery, of the sport of hunting wild animals in the company of a rajahputra, or some other wild elf, and many other discussions peculiarly suited to feminine tastes."

"So I held my peace, and when we reached London Tib wrote a hasty note saying the Campbells and Smiths were coming and would detain at Rangoon and work up the Irrawaddy with all possible speed."

"The letter despatched, we took it easy in London town, and after a week's stay scampered over to Paris and out in a few days there. Then by comfortable stages, stopping here and there for sight-seeing, we worked east."

"The nearer we got to India the more Indian-like did Tib become in attire as well as language. He addressed me as 'sahib,' and reckoned all his expenditures in annas, and told me I was a surajah or a sepoy, according to whether he was pleased or angry with me for some of my boyish remarks. And slowly but surely we ate up the indeterminate miles, reached Bombay, and at last touched at Calcutta."

"Now for the last leg, sahib," cried Tib gleefully, resplendent in an impossible turban which, together with his rotund form and merry Vermont face, caused even the niggers to smile, and we were off to Rangoon."

"Once there, I insisted on a few days' rest before making the final spurt, for, although young and lissome, I could never stand a legira as could Tib, who was solidified by many long travels."

"While recuperating and preparing for the trip up-country, a letter from Danby found us. He was immensely pleased to know we were coming, although not

one versed in the characteristics of the average Briton would never have absorbed that impression. But realising that he was one of those careful, conservative fellows, who, if you saved the dearly beloved life of his grandfather, would colour up and say, 'Aw, thanks, old chap,' we read between the lines and knew he was impatient for our arrival."

"The only thing to mar the placidity of the journey was when we were leaving Mandalay. It was then that the native agent for the freight depot overtook us at the gang plank with a small box, and asked if we would deliver it to the English sahib, and would the sahib be very careful of it?"

"What is it? Gold?" asked Tib quizzingly."

"The agent saluted very low, and, lacking away, replied it was not gold, and that the contents of the box were indicated on the cover. As the little boat crept away from the landing, we were interested to read, 'Handle with Care, DYNAMITE. From Becks & Dungee's depots, Rangoon.'"

"Drop it overboard," was my earnest advice, for I felt very shivery."

"Tib started to do so, but paused and remonstrated. "No, it's inconvenient, but doubtless Danby wants this or he wouldn't have sent for it. It might be weeks getting to him by the runners, and of course the company wouldn't accept it as freight. Well, say nothing about it, and I'll keep the length of the boat between us, so if it should go off, you'll be left to notify the Vermont papers. There's no danger if we don't fuss or get troublesome with it."

"Later we decided that Danby wanted it for road building, as in his letter he had mentioned that he was laying a highway, and that the rock bothered him quite a deal."

"Well, to arrive at Danby's plantation we had to make the last 40 miles in a small boat rowed by coolies, as the litter-bearer craft had broken down. We met Danby, baked to a fine chocolate colour, several miles down stream on the water for us, and he was overjoyed to behold us. But beneath it all I thought I detected an air of restraint."

"Tib also noticed this, and at last asked him if our visit was inopportune; if he had lots of company, or if his wife were ill."

"Nothing like that, old chap," he replied gravely. "But to be thoroughly honest, some of the Deseits are acting nasty up here, and may make a raid from the hills at any time. If my coolies sicker by me it's of no consequence, as I've sent a runner to Bhamo for the troops and the Shan robbers will be cleaned out of this district in short order. To be more honest, I'm selfish enough to be glad to have you here, as you can help me stand 'em off if they come ahead of the troops. And it will calm Alice's fears. She's the only English lady in sixty miles of the valley."

"Well, I've no need to say that this was a situation pleasing to Tib. The possibility of succouring a gentleman caused his brown eyes to twinkle, and he smote the box of dynamite smartly, then remembering its irresponsible nature he brushed it tenderly, as if to take back the blow. And he swore that nothing could delight him more than to be a minute man when the foe was approaching."

"Danby's face cleared wonderfully, and he shook hands with us both warmly

and declared we were a real good work, and that he would always remember it. Then he noticed the fireworks, relieved Tib, and cursed the station agent for passing the truck on to us."

"By this time we came to his plantation. It was pleasantly situated in a little valley, bounded on either side by wooded spurs of the steep hills that ended abruptly on the right bank of the stream. The bungalow was built back a bit from the river, in a small clearing on the hillside, facing the west, where the view was certainly mellow."

"It was now near sundown, and the teak trees showed purple on the surounding heights. On the strong log verandah the English lady, all in white, looking very frail and much out of place in the wild environment, stood to receive us. She was more demonstrative in her greeting than was her husband and instinctively took to Tib as a pillar of strength."

"That was the magnetic way of him. He was like a physician in a sick room radiating confidence."

"Mrs. Danby," he said, bowing over her hand in his graceful way, "your husband tells me some of the Shan people threaten to be rick, but I don't think you need feel a bit worried."

"I'm not very much afraid," she asserted, but the coolies are, they have taken to the woods, and I should be nervous here alone with Sydney. But now you and Mr. Campbell have come, I shall feel perfectly safe. And she smiled in a most delightful manner."

"Her mention of the coolies caused her husband to frown a bit, for the servants were an excellent barometer as to any trouble that might leak down from the hills behind us. When he called for a boy to remove the box of dynamite, only Mike, an interpreter, appeared."

"Mike said he regretted to announce that all of the sahib's dog had run away to the jungles. As for himself, he'd be spit in the direction of the hills. Might the graves of his ancestors be defiled if ever he turned his back to the half-caste hill robbers?"

"And yet Michael's eyes shined un-essily as the warm breeze caught the jungle leaves two hundred yards away and rustled them softly."

"While waiting for a life to eat Danby, his feet on the verandah railing, told us of the Deseits and explained how they were robbers by profession from their very birth, being similar to the Thugs in their avialic intentions on organized society."

"If through some freak of nature, he said, the germ of honesty develops in a Deseit youngster, he is looked upon as a black sheep, a disgrace to the family and his own parents drive him forth with thorns until he can experience a change of heart and come back purified and repentant, a man worthy of his name and caste, a robber. Thanks to the Government's activity, he continued, the Deseits have a harder life to live every year, and are slowly going the way of their first cousins, the Thugs."

"It seemed all strange to me, as we sat there and sipped our whisky and soda and smoked the native tobacco, to realize that back in the jungle, perhaps watching us even then, the Shan people with their strange notions and long knives, were waiting patiently to gather us in. And I remembered that some-where beneath my feet was quiet Broadway with its occasional knock-out drop and sometimes a intelligent policeman."

"It eased my mind to a degree to learn that there were several rides and shotgun inside the bungalow, but as I noted the dry, thatched roof, inviting arson, my fears returned and I believed there would be a little inferno despite our combined efforts if the loggers rushed us under the moon."

"But the soldiers will be here by tomorrow afternoon, and that will end it all," laughed Danby as his wife brought

out the tea things and placed some civilised food before us.

"This obvious fact, that even her domesticities had fled, caused another wave of uneasiness to sweep up my spine and rattle my back hair.

"No chance of your runner being held up, is there?" asked Tib keenly as he stood by the rail and scrutinised the deep foliage.

"Why, yes," confessed Danby slowly. "That's what bothers me. I ought to have sent two or three. But if anyone can get through Shingah Lal can."

"And yet if they are as near as that, why weren't we stopped from coming here?" asked Tib.

"Because you were coming here and not leaving here," replied Danby in a low voice, so that his wife might not hear him.

"I see," smiled Tib. "Kind of a trap, eh? Well, I've been in others worse than this, and I've always got away with the bait."

"And, sir, as if in mockery at his little boast, a long knife hurtled from out of the shadows somewhere and stood trembling in a verandah post three inches from his head. In one jump we were all inside, leaving the untasted supper spread invitingly on the bamboo table.

"Then the jungle gave up its secret, and a score or more of half-naked forms, the quaint tattooing on which showed quite plainly, now sprang into view, shaking their weapons and accompanying their gesticulations with fearsome cries and yells.

"To add to the babel about a score of dogs, gaunt and wolf-like, dashed into the clearing, and, with greater tenacity than their masters displayed, ran up near the bungalow and began showing their fangs in a real disquieting fashion.

"Don't waste a bullet on the curs," cried Tib, restraining Danby's trigger finger as one of the brutes jumped boldly on to the verandah and began bolting down our supper.

"And while Mike barricaded the doors and windows, with one accord we three began dropping lead into the heathens. They disappeared like magic at the first volley. Then the sun sank.

"If we only had a light out there!" moaned Danby. "They'll rush us in the dark."

"I fear we'll have more light than we want," whispered Tib. "Unless they are thoroughly uninitiated in cussedness they'll try to burn us out."

"Danby turned, looked at his white-faced wife, and groaned. Then Tib pointed to the moon appearing over the teak trees, and told him to cheer up, as we should have plenty of light.

"As he said it a dozen forms huddled together, dashed around the house from the rear, hugging the walls of the building, and before we knew it were gone in the gloom again. But each in passing had deposited a bunch of fagots against the base of the bungalow.

"No that's their game, eh?" mused Tib. "I thought they'd come the Seneca Indian trick with a flaming arrow into our roof-tree."

"Stand by!" shouted Danby, and we sprang to the rear and sides of the house, for from three directions a man with a flaming torch was running towards us, intent on starting the blaze.

"Danby saw them first, and dropped his man before he had advanced ten feet. Tib nailed No. 2 as he got dangerously close to the timber by a plunging shot. And even then the kicking rascal tried to hurl his torch upon us. But, although I fired twice, my messenger delivered the goods and scuttled to safety before the others could pick him off.

"Well, sir, the crackle of that little sheet of flame froze me. But Tib, before we knew what he was at, threw open the side door, and, running nimbly around the corner, kicked the bonfire to the four winds, and was back again with three pups hanging at his heels.

"It was all done in two winks of the eye. But Tib was mad. Not mad at the Dacots so much as he was at their dogs.

"Did they hurt you?" asked Mrs. Danby, as we wrung his scorched, old hand and tenderly patted out several smoldering coals on his coat.

"No! once," he growled, "but how can the fire company answer a box if those brutes are to remain on the watch to eat him up?"

"And then the full import of the dogs' presence appealed to us. A sally might be made to stop the flames, as the Shan people seemed to have no firearms. But it was a serious proposition to play the hook and ladder act with twenty curs waiting for a bite.

"Furthermore, the pests were certainly wise; for they now formed a ring about the two doors, and growled heartily. The Dacots encouraged them with shrill cries, and while we were debating if it would do to waste our precious ammunition on the beasts there came another fagot rush. Only this time two of the heavers of wood remained with us in, as Tib expressed it, status quo.

"Bilby," he whispered, "I'm afraid, unless something unusual happens, they'll get us before morning. If they do, try to get Mrs Danby to the river, where you may find a boat."

"Here he was interrupted by a prolonged howl from the jungle, and a myriad of lights appeared on the border of the wood.

"Don't shoot until they approach," commanded Tib, at once detecting the ruse, which was to get us to empty our guns, and allow some of them to dash up to the bungalow.

"We could see the lights rush back and forth, weaving in and out, but we held back our lead. Then, from opposite directions, four of them started for us, with several more in the rear to take their places if they should fall.

"They were certainly fanatics, all right. And yet this time, by some very clever shooting, we stopped them more easily than we did on the first occasion, and the brush was not set afire.

"I guess we can check 'em unless they all come in a bunch," decided Tib, wiping the smoke and powder from his face.

"It's all up," hoarsely growled Danby. "We have only a round of cartridges apiece."

"You'll admit, sir, that was discouraging, and even old Tib struck his head in despair and sat down to think. Next, to my surprise, he jumped up and began to whistle a gem from a comic opera he once floated. I concluded his mind was affected.

"While Danby and I were watching the innumerable lights dodging back and forth in the forest, he stumbled to the back room. We had no lights in the house except what filtered in from the moon, and by a stray ray of this I saw that Danby's face was sunken and clammy white. He had a woman with him, you know.

"Tib," I choked, "can't you think of something?"

"In a minute, dear boy. Wait till I feed these dogs," he replied, and I stiffened in amazement to note a cheery strain in his voice. Then I heard him, "Nice doggie, good doggie. Doggie, doggie, doggie. Does he want his supper? Naughty Bruno. Don't be a gut-ton, Bruno, let Filo have some."

"For God's sake, man, come in here and help us fire the last round!" cried Danby, tense with fear and passion.

"Tib came in on the run, carefully wiping his hands with something.

"Could you see a dog at the edge of the clearing?" he asked sharply.

"Aye, all too well," said Danby, turning from his loophole in wonder at the query.

"Good!" ejaculated Tib, picking up a revolver. "Mark me, both of you. When you see a cur with white flanks making for the wood, drill him through the body. But on your life don't shoot till he gets to the edge of the jungle, and then through the body. Remember what I say!"

"Stark mad," whispered Danby despairingly.

"Hardly," cried Tib, who had overheard him. "But I've fed that pup about four sticks of your dynamite. I fed it in

little pieces, covered with toothsome oil, and he bolted it bit by bit, and it never touched even the sides of his gullet in going down!"

"Fed him dynamite! I repeated dully. "Sure! And now I'm going to feed some to a black brute with a shaggy white head. Then to scare them off, for the good Lord only knows what will happen if they get to romping about our back door! Remember the two, white flanks and white head! And he was back on the run to take up again his job of chef to the canines.

"I could only fall against a table in a stupor. Danby swallowed convulsively, and then muttered, "Run cover!"

"Soon a chorus of yelps announced that Tib was feeding out some more tit-bits. Imagine the situation if you can, sir. Fixing up four-legged nines, each one a thousand-fold more dangerous than the hound of the Baskervilles! And what if one of the loaded pups should jump against a post or a stone!

"Be ready!" warned Tib. "No. 2 is loaded. I'm going to try to scare them away with my revolver. One little follow get a nibble I'd not planned on, and I don't know which one it is. So I'll shoot over their heads. It won't do to explode a how-wow here, as you well know."

"A shrill whistle from the concealed marauders saved this waste of cartridges, however. Evidently the foe grew suspicious at the noise made by the dogs and believed we were poisoning them. The whistle caused the brutes to stop their yelping, and turn toward the jungle. A repetition of it had them waver- ing, and the third call sent them all scurrying off in a bunch.

"Now, look sharp!" cried Tib. "White head and white flanks! Through the body, you know, to jar that stuff into action. Ah, the white head leads the pack!"

"Bang! Bang! The Englishman and I fired together, and the white-faced dog howled in agony and rolled over.

"Then, bang, boom! And Tib's shot struck him full in the stomach, and sent a cloud of dust and twigs heavenward, while the other pups paused in amazed dismay at beholding such extraordinary behaviour in a companion. As to the white-head himself, he had disappeared in fine particles.

"Quick!" gasped Tib. "White flanks! Side to us!"

"Danby pinked him as-if it were at target practise, and as white flanks was loaded the heavier of all, his departure was simply a volcano.

"Had the inspiration when I happened to sit down on the dynamite. Bless the agent for giving it to me!" murmured Tib exultantly.

"Ducelessly clever, don't ye know, muttered Danby, going as limp as a rag in a second.

"The silence in the forest was death-like after we fired the two nines. Evidently the Dacots were somewhat perplexed.

"Where's Mike?" asked Tib suddenly. "Quick! Now's the time to clinch this!"

"We found him wrapped in a rug, growling indignantly. We yanked him forth, and Danby stood ready to kill him or anything else Tib might order. Our leader, however, unfastened the verandah door, and dragged Mike out among the supper dishes. "Can he make 'em understand?" asked Tib of the excited Danby.

"The rascal can talk any dialect in the hills," replied our host.

"Good! Now, Michael, cry out to those people and inform 'em that if they don't leave here immediately we'll explode 'em as we did their howling pack of dogs."

"Mike, in a quavering voice, gave the necessary information, and soon some one replied from the woods.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"O sahib, he says if you brought his pets to death by the devil's thunder you are mighty and much to be feared. But he says he has seen guns shoot shells that burst, and he knows it was one of

those that killed the dogs, and that there is no magic about it."

"It needs just another touch to convert 'em, and we haven't got a single dog in reserve," growled Tib sadly.

"But there's one dog still intact," I reminded him.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Smith, the little dog!" urged Danby.

"But hang it all, I only know he was little and that a big pup bit him in the ear when he dodged into the banquet, lamented Tib.

"Little dog, mutilated ear!" I cheered.

"Why, say, that certainly does identify him," cried Tib.

"Tell them, Mike, to bring forth a little dog with a bloody ear if they want further proof," commanded Danby, throwing forward his rifle.

"No, no," cried Tib, "no gun-play! They'll only think we're shooting exploding bullets or something. We must make them explode him."

"But how?" I gasped.

"Tell 'em to trot him out," commanded Tib to Mike.

The interpreter gave the order, and soon answered. "They say, sahib, they have the dog," explained Mike.

"Tell 'em to strike him on his side with a big club at least ten times," directed Tib.

"And would you believe it, sir, those men did, or started to do, as Tib had ordered! I reckon they were curious, or else believed that so magic would result until the tenth blow, or maybe they decided we were trying to bluff them. Of course it was tough on the dog. At the first smart rap we heard him yelp, and the robbers shouted derisively. But the second blow we were not permitted to hear.

"Instead, there was a dull report, and I believed some one besides the pup had been taken away. It was not so loud an explosion as the other two, and I remembered Tib said the little one had swallowed only one piece of the dynamite.

"But it had a great effect. There was a brief silence, followed by yells of fear. Then a trembling voice addressed us once more.

"They want to know, sahib, if the big dogs will disappear with a greater noise than the little dogs," explained Mike.

"Always," affirmed Tib firmly.

"They ask, sahib, if you will withdraw your spell if they go home and never return," continued Mike.

"Tell 'em yes," directed Tib. "Only if they cut up again here, or elsewhere, I will fill 'em as full of devil's thunder as I did the dogs."

"Sahib, they go," proclaimed Mike. And they did.

"Can't we have that tea now?" asked Tib playfully as Mrs Danby threw herself hysterically into her husband's arms.

"And when the soldiers, met on the road by the runner, came next day it was to find the trouble over and the Danbys packing up to return to the settlements.

"For," explained Danby, "I can't live here without roads, and now that my guest has used up all my dynamite, I can't have the roads."

Mr. Brown's little daughter, aged ten, accidentally swallowed a nickel. He sent his little son, aged six, in great haste for the doctor.

The child soon returned with the doctor and also the minister. His father met them at the gate, and sending the men into the house, he kept his son outside and asked him why he had brought the minister.

"Papa," answered the little boy, "I heard you tell mamma, last Sunday at dinner, that this minister could beat any man you ever saw for getting money out of people."

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Suddenly the porch springs open, and out springs Japan. Observe the admiration of John Bull and Columbia.



The wretched Russian negro steals China's pig on the German postbox. Prince Denningo Japan, ever brave, deploys in sternness John Bull and Columbia say, "Don't be afraid!"



The old wife (Columbia) finds in the river a huge peach, which she presents to her husband, John Bull.



The peaching in Japan grows so strong all the other nations cannot pull him back.

Picture provided by Mr. F. R. Brander, of Amek, at the time of the production by Mr. E. C. S. Co.

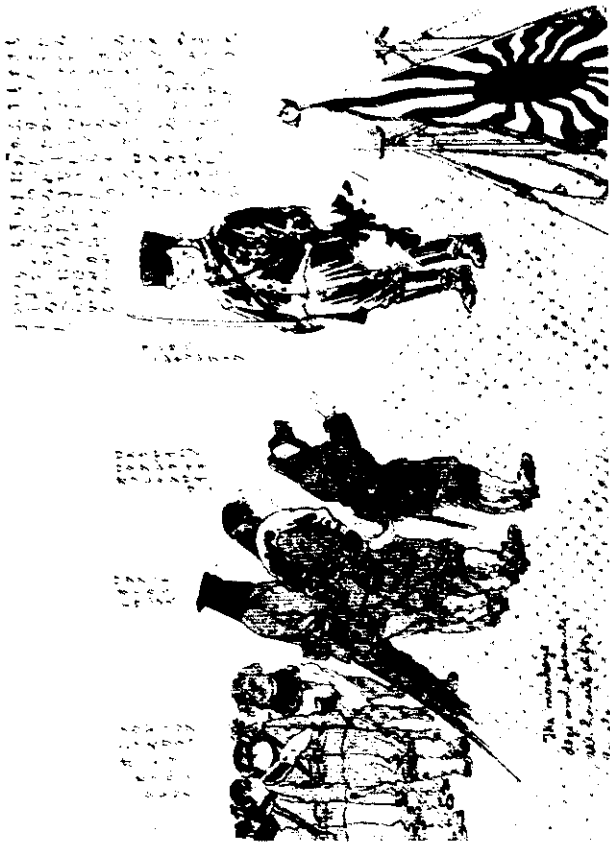
AS JAPANESE ARTISTS SEE IT: A JAP FOLK-LORE STORY ADAPTED TO THE WAR

Illustration by John Bull and Columbia



As a hunting
properly to get
Japan's

How insupportable difficulties were overcome. The monkeys make a bridge.



The monkeys
properly to get
Japan's

All guarantee to help the Pouching Japan. (This is explained in the fairy story in our "After Dinner Gossip" page.)



As a hunting

Assured of the devotion of all, from the highest to the lowest, Pouching Japan sets forth to war.



How insupportable difficulties were overcome. The monkeys make a bridge.



Commencement of the attack on Port Arthur.



Poaching Japan, aided by his faithful subordinates, gets his Russian enemies down and keeps them there.

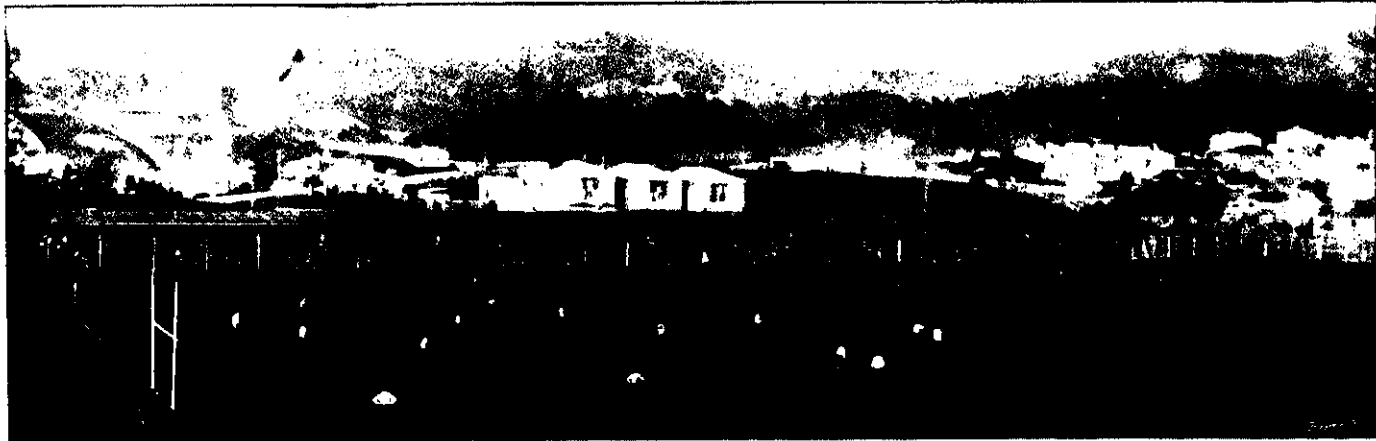


The wicked Russians are forced to surrender the ill-gotten pig and rock. Note the farts of the prisoners.



All the world, and especially his good friends, John Bull and Columbus, praise the valour of Friw Poaching Japan.

AS JAPANESE ARTISTS SEE IT: A JAP FOLK-LORE STORY ADAPTED TO THE WAR.



THE SOUTHERNERS KICK OFF.



NORTH ISLAND GOAL THREATENED.



Schaefer Strong Studio, photo

SOME OF THE CROWD WHICH WITNESSED THE CONTEST AT ATHLETIC PARK.

NORTH V. SOUTH ISLAND RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH.



SOUTH ISLAND.

BACK ROW: W. Coffey (Manager), T. Learmont, Rold, P. Newton, J. Cathoff, J. Horgan, W. Johnston, S. Casey. MIDDLE ROW: G. Gilbert, E. T. Harper, E. Wyle (Secretary N.Z.R.U.), J. W. Stead (Captain), H. Harris (Scherer), R. G. Deans, E. E. Booth. FRONT ROW: G. Dunsy, G. McNic, A. McDonald.



NORTH ISLAND.

Hardie Shaw, photo.

BACK ROW: F. T. Glasgow, W. J. Wilson, J. O'Sullivan, A. Carlson, G. Johnson, W. E. H. MacKenzie, W. S. Glean, D. Whicker, FRONT ROW: H. J. Myrton, J. Hunter (Captain), G. W. Smith, H. D. Thomson, W. H. Mackrell, F. Roberts.

NORTH V. SOUTH ISLAND RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH

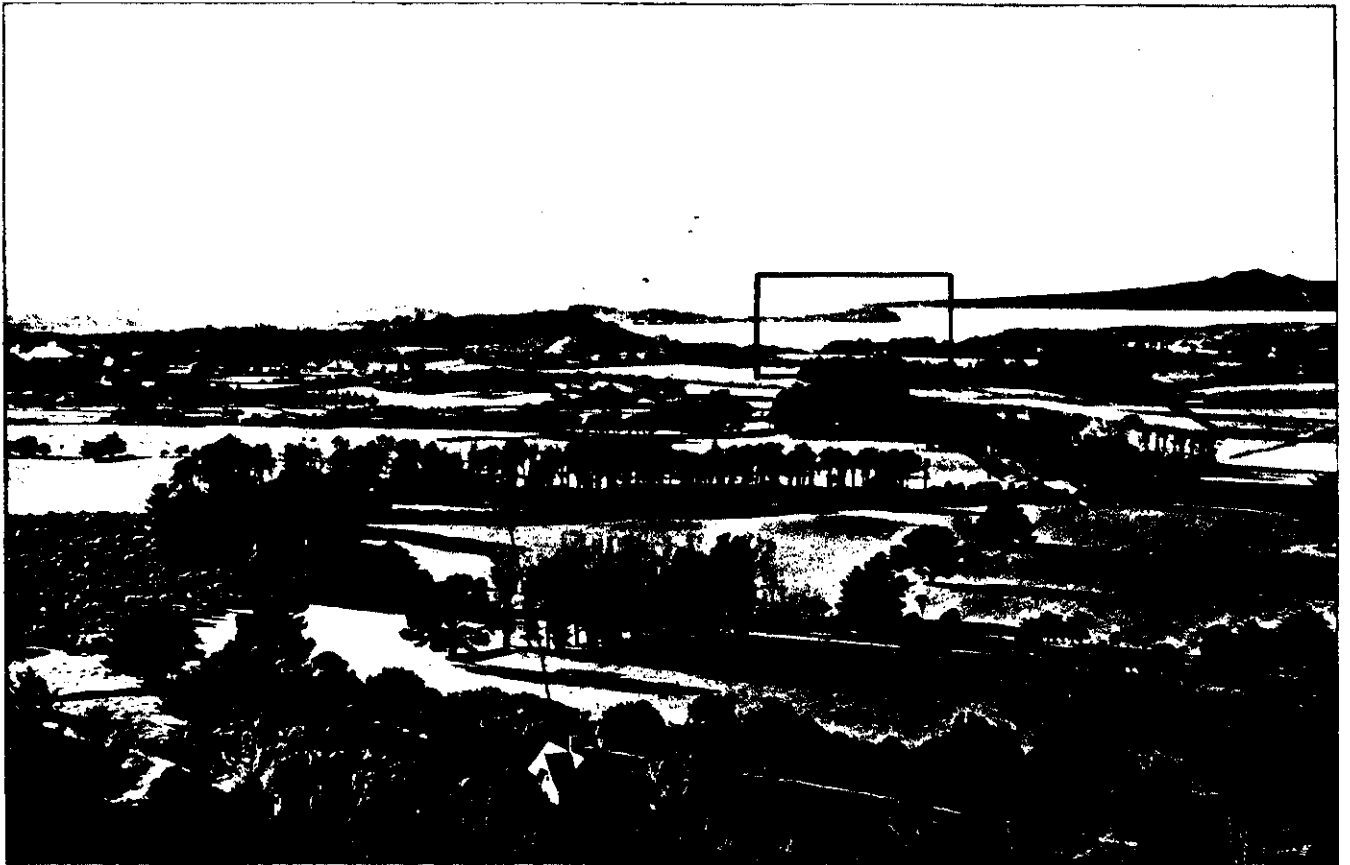
PLAYED AT WELLINGTON AND WON BY NORTH ISLAND BY 26 POINTS TO NIL.



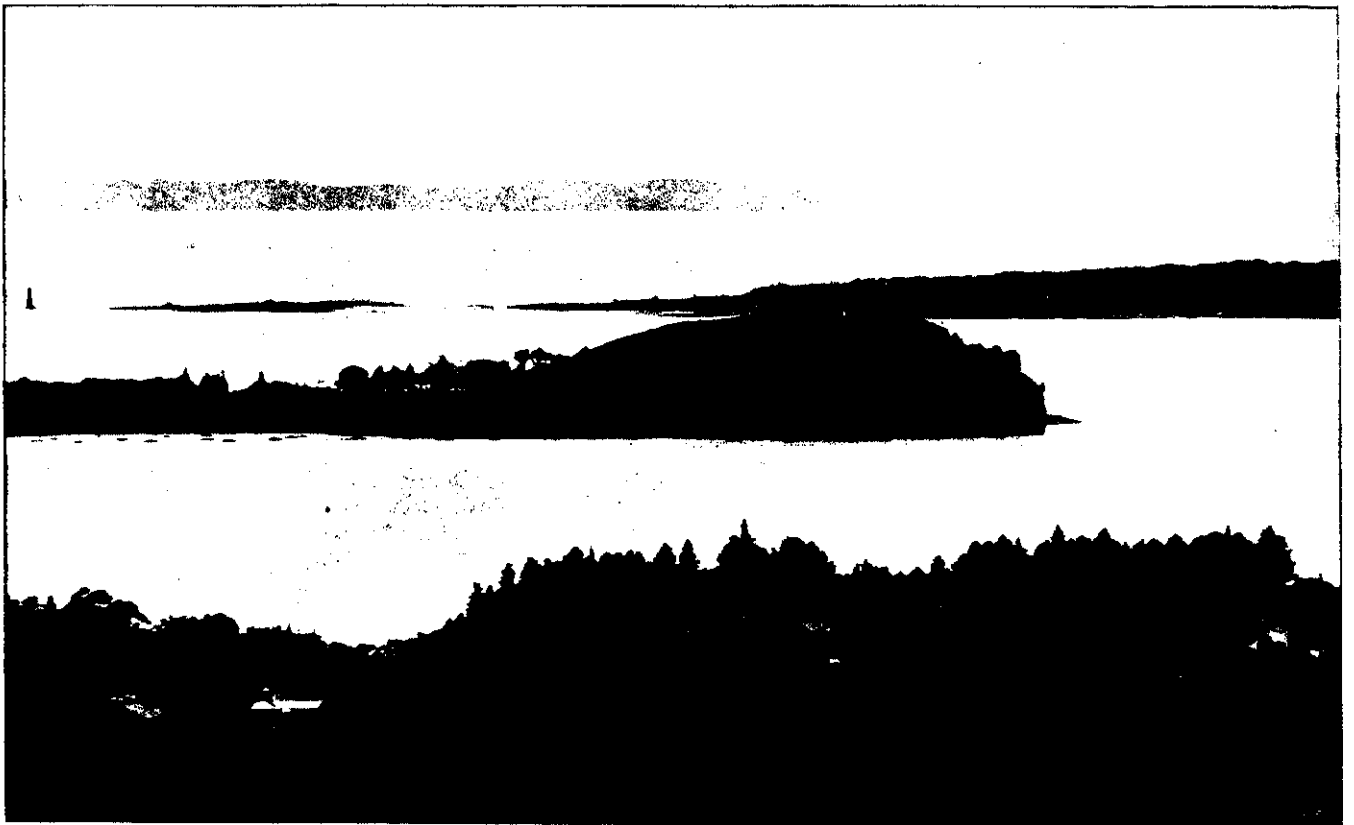
NEW ZEALAND FARMERS' UNION: DELEGATES OF THE WELLINGTON PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE, HELD IN WANGANUI.

BACK ROW: L. E. Jackson (Kimbolton), H. D. Buchanan (Kerikeri), A. McGill (Tairāpiti), H. Morrison (Whararua), C. Corling (Farmers' Advocate), W. Beach (Marlborough), H. E. Weir (Stannum), E. Wagstaff (Orana Bridge), D. Matherson (Palmerston North), A. McGregor (Huntersville), J. Manson (Mangatāhika), J. McDonald (Dunedin), J. J. Wood (Wairarapa), J. F. Hooker (Mangamāhoro), H. Booth (Pohangia), Captain Hewitt, R.N. (Palmerston North), W. J. Moore (Makuru), H. H. McKenzie (Rangitikei), W. J. Innes (Palmerston), MIDDLE ROW: J. R. McEwen (Waikanae West), D. H. Guthrie (Rangitikei), E. Nelson (Wanganui), G. Wheeler (Pohangia), W. Watson (Apiri), H. Frazer (Pohangia), A. J. McCreedy, General Organizer (Upper Hutt), W. Suther (Lower Hutt), J. G. Wilson (Provincial President), Sanson, J. C. Colyer (Mairāpiti), Vice-president, S. J. Carman (Waikanae West), F. H. Hockley (Huntersville), Thos. Moss (Kotahitanga), H. J. Richards (Te Horo), R. D. McKenzie (Kopuaranga), O. McElroy (Havelock), FRONT ROW: W. L. Falconer (Masterton), J. Kennedy (Mākonui), W. A. Elliott (Woodville), J. S. Russell (Wanganui), W. Hunter (Provincial Secretary, Palmerston North), H. E. Nychus (Te Nui).

A. E. Watkinson, photo.



NORTH HEAD, FROM ONE-TREE HILL, WITH AN ORDINARY LENS.



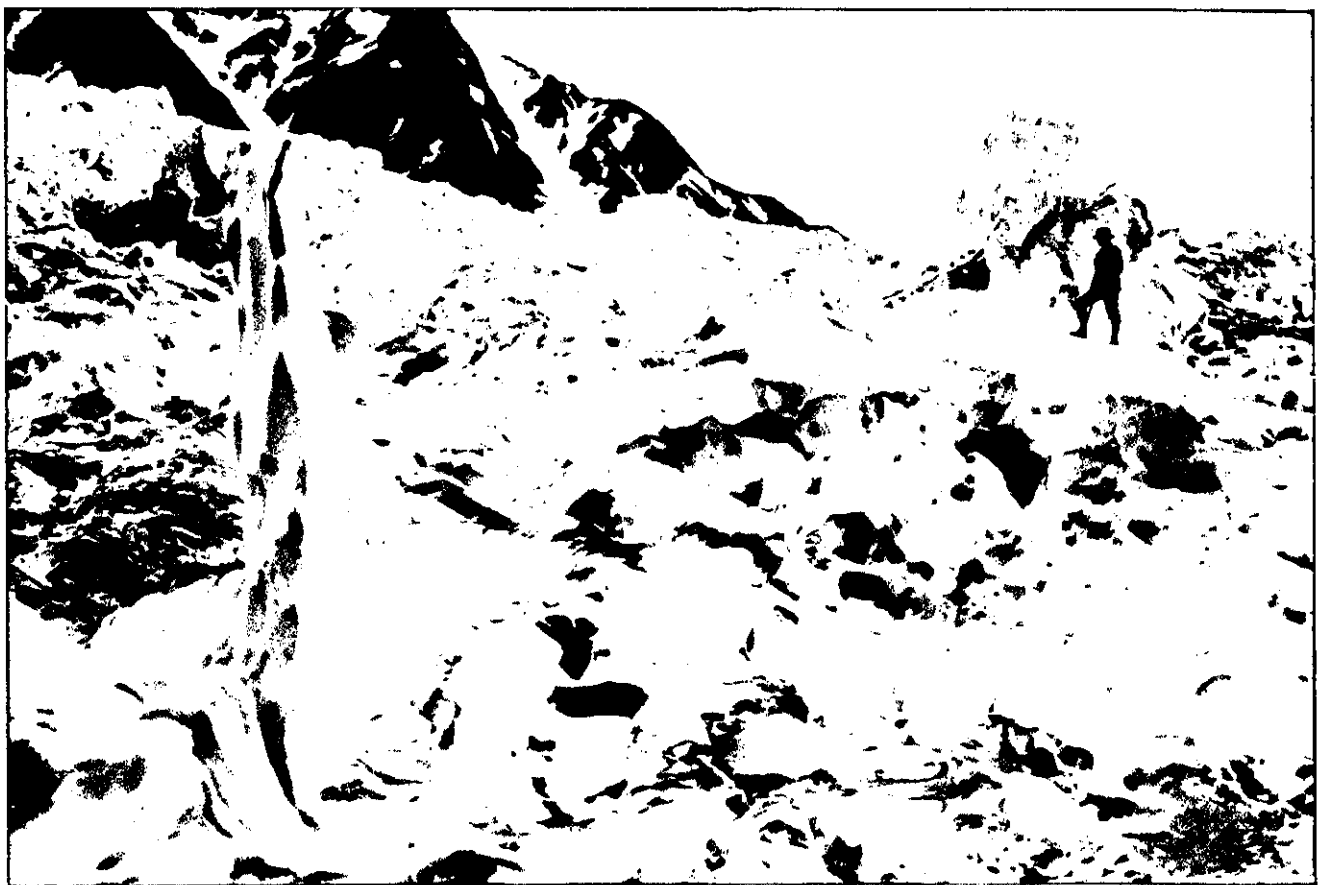
THE SAME VIEW WITH A TELEPHOTO-LENS.

CURIOSITIES OF TELEPHOTOGRAPHY.

Special "Graphic" photo.



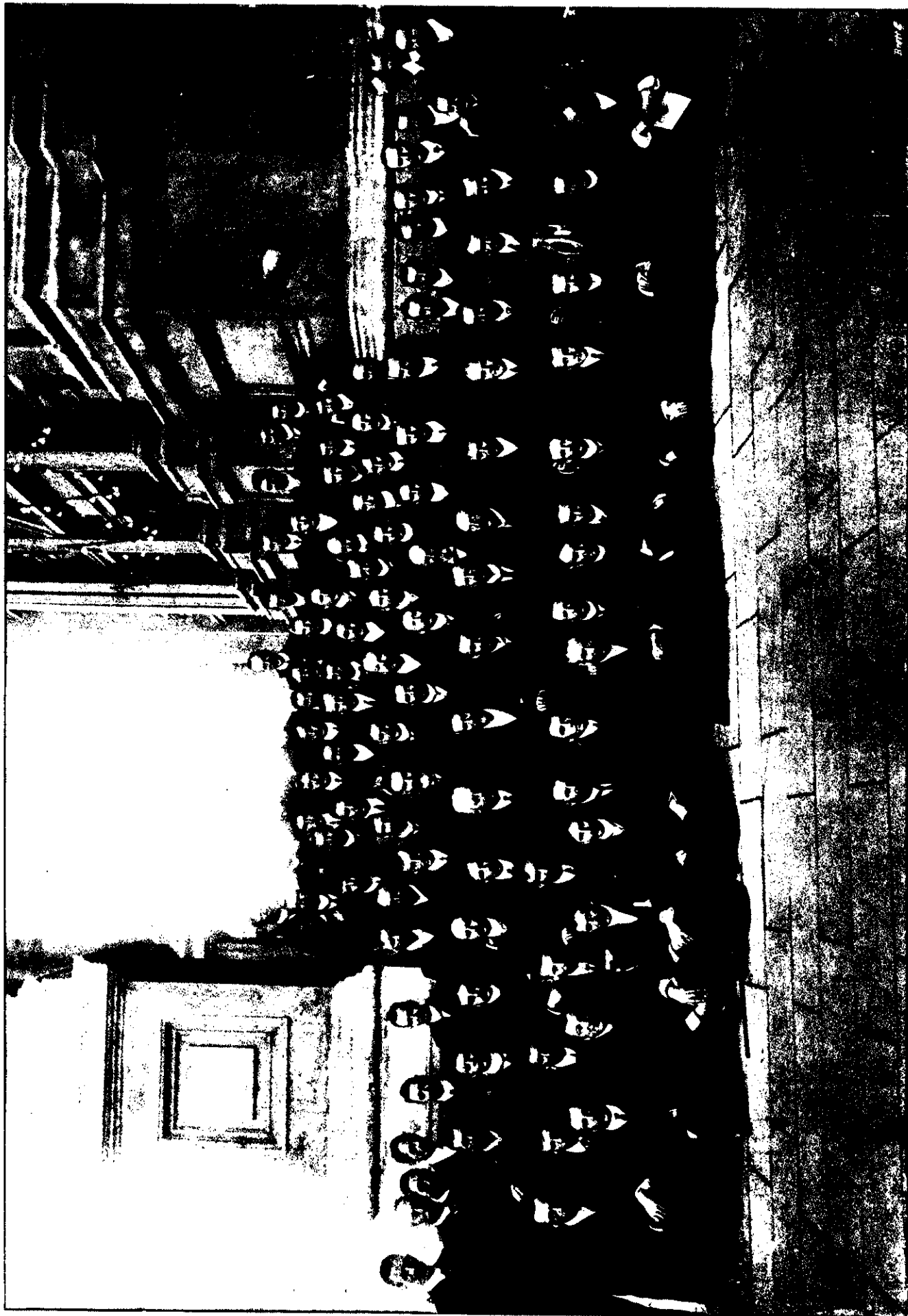
TOURISTS ON THE ICE. HOCHSTETTER ICE FALL, MOUNT COOK.



AMONGST THE BROKEN ICE, HOCHSTETTER ICE FALL, MOUNT COOK.

Special "Graphic" photo.

CLIMBING ON NEW ZEALAND ALPS, SOUTH ISLAND.



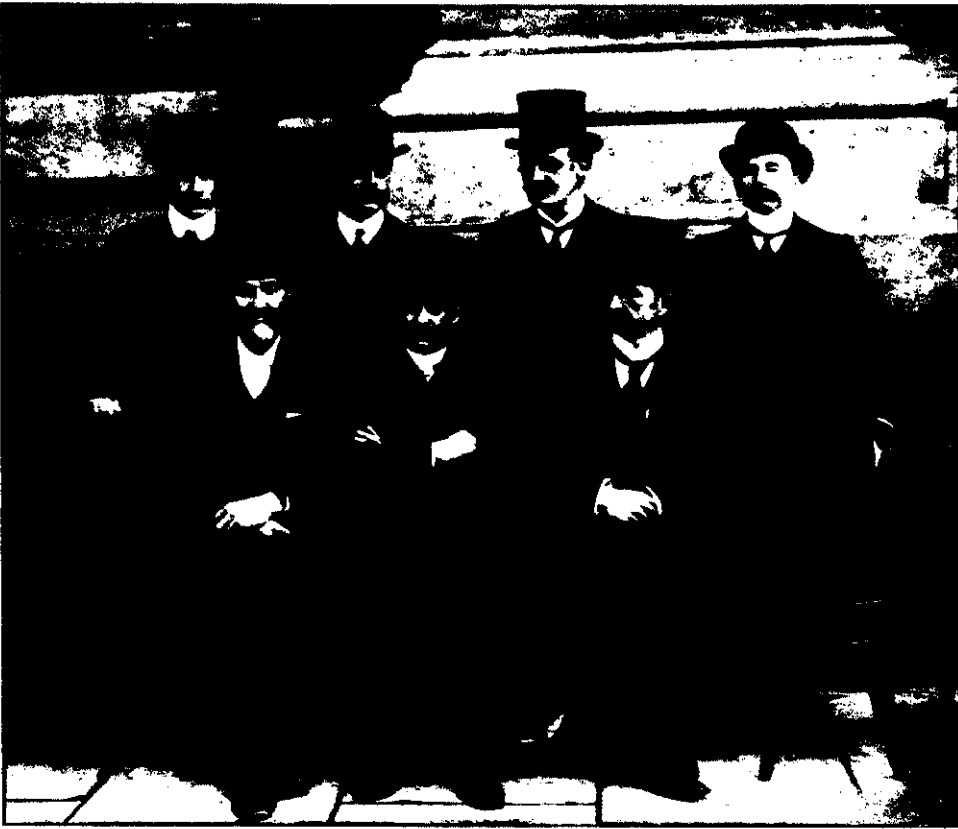
NEW ZEALAND DENTISTS IN CONFERENCE: DELEGATES WHO ATTENDED THE RECENT DENTAL CONFERENCE AT WELLINGTON.

Reuter, Birney, Nottis, photo.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DAVENEY.

Captain Burton John Davenev, a retired army officer, well known in Auckland, died last week at his residence, "The Pines," Owhunga, at his advanced age of nearly seventy years. For the past two months he had been ailing somewhat, and his death, while not wholly unexpected by his family, came as a surprise to the greater number of his friends. Captain Davenev was born in the north island of Norwich, England, and at an early age he joined a cavalry regiment in the Austrian army. After about three years' service there he returned to England and joined the Inniskillen Dragoons, rising to the rank of captain. With his regiment he went to India shortly after the mutiny, and served several years there. In 1868 he retired from the army, and about the same year came to New Zealand.

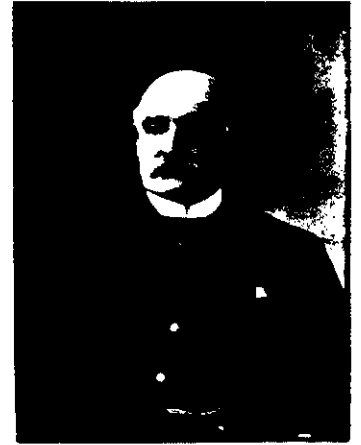
Continued on page 41.



School Survey Studio photo.

COMMITTEE OF THE DENTAL CONFERENCE HELD AT WELLINGTON.

BACK ROW from left to right: Mr. H. Ormerod (Wellington), Mr. F. W. Thompson (Auckland), Dr. Cox (Auckland), Mr. J. E. Smith (Auckland). FRONT ROW: Mr. Arthur Hill (Wellington), Mr. H. P. Rawson (Wellington), Mr. T. A. Hunter (Dunedin).



Studio photo, Owhunga.

THE LATE CAPTAIN B. J. DAVENEV

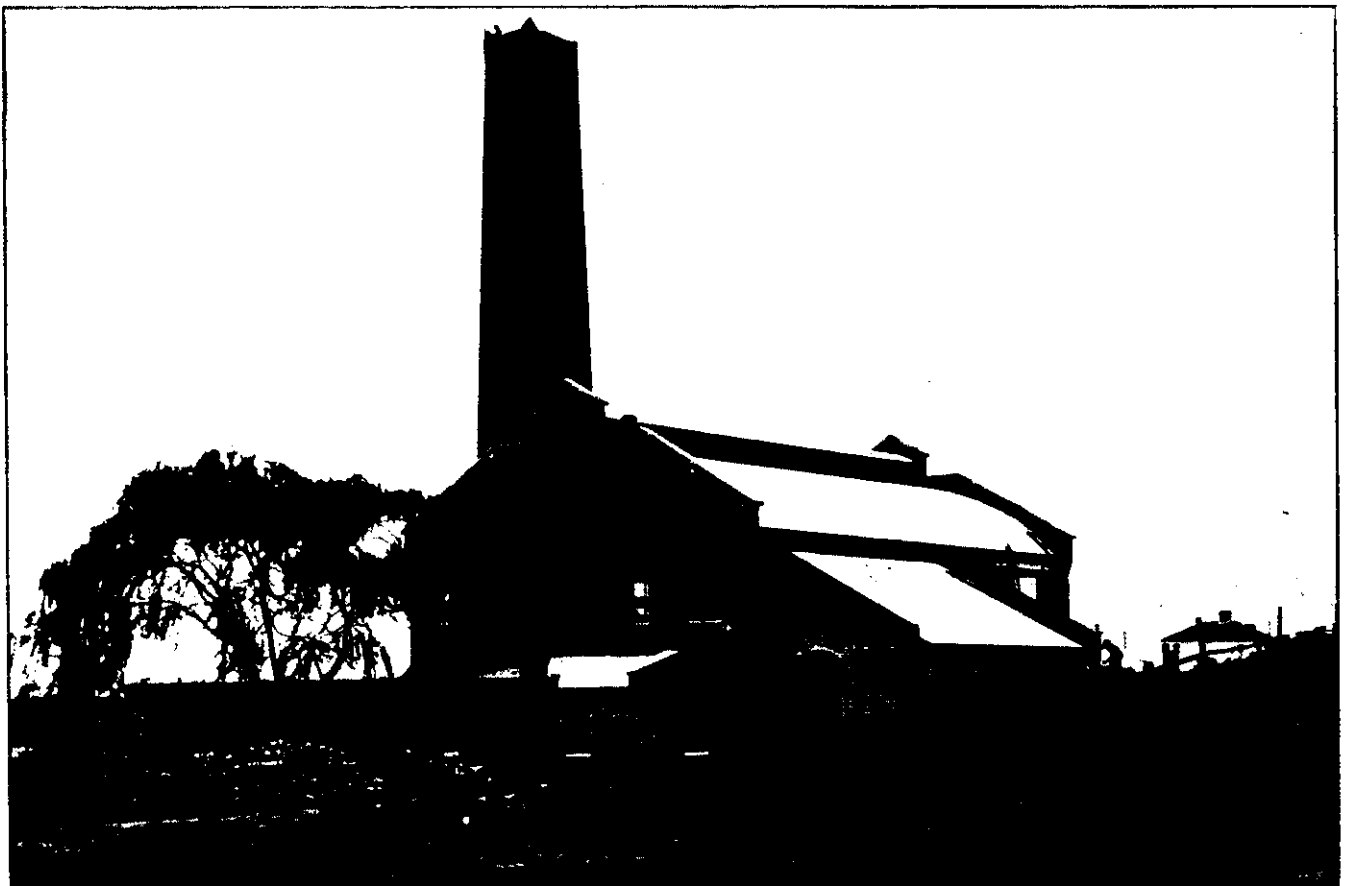


A. E. WILKINSON, 1907.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL. SOME OF THE COSTUMES WORN AT A RECENT BALL HELD AT WANGANUI.



A NEW VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF QUEEN STREET.



MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENTS IN AUCKLAND.

THE RUBBISH AND REFUSE DESTROYER, NOW NEARING COMPLETION IN FREEMAN'S BAY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW WORKS.



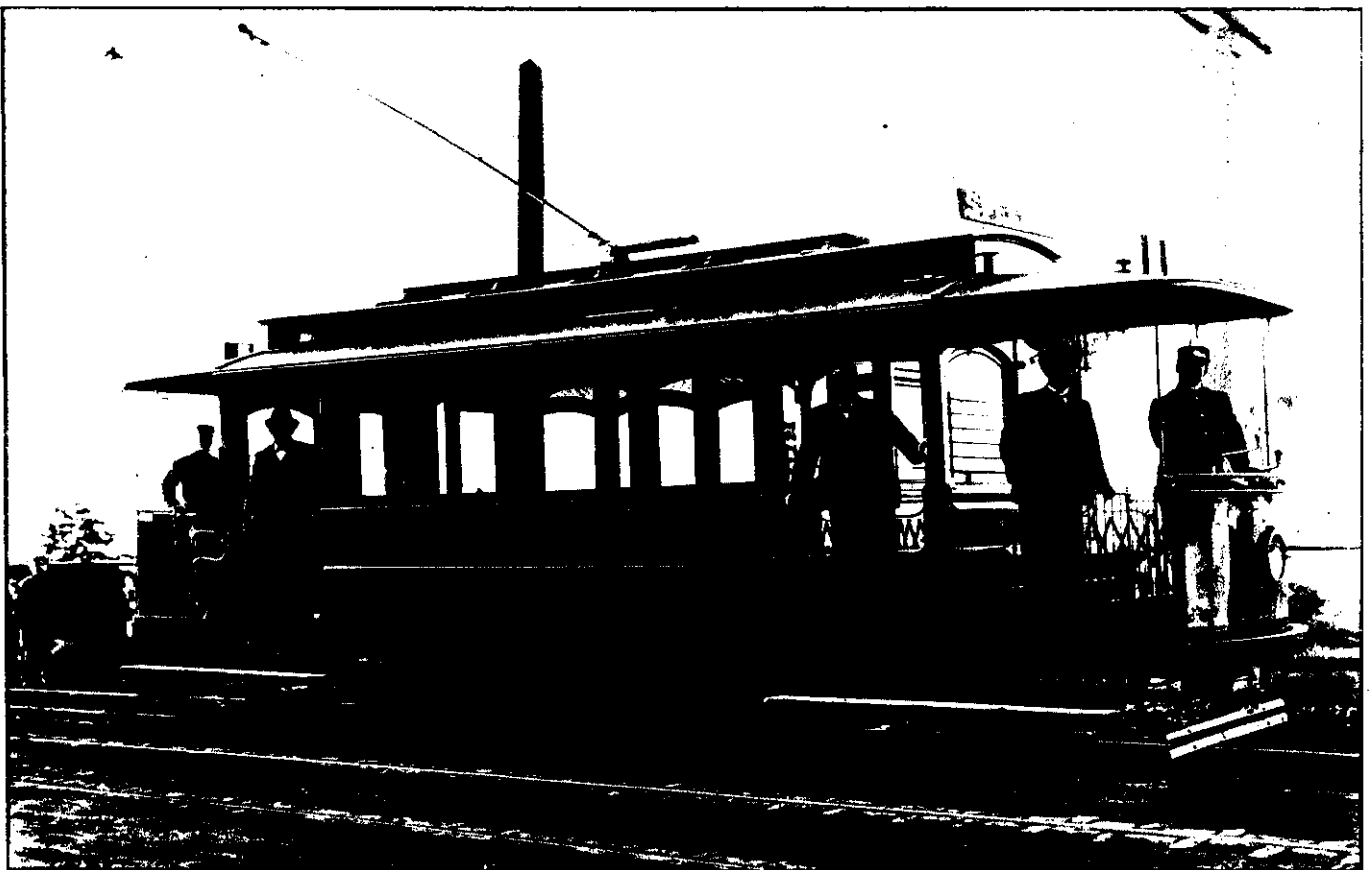
DETAILED VIEW OF THE FERROCONCRETE WORKS AT THE NEW RAILWAY WHARF. Part of Mr. Hamer's big scheme.

HARBOUR BOARD IMPROVEMENTS IN NEW ZEALAND.



C. F. McEwen, photo.

A TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND BUSHMAN'S HUT, COROMANDEL.



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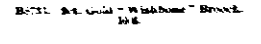
G600. Silver-backed Hair Brush. 18s.



F965. Silver and Copper Tin. Toilet Case. 4s.



G488. Kt. Gold and Green-stone Brooch. 14s.



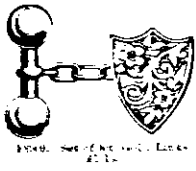
B271. Kt. Gold and White-stone Brooch. 10s.



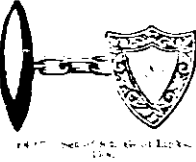
G388. Dark Leather Purse. Necktie Moulds. 3s.



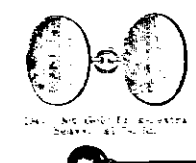
G317. Dark Metal Purse. Silver Moulds. 21s.



F100. Set of Two Gold Links. 21s.



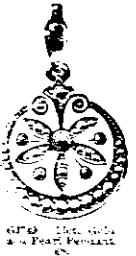
F107. Set of Two Gold Links. 17s.



D10. Kt. Gold Cufflinks. Beaver. 21s. 6d.



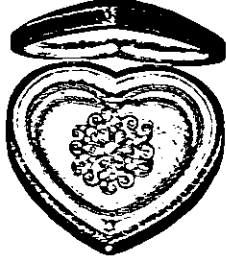
F911. Silver Mounted Object. 4s. 6d.



G190. Kt. Gold and Pearl Pendant. 21s.



G101. Kt. Gold Necklace. 41s. 6d.



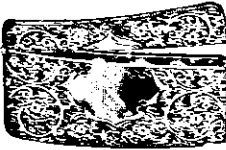
F984. Kt. Gold Necklace and Pearl and Fastener. Pearl in case. 41s.



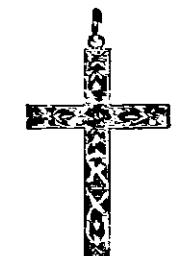
F982. Kt. Gold Pearl Star Pendant. 41s.



G407. Silver Bottle with Ivory Ring. 11s.



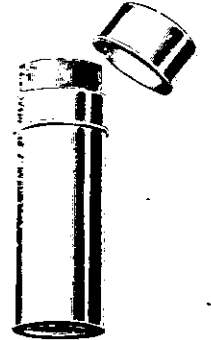
Gent's Silver Card Case. 15s. 6d. 10s. 6d.



Kt. Gold Cross. 12s. 6d. 10s. 6d.



F984. Day French Carriage Clock. In Case. 41s.



F918. Silver Case for Shaving Soap. 10s.

F104. Kt. Gold Ball Top Soap Pan. 7s.



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Having Extraordinary Curative Powers over
WHOOPIING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, and Distressing Coughs in Young and Old.

It Protects Your Home Against Contagious Diseases.

FOR SALE BY ALL CHEMISTS.

FIRE-BACKS

Continued from page 4.

urns were brought to bear on the work of the craftsmen the fire-backs designed for noblemen and wealthy landowners became things of beauty.

There are many excellent specimens all over the country. One may see at the South Kensington Museum a number of remarkably fine fire-backs of various periods, one of the most interesting of which is that illustrated in Fig. 1. It is of cast iron, has an arched top, is divided quarterly, and is provided with an orb and cross at the intersection of the divided lines. Each compartment is devoted to an allegorical subject in relief, the bands which fill the background being embellished with an inscription. The subjects are as follows: In the right top corner a nude female with a hawk perched on her right hand and holding in leash with her left hand a couple of hounds; in the left top compartment a similar figure holding in her right hand a pair of scales; in the right bottom-corner a draped female pointing to a group of dogs; and in the left bottom compartment a figure very similar to the one facing it. The inscriptions read: "HET IS VAKEN SCHAFT"; "T. TROUW IS LICHTER DAN EEN PLAYM"; "ICH LAGE OM DIK WINDEN"; "OFT ICH TROUW KOVDEN VINDEN"; "TROWE IS DOET ONTROWE"; "WERDT VERHAVEN"; AND "ONTROWE LOEFT OVER AL" respectively. This fire-back was made in the sixteenth century, and the dimensions are two feet six and three-quarter inches by two feet two and a-half inches. Another "South Kensington" example is illustrated in Fig. 2, and though not quite so interesting as the other, is nevertheless well worth the attention of the reader who finds herself near the Victoria and Albert section of this wonderful museum. It is decorated in relief, with a shield of arms, and surmounted by a crested helmet—the whole being surrounded by leafy scrolls. It is a valuable specimen of a sixteenth century fire-back of the seventeenth century.

But one does not in London, at all events—need to go to museums to admire fire-backs, for in the picture galleries and in "Wobsey's Kitchen" at Hampton Court are a number of splendid examples. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Chard (of H.M. Office of Works) we have been able to secure photographs of several of these unique fire-backs, some of which are so ancient and time-worn that it is not easy (as in Fig. 3) to distinguish the subject. Some are well preserved, notably that illustrated in Fig. 4, which shows a lady playing with a brace of snakes—possibly a pastime of the period! In Fig. 5, we have the figure of Neptune driving his three horses; and Fig. 6, which suggests a sacrifice, reminds us that our forebears took a deep interest in the Scriptures. The above fire-backs are kept in "Wobsey's Kitchen," and are not generally shown to the public, but there are half a dozen in the picture galleries, one of which (representing the worship of the brazen serpent) we reproduce in Fig. 7. The visitor to Hampton Court should make a special point of examining the fire-back illustrated in Fig. 6; it is exactly similar to that owned by Miss Fresco, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Remarkably fine examples are to be found in some of the old country-houses, many of these being truly magnificent. At Dyrham Park, the seat of the Rev. W. E. Blithway, is a particularly good example, and many others exist in old houses in Sussex and elsewhere in England.

The fire-back, like the antique fender, is within the means of the modest collector. Although fancy prices are not unknown (the South Kensington Museum paid five pounds for the specimen shown in Fig. 2), there are two or three dealers who are distinctly modest in their demands—and who can be strictly depended upon to sell only genuine stuff. They are too wise (to put trade morality on its lowest footing) to spoil the chance of future sales by taking advantage of the eagerness of the un-sophisticated dilettante to foin on to her fire-backs which have acquired a spurious appearance of age. Another advantage possessed by these delightful objects is that they take very little cleaning; the stupidest domestic ever turned out by a

training school cannot possibly damage them; and they can usually be fitted to the modern fireplace. It may not, perhaps, be out of place to add that the well-meaning people who in the summer months fill the grate with an armful of shavings—amongst which golden threads are chastely entwined—might do worse than invest in a fire-back. Irresponsible ladies who devote their spare time to making little pink paper roses—with which to bespinkle the aforesaid monotony—would spend their leisure far better in exploring the establishments at which fire-backs are to be found.

It was customary for the great families to have fire-backs decorated with their arms, while those ordered by city companies were often gorgeous affairs—as may be noted from Fig. 7, which is reproduced by permission of Mr. W. Binns. The example illustrated in Fig. 8 is Elizabethan, and gives an idea of the Royal Arms as they were before the Union. This and the one shown in Fig. 9 are the property of Mr. Fenelon, whilst that illustrated in Fig. 10 (reproduced by permission of Miss Fresco) evidently represents David setting forth to slay Goliath—or Jack of the fairy-tale ready to annihilate the giant!

THE LATE CAPTAIN B. J. DAVENEY.

Continued from page 33.

landing at Wellington. A little later he came on to Auckland, and has resided here ever since. (Captain Daveney was prominently connected with the veterans' organisations in this province. He was chairman of the Veterans' Association, a member of the executive of the Veterans' Home, and for a number of years he held the position of paymaster of Imperial pensions in Auckland. He was formerly secretary of the Northern Club for some years. At the time of his death he was chairman of the Onehunga Public Library. Mrs Daveney survives her husband, and there are two sons and two daughters. The eldest son is employed in a bank in South Africa, and the other is engaged in farming pursuits in the Raglan district. A married daughter resides at Sydney, and the other daughter, who is single, is now in England.

Opportunity.

Granny gone a visitin'—
Seen her sit her chest
W'n I was a-bidin' down
'Tis de garden wall.
Seen her put her bonnet on.
Seen her tie de strings.
An' 't's gone to de main' now.
'Head dem cake an' 't'ings.

On de she's' behin' de do'.
Mussy, what a fear!
Een on she pits out o' sight
I kin eat in peace.
I bin waitin' f'n a week
Des fo' dis beyeah chance—
Laudy, we'n I gits in hah
I'll des sholly dance.

Lemon pie an' ginger cake;
Lef me set an' 'tial—
Yugrah an' sugar, too,
Ia'll mek a drink.
Ez dey's sayin' I loves
Mee, particularly
It is eatin' swe't 't'ings an'
A drinkin' saugrae.

Laudy, woa't po' granny rain
W'n she see de sheff!
W'n I tink about hah face
I's mo' shamed mysef.
Well, she's gone, an' break I is.
Back heah' de do'!
Look heah, gran' done 'spected me;
Daint no sweeter no mo'.

Evah sweet is bid erway.
Jah dee does up houn;
Ferson t'ink dat some one tought
Dey was 't'eres erroun;
Dat des looks my hah in two!
Oh, how had I feel.
Des fo' 't'ial, an' ova gran'm
E'forded dat I would t'real.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Intelligent melodrama, well written and grandly acted, seems to be as high as we can expect to get at present. It is useless to expect the public to "contend" to a piece like "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," for instance. Indeed, when we consider how the realities of life are "buried" in everyday existence, how we go on living very contentedly with an army upside down, and 30,000 people in London alone "always on the verge of starvation," an interest in fictive problems is too much to expect. The nearest we can go for the proverbial nirvana is to plays like "Lena Kleschka," in which the ethical pill is wrapped in plenty of sensational jam, and the "moral" of the time are "catagated" with the aid of capital curtains.

Neglected Salt Water Vegetables

The cultivation of salt water vegetables is an industry that promises large profits for marine farmers of the future in this country. Little Japan raises and gathers two million dollars' worth of them annually, and the United States Fisheries Bureau urges that we ought to do at least as well, inasmuch as the same kinds grow wild in the shallow waters along our own coast. People see them constantly, but pay no special attention, calling them weeds because they are not acquainted with their value as table delicacies and have no knowledge of the proper methods of preparing them.

Some of these plants make excellent table vegetables; others are useful for salads; yet others are good for making jellies, and others still are valuable as condiments. The Japanese have developed their possibilities to a remarkable extent, and Dr. H. M. Smith, of the Fisheries Bureau, made quite a study of the subject during a recent visit to the Mikado's empire. He says that we have good reason to be ashamed of ourselves, because, with resources of seaweeds fully equal and probably superior to those of Japan, we utilize only thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of them per annum, the crop gathered being only one species, Irish moss, the business of collecting which is restricted to Massachusetts.

Abundant in many places along our Atlantic coast, and also on the Pacific side is a seaweed of the genus gelidium, which yields a wonderful jelly. It grows on rocks, and the Japanese gather it in their waters by diving. After being dried it is washed in fresh water and boiled to extract the gelatine, which, taking the form of a pulpy mass, is cooled and cut into neat sticks and bars. These are exposed for a while to sun and wind on a hill-side and then they are ready for market. They are snowy white, shiny, flaky and most appetizing to look at. Not only jellies and desserts are made from the substance, but also pastries and candies, as well as a substitute for edible birds' nests, much relished by the Chinese.

A very curious method of cultivation is employed in the case of another marine vegetable by the Japanese, who throw stones into the sea to afford suitable places for the attachment and growth of the plant. Spores of the seaweed, corresponding to seeds, find lodgement on the stones and soon there is a luxuriant crop. After being cleaned, dried and bleached the plants are done up in rolls, the most common commercial use for the article being the sizing of textiles and the starching of fabrics of all kinds. It is readily converted into a paste by immersion in boiling water, and the Japanese women, oddly enough, apply a diluted solution of it to their hair in the washing thereof.

The red laver, which is a common seaweed in the United States, is regularly cultivated in Japan, and few land crops surpass it in the profit obtained per acre. Extensive areas in the shallows of Tokio Bay are planted with this useful vegetable, the method adopted being to thrust bundles of bamboo or brush at low tide into the muddy bottom, arranging them in rows. The bundles, standing upright in the water, serve to intercept the floating spores of the plant, which grows so rapidly that in three months the crop is ready to be

gathered. On being cut from the sticks the weeds are sun dried and are then ready for market. They are usually crasped over a fire before being eaten, and sometimes sandwiches are made of them, with rice and fish, which are sold at railroad stations and in shops. Also they are put into sauces and soups to give flavour.

Along our own Pacific coast, from Monterey Bay northward, grows the most wonderful of all water plants, the so-called "great kelp." Its stems are sometimes three hundred feet long, though no thicker than window-cord, and at the top is an air bulb, to serve as a float, with a tuft of streamerlike leaves thirty feet or more in length. Of this weed there are unlimited quantities in that region, and it is not utilized for any purpose, although it contains a very large per centage of gelatine. Here, in fact, is a marine vegetable of great value that is wholly neglected, a circumstance quite inexcusable, inasmuch as the Japanese for centuries past have manufactured from similar kelps a large number of delicious and nutritious food products. Fishermen seek them in open boats and tear them loose from the rocky bottom by means of hooks. Some of the food articles made from them take the form of powders and dried sticks as they appear in the market.

Formerly Scotland manufactured more iodine from seaweeds than any other country, but the supremacy in this important commercial industry has been taken from her by Japan. To obtain the product the marine plants are burned and the iodine is extracted from the ash. Dr. H. M. Smith says that the species of seaweeds from which iodine is obtained are abundant on the northern coasts of the United States, but, mainly through sheer ignorance, no use whatever is made of them.

"There is no actor-manager in the world," says the writer of the "Amendotage" in "T.P.'s Weekly," "who takes his work more seriously than Mr Tree. He is an artist to his very fingertips; indeed, he is so much of an artist that the wonder to me often is how he is able to get outside the artist in him, and to understand or manage the more prosaic part of his duties. 'People,' he said to me once, whom I know to be veracious, tell me that two and two make four; but," he added, "I would otherwise be convinced that sometimes they make three, and sometimes five, but never, never four"—a self-revelation which amid its humour is full of illumination as to his character. He has been a prosperous manager, I am glad to say; but I do believe that a more disinterested nature never was connected with theatrical enterprise, and that his first, his most absorbing, thought, is to work out on the stage those artistic ideas which his active brain's inexhaustible resourcefulness suggests to him."

One hears curious things sometimes at fashionable first nights (says London "Era"). In "John Chilcote, M.P." at the St. James' Theatre, Miss Marion Terry, as the platonic friend of Chilcote, has to indulge in certain innocent freedoms and caresses which, like the expert artist that she is, Miss Terry elaborates in the interest of the scene. The spectacle evoked an expression of gentle regret from a lady in the stalls at the premiere, on Monday. She sighed audibly—alluding, of course, to the "druggs" M.P.—"Ah, how he does neglect his opportunities!"

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Myra Williams, grand-daughter of Mrs. Piarazon, of France-road, Napier, and Mr. W. Dinwiddie, editor of the "Hawke's Bay Herald."

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Gallagher, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Gallagher, of the "Spa," Taupo, to Mr. Garfield Bagnall, of the Tongan Customs.

LATE ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

PETTIT-McKAY.

Mr William J. Pettitt, of Napier, second son of Mr. J. Pettitt, of Napier, was married to Miss Annie Elizabeth McKay, third daughter of Mr McKay, of Waipawa, at Allan-ale, Waipawa, on the 7th inst. The Rev. G. K. Stowell was the officiating clergyman. The bride wore a travelling costume of gray Amazon cloth with white vest covered with lace, picture hat of white cloth with feathers. Her bridesmaid was attired in cream silk, trimmed with ecru lace, sash of cream silk, and picture hat with ostrich tips. Her bouquet was composed of white flowers, and Mr Pettitt presented her with a gold brooch. A reception was afterwards held at Allan-ale.

REID-THOMAS.

On June 7th, at St. Matthew's, Hastings, by the Rev. C. Cockerill, Mr W. J. Reid, of Ballymena, Ireland, was married to Miss Mary Thomas, daughter of Mr Isaac Thomas, of Ewyford, Hastings. The wedding was very quiet. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore her going-away dress, a tailor-made navy blue braided cloth. She was attended by her sister, Miss Nelly Thomas, attired in blue hopsack, with blue hat to match.

PRICE-WILSON.

There was a quiet wedding at St. Peter's Church, Waipawa, on the 7th inst., when Mr E. A. Price, of Tangarua, son of the late Mr Robert Price, and Miss Vera Wilson, youngest daughter of Mr H. C. Wilson, of Napier, were married. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. W. Martin, and the bride was given away by her father.

McDONALD-WINTERS.

At Hastings, on the 7th inst., the marriage of Mr James McDonald, of Hastings, and Miss Estmie Winters, of the same town, was solemnized by the Rev. W. J. Currie. The ceremony took place in the presence of a large assemblage of relations and friends. The bride, who was given away by Mr Hector McLean, was attired in a simple robe of cream silk, draped with lace. She was attended by Miss Esie Wall as bridesmaid. The best man was Mr Patterson. After the ceremony the numerous guests were entertained at the residence of Mr H. McLean.

What's in a Name?

Occasionally a strange coincidence, such on the very first day of the Home Office's inquiry into the Beck case the prisoners in the first two charges at Bow-street Court were named respectively Smith, Alice Beck, and Mary Double.

The police and county courts are happy hunting grounds for coincidences in nomenclature, but they do not often provide a sequence such as that noted at the Westminster County Court at the beginning of the cricket season of 1902, when, in the course of one day, the cases concerned a Player, a Bowler, a Goal-keeper, a Umpire, a Jackson, a Townsend, a Richardson, and a Stead—the nucleus of a veritable England Eleven.

About three years ago Judge Kenny had to adjudicate upon a case in which a John Lamb was indicted for sheep-stealing, of all offences—the motion being the property of Mrs Fields, while the principal witness called to prove the case rejoiced in the cognomen of Patrick Wolfe. The Wolf and the Lamb in this instance had their usual positions reversed. Mr Pat Lewis, K.C., on one

occasion, had to try the case of "Alabaster v. White," a little time later he was called upon to adjudicate in the suit "High v. Low," and very shortly after in that of "Halfpenny v. Penny," in which the sum at stake was greatly in excess of that which at first sight would appear likely to be the case.

"Pluck v. Canawhiski" was the title of a case that had no bearing whatsoever upon Dutch courage that was tried at Bow-street a short time after Judge Bacon had disposed of the suit of "Joinson v. Bosworth" at White chapel, while about the same time the cause list at the High Courts rejoiced in actions between "Walker v. London," "Hand v. Bow," and "Law v. Law," the latter action being filed by Mr Justice Kekewich, who once, when gravely listening to the action "Beeps v. Pickles," remarked apropos of the parties, that they were a very mixed lot.

Mention of Judge Bacon recalls the fact that some years ago a case tried by him in which three witnesses in succession could neither read nor write, was followed by an action in which three witnesses were named respectively Speller, Reader, and Wright. As the judges remarked, "A coincidence—the natural progress of education."

A few years ago at Hastings two prisoners named West were charged by Police-sergeant West with being drunk and disorderly in West-street; while at Stockton, some little time after, a boy named Scrape was sentenced by a magistrate appropriately named Bree, the evidence of a woman named Sneak having an important bearing upon the case.

Incidents are never very lively functions at the best of times, but early in 1902 the proceedings at Shore-ditch were to a modest extent enlivened by the appearance in the box of a man named "Soda," who followed a witness called "Beer"; while something approaching a sensation was created in 1900 when it transpired that a plate-layer named Hunt was killed while evading one train at Bethnal Green Junction by an express driven by Charles Death, a name that recalls a tennis match played at Teignmouth some years ago between Mr Pine-Coffin, Mr Tombs, Mr Sexton, and Mr Parson. At an inquest held at Stepping Workhouse in 1902, by the way, the name of the deceased was Dust, the first witness called was named Sand, and the third Grit-ey; while on June 3, 1900, the jury empanelled for an inquest at the London Hospital had as its foreman a Mr Pasewick; three jurymen each answering to the name of Bird, while in addition their ranks included a Mr Gage and Mr Perch—a veritable aviary!

This incident recalls the fact that at Westminster County Court in the summer of 1902 there appeared in one day's list of cases a Crow, a Swan, a Pigeon, a But, a Fox, and three Fowlers.

A Midland train, it was stated a few years ago, was driven by a man named Sharp, and had as its guards officials respectively named Quick and Swift; it is not recalled that the combination broke any railway records; while in 1901 a Great Eastern train was driven by a man named Drake, the first guard was called Goose, the second guard Gander, and on one occasion an official travelling in the van rejoiced in the cognomen of Duck. The train proceeded swimmingly.

Of wedding coincidences there is no end, but they are not always quite so complicated as the recent example quoted in the parochial magazine of St. Peter's, Dorchester, where it was announced that a Charles Rose had espoused a Rose Charles, with the result that the lady, losing her surname Charles, became Rose Rose, and Mrs Charles Rose instead of Miss Rose Charles, an exchange that she probably looked upon as a rise.

It is related that a Bloomsbury parson many years ago started the day by uniting in holy matrimony a Prior and a Nun, which he followed up by linking together a Doctor and a Patient, and finished by turning Miss Beans into Mrs Bacon.

Maurice Leon Driver's poem recital of his own compositions at Steinway Hall (says the San Francisco "Argonaut") was well attended, and his playing was received with marked favour. His first selection, "Les Hirondelles," gained him immediate favour. His Hungarian rhapsodie was given with fine effect; as also was his andante and caprice, op. 73, which, aside from the excellent manner in which it was played, showed marked originality.

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Personal Paragraphs

On page 2 of this issue there is a portrait of a clever young Auckland musician, Miss Rose Yates, but by an error the name is given as Miss Maud Yates. As stated here, the young lady's name is Rose, and we regret the mistake should have occurred.

Miss Speed has returned to Picton from a visit to Wellington.

Miss Moss, of Auckland, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. John Stevenson.

Miss Amy Sutton, of Wellington, is visiting Mrs. Day, of Hawera.

Miss Wilson (Taranaki) is staying with Mrs. Tolhurst, Grant-road, Wellington.

Mrs. S. Cox (Wellington) has gone to Hamilton, Waikato, for a few weeks.

Mr H. Elworthy (Paroua) has returned from his trip to Australia.

Mrs W. Rutherford (Montrose) is staying at Warwick House, Christchurch.

Miss Kathleen Hoadley (Napier) is staying with friends in Wellington.

Dr. Hood, of Oporiki, has been paying Rotorua a visit.

Mrs Gray, of Wellington, is visiting Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs McLean, of Napier, are staying in Rotorua.

Miss Warburton, Palmerston North, is visiting Wellington.

Miss Wilson (Palmerston North) is in Wellington on a visit.

Mr. Jim Donaldson left Auckland on Monday for a short visit to Sydney.

Mr R. S. Bush, S.M., of Thames, was a passenger for New Plymouth by the Karawa on Sunday.

Mrs. Smith, of Canterbury, is staying in Wanganui with her daughter, Mrs. Barmistat.

Mrs. and Miss Willis, of Rongitikei, were in Wanganui for a few days recently.

Mrs. Obilham, of Feilding, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Stevenson, in Wanganui.

Miss Moore, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to relatives in the South.

Miss O. Ring, New Plymouth, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Marchant, of Timaru.

Miss Fooks, of New Plymouth, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Nichol, of Ashburton.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Evans, after their pleasant trip to Auckland, have returned to New Plymouth.

Dr. W. H. Horton has taken over the practice of Dr. E. M. Purchas in Dargaville.

Miss E. Brandon has returned to Wellington after a short stay in the country.

Miss K. Shera, of Rennera, is at present staying with Mrs. Skeet, of Cambridge.

Miss Skeet, who has taken up nursing in Auckland, is at present at home in Cambridge on a three weeks' holiday.

Mrs Wells (Cambridge) is at present in Auckland, being the guest of Mrs Tibbs, of Pongsonby.

Miss Haultain (Auckland) has gone to Waitapu, where she takes charge of the school.

Mr and Mrs Gibbons (Bank of New Zealand, Palmerston North) have gone for a trip to Sydney.

Mr Woolley, of the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, has been visiting Palmerston North for several days.

Miss K. Hoadley (Napier) is at present in Wellington, where she is staying with Mrs. Nelson.

Miss Nelson (Auckland) is paying a visit to Wellington. She is the guest of Mr. and Miss Coates.

Mr T. U. Wells, M.A., has been re-elected as graduate member of the Auckland University College Council.

Miss Warburton (Palmerston North) was recently in Wellington, where she was staying with Mrs. Fulton.

Miss Lillian Whitson (Dunedin) is paying a visit to Wellington, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ross.

Mr. A. S. Adams, president of the New Zealand Alliance, definitely contests Dunedin Central with Mr. D. Millar.

Miss Hunter-Brown (Nelson) is the guest of the Misses Ainger in Worcester-street, Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Keith Garrick intend returning shortly to Ceylon (writes our Christchurch correspondent).

Mrs and the Misses Peache (Mount Senners) are spending the winter at Sumner.

Mrs and Miss Basley, of Parnell, Auckland, have gone to Sydney, where they intend to spend the winter months.

Mrs Russell Duncan has returned to Napier from a visit to the South Sea Islands.

Mr G. O. Stephenson is appointed deputy registrar of births, etc., at Mangonui.

Mr and Mrs G. Barber, old colonists, of Timaru, returned from London in the Kaikoura last week.

Miss Bendall, of Wellington, is visiting her sister, Mrs Cecil Cornford, of the Barrack Hill, Napier.

Miss Grace Allen, who has been visiting relations in England, is on her way out again, via Suez.

Miss Fisher (Helmheim) spent a day or two in Picton last week, staying with Mrs C. H. Williams.

Dr. Duncan Buchanan, sheep farmer, has consented to contest the Pahiatua seat in the Liberal interest.

The Rev. W. E. Gillam, of St. Matthew's Church, has been elected chaplain of the City Fire Brigade.

Mr and Mrs Melville Jameson (Tauranga) are visiting Mrs Elworthy, Papunui-road, Christchurch.

Mr Le Cooey, post-mastier at Picton, and Mrs Le Cooey have returned after a pleasant holiday spent in Hawke's Bay.

Mr Hulstain, of Christchurch, has been stopping at "The Bungalow," Rotorua, lately.

The Misses Tanton (2), of Devonport, left on Monday by the Sydney steamer on a holiday trip to Australia.

The Anglican Bishop of Auckland (Dr. Nelson) has returned to town after visiting Te Awamutu.

Mr and Mrs J. Grant, of Galatea, have been staying at Waitera House, Rotorua, for a few days.

Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald, of Auckland, are staying at Hinemoa House, Rotorua.

Mrs. Russell, of New Plymouth, who has been staying with her mother, Mrs. Stanford in Wanganui, has returned to her home.

Mr. H. C. Brewer has returned to Auckland from New Plymouth, where he spent about three weeks. The visit did his health a deal of good.

Miss Arkwright (Marton), who has been staying with Mrs Wigram, Park Terrace, Christchurch, has returned home.

The Governor has accepted the resignation of Captain W. M. Jackson, of the No. 3 Ohiwemuri Bides, and Lieut. J. B. Berry, of the No. 2 Natives.

Mrs Curlew, of Christchurch, who is the guest of Judge and Mrs Munro, Parnell, intends spending the winter in Auckland.

Miss Hunter (Australia) has come over to New Zealand for a few weeks. She is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macintosh, Wellington.

Mrs J. R. Acland (Mount Peel) and Miss Acland are spending the winter months with Mrs Mabing, Armagh-street, Christchurch.

Mrs McGill, who has been in Dunedin for the last two months, has returned to Palmerston North. She is much benefited in health from the change.

Miss Abbot, of Parnell, who has been staying with Miss Cary, of "The Anchorage," Cambridge, for the last three weeks, has returned to town.

Miss Effie Willis has returned to Auckland after spending a month with her parents, Archaean and Mrs. Willis in Cambridge.

Mr Bruce Hay, of Maungatutari Waikato, who has been in Auckland on a short visit, returned to his farm last week.

Mr and Mrs J. Radcliffe and Miss E. Western left Picton last week for England on a year's visit to Mr Radcliffe's relations.

Mrs C. G. Joyce, postmistress at Aitutapu, contemplates leaving the colony about the end of June for England, on six months' leave of absence.

Mrs and Miss Lee, of Sydney, who have been touring New Zealand, returned to Australia on Monday by the Mararoa.

The Rev. Mr and Mrs F. Evans, of New Plymouth, were staying in Cambridge last week with Mr and Mrs Brooks, of the Bank of New Zealand.

Miss R. Skeet has returned to Cambridge after being away for four months visiting friends in Tauranga and Auckland.

Miss Maude Russell, of Christchurch, who has been staying at the Star Hotel, Auckland, leaves this week for the Islands by the Moura.

The examiners of the Anglican Theological Board have recommended Mr H. N. Wright, a student of St. John's College (Tainui), for an exhibition on account of the merit of his work.

Mr R. T. Tudehope, choirmaster of the St. Paul's Methodist Church choir at Cambridge, has been presented by the choir with a silver spirit-kettle on the occasion of his marriage.

Mr J. Metcalf, second engineer on the Wellington, has been transferred to a like position on the Karawa, in succession to Mr McFarlane, who has gone to Sydney.

Mrs. Horrocks, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Brown, of Wellington, on account of the latter's health, has returned to her home in Parnell, Auckland.

Mr. Buckleton, manager of the Bank of New Zealand, New Plymouth, who has been visiting his people in Sydney, has returned, looking much better for his holiday.

Mr. C. Spears, of the "Herald" office, New Plymouth, was presented with a gold-mounted fountain pen by his fellow-workers prior to his departure for Nelson.

Mr. W. McPherson, of Messrs Sargood, Son and Ewin, New Plymouth, has been transferred to Auckland. Before leaving New Plymouth he was presented by his late comrades with a travelling bag.

Mr Eanthom, formerly of the North Island, who bought Mr J. Radcliffe's run in Queen Charlotte Sound, has sold out to the Messrs Greensill. Mr H. Greensill will manage the run.

Miss Macey, daughter of Mr W. H. Macey (Blenheim), has been promoted to the Kereru School from Greytown, and was presented with a gold brooch prior to her departure.

Mr J. Welford, an old Marlborough boy, who for many years has been living in the North, has returned to his birthplace with a view of settling on a farm on the Flashbourn Estate.

Mr Alfred Nathan is leaving Auckland for England on June 23rd in the Sierra. At the end of the year he returns to the colony with his wife and family, who are at present in England.

Mr J. M. Melville, of Mr. J. W. Gittos' legal office, and a student of the Auckland University College, has been admitted as a solicitor of the Supreme Court by Mr. Justice Edwards.

Mr G. Gillett, an old Hamilton boy, and son of Mr Gillett, of Kikirikiroa, has returned home on a brief visit before leaving the colony with the Rugby team for Australia and England.

On Tuesday week a number of the friends of Mr E. Harris tendered him a social at Bathurst's Hotel, Te Awamutu. Mr Harris is in the service of the Railway Department, and is about to leave for another station.

The Rev. E. Adams, minister in charge of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, has been ordered by his medical advisers to take an extended holiday, and left on Monday for Sydney, where he expects to stay for three months.

Mr C. Rhodes has been appointed to the local directorate of the Waikato M. Company, the Hon. S. Thorne George being the other local member. Mr Rhodes has been local attorney for the company for some time.

Mr J. H. Witherford, M.H.R., who was expected to arrive from London by the Kaikoura last week, decided at the last moment to remain in London till the next steamer. He will probably be a passenger by the Rimutaka.

Mr G. W. Banks, who is one of the original shareholders in the New Zealand Shipping Co., arrived from London by the Kaikoura last week, and left immediately for Wellington in the West Coast steamer.

It is interesting to learn that General Negi and General Kuroki are members of the Presbyterian Church, and that Field-Marshal Dyanma's wife is also a member in good standing of that denomination. Admiral Togo is a Roman Catholic.

Miss Aird, who came out to New Zealand as governess to Lord and Lady Plunket's children, has gone to Marlborough, where she is to educate the family of Mr. and Mrs. Vavasour, of "Ugbrooke," near Blenheim.

Lieutenant Holderness has arrived from Dharmasala, India, and is staying with his parents (writes our Christchurch correspondent). He is still suffering from the effects of injuries received in the earthquake.

Mr John Duncan, of the Grove, near Picton, has commenced his campaign in the Opposition interest as a candidate to represent Marlborough in the House of Representatives.

Miss Nunneley, who is well known as the lady champion tennis player, and who has for the past year been residing in Hawke's Bay, has been appointed assistant librarian at the Central Free Public Library, Wellington.

Miss M. McGuire has been appointed assistant librarian at the Auckland Free Library. There were 53 applicants for the position. Miss I. Newell was appointed a typist and shorthand-writer in the Town Clerk's office out of 18 applicants.

Captain Todd, Napier Superintendent of the Tyser line, has just left Rotorua after two months' sojourn. He has obtained the greatest benefit from the baths, and his health is very much improved.

Amongst those stopping at Brent's Bathgate House, Rotorua, last week were Mrs. McHutchinson and Mrs. Thompson, from Dunedin; Mrs. Desborough, Mrs. Warren, and Mrs. Hull, of Auckland.

Mrs Sewell, of Oporiki, has been staying with her sister-in-law (Mrs Donaldson) at Rotorua for the last fortnight. Mrs Sewell has been through a rather painful operation under the hands of Dr. Craig in Rotorua, and is making rapid progress towards recovery.

Cable advice has been received that Dr. Bedford, who went to America and England on a flying trip some weeks ago, left London on his return to Auckland last week. He will spend a week or so in America, and will reach Auckland in the July mailboat.

Mr D. Carter, a son of Mr George Carter (Wellesley street), and chief clerk in the Union Steamship Co.'s Melbourne Office, arrived in Auckland on Sunday by the Moana on a visit to his old home with the object of recuperating his health. Mrs Carter accompanies him.

Bro. T. Bryan, of the Loyal Pioneer Lodge, N.I.O.D.E., Auckland, having resigned the position of treasurer of that society, an office he has held for the past 20 years, his co-workers decided to recognise his past services, and presented him with a handsome easy chair.

Mr J. Duncan Harris, who succeeds Mr E. C. Gillon as district railway manager at Whangarei, was in charge of the Kawakawa-Opua section some years ago. He was sent to America several years since to arrange for the building of a number of new carriages for the Department. Mr Bennett, who is an inspector in the district, is to go South, and Mr Ashby, of Auckland, relieves him.

Mr J. R. Smith, of the firm of F. W. Smith and Co., Commerce street, Auckland, died last week at his residence, in Epsom, after a short illness. The deceased gentleman was a native of Dondonerry, and came to the colony with his wife and family in the early days. He entered into business in Auckland and took an active part in it until a short time of his death.

Any old Ultronians are requested to notice that a correspondent writing to this paper is anxious to obtain names of old Ultronians in this colony, and an expression of opinion from these gentlemen as to whether a reunion of old schoolfellows from the college could be arranged in Wellington during next session. The editor of the "Graphic" will be glad to hand on any replies to the querist. Letters may be addressed "Ultronian, 'Graphic' Office."

Major-General Balington, commanding the New Zealand Defence Forces, accompanied by his A.D.C., Captain Campbell, departed for New Plymouth by the Barawa on Sunday, en route to Wellington yesterday en route to Wellington. Colonel Davies, C.R., accompanied him as far as Hawera, where he stayed for a few days.

Dr. A. Challinor Purchas and Mrs. Purchas, left Auckland on Monday by the Mararoa on a month's visit to the Commonwealth for the benefit of his health. The doctor had the misfortune to suffer blood poisoning in one of his hands some weeks ago, and his medical advisers have directed him to take a change of air. Dr. Purchas, of the Waikato, takes temporary charge of his brother's practice.

The Hon. S. Thorne George had the misfortune on Saturday last to slip upon the highly-polished floor of the Auckland Club's hall while he was hanging up his coat. He fell heavily on his side, and it was evident at once that he was hurt. He was removed to his home in Parnell, and there a medical examination revealed that the bone of the hip had been telescoped into the socket, with the result that a painful fracture had occurred. It does not appear to be very serious at present, and it is hoped that in about three weeks he will be about again.

At Otorohanga last week there was a gathering to say farewell to Mr and Mrs J. W. Ellis, who have removed to Hamilton. An illuminated address was presented to Mr Ellis by Mr G. T. Wilkinson (the Government Native Agent), on behalf of the residents of Otorohanga and Puketarata, and Mrs Ellis was also presented with a silver tea and coffee service. Hari Hemara Wabanui, a leading chief, delivered an address for the Maoris, and led a haka and chant regretting their departure.

Mr. David M. Ross, of Hamilton, has been nominated as a member of the Society of Authors (London), and will be duly elected. This society, which was founded by Sir Walter Besant, to protect the rights of authors, now numbers 1630 members, including nearly all leading authors and authoresses. The president of the society is the veteran novelist and poet, George Meredith, and on the council, among others, are J. M. Barrie, Hall Caine, Marion Crawford, A. Conan Doyle, Lord Curzon, Thomas Hardy, Pinero, Mrs Humphry Ward, and Viscount Wolseley.

The Ngaitapu tribe of the Ngaetangi have lost by death the last of their links with the older generation, in the person of Te Paia, a chieftainess of about eighty years of age, whose only surviving son, Tamati Tu, is married to Chief Hori Ngata's daughter. The old lady belonged to a loyal tribe, her brother Hamea Tu having served with the British troops at Gate Pa, and received a pension for his services. A very large tangi has been held at Matapihi as the deceased chief and near.

The volume "Evening Herald" recently held a poll of its readers as to the ten best Victorian citizens. About three hundred citizens received votes, the total number of votes cast being 4079, with the following result: Sir John Madden (Chief Justice), 3342; Janet Lady Clarke (philanthropist), 3221; Mr. T. Bunt (Premier), 2842; Sir George Turner (Federal Treasurer), 2658; Miss Sutherland (friend of neglected children and poor women), 2500; the Rev. A. R. Edgar (Methodist), 2280; Mr. W. H. Irvine (ex-Premier), 2239; Sir Samuel Gillott (Chief Secretary), 2197; Mr. A. Deakin, M.H.R., 2040; Mr. George Coppin (actor), 1867.

The following letter has reached us from Mr Montfithre, of Wellington, of whom a drawing appeared last week: "Dear Sir:—In your issue of 10th June I note you have a caricature of myself. As such I have no objection to it, and appreciate the compliment, but I do most strongly object to the words 'and Masonry' at the foot. As a Mason of many years' standing I most strongly object to any reference to it in such a manner. One of the strongest tenets of Freemasonry is that it shall not be used in any way as an advertising medium, and this is a point I feel very keenly. In order that I should not be misrepresented in this matter I shall be glad if you will, in justice to myself, and to the craft generally, publish this disclaimer."

The following is a list of the visitors at Hot Springs Hotel last week:—Hon. T. Duncan, Mr. Gibbith, Mr. Mawhinny, Wellington; Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Clifton, Auckland; Mr. McCaw, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Northay, Mr. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Master McCulloch, Hamilton; Madame Boeufu, Auckland; Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Caldwell, Hamilton; Mr. O'Callaghan, Wellington; Mr. Shaw, Tauranga; Mr. and Mrs. Connelly, Thames; T. Kosman, Ireland; Mr. W. E. Watkinson, Mr. T. M. Wilhuk, Mr. J. C. Smith, Messrs. Farnall (2), Mr. Gayer, Miss Baymer, England; Mr. Bird, Hamilton; Mr. Downs, Feilding; Mr. Beard, Mrs. Beard, Miss Beard, Perth, W.A.; Mr. Wilson, Wellington; Mr. Crambe, Hamilton.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Mr
Thos. Cane, of the Boys' High School,
Christchurch, to Miss Winifred Bullfield,
of Oamaru.

The engagement is announced of Miss
Constance Hector, eldest daughter of Sir
James Hector, Lower Hut, Wellington,
to Mr. Lionel Saxby, eldest son of Mr.
Gordon Saxby, Napier.

The marriage of Mrs. Travers (Wellington) and Colonel Wood (Nelson) will be celebrated in Wellington during the first week in August. Colonel Wood has taken a house in Fitzherbert Terrace, Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Evelyn Kerr, daughter of Mr. E. G. Kerr, "Harlan," Timaru, to Mr. Edward Malcolm Arthur, London, England.

Orange Blossoms

COCHRANE—TETLEY.

At the Methodist Church in Paeroa last week Miss Mary Tetley, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Tetley, of Paeroa, was married to Mr. Arthur Cochrane, of Auckland. The Rev. E. D. Patchett, assisted by Rev. T. A. Norrie, officiated. The bridesmaids were Misses Sarah Tetley and Lily Silcock, and Messrs J. and C. Short were the groomsmen.

CONOLLY—WRIGHT.

On June 6th a quiet but pretty wedding took place at "Belmont," Paeroa, the residence of Mrs. Wright, when her youngest daughter, Miss Mary Edith Wright, was married to Mr. Edwin T. Conolly, eighth son of the Hon. E. T. Conolly, of Rongorua, Auckland. The Rev. Mr. Patulla, of Waikato, was the officiating minister. The bride, who looked very winsome in a white silk gown trimmed with chiffon and insertion, and the orthodox veil and wreath, was given away by her brother, Mr. Albert Wright, of Karangahake. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. A. Wilson, of Paeroa, and the bride by her sister, Miss K. Wright, who wore a pretty frock of pink dolomite. The bride's travelling dress was a handsome blue cloth with white facings and white felt hat to match. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold chain, and to the bridesmaid a gold brooch with initial in pearls. In the afternoon Mrs. Wright held an "at home," which was attended by a large number of guests, and this was followed by a social in the evening to the young people of the district. Mr. and Mrs. Conolly are very popular, and were the recipients of a large number of handsome and useful presents.

DYKES—MEE.

A wedding which attracted a great amount of interest was that of Miss Isabel Mee and Mr. James Dykes. The ceremony was performed at St. Paul's

Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on June 7. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. George Mee, looked very charming in a lovely gown of ivory satin delicately embroidered with silver roses and a tressure of narrow satin ribbon. The bodice was draped with Point de Venise lace, and her Brussels lace veil was worn over a coronet of orange blossoms. She was attended by six bridesmaids—her sisters (Misses Hilda and Mabel Mee), Miss Jessie Mee (her cousin), Miss M. Newcombe, Miss F. Lewis, and Miss G. Richardson. They had exceptionally pretty dresses of fieelle lace over cream satin royale, the full skirts bordered with flounces of lace; killed frills of lace and satin adorned the bodices overhanging the deep Empire belts of satin. The décolletage was veiled with filices of lace, and the short elbow sleeves had deep ruffles of the same. They wore floral hats of Parma violets and foliage, and carried artistic bouquets of violets and arbutus tied with long streamers of mauve. The bridegroom gave them each a silver-backed mirror. To the bride he gave a pearl pendant. Mr. A. Gele was best man. The groomsmen were Messrs. E. Bunnell, A. Haslam, T. Winter, and A. Mee. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. Mrs. Mee wore black satin with collar of jet paillettes, becoming pink bonnet with roses, and a bouquet tied with pink ribbon. Amongst the guests were Mrs. Gilmer, wearing black voile de soie; Miss Gilmer, pale blue taffetas, white fur stole, and white beaver hat; Miss M. Seddon, pale blue canvas and black picture hat; Miss Hannah, pale grey cloth, white furs, and white beaver hat; Miss J. Hannah, white simple cloth and royal blue hat; Mrs. C. Richardson, brown tailor-made, brown hat with touches of orange; Mrs. O. Kember, navy blue cloth, blue hat with wings; Mrs. Richardson, black satin and bonnet with purple violets; Miss Richardson, blue canvas; Miss Kirkealdie, dark blue canvas and pale blue hat; Miss O. Kirkealdie, zinc grey cloth and picture hat; Mrs. Richardson, black brocade with touches of purple; Mrs. Holmwood, black canvas with motifs of lace; Miss Holmwood, ivory cloth and picture hat; Miss Lockie, grey voile and white hat. The bride's travelling dress was a dark tailor-made gown, worn with white furs and a smart velvet hat. Among the many handsome presents was a purse of sovereigns from the members of the Savage Club, of which Mr. Dykes is hon. secretary. After the honeymoon, which is being spent in the North, Mr. and Mrs. Dykes are returning to Wellington, and intend to live at Island Bay.

MCCOSH CLARK—THOMPSON.

A charmingly pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, on Wednesday, June 7th, at half past two, when Miss Kathleen Nora Thompson, second daughter of Herbert Thompson, Esq., of Christchurch, was married to Mr. Harry McCosh Clark, of Remuera, son of the late James McCosh Clark, of this city. The service, which was fully choral, was conducted by Canon Beat y, vicar of St. Mark's, Madame Wismore presiding at the organ. The church was beautifully decorated by the numerous friends of the bride and bridegroom with a wreath of ribbons, ferns, and variegated grasses, intermingled with clusters of arum lilies and other white flowers. The seats reserved for the guests were all roped off with white satin ribbons. An exceptionally pretty wedding hall composed of white azuleos, and trails of maiden-hair fern, tied with white satin streamers, was suspended in the chancel. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked lovely in an exquisite "Romney" gown of ivory satin, the trained skirt fastened with Mechlin lace, caught up with chiffon rusebuds. The bodice, opened at the throat, revealed a V of transparent Mechlin lace, finished with a cluster of orange blossoms. A flowing tulle veil worn over a coronet of orange blossoms and a beautiful shower bouquet of rare white flowers with trails of maiden-hair, completed a most becoming toilette. She also wore a pearl and turquoise necklace and pendant, and a pearl ring set with diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids, Misses Ida Thompson (sister of the bride) and Pearl McCosh Clark (sister of the bridegroom), wore effective cream

cloth tailor-made gowns slightly trained with vests of cream lace, becoming hats of pale blue miroir velvet, softened with bands of satin and chiffon clox of same shade. A picturesque frock to the bridesmaids' costumes were the dainty pale blue miroir velvet drawn muffs, finished with lace ruffles and sprays of delicate pink rosebuds and leaves, which they carried. They also wore handsome gold curb bracelets, with lock pendants, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Archie McCosh Clark attended his brother as best man, and Mr. Sydney Thompson officiated as groomsmen. After the ceremony a large reception was held at "Waimarama," Amey Road, the residence of Mrs. McCosh Clark, where the large number of costly wedding presents, including a grand piano from the parents of the bride, and a silver tea and coffee service from Mrs. McCosh Clark, were displayed. During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. McCosh Clark left on their honeymoon tour, which includes a tour of the Southern lakes, the bride wearing a smart tailor-made blue serge costume with soft white silk and lace vest, becoming white felt hat, trimmed Parma violets. Many beautiful costumes were worn at the wedding, amongst those I specially noticed being:—Mrs. Thompson wearing a black chiffon de soie, handsomely trimmed with black applique, and lace, hat of grey panne, trimmed with purple panics and osprey plume; Mrs. McCosh Clark, recherche black satin dress, veiled in black Chantilly lace, bodice made with V shaped yoke and long light cuffs of cream French flower lace, black velvet hat trimmed with jewel straw relieved with shaded roses; Mrs. Hakouabe (Ureui) was smartly gowned in a brown cloth tailor-made costume, with Paris lace vest, brown picture hat trimmed with lace and shaded roses; Mrs. Jack Smith; Miss Trixie Smith wore a brown cloth costume, with lace vest, brown hat to match; Mrs. Seymour George was beautifully gowned in a black and white checked taffetas, with lace vest, pretty black and white toque relieved with touches of turquoise blue; Mrs. Wilfred Colbeck wore a graceful pearl grey tweed gown over blue silk foundation, black picture hat; Mrs. Louis Myers, very handsome black braided silk costume, the bodice finished with a deep cape collar encrusted with lace motifs, becoming black and white bonnet; Mrs. Leo Myers was charmingly gowned in cream colienne with lace vest and touches of brown, white and brown hat; Mrs. Richmond, handsome black silk, black hat with cluster of pink roses at one side; Mrs. Hanson, dark blue coat and skirt, with pretty white hat, ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Beattie, black colienne gown, the bodice richly trimmed with black and white lace motifs; Mrs. Tomks, dark blue, smart blue hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Street, black silk and black chiffon pelerine, dainty black and white bonnet; Mrs. Pitt, black chiffon voile trimmed with ruffled ribbons, black toque; Mrs. Edward Russell, crimson gown profusely trimmed with erue lace medallions, black hat; Mrs. Duthie, beautifully fitting navy cloth tailor-made costume, with lace vest, smart black and cream hat smothered with roses; Mrs. Robert Burns was effectively gowned in pale mauve cloth piped with velvet a shade darker, velvet hat to match swathed with velvet roses; Mrs. Archie Clark was in a bottle green cloth gown smartly trimmed with black, black hat; Mrs. Robert Rose, graceful gown of cream colienne, with touches of black, black plumed hat; Mrs. Nolan wore a pretty blue gown, and blue torpelo toque finished with pink roses; Mrs. Paton, black voile with emmentations of lace over white satin, black and white hat; Mrs. Foster wore a pretty violet costume with dainty violet toque; Mrs. McMillan wore a striking gown of violet Louise silk with flounces of Paris-trimmed lace, vest of same lace, and pretty violet bonnet finished with white osprey; Mrs. Bull (Waingaro), lovely gown of pastel pink cloth finished with lace and sable full, picture hat; Mrs. —, Bull wore bisuit coloured cloth, hat to correspond; Mrs. Ranson, stone grey costume, the bodice finished with revers braided with black and white, black toque; Mrs. Gamble, navy blue serge, tailor-made, with cream vest, black bonnet with cluster of violets in front; Mrs. Thompson, rich black silk gown finished with chiffon, black bonnet relieved with touches of blue; Miss Reay, dark cloth tailor-made costume, with lace vest, black hat; Mrs. Buddie, dark blue, with hat on suite; Mrs. Colonel Banks, dark grey tweed costume with small black hat; Mrs. Henry Walker; Mrs. Heather wore a very pretty eatee costume of pale bisuit-coloured cloth with black satin facings veiled in Paris lace, pale blue ceinture and hat; Mrs.

Cheeseman wore a beautiful white and pink floral silk, profusely trimmed with lace, pretty toque encrusted with pink roses and leaves; Mrs. Arthur Myers wore a lovely stone grey Louise silk picture frock, smart grey plumed hat to match; Mrs. Wertheimer looked charming in a pearl grey Romney gown of velvet and cloth, sweetly pretty hat to match with lace scarf tied under the chin, white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield was picturesquely gowned in brown voile over glace, dainty beaver hat, trimmed with shaded ribbons; Mrs. Edwin Horton, bright blue cloth gown with white vest, pretty violet and white toque; Mrs. Rouch, smart navy blue cloth with pale blue facings, dainty net and lace vest, black toque with touches of turquoise blue; Miss Dorothy Ware looked very well in a cream costume, relieved with touches of turquoise blue and black, hat on suite; Miss Cohen (Sydney) was smartly gowned in sapphire blue cloth with white vest, white hat, trimmed with blue; Miss George wore an effective white cloth gown, becoming white felt hat, ermine furs; Miss Zoe George looked charming in a pale blue hopsack coat and skirt with cream vest, black picture hat; Miss Violet Banks wore grey tweed and pale grey hat to match, ostrich feather boa; Miss Stephenson, dainty white spotted silk gown, large black hat; Miss — Stephenson, cream voile, inset with cream yak lace, blue ceinture, cream straw hat, wreathed with forget-me-nots; Miss Horton, dark blue coat and skirt, cream vest, and blue hat; Miss Browne, brown hopsack costume, brown hat, trimmed with shaded roses; Miss — Browne, blue serge coat and skirt, and hat to match; Miss Richmond wore a dark grey tweed tailor-made, black hat; Miss — Richmond was wearing dark blue; Miss Nolan, dark blue coat and skirt, pretty green hat; Miss Kitty Clark, white cloth costume, pretty hat, trimmed with shaded fringed ribbon and roses; the Misses Scheff wore dark blue cloth costumes with white hats, wreathed with violets; Miss Buckland, sapphire blue voile with cream insertion, blue felt hat to match; Miss Rooke, black chiffon voile gown, trimmed with Paris lace, threaded with blue bebe ribbon, black and white hat, finished with garland of green leaves; Miss Georgie Denniston wore a becoming costume with a large black plumed hat; Miss Leaves, dark violet coat and skirt with cream vest, pretty black hat; Miss Duggaville, white cloth costume, white feather boa, and a black picture hat.

GRAEME-COX—WRIGHT.

The marriage is announced of Mr. A. Graeme-Cox to Miss Edith Wright. Mr. Graeme-Cox, who is the eldest son of Mr. A. Vassall Cox, of Clifton, England, occupies an honourable post in the South African constabulary, having during the war served Sir G. Baden-Powell as quartermaster-sergeant. He was educated first at Bradford College, England, and after at New Plymouth High School. His bride was Miss Edith Wright, daughter of Mr. George Wright, of Plymouth, who fills the important position of manager of the Wilts and Dorset Bank in that city. Mr. Graeme-Cox has a brother in Auckland—Vassall Cox, a journalist and horticultural enthusiast.

A Practical Illustration.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.

"Papa," he said.

"Well?"

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my son."

"And it's quite right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, indeed."

Tommy rose, went to the cupboard, and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity.

"Eat it, papa," he said.

There's the sneezy cold, the wheezy cold,
The tickles in the throat;
The chilly cold, the killy cold,
The cold that burning hot is;
The fearful cold, the fearful cold,
The one that all the lot is—
Yet these be colds that none endure
Who purchase WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

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

BIRTHS.

RODLEY.—On May 15th, 1905, at "Everton," Mr. Rodley, the wife of George Rodley of a son.
BLEAKLEY.—On June 9th, at her parents' residence, Norfolk-st., at the wife of James Bleakley of a son (still born).
CAIN.—On 11th June, at her residence, Victoria-street, the wife of F. J. Cain of a daughter. Both doing well.
JOWITT.—The wife of Edmund Jowitt of a daughter.
McARTEN.—On 31st May, at her residence, Ouehuanga, the wife of Robert McCort of a son.
McLEOD.—On June 5, at John-street, Mount Roskill, the wife of W. H. McLeod of a daughter.
WALKER.—On June 6th, at her residence, Newton-road, the wife of Bert Walker of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ALLEY-BESCOMBE.—On May 17, at St. John's Church, Te Awamutu, by the Rev. W. Clarke, B.A., Samuel Dawson, youngest son of Thomas Alley, of Danbargo, to Ethel Violet, only daughter of H. A. Bescombe, of Henderson.
DIXON-GARTH.—On May 2, 1905, at the Grafton road Wesleyan Church, by the Rev. J. J. Lewis, Henry, second son of Hagar Dixon, of the Bay of Islands, to Alice Florence Garth, eldest daughter of Mrs J. J. Vickery and the late Alexis Garth.
HIBBERD—SOMERSET.—On April 22nd, at Knox Church, Pahmoh, by the Rev. Jan H. Russell, Charles Kitchin, only son of Charles Hibberd, Kitchin, England, to Margaret Constance, eldest daughter of the late Major Henry Somerset, of Melbourne.
HUNY-SHEPPARD.—On May 11, 1905, at the residence of Mr W. Fort, Gundry-street, Newton, by the Rev. G. Adridge, Frederick W., second son of Mr Wm. C. Hunt, of Napier, to Georgina Ellabath, second daughter of Mr J. R. Sheppard, late of Auckland.
RINGROSE—MORRIS.—On May 8, at St. Matthew's Church, Helensville, by the Rev. P. Cleary, Thomas Ringrose, eldest son of William Ringrose, Tatarariki, to Emily Morris, eighth daughter of Jonathan Morris, Helensville.
TUCKER—THOMASSON.—On April 24, 1905, Easter Monday, by the Rev. F. T. Reid, at the residence of the bride's mother, Doroti, Arthur John, eldest son of the late J. P. Tucker, of Whangarei, to Christian Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Gwert Thomasson, of Poroti.
WEBBER—MUNRO.—On 26th April, at the Manse, Epsom, by the Rev. R. F. Macdonald, Albert J., second son of the late Mr J. Webber, Auckland, to Catherine S. (Kate), eldest daughter of Mr W. Munro, Ponsonby.

DEATHS.

ANDERSON.—On June 11, 1905, at her late residence, Ireland-street, Elizabeth, the dearly beloved wife of Charles Anderson, aged 40 years.
BIBLE.—On June 11, 1905, at her late residence, William's-avenue, Grey Lynn, Margaret Ann, widow of the late John William Bible; aged 73 years.
DAVENNEY.—On 7th June, at his residence, The Pines, Ouehuanga, Burton John Davenney, late Captain Dunskilling Dragoon, and for many years Officer Paying Imperial Pensions in the Auckland District.
DAVIS.—On June 8, at her late residence, Edinburgh-st., Newton, Elizabeth Ann, widow of the late Thomas Davis, in her 85th year.
HINTON.—On the 5th of June, at Mount Roskill Police Station, John, dearly beloved husband of Clara D. Hinton; aged 54. Waikato and Sydney papers please copy.
HUNTER.—On June 10, 1905, at Auckland, John, dearly beloved husband of Mary Hunter, brommeigger, Portora, late of Symonds-st.; aged 48 years.
MALCOLM.—On June 10, at the residence of Mr William Cooper, Avondale South, Emilie Monson Malcolm, widow of the late Nell Malcolm, in her 76th year.
McNAB.—On June 11, suddenly, at the Thames, Peter McNab, beloved husband of Catherine Robinson McNab, Northumbria-road, Mount Eden; aged 56 years. Burial-ground and Dunstie papers please copy.
McLAREN.—On June 11th, at his residence, Clarence-st., Devonport, Alexander, beloved husband of Jessie McLaren, in his 78th year.
NITSEY.—At his late residence, "Nesbit," Northcote, Joseph, the beloved husband of Sophia Nitsay, in his 52nd year.
NICOLAI.—On June 6, 1905, at his residence, Hobson-street, Robert Nicolai, beloved husband of Elizabeth Nicolai; aged 70 years. R.I.P.—Thames papers please copy.
SMITH.—On Tuesday, June 6th, at his late residence, "Rockbank," Epsom, Joseph Robinson, second son of the late Frederick Hill of Londonderry, Ireland, and grandson of the late Joseph Robinson Smith, of Eaton Square, London, and of "Halekown Grange," and the "Breach," Hunnington, Worcester, England.

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Society Gossip AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, June 13. THE THIRD DAY'S RACING.

The weather for the third day's racing at Ellerslie was lovely, and drew a large crowd to Ellerslie. It was damp and cold under foot, but we all enjoyed ourselves. Mrs Colbeck wore a grey pleated tweed costume and pretty brown beaver hat trimmed with shaded tangerine ribbon; Mrs Duthie was wearing a dark blue, tailor-made, black and cream hat wreathed with roses; Mrs T. Hope Lewis, very dark grey coat and skirt faced with white, and a charming black and white toque; Mrs Sharman, grey tweed Russian costume, with long basque, cream vest and a smart red velvet toque, white muff and fur; Mrs Coombe looked very pretty in pale grey, with a white felt hat with Tam-o'-shanter crown, finished with white osprey plume; Mrs Ware wore a black cloth costume and charming black toque; Mrs Jackson, grey tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, and a becoming red hat; Mrs Edward Russell, effective gown of red cloth with medallions and insertion of Paris lace, pretty black picture hat; Mrs Pilkington, brown hopsack costume, brown hat trimmed with tangerine ribbon and cream lace, white bon; Mrs Edward Anderson, dark blue coat and skirt, toque to match; Mrs Maxwell, grey tweed costume, grey hat trimmed with ermine; Mrs St. Clair wore a dark blue serge, tailor-made, and black plumed hat; Lady Lockhart wore a striking gown of violet cloth, with vest and long tight cuffs of lovely jewelled lace, a most becoming violet toque; Mrs R. Burns wore a lovely pale mauve cloth gown trimmed with velvet of a slightly darker shade, and purple velvet hat wreathed with roses; Mrs Fraser, brown tailor-made, smart black toque; Mrs Walker, very dark grey sac coat and skirt, black toque relieved with white; Mrs Barter, blue

cloth coat and skirt, with white cloth facings, blue felt hat; Mrs Dunnet wore a dark grey tweed costume, with white vest, smart black toque; Mrs Alison, black cloth coat and skirt, with white facing, pretty black and white hat, and handsome sable furs; Mrs Derry wore a grey tweed, tailor-made, with a charming shaded velvet hat; Mrs Leatham, dark red coat and skirt, with velvet facings, pretty black velvet hat with touches of white; Mrs Loecky, grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, and becoming grey hat finished with a red wing at one side; Mrs Craig, dark blue serge coat and skirt, and a dainty violet toque; Mrs Friend, dark blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs Kinder, black cloth Eton costume, smartly trimmed with black silk braid, cream vest and black Romney hat; Mrs. Foster wore a beautifully fitting violet cloth costume, dainty violet toque to match; Mrs. Thompson, handsome gown of black brocade, and black and white bonnet; Mrs. J. Smith, black cloth coat and skirt, cream vest, and black toque relieved with white; Mrs. George Morris, dark grey tweed costume, with becoming red hat; Mrs. W. Churton, grey tweed coat and skirt, with white cloth facings, becoming hat, wreathed with violets; Mrs. Charlie Owen wore a beautifully fitting tailor-made of dark blue cloth, and white felt hat; Mrs. Mitchell, in a white cloth costume, with brown centre, and becoming brown and white hat; Mrs. B. Moss Davis, in grey tweed, smart toque to match; Mrs. Noble wore a red coat and skirt, and a white felt hat trimmed with shaded roses; Mrs. Roberts wore a handsome black and white costume, and a black toque; Mrs. Savage, dark blue (tailor-made), and a dainty pale blue hat; Mrs. Maesmore Morris wore a faultlessly fitting gown of wine-coloured cloth, and a charming straw hat to match, wreathed with shaded roses; Mrs. Mitchellson, dark tweed skirt, long blue cloth coat, and a blue hat, finished with a large red crush rose; Mrs. W. Bloomfield wore a very dark blue coat and skirt, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Marsack, navy tailor-made gown, with velvet collar, black plumed hat; Mrs. Ansenne, grey tweed costume, pretty blue toque, with white feather pompon; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield wore a most becoming gown of brown voile, cream vest, and a beaver hat trimmed with shaded ribbons; Mrs. Dargaville, black cloth gown, relieved with white, black and white toque to match; Mrs. Remall, blue flecked tweed gown, blue toque wreathed with red roses; Mrs. Seeger, brown tailor-made, charming toque to match; Mrs. R. Daere, grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, and black picture hat; Mrs. Wright, dark costume, with black hat; Mrs. Symes (Taranaki), dark blue cloth tailor-made, and a pretty ermine toque; Mrs. Martelli, navy cloth sac coat and skirt, faced with white cloth, white felt hat, trimmed with violet velvet and violets; Mrs. Devore was effectively gowned in a dark plaid creponie, black and cream Marie Stewart bonnet; Mrs. Black, navy blue serge gown, and blue felt hat to match; Mrs. Andy Hannan; Mrs. Rodle, sapphire blue coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss Zoe George, very pretty pale blue hopsack, black beaver tricorn hat with drooping ostrich plumes; Miss Gorrie, dark blue coat and skirt, and a small brown fur toque; Miss Gwen Gorrice, white serge sac coat and skirt, white and brown hat; Miss Bolton, dark blue tailor-made white felt hat trimmed with shaded brown roses; Miss Daisy Mowbray, blue cloth costume, white felt hat wreathed with red roses; Miss Firth, brown cloth picture frock, with cross-over bodice, brown hat trimmed with shaded yellow roses; Miss Isla Thompson, white hopsacking Russian costume, pretty blue velvet hat, and blue velvet muff to match; Miss Edith Perival wore black; Miss Browning, dark blue cloth, gown, blue felt hat; Miss Lulu Browning looked daintily in a cream picture frock, and Romney hat; Miss Dargaville, dark blue voile gown with a deep cream Victorian yoke, black picture hat, white feather bon; Miss Lee (Sydney), pale grey Russian costume, with cream vest, pretty hat to match; Miss Eileen Lewis looked well in a brown costume and red hat;

Miss Cotter, sapphire blue voile with Victoria yoke of Paris lace, outlined with Oriental embroidery, hat to match; Miss Cotter, cream cloth costume, pretty black and white toque; Miss Ireland, smart grey tailor-made, grey hat to match; Miss J. Ireland, dark blue serge coat and skirt, small black and white felt hat; Miss Dennison wore a pretty costume of white cloth and brown fur, small hat trimmed with emerald green velvet; Mrs. Torrence, blue grey flecked tweed, hat en suite; Miss Pearl Clark wore her dainty bridesmaid's frock of cream hopsacking, turquoise blue mirror velvet hat; Miss Cissie Jackson wore a smart brown toilette, brown straw hat with garland of roses; Miss Daisy Worsp, effective crushed strawberry toilette faced with velvet a shade darker, hat to correspond; Miss Lizzie Corrie, dark blue serge relieved with touches of black and white, black and cream hat trimmed with pale blue; Miss Pearl Gorrice, dark red costume with cream vest, white hat trimmed with velvet; Miss Mabel Thorne wore a very pretty biscuit-coloured encaise and skirt, cream vest, and hat to match; Miss Brassey; Miss Dunnet, smart black cloth tailor-made, braided with black and white, black and white toque; Miss Martin, navy blue serge costume and blue felt hat; Miss May Alison wore a dark blue cloth costume, with white vest, small white hat finished with dark blue wing at one side; Miss Ivy Alison was wearing a biscuit-coloured frock prettily contrasted with scarlet hat to match; Miss Binney, pale blue hopsacking gown, with ruffled ribbon and lace cape collar, pale blue felt hat swathed with folded chiffon; Miss Bagnall, dark grey tweed, trimmed with mitre green, dainty hat in which some colour appeared; Mrs. Mackay wore an effective bright navy cloth tailor-made gown and black hat; Miss Annie Berry was wearing dark blue, and small dark blue upturned felt hat; Miss May Dawson wore a pretty pale grey coffee costume, with white vest, dark blue beaver hat with cluster of pink roses on one side; Miss Muriel Dawson clad wore grey, blue straw hat swathed with navy ribbon and trails of autumn berries; Miss Atkinson wore a dark blue costume and her sister was in brown; Miss Fanny Press, navy cloth coffee costume with white vest, blue and white hat.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

The Auckland Orchestral Society was favoured with a very large and enthusiastic audience at the Choral Hall on Thursday evening last, when they gave the second concert of the season with much success. A programme of exceptional interest was presented, and the orchestra rendered the pieces allotted to them in excellent taste. The vocalists were Mr. Mandemo Jackson, Mrs. C. P. Roe and Miss Lynn Mills, all of whom were accorded an enthusiastic reception. To the gentler sex there is a charm about these gatherings, quite apart from the concerts themselves, in varied and pretty effects, of the subtle art of the costumier. The tout ensemble of the fashionable audience on Thursday evening was most striking and effective. Among the more noticeable of the dresses I observed Mrs. Egerton, delicate blue silk and lace blouse, black satin trained skirt and long green cloak edged with fur; Mrs. T. Hope Lewis, black evening toilette and graceful electric blue coat; Miss Eileen Lewis was in a dainty evening frock and crimson cloak edged with brown fur; Miss Lynn Mills was charmingly frocked in white Spanish lace over some blue silk, white lace bertha caught with cluster of blush roses; Mrs. C. P. Roe wore white mercerized silk with white satin and lace tucker, and black silk bow in coiffure; Mrs. Duncan E. Clark wore a lovely cream lace blouse, black trained skirt and velvet bow in coiffure; Mrs. W. H. Parkes, graceful black silk voile over glace silk,

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at rich black cluny lace berthe; Mrs. Ed. Morton was gowned in black Oriental satin with white chiffon yoke veiled in black lace, and touches of blue chiffon; Mrs. B. Kent, black silk gown, trimmed with coral cluny lace and jet; Miss Kent, white frock; Mrs. Ashton Bruce wore a pretty pearl grey spotted satin blouse, softened with lace and black trained skirt; Miss Bruce, black evening gown and graceful long green cloak; Mrs. Graves Aikin, black voile and blue toilette; Miss Aikin, black; Miss Walker, becoming black evening gown with transparent lace sleeves and Maltese lace collar, crimson in coiffure; Mrs. Bewes wore black contrasted with bright cerise; Miss Pickmore, very pretty white silk with yoke of white French stitchery; Mrs. Louis Myers, handsome black brocade with cream lace pelotine and black silk and lace cape; Miss Ruby Coleman, dainty white silk frock and vieux rose cloak; Miss Kitty Clark was in a charming tussore silk trimmed with cream lace and moss-green velvet; Mrs. C. V. Houghton wore a sweetly pretty pink and blue chine silk blouse, black silk skirt and Nil green cloak; Mrs. Russell, ivory glaze silk blouse piped with pale blue silk, black trained skirt and vieux rose theatre cloak; Madame Weltner, charming white evening lacy of white silk and lace, white ostrich stole and black be-ribboned skirt; Mrs. A. P. Friend, pretty wall-flower Oriental satin blouse with cream point lace collar, black satin trained skirt; Miss M. Peacock was in a cream silk blouse with pink chon and black skirt; Miss Gorrin, heliotrope and white chine silk blouse and cream voile skirt, pretty blue opera coat; Miss Pearl Gorrin was gowned in a pretty rose pink silk, and wore a pair grey cloak; Miss Meta There, white silk with lace yoke, black velvet butterfly bow in her hair; Mrs. Hitchcock, green and black figured silk blouse with white yoke and black skirt;

Misses Westwood wore black voile skirts and pretty salmon pink and bright crimson blouses respectively; Mrs. Goodwin, black silk gown relieved with white; Miss Goodwin, dainty ivory white silk and lace gown and becoming crimson cloak; Mrs. Whitelaw, black gown, relieved with white and long French grey coat lined with white silk; Miss May Whitelaw looked pretty in a turquoise blue silk blouse with large crimson crush rose on corsage and black skirt; Mrs. H. Airey wore a black evening gown with Parma violets in coiffure; Mrs. D. Goldie, handsome black gown with white silk entreboux, electric blue coat; Mrs. Law, black satin and jet gown; Miss Law, dainty white silk blouse, black skirt and long azure blue cloak; her younger sister wore white silk; Mrs. J. McK. Geddes, black satin gown ornamented with jet; Miss Ella Macky (Devonport), dainty pale blue silk blouse inserted with white lace, blue voile skirt; Mrs. Sutherland, blue blouse, black silk skirt, and becoming green theatre cloak; Miss C. Jackson wore black trimmed with cream lace insertion, and a pretty electric blue jacket; Miss Holland, pretty pink and white chine silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Essie Holland wore pale blue silk, with cream lace collar; Miss Beale wore black and white silks respectively, and pretty blue opera cloak; Miss MacIndoe, white silk gown and cluster of green leaves in coiffure; Mrs. Ernest Quere, white silk with Maltese lace collar, crimson theatre cloak; Miss Florence Walker, white silk trimmed with coral lace, black velvet bow in her hair; Miss Young, hi-suit-coloured silk blouse and black silk skirt; Mrs. Chas. Heims, black satin toilette; Miss Homus, pale blue silk trimmed with white Meekin lace; Miss Violet Tibbs, white and pink spotted evening blouse, and darker skirt; Misses Steele, pretty white silk and lace frocks; Mrs. Hamilton Hodges, handsome grey brocade silk gown; Misses Gresson wore pretty white silk blouses and black skirts; Miss Carlin, white voile and lace gown with satin coiffure; Miss Minnett, becoming white silk blouse, and black voile skirt; Mrs. F. Kenderline was gowned in black, with touches of white and pink silk; Misses Pierce wore white silk and lace blouses and dark skirts; Mrs. Houchin, cream voile and lace blouse, and black voile skirt; Mrs. Devore, black evening toilette; Mrs. MacAndrew, white silk and lace gown, and long green cloak; Mrs. Crawshaw, pale grey gown; Miss Bennett (Devonport), pretty light blouse, dark skirt, and turquoise blue opera cloak; Miss Moore-Jones, cream voile and lace blouse, and dark skirt; Miss Brassey, very pretty emerald green silk blouse trimmed with bands of velvet a darker shade, dark skirt.

EUCHE and DANCE.

Mr and Mrs. W. H. Whitley, of "Wisbeach," Selwyn Terrace, Parnell, gave an exceedingly enjoyable euche and dance last Friday evening in St. Andrew's Hall in honour of their daughter Tessie, who is to be married shortly. About 100 guests responded to the kind invitation of the host and hostess, who with their daughter and sons greeted them on arrival. A most effective display of hunting and graceful palms lent a delightfully pleasing air to the surroundings of the hall. Euche was played till about 10.30. Whilst the guests were partaking of a sumptuous supper, the hall was cleared and dancing was kept up till midnight. During an interval in dancing the prizes were presented to the fortunate winners. Miss Muriel Knight receiving a beautiful magnificent case, and Mr. J. Winks a gentleman's superb dressing-case. Excellent music was supplied by Marriage's band. Mrs. Whitley was attired in a rich black and heliotrope toilette with cream insertion; Mrs. H. Whitley, black silk skirt, pale pink blouse and lace insertion; Mrs. H. J. Whitley, all black; Mrs. Skinner, dark skirt and red silk blouse; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, rich black merveloux; Mrs. Watson, black; Mrs. J. Moir, also wore black; Mrs. Partridge, very handsome black dress trimmed profusely with silver passementerie; Mrs. Peter Moir, black relieved with cream lace, and pink roses; Mrs. Blakie, pretty cream voile and crimson berries; Miss Whitley, pretty pink silk; Miss — Whitley, dainty white frock; Miss Katie Nelson, rich cream silk with pink roses; Miss Winks, black; Miss Lottie Winks, cream, with pink roses on corsage and in hair; Miss Millie Mueller, cream neotilion-pleated dress, satin sleeves and pink roses; Miss M. Atkinson, black trimmed with cerise; Miss L. Atkinson,

cream voile; Miss Foote, looked well in white silk and pink roses; Miss Hellaby, cream, with pretty lace scarf; Miss Ivy Hellaby, cream net over satin, white flowers in coiffure; Miss Muriel Knight, all black; Miss Butters, black brocade skirt, pale blue blouse; Miss L. Butters, looked charming in cream merveloux, with accordion-pleated chiffon sleeves; Miss Moir, pale can de nil atropiane; Miss R. Moir, black relieved with crimson roses; Miss S. Muir, cream; Miss Stevenson, looked well in black silk relieved with white lace, and pale blue crush rose; Miss N. Stevenson, white silk, lovely pink crush rose in corsage; Miss Hanna, vieux rose voile; Miss R. Hanna, cream silk; Miss N. Hanna (New Plymouth), green with heliotrope trimmings; Miss Gies looked well in cream silk; Miss Smith, black skirt and white silk blouse; Miss Kingston, dark skirt, pretty pale blue blouse; Miss A. Gittos, cream silk with chiffon sleeves; Miss Phyllis Julian, pretty white muslin dress and crimson roses. Gentlemen: Messrs. W. H. Whit-roses; Mrs. L. P. Skinner, black evening toilette; Misses Rees wore becoming light evening frocks; Misses Wood (2) were in pretty light gowns. Gentlemen: Messrs. W. H. Whitley, Canon Nelson, Whitley (6), Winks (2), Gardiner, Dr. J. Moir, Dr. P. Moir, Hellaby, Julian, Foote (3), Masefield, A. Stevenson, W. F. Butters, Culpan (2), Robertson, Gilmer, Gittos, Burgess, Blakie, Watson, G. Whitehaw, Souerfeld, Steele, Finn, Adams, Monte Adams, H. Taylor, Winks (2), Mueller, and others.

EUCHE AT HOME.

The pretty seaside suburb of Takapuna promises to be unusually gay this winter if one may judge from the many social gatherings announced already. The second of a series of entertainments, which has been arranged by a number of Takapuna ladies, members of the Croquet Club, to take place fortnightly during the winter months, was held at Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Geddis' charming residence on Friday evening last. These house parties promise to be very successful, as they will afford pleasant opportunities of meeting one's friends often, and passing an enjoyable evening. There were 12 tables, and play was kept up with animation till about half-past ten, when a rechee-by supper was partaken of, and the prizes were awarded. Miss Williamson and Mr. Clyde Ballantyne being the winners. A splendid phonograph added to the other hospitalities of the host and hostess, made the time pass very pleasantly. Among the guests present were: Messames Macdon, A. Brett, Alison, E. T. Hart, Sharland, Weston, Ballantyne, Girdlebs, Geddis, Litter, Corry, Kirk, Blenheim, Beak, Misses Courtaune, Kirk, Berry, Morrin, Geddis, Honelson, Alison, Williamson, Corry, Messrs. A. Brett, Masten, Beak, Clyde Ballantyne, R. Ballantyne, E. T. Hart, Blenheim, Corry, Williamson, Litter (2), Alison (2), and Geddes.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

(Delayed in Transmission.)

Dear Bee, June 3.
An exceedingly PLEASANT SOCIAL

was held in St. Mary's Hall last Monday evening, when a large gathering of teachers, scholars, parents and friends assembled. The guest of the evening was Mr. W. H. Skinner, who is relinquishing the office of superintendent of St. Mary's Sunday school after occupying the position for sixteen years. The vicar, in his short opening speech, spoke of what had brought them together, and how greatly Mr. Skinner would be missed, as he was such a zealous and earnest worker. Then Mr. Stanley Shaw, as Mr. Skinner's co-worker, after a few pleasant and touching remarks, presented Mr. W. Skinner on behalf of the teachers and scholars with a handsome silver hot-water kettle, suitably inscribed. After the recipient had returned thanks in an interesting speech, refreshments were handed round. During the evening musical items were rendered by Mr. F. T. and Miss W. Baker, Rev. Bradbury, Miss Crawford, Miss Chang, Messrs. E. A. Golding, Deare, Salt, and Binnington. Among those present were Mrs. A. C. Fookes, Misses Fookes, Mrs. W. Skinner, Miss L. Skinner, Mrs. Evans, Miss

B. Evans, Misses Bedford (2), Misses Webster (2), Mrs. Fleetwood, Mrs. Devenish, Miss Devenish, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. Crawford, Misses Crawford (2), Mrs. F. Webster, Mrs. Lush, Misses Roberts (2), Misses Ede (2), Mrs. MacDiarmid, Mrs. Standish, Mrs. McKellar, Misses Hempton, Mrs. Bradbury, Mrs. Watkins, Miss Pellham, Mrs. Phillips.

The members of the Hawera Hunt Club have extended their course nearer to New Plymouth, so while they were here they gave a most

ENJOYABLE LITTLE DANCE

in the Foresters' Hall, Gill-street, last Thursday evening. Excellent music was provided by McKinnon Bain's orchestra. The supper table was very prettily decorated with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums. Amongst those present were Mrs. Morrison, black satin with lace berthe; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black satin with cream lace trimmings, red roses on decolletage; Mrs. W. Bayley, cream brocade, finished with pink roses; Mrs. W. Penn, black silk with cream lace and red roses; Miss George, pale blue shirred silk with cream lace trimmings; Miss White (Hawera), black net with red roses on corsage; Miss Brett, blue gauded silk, finished with chiffon; Miss Roy, white tucked silk; Miss Govett, handsome frock of black net over glaze; Miss E. Fookes, white Brussels net, trimmed with silver passementerie trimming; Miss Simpson, cream chiffon over yellow silk, finished with frills on decolletage; Miss King, pink silk skirt with chiffon bodice; Miss E. Hamerton, pale pink silk; Miss Hanna, black silk and cream lace, pretty pale blue Empire silk sash; Miss Fraser, black with red roses on corsage; Miss J. Fraser, pale pink silk with pale blue trimmings; Miss Orbell, white muslin, profusely trimmed with satin ribbon; Miss E. Orbell, blue silk with pink roses on decolletage; Miss Skinner, cream silk, decolletage trimmed with net and satin ribbon, finished with autumn leaves and chrysanthemums; Miss L. Skinner, white muslin, trimmed with satin ribbon, pink roses on corsage; Mrs. Capel, yellow silk; Miss M. Capel, green, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Tuke, cream satin, relieved with pale blue; Miss D. Gray, white silk and scarlet roses; Miss D. Whitcombe, white book muslin; Mrs. D. Humphries, white tucked silk; Miss Mackay, blue crepe de chine; Miss Bayley, vieux rose silk with cream lace trimmings; Miss Lidell, black silk; Miss Clarke, white frilled silk, pale blue silk sash; Miss L. Devore (Ponsonby), black silk; Misses Hawken (2), pretty cream crepe de chine, relieved with tangerine Empire belts and shoulder straps; Mrs. Goswin, red velvet; etc. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Townsend, Fraser (2), Standish, Robertson, Hanna, Cutfield, Fitzherbert (2), Matheson, Carbro, Blackmore, Bayley, Goswin, Weir, Nolan, Morrison, George (2), Woodhouse, Day, Tuke (2), McCrear, Haste, Pipe, Dean, Howell (Hawera), Otterson, Weston, Laidlaw, etc.

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CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee,

June 10.

On Saturday evening the Cambridge Orchestra gave a most successful concert in the Alexandra Hall. Several musicians came from Auckland to take part in it. Mr S. Adams, of Auckland, led the orchestra, and Mr J. H. Edwards conducted in his usual able manner. Miss Madoline Knight, of Auckland, gave a pleasing rendering of Tosti's "Good-bye" and "Sunshine and Rain," Miss E. Veale, who has a very sweet voice, was heard to advantage in "When the Birds Go North Again" and "Absent." Miss Sharland, of Auckland, a pupil of Mr S. Adams, gave a fine rendering of Raff's "Polka de la Reine," and in response to an encore Mr S. Adams and his pupil played the duet "Marche de Concert," for which they received another encore, but time did not permit of their responding to it. Mr Keith Roberts delighted the audience with his "Solo" solos, especially Gounod's "Meditation," with organ obligato by Mr T. Hartly, in a sympathetic manner. The Orchestral Society played several items during the concert in an able manner, namely "Rondeau," "Birch Canoe," and "The Fortune Teller," and also accompanied Mr Fawcett Rowe in his song "Good-night." Mr Rowe also contributed the song "Queen of the Earth." The vocal quartette, "Lonely Night," was sung by Messrs Rowe, Edwards, J. N. Richards, and Venables, and the duet, "Albion," by Messrs F. Rowe and Venables. Mr C. Stewart gave a clarinet solo, "Serenade," with orchestral accompaniment. Altogether the audience were treated to

a most varied programme which met with warm approval.

Last Saturday afternoon the Ladies' Four-somes were played off at the Cambridge Golf Links. There were only eight ladies entered for this match, the scores being: Miss Brooks and Miss Skeet 64, Miss Kathleen Willis and Miss N. Young 68, Mrs Matheson and Miss Richardson 65, Miss Wells and Miss H. Wells 78. There is most interest being taken amongst the golfers at the visit which Mr Hood, the golf coach, is to pay to Cambridge next week, and a great many intend to take advantage of his visit and take lessons from him.

An Amateur Comedy Club has been started in Cambridge. The members are being coached by Mr Fawcett Rowe. Those who have already joined are Misses E. Hill, Hally, Skeet, Willis, and K. Willis, and Messrs Walker, A. Wilkinson, and Farnell. The piece chosen for the opening performance is entitled "Betsey."

Mrs John May, of Tamahere, met with a serious accident as she was leaving her sister's (Mrs Wells) residence. The horse shied just as she was approaching the gate, causing the buggy to strike against the gate post, when Mrs May and her two little girls were all thrown out. Mrs May had a slight concussion, and was very much bruised. The children escaped with a few scratches. Mrs May was assisted into her sister's house, where she still lies, attended by Dr. Roberts. She is now progressing satisfactorily.

ELSIE.

HAWERA.

Dear Bee,

June 10.

Last Tuesday Mrs Welsh gave a large afternoon tea at her residence on the South road in honour of her sister (Mrs Buckley), who left the following day for Sydney, where she catches one of the P. and O. boats to India. It was a lovely day, and Mrs Welsh's charming garden was looking very pretty with all its autumn tints. Mrs Welsh received her guests in a becoming green gown. Mrs Buckley was wearing a charming cream serge with a large red hat. Amongst the guests I noticed Mrs Goodson, Mrs C. Goodson, Mrs Jacob, Mesdames Farrington, Scott, Westera, Brown, White, Williams, Dingle, McLean, Brett, Bayly, Gill-Carey, A. Hunter, Page, Parkinson, McWilliam, He-Jop, Misses Latta, White, Dingle, Worrall, Carey, Good, and many others. During the afternoon several songs were sung and much enjoyed.

Last Tuesday evening a delightful progressive outdoor party was given by Miss McLean. There were thirteen tables, which represent a large number of people. The prizes, which were very handsome, were won by Miss Stringer and Mr W. Parkinson, a silver jewel box and a silver-backed clothes brush respectively. A dainty supper was served in the dining-room. Mrs McLean wore a handsome gown of black silk, the corsage trimmed with Irish point lace; Miss McLean was wearing a gown of white and blue glace silk, the yoke of lace. Amongst those present were Miss Latta in a charming white silk frock with Victorian yoke of hailstone lace; Miss White, pretty pink frock; Miss Baird, white book muslin, relieved with pale blue; Miss P. Baird, a dainty pink silk, very much tucked, with pink of a deeper shade on the corsage; Miss Douglas, cream satin; Miss Alexander, white silk; Miss Caplen, white silk; Miss A. Caplen, pale blue silk; Miss Nolan, black silk; Miss Day, a charming blue gown; Miss B. Langden, white silk; Miss Kayly, old rose; Miss Kenny, white silk; Miss Dingle, red silk. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs McLean, Parkinson (2), Glen, Kenny, Aitken, Swinburne, Gray, Chettle, Farrington, Turnbull, Liddle, Baker, Buchanan.

Next week I will tell you about Mrs Brett's assembly, which is the first of a series of four to take place during the coming winter; also, of Mr Rollt, Foster's concert, which should be very enjoyable, as he comes to us with a high reputation.

A number of hunting people journeyed to New Plymouth last week to attend the meet which was to be held there. They were very unfortunate as regards the day, which turned out very stormy and cold. They were entertained at a dance given in their honour by the New Plymouth people, and came home after having had a very enjoyable time.

ENA.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

June 10.

Last week Mrs Burnett gave A FAREWELL TEA

to Mrs Fitzgerald, who is leaving for the Auckland district next week. Amongst those present were—Mesdames Burnett, Fitzgerald, Nivens (Waingarua), Harrison, Peake, McLean, M. Beth, Dodgshun, Young, Griffiths and others. Mrs Peake won the first prize and Mrs McLean the second for guessing the largest number of names of flowers in a nosegay.

SEVERAL SMALL BRIDGE PARTIES have been given during the week by Mrs Griffiths, Mrs Peake, Mrs Stevenson and Mrs Dyer. Amongst those present at the last-mentioned were Mr and Mrs Dyer, Mr and Mrs Gordon, Mr and Mrs Stevenson, Mr and Mrs Allison, Mrs Crisp (Timaru), Mrs Oldham (Feilding) and others.

On Thursday Mrs Gibbons gave

A SONG TITLE TEA

for Miss G. Campbell. Miss Phyllis Larnicot won the prize, a pretty jug of Hadley china. Amongst those present were Mrs Gibbons, Miss Gibbons, Miss E. Gibbons, Miss Campbell, Rawson, Young, McNeil (2), Dodgshun, Anderson, M. Beth (Christchurch), Gresson, Stewart, W. Griffiths, Baker, Knapp, Barnicoat and many others.

On Thursday evening Mrs S. Gordon gave

A PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE PARTY.

There were five tables. Mrs Peake won the ladies' prize, a bottle of lavender-smelling salts, and Mr Waterston the men's, a Russian leather pocket book. Mrs Gordon received her guests in a

pretty blue silk blouse with champagne lace yoke, black silk skirt. Miss Gresson wore a dainty white silk frock with lace and insertion, full sleeves of silk and edged with lace. Mrs Crisp (Timaru) had a black voile skirt bordered with champagne insertion, black silk bodice with jet and chiffon, banker's chief sleeves and champagne lace. Amongst those present were Mesdames Gordon, Peake, Griffiths, Dyer, Anderson, Blundell, Waterston, Misses Anderson, Dodgshun, Stamford (2), Messrs Gordon, Weir, Smidger, Anderson, Waterston, Silk, Dodgshun, Dyer, Anderson, R. Stevenson.

H. I. A.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee,

June 9.

The second of the

CINDERELLA DANCES

took place on Wednesday evening, and was most successful. The choropones were Mrs Patterson, Mrs Cohen, Mrs Lionel Abraham, Mrs W. H. Smith, Mrs H. Waldegrave and Mrs Fuller. A feature of the dance were the four extras played by Mr Harold Collins. Mrs Patterson was wearing a black silk toilette with berthe of black sequined net, frills of black chiffon on sleeves; Mrs Cohen, a very pretty pale blue satin, wide panel of silver embroidery on skirt, same trimming on corsage; Mrs Lionel Abraham, white spotted net over white satin, tiny frills on skirt edged with black satin ribbon, black jet embroidery on bodice, and wide black silk belt, white aigrette in hair; Mrs W. H. Smith, black blouse, deep frills of black acordion-pleated chiffon on sleeves, long Maltese lace scarf; Mrs H. Waldegrave, black acordion-pleated silk skirt made with three flounces, frills of same on bodice and sleeves, black velvet bow in hair; Mrs Fuller, black satin, berthe of cream lace, and large cluster of pale pink roses on corsage; Miss Dalrymple, pale pink silk, deep shirred flounce on skirt, frills of pink acordion-pleated chiffon on bodice, and long sprays of small pink rosebuds, pink flowers in hair; Miss Armstrong, tucked white silk, white chiffon on corsage, and small bunches of pink roses, pink wreath in hair; Miss Gardner, black and white narrow black satin trimming, transparent

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MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, June 5.
 The Waitohi Lawn Tennis Club held their annual social on Friday in the Public Hall. The attendance was a decided improvement on that at last year's gathering, and the affair altogether a success. The room was prettily decorated. The supper was, as usual, perfect. Mrs Riddell wore a green broche; Mrs Nicol, pink silk; Mrs Madsen, black velvet, trimmed with white lace; Mrs Storey, black merveilleux and chiffon; Mrs Parfitt, black with ebiffon frills; Mrs McCormick, black; Miss Chaytor, black; Miss Fuller and Miss L. Fuller, black; Miss V. Fuller, blue silk; Miss F. Fuller, white silk; Miss Young, white silk; Miss M. Young, black skirt and blue silk blouse; Miss O. Cragg, pretty pale blue silk frock, trimmed with white chiffon; Miss Bragg, white silk; Miss — Bragg, black; Miss Price, white silk; Miss Miles, black skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss L. Miles, white silk; Miss Neilson, white silk; Miss Roberts, white; Miss Fisher (Blenheim), white silk; Miss Wright, white silk, trimmed with blue; Misses Storey (2), white silk; Miss Stuart, black skirt and white satin blouse. The men present were Messrs Price (secretary), Smith, Nicol, Worsdel, Madsen, Wolff, McCormick (2), McIntosh (3), Stuart, Bizzard, Riddell, Bragg (2), Parfitt (3), Jones (2), Fisher.

On Friday Miss Moreland gave a very enjoyable At Home at Christ's College. The rooms were beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums, and tea was served both in drawing and dining-rooms. Miss Moreland was becomingly gowned in cream voile and lace; Mrs Julius wore a dark cloth costume with furs; Mrs Elworthy, black with satbes; Mrs Hugh Reeves wore brown; Mrs G. Harper, grey cloth; Mrs Hunt, dark blue and emerald green. Others present were Mesdames H. Cotterill, Cook, Armstrong, Merton, Denniston, P. Campbell, Maling, and Hogg; the Misses Reeves, Maling, Macdonald, and Holly; Messrs. Collins, Flower, Hogg, Pitman, and Professor Haslem.

On Friday evening a children's fancy dress ball was given at Sumner by Mrs Harris. The new schoolroom was chosen for the scene of gaiety. The decorations were very pretty, and the floor and music excellent. An early supper was served for the juveniles, who had to catch the ten o'clock tram to Christchurch; after which dancing was continued and thoroughly enjoyed for some hours.

DOLLY VALE.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 7.
 A small dinner party was given at Bishopscourt by the Bishop and Mrs Julius. The guests included His Excellency the Governor, Lady Plunket, the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, Mr and Mrs G. G. Stead, and Mr and Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes.
 There have been several gatherings during the week. On Wednesday there was a luncheon party at Mrs Andrew Anderson's (Opawa), and an afternoon tea at Mrs Boys', in honour of Mrs Armstrong, who is staying with her. A "progressive game" evening was given by the Misses Cook (Cranmer Square). The prize was presented to Miss Moore, who had gained most points. Pit was then played, and was as noisy and amusing as usual. Mrs Cook received her guests in a black and white gown; Miss Cook and Miss L. Cook were wearing white. Among the guests were the Misses Stead, Denniston, Julius, Tool-hunter, Bowen, Nancarrow, Deans, Anderson, and Moore; Messrs. Bowen, Harper, Cox, Stead, Colonel Baichop, Drs. Gibson and Ulrich.
 A dinner party was given by Mr and Mrs Walter Stringer (Fendulton), in honour of Mr and Mrs G. W. Roper, who are leaving for England. Those present were Mr and Mrs Bickerton Fisher, Hon. Mr and Mrs Louissou, Mrs Kohn, Mr M. Barnett, and Mrs Appleby.

Lea and Perrins' Sauce.



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MR. W. GARDNER

and now wears no truss whatever. Mr. W. Gardner, Grosvenor Street, Dunedin, Otago, is a man 67 years of age. He had suffered several years from rupture, and the old spring trusses were of no use to him. He tried the Rice method of cure, and now he has had no occasion to wear any truss for more than two years. Thousands of men, women, and children, have been cured by this method without pain, danger, operation, or loss of time from work. Among them are Mr. G. Kiskille, a teacher, 60 years of age, residing at Main Road, N.E. Valley, Dunedin, and Mr. J. Cocker, Tuakan, Auckland, who is a farmer 62 years of age. He had suffered 40 years from a scrotal rupture when he used the Rice method and was cured. Write at once for a book giving full particulars of this method. Do not be misled by anyone who claims to be or to have been at any time connected with me in business. Such statements are absolutely fraudulent. Beware of imitations of my method. Write at once for particulars of my genuine method to W. S. RICE Rupture Specialist, Dept. 2304, 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

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THE CURATE'S TRIUMPH

By H. J. Ashcroft

Author of "A Stern Chase," Etc.

I DECLARE, Philip," continued my sister indignantly, "you are as bad as all the rest—bent on persecuting Mr Eastcott; and yet you pretend to be his friend. I am ashamed of you."

"My dear Laura," I said, "you are a woman, and will not listen to reason."

"Reason!" she cried disdainfully. "I am proud of being a woman. If it saves me from such reason as yours. A woman is inspired by faith; a man by what he calls 'reason'; that is why it's better to be a woman."

I groined in spirit. I might be able to break a horse, or train a dog, but to overcome the blind faith of a woman in the man she loved, that I found was a task beyond my power to perform.

"I see through it all, Philip," she continued. "This is another mean trick to ruin Mr Eastcott. You know the Rector is jealous of his popularity, and father and the other churchwardens are prepared to commit any act of injustice to please the Rector. It is because he places his sacred duties before the amenities of social life, because he is a true and earnest Christian, that the Rector wishes to get rid of him; and not daring to do it in a straightforward manner, pretending to give evidence to all the miserable gossip that circulates in this despicable little town. It makes my blood boil to think of such meanness."

"There is truth in some of your assertions," I said, "and you know that until this last affair, I always stood up for Eastcott, and perhaps I should do so now if it wasn't for your connection with him. You are not actually engaged—"

"I wish we were, so that I could stand by Wilfred's side and show the town the contempt I feel for its wicked rumours. I suppose you possess sufficient 'reason' to know why Mr Eastcott has not actually proposed to me."

"I conclude he considers his position and prospects too uncertain to undertake such an obligation."

"Of course! and he is too much a man to ask or accept father's liberality."

"But, Laura," I urged, "although we both honour Eastcott for his many admirable qualities, it is childish to shut our eyes to this wretched scandal. You must remember I am not forming an opinion from idle gossip; I have the witness of my own ears and eyes."

"Your senses have deceived you, Philip," she said, with a woman's audacity. "And let me tell you once and for all, that I will not believe anything against Wilfred, and that if he is disgraced, I will gladly share in his disgrace."

We Perivales have always been considered an estimate but, but I could never have supposed a Miss Perivale to be guilty of such extraordinary perversity, or of an infatuation that would deprive her of her senses.

The Rev. Wilfred Eastcott, the curate of our parish church, though possessing nothing much in the way of family to recommend him, was a graduate of Oxford, a clever, winning, broad minded and eloquent young fellow. In person he was tall and handsome, with a presence that commanded respect; and it was not altogether surprising that the Rector, Mr Fox, should feel somewhat insignificant in his curate's society.

It was quite true that a don't set had been made against Eastcott, and I had endeavoured to influence my father in his favour; but the close and intimate friendship that existed between the churchwarden and the Rector rendered my efforts of little use. Another thing that had set my father and the Rector against Eastcott was his warm friendship for Laura, for I knew very well that the heads of the two families were desirous of a union between her and young Wyndham Fox, the Rector's son.

Well, whatever may have been my opinion of Eastcott, the least I could say of him now was that he had made a fool of himself. Fancy a man already surrounded with enemies, playing into their hands by such miserable folly! It was altogether beyond my comprehension. I knew what men were, but the curate's conduct was simply inexplicable.

At our local theatre that week a well-known London actress, Miss Maud Valaire was appearing; and before she had been in the place three days, I began to hear rumours that she and Eastcott were meeting clandestinely,

There may not have been much harm in that, but in such a town as ours it was certainly most indiscreet. I knew the manager of the theatre, and I learned from him that Miss Valaire was a woman of superior character, education, and refinement. She had been on the stage for 15 years, and her name had never been linked with scandal. This did not by any means reassure me, for I knew perfectly well that Eastcott would never have been attracted by a vulgar comedienne, and it was possible that he had been as much attracted by this woman's superior culture as by her undoubted physical charms.

I was out on Thursday night with my gun, hoping to get a shot at the wildfowl amongst the sand-dunes, and was lying hidden in a kind of sand cave, when I heard voices and saw two figures approaching. The moon was up and I immediately recognised Eastcott and Maud Valaire. I could see from their attitude that love-making was going on, and as they passed I overheard the woman say—

"My dearest Wilfred, but a few more days and this hateful and unnatural separation will be at an end. Our love will not be a pain then, but a real delight. Think of having my own darling!" Then they passed out of earshot, and I caught no more. But I kept my eyes upon them, and before they had gone far they stopped to bid one another farewell, and then I saw them kiss. There was no doubting the fact; as plainly as I ever saw anything, I saw them kiss one another!

And this is what I told Laura, and still her faith in this faithless curate remained unbroken!

I did not meet Eastcott the next day, but I heard the town was ringing with his name. Someone else must have been hiding among the sand-dunes and observed the amorous couple, for the story was in everybody's mouth. It was all over with Eastcott now, and poor Laura would have to bear her disgrace as best she could.

I called at Eastcott's rooms that evening, but was told that he was out. "More of the actress," I thought, and walked mechanically to the sand-dunes. It was foolish to expect to meet them there at so early an hour, for Miss Valaire would be engaged at the theatre.

I had just arrived at my cave, when I saw two figures approaching. Getting out of sight I waited. To my surprise Laura was by Eastcott's side, and his arm looked suspiciously like encircling her waist. I do not know which of them most aroused my indignation—my sister for her mad infatuation, or Eastcott for his miserable duplicity. Well, the storm that was brewing would soon break, the curate would be sent packing, and then perhaps Laura would come to her senses. But I was really sorry that my sister should be mixed up in so unpleasant an affair. I had warned her, and could do no more.

I don't know whether I ought to have left my hiding place and accosted the lovers, and taken Laura home. Perhaps I ought to have thrashed Eastcott. But I did not much relish being taken for a spy, so I remained in my cave.

I came across Laura later in the evening. "Philip," she said, "congratulate me; Wilfred and I are engaged."

"Congratulations you, Laura, how can I do that, when Eastcott will be disgraced in a few days? Did you not ask him about the actress?"

"I did not so demean myself!" "Has he spoken to father?" "Not yet." "That is wise." "What do you mean?"

"Why, that father will never agree to your engagement. Laura, take my advice and keep the fact quiet for a few days."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Do you think I shall ever be ashamed of being engaged to Mr. Eastcott?"

"I really think you are the most ob-

stinate and infatuated woman in England. You compel me to say that you deserve the disgrace Eastcott will bring upon you."

The storm-clouds gathered heavily, and the Rector and Churchwardens held a conference on the Saturday night, but nothing was absolutely settled. The crisis was brought to a head by Miss Valaire's appearance at evening service the next day. The choir were ready in the stalls, and Eastcott at the reading-desk when the tall and imposing figure of the actress was seen walking up the aisle. The curate recognised her, and his act of recognition was remarked in several quarters. Laura noticed it, and I fancied turned a trifle pale, but recovered herself on finding that I was observing her.

At the conclusion of the service Miss Valaire seemed in no hurry to leave the church. Surely she had not the audacity to await Eastcott and leave the sacred edifice in his company.

Mr Welsted, the other churchwarden, came and summoned my father to the vestry. "Hallo," I thought, "the climax has been reached. The Rev. Wilfred Eastcott will have occasion to remember this evening."

Laura guessed what was about to happen, and sat with her lips firmly compressed. It was a strange situation. She, her rival and I were alone in the church.

"Philip," she said presently, "go and tell Wilfred that I am in the church waiting for him."

I entered the vestry and found Eastcott there talking unconcernedly with some of the choir-men. My father

came out of the inner vestry and summoned me in. Welsted, the rector, and his son Wyndham were there.

"Philip," said the rector in his pompous tones, "the churchwardens and I are determined to put a stop to this scandal. To-night during divine service this miserable intrigue has been going on before my eyes and the eyes of the people. It is intolerable. I have decided to dismiss Eastcott, but before doing so I am anxious to collect all evidence I can against him, and I understand you can help me."

Although I thought the curate deserved his dismissal, I had no desire to help the Rector to effect his purpose.

"I do not know that I can materially assist you," I said; "the whole town appears to know as much as I do."

"You saw Eastcott and Maud Valaire together on the sand-dunes on Thursday night," said Wyndham Fox.

"How do you know?" I asked. He was a sneaking kind of fellow and I thoroughly disliked him.

"I saw you there with your gun. They passed close to you, and you must have seen them."

"Well, sir," turning to the Rector, "if your son saw them that is sufficient."

He did not appear to be so certain of this, but let the matter drop.

"We will have Eastcott in and question him," he said. Eastcott entered, and I could not help admiring the man's expression of unconcern. If he had possessed even the frailest defence his manner would have saved him. Nothing could have been more ingenious.

"Mr Eastcott," said the Rector in the most solemn of judicial tones, "I am deeply pained that your conduct should have brought you under the censure of myself and the churchwardens, but you have only yourself to blame. You have filled the town with scandal, and brought discredit on your office and the church generally. I am astonished that

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you should have flung all discretion to the winds, and have acted like a man who had no character to sustain. I know not what action the Bishop may take in regard to your conduct, but we are decided that you can remain curate of this church no longer."

While the Rector was speaking Eastcott had been gazing at him in astonishment; when he delivered his sentence, the curate flushed angrily.

"Mr Fox," he said, "I have heard my sentence, but am still ignorant of the charge upon which I am arraigned." His air of injured innocence was one of the finest bits of acting I had ever witnessed—it was worthy of Maud Valaire herself.

"Your hypocrisy, Mr Eastcott, only adds to your offence," said the Rector. "Your conduct is the common talk of the town."

"I do not listen to the common talk of the town, sir," said Eastcott, "and if I did I should not consider it sufficiently strong evidence to deprive a curate of his living and his character."

"We do not rely on mere gossip. You were seen under compromising circumstances with a lady on the sand-dunes. Can you deny that?"

Eastcott smiled. "No, I cannot deny that I walked on the sand-dunes with Miss Perivale; but then Miss Perivale and I are engaged."

"Engaged?" ejaculated my father and the Rector in the same breath.

"That is the case," said Eastcott.

"Laura had not my permission. Her action has been precipitate; the engagement shall be broken off at once. I consider you have acted in a most ungentlemanly manner. My daughter shall tell you this very evening that she has parted with you for ever."

"I do not think she will do that," said Eastcott confidently.

The vestry door, which had stood ajar, now opened, and Laura entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes shone luminously.

"She will never say that, Wilfred," she remarked, "her best friends have endeavoured to break her faith, but without result. Her faith in you abides with her for ever."

This melodramatic incident produced quite a sensation in the vestry, and made

my father and the Rector look rather foolish.

"What about Maud Valaire," said young Fox bluntly to the curate. "You were walking with her on the sand-dunes on Thursday, and I saw you kiss her."

"At the last words Laura looked anxiously at her lover.

"Is that true or false?" asked the Rector.

"Laura," said my father, "leave that man's side."

"I shall not, father," she said. "I do not believe these wicked stories."

"You still have faith in me, Laura?" asked Eastcott.

"Yes, Wilfred."

"I thank God for that."

"Answer my question," said the Rector. "Did you or did you not kiss Miss Valaire on Thursday night?" I must admit I admired the curate's coolness, though I did not see how it could profit him. "No hesitation, Mr Eastcott."

"The question is rather a perplexing one," said Eastcott with that calm smile of his.

"A very perplexing one," remarked my father sarcastically.

"Yes, Mr Perivale, it is; but I think I must answer in the negative."

"What!" thundered the Rector: "you deny that you kissed her. You tell me this deliberate lie? Oh, this is terrible!"

"I saw you," said Wyndham vindictively: "and so did Philip Perivale."

"Were you on the sand-hills, Philip, on Thursday night?" he asked casually.

"I was fowling," I answered. "It was quite an accident that I saw you."

"Stop this prevarication," said the Rector, "your position is most serious."

"Gentlemen," said Eastcott, "you have been deceived."

"She was in church this evening," said Wyndham; "I believe she is waiting there now."

"Wyndham," said the Rector, "asking her to step in here."

The affair was becoming exciting. How could Eastcott dare to face the actress? She entered, and so handsome and composed was her appearance that even the Rector lost his assertiveness. She surveyed us all with a look of inquiry, and bowed gracefully to the Rector.

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir?" she asked in her full clear voice.

"Yes, Madam," said Mr Fox, "a most unpleasant duty has devolved upon me. My curate and you have created some scandal in the town, and now Mr Eastcott is foolish enough to protect himself with denials of absolute fact."

"What is the nature of the offence?" asked the actress.

"That you and he have met clandestinely late at night; that he kissed you."

Miss Valaire broke into a merry laugh. "Oh, is that all? You don't blame the poor boy for that?" Was the actress bent on ruining him?

"He is a clergyman," said the Rector severely. "His conduct has brought discredit on the church."

"He has disgraced my daughter," said Mr Perivale, "for after intruding with you he had the impudence to propose to her."

"Brave of her, woman!" said the Rector: "it was wicked infatuation."

"My dear," said the actress to Laura, "I honour you. Such faith is as rare as it is delightful."

"Let us close this humiliating scene," said the Rector. "Whatever the partner of your indiscretion may think, Mr Eastcott, I am of the opinion that your action has been unworthy of a clergyman and a gentleman, and must now request you to hand me your resignation."

"There, Wilfred," said the actress, "you see how careful a man should be when he is surrounded by persons who bear him ill-will. It is dangerous under such circumstances to kiss your own mother. Gentlemen," she continued, addressing us, "permit me to tell you a little story. A young lady of good family was foolish enough to marry a poor clergyman because she loved him. As a consequence she earned the reprobation of her friends. She had one son, and he became fatherless at an early age. The widow being left penniless took to the stage as a means of livelihood, and managed by hard work to carry out her late husband's wishes, and send her son to college to prepare him for the church. Fearing that the mother's profession might retard the son's progress, she separated herself

from him as much as possible, and it was one of their rare and delightful meetings that you have so uncharitably misinterpreted." The lady's stage name was Maud Valaire, but to Wilfred Eastcott his mother was always Maud Eastcott. The pseudonym does not now exist, for the lady's theatrical life came to an end last night.

There was silence for a few minutes; the actress' revelation had completely dumfounded us all. For myself I felt a burst of exultation that Eastcott had triumphed, for I liked the man and had, before the scandal, looked forward with pleasure to the prospect of having him for a brother-in-law.

Laura was equally elated at the Curate's triumph, and approaching the handsome Mrs Eastcott kissed her affectionately.

"My dear Miss Perivale," said the ex-actress, "how proud I am of Wilfred's future wife."

"Mr Fox," said Eastcott magnanimously, "I am afraid my conduct has been such as to give rise to suspicion, but no real harm has been done, so apologies are scarcely necessary on either side."

I think we all had the good taste to feel very much ashamed of ourselves, and the Rector and my father had the grace to apologise.

"Mr Perivale," said Eastcott, "I must acknowledge my presumption in asking your daughter to become my wife, but I trust you will permit me to humbly appeal for your consent to the engagement."

Whatever my father might have done in other circumstances, at that particular moment he felt bound to be generous, and so gave his consent.

Of course as a general thing reason is more reasonable than faith, but for once the latter came out trumps.

The wise astronomer foretells
The date of each eclipse,
The racing man at figures reads
Has all the latest tips.
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 of freshness to the skin.
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At the Court of the Czar

Two Alexanders as a Singer

Saw Them

(By MADAME NORDCA.)

My first visit to Russia was at a tragic period, for I arrived in St. Petersburg, under engagement at the Imperial Opera there, in the troubled days preceding the assassination of the Czar Alexander II: soon to him at the Winter Palace—the Sunday before a nihilist's bomb ended his life; was compelled to remain in the city in common with every one else at a time when no man trusted his neighbour and all were suspects until their innocence was established; and, later, when my mother and myself were finally allowed to depart, was present at the first meeting of the new Czar, Alexander III, and the old Emperor William of Germany, at Danzig.

It was in my girlhood and the early days of my singing that I entered on that Russian engagement. Before that I had tried my wings only in the operahouses of some of the little towns in Italy—the best training-school in the world—and the city of St. Petersburg, with its great palaces and brilliant social life, seemed to me like a fairyland. I was but nineteen, and this was really, in a way, my first peep into the great world.

My mother and I were invited to the balls and functions at the Embassies; court dignitaries showed us many attentions, and I sang frequently before the ladies of the Court on Monday mornings, and before the Czar at the Winter Palace.

Madame Sembrich was one of the great stars there in the days of my beginnings, and was always sweet and kind to me; another was Madame Scaldil, then in her zenith.

Once, I remember well, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg also singing there in opera that season—and I was invited to a function at the palace. We were good Americans, and it never occurred to us to enter by any other than the front door. So up to the front door we drove in state. That entrance was reserved for royalty, but this we did not learn until later. We alighted in pomp and our finest gowns. The Grand Duke Vladimir—who must have hugely appreciated the honour of it—all-himself handed me up the royal stairway, and Miss Kellogg had an equally distinguished escort, as can I have forgotten.

"Are you tired?" said the Grand Duke when we had arrived: "for, if you are, I give you permission to sit down."

I was enjoying our conversation too much to wish it disturbed by straining my neck in order to look at him.

"No, I shall stand," I answered, "for your Imperial Highness cannot sit down."

"I am kneel," was his gallant reply. The Russian men say charming things, and they know how to say them, which is equally important.

I was singing *Cloridino*, the Page, in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," that season, and one day I received a note from the Countess Tolstoy, the wife of the great novelist, saying: "MY DEAR LITTLE BOY—Will you not come to drink tea and play with dolls with my little girls tomorrow afternoon?"

I went, and, sure enough, the children got out their dolls and showed me the little princesses they had painted.

On New Year's Eve we were invited to one of the great houses of St. Petersburg to see the Old Year out. At five minutes before midnight we sat down in a circle on the floor, ladies and gentlemen alternating. In front of each one was placed a little pile of corn, which we covered with our hands. An old rooster was then brought in and placed in the centre of the circle. We raised our hands from the corn, and awaited his movements. The person from whose pile he first ate a grain was to be the first married in the New Year. The rooster blinked, looked startled, scratched his ear, and then croaked lustily. It was hilariously funny, and we laughed until the tears started. Straight toward me came the rooster, hesitated a mo-

ment, looked quizzically into my face, and then picked a grain of corn from the pile in front of me. Eleven months later I was married in Paris.

Nearly every Monday I was called upon to sing before the ladies of the court. To sing before the Czar was another matter. Things were at a very terrible state at St. Petersburg then, the life of the Czar being constantly threatened, and it was dangerous to announce where he would be at a certain hour. We were told to hold ourselves in readiness every night at ten o'clock to sing at court when we were not engaged at the opera. After many nights of preparation and weary waiting, one evening at ten o'clock I was suddenly summoned, and we were whisked away in a closed carriage to the Winter Palace.

The great square before it, white with snow, was lighted by hundreds of torches and big blazing bonfires, at which the people warmed themselves in the biting night air. The Cossacks, the most magnificent riders in the world—except our own men of the plain—were on duty, because their hardihood inures them to any exposure and cold, no matter how bitter. Their sabres glared in the torchlight, and back of them stretched the palace, brilliantly illuminated; above was the blue-black sky glittering with stars in the frosty air.

For two hundred yards before we reached the palace the soldiers were standing in double lines, shoulder to shoulder. These lines extended up the stairway, through the corridors, and to the very door of the apartments where we sang to the Czar.

He appeared very handsome, his breast covered with decoration; and his manner, very high-bred and very gracious, made him appear exceedingly attractive.

The scene was a brilliant one—the splendid gowns, jewels, and varied uniforms of the ladies, with a background of flowers, palms, marbles, and paintings. The Czar received us graciously, and as the name and nationality of each singer were announced to him by the court chamberlain, he addressed each in the language of his respective country. To me he said: "And you are a little singer come to us from the New World."

We were presented to all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, and the ladies were especially charming in their manner; the fact that I had my mother with me made a great difference. A little Russian song that I had learned seemed especially to please them.

Then came supper, with a wonderful display of gold plate, and fruits from the Caucasus; such fruits as I had never seen. As a souvenir of the evening, the Czar gave me a bracelet of Ceylon cat's-eye, surrounded by sapphires and diamonds.

That was the Sunday before his assassination. I did not know what might happen that night, or whether we might not be blown into the air. Such thoughts as these entered my head, of course, because of the state of things and the threats that I had heard rumoured, but they naturally did not deter me from going.

Next week, of course, the court was thrown into mourning, the opera was closed, and a terrible state of gloom, anxiety and apprehension prevailed.

Those days were dark ones in St. Petersburg. In common with those of every one else, our apartments were searched. The police could not be blamed. They could not know that we were innocent. They could know nothing. It was no time to take things for granted. Police agents searched between the inner windows and the storm ones; they searched every nook and cranny; they even ripped the silk linings out of our bonnets in search for nihilist papers. Great trees were brought from the forests, and swung in the streets like bars on a trestle. When carriages came along with a rush, and were to be stopped on suspicion, these great trees were dropped across the roadway. So

things went until finally the opera singers were granted permission to leave St. Petersburg. Some went direct to Berlin and other musical centres. Some of the rest—*we* *beginners*—went on a concert tour in Russia, to Riga and other cities, ending with Danzig.

The most cultured and elegant people constituted our audiences, even in the smallest places. In the garrison towns the officers were charming; they could not plan enough festivities for the ladies of the company. Flowers, of course, in that bitter climate were scarce and difficult to procure, but the officers telegraphed to St. Petersburg for French artificial flowers, beautiful ones they were, two—huge baskets of them that made a magnificent show, and figured the next year on my summer bonnets.

At Danzig, Governor von Schnelling and his wife, an English lady, came to see my mother and myself in my dressing room after the concert. They told us that the new Czar was coming to Danzig to meet the old Emperor William of Germany at their palace, and Madame von Schnelling invited my mother and myself to be present with her at the meeting. In view of the condition of things the utmost precaution had to be taken, and we were told that no other invitations had been given.

Preparations for the visit of the Czar and the Emperor were very elaborate, and were in progress for days. Waggon-loads of yellow gravel were hauled to make a road three feet deep from the quay, where the sovereigns were to land, to the palace. This was done that the military, not being able to gallop over cobblestones, might have a smooth way, and the gravel was pounded to the hardness of cement.

For several days no business was done, and the streets were filled with people, who were allowed to go to every place save those which were "forbidden"—which happened to be all the places that they wanted most to see. Evergreens and flags almost covered the houses along the route. School children in double lines, the little girls in front and the boys back of them, were marshalled on both sides of the roadway. Still farther back, shoulder to shoulder, were lines of soldiers.

The Emperor William, of commanding presence, arrived with the Crown Prince, a splendid figure in his white uniform. Prince Bismarck, General Von Moltke, and a brilliant suite of German Princes and Dukes in glittering uniforms, were with them. They were all big men, except General von Moltke. Prince Bismarck, of middle height, but so well built that he did not appear his full size, wore a dark blue Prussian uniform with a black military topcoat tightly buttoned over his breast.

The girls cast each her little bouquet into the Emperor's carriage as he passed, cheered from the quay to the palace. Madame von Schnelling, my mother and I were in a balcony overlooking the courtyard when the cavalcade dashed into it—and waited. The long lines of children and soldiers and the throng waited in the streets. But the Czar did not come. At last his yacht was sighted. After another wait, word came that he was afraid to land. The men stood consulting together. But Bismarck did not stop to parley, he acted.

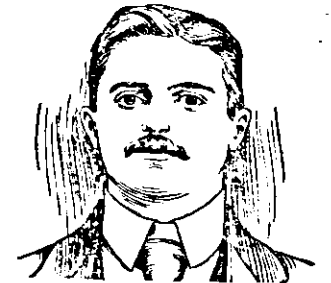
I can see him yet as he flung himself into the saddle and pattered out of the courtyard on horseback. He sent a message to the Czar, and it was to the effect that he must come. Back they came together, the Czar in his carriage, and Bismarck and Von Moltke riding on either side of him.

That meeting of the Czar and the Emperor is chronicled in the annals of Danzig, but how nearly it came to not taking place has, I think, never before been told.

The Gordon of soldiers in the palace was so great, and the difficulty of passing them such that when the Governor wished to join his wife for a moment he had to go down through the coat-rooms, carefully avoiding the wires of a network of electric signals, and then up again from those regions to get to us.

Bad Blood

Have confidence in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has been curing people in all parts of the world for over 60 years. It is the greatest family medicine in the world. It purifies, strengthens, enriches, builds up.



Mr. George Fountain, of Mt. Torrens, So. Australia, sends his photograph and this interesting letter:

"I had a very bad case of eczema. Medical men had told me nothing more could be done. I tried several blood remedies, but without relief. The eruption was over the whole of my body and arms. My friends told me I must try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. To please them, I did so. To tell the truth, I did not have much confidence in it. I had tried so many medicines. To my great surprise, I found that after only one bottle the scales were beginning to disappear. It took just five bottles to make a complete cure. My skin is now perfectly smooth, and not a trace do I have of my former trouble."

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There are many imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "Ayer's." Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



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A WOMAN'S STORY.

Mrs. Murray, of Christchurch, Saved From Life of Misery by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Women are called the "weaker sex" - yet Nature calls upon them to bear far more pain than men. With women, it is one long martyrdom from the time they are out of short frocks until age begins to set its mark upon their faces. They are no sooner over one period of pain and distress than another looms up only a few days ahead of them. No wonder too many women become worn-out and old-looking before their time!

In these times of trial Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold to women. They actually make new blood - richness and the regularity of the blood the health of every woman depends. Just as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills regulate the falling blood supply in the woman of forty five - so do they fortify and strengthen the weakened system in the girl of fifteen. They raise the pulse for the present - and they make such suffering impossible for the future. They do more than all the doctors - and they ask no question but what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Mrs. John Murray, of St. Asaph-street, Christchurch:

"For five years no one could have suffered more than I, and all for want of good pure blood," said Mrs. Murray. "I was always doctoring myself, but nothing did me the least good. Every morning I got up with a throbbing, throbbing headache. Often I had hardly enough strength to dress myself. All day long my back tried to ache till I thought it would break."

"My illness began with a terrible pain in the stomach and my stomach seemed to suffer all through. I had bilious attacks that laid me right down. My blood seemed to be full of bile and poison. The smell of cooking turned me sick. I never had the least appetite for my meals."

"When I gave up all hope of getting well," Mrs. Murray went on to say, "I lost all heart, and then my nerves broke down. The least thing made me jump with a start. The slam of a door would leave me for the rest of the day with a splitting headache. I got so bad that I was not able to go. At night I was too nervous to sleep. I used to lie and toss listening to the ticking of the clock and thinking what a fright would come if I died. I was a nervous wreck. I was so weak and worn in every way that I was afraid I might drop dead at any moment."

"I had not been fit for housework for a long time when I read of a case very much like my own that had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mrs. Murray. "I got a few boxes at once, and made up my mind to give them a fair trial. If four or five boxes did not cure me, I would have taken a dozen. But the fifth box gave me a little appetite, and I knew that I had got the right medicine at last. My biliousness and nervousness disappeared, and I began to gain in weight and colour. By the time I had finished my supply, I had not a headache or a backache. I was eating like a soldier, and looking like a top. I married happily soon afterwards, and today there isn't a healthier woman in all Christchurch - thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Mrs. Murray they are doing for scores of other women in New Zealand. Every dose sends galloping through the veins pure, strong, rich, red blood that strikes straight at the cause of all secret ill-health. The new blood restores regularity, and braces all the organs for their special tasks. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels or trouble with nerve symptoms of disease. They just root out the cause of disease from the blood itself. It is through the blood, and in the blood only, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure paleness, skin troubles, like eczema, anaemia, indigestion, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, back ache, kidney and liver troubles, indigestion, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, failing powers, and the special irregularities in the health of growing girls and women. Get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. From stores, keepers and chemists, or post free, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Custom House-street, Wellington. 3/ a box, six boxes 16/6. Medical advice given free.

Stamp Collecting.

Servia has added a 30 paras grey and black to the current issue.

The new 75c stamp of Ceylon, King's head type, is on single CA, watermarked paper.

Paraguay has issued a 5 centavos blue stamp perforated 112. A 1c green and 2c orange are to follow shortly.

The 3 gairish stamps of Abyssinia have, it is reported, in La Timbrophile Belge, to have been bisected diagonally, each half being surcharged 5 c/m in blue.

The 1d King's head scarlet stamp of Great Britain has been overprinted in black, "Bochmanland Protectorate," vertically.

A 10 cent, blue and purple stamp on blue paper is reported from Hongkong. It is on the new multiple watermarked paper.

The Falkland Islands have frequent changes of issue, but the trade in stamps does not appear very large. In 1903 the postal revenue was £1137 17/3, and last year £1110 10/6. In 1904, commission on money orders and parcel post showed slight increases.

The current 1d scarlet stamp of Great Britain has been found imperforated at the bottom. A slip of that description has very seldom occurred in connection with the printing of the stamps of Great Britain.

The design for the new issue of stamps for Belgium to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the independence of that country is to include an up-to-date portrait of the King. The present issue bears the portrait of King Leopold as he was at 40 years of age. The new design will faithfully portray the effect of advancing years. On the 25 cent, the portrait will about cover the whole stamp. The other values are 20c dark olive green, and 3c brown lilac, the 25c being as usual blue. This issue is to appear on the 1st of next month.

In the new stamp catalogue the price of the choicest varieties of North Borneo, from 1883 to 1897, face value of £3 9/5, are quoted at nearly £25; the 1c of 1886, face value 1d, is now catalogued at £6. In all cases where King's head stamps, watermarked single CA, have been replaced by stamps with the new multiple watermark, the former, whether used or unused, have greatly increased in value.

The following stamps of Transvaal King's head type are now reported as having been over-printed C.S.A.R., for official use: 1d green and black, 1d rose official use; 1d green and black, 1d green and black, and 1d brown and black. They are all on the Crown CA, single, watermarked paper. These stamps were over-printed for the use of the Central South African railways, a Government concern.

Mr. Leslie Hamburg has arrived in London. It will be remembered that this gentleman paid a visit to the Australasian colonies, on behalf of the London Philatelic Society to collect full information regarding Australian stamps for the book now in course of preparation. While in Auckland, Mr. Hamburg made some collectors he met quite envious by the casual way in which he showed valuable stamps in his possession, not single specimens, but strips of them. For instance, he had strips of unused New Zealand stamps on paper, whereas the ordinary collectors feel pleased if they manage to secure one dilapidated used specimen.

In the "Madrid Filatelia" the following descriptions are given of the Don Quixote issue of stamps: Large oblong shape, with portrait of Don Quixote at left; standing figure with wings at right side; at top, in centre, Arms of Spain; in left top corner the date "1605 1905." At foot, within rectangular frame, the value "5 centimos" etc. In centre, various designs, as follows: 5c green, the first setting out of Don Quixote; 10c

scarlet, tilting at the wind mills; 15c violet, the country woman; 2c blue, tossing Saicho in a blanket; 30c green, knighting Don Quixote; 40c rose, charging sheep with banner; 50c blue, el chavileno; 1p red, adventure of the lions; 4p mulberry, Don Quixote conducted in a cart; 15p orange, the embattled lady. The stamps are printed on white paper, with control numbers at back in blue, and are perforated 14.

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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. Will you have me for a cousin? I like the cousins' letters very much; they are so interesting. I think "Buster Brown" is a very naughty little boy, and "Hungry Henrietta" has a very big appetite, don't you? I have just started school again after three weeks' holiday. I have a canary and a parakeet, and two kittens—a grey and white one and a tabby. There is to be a bulb show at the Sunday-school in September. I am getting a bulb ready for it. My brother went to Sydney a fortnight ago for a holiday. I must say good-bye now, as it is hot time. I remain, your loving cousin, Jennie.

[Dear Cousin Jennie. — Of course I shall be delighted to welcome you as one of the members of the "Graphic" Cousins' Band, and I shall hope to hear from you very often. I am so glad you like the cousins' letters, and hope you will like them better than ever now that you are one of us. Certainly "Buster Brown" is an exceedingly naughty little boy, and what do you think you would do if you had to look after him? The only way to keep him out of mischief would be to chain him to the wall in an empty room, I think. I don't like "Hungry Henrietta" nearly as much as "Buster Brown." Did you enjoy your three weeks' holiday? I have just had a holiday too, and I didn't like coming back to the office at all. What a lot of pets you have; have you got names for all of them? I suppose you are going to grow a bulb in a pot and send it to the show. I hope you will get a prize, and you must write and tell me how it is growing. — Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Although I never saw my last letter in this week's "Graphic" I will write for next week's. Most likely my letter did not reach you in time, so probably I may see two of my letters in next week's "Graphic." So you have been to Waiwera, Cousin Kate. I hope you enjoyed yourself, but I am afraid that would be impossible, as the weather has been so horrid lately. I have been to Waiwera, and think it is a grand place in the summer time. Since I was there the place has been greatly altered, the wharf having been erected since then. My mother and sisters have been there since the alterations. I am anxiously hoping it will be fine next Saturday, as a friend and myself are going out to the Sun's Beach. It is lovely going out to Onehunga in the car this time of the year if it is fine, of course, as there is not much dust. Although I am so fond of reading I have not read any books for some time now, as I have been sewing, or, rather, I should say, trying to. Have you ever played "Pit," Cousin Kate? Most people have, I think; one thing you need to have—a strong voice; do you

not? It is getting late, so I will say good-bye, with love to the cousins and yourself.—Cousin Eirene.

[Dear Cousin Eirene.—I have not been at the office for nearly a fortnight, so I dare say some of the cousins' letters have been mislaid, and that is very likely why you didn't see your last letter in print. Yes, I have been to Waiwera, and enjoyed my rest thoroughly. Of course, there was not very much to do, and it is very quiet at this time of the year. The hotel is very comfortable, and the baths are lovely, so, though the weather wasn't very good, we managed to pass the time very pleasantly. The wharf is a great improvement; it is twelve hundred feet long now, and there is some talk of lengthening it three hundred feet more. I hope it will be fine on Saturday, too, because I am going out to the races at Ellerslie, and it is horrid out there on a wet day. I like going out to Onehunga on the car at this time of the year, too, though it is rather cold sometimes; but still I would rather be cold than smothered in dust, wouldn't you? Pit makes your throat very sore, does it not? because one has to call out so loud to make oneself heard. I think it is a game people will very soon tire of, don't you? — Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I shall soon be able to write to you by myself, and not wait for anybody to help me, as I go to school now, and shall soon learn to write. I am in the First Primer. On Empire Day we had a holiday from school, and mother took us all to the theatre to see the Bioscope and Circuscope. We did have fun; I have got 9 little chickens of my own; seven white and two brown. They and their mother have a little run out in the garden, but they get very dirty this wet, cold weather. Good-bye, now. I hope you don't mind me being so long writing.—From Cousin Jack.

[Dear Cousin Jack.—I am very glad to hear that you are getting on well at school, and am looking forward to the time when you will be able to write to me "all by yourself." I wonder what school you go to? You must tell me next time you write. I did not go to see the Bioscope and Circuscope, but I heard of lots of little boys and girls who went to the matinee on Empire Day. I had a holiday, too; it was such a lovely day that I went across to the North Shore. The boats were crowded with people, who were going over to the Takapuna races; so it was a good thing I did not take my little niece across, wasn't it? I expect your chickens do get very wet and dirty. I hope they have got lots of nice fluffy feathers to keep them warm, because it has been so cold the last two or three nights. Won't it be nice when they grow up, and begin to lay eggs? You will be able to go and collect them every day yourself. Have Dorothy and Tai got some chickens too? — Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you think I am a very bad correspondent, but I seem to have such a little time to myself just now. It has been a very stormy day, but tonight it is something terrible. On Monday I went to a lecture by the Rev. David Curry. It is really not a lecture but an entertainment. He gave

us a lot of sketches from Charles Dickens' books. He is a splendid imitator; he imitated such characters as Oliver Twist, Mr. Winkle, and others from different books. I think the shops here are going to close on Monday instead of Saturday. I hear that the Auckland shops are going to close on Saturday. The post-cards in this week's "Graphic" were very pretty, I thought, especially that one of Samner. Aunt's has just come back from Auckland. She has been there a fortnight, and she enjoyed herself very much. One of my cousins is staying with us just now; she says she has met you before. Her name is Flora Harvey, from the Lake. They have left the Lake, and are living in Ponsonby.—Ida.

[Dear Cousin Ida.—I don't think you are such a bad correspondent, though I would not call you a good one. There are several members of the cousins' band who don't write nearly as often as you do; so you are not the worst I know. The Rev. David Curry's lecture must have been really entertaining, especially as he is such a good imitator. I have never heard of him before. I hope he comes to Auckland, and gives an entertainment here, as I should like to go to it very much. I suppose you have read nearly all Dickens' books? And that, of course, would make the lecture much more interesting. A great many of the

shops in Auckland were closed on Empire Day, but it wasn't by any means a public holiday, because several of the larger shops decided to close only on the Prince of Wales Birthday. The "Graphic" postcards are very pretty, are they not? At least, some of them are, the coloured ones in last week's were very good, I thought. I think your cousin must have mistaken someone for me, because I don't remember meeting her, though I went to their house to spend the day with my sister, once when she was staying at the Lake. They had such a lovely view from their house. Were they not sorry to leave it?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Hasn't the past week been dreadful? I am afraid your holiday at Waiwera will be quite spoiled if the weather does not change. Do you mean to be down for the holiday, Cousin Kate? I wish I could think of some means by which you could encourage the cousins to be more regular, and take more interest in our page. Couldn't you put the names of those cousins who write each week at the top of the page, instead of the children on the sea-saw? Mother got the game "pit" on Friday, and Des, and Val, are simply going mad over it. Do you know the song, "Rose of my Life," Cousin Kate? Mother got seven more pieces from Aunt Jessie at the beginning of the week, and that was among them. It is awfully pretty. I went to the concert that I told you I might be going to, and enjoyed it immensely. Madame Wielandt and Mrs. Sutherland's voices were lovely. I got such a pretty post card of Edna May from Winnie on Tuesday. Haven't some of the places in town got lovely post cards of actors and actresses, Cousin Kate? Oh, dear! mother and father are playing "pit" with Desmond and Valerie, and they are making such a noise and shaking the table so much that I am afraid I must say good-bye until next week. With love to yourself and the cousins, from Muriel J., Auckland.

[Dear Cousin Muriel.—The weather certainly was rather disagreeable while we were at Waiwera, but it didn't spoil my holiday. We managed to get out every day, if only for a blow on the pier, without getting wet, and the rest of the time we read or sewed, and just rested, which was what I wanted. The baths down there are lovely, are they not? and so beautifully warm. We used to go down every night about nine o'clock



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and get a good roasting before going to bed. I have been so busy since I came back to the office that I haven't had time to ask the editor about the suggestions made by the cousins for making the cousins' page more interesting; but I will ask him about it the first opportunity I get. I think your idea is a good one. Did you mean to put in the full name or just the Christian name? It is a very amusing game to play just once or twice. I think, but it is dreadfully noisy, and makes one's head ache after a little. It won't last as long as plug pong did, I think. It must be so nice getting such a lot of new music from England. I expect you all look forward to mail days, don't you? There certainly are some beautiful post cards in the shop windows now. I like the views best, though. I suppose you like the actors and actresses best, don't you? I saw such pretty ones from Japan the other day; the colouring was simply lovely. I wonder you managed to write as much as you have with "pit" going on in the same room. I'm sure I could not have written at all. Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you have not forgotten me after this long time that I have not written to you. I always read the cousins' letters every week, and now I am going to try and write regularly every second week, if I have anything to write about. We have just had three weeks' holiday from school; we went out such a lot. It has been very cold and wet this week, and we get half drowned coming home from school; but we don't mind much, as we like getting wet. We have started going to a dancing class every Saturday afternoon, and we quite enjoy ourselves. What beautiful long letters some of the cousins write to you. I wish I could write such nice ones, but I suppose they are a lot older than I am. Do you ever go to the skating rink? The fancy dress night must have looked lovely. I am sorry that it is winter, and will be glad when it is spring again, and when all the trees come out in green, and the flowers begin to bloom. We have hundreds of jonquils in the garden; they are just beginning to shoot up. We will have such a lot soon. Have you been to see Nellie Stewart yet? We all went to the circus-scope the Saturday before last, and we did enjoy it. Did you go? Dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, with lots of love to all the other cousins and lots to yourself, from Cousin Dorothy.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy.—It seems such a long time since you wrote to me last, and I was very pleased to get your letter this morning. Tui told me in her last letter that you were so tired of writing that you were not going to write to anybody for a long time, so I didn't expect to hear from you just yet. I hope you will manage to write every second week. You will find it ever so much easier when you once commence writing regularly, and I am interested in everything you do, so you will surely be able to find plenty to write about. I suppose you were very sorry when your holidays were over, especially as you went out so much, and had such a good time. I have just had a holiday, too, but I didn't have three weeks. You are sure to like going to dancing class. I used to love it when I was about as old as you are. I wonder if you are going to the same class as my little niece May goes to? I don't like the winter, either, and shall be very glad when it gets sunny and warm again. We have a number of bulls coming up now, too, but ours are not all planted yet. We have been too lazy to put them in. I have been to Nellie Stewart three times, and I am going again on Saturday. I did not go to the bioscope, though. I think you write charming little letters, dear Dorothy, and I am sure yours will be quite as nice and interesting as the other cousins are when you are older. Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not yet read your answer to my letter this week, as the "Graphic" has not arrived, but as I have school again to-morrow I thought I might not have time to write to you unless I seized this opportunity. I was pleased to see that a number of cousins wrote last week. There were several letters from "old" cousins, were there not? Last Wednesday, Empire

Day, I went to Onchunga with father and my little brother. We went all over the Rotouhi, which sailed that afternoon, and afterwards to the kio-kio for afternoon tea. The cars were all so crowded coming back that we had to go on top of a double-decker. I had never been on top before. It was beautifully cool, just like being in a motor-car. Have you played "pit" yet, Cousin Kate? It is most exciting, especially when someone gets a "corner" in "wheat." I went to a "pit" party last night, and only got one corner in "oats" the whole evening. Was it not shocking? About fourteen played, so there were several double suits. The other day I got a post-card from Sweden. It is so pretty, and has a picture of three girls with their national Swedish costume. Cousin Kate, I read the other day in one of the magazines of a scheme which I thought would be suitable for the cousins to carry out. I am, of course, only suggesting it to you, and it is for you to decide whether it would be suitable or not. It is the following: For the poor little sick children in the hospital, or some such institution, the cousins could each make a "Wonder Bag," to be distributed at Christmas time. This they could make of whatever material they chose. It would need to be fairly large, with a strong ribbon draw-string. Let us suppose that we desire the invalids pleasure and surprise to continue for an entire week. Seven articles of various kinds must be collected—things each cousin thinks would please some little invalid, say, for instance, a book or new magazine, picture post cards, a tiny doll or two, a box of coloured beads, a dainty breakfast tray cloth, packet of coloured chalks, or anything else that the cousins think they would appreciate if they were ill or lonely. They then should wrap every article carefully in a number of papers, so as to disguise it as much as possible, tying each one up with narrow ribbon of different colours; then place the seven parcels in the bag, allowing the ribbon ends to hang out; the draw-string must then be drawn securely, and a note despatched to the invalid, instructing her to draw, every day for a week, one parcel from the "Wonder Bag." The following verse should be neatly written out upon a card, and sewn to the outside of the bag:

Whether weary, sad, or gay,
Take but one gift every day;
Then before the string is broken,
Guess the friend who sends this token.

Do you not think that it would be nice for us to do, Cousin Kate? I always feel so sorry for the poor little children in the hospital, especially at Christmas time. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I have my homework to prepare, so must say "An revoir" till next week. With love to your "Graphic" cousins, and an extra share for you, Cousin Kate, I remain, yours affectionately, Ruby Coleman, Auckland.

Dear Cousin Ruby.—It was very good indeed of you to snatch a few minutes to write to me, and if you are always as quick to seize an opportunity I expect I shall hear from you pretty often at all events. I hope so. I wonder what all the cousins thought when they opened last week's "Graphic" and found that there were no answers to any of their letters. I must read them all through and see if there are any questions to be answered. I was very pleased when I received so many letters the week before last, though it took me some time to answer them. I was going to Waiwera next day, so had to hurry over them rather. I always wonder where all the people who travel on the framers on holidays come from, don't you? I like the sensation of travelling on the top of the double-deckers, but I must confess to feeling a wee bit nervous going down hill on them; they sway so that I'm sure if I went very far on one I should be seasick. Yes, I have played "pit." I think nearly everyone has. It is great fun for a little while, but it makes one so tired that one is soon glad to leave off. You must have had a nice rowdy party with 14 playing. I think the "Wonder Bag" scheme is splendid, and I hope all the cousins will enter into it. It would be nice to have two or three dozen bags ready by Christmas, wouldn't it? and we might get them hung on the Christmas tree which is always given to the children at the Hospital every year. Thank you very much indeed, dear Ruby, for suggesting it.—Cousin Kate.]

Voyage of the Vainglorious Wasp.

"I am glad to meet you, my friend," said the Wasp, as he touched feelers with a neighbourly Honey Bee in the depths of a grass jungle. "I was on the point of seeking you to tell you that I am forced to leave my nest. I shall be stung to death if I return. It is a strange that I, the King of Insects, the terror of all the world of creatures about, should feel fear yet I do."

"Well, why go back? You can travel—fly hither and thither and see new and wonderful sights," advised the Bee.

"What?" exclaimed the Wasp, protruding his long sting angrily. "I travel? Why, I know all the animals, birds and insects now. I even know something about the Giants themselves. You astonish me."

"Nevertheless, if you care to go, I will guide you to a World of Wonders that you little dream of, a place where there are creatures that even the Giants fear and where there are other creatures so tall that they could not stand in this field without their heads being above the tallest bush in sight," the Bee murmured gently; then he flew away.

"What a likely story!" buzzed the pretty but vain Wasp. "I, that know everything, to be told of wonders! If such huge creatures existed in the world they would be as large as yonder rock, and I should see them."

Yet in spite of his vanity the Wasp dared not return to his nest, so he decided to follow the Honey Bee's advice. "I will travel," he said.

They started, after a good meal of honey and dew, on their journey, and the Bee soared straight up into the air for a great distance. He went much higher than the Wasp had ever been, and then went off in a "bee line" to the west. The poor Wasp began to feel very anxious for a rest, but his pride forbade it. At last, just as he was ready to drop, the Bee started down again. As the trees rose to meet them and the familiar grass and flowers, golden rod and daisies appeared again the Wasp thought he had been deceived. He was about to sting the little bee severely, when lo! he saw a great monster directly below him. It was much larger than a horse and very broad. Its feet were stout, like tree trunks. Its ears were so huge they hung like two ragged mantles on each side of his head, and his nose was so very long it would have touched the ground had not its tip been turned up. On this monster's back sat several young Giants, laughing and screaming. The Bee explained that this creature was captured and tamed by the Giants—a story that the Wasp had to believe. "Truly, friend Bee, I marvel that I never saw any of these creatures before."

"That," said the Bee, "is nothing to what you will now see." Saying which he entered a very large stone Giant's nest, or house; he went in at a chimney.

The poor Wasp trembled when he saw the creatures within.

One thing he knew, they were all birds. But who ever saw such birds before? "Here," said the Bee, "is one that stands higher than a pony; his head is not larger than a dog's, yet he has a neck so tall that he can overlook any horse."

The Bee then lighted boldly on the bird's bill, as he would on a tree limb, and asked him to tell what he could do and where he came from.

"I am," said the bird, "the largest of all creatures." (He had never seen any larger.) "I can outrun any horse, and have often done it, and if I am attacked one kick of my foot fears my enemy to pieces. My home used to be a great plain, where the sand was deep and soft; there were many of us, and we ran races over the land."

"And what did you eat—honey or Wasp?" asked the Bee, mischievously.

"What is a Wasp?" asked the bird. "No; I eat the green leaves and grass, and I also am fond of puddles and shells."

The Wasp, who felt very small indeed, stared from both his big eyes at this. Here was a bird that ate stones, cuttan a horse, and had never heard of a wasp!

"Near by, in an adjoining cell," continued the Guiding Bee, "is a bird without wings." "That I don't believe—it's absurd!" declared the Wasp. Yet there it was, a small bird, the size of a chicken, with queer, downy feathers, no visible wing, and a long, curved bill, the tip of which moved like the end of the wasp's tongue.

In this same building the Bee showed the Wasp two other wonders, one a bird nearly as tall as a horse, which had instead of feathers long black hair-like plumage. On its head was a helmet of bone, with which it could drive in a stout bush, and thus pass through unharmed. Its enter toe had a great toenail like the horn of a young bull, with which it could kick a hole in an iron pail or kill a horse. Another bird, that was as large as a good-sized dog, sat on a perch. This fierce monster had a white ruff of down about its neck, a terrible, curved beak, a pair of short, stout legs with huge claws, and a pair of wings that, stretched out, would measure the length of a tall man, or even longer. The Bee asked this bird how it lived, and where.

"I lived once in a region higher than these clouds in the sky. My nest was as large as this cage, made of the branches of trees, and from it I could see the whole world. Trees below looked like grass, and if never rained, because I was above the clouds. My food was rabbits, young oats, and even" the bird went on glancing about cautiously—"even young giants. I can kill a wild cat or a wolf with one stroke of my claws and beak."

The Wasp now wished to go home; he had very little vanity left; but the Bee said there were monsters to see, beside which these were mere honey bees and wasps.

"Well," retorted the Wasp, "we can sting, perhaps we could even kill that great bird if we were to attack it in numbers." But he felt very humble.

The next nest visited was one nearly all built of glass. In here were, first of all, some turtles. Of course the Wasp had seen pond turtles, but had never seen turtles as huge as these. One of these would have been taken for a large howler if he had not moved. He was as long as fifty wasps and a hundred honey bees flying in a fan. Talking to this turtle, the Wasp began to feel that he could walk about comfortably with two giants on his back, that he could bite through any thin board or through a tin basin and that he was so old it would take two thousand wasps' lives, and to span, each life being 60 sunsets long, to equal his age.

He lived as long as seven giants' lives, and he ate nothing but vegetables and fruit. Finally this astonishing tortoise declared that the land he lived in was so small he could walk across it while the sun rose and set twice, and that it was entirely surrounded by water.

"How, then," ventured the Wasp, "could you get here if there is water all about your home?"

"That," remarked the Turtle, "is

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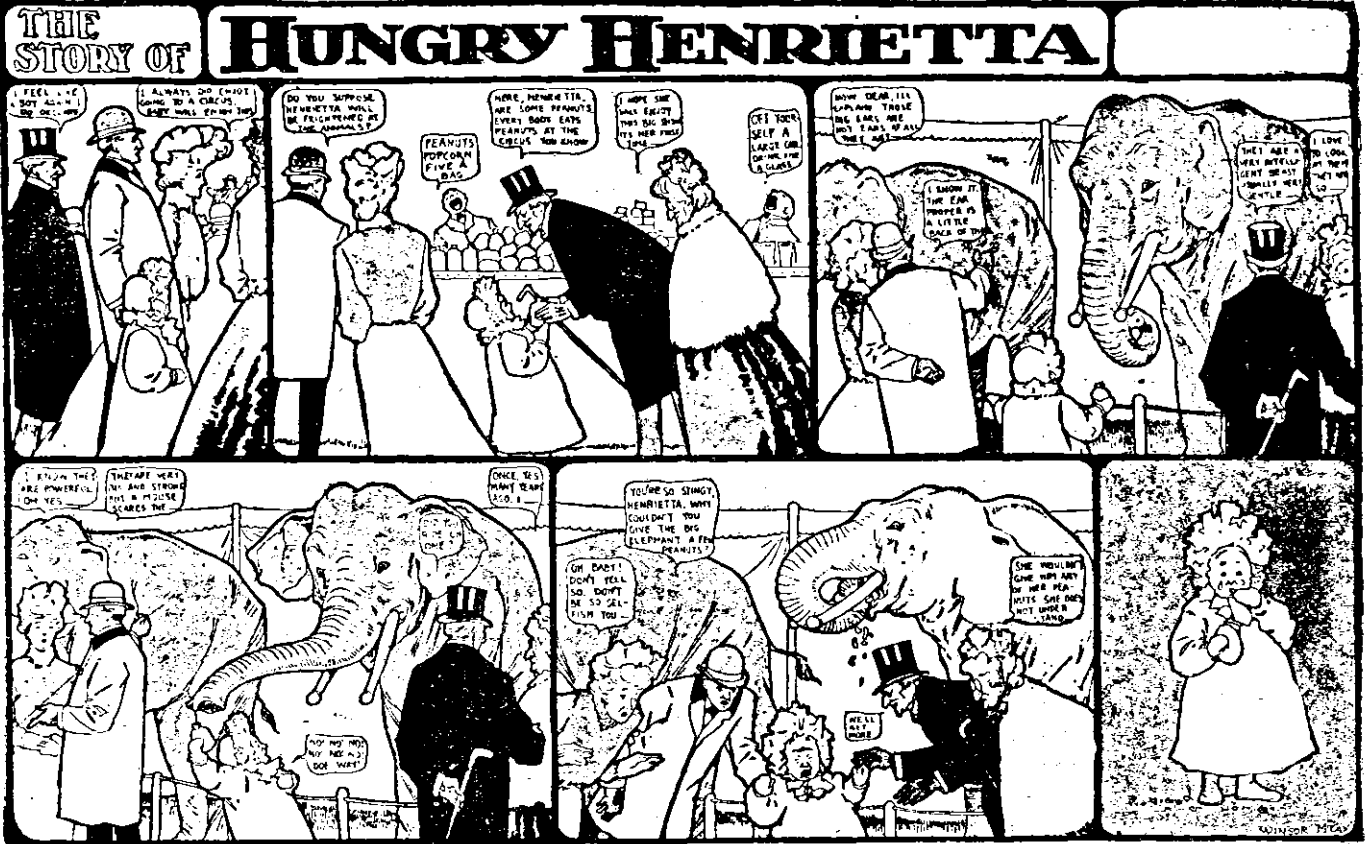
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simple. I was brought by the giants in a floating nest."
 In a glass box not far off was a piece of dead tree, surrounded by a vast, motionless body, which the Wasp thought was a very brightly coloured grapevine. It was not, for presently, as the Bee buzzed before it, it moved. It was a snake. The Wasp had seen snakes large enough to capture and swallow squirrels, but this marvellous snake was nearly as thick through as a small cedar tree! And when the creature uncoiled itself it proved to be as long as a cedar tree is tall. Its eyes

were larger than ten bees standing with their heads together, and its tongue was divided in two at the end and as long as the creature's head. The Wasp learned that the snake could fold itself about a man, a pony and a calf and crush it to death. It could choke a horse, a cow or a fierce bull, and for its food it enjoyed a dog or a cat or a few rabbits swallowed whole.
 In another part of this new and strange land the Bee showed the Wasp a pure white bird like a chicken, whereupon the Wasp buzzed up angrily: "You call that chicken a wonder. Why, it

has not even spurs."
 "No," hummed the Bee, "but it is a marvel, for it lives in a land without trees, bushes or flowers, where it is always so cold that the snow is 40 times as deep as we ever saw the grass and where the giants burrow under it to keep warm. This bird lives there in comfort, for its feet, body, neck, head and bill are covered by thick feathers. A deep ruff of feathers is upon each leg, a collar of feathers also about its neck."
 The Wasp about this time felt so very foolish that he refused to see more

wonders that day. So he and the kindly Bee returned homeward.
 The wonderful creatures which the Wasp saw are on exhibition in the Zoo, as a rule, and are as follows:—
 The Elephant, of Africa.
 The Ostrich, of Africa.
 The Apteryx, of New Zealand.
 The Cassowary, of Ceram, East Indies.
 The Condor, of South America.
 The Giant Tortoise, of Galapagos Islands.
 The Boer Constrictor, of Brazil.
 The Ptarmigan, or Arctic Pheasant.

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LAUGHING HYENA
 HE'S BEEN LAUGHING EVER SINCE HE SAW IN THE PAPERS THAT THE BASTARD WOULD STOP POLICE GERTY

HE THINKS THAT HE IS NOAH, AND HE THINKS THIS IS THE ARK

THAT'S YOUR NEPHEW'S NAME BUDDY TUCKER

I HAVEN'T HAD A DROP TO DRINK

I HAVEN'T OCEAN (LATER)

AWT LET HIM ALONE

NEVER MIND

RESOLVED
 THAT MR. SMITH RUNS AN HONEST STORE, WHATEVER WE DO, BROTHER, LET US TRY TO GIVE GOOD MEASURE. GIVE US FOR A DOZEN, DO EVERYTHING THE BEST YOU CAN DO IT, THAT'S HONEST. IT ISN'T REAL HONEST TO BE ASKING FAVORS ALL THE TIME - THAT'S WANTING SOMETHING YOU DON'T WORK FOR. IF YOU ARE REALLY KIND YOU CAN'T HELP BEING HONEST. IT TAKES A HEALTHY LIVER TO KEEP A KIND HEART. BUT IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET THE LIVER. MEDICINE WON'T DO IT. JOY AND TEMPERANCE AND REPOSE SLAM THE DOOR ON THE DOCTOR'S NOSE.
BUSTER BROWN

COME AWAY - AWAY! COME WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM SO FAIR!

GO GET HYPNOTIZED I'M SURE IT'S ONLY MENTAL BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING

DON'T GIVE WAY TO SUCH SILLY IDEAS YOU'RE A MY NERVOUS

SALTS PEPPERS

R.F. Outcault

HE REALLY
COULDN'T
HELP IT

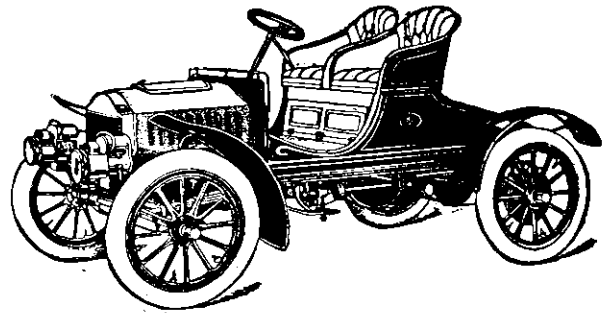
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KNEW IT
WAS COMING



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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Woman's Inhumanity to Man.

(By Minna Thomas Antriu.)

Woman's inhumanity to woman has been exploited many a time and oft, likewise man's inhumanity to woman; but who has sounded the depths of woman's inhumanity to man? None. The time and the theme seem fitting.

It begins, this particular sort of cruelty, when the woman-child is about two. It ends when they do—the man and his abuser. At two the child-woman attacks its father-man. How? In ways devious and certain. Supposedly the father is young and a lover of sleep. For what raves his woman-child the moment "Daddy's" tired head touches its pillow? "A cawk." Being manly, he, instead of his equally somnolent wife, makes a pilgrimage to where the boiled or spring water is kept, for never drinketh the twentieth-century infant as did its predecessor from the bath-room spigot.

At dawn, what spirit elf is that sitting bolt upright in its crib, crowing its bird-like matin? The same whose third hath murdered father's sleep.

Who rideth a cockhorse, even though feet be weary and heavy laden with protuberances that sting like adders?

Who putteth her father to shame by unsexedly dabs at his well-groomed head, or bringeth tears to his loving eyes by ungentele pinchings?

At fourteen her relation to man is elemental. Man, to her, means a man—her father. Boys have a small speaking part in her life; but not yet men. She cons her text-books, and dreams of things to come in which self is ever mirrored.

Her father is still young, comparatively. He has to work, that she and her mother may not weep, for the average father is not wealthy. They live comfortably. What then? Is she content? Rarely. When she asks, and does not receive certain luxuries, does she cheerily take the will for the impossible deed? She does not. She pouts, or appears abused. She is sullen for days. At the worst she phrases sentiments that fall like blows upon the heart of the devoted man who loves and who toils for her. Sometimes she coaxes. If her father is of pliable stuff, she gains her bauble or what-not, at the price of an added weight upon an already too heavily burdened back. Does regret harass her? Seemingly not, for she covets continually those things that the daughters of the rich have, until there is no monev in her.

The struggling man who indulges a wilful daughter once is in danger; twice, is lost. Having by one or another means secured what she wants, what attitude does the budding woman take toward her parent? Does she repay sacrifice with

love o'flowing? Not so. She wears her bauble as a queen her crown. She considers it her right, therefore thanks are superfluous.

Her inhumanity toward her father is many-sided; but it finds its maximum in a total lack of appreciation of what he does for her at so great a cost to himself, and in treating him with brutal animosity when he refuses, upon principle, to assume obligations that he knows he cannot honour. Selfishness estimates her father simply as the man who pays the bills—and woe unto him should he refuse to pay hers! A girl and her father are soon parted when he leaves among those things that she thinks he ought to have done, and does those things that she thinks he ought not to have done, and to her mind there's no health in him. In consequence, she avoids him studiously.

Comes "The Man" anon. Her inhumanity henceforth starts herward. From the first, she determines to harass his mind, and make him win her through sundry tribulations known only to young women who lend their pursuers a circuitous chase. Finally, lest she lose him entirely—for man's patience has a limit—she consents to marry him—some day. Even in the hour that love enters her heart, she prods him with the uncertainty expressed by the uncommittal "some day." However, he loves her manfully, all the better that she has been so dearly won. He realizes that even though she has said "Yes," being a woman, she later may say "No." Therefore he treasures her fear-somely, and determines to deserve her.

Behind him, as far as man may, he thrusts the life that a young man usually lives, and looking into the future paddles his canoe into more quiet waters than hitherto. His honour henceforth is her honour, and he keeps it as unsullied as an unvalued creature may. He begins to save for her. The small sacrifices cause his heart to glow, and he thanks God for the love of "a good woman."

Meanwhile, how worthy is this woman of a good man's love? Is she humane? At times. Other times her inhumanity is marked. Has she faith? Verily, she believes in an engaged man as she does in an attractive-mannered woman whom men admire. Each is trustworthy when under their owner's eye; not otherwise. She considers man's fidelity a myth, and she confesses her creed to the man who loves her. As a whip this baseless doubt stings; but she will not revoke. The thorn of her unfaith is left in his heart to rankle indefinitely.

Has she hope, otherwise ambition, for her future lord? Much. She makes of it a goal, lest he tarry upon his upward way. And yet, being unwise—for is any ego-worshipper other than a fool?—this inept one constantly throws hindering stones in her fiancée's path that puzzle and pain him beyond speech.

"Go win thy laurels!" she says. "Forge ahead! Make haste! Get to the top!" Lends she a helping hand? Nay. Not one hour of the time that she considers wholly her own will she give toward the fulfilment of his ambition. He is expected to perform miracles. Modern miracles are performed by work, and work alone. The price of success, is labour and many trials. Not one pleasure will she defer in order to give the man who loves her his loved chance. He is her exhibit, and she exhibits him continually. What place has he in her heart? He has only one rival, and that rival "some day" he will call "wife."

And if he for love's sake has laboured in the little hours while others slept, yet falls short of the prize, what then? Does she salvage his wounded spirit with tenderness, and bid him rest a little while, and then again press on? Not so. With lashing tongue of flashing eyes she sorely punishes. The selfish woman has little sympathy for those who do

not win. This she manifests, holding that who would have slaves—achieve least praise if he and censure much.

And charity? Having small faith, has she saving charity? Condones she those minor weaknesses to which man has fallen heir through his illustrious ancestor Adam of Eden, near Paradise? Never! What she does not see she believes not. What she does not feel none other need feel. "Temptation" has no meaning to her. With stern-lipped accuracy she measures her man upon the feminine yardstick, and when he does not hold out, full measure, she is cheated, whereupon war is declared.

The Princess Nicotina in her opinion is a thief, who steals money that might be spent for her pleasure, and whose peculiar odour she hates. Against this slender brown goddess, whose fairest promises seem to go up in smoke, she wages wordy warfare. She considers Bacchus scarcely less worthy of a man's devotion. Whereupon she opens the vials upon her lover's too-devoted head. Sometimes a woman wins from tormented man a reluctant promise to eschew Nicotina, but almost invariably he retrains to his goddess. This is one of the weaknesses which she cannot understand, and never condones.

She is invariably of an inquiring turn of mind. To go is her special delight. She is secretly proud of her acquisition of her future husband; still ponderer of his love for her. If he expresses a preference for her society to that of "the crowd," what happens? He is "sentimental," "old-fashioned," or "mean," if the outing requires money. It is a brave fellow who assumes the role of engaged man if his purse is slender, for many and often will he be called upon in these money-melting days.

The feverish spirit of the times has left its imprint upon all women. They must be "in the movement." No matter how tired the man is, whose day has been spent where money is exchanged for service, he must not only go everywhere "they" are asked, but, if he does not wish to be sharply arraigned, he must do his "stunt" or contribute something to the general hilarity. Nothing except sickness or death excuses the engaged man from nightly duty. Whereupon oft-times follows physical collapse.

Nevertheless, after sundry trials, a few quarrels, a little love upon her part, and upon his a great devotion, they marry. As a parting filip to pa-

rental endeavour, the young woman has left her father mountainous bills to pay, and so equipped she enters "the house that Jack built." It is small, but cosy. There are tributes all about of love and kind thoughts. In the kitchen shine a black face and new tinware, and all start well. The future is writ upon Destiny's scroll. Happy the doing that's not long in ruing. Does she rue her doing? Rarely. She has love of a sort for "Jack," and she knows that her title will be absolute. For has she not proved during betrothal days the power of weakness over strength? He is strong, therefore, although he knows that in future, as in the past, she will harass him, he loves her better than his own happiness, and so comparative peace will be kept.

Tell me not of diamond gems,
Set in real diadems;
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Of richer and of purer worth,
Of priceless, and is known to fame,
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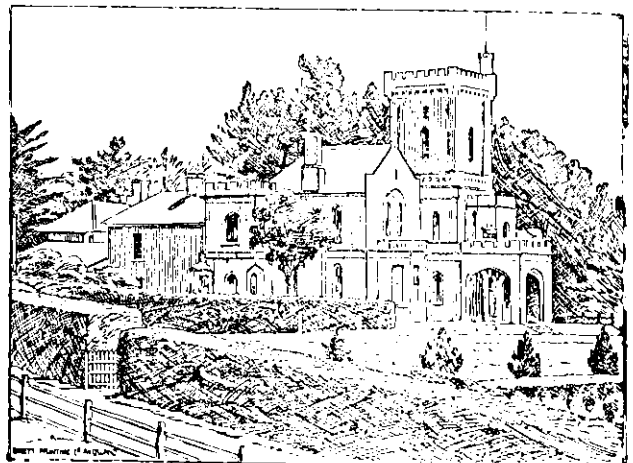
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My Most Memorable Experience.

(By Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis.)

It is that "most" which is my difficulty, for both with the colours and wandering about the world I have had a number of experiences which have left a deep impression on my mind. There was one moment I shall never forget—on the evening of the massacre of Ismail-wana. We all thought that whatever fighting was to be done that day would fall to the lot of the column which went out with Lord Chelmsford. I had been "told off" to the duties of the officer of the outlying picket to camp, but found an elderly, fat captain of volunteer horse who was sore from trenching, and arranged an exchange of duties with him, he thinking that a quiet day near camp would do him good. I being pleased to go out with my troop of mounted infantry.

That evening our squadron formed the advance guard returning to camp, and Colonel (now General) Russell sent me out with two or three men to see whether the Zulus were still in any force on the hill of slaughter, on which darkness had descended like a cloak. As I came to the rise my horse shied at a huddled mass of bloodstained clothes on the path—the first of the many hundreds which lay further up. I looked down at it, and saw the dead face of the good-natured elderly captain who had taken my duty.

That was an experience which seared itself into my memory; and another was a night of black, torrential downpour in the Himalayas, which I spent hanging like a sock across a little pine tree, having fallen over the knoll. I was afraid to move lest warning cracks and little dribbles of shale sent down into the darkness might mean the uprooting of the tree should I begin to wriggle; and there I hung, wondering who would be put in command of my company, and what my ponies would fetch, and trying in vain to think of the things a man doomed to death is always supposed to consider. Had the tree slipped, I should have landed unhurt on a ledge six feet lower down; but that I did not know till next morning, and I looked on myself as a dead man that night.

But I think that of all the occasions when the grim spectre has grinned at me, stretched out a bony hand, and then passed on, the day which succeeded that on which a great banquet was given by a leading Chinaman to the European community at Penang was the most memorable, because there was a certain element of low comedy mixed with the grim ignominy of its agony.

What the name of our smooth-faced, yellow-skinned, pig-tailed, silk-clothed host was I have absolutely forgotten, but I have no doubt it was like a life-cough between two sighs, as most Chinese names are, and I also cannot recall the reason which prompted his hospitality; but the preliminaries, the feast, and its sequel I shall never forget. Mr. Li—I call him Mr. Li, because it is shorter than writing "Chinaman" every time at first only invited the gentlemen of the white community; but the ladies put

a veto on that. They had heard of the feasts in the great houses with bamboo bars to the windows, lying just off the Waterfall-road, where little Chinese girls in embroidered dresses took round a variety of strange liquors in porcelain cups during the feast, and the guest was expected to drink saum-pun, champagne, Chartrouze, sake, one after another, when the Hebe had taken a sip out of the bowl; and they did not intend their husbands and brothers to attend an orgie of that description if they could help it.

Mr. Li was most anxious to meet the wishes of the ladies, so he hired a hall in quite the most respectable quarter of the town, and sent invitations to the ladies printed in silver on a shiny card. Then the softer sex changed front, half-right. They were quite willing to go to a Chinaman's dinner, but they would not eat Chinese food. Again Mr. Li was politely complaisant, and let it be known that the dinner would consist partly of European dishes, partly of Chinese.

It was an awe-inspiring feast. Forty or fifty guests sat down to it, and there was a yellow man in beautiful clothes sandwiched here and there amidst the white people.

The European food, I think, tasted even less like anything I had ever eaten before than the Chinese dishes did, and they were awful enough. Those of the guests who did not sit next to a Chinaman complied their plates under the table at intervals, but a jovial son of the Moon who sat at my elbow insisted on putting tit-bits from his plate into my mouth with his chop-sticks. That night I ate snail-slugs stewed in soy, "starks" fins—the smell of which must have carried across to Kodah—eggs which had been buried 80 years, the yolk of which was dark grey, cold pig's liver wrapped round a prune, the leg of a rice-eaten Cantonese puppy, and I know not what else, and I drank in reckless despair a multitude of drinks of mystery.

Next morning I felt sure that I had Asiatic cholera, and sent for the military doctor. He was dying, I was told, and had sent for the civil surgeon, who was in a state of collapse, and had sent for the Padre, who could not come because he was at the point of death. So it was with the rest of the community; and Seamp, my Chinese servant, cheered me up during the day, when my pangs permitted me to hear him, by reporting that the two bankers, all the Typists, and the police captain were in their death agonies.

None of us actually died, though we all came very near it; but during three days, if the Malays had chosen to remain on the island, or if the Triad Society had wished to massacre the "foreign devils," they could have killed off all the heads of departments and their wives without resistance.

And the worst of it all was that Li very politely intimated that we had brought it on ourselves. He pointed out

that none of the Chinese guests had been in the least the worse for the feast, and insinuated that the Europeans

had over-extended themselves on the unexpected British luxuries he had provided for them.

Common Sense in Mother Love in Bringing Up Baby.

A VALUABLE AND TIMELY LESSON BY FLORENCE STACKPOLE, LECTURER TO THE BRITISH NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

Babies have a lot to contend with when mothers without any previous study of the subject try their "practise hand" on their first-born.

And yet there is nothing so difficult in this work—the rearing of healthy, happy babies—that it need alarm you.

Be you never so timid, or ignorant, or nervous, you may succeed as well as the best by simply taking the trouble to learn in time what are the principal things necessary for the little one's well being.

No complicated knowledge is needed, nor a long apprenticeship, nor costly appliances. If you have common sense, added to that greatest of all gifts, which Nature sends so lavishly when babies come—mother love—very little the right knowledge will enable you to avoid pitfalls and rear a flourishing flock.

Common sense will probably make you avoid a pitfall into which many young mothers fall, namely, that of thinking that the chief thing needing care, when the advent of a baby is to be feared, is the preparation of its "lay," etc. Clothing for the "little stranger" is undoubtedly necessary; but, after all, a baby may grow up into a fine, healthy specimen of humanity, even though the first weeks of its infancy have been passed wrapped up in nothing better than a woollen shawl.

I am not advocating such a toilet—far from it. A proper outfit for the baby is a necessary matter for careful consideration; but the point to remember is that it is not the most important matter for its ultimate welfare. The thing paramount above all others is the care for the mother's health.

You can do this much better by thinking at this particular time more of your own health, and less of its frocks and trills. Isn't a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed baby infinitely more attractive than the lace and embroideries of an elaborate layette? And that it may grow rosy and bright-eyed depends to a considerable extent on the justice you now do to yourself.

Think, for instance, how much better for your health to be out of doors in fine weather, instead of indoors, straining your eyes and stooping your shoulders (and, therefore, compressing your lungs and limiting their oxygen-containing capacity) while you run myriads of little trucks and gather countless yards of infinitesimal frocks!

I don't say that the work of "foundation laying" won't entail on you the practice of some self-denial, for it undoubtedly will.

It will drive you from the fireside on a cold, blowy morning because you will remember that there is no finer tonic for the nerves, and no better purifier for the blood, than fresh air, and that you can never get as much of it indoors as out.

It will drive you to bed early instead of letting you accept invitations to parties where you will be kept up late. If you are a "society woman" it will oblige you to forego the hundred and one distractions of life led in a whirl of fashionable engagements.

I am going now to suggest another particular in which your self-sacrifice may perhaps be called for.

I shall introduce the subject gently by asking a question: "Which room are you going to use for a nursery?" or rather "Which rooms?" for those should, if it can possibly be managed, always be two rooms set aside for the nurse and her little charge.

You may not at the first blush see why I should prefer the subject with a hint of self-sacrifice. What on earth has it to do with the choice of a nursery?

You shall see if you are mistress of a small house—for I may be going to make of you the audacious demand that you should relinquish some room which you specially prize—your cherished

"spare room," most likely—and offer it up to the use of King Baby!

Why not if it is for his good? Is he not going to be a welcome guest? The fact that his stay is to be a permanent one makes the necessity that the best room should be given up to him all the greater.

Babies want fresh air in unlimited quantities, and they need it even more urgently than grown people; for you must know that babies and young children are much more easily affected by unhealthy surroundings than grown people are.

It will do the baby a great deal more harm to sleep in a stuffy room than it will do you or your husband. I am not saying it will do you and him no harm; quite the contrary. But what I do want to impress upon you is that it will do more harm to the baby than to you who have reached your full development. Therefore, if you have but small choice of rooms choose one with plenty of sun and air.

The essentials of a healthy nursery are that it should be a sunny room, an airy room, and that it should have as much window space as possible.

I cannot too earnestly impress upon you the value of sunshine for the furtherance of the growth and development of children. Sunlight kills the germs of disease; it gives colour to plants, and vitality to everything that lives. You cannot rear rosy-cheeked children in a gloomy nursery facing south. If you can in any way manage it, let the babies' room face north-north-east.

You may have no choice as to size—if you have, let the nursery be large—but whether it is large or not you can always insure its being airy by taking care that the chimney register is never closed, that the windows open top and bottom, and that the room is not cluttered with large pieces of furniture.

Many people do not recollect that they make small rooms much larger by cramming them with big pieces of furniture. Each article, though it does not consume air as a living being does, takes up the space that ought to be occupied by air, and so makes the room airless more quickly than it would otherwise become.

It is for this reason that I would urgently recommend you not to allow as it is unfortunately the habit in some houses, the nursery to be turned into a kind of lumber room. "Oh, we don't want it here; send it up to the nursery" is often said when the disposition of cumbersome articles is desired.

Don't allow this. Remember that, of all rooms in the house, the one that needs the most air-space is the nursery.

W. S. BAILEY.]

[W. G. LOWE.

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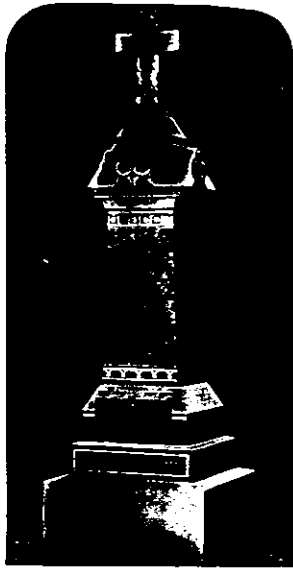
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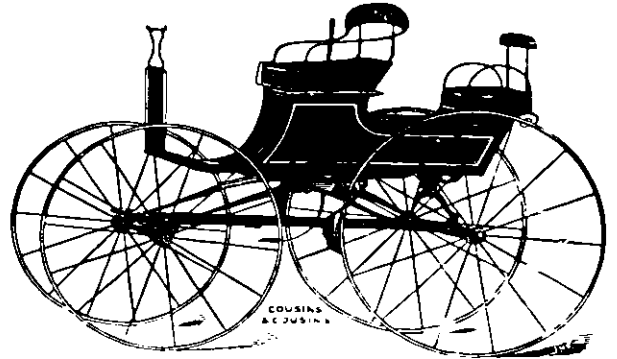
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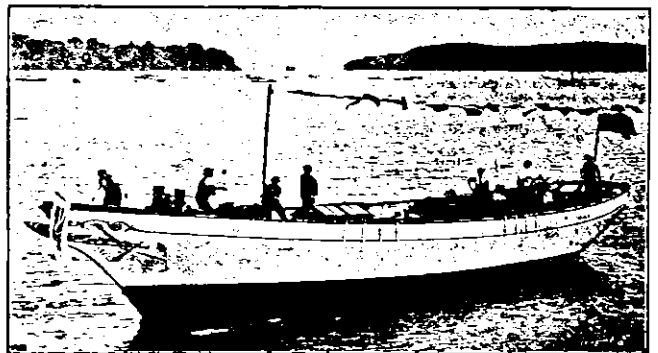
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THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

BALL ROOM TOILETTES AND COIFFURES

The preparation of hair means the beginning of the ball-room season, and the possession of the most beautiful toilettes to meet the requirements of such occasions means at present apparently no end. The shades of hair to be particularly in fashion, all the shades of raspberry, including a vivid rose pink, a splendid red called Mephisto, or flame colour, and the whole gamut of yellows, from the deepest burnt orange to the palest lemon.

Dance dresses are made, suitably short to be practical, but quite long

enough to be elegant, and the finest gauze fabrics are chosen for their materialisation, with trimmings of daintily-pleated ribbon, lace metallions composed in many instances of tiny frills set round a centre of embroidery, and with bouill masses of gauze often united to the other adornments named.

The smartest evening gowns are already exhibiting in different degrees the favour that is certain to be shown to the fabrics when thin fabrics are possible for outdoor wear. A very lovely toilette of maize-brocade opening over a petticoat of mousseline de soie draped with blue tulle was arranged at the sides with draperies that suggested hip pockets, for the folds were gathered to a ribbon at one side into lashes made of gold cord, completed by tassels rather a certain-like idea!

The present mode of dressing the hair demands the use of combs, which may be as ornamental in character as the individual taste of their wearers dictates,

upon one condition, and that is that they are good. In a very famous coiffeur's were shown some beautiful tortoise-shell combs, both of the dark shade and the lovely blonde colour, powdered with gold dust, like little stars or lattice work, with the tiniest diamonds. On the top of one Spanish comb was perched a butterfly enamelled in the most exquisite blues, and on another was a peacock, also executed in green and blue enamel.

Charming are the evening wraps of lace over chiffon, embroidered with shaded panne and velvet leaves, finished with ermine or chinchilla collar and cuffs. Some times, too, these wraps show for edgings. The three-quarter length is a favourite one, but the Josephine wraps are fully trained.

Bronze brown opera cloaks are wonderfully beautiful, lined with shaded chiffon and lace, and further adorned with huge collars and deep cuffs of sable or mink. A vieux rose velvet wrap I lately saw had a lovely over-cape of chinchilla,



FLORAL GARNITURE OF MARGUERITES AND LILIES OF THE VALLEY.



CONFIRMING THE PICTURE.

This picture illustrates some of the newest hats.



FLORAL GARNITURE

In the fashionable evening dress of the moment flowers are playing a conspicuous part already, and the favour shown to them is likely to increase as the season advances from their suitability as the adornment for ball dresses. Regarding the flowers, more particularly of evening wear, it may be noted that eccentricity of colouring finds no favour here. Nothing is more popular with young ladies than a garniture of small Banksia roses, though the La France rose, as shown in this sketch, runs it very closely, the arrangement consisting of handsome clusters on the shoulders and a full band at the waist, all being lightly concealed by light foliage and soft stems. A very pretty one has a festoon of Parma violets from shoulder to shoulder, and from this falls an irregular fringe of Russian violets.



Serviceable Blue Coat Skirt, with Inner Vest of Red.



BALL TOILETTE OF ROSE SILK WITH TULLES OF ROSES.



A LOUIS XV. EVENING GOWN



EVENING DRESS IN WHITE AND SILVER NET.

The accompanying sketch is a very pretty ball gown made in white net, worn with silver sequins, and made up over a white silk foundation. The skirt opens down the centre of the front to show a simulated panel of the sequin net, and trimmed very prettily round the hem with a number of little flowers, made either of net or lace. The bodice is also tastefully arranged to correspond, and trimmed down the centre of the front with bows of pink soft satin ribbon. The waistband is of pink soft satin. Other pink bows appear upon the skirt.

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ART.



LITERATURE.



MUSIC.



AT THE MISSION SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Teacher: Now, Jimmie, do you know what Solomon said to the Queen of Sheba when she brought him her gold and jewels?

Jimmie: Why, hully smokes! ay course I knows. He says, "How much do yer want on 'em?"



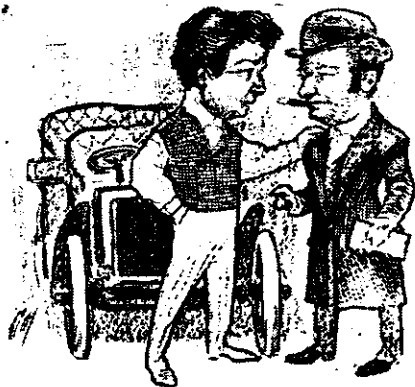
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A HARD ROW.

MacBooth Rantington.—This show won't last long.

The First Violin.—Don't see how it can, with the hotel-keepers getting two hundred per cent. of the gross receipts.



A SHREWD BARGAIN.

"Will you throw in the lamps and the necessities?"
 "I can't do that, but I'll throw in the clutch."
 "All right, I'll take the car."

POOR FELLOW!

Gerald: "Can you give me no hope?"
 Geraldine: "None whatever; I'm going to marry you."

HER SYMPATHY.

"What's the matter?" she asked.
 "Nothing," replied the departing caller, severely, "except that your dog has bitten me." "Oh!" she exclaimed, "Poor Fido!"

HUSH!

Mrs Subbubs: "Henry, Bridget broke three of our very best plates to-day."
 Mr Subbubs: "Heavens! Could anything possibly be worse?" Mrs Subbubs: "Sh! it isn't as bad as it might be. She immediately hid the pieces, and if we can only look pleasant and pretend we know nothing about it, I think she'll stay."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Patient: "Great Scott! Doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment!"

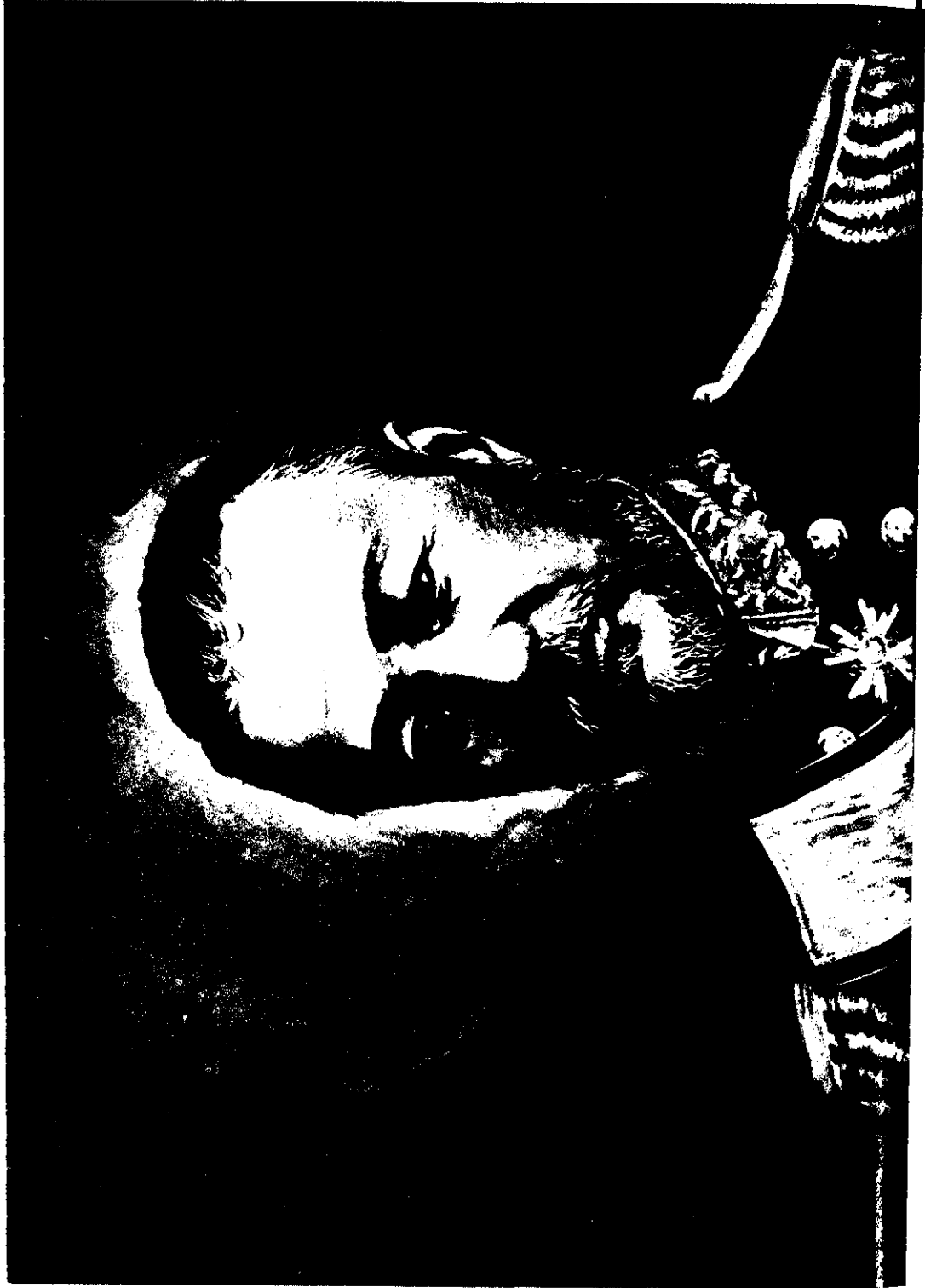
Physician: "My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this."

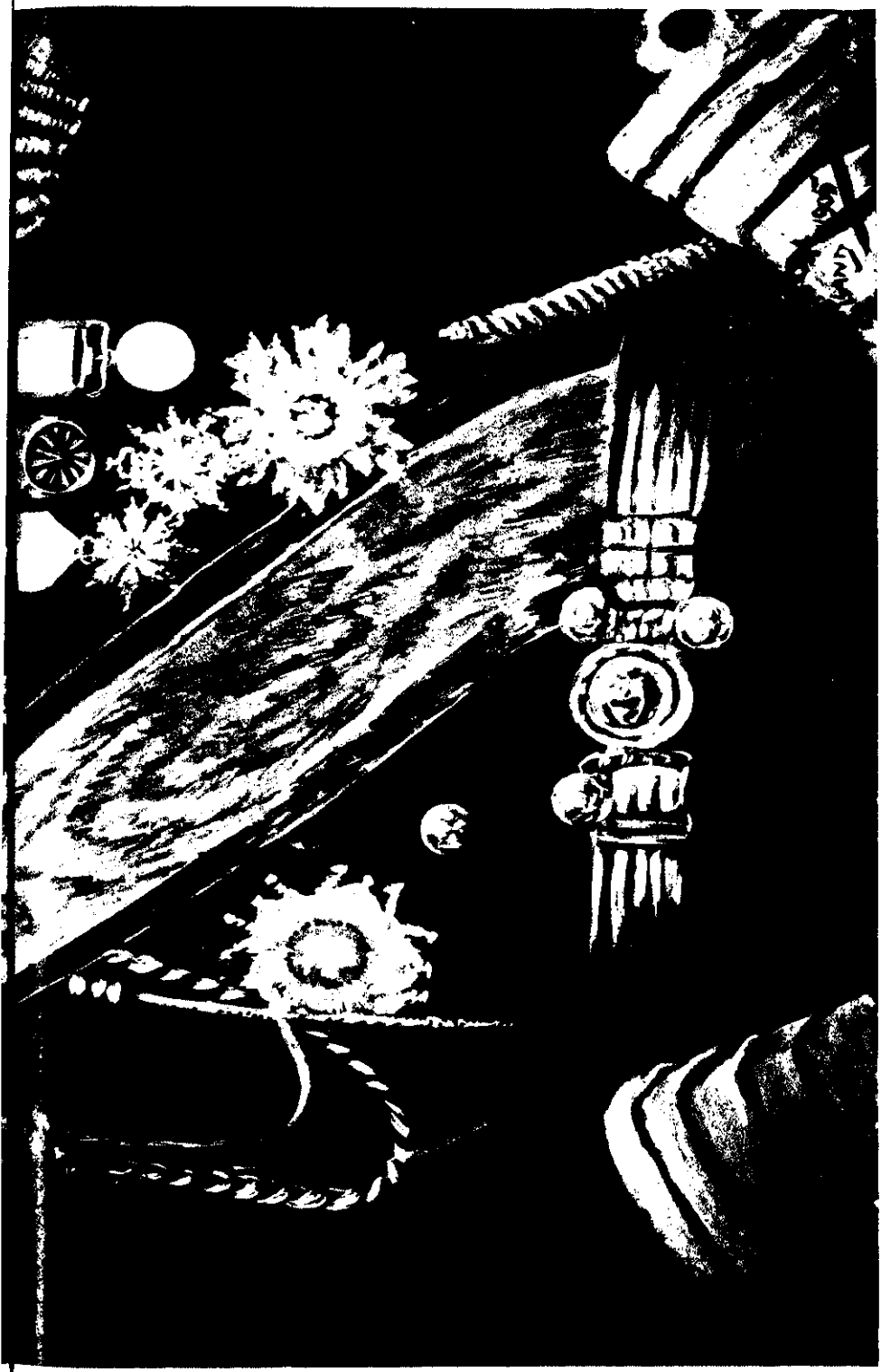
DIDN'T APPROVE OF THE FEAST.

The lesson was from the prodigal son, and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicings," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell who this was?"

A little boy finally vouchsafed this answer: "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!"





The Hero of Tsushima

ADMIRAL TOGO, THE NELSON OF JAPAN.

Specially Drawn for the New Zealand Graphic.