

# The New Zealand Graphic

## and Ladies' Journal

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Will It Come to This ?

# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

## A Famous Punch Artist.

The work of Mr Edward Tennyson Reed, the "Punch" artist, is quite as well-known to many colonial admirers of that journal as to Home readers.

He has a delightful personality. So boyish, so unaffected, so mirthful, he is so thoroughly bon enfant, as the French well put it, that his great personal popularity, apart from that of his work, is neither a matter for wonder

nor for exaggeration. Laughter is never absent when the author of "Prehistoric Peeps" is present.

In 1889 a friend of his happened to know that Mr "Punch" was looking out for a clever young caricaturist, and mentioned Mr Reed's name to Mr Linley Sambourne as that of a likely man. "Well," said Mr Sambourne, "I have known Reed for some years, but I did not know he could draw. However, tell him to send along some sketches and I'll have a look at them." Some seven or eight months later Mr Reed had a seat at Mr "Punch's" famous round-table—I believe the most rapid promotion in the annals of the paper. In the Christmas number of "Punch" for 1893 Mr Reed began the world-famous series of "Prehistoric Peeps," the idea of which grew out of one of a totally opposite nature. His original idea was to do a prophetic series of things as they will be thousands of years hence, but he found he could not work it out to his satisfaction. Then one day, pottering about a museum—a dissipation to which he is given—he had the happy thought of reversing his original intention, and the rest is, in a sense, "prehistoric history."

Great as was the success of "Prehistoric Peeps," it did not bring its author unmixed joy. Learned societies took him quite seriously as a prehistoric authority, and wanted him to read them papers. Then at dinners and other functions Mr Reed used to find great scientists sidling up to him and asking with portentous gravity whether he thought the ichthyosaurus had a vermiform appendix, or some such paralysing question. As a matter of fact, while Mr Reed is fond of natural history, he says he is certain that there is none who knows less about the prehistoric period than himself.

Of recent years Mr Reed has been lecturing with great success on his work as a caricaturist, and has some delightful stories of his experiences while travelling about from town to town. On one occasion after lecturing at Bradford he was on his way to Dundee. In the carriage with him was a shrew, ferris eyed little man who showed a great curiosity as to Mr Reed's identity by peeping slyly at his small baggage to see if there was any name on the label, and so on. At last the inquisitive stranger retired behind a newspaper only to emerge presently with the rather sudden remark, "Now I know who you are!" "Indeed," said Mr Reed, "Yes; I have just been reading your lecture," said the little man—a local newspaper with a marvellous ditto, recognisable portrait of Mr Reed had "given the show away." The little man wanted to know where Mr Reed was bound for, and when he learned that it was to Dundee he exclaimed, "That's strange! I'm going there myself. I run a music-hall there." Then he remarked in caustic terms upon the preference of Dundee folk for walking about at night to sitting in his music-hall, and of a sudden became very gloomy. The thought, which he at once expressed, had struck him that his audience would be still further diminished by Mr Reed's arrival. Ab-

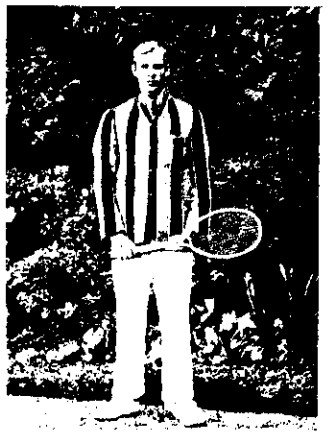
## COLONIALS AT THE ALL-ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT.



N. E. BROOKES.  
Singles Champion of Victoria, and probably the finest singles player in Australasia.



A. W. DUNLOP.  
Another Victorian representative. For many years one of the champion players of Australia. Dunlop is a New Zealander, being a member of a well known athletic family of Christchurch.



A. F. WILDING.  
Son of F. Wilding, the well known Christchurch athlete.



ADDRESS PRESENTED TO MR. SKYNNER BY THE INMATES OF THE COSTLEY HOME, AUCKLAND,

of which institution he has just resigned the managership. This address was illuminated, engrossed and framed by inmates. Mr. Skynner was entertained by members of the Charitable Aid Board, and was also the recipient of several other presentations.

sorbed in sombre reflections, the little man gazed through the window. The train was then rushing through a particularly desolate tract of country— one house to the five square miles, or something like that. At last the little man

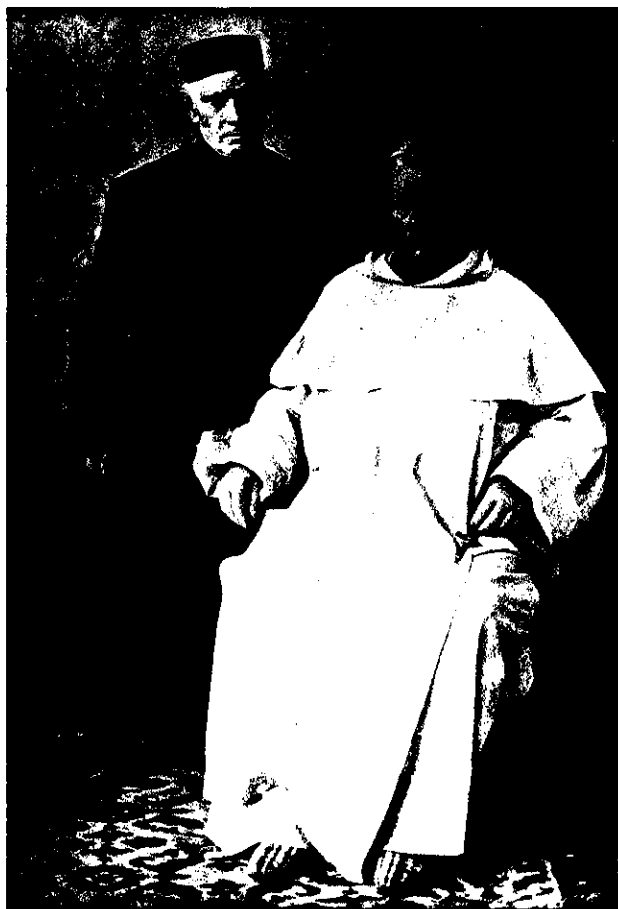
roused himself, and, turning to Mr Reed, he said, "A grand country for soliloquising," and then relapsed into his former mournful contemplation of the chances of the music-hall against the lecturer.



MISS MAY GRANVILLE.  
Of the Fitzmaurice Gill Dramatic Company.



MISS FITZMAURICE GILL,  
who is now playing a successful season in melodrama at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland.



A. R. Carnie, photo.

See "Our Illustrations."

THE LATE FATHER BENEDICT.

Order of Preachers, who died at Auckland last week, aged 61. Standing beside the father is a lay brother, who has been attached to the Bishop's household for a considerable time. Father Benedict was a gifted preacher, and during his residence in Auckland he made many warm friends.



MR. WALTER BLAKE,  
leading actor in Miss Fitzmaurice Gill's Dramatic Company.

# Fireplaces and Fireirons.



WHEN one remembers that the huge logs used as fire-wood by our ancestors often had to be dragged to the door by a horse the reason for the enormous size of some ancient fireplaces is easily understood, especially as space was also required for a smaller log which was placed in the front of the larger one. Between these was a bundle of sticks, which was replenished from time to time, a minion being specially told off to perform this duty; the whole was kept in its place by a couple of substantial fire-dogs, or "and-irons," as they were sometimes described in old inventories. These were occasionally made of copper or brass, but, judging from the examples which have been handed down to us steel was evidently most in request. The early fire-dogs were, as a rule, quite plain—utilitarian rather than ornamental—but with the introduction of the ornate, the worker in iron strove to make his work as attractive as possible. For instance, Fig. 1 shows a group of right and left fire-dogs of the severely plain type, whilst in Fig. 2 is a pair of highly-decorated "Sussex" fire-dogs, twenty-seven inches in height, with a base measurement of fourteen inches. The pair in the centre of Fig. 1 are probably very

of later years was in all probability evolved. It will be noticed that Figs. 1 and 3 give examples of this useful variety of fire-dog, which, by the way, is provided with protuberances on which to rest the fire-irons; the said fire-irons being a heavy, two-pronged fork, and an implement of the crowbar order which were five feet in length and an inch and a half in diameter. Compared with the modern puny poker, they were indeed formidable accessories to the domestic hearth.

The back piece with which fire-dogs were made served to keep them in a perpendicular position, and to give the necessary draught; sometimes this back-piece was provided with an additional pair of uprights, so that a roaring fire, or the reverse, might be kept up. Half the height of the front ones, they were, generally speaking, of exactly the same make and shape, the minutest detail being copied with wonderful exactness; in some houses it was customary to use two sets in the same fireplace, for large and small sticks, respectively.

Late in the eighteenth century the fireplaces were built smaller, owing to the wood supply giving out, and numbers of the old ones were partly bricked in, to suit the altered conditions. About this time architects turned their attention to the smoky chimneys which were so prevalent in the houses of the rich and poor alike. Important structural alterations were made, which resulted in

stead of allowing it to escape up an unnecessarily large chimney.

Fenders do not appear to have come in until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when those made to the order of

wealthy people were more or less elaborate; of brass or steel, they often showed evidence of refined taste. The examples given in Figs. 4 and 5 are excellent specimens.

Continued on page 41.

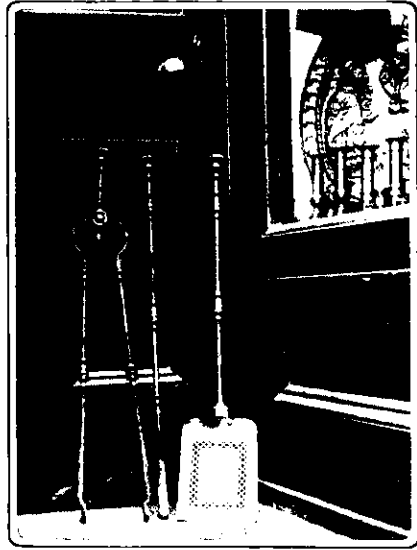


FIG. 5.—SET OF FIRE-IRONS, EARLY 19th CENTURY. PROBABLY 1925.



FIG. 3.—FIRE-DOGS. THE RIGHT-HAND PAIR HAVE BRASS BALLS.

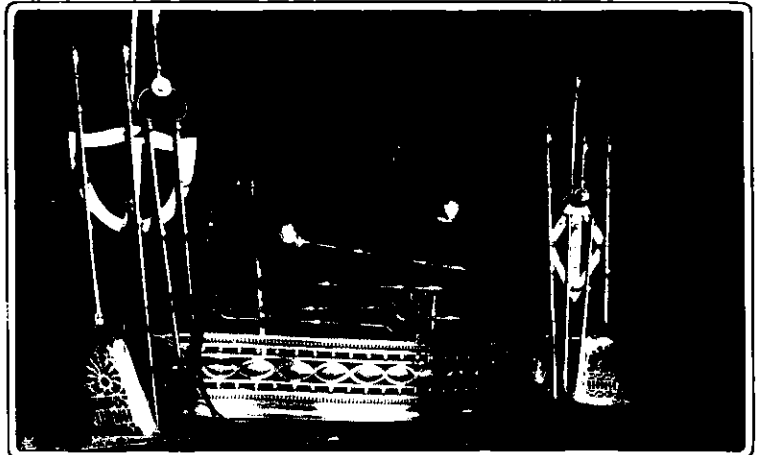


FIG. 4.—EXAMPLES OF STEEL WORK, ADAM STYLE.—1760 to 1810.

early examples; those to the right of Fig. 3 are of more recent date.

Fire-dogs were so called because the tops represented an animal's head—usually a dog's, though many were made with a ball, or steeple, instead. At one period they were finished off with a cage-like receptacle, in which a pot might be placed; from this beginning the hob



FIG. 2.—SET OF SUSSEX FIRE-DOGS.

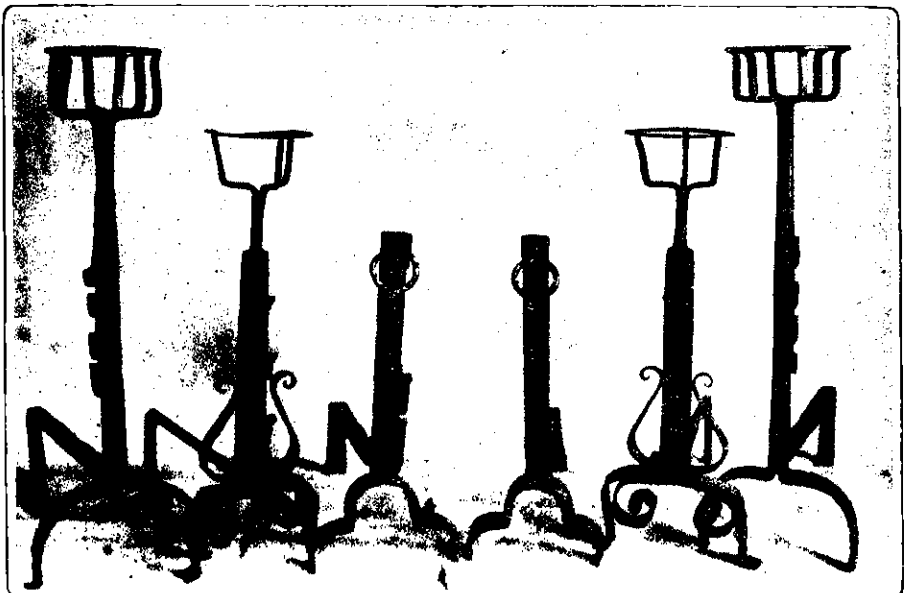


FIG. 1.—GROUP OF FIRE-DOGS.

The hooks formed rests for the fire-irons, and the receptacle at the top supported a pot.

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

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

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

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

## THE BATHS.

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

THE PRIEST'S BATH.—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and albuminous sulphur nature, acting as a powerful stimulant to the skin, relieving pain and stiffness, and stimulating the circulation. Hot douches and cold showers are provided for use after the bath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters Are Obtainable at Rotorua.

## ROTORUA GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM.

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

## TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the mammoth Waimangu Geyser. The coach route passes the beautiful Lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi, and terminates at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence a Government oil launch conveys visitors across Lake Tarawera. Another launch trip is made across Rotomahana (the most wonderful lake in the world, where the excursionists 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 coaling boats.

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

## HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

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

## MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS.

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

## LAKE WAKATIPU.

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

## OVERLAND TO MILFORD SOUND.

The most magnificent walking tour in the world. Train and coach to the loveliest of Lakes, Manapouri and Te Anau; foot track from the head of Lake Te Anau to the head of Milford Sound, through scenes of the wildest grandeur. The immense Canyon of the Clinton, McKinnon's Pass, and the triple leap of the Suther and Falls (1,900 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 Resort Department.

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

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

Cable Address: "Manuifield."

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

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

# THE SWASTIKA

## A Story of Business by Clairvoyance and Marriage by Magic

By Robert W. Chambers

**T**HIS is rather a curious story—not nearly as artistic as if it were fiction. Fact seldom is artistic.

One thing is certain: Hildreth had never before heard of a swastika; he had heard of Judge Grey, of the Mixed Tribunal, and he knew that the Sarma came from that magistrate as a wedding gift to his father; but he never for one moment connected anything that ever happened in the Orient with his stenographer and private secretary. Nor did he suspect—but this story is running away from me backward.

Reclining in his uncle's emblazoned armchair, the tips of his fingers joined, young Hildreth gazed meditatively at the ceiling through the drifting haze of his cigar. On the ceiling several delicately tinted Cupids were attempting to asphyxiate one another with piles of roses. The room and its furniture also were gayly ornamental after the style popularly imputed to Louis XIV., that monarch being in no condition to deny the accusation. There was a view through one door into a music library, through another into a breakfast-room, and through the windows into a snow storm at Thirtieth street and Fifth Avenue. However, the ensemble did not appear illogical if you turned your back to the window; besides, there was the stenographer to look at. But Hildreth was gazing fixedly at the ceiling through the stratified mist from his cigar.

The youthful stenographer, dimpled chin on hand, drummed softly with her pencil tip and watched him sidewise out of two very beautiful eyes. Her cuffs were as immaculate as her cool, white skin; her head, with its thick, bright hair, harmonised with other pretty things; and I do not think that Louis XIV. would have repudiated her, at any rate.

Hildreth blew ring after ring of smoke at the ceiling, passing his hand, at intervals, through his hair, which was rather short and inclined to curl.

"Miss Grey," he said, "can't you think of anything else that rhymes with 'tin'?"

"Gin, din, thin," suggested the stenographer, referring to a rhyming dictionary.

"We've used 'din' and 'thin' already in the second verse; don't you remember? And we can't use 'gin' in any combination whatever; I've tried it. Isn't there anything else you can think of?"

"Sin?" she inquired demurely.

"Sin," he repeated. "Sin" sounds interesting. We need something to flavour the poem. Do you believe that you and I could make any proper use of 'sin'?"

She appeared doubtful.

"Let us see, anyway. Read what you've taken," he said, composing himself to listen to his own lines with the modest resignation of the true poet.

And the girl sorted her notes and read softly:

Behold them packed so snug within  
Their airtight box of shining tin  
Hildreth's Honey Wafers!

Ready for breakfast, lunch or dinner;  
Crisp and fresh and sweet and thin—  
Hildreth's Honey Wafers!

She raised her blue eyes, looking at him inquiringly over the pencilled sheets of manuscript.

"There ought to be another verse," he mused. "Don't you think so?"

"I think two verses of this kind are sufficient, Mr Hildreth."

"You are mistaken; the poem is still incomplete. The first verse, you see, is an impression—a sort of word-picture of the tin box—a kind of prologue to prepare people for what is inside the box in the second verse. In the second I explain that Hildreth's Honey Wafers are all ready to eat, and I excite people's appetites. Now, the third verse must gratify them. Don't you see?"

"Is it not good advertising to break off abruptly and leave the public hungry?"

"No, that's only good literature; but in advertising you must not leave your public discontented. People like to look at pictures of other people who are enjoying something to repletion—pitching into a generous trough of breakfast food, or pausing to savour the delicious after-effects of a nerve tonic. Besides," he added moodily, puffing his cigar, "my uncle requires three verses, and that settles it. What was that rhyme you suggested?"

"You are rather rough on me," he said, colouring up.

"I don't mean to be; I only try to help you."

"I know it; you are very kind—very amiable. I am perfectly aware that a stenographer's duties do not include literary criticism. I ought to be ashamed to ask your aid, but if I don't have it I'm done for."

"But I give it most freely, Mr Hildreth."

"I know you do, and I am also aware that I am imposing on you most shamefully. After this week we'll let my



She drew the thin circlet from her finger and held it suspended over the glass of Golden Sarma.

"I—I ventured to suggest 'sin.'"

"Sin," he repeated thoughtfully, pinching his chin and staring at the snowy roofs across Thirtieth street. "Well, how would this do for the third verse?"

They invoke the hair and clear the skin,  
And promote happiness in this world of sin—  
Hildreth's Honey Wa—

"But you have the metre all wrong again," she expostulated. "You never pay any attention to the metre."

"Oh, you can fix that as you fixed the other verses."

"Besides, is it really true that Hildreth's Honey Wafers do all those things?"

He began an elaborate argument to prove that falling hair and poor complexion were caused by improper nourishment, and that the wafers were proper nourishment; but presently his voice dwindled to a grumble. He relighted his cigar, looking at her askance.

"We might say," he resumed, "using poetic license:

Into this world of crime and sin  
Like an angel above was wafted the box  
of tin—  
Hildreth's Ho—

She shook her head.

"Why not?" he asked.

"You can't compare a tin box to an angel above—and you can't wait a tin box, you know—"

"Yes, I can. Poets' license—"

"That is one of the troubles with your verses, Mr Hildreth—there is so much license and so little—so—little—"

"I don't think we can use 'sin,' do you?" she asked, lifting her blue eyes.

"Perhaps he found inspiration in them; he looked at them hard; an inward struggle set his mouth in an uncompromising line. And this is what he evolved:

Bright as blue eyes that are innocent of sin  
Is the box of tin they've packed in—  
Hildreth's Honey W—

"You can't compare a tin box to blue eyes, Mr Hildreth! You surely must admit that."

"Tin is bright, isn't it? Blue eyes are bright, aren't they? Well, if one's bright and the others are—"

She shook her head slowly; her eyes had softened to a violet tint. He noticed that phenomenon, but he did not know that he had noiced it. His brows met in a frown of intense intellectual concentration; for five full minutes he remained rigid in the agony of composition, then, with a long breath, he delivered himself of another verse:

Soft as the colour of the blue violets that  
grow in  
The woods, is the perfume from the box  
of tin—  
Hi—

"Oh, dear!" said the stenographer, with a sudden little indrawing of her breath.

"If you want to laugh," he said, flushing, "go ahead. I'm not sensitive."

"I had no desire to laugh, Mr Hildreth; it's far beyond a laughing matter."

He regarded her gloomily, relighted his cigar, and gazed out of the frosty window. After a moment a smile twitched his mouth.

"I suppose it's not good—that last idea about ingrowing violets—"

She laughed; she could not help it; he laughed, too.

"How long have we been working together?" he asked, leaning back in his chair. He knew, but he wanted to know whether she knew.

She knew, but she pre-empted to think very hard before answering, laying her pencil thoughtfully across her lips, immersed in calculation.

"It must be nearly a month, Mr Hildreth."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, pretending surprise.

"Almost," she insisted. "Let me see; I came to you on the fifth—"

"The ninth," he said quickly. He was easily beguiled.

"Was it the ninth?" she asked wonderingly though what there was to wonder at is not clear, the date signalling nothing in particular except the day they first laid eyes on one another. "I believe it was the ninth, after all. That would make it almost a month—"

"Exactly a month," he said triumphantly. "This is our first anniversary—and you didn't know it."

He stopped; he hadn't meant to use words of that sort. People employ such expressions for other matters, not to commemorate the date of a purely business engagement.

"What you mean to say, Mr Hildreth, is that I have been in your employment exactly a month," she said with amiable indifference.

"Exactly," he repeated, opening the inlaid cover of a record desk and bringing forth a package. Then he rose to his feet, and made her a bow, full of the charm of good breeding: "May I venture to offer a little gift in memory of the fortunate event?"

She stood up, surprised, quiet, a trifle perplexed.

"What fortunate event, Mr Hildreth?"

"The anniversary—he pleasant occasion—"

He floundered, and she let him. It irritated him to flounder, for his intentions were above reproach.

"What I mean to say is simple enough," he snapped. "You've practically written my poems for me, and you didn't have to, but if you hadn't I either should have ruined my uncle's business or lost my job, and I'm grateful, and I wanted to give you something to show it—these books—"

verses go as I compose them. It will probably put me out of business, but I can't help that."

Mr Hildreth, we simply cannot let your verses go unedited."

He looked at her for a moment in silence. "Can't you stand my verses?" he inquired. And, as she made no reply:

"If you can't if they are really as bad as that, why, the public is going to recoil, too, and I'll doubtless ruin the business for my uncle. He has no more idea of good poetry than I have. I'll ruin him; and our rivals, The Bunsen's Baby Biscuit Company, will call me blessed!"

"Your uncle writes you that he likes the advertising verses you send him," she interrupted cheerily. "He tells you that the verses have made the wafers worth a fortune."

"Yes, but you always have revised my verses, and he doesn't know that. Every poem I've done for the Honey Wafers Company you've revised. It is you who have made them sell all over this continent."

"What of it?" she answered, amused, "as long as your uncle is satisfied. I don't mind the trouble of editing your verses—truly I don't." She rested her cheek on her wrist, playing the while with her pencil. "I am very happy to do what I can, Mr Hildreth. Shall we try once more?"

She seemed to grow more disturbingly preetty every day; he permitted himself to look at her long enough to remember that he had something else to do. "Din, pin, gin, sin," he repeated sullenly. "What the mischief am I to write, anyway?"

She took them, a trifle uncertain, but guided by inherited instinct. She looked at the beautifully bound and dreadfully expensive volumes. The conscript lasted only a second; she thanked him, glanced at the title-page, where he had written the date and her name, but not his own. His good taste appealing to her, she smiled at him in a delightfully friendly fashion; and the charm of the transcription so occupied him that, finding himself staring, he neutralised the rudeness by closing his eyes with a wise look as though intent on pursuing elusive rhymes for commercial purposes.

She seated herself at her little fly-away gilded desk once more; he re-lapsed into his chair and sat there drumming with his fingers on the golden foliations of the carved aims.

She had, instinctively, picked up her pencil and pad, ready for dictation when the sacred fire should blaze up in him. The fire, however, appeared to be out. There was not a spatter.

"And in all this time," he mused, counting his cogitations aloud, "you have never asked me why, in the name of common decency, I insisted on trying to be a poet?"

As she made no reply: "Have you?" he repeated.

"Of course I haven't—"

"Is it because you are too civil to hurt a man's feelings?"

"It is because I am employed by you, Mr Hildreth—"

"Because you are employed by me? Nonsense! That's no reason why I should torture a cultivated ear with unspeakable rhymes. I wonder, Miss Grey, what you really think of me?"

She could have told him that she didn't think of him at all except in a business sense, which would have been an untruth, but the proper answer for him. She thought of several answers, all reserved, indifferent, discouraging the faintest hint of intimacy, and therefore suitable. Then she said: "Would it interest you to know what your stenographer thinks about you?"

He said it would interest him excessively, and he desired information.

"I think," she said, not looking at him but at her pencil, with which she was tracing arabesques on the pad, "I think that you could do some things much better than—others. Oh, dear! that sounds like Tupper—but it's true."

"You mean I'd make a better bandit, for example, than I do a poet?"

"I don't know what qualification you have for the career you suggest," she replied demurely.

"I understand you," he said; "it's as simple as those profound lines:

A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men shun a bandit; Which is really very clever if you only understand it.

That's what you intended to say, wasn't it?"

They were both laughing, she with more reserve than he.

"If a bandit's life is not a happy one, was demanded a poet's life resemble?" he demanded. "Why, it's a perfect—but the word is inadequate, Miss Grey. Did you ever for one mad moment suppose that I wrote rhymes for the pleasure it gave me?"

"No," she said, "I didn't."

"Or did you imagine I was infatuated with the notion that my rhymes gave pleasure to others?"

She laughed such a care-free laugh—so sweet, so entirely gay and innocent—that he said impulsively: "I wish you'd let me tell you how it is. I do so hate to appear a fool to you."

Something checked her mirth, yet it scarcely could be what he said, for his speech and manner were quite free from offence.

"May I tell you?" he asked, conscious of the shadow of constraint between them.

"There was something in her silent acquiescence which hinted: 'My time is yours, Mr Hildreth; but, considering the strictly business footing of our relations, hadn't you better begin to make your third verse?' And no doubt the slight impatient movement of his shoulders meant: 'No, I won't begin my third verse; I desire to unburden to you a soul too long misunderstood.' But the interpretation of her silence and his shrug are purely speculative on my part.

"I'd quit this verse-making in a moment if I could," he said; "but it's my livelihood. I always loathed poetry, even my own; but I've simply got to earn my living."

"Surely," she said, with an instinctive glance around the exceedingly ornate

apartment, "it would be silly for you to give up making advertising verses for your uncle as long as—"

"As long as it permits me to live like this? Do you suppose that this is my apartment?—that anything in it belongs to me?—that my income from my water poetry would even pay for a single week's rent here? There's the ghastly mockery of it. Why, my salary is just twice what yours is; in other words, I divide with you every week."

She regarded him with amazement.

"Apartment, servants—everything belongs to my uncle. My uncle has views," he said, waving his hand. "Unfortunately, one of his views is how to bring up his only nephew. Just fancy a man fresh from Harvard flung neck and heels into his uncle's water business on thirty dollars a week!"

"Dreadful," she motioned with her lips.

"Neck and heels! He said I was to find no favours, no privileges; that I must begin at the lowest rung of the ladder, and, as he knew of nothing lower than poetry, he set me to work writing Honey Water ads. I'm to be promoted next year to be the artist that draws pictures for the ads. After that I shall advance through the baking, packing and truck department until I become a travelling salesman. Meanwhile, I've emerged from my cheap boarding house to keep his servants busy till he returns."

She sat very still, watching him with her beautiful, serious young eyes.

"Then, some day, I'm to be taken into the concern and become a partner if—"

"If?"

"If I don't marry."

"Oh!" she said, faintly

"But if I do—"

There was an ominous pause; then she repeated calmly: "If you do?"

"I'm down and out, and he leaves about five millions to the Society for Psychological Research. A nice position for me if I should ever fall in love, isn't it?"

The pause was longer this time.

"The Society for Psychological Research," she repeated under her breath.

"Yes. You know—they investigate spoofs, and tip tables, and go into trances, and see blond gentlemen coming over the ocean to marry you, and dark ladies hiding around the corner."

"Is he interested in such things—your uncle?"

"Mad about them. He's up at his country place now with a bunch of Columbia professors and Sixth Avenue clairvoyants, engaged in crystal-gazing experiments. Later he's going to lecture about 'em at Columbia University."

"What is crystal-gazing?" she asked innocently.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know exactly. My uncle and a fat clairvoyant in a pink teagown sit at a table and squirt into a big globe made of rock-crystal; and he tells me that he can sit in his chair up there at Adrintha Lodge and see, in the crystal, everything that he wants to see, including how I'm behaving myself down here in town. He told me that if I ever—ever kissed anybody he'd see it and discharge me."

"Does he say he can see you?"

"He does."

"And everything you are doing?"

"Every blessed thing."

"Do you believe it?" she asked anxiously.

"No, of course not. But I let him think he has me scared to death."

She leaned forward on the table, clasping both hands under her chin.

"Is that what keeps you on your best behaviour?"

It was rather a curious thing to say.

"Suppose," she added, "that your uncle was looking into his crystal at this very minute. I think, if you please, we'd better stop talking and begin our work. . . . Don't you? I think we ought at least to look as though we were busy."

"You don't believe that he could see us, do you?" demanded Hildreth.

"No; . . . but suppose he could? Don't you think I'd better copy your verses—or he doing something—"

She hastily placed a sheet of paper in the machine, slid it into place, and struck several keys. It was quite unconscious on her part, but when a moment later, she turned the sheet over she found that she had written his name about sixty times. The portent of this, however, did not then strike her.

Somewhere in the room little silver chimes sounded the hour.

"Can it be two o'clock already?" she exclaimed.

He examined his watch in a stunned surprise. "Why, we are just in time!" he said lazily.

"Yes, Mr Hildreth—in time for what?"

"You—you won't be offended—where anything but offence is meant—will you?"

She had risen to face him; he, rather red about the ears, began by making a mess of what he was saying; and when she had grasped the import of it she let him go on making a mess until his irritation straightened out matters.

"It's only that you've been so kind to help me do all that advertising poetry, and I'm so tremendously grateful, and it's our first anniversary—our—er—the occasion—I—you know what I mean. So please stay to luncheon. Will you?"

"Please don't ask me, Mr Hildreth—"

"Yes, I will! You simply can't be offended; you simply cannot mis take my attitude, my meaning—"

"I am not offended. You are very thoughtful—andable—but I think I ought to go—"

"Our ann— the date, you know; just to celebrate a purely business arrangement which has been so delight—so profitable to me, I mean—"

"No, I could not stay, Mr Hildreth—"

"But it's partly for business purposes," he explained anxiously; "you, you must know, Miss Grey, that more business is transacted at luncheon than before or after. That's what great financiers do; they say to the head of a department: 'Lunch with me, Mr So-and-so.' And Mr So-and-so understands at once."

"Does that great financier ever say: 'Lunch with me, Miss So-and-so?'"

"Yes, often and often. And she understands!"

"Are you sure she does?"

"I am. Please let me be sure."

"Mr. Hildreth, I should—should like to—there; I admit it! But it is not ovenable. I know it; you know it; it is not the thing for us to do. I have no business here except as your stenographer. I could not accept."

"Because you are a stenographer?"

"If I were not in your employment I should not be here with you. You know that."

"But I should perhaps be at your house if—"

"You are speculating on impossibilities." She bent her head, smiling across the table at him, and dropping her hand on the books he had given her; "Your kindness must have some bounds; let it end in these bindings; I—I shall remember it with each leaf I turn. And as he said nothing but looked rather miserable, she added: "Won't you?"

There was another interval of silence; she considered his face anew. The unhappiness in it was evident.

"Do you really want me . . . to talk business?"

"I want you to stay. Will you?"

She did not answer, though a little tremor touched her lips.

"That's jolly!" he said gayly, and touched an electric button behind him. And a moment later a maid in cap and apron respectfully piloted her out of sight.

About half-past two a Japanese butler served them in the colonial breakfast-room, and she laughed at the little silver tray she found beside her plate—a tiny type-machine made to hold screws in microscopic crystal vials. Her initials were engraved upon it.

"You see," he said, "I do not regard our poetical partnership lightly, even if you do. What you have done for me is going to enable me to enter the firm one day—aided by your editing my verses."

"I never before understood," she admitted, "why you advertised for a stenographer who was a graduate of Barnard College. And—when I applied to you I was perfectly astonished when you asked me so anxiously whether I could rhyme and draw pictures."

He examined his grapefruit, and extracted a mitted cherry with great care. Presently he swallowed it.

"I knew from the first instant I saw you that my chance in life had come," he observed.

"You didn't know it before you questioned me."

"How?"

"Yes, I did."

He looked up at her: "I don't know how I knew it." She was apparently

interested in the aroma of her wine. "But I knew it," he ended.

The vintage was doubtless worthy of the serious attention she gave it.

"Do you know what wine that is?" he asked, mused.

"Yes; it is Sarna," she said simply.

"How did you know?" he exclaimed in amazement.

She lifted the glass with a pretty gesture: "Are you so astonished that your stenographer knows the rarest wine in the world—and the legend concerning it? A most inappropriate wine for such a luncheon, Mr. Hildreth—"

"You are a constant series of endless astonishments to me," he said. "Where on earth you ever heard of Sarna—and how you should have known it when you saw it—this wine so rare that but one in ten thousand experts ever heard of it—"

"Why did you have it served?" she asked directly. "Do you know what this wine of Sarna signifies? Do you know every drop is worth ten times its weight in gold? Do you know there are not three other bottles of it known in the world?"

"I knew all that, I believed that Sarna alone was worthy of it—of—of—of—of—of—of—of our first anniversary."

"No; it is inappropriate," she replied steadily. "Do you not know the legend?"

"It is the only wine not forbidden by the Koran. Is that what you mean? Or do you mean—?" he hesitated.

"Yes, that. The last Khedive emptied the last glass of the last but three bottles remaining in all the world—while his bride's lips were still wet with the dew of Sarna. It is the custom of Emperors and Sultans—ask me for how long, and my answer is, as long as the stars compute it, oh, Heaven-born!" She crossed her pretty hands below her throat, a smile, half-gone, half tender, parting her lips.

"How did you know such things," he asked.

"My father was a judge of the Mixed Tribunal," she answered gravely. "My mother was married there; I was born in Cairo."

"Fate!" he said excitedly—"sheer Fate! My father was the ex-Confederate Hildreth Pascha, of the Khedivial Court! The Sarna—that bottle cradled there—came from a judge of the Mixed Tribunal! Shall not their children touch the same glass?"

They both were excited, flushed, a little bewildered.

"Do you know the custom?" he asked recklessly.

"Y—es."

She held up one slender finger; her mother's betrothal ring, set with the diamond scarab, sparkled on the white skin; and she drew the thin circle from her finger and held it suspended over the glass of golden Sarna. The single brilliant flashed and flashed as though the scarab beetle were struggling to be free.

"Shall I?"

"Try it," he laughed. "Who knows what sign of fortune the dead Sultans may send?"

"They—they only send a sign—to brides—"

"I know it. Try!"

There was a glimmer, a little clinking splash in the slim wineglass. They inspected the ring lying in the amber wine; they glanced at one another rather foolishly. Then, looking at him, she raised the glass, fastidiously, passed it to him. He tasted, his eyes on her, and set the half empty glass before her.

"I—I believe there's something happening to that ring," said Hildreth suddenly, rising and passing around the table to her side.

Breathless, they bent over the glass, heads close together.

"Doesn't it look to you as though that diamond scarab were moving?" he said in a low voice.

"Yes; but it can't be—how can it—?"

"Look!"

"Oh—!" she whispered—"see! It—it's alive! It is unfolding arms and legs like a crab."

"What on earth—?" he stammered, but got no further, for the girl caught him by the arm: "Look! Look! The scarab! It means fortune! It means— it means—"

His hand shook as he lifted the glass and reversed it. A shower of perfumed wine sprinkled the lace centre-piece; the mystic scarab, glittering, magnificent, fell heavily upon the mahogany—a dull, gem-encrusted hump of purest gold.

"What is it?" he gasped. "I thought it was alive, like one of those jewelled

# The Man Who Paid

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

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FACE AT THE DOOR.

Consuelo was kept waiting for ten minutes. At the end of that time the caretaker returned, saying that he and his wife had talked the matter over, and come to the conclusion that there could be no harm in giving Mademoiselle and her maid a peep at the Comte's room. They were certainly interesting, the man went on, as it justifying an indiscretion, for the Comte de Crevecoeur loved beautiful things, and was a good judge of them. Much of what was best in the castle in the way of small pieces of antique furniture and ornaments, he had taken for his own salon, which was, however, not large enough to contain a great collection.

Still talking, and explaining the value of the concession he had made, the caretaker led them through a stone-walled passage to a tower stairway. They wound up the spiral flight of steps, pausing for a moment half-way up, to peer through a small, round window at a glorious view over the distant Loire, and arriving at last before a low, iron-barred door of black oak. This the old man unlocked with a quaintly-shaped key of enormous size, and Consuelo found herself on the threshold of a small but curiously beautiful room.

Her heart was throbbing more unevenly than ever now, for she felt that she was on the eve of making some great discovery. Though the reason for this impression she could not have given to herself or another.

"That is my master's salon," announced the guardian nervously. "You see, most of the furniture is of the period of Henri Quatre. That bit of tapestry on the left was given to a Countess de Crevecoeur by Catherine de Medicis, whose maid of honour she was. That winged chair—"

"But oh, those miniatures! Let me come a little further into the room and look at them," exclaimed Consuelo, almost pushing past him. Her quick eyes had seen, on one side of the beautifully-carved stone mantel, not only a glass case containing miniatures, but a number of modern photographs in artistic frames, standing on a table. One of them, a small one framed in a narrow band of brilliants, was a picture of Vera Wenwick, dressed somewhat extravagantly.

It was a beautiful photograph of a beautiful woman, but the face looked older, and harder, than when Consuelo had seen it five years ago in London. There was a bold, almost defiant expression in the eyes, and the pose of the head, accentuated perhaps by the daring eccentricity of the ornament poised on the hair above the forehead—a great diamond hat with spread wings, and a jewel of some sort hanging from its mouth.

"She looks somehow like an actress," thought Consuelo. "This must have been taken when she was living in Russia, and singing in light opera, as she told Lance that she had done. So this Comte de Crevecoeur knew her then, or since. Yet he is not the man she married, for that man was drowned."

For a moment the girl was silent, seeming to look at the miniatures, really gazing at the photograph in the brilliant frame, and thinking busily. "Is there any picture of your master here, in his room?" she asked.

When the old man had answered indifferently that there was none, she had learned all she hoped or expected that those rooms could tell her, and she would gladly have gone away, had she not been fearful of exciting some vague distrust of her motives in the mind of the caretaker.

For unlately for her, he was in as great a hurry to speed his parting guests, as one of them was to be sped. He conducted the two women as quickly as he dared round the charming salon, with a perfunctory though proud enumeration of its glories, and then led them conscientiously up the stone stairway, winding through the vast thickness of the tower wall, to the room above. The visitors were simply to be given a peep across the threshold of this sacred apartment, and the old man was in the act of grudgingly unlocking the door, when the sound of a bell ringing violently in some distant part of the chateau, across the big court, startled him so much that he dropped the key with a loud clang on the stone steps.

"Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, groping desperately in dusky corners to recover the lost treasure. "What a misfortune! The one had chance in a thousand has arrived, as I felt that it would. There is my master."

"How do you know?" asked Consuelo, pitying his dismay.

"Because I took your suggestion, and told my wife to ring that bell, if he should by any chance come here before my return downstairs. She laughed at such a far-fetched idea, but she has rung, and it is not for nothing. My wife is no jester. Mademoiselle, I beseech you, make haste down. For me, I dare not go till I have got this twice miserable key. (Ciel! how dark it is here. You cannot mistake your way to the hall, and I will follow."

Consuelo turned and ran down, directing Hammond, who understood no French. They reached the foot of the tower stairs, got into the dark passage which led to the great court, and flew to a door by which the girl believed they had entered. She opened it hurriedly, anxious to save the old guardian from trouble brought upon him by her impertinence, and expected to find herself at once in the hall. But instead she saw a small, scantily furnished room, and, standing in a doorway exactly opposite, a young man. Her eyes and his met. Quickly he stepped back, closing the door, and embarrassed and somewhat startled, Consuelo did the same, shutting herself into the dim passage again.

"It's the wrong door," she said, mechanically. But her thoughts were not with her words. They had followed the man, whose face she seemed to see more clearly now that it was gone than in the flashing instant when she had actually gazed at it.

The sun-shine from a window set high and deep in the wall of the room had fallen across the face, illumining it as clearly as if it had been lit up by a stream of limelight on the stage, and though Consuelo could scarcely have counted two before the vanishing of the picture, it seemed to be photographed with a strange sharpness of outline on her retina.

And the face itself was a strange one. It was dark, well-featured and young, but it looked haunted, as if by harrowing memories, or else it was drawn with pain, as that of Prometheus might have been, as he thought of the past, while the culture tore his body.

"Where have I seen that face before?" the girl asked herself, as she walked out into the great hall, the door of which Hammond had found and opened. For she was sure—or almost sure—that she had seen it.

There was a certain slight resemblance to Stainforth in the shape of the head, and the set of the shoulders, even in the way the dark hair grew on the forehead; but Consuelo did not feel

that this vague likeness was enough to give the suggestion of some former knowledge, which she felt so forcibly.

"I have seen the man—the man himself, not just someone who looked like him," she assured herself again. "But when—where?"

Then, suddenly, the answer came to her with a rush of blood to the heart.

"It was the night of the wreck—of the murder," she thought. "Why, he was one of the half-drowned sailors saved from the yacht."

Her brain whirled for a few seconds, as if she had suffered an electric shock which had disturbed her vital forces, and before she had fully recovered self control, the old caretaker had arrived.

He looked frightened and guilty, his eyes glancing furtively about, and the drawn lines round his mouth relaxing when he saw that "Mademoiselle" and her femme de chambre were alone in the big hall.

"Now we are safe," he ejaculated with a sigh of relief. "If the Comte comes here and sees strangers, it matters nothing. It is only the tower which is forbidden to tourists."

"We have met someone," said Consuelo. "I can't tell whether it was your master or not. But we opened the wrong

door, in coming out of the passage, and saw a little narrow room with a door opposite ours, and a man was just at that moment entering. But at sight of us, he stepped back, and shut the door."

"If it was a man, it must have been the Comte, for no other would go into that room, except myself. It is a kind of store room for worthless things, and it is only used as a short cut to reach the tower. He must have been on his way up; and he will have gone back to ask my wife what is the meaning of a meeting with strangers in that part of the house."

The old guardian's leather-hued face had paled visibly.

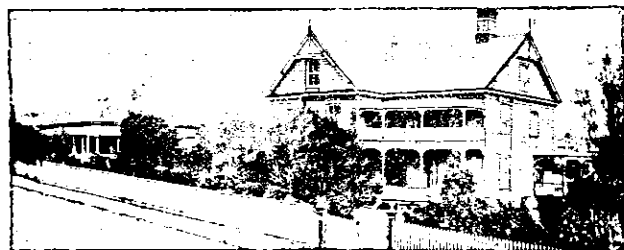
"I am very sorry," said Consuelo. "Here are two louis, instead of the one I promised you. I hope that the Comte will not be very angry."

"I must tell him that I was only taking you to see the view from the half-way window," returned the old man. "He will believe me, I think, for it is a celebrated view. But now, you have seen everything, and it would be well for me if you would go, so that I can explain things quickly to my master, and as best I can."

Of all things, Consuelo desired another sight of that dark, haunted face;

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but she did not know how to obtain it. Dazed still, with the shock of the surprise, and a flood of emotions, she meekly allowed herself to be shown out of the chateau. When the great oak door with its iron doors shut, the sound of its clanging seemed to mean irrevocable failure, and she longed to ring loudly, and insist upon entering again. But, if she did, if she made some wild excuse for going back into the castle, what good could she hope to accomplish? She could not force the Comte de Crevecoeur to see her, against his will.

With Hammond a respectful step or two behind her, she walked reluctantly down the sloping road that led away from the Chateau de Crevecoeur towards the village of Roquebrune.

"I will stop here until I can see him again, we him face to face, so that he can't escape me without at least a word," the girl said to herself heavily. "There is no other hope but that. But if it should be too late!"

At the Faizan Dore, where she was staying, she made carefully careless inquiries about the Comte de Crevecoeur.

He was a strange young man, said the Madame of the inn, not sorry to talk with a stranger of one of the few great personages of the neighbourhood. Very poor, but very proud, as indeed he had a right to be, because his family—of which he was the last in the long line—was one of the oldest, and had once been one of the most important in all France; his father ought to have married money, and an heiress might doubtless have been found for him, but while travelling he met a beautiful Irish girl, and made her his wife without stopping to think twice. Both of the Comte's parents had died long ago; he was alone in the world, without any near relatives, and for years he had done exactly as he pleased, leading a roving life, and coming seldom to his old home. He spoke English as well as an Englishman, without any accent at all, so people who knew such things said—for had he not learned the language on his mother's knees?

The story was that he had been a soldier of fortune in several wars, just to pass the time, as the saying was. Men spoke of his having fought for the Americans in the Spanish war some years ago, and also of having put himself at the service of the Boers against the English, in company of some wild Irish friends of his. But nobody knew for certain; because who was there to tell what he did when he was absent from Crevecoeur, as he was for long months together, and sometimes for years? When had he been at home for the last time? As to that, Madame was not certain, and paused to reflect for a moment before replying. Then she recalled the fact that the Comte had scarcely been seen in Roquebrune since a time about two years ago, when to everybody's surprise he had appeared at the Chateau, and stopped for weeks and weeks on end. At last he had gone away, in the night, people supposed, for no one had ever seen him go, and he must have walked or driven, for the men at the railway station had always maintained that he had not taken any train. For while there were those who thought his going mysterious, for old Bastien and his wife up at the Castle never talked of their master's affairs. But after a time—only a few weeks ago, he had been seen again in the village, looking very ill. Then he

had vanished, as before; but it was different now; nobody thought much about his queer ways.

"I think he must have come home unexpectedly to-day, while my maid and I were being shown over the Castle," said Consuelo at the end of all this.

"It is very probable," replied Madame. "He is not of the sort who would send word. I hope Mademoiselle enjoyed her visit to the Castle? It is much admired. Yes? I am glad. And there are other sights to be seen in the neighbourhood. Mademoiselle could be very happy if she would remain with us for a few days."

"I was thinking of doing so," said Consuelo. "It is pleasant here. But I don't feel very strong. I have been rather ill at home, and as I've come abroad partly for rest, I shall do nothing but sit in your garden for a day or two, until I am better able to bear a little fatigue."

Madame was delighted to hear this; and immediately a large and comfortable chair was placed under a budding chestnut tree in the small garden in front of the house. It was much too cold for sitting out to be either pleasant or beneficial to health, she thought; but it was not her business to say so, and perhaps send two guests away from the inn, just at the dead season, when she had no one else.

Wrapped in a warm coat, Consuelo sat in the garden, hour after hour, for the next two days. She even had her meals brought out there, rather than miss seeing Comte de Crevecoeur if he should pass; for he must pass, if he went from the Chateau to the village of Roquebrune.

The third day came, and still she kept patience, thinking of Lance, and what she might do for him. The morning passed; she hunched, as before, under the chestnut tree. Those who saw her must have thought that she was an invalid, ordered to take the "fresh air cure," so much talked of. But she cared little now what anyone might think. The afternoon dragged on, and clouds gathered gloomily. She grew discouraged, saying to herself that perhaps all her watchfulness might have been in vain; perhaps he had gone away in the night, as he was said to have gone before. She could not afford to waste time, indefinitely, and if she were to miss the talk with this man which she had resolved if possible to have, she must go home and tell the police the thing that was in her mind. They might make nothing of it; and the man would probably have vanished out of reach; whereas, if she could but speak with him—somehow, she never finished that sentence with precision, in her mind; but she felt that a great thing would surely happen.

It was beginning to rain, and she was expecting Madame to come running out, begging her to be prudent, and return to the house, when she saw the man she had waited for so long.

He was walking slowly with an air of depression and aimlessness, down the road which led from the castle, past the inn, and so on to the village. Consuelo recognised him as if by instinct, even when his figure was too far off to be seen clearly. She sprang up, and without an instant's hesitation, went briskly across the grass towards him. She reached the arched gateway draped with roses and wistaria not yet in bloom, and stood framed in it, as

he had stood for an instant in the door, that other day. The Comte had not quickened his steps, and so she was there a full minute before him.

Walking with his head down, he was close to the gate before he saw that anyone was there. Then he glanced up suddenly; but Consuelo was sure by the expression of his face that he did not recognise her as the intruder at the Chateau. His eyes, in the long look they gave, seemed to say only: "Here is a girl, rather a pretty girl, a stranger here. What is she waiting for? Why is she staring at me so intently?"

If that was the question the man's eyes asked, Consuelo's lips answered it promptly.

"I beg your pardon," she said in English. "You are the Comte de Crevecoeur?"

It was now his turn to stare. "Yes," he replied; "have we met before? I am afraid I do not."

"No, you do not remember," she broke in. "But it is important for me to talk to you about our other meeting. I have been waiting to see you."

The hand-ome, worn face hardened. "I am sorry," he said, "but I have an appointment."

"You will be still more sorry, I think," the girl answered, "if you refuse to talk with me before keeping it."

He hesitated, puzzled, and evidently somewhat curious, though his manner was that of a man weary of the world and the sensations it could give. "Will what you have to say take long?" he asked, in the excellent English which Madame had described.

"That depends upon yourself," Consuelo said. "It need not take long. It is beginning to rain. Will you come with me into the little private sitting-room I have. It opens out of the garden."

"I wonder why I should come!" he exclaimed.

"You will understand soon," said the girl quietly.

As her face flushed and a deep spark lit her soft eyes, he became aware that the slender young thing in the plain black dress had beauty, and also a quality more commanding than beauty—charm; and a pure serenity that gave her strength. She was not a woman of the type which he had most admired, in the days when he had thoughts to spend on women, but there was something about her which interested him, almost compelled him to her bidding.

She pushed open the long French window and went into the sitting-room; he followed. For a moment neither spoke, though the girl's singularly sweet, straddled eyes were magnetising him into a kind of vague submission to an unknown sway.

"Now," he said, "you will tell me where we have met, and what you wish to say to me that is of importance."

"We met," Consuelo answered, "on the night when you killed Lady Wenwick."

His face blanched and seemed to wither; her eyes held his. "This is madness," he stammered.

"You were acting as a sailor on the yacht," Consuelo went on as simply, as directly as if he had not spoken. "You must have disguised yourself, or she would have seen and known you; but disguises wash off in the sea. I suppose you took the place on board for the sake of being near her; perhaps—perhaps—yes, I think you must even then have meant to kill her when the chance came.

I'm afraid she must have been very cruel to you, very treacherous, for I don't believe that you are a bad man, really. Only, you loved her very much, and she deceived you and was treacherous; so you punished her in the way that seemed right to you then, while your blood was hot. But now, I am almost sure, you are very sorry, and would undo what happened on that night if you could."

The man looked frozen. "Who are you?" he faltered, utterly broken, utterly unable to keep up the pretence that she was making a mistake. "Are you a detective?"

"Oh, no," cried Consuelo. "I am only a girl whose life you ruined, whose heart you broke that night."

"What do you mean?" The words fell like stones from his dry lips.

"The next day was to have been my wedding day. Now do you understand?"

"No—not yet."

"But you must have heard. You, and the other sailors of the yacht who were saved stayed at Lurwin that night. I don't know exactly what happened to you afterwards, for I was so miserable, I only thought of—of myself, and the nearest and dearest, for awhile. Afterwards I heard that the rescued sailors—all except the one who told things about the yacht and its owner and his wife, at the coroner's inquest—had gone away. But you must have known how the man who helped to save your life was arrested for—what you have done?"

"I was ill and delirious for days," answered the man, softly, but denying nothing now. "I knew nothing, cared for nothing. I think even when I got away from that God-for-aken place, I was mad. Perhaps I am mad still."

"I think you are not mad now, only very, very unhappy," said Consuelo, softly. "I was engaged to marry the man I told you of—the one you have given to his death; and it is just the

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same as if you had given me to my death, too, or even worse. Even if you didn't know about him then, and if you were not responsible for all you did, you must have heard, or you must have read in the papers how that man has been unjustly imprisoned, how he is to be tried for his life for the crime of murder, and how he is but too likely to be condemned—unless you will save him."

"The papers!" echoed Comte de Crevecoeur with a sudden fierceness. "Do you think I would read them, knowing what I might see anywhere, and at any time? I have not looked at a newspaper in my country, or yours, for months. And I have talked to nobody—on such subjects. If I had—then, indeed, I should have been worse than mad—raving. I knew that she was dead. That was enough. That was what I had wanted. Great Heaven, the sternest judge would say that she had deserved to suffer death at my hands!"

"Perhaps she did—if one human being can deserve such punishment at the hands of another," Consuelo said, still in the same gentle, almost childish tones. "But the man who saved your life, Laureat Churehill, has not deserved punishment at all, yet you let him suffer."

"I have nothing to do with it," he flung at her.

"You have everything to do with it. You must have been watching at the window of the cottage, where she had been taken, for you could easily have slipped away from the others for a few moments, without anyone suspecting that a half-drowned man had only been rescued to commit a murder. You must have seen him go and leave her, and the moment after he had gone—"

"Don't," cried the man, chokingly. "Don't bring up that picture, or, as Heaven is above us, I shall kill you, too."

Consuelo looked at him sternly. There was a strange light, as of madness, in his eyes.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN THE DEBT WAS PAID.

The girl was not afraid for herself, but she was afraid for Stainforth. If this man killed her, Stainforth would suffer, for the murderer could disappear, and no one would ever know that he and the sailor from the wrecked yacht were one and the same.

Yet she did not show her fear. "You will not kill me," she said, "because I have done you no harm, and it is reparation you owe me, not further injury. I know why you killed Lady Wenwick—I mean, I can understand without knowing all."

"She had killed my soul." The man spoke more to himself than to the girl, and there was a sob of self-pity in his throat. "I saw her when she was a sister of Our Lady of Tears. No one who did not see her could imagine the beauty of her face as a nun. And her eyes, they looked an appeal—an appeal to me. I could not have been a man if I had resisted. I helped her to escape. No one guessed. I gave up my religion for her sake, because no Catholic could take for his wife a runaway nun, and she promised to marry me." She said that she loved me—that she had never cared for

her husband or anyone else. I believed her—she could do with a man what she liked. She had given up her private fortune to the convent, and had nothing. I had little more, but I sold such family jewels as we had always contrived to keep, we Crevecoeurs, no matter how hard pressed. They took her to Russia, where she wished to go. I followed, trusting in her word, in her love; but always she put off the marriage. Under another name—for no one except myself knew anything of her story—she made a success on the operatic stage, more because of her beauty than because of her singing, though heaven knows her voice seemed to me the sweetest on earth. Many men loved her—rich men, men of importance; but even then I didn't realise that it was nothing to her, really—only a stepping-stone, or a tool. I forced myself through all to hope that she was merely dazzled by success, and that by and bye when she was a little tired of pleasure—so new and thrilling after her d'inn years in the convent—she would be happy to come to me as my wife. Now, I know that she deliberately deceived me because she was afraid of me, knowing me violent and jealous. I didn't even suspect that she thought differently of the Prince than of fifty other men who admired her—didn't suspect until she left St. Petersburg secretly, and everyone heard of their marriage. Then, I made up my mind to put an end to her false life. She had had fair warning, for once I told her that, if she ever d'orted me for any other man, I would kill her. I followed them from place to place—but they always e-aped. At last, so well disguised that my own dead father would not have known me, I secured acquaintance with a sailor of her husband's yacht, knowing that those two would soon be coming aboard, for a long trip. I got him to drink with me, and drugged him, so that he was ill. Then I induced the yacht's captain to take me in his place—for I'm a good enough yachtsman. If it had not been for the great storm I should have had my chance while on board, and I should have killed the man as well as the woman. But I saw him drowned; and when I was saved in the same boat with her, I only let mys-elf live to accomplish that one end; the sooner it was gone the better. And I had not long to wait."

"If it had not been for the storm!" Consuelo echoed, bitterly. "If it had not been for the storm, neither her happiness nor the yacht would have been wrecked; this man would have taken his revenge without spoiling the life of that other man, whom she loved."

Her murmured words seemed to rouse the Comte de Crevecoeur from a reverie. He realised suddenly that he had been thinking aloud; and she saw his thought in his eyes.

"Don't think that I mean to betray you," she said quickly. "I only want you to help me, for no one else in the world can. You have told me something of your story. Now let me tell you the story of another man who has suffered for the same woman. But his sufferings have lasted for years—five long, dark years; and unless you will help, they will last till they have sent him to a dishonoured grave—him, who deserves all honour and reverence for a noble life—a noble atonement for one fault, not wholly his own. I am going

to tell you a story which only two persons know—now that Lady Wenwick is dead. The man who has suffered and paid; and the woman who loves him—myself. And you will be as silent as he and I have been; I know that."

Then Consuelo told him how Lady Wenwick had hated her husband because she loved Lord Stainforth, and hoped that he cared enough to marry her, if she were free. "It was only a flirtation into which he was drawn—you can guess how," the girl said. "He was always loyal to his friend Lord Wenwick. But she was not a woman who knew how to be loyal. She thought only of herself, and how to be happy. And—she didn't know Lord Stainforth's heart."

Consuelo paused for an instant, thinking how she should go on; but words came to her, and she told the whole story; how Lady Wenwick had slowly poisoned her husband, how he had died at last, during a ball, and how she (Consuelo) had inadvertently overheard the woman's confession to Lord Stainforth. Of his vow, and his long atonement she told, too; and by joining the ends of the strange story together she made the man understand how it was that all circumstantial evidence pointed to Stainforth as being guilty of Lady Wenwick's death.

"What do you want me to do?" Crevecoeur asked at last, with a kind of suppressed fierceness. "Do you expect me to go to England and give myself up in your lover's place, to be hanged? I may have deserved it, according to the law; but I am free, and I have no mind to put a noose round my neck. No man of my blood ever died a felon's death, and I will not. I have talked frankly to you, led into it by something in your personality, I suppose, my own emotions, so long pent up, and the circumstances in which we both stand. But I knew, all through that you could put me in no danger. You can tell your story to the lawyers, but you will have absolutely no proof that I was one of the sailors who were saved and brought on shore at Lurwin, the night of the murder, for you are powerless to have me arrested here; and by the time you can do anything against me, I shall be

far away, out of your power, beyond the reach of the longest arm of the law."

"If you would have waited to let me answer your question," said Consuelo, "I would have told you that I did not expect or wish you to go back to England and—as you say—put your head into a noose. But you are not a coward. You are a brave man, and a gentleman—even chivalrous, I think, though you went mad once for a while, for revenge's sake, and killed a woman. You do not want an innocent man, who has suffered much already, to suffer death in your place? What I do ask and expect of you is to write out your story as you have told it to me, with—all details of the end; sign the document and put it into my hands. Then—you can disappear, and I promise you that I will not use the document until you are far enough away to be safe—somewhere, where no one will ever find you, or guess who you are."

"Somewhere—where no one will ever find me," he repeated after her, slowly, with a faint, mysterious smile on his pale lips. "Yes, I will do this thing that you ask. I will do it for you—and for the other man who has suffered—perhaps in his different way, as much as I. I do not promise it because you have made me repent or feel the need of confession, for I do not repent at all, except that I have dragged others into the dark waters, in my fall. I knew no reason then why anyone should be suspected of my deed. I thought, if I escaped (and it was so easy, so pitifully easy to escape, no one guessing), that the death of the woman would remain forever a mystery, as so many such violent deaths have. That other man has paid enough. Now, it is my turn to pay, and I will."

"I believe that you will," Consuelo said.

He looked at her, unflinchingly, his eyes wholly sane now, and not even troubled. "I cannot write the story here," he went on. "What I am going to do must be done in my own way. I must go home, to Crevecoeur, poor old Crevecoeur—and write. You will have to trust me."

"I do," the girl replied. "When will you write?"

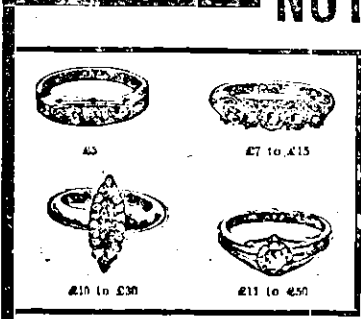
"To-night. To-morrow morning you

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will have the paper, with a letter from me containing some instructions. It will come to you by post, not by hand. It will be better so. But you may depend upon receiving it before noon."

"I thank you with all my heart," said Consuelo.

"I thank you for letting me know in time," he answered. "You are a very young girl, but you are wonderful. Whether intuition or inspiration sent you here, your love has made you wiser and more subtle than lessons from any great diplomatist could have done. Will you let me take your hand?"

For the fraction of a second—no more—Consuelo hesitated, remembering with a shivering horror what that hand had done. Then she said, "Yes," and held out her little hand. He took it, pressed it almost convulsively for an instant, and dropped it abruptly. "Thank you for that, too," he said. "Now, adieu. In this life we shall never meet again but you will think of me sometimes. I know that and I hope there may be a little of kindness in your thought."

"More than a little. And much gratitude," Consuelo answered, her voice quivering.

Then he was gone. She sank down in a great chair, trembling all over, her strength spent. "Oh, thank God—thank God!" she murmured.

Somewhat, never for a moment, even in the long night without sleep, did she cease to trust the man, to believe that he would do what he had promised, and do it faithfully and fully, so that Stainforth would be saved.

He had said that he would send with his signed confession a letter for her, containing some instructions. She told herself that these instructions would concern her movements in the immediate future; and advise her how long she was to wait before using the document, so that he might be far on the way towards his unknown destination.

It troubled the girl very little that she was cheating the law, and conniving at the escape of a criminal. She hated the crime, but she pitied the man who had been driven to commit it; and, if he freed her lover, she wished that he too might be free with time to repent. She knew that, if he chose, he could go away in the night, leaving the confession unwritten, that she would be powerless to bring him back, and that all this seemingly inspired work of hers would have been in vain. But she knew equally that he would not go; knew it, she told herself, as she knew that she lived by the air she breathed; and that the only way to have made him act was by trusting him, as she had.

Consuelo had not received any letters since she had come to stay at the inn of Rosquebrune, nevertheless she had seen the facteur arrive and knew that

he generally came between ten and eleven. This morning he was late. Each step that passed the door of her little sitting-room made her heart bound, and when at last there was a knock, she could hardly control her voice to answer.

It was Madame; and there was no letter in her hand, but she looked pale and frightened. "Oh, Mademoiselle," she exclaimed, panting, "I thought you would be interested to know the dreadful thing that has happened—for it was only the other day that you were asking questions about him and I answered. And yet, it is almost too terrible to tell a young girl like you."

"Tell me at once!" Consuelo cried, pale to the lips.

"The poor, handsome Comte de Crevecoeur is dead, up there at the Chateau, where he arrived a short time ago—died by his own hand. He left a letter, explaining why he wished to die. Oh, is it not sad? It is but a short time ago that the wife of old Bastien, going to call her master at the hour he desired in the morning, found him dead, and rushed down to the doctor and to the police. He had poisoned himself. No doubt it was for love of some woman, who had perhaps refused him because he was poor; but it seems that, in the letter, he said only that he was tired of life and a long struggle with poverty and disappointment."

"The letter said nothing but that,"

asked the girl, with a stone in her heart.

"He mentioned, it appears, his wish to give the Chateau de Crevecoeur to the country as a national monument. You know he was the last of his illustrious family."

But Consuelo did not hear. "He has failed me—he has failed me!" were the words which rang in her ears.

And then, the facteur appeared at the door, behind the broad figure of his wife. "The facteur has just arrived with this packet for Mademoiselle," he said.

Consuelo took it, her face going from red to white. The look in her eyes told Madame that, whatever the packet might contain, at all events the girl was interested in it, to the exclusion of everything else—for the moment—even details of the suicide which would be the great sensation of the neighbourhood, for days and weeks to come.

The man and woman moved away, softly closing the door; and Consuelo was left alone with the packet.

It was a square parcel, wrapped in white paper and sealed roughly, as if hastily, with many red seals, almost—she told herself shudderingly—like drops of a man's life-blood.

She broke the seal, and opened the parcel. Inside was a sheet of foolscap paper, closely covered with writing, and inside that again, a small sheet of letter paper, having a few lines upon it, and containing the photograph of Lady Wenwick which Consuelo had seen at the Chateau. Now, it was out of its frame, and on the back she saw scrawled "To Raoul, with the love of the woman he saved from a living death."

Quickly, praying to God that all might be right, she glanced along the closely written pages of the foolscap sheet. Yes, it was the confession! It was all there, in black and white, the whole sad story, striking a note of tragedy from the first; and towards the end there was much more than he had told her yesterday. How he had managed to steal away from the other sailors, without having his absence suspected, how he had searched for Andrew Garth's cottage, after hearing that "the lady" had been taken there; how he had found it, and exactly what had happened afterwards all was set forth carefully, sparing nothing to prove the veracity of the tale. At the end was his signature in full, and the date.

The reading of that cold account of murder turned the girl faint; but she shook off her weakness and took up the letter.

It began abruptly,

"I have kept my promise, in the way I resolved to keep it at the moment I made it to you. Do not feel in any way responsible for this. Sooner or later, it would have happened so; for my life was finished. Go home with your good news as soon as you will, now. As we said when we talked: I have gone far away, where no one can ever find me. Would that I need not find myself. But when I do, on awaking somewhere—as I surely will—I shall at least know that I did what I could to atone. I, too, have pity; and I am,

in these last few moments of mine, in this black world.—Yours gratefully, Raoul de Crevecoeur.

P.S.—I send you her photograph, which otherwise I should have destroyed on sight; so that with the inscription which she wrote, it may be—if it needs say—an additional proof. With me, God speed."

So it was that Stainforth owed his liberty and perhaps his life to the girl who loved him with so great a love. And they were married in the church where their wedding was to have been; and the Reverend Lancelot Churchill is even more beloved, even more of a hero in Lanfry, than he was before the great debt was paid to his last farthing.

The village is gloomy no more, for even the old-fashioned windows, under their waving drapery of Virginia-creeper and roses, seem to scintillate with the happiness of the hearts behind them. But Anthony Wyncham, if ever he passes, does not look that way.

"I would have tried to save him for her sake, and for my honour's sake, in spite of all," he says to himself sometimes, as if insisting against contradiction. But who knows?

(The End.)

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fluid, too, would frequently rise in my throat, leaving a sharp burning sensation along its track.

"Eating generally produced pain at the pit of the stomach and between the shoulders. On stooping or bending, these pains became so severe that I was obliged to lie down until they had passed away. The constipation, which was of long standing, resulted in the formation of piles, which caused me great pain and discomfort. After attending the hospital for months, without avail, a friend, a little over a year back, gave me a small quantity of Mother Seigel's Syrup. I took it, and as it appeared to do me good I bought another bottle when the other was used up. This had a splendid effect on me; my bowels became regular, and the piles disappeared, as well as the heart-burn and flatulency. A second bottle of the Syrup completed my cure, and I have had none of the complaints since. I cannot recommend Mother Seigel's Syrup too highly."

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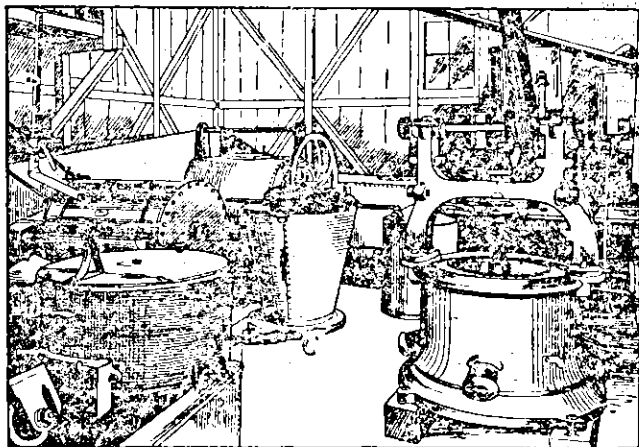
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THE SWASTIKA

Continued from page 7.

Egyptian beetles! I thought those things were legs!"

"It is the swastika," she whispered, laying it in her pink palm. "Who wears it shall always—" She stopped short, hesitated, then the colour in her face deepened, and she looked up over her shoulder at him. "Will you do something for me?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Wear this. Will you?" She drew her tiny handkerchief from her sleeve, tore a shred of cambric from it, passed it through the swastika, and, before he knew what she meant to do, had tied it to his lapel.

"Just to see what happens?" she said, laughing almost hysterically. If there was the slightest chance of any luck in the world she wished it to be his. It was all she had to give.

"You resign your chance of fortune to me?" he asked curiously—and as she only nodded: "There is but one happy fortune can bring me. Are you willing to trust it to me?"

Before she could reply a maid appeared with a telegram; he asked her pardon, and opened it. Twice he read it, read it again, nodded a dazed dismissal to the maid, read it again very carefully, and finally, with a smile that was somewhat sickly, handed it across the table to her.

What she read was this:

Adrintha Lodge, Mohawk County, New York. John Hildreth: I know what you are up to, and you had better stop.

PETER HILDRETH.

"Peter Hildreth," she repeated blankly.

"My uncle."

"But—but what does he mean?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said the young fellow uneasily.

"Is he in the habit of telegraphing you?"

"No, he isn't; he never did such a thing."

She turned the yellow leaf of paper over and over thoughtfully. Then he suddenly encountered her disturbed gaze.

"He says that he knows what you're up to, and you'd better stop," she said.

"What are you up to, Mr Hildreth?"

"Up to? Absolutely nothing! I'm faintly tingling with the consciousness of innocence, righteousness and good intentions. I don't know what that old

crank means—any more than you know."

"I—I am dreadfully afraid that I know what he means."

"What?"

"I think he means me."

"You! Why?"

"Because I'm here—here hunching with you. He might draw—dreadful conclusions."

"What on earth do you mean, Miss Grey? He never even heard of you. How can he know you are here?"

"Suppose—suppose he is—is looking into his crystal?"

A sudden silence fell, lasting until the coffee was served.

"It is nonsense to suppose that people can do such things," said Hildreth abruptly.

"What things?" she asked, watching him set fire to a cigarette.

"Such things as looking into crystals and seeing nephews. Anyway, what is there to see?" He waved his hand as though scattering suspicion to the four winds. "What is there to see except a future financier and his principal chief of department at a purely business luncheon—"

"With silver souvenirs and Sarra," she murmured.

They laughed, feeling the constraint subsiding once more.

"Please let us talk a little business—for form's sake, if nothing else," she said.

"All right; your salary is to be increased—"

"Mr Hildreth, you cannot afford any extravagances, and you know it."

"I am not going to let you write my verses, and profit by it to your exclusion! Besides, this swastika is going to enable me to afford anything, I understand."

"But you already divide your salary with me. You can't do more!"

"Yes, I can."

"No, no, no! Wait until you are promoted to be the advertising artist. Wait until the swastika begins to help you."

"No; because then you'll have to draw all my pictures for me, and your salary must be increased again."

"At that rate," she said, laughing, "I'll be half partner when you are."

"Full partner if the swastika knows its business. I—I wish he didn't have that crystal up there at Adrintha. I've a mind to buy a rabbit's foot. With a rabbit's foot and a swastika we ought to checkmate any crystal-gazing, pink-eyed clairvoyants."

"But—what have they to do with us?" she asked gently.

What he was about to say he only half-divined—for she was bewilderingly pretty and perhaps she dimly foresaw it, too, for they both flushed with a sudden constraint that was abruptly broken by the entrance of the maid with another telegram.

"What the deuce—" stammered Hildreth, tearing open the yellow envelope, and he read:

Adrintha Lodge.

John Hildreth: I'm watching you in my crystal. If you want the Society for Psychological Research to become my heirs, do exactly what you're doing with that girl.

PETER HILDRETH.

"Is—is it anything alarming?" asked the pretty stenographer, as he crumpled the paper.

"Alarming? I don't know—not! What the mischief has got into that uncle of mine?"

"Is it from him?" she asked, turning pale.

"Yes—it is. But if he thinks he can make me believe that he sees me in his dinky little crystal—"

"Oh, don't talk that way," she pleaded; "there may be things that we don't understand happening all the while—"

"There can't be!"

For a while she was dumb, mutely refusing to be reassured, and presently, rising from the table, they passed into the gay little room where her desk stood.

The fire was glowing very brightly in the carved fireplace of golden and pearl-tinted oaks. He drew up his uncle's great chair for her; she shook her head and looked meaningly at her pad and pencil, but after a silent struggle with indecision and inclination she seated herself by the gilt fender, pretty hands folded in acquiescence.

"Now," he said, "let us speak of those things that have come true."

"What has come true, Mr. Hildreth?"

"You."

The slightest of rose tints touched her cheeks.

"Did you believe me unreal?" she asked.

He was leaning forward, looking up into her face, which reflected the pink light of the fire. And what he started to say Heaven alone knows, for his voice was dreadfully unsteady. However, it ceased quickly enough when the maid knocked rather loudly and presented a third telegram to her disconcerted master; and this was what he read:

Adrintha Lodge.

John Hildreth: If you kiss that girl you're talking to I'll disinherit you.

PETER HILDRETH.

Stunned, the young man sat for a moment, vacant eyes fixed on the writing that alternately blurred and sprang into dreadful distinctness under his gaze. Presently he heard a voice not much like his own saying:

"It's nonsense; things like this don't happen in 1905 in the borough of Manhattan. Why, that's Fifth Avenue out there, and there's Thirtieth Street, too; besides, the town's full of police; and they pinch star-raders and astrologers these days. Anyway, we have the swastika, and will put any Sixth Avenue astrologer out of business—"

"I—I don't think I quite understand you," faltered the girl.

He looked at her; the scared expression died out.

"I'll get my uncle on the long-distance phone in a moment," he said irritably. "Then we'll clear up this business. Meanwhile—"

He twisted up the telegram as though to cast it on the coals.

"Let me see it," she said calmly.

"I—it is—no—I can't—"

"Then it concerns me?"

He was silent.

"Very well," she said. "Don't burn it; leave it for a moment."

He laid the telegram on the arm of his chair. "It's more crystal gazing," he said, trying to laugh easily, and failing. "It is rather extraordinary, too. But—see here, Miss Grey, it's utter nonsense to believe that my uncle can actually see us here in this room!"

"I concede that it is rather odd, even, perhaps, exceedingly remarkable," he added slowly; "but I cannot believe that my uncle, 200 miles north of us, can see you and me in his confounded crystal. My explanation of his telegram is this: He has merely taken the precaution, at intervals, to try to frighten me, assuming that I'm in mischief. It's coincidence—"

"Mr. Hildreth!"

"Not that I admit for one moment that you and I are in mischief!" he explained hastily.

"But I admit it. It is all wrong, and we both know it. If I am not here officially I ought not to be here at all."

"—I talk to you except on business?"

"Why should you?"

"Because I want to—because it is pleasant—because it is the pleasantest thing that has ever come into my life!"

"That cannot be," she said, paling. "You know many people, you go everywhere—everywhere that I do not—"

"If I were not an advertising post at thirty dollars a week," he said "I'd not care where my uncle left his millions. I'd do what I pleased—what I ought to do—what any man with a grain of sense would do."

"What would you do, Mr Hildreth?"

"Make love to the girl I love, and not be scared away like a rabbit!"

She was still paler when she said, "Are you—in love, then?"

"Yes; but I can't tell her."

She was silent, staring into the fire.

"I can't tell her, can I? I have nothing to offer—nothing except a prospect of losing my expectations. A man can't tell a girl that he loves her under such circumstances, can he?"

"I don't know."

"Do you suppose—a girl like that would wait for him—until he got into the firm?"

"If she loved him," said Miss Grey in a low voice, "there is absolutely no telling what that girl might do."

"Suppose," he said carelessly, "for the sake of illustration, that I was, at this moment, with that girl. For example—he waved his hand airily—for example, suppose you were that girl. Now, suppose that I told her I loved her; do you imagine that uncle of mine could see what I was about—if I worked the swastika on him vigorously?"

"I don't know," she said, staring at the fire, "how to work the swastika."

"If you—if you would consent to aid me—just a little," he ventured, "I could soon prove whether it was safe to speak to—the other girl."

"How, Mr Hildreth?"

"By just—just pretending that you were that other girl."

"You mean that you might practise a declaration—test it—on me? Just to see how it might affect your uncle?"

"Yes," he said eagerly, "and if my uncle doesn't telegraph again that he disowns me, why, I'll know that his other telegrams were merely coincidences!"

"And if does telegraph that he has seen—everything—in his crystal?"

"Why—we'll have to wait—"

"The other girl and you? I see. You and I can truthfully deny our apparent guilt, can't we? . . . I will do what I can, Mr Hildreth."

She stood up, one little hand on the back of the chair. He hesitated, then picked up the last telegram, opened it, and handed it to her, reading it again over her shoulder:

"If you kiss that girl you're talking to I'll disinherit you."

A bright blush stained her skin.



"We are old friends, this bottle and I. We have known each other for over sixty years. When a boy I was always taking cold, but a few doses of this medicine would at once set me right. . . . When a young man I had a weak throat and weak lungs. My friends feared some lung trouble, but

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

greatly strengthened my throat, cleared up my voice, and took away the tendency for every cold to go to my lungs. . . . Last year I had a bad attack of influenza. The only medicine I took was from this bottle, and I came out all right. I know it's good, too, for asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, croup. . . . There are many substitutes and imitations. Beware of them! Be sure you get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Two sizes. Large and small bottles.

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

Advertisement for Dried Milk. Features a central box with 'DEFIANCE Dried Milk' and 'JOSEPH NATHAN & CO., Limited, WELLINGTON, N.Z., Manufacturing Agents.' The text is surrounded by decorative elements and the words 'DRIED MILK' in large letters.

"It is only—only to test his power," he managed to say, but the thumping of his heart jarred his speech and scared him into silence.

"You—are it necessary to kiss me?"

"Yes—absolutely."

She met his gaze, standing erect, one hand on the chair. Then she drew a long breath as he lifted her hand; her eyes closed. He said: "I love you—I loved you the moment I saw you—a month ago!" This was no doubt a mistake; he was mixing the two girls. "What do I care for a crystal-squinting uncle, or for those accursed Honey Wafer verses? If he's looking at us now let us convince him; shall we—sweet-heart?"

She unclosed her eyes. "Am I to play my part when you speak to me like that? I don't know how—"

"Do what I do," he stammered; and he encircled her slender waist and kissed her until, cheeks aflame, she swayed a moment in his arms, freed herself, and sank breathless into the chair, covering her face. And he knelt beside her by the gilt fender, his lips to her fingers, stammering words that almost stunned her and left her faint with their passion and sweetness:

"You must have known that it was you I loved—that you were that other girl. You must have seen it a thousand times!"

She was crying silently; she could not speak, but one arm tightened around his neck in tremulous assent.

The telephone call had been ringing for some time in their ears, deaf to all sounds except each other's whispers; but at length he stambled to his feet, cleared his eyes of enchantment, and made his way across the room to the receiver.

"What the deuce is the matter?"

"Who?"

"Oh, is that you, Uncle Peter?"

"Yes, I did get your telegrams, but I thought—"

"You mean to say you can see us now?"

"No, I don't deny it; I did kiss her."

"Because I love her!"

"I can't help it; you can do as you please. And I may as well tell you that I'm not afraid of your professors, or clairvoyants, or your crystals, because I've got a swastika!"

"Yes, a swastika!"

"You don't know what a swastika is? Well, let me tell you it's about five thousand times more powerful than a rabbit's foot. . . . What? . . . Yes, I'll hold the wire till you look it up in the dictionary."

A throbbing silence. Then:

"Yes, Uncle Peter, I'm here."

"Very well, I'm sorry you're angry, and I regret that you're not afraid of the swastika. I am quite willing to treat to it; the swastika gave me the girl I love. And, by the way, Uncle Peter, didn't you write me that my advertising poems made a fortune for you out of your wafers? . . . All right; I only wanted to confess that she, not I, wrote them."

"Don't believe it? Why, I could no more write those charming verses than you could!"

"You may imagine that with her talent and mine, and the swastika working away for us, we are not going to starve—"

"That's just what we intend to do. Bunsen's Baby Biscuit Company will appreciate our talents. Besides, she can draw—"

"You can call it blackmail if you choose. But what do you offer us to refuse advances from Bunsen?"

"No, I won't consider it. My price is full partnership in the Hildreth's Honey Wafer Company, a conial blessing from you, use of your apartments for a year, and the same old cozy place in your testament."

"Yes, in return we will write your poetry and draw your pictures for you. And, besides, we'll name after you our first—"

"Jack!" she exclaimed, agnash.

"Dearest, for Heaven's sake let me deal with him!" whispered Hildreth;

then he shouted through the transmitter: "Is it all right, Uncle Peter?"

"I promise you—we promise you that we will name him Peter! If you don't, by Heaven, I'll name him Bunsen—"

"That's all right, but we're desperate. Peter or Bunsen; take your choice!"

"Yes; and I'll have his photograph taken for Bunsen, and under it I'll print: 'A Bunsen's Baby Biscuit Boy!'"

"Don't use such language; they'll cut us off."

"What?"

"Good! All right, Uncle Peter, you're a brick. But—just one thing more; please put that crystal away for an hour or two—"

"Because we'd like a little privacy!"

"Of course I shall. Long engagements are foolish—"

"Jack!"

"Dearest, you know they are," he said, turning toward her. "Shall I tell him in a week?"

Her blue eyes filled, again the little tremor of acquiescence met her red mouth quivering.

"In a week, Uncle Peter!" he shouted.

"What? I'll ask her. Hold the wire."

And to her he said: "Sweetheart, our kind Uncle Peter desires to say something evil to you. I—I think it may be something about a check. Will you speak to him?"

She rose and came toward him; he handed her the receiver; she raised her head and he bent his. They kissed—while his uncle waited.

Then she raised the receiver to her pretty ear, and said, very softly: "Hallo! Hallo, Uncle Peter!"

### When Memory Plays Pranks

(By John Taylor Waldorf.)

Memory, that somewhat defective camera of the mind, is getting no little attention from science nowadays. Educators high up in the Order of the String Alphabet, with names rigged fove and aft, are giving elaborate tests of man's ability to render account of what he has seen and heard. In a German university not long ago a class of students was instructed to study a picture that was hung in plain sight. In half an hour the picture was removed, and the students were told to describe it in detail. They went to work with paper and pencil. What they hadn't seen wasn't worth seeing. Somehow a simple picture with about seven things in it had become a panorama of the world. The descriptions would have served for three rows of paintings in any first-class gallery of art. This astounded the professors, and they solemnly reported that mankind is prone to call on imagination to assist memory. As the error was unconscious and the student was not to be blamed, and the only remedy lay in drilling the mental camera until when it snapped it would not take in all creation.

This suggests to me that possibly I did Bill Smith a grave injustice. Bill and I used to go to school together. He had the bent pin habit developed to a fine point, and one day the sweet boy known among us as "Sissy" Jones sat down and got up again quickly. The teacher promptly blamed Bill. It was the unlucky thirteenth offence and confession meant expulsion from school and consequent trouble for Bill at home. All this, however, failed to happen. Bill declared that I was the culprit. My speechless surprise served as evidence of guilt, and, in the language of my fellows, I "got lammed." It wasn't plain to me then, but I can see it now. Bill wasn't selfish at all. He didn't think of averting that trouble at home, even though his dad had the habit of correcting him with a hardwood bootjack. Far from it. All unconscious that I would be a victim of vicarious atonement, Bill let his memory and imagination mingle. It's all so simple now. All that I needed to set me right was the explanation of the educators. I used to think that Bill was a liar.

Memory is a wonderful thing in more

ways than one. I can't remember a word of my first lesson in Sunday-school, but I shall never forget the pictures on the Curry billboards that betraided the coming of Lydia Thompson's troupe of British blondes. I was a kid then and didn't care anything about British blondes, or any other kind of blondes. Why I recall those showbills I can't tell you. The mental kodak happened to snap at that particular moment, I suppose.

At the ambitious age of ten years I began to lay in a stock of those old-style Brevet song books with highly illuminated covers. Each little volume contained the words of 50 or 60 songs, all more or less popular. There was no music, but as I was never a nightingale this didn't bother me much. Whenever I found a song that struck my fancy I set to work and learned the words. Before that habit left me I had a stack of song books 2 1/2 ft. high, and my forehead was bulging with the pressure of about 75 memorised songs, most of them written by doggerel bards. Those songs are with me yet; some of them in fragments, it is true, but still they abide, and it is only grudgingly that they have moved over to make room for a drop of Milton, a dash of Shakespeare and about three-fingers of Kipling.

Memory plays strange tricks. Since I have grown up I have known some of my former Sunday-school teachers to forget me utterly. Such instances merely show that memory is marvellously accommodating at times, especially when you consider that the dear ladies are clinging to youth while I am content to grow old. Suppose they had remembered me. I would have been brave enough to recall the ice cream festivals in the basement of the church when they had checked my enthusiasm by informing me that three plates was the limit for one admission. Such a shock might have caused deferred age to break the bounds and sweep them away in a flood of years.

I once memorised 52 verses of Scriptures, including a list of first names that no city directory could match. I got my prize, and verses and names vanished. Other things come back to me, but they are gone for good. Not a verse remains. Yet for 25 years I have remembered that whenever we struck the word "preface" in our school books we picked out the letters and read forward and backward as though it were printed: "Peter Riley eats fishes; alligators catch eels; eels catch alligators; fathers eat raw potatoes." I never tried to learn that. That is one of the tricks of memory.

The mind seems to be hopelessly willful. We would remember only what is best, but desire counts for nothing. Some things stick and others fall away. We press the bulb. Sometimes the mental kodak works; more times it doesn't. We never know what has impressed itself until we call on memory.

"Before I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was a weak, thin, bloodless girl," said Miss Emma Williams, of Kaitiaki, near Dunedin. "My mother said I was going into a decline. Doctors could do nothing for me. I was just going up all before, when grandma made me take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In a month, I had a good morning appetite. Before long I had a good healthy colour in my cheeks. After that, every day seemed to put new strength and life into me. In the end they made me as strong and healthy as any girl in Kaitiaki. And when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me, I think they can save anyone."

"I was just fifteen when my blood turned to water," Miss Williams went on. "My face and lips got an unhealthy colour, and dark rings came under my eyes. The sick headaches I had were something awful. I always felt queasy in the back, and could not shake off that deadly, tired feeling. My nerves were in such a state that I jumped at the least noise. My heart would start rattling, and a cold feeling would come over me. Next morning I was all sleep in a dead faint. Once I fainted in church, and had to be carried out during the service. Some times fainting fits came so often that I never knew when I would get my morning. Sometimes when another called me in the morning, I would walk with a start and swoon right off. The doctor said my whole health was undermined by bad blood—but his medicines did me no good."

"And, oh, I'll never forget how weak and wretched I was when father sent me down on a visit to my grandmother in Liverpool for a change," Miss Williams went on to say. "Before I got into the train I took a good look round Kaitiaki, for I was sure I would never see it again. I really felt I was going to die. My grandmother made me take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"They'll make you eat," she told me, "if they do nothing else." As a matter of fact, they saved my life. In two months before I could feel them doing much good. After that, I began to mend slowly. I ate and slept better, and I did not faint nearly so often. After a while I began to get in weight, and to feel ever so much brighter and stronger. In the end, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me completely, and I feel that I shall never be able to praise them half enough. It took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills nearly two years to make me as strong and healthy as I am today, but then my case was the worst I ever heard of."

The doctor told Miss Williams that her trouble was poverty of blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills could not possibly have cured her if they did not contain the very elements that make up, pure, rich, red blood. If you want good health, you must have good blood. Bad blood is the one root of all common diseases, like anaemia, pimples, eczema, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles, backache, limpness, rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis, St. Vitus' dance, nervousness, indigestion, debility, general weakness, dizziness, paralysis, constipation, locomotor ataxia, and the spinal ailments. That only women folk know. The only way to cure these diseases is to strike straight at their cause—the blood. This is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They do that one thing only, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They actually make new blood—that's all.

If you are in doubt whether they are suited to your case, write for free confidential advice to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 200 Second Avenue, New York. You can order the genuine pills by mail—2 a box, six boxes 10/6, post free. If you prefer local stockkeeper or chemist, try to force some worthless substitute or cheap imitated pills upon you. Substitutes never cured anybody.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Complete Homeopathic Cure for Anemia, Neuritis, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervousness, Indigestion, Debility, General Weakness, Dizziness, Paralysis, Constipation, Locomotor Ataxia, and the Spinal Ailments. That only women folk know. The only way to cure these diseases is to strike straight at their cause—the blood. This is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They do that one thing only, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They actually make new blood—that's all.

It is the sacred duty of every mother to help her daughter overcome that critical time which comes to every growing girl. At the first sign of danger it is her duty to give her daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They contain the very elements that actually make new blood, and nothing but good pure rich red blood can help a growing girl over that great change from girlhood into womanhood.

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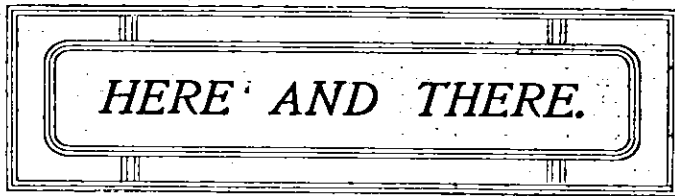
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**OFFICE:**

Shortland St., Auckland.



**In th: Chorus.**

Ah, here comes the chorus,  
Clothes are scant and porous.  
Pretty girls,  
Lots of curls,  
The mushy songs may here us,  
The comedian may floor us,  
Put not the Mays and Doras  
In the indie—  
Chorus  
Chorus.

**Did as He Was Told.**

An amusing instance of "literal-mindedness" was afforded not long ago by a bell-boy in a hotel in Washington. One of the guests, a Congressman from the West, had hurried to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, reach the railway station, and board his train. When he hastily had transacted his business with the clerk and had turned to dash out of the door, it suddenly occurred to him that he had forgotten something. "Here, boy!" shouted he to a diminutive negro on the bench, "run to room No. 48 just as quick as you can, and see whether I have left a box on the bureau. But hurry, as I have only five minutes."

The boy rushed up the stairs. In two or three minutes he returned, out of breath. "Yes, sah!" he panted, "you left it, sah!"

**He Understood.**

Her father frowned, for he loved not Adolphus Fitzclarence, Brown. Neither, for that matter, did A. F. Brown like her father, and had he been a beggar in the gutter, nothing would have pleased Adolphus better than to have dangled bread-and-jam before his eyes, and jerk it away at interesting moments. But the old man was not begging, whereas, in a way, Adolphus Fitz was. He was requesting Mr. Potts to bestow upon him his daughter's hand. And he did it in the off-hand, facetious manner characteristic of him. "What have you to offer in exchange?" asked the old man sternly. "My heart," suggested Mr. Brown. "And," he added, "if you like, I'll throw myself in." "I see," said the old man darkly; "something to boot, eh?" And he forthwith proceeded to illustrate the maxim that there is nothing like leather.

**To Him Who Waits.**

In ordinary life he was a very important person, for he wore a robe and a wig, and raised "roars of laughter" by means of jokes the average editor of a funny page would blush to own. In short, he was a judge; but, alas! his liver got out of order just the same as if he had been an ordinary mortal, and a brother dominary had advised him to take a Turkish bath. It was a luxury he had not previously indulged in, and he noticed that the tubber was terribly rough; however, he patiently endured being punched, slapped, and poked until he could stand the torture no longer. "Is-it-qui-to-nees-sary-to-ma-ke-me-black-and-blue-all-over?" panted his lordship. "Never you mind, you're all right!" responded the rubber, redoubling his energy, and grinning diabolically. "Whit (slap, groan) are (thud, groan) you?" gasped the judge, a horrible suspicion dawning in his mind. "Youre (whuck, groan) face does (whack, groan) look fa—(groan)—miliner" (twish, groan). "Oh, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber sarcastically. "Well, blow your old hide, noble you'd like to have the chance to send me up for six months again for prize-fightin' Whoosh!"

**Fora.**

They were on the Mags for a little practice. Bunker's strokes were particularly vigorous, and his friend Sampson Brassie watched him with mild surprise. His surprise was increased and his curiosity aroused when he noticed that the ball that Bunker was using was ornamented with a coloured photograph of a lady. "Excuse me, old chap," said Brassie, "but"—indicating the picture—"what's the idea?" "My mother-in-law," laconically explained Bunker as, with a vicious sweep, he sent the ball hurtling through the air. "It does me good—good, you understand—whoosh!" And he tramped off after his ball.

**Make Your Food Your Medicine.**

The garden is a great medicine chest. Be your own doctor and look to your own slight ailments. If you are weak, eat lettuce. For affections of the skin eat onions. Onions are also good for colds, coughs, and scrofula. For a torpid liver, eat freely of asparagus. For malaria and general breakdown, eat cranberries. If nervous and irritable, eat plenty of celery. For constipation, eat ripe and healthy fruits. Fresh fruits are good; so are figs and dates, and raisins. When the body is in good condition keep it so by denying the appetite what has once injured the body. One can do almost everything for himself by eating the right thing and not too much of it, and by leaving alone the wrong thing and all of it.—"Science Sitting."

**Where He Got His Orders.**

Mr Cassidy through some unknown cause decided to enter the army. It happened that although he knew nothing about riding a horse, he was drafted into a cavalry regiment. After a short time he was considered competent enough to take part in some of the simpler drills; but one day, an inspection of the regiment being ordered, he was obliged to be present with his company. A halt just had been ordered when Cassidy's horse began to get restive. The Captain, seeing the trooper about to dismount, told him not to do so without orders. Hardly had the words left his mouth than the private was thrown over his horse's head upon the ground. "What do you mean by dismounting without orders?" the Captain asked. "I had me orders," said the private. "From headquarters, I suppose," replied the angry officer. "No, your honor, from hind-quarters," was the answer.

**The Joke That Failed.**

We turn to the solemn stranger at our side and read to him the gleeful jest about the Russian general whose name was shot all to pieces in one of the battles. Observing his evident failure to comprehend the witticism, we go into details: "You see," we say, "his name was Serikotoffskivitchilefobohnlitskedoochywieboof, and when the battle began he was in an exposed position and his name was shot into bits." Still the stranger does not smile. Petulantly we go over the story again, dwelling with emphasis upon each point, and ending with a hilarious outburst of laughter. Notwithstanding all this the stranger remains impassive. "You are not familiar with humour?" we ask at last. "No," he responds, graciously. "I am merely a tourist here. I am from Illw-wneddyyfyylyllwtdrwyll, Wales, and my name is Gwyllwilyfyfdeidbr-wd-wlsywthfwlww-wffiffillllrlwtn." "Et Bits."

**We are Chloroforming Grandpa.**

(An American named Dr. Oster has been advocating the expediency of chloroforming old people who have passed the age of usefulness.) We are chloroforming Grandpa. In our laboratory shug. For we've been to Dr. Oster, Who has furnished us the drug. Grandpa hates anaesthesia And is kicking up a row; Though he ought to be contented, Since his useful days are o'er. We are chloroforming Grandpa. 'Tis a dire and fatal disease, But we're sure the old man needs it. (While, run, and get the sponge.) Grandpa's such a hale old fellow, If he wasn't put away. He would still continue working Twelve or fourteen hours a day. Little Johnny (such a bright boy!) Runs a railroad and a bank; Baby Jim conducts a journal, And a Senator is Frank. Boys of sixteen, eighteen, twenty. Now direct the human race. What's the use of having Grandpa Merely loafing round the place? We are chloroforming Grandpa. Don't you hear his feeble moan? Grandpa is a nice old fellow And it's sad to have him groan. Shall we take him out, my brothers, Ere he dies beneath the lid? No! we've talked with Dr. Oster And he says it must be hid.

Don't waste time in experimenting.

**Thirty Years' unbroken and increasing Success is the best proof of the claim of**

**Onbridge's Lung Tonic**

to be the **WORLD'S CURE** for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Throat and Lung Troubles.

It can be obtained from any Chemist or Store, and saves Many Lives.

Clark's World-Famous Blood Mixture. — "The most searching Blood Cleaner that science and medical skill have brought to light." Sufferers from Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of any kind are solicited to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

**THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE**

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.

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

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

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

**Bonuses Large.**

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

**ORTON STEVENS,** Manager for New Zealand

A Lay of Ancient Rome.

Oh! the Roman was a roger,
He erat, was, you bestow;
He ran his automobile
And smoked his cigarette;

Be Kind to the Dog.

American legislation is making vigorous warfare against those inhuman people who ill-treat animals.
The Arkansas Legislature has already passed a law making any woman who wears a stuffed bird in her hat liable to a fine of not less than £5. In the U.S.A. there is a "National Canine Defence League," a league which has nothing to do with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but which concerns itself solely with the welfare of dogs, and looks after their interests for all it is worth.

How a Lead Pencil is Made.

The lead pencil, as its name would seem to imply, is not made of lead, but of graphite. Originally it was made of metallic lead encased in wood—hence its name. But it was not until after the discovery of the famous Cumberland graphite mines in England, 1765, that graphite supplanted metallic lead in the pencil.
The graphite, which is the essential part of the pencil, comes chiefly from Ceylon, Eastern Siberia, Bohemia, and Mexico. After the graphite has been broken in small bits and separated as nearly as possible from its impurities by hand, it is pulverised, and then placed in tubs of water, allowing the impurities to precipitate while the graphite floats upon the surface. After the water process, the graphite is filtered through filter presses, when it is ready to be treated to the clay process. This process, which was discovered in 1820 by M. Conte, a French chemist, permits the manufacturer to produce pencils of different grades and adapted to many uses. As the graphite from the filter process would be too soft for ordinary uses, the special clay introduced into it, having been treated to a similar process as the graphite, gives it the degree of hardness desired. The more clay in the graphite, the harder the lead becomes.
While the clay-graphite mixture is still in its plastic condition, it is shaped into loaves and fed to hydraulic presses,

which give them a desired form. The high grade pencil—those of the greatest wearing qualities—receive a higher degree of pressure. These hydraulic presses are cranked provided with a sapphire or emerald die, corresponding to the calibre of the lead desired. The graphite is forced through the die, and leaves it in one continuous string, which is cut into lengths suitable for pencils, usually about seven inches. The graphite is then ready for use.

The stick of graphite, cedar slat, rubber plug, metal cup for ferrules, gold and silver leaf for letter stamping, and sundry colour varnishes and dyes, then, are the material with which the Basklyn Faber plant, with its six hundred operatives, begins to make pencils.

A power engine of six hundred horse drives the hundreds of machines necessary for the making of a lead pencil.

After the cedar slats are kiln-dried, or treated by steam processes to expel all moisture, they are passed through automatic grooving machines, each slat receiving six semi-circular grooves, into which leads are placed, brushed with glue, and fitted to its mate. A skilful girl is able, by one swift movement of her fingers, to sweep fifteen or twenty leads into their sockets. A hunk of these leaded, mated slats is thrust into a hydraulic press, when all superfluous glue is squeezed out, and the bundles are locked and allowed to dry. The glued slats, containing the leads are then run through moulding machines, which turn out the pencils in round, hexagon, or flat shapes, as desired. Preliminary to the varnish-colouring process, the pencils are

Hypnotism in Every Crowd.

Why do revival meetings excite so much emotion and convert, as they are doing, the most hardened sinners? This is a curious psychological problem. For, after all, one hears nothing at a revival meeting that he does not hear at church or at a Salvation Army street address.

It all results from the strange, exciting effect of a crowd. Whatever materialists may say, there must be some spiritual force which passes from person to person, and in a crowd the combined force is very powerful. Auctioneers like to have a big crowd even if there are only a few buyers. Probably the funniest comedian couldn't raise a smile in an audience of a dozen, and we all know how fat a play falls on a thin house. Members of Parliament experience the same thing. The weakest jokes will be laughed at in a full House of Commons, and the flimsiest arguments will have effect. But when only a few members are present, even real eloquence is quite wasted.

This curious fact, very helpful to the revivalist, is the cause of those imaginations that sometimes break out on a cry of fire or mad dog. No one would feel much alarmed at a cry of fire in a theatre if only a few were present. But the strongest nerves break down if the possessor is one of a big crowd.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stomach Remedy' for Coughs and Colic. Of 28 years' proven efficacy.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stomach Remedy' for Coughs and Colic. Gives immediate relief.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stomach Remedy' for Coughs and Colic. Gives immediate relief.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colic. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 28 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colic, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

COAGULINE. Transparent Compound for broken articles.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Peak. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' Trade Mark of King's Compound Remedy for Coughs and Colic.

Advertisement for 'FREE NO MONEY REQUIRED' featuring a picture of a key and text from 'The Moa Novelty Co. DEPT. A. WALLIS STREET, WELLINGTON'.

Commences in Graphic, July 29

Advertisement for 'NEW SERIAL The Kidnapped Prince' by R. K. AND R. A. WEEKES. Author of 'Prisoners of War,' 'Unknown,' etc.

Why Poison Trials Are Slow.

In a case recently tried in London, the prisoner was kept under lock and key for four weeks, awaiting the result of the doctor's analysis. This long delay always occurs in poisoning cases, and to those who do not understand the complexity of a post mortem it seems very unfair. But the separation of a minute quantity of poison from the liver, stomach, and other organs is an extremely difficult task. Perhaps there is only a quantity equal in size to a pinhead, and this is distributed throughout ten or fifteen pounds of flesh, food, and bodily fluids. The little speck of poison must be completely isolated before any attempt is made to discover what it is.

In carrying out his task the analyst divides all poisons into three classes—the volatile poisons, such as prussic acid; the alkaloids, including strychnine; and the mineral poisons, like arsenic, copper, and lead. He must make his investigation in this order. If he went to look for arsenic first, for instance, and if the person had really died from phosphorus poisoning, then he would destroy the phosphorus, and could never discover the cause of death.

What usually happens is that a hint is obtained from some liquid or powder found in a glass or bottle, or paper. The appearance of the body, externally and internally, gives further information. And, with these guides, perhaps the analyst goes straight to the point and discovers the poison quickly. But if he has nothing to guide him, then his task is a long and tedious one, far too complicated to describe in detail here.

A THRILLINGLY EXCITING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

WITH PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT

For smart, bright dialogue, exciting incident, strong and consistent plot, it would be hard to find a novel exceeding 'The Kidnapped Prince.'

The authors do not produce their work with any regard to quantity, aiming rather at excellence and finish, the result being a narrative which does not contain a word too many, or a word too few.

The characters are thoroughly natural and life-like, whilst the incidents of the tale, startling and sensational as they are, appeal to the reader as being entirely probable. This impression of reality is the finishing touch to a strong and brilliantly executed conception.

THE AUTHORS AND THE CRITICS.

'Admirable . . . the glamour of real romance is over it throughout.' 'The Bookman.'

'A stirring, well-told and adventurous story.' 'The Literary World.'

'A charmingly written romance, crammed full of poignant scenes and exciting adventures . . . a clever and most moving story.' 'Echo.'

'Shows much spirit and imagination.' 'Manchester Guardian.'

'The characters are drawn with a fire and vigour that is admirable, and their adventures, though striving to a degree, never verge on the improbable or the ridiculous.' 'Western Morning News.'

run through sanding machines. Both the sand-papery and colouring processes are automatic, the pencils being fed in quantities in hoppers. In the latter case they are carried one at a time through small colouring vats, and discharged through an aperture of the calibre of the pencil and deposited in a slowly moving drying-belt, which carries them a sufficient distance about twenty feet to allow them to dry. They are then gathered from the receptacle into which they are deposited, and the process is repeated—often ten or more times, according to the quality of finish desired. Oval-shaped pencils, such as hexagons, flats, etc., are coloured by the old process, by being suspended by their ends from frames and immersed in colouring vats, then slowly withdrawn by machine. This gives a smooth enamel finish.

The finest grade pencils are polished by hand, and it takes a workman several months at best to learn to do this work skilfully. Other high-grade pencils are given the steel polish, but these, while they show a fine finish, lack the warmth and rich effect of the hand-polished pencil.

**The Wail of the Rejected MS.**

Brandled as "unavailable," alas!  
Early I pass  
Forth from each sanctum where post  
haste I came  
In search of fame.

Editors tall, short, dark, blond, fat, and  
thin,  
Neat—as a pin  
Or with desks wildly strewn all, all agree  
To frown on me.

Newly enveloped each successive trip,  
Homeward I sigh  
Dog-eared, lorn, stamped, travel  
stained, and worn—  
Why was I born?

Always the same old Jack-o-lantern quest—  
Farewell my ghost,  
Even my author sheds a secret tear  
When I draw near.

How could her pretty hand so cruel be  
As to snub me?  
Lo, she is waiting by the open door—  
I'm back once more.

Fain would I end the miseries of earth  
Here where I had my birth,  
Oh that I might—there glows the open  
gate  
Myself create.

Arduous scribbler, I have done my best;  
May I not rest?  
Grant me the peace my soul hath long de-  
sired—  
I am so tired!

**Wise and Otherwise.**

What a man can do is his greatest ornament.

Don't accept a favour unless you expect to pay interest on it.

Better to be occasionally deceived than to be always distrustful.

It is best to be on with new cook before you are off with the old.

Enthusiasm generates energy as naturally as the sun gives forth heat.

A man may have more money than brains without having much money.

Of all the advantages which come to any young man, poverty is the greatest.

As soon as a man begins to lose his work, then he will also begin to make progress.

A woman may be as young as she looks, but would rather be as young as she thinks she looks.

It always pays to be polite. When you are shaking hands with a man he can't very well be picking your pocket.

Faith is that quality which leads a man to expect that his flowers and garden will resemble the views shown on the seed packets.

Half of us are wondering where we will spend our summer holidays, and the other half are wondering if we shall have anything to spend on them.

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health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. Why you live long for my sake.

"Doubtless the summons to come in Marchesvan is based on the writer's wish that she may have an opportunity to share with him the festivals of that month and the gaiety that comes with them.

"Though no love letters have been found in Egypt, this country may claim to have the most beautiful love songs. Egypt was the land of eternity; there death was only an incident of life, and woman was man's 'beloved sister' as well in the 'hidden land' as on earth. This beautiful side of the Egyptian character is shown most clearly in the celebrated Song of the Harpist, of the year 2500 B.C., that probably was sung at the Egyptian festivals:

"Graciously grant us days free from sorrow, Holy Father. Come near! Behold, ointments and perfumes bring we unto you; blossoms and lilies do we bring to adorn the neck of your sister—of her who lives in your heart, of her who sits there beside you. Come near! Music and song are greeting you. And the days of sadness—these have sunk away, and radiant joy is smiling, and will smile till the day on which you pass into the land that loves eternal silence."

**The Editor.**

There is a being brave and bold,  
Omnipotent and wise,  
In trailing robes of cloth of gold  
And plumes of Paradise.  
His mandates breathless thousands wait  
(Oh, aspirations all!);  
All sits apart in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

On locust and wild honey fed  
Ambrosia and dew,  
A laurel crown upon his head,  
He holds a pencil-bine.  
Into that chamber consecrate  
No alien ever slept,  
He sits alone in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

With gleaming eyes he loves to sit  
Fuddling, calm, serene,  
"Your work is good but will not fit  
Within our magazine."  
The literacies at his gate  
Are with keen anxious gripe  
The while he sits in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

The stalwart man-child of our brain,  
The baby of our thought,  
He eyes them both with cold disdain  
That withers them to naught  
They come back wearily and late  
Of all their splendour strip,  
From him who sits in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

There is a being brave and bold  
Omnipotent and wise,  
In trailing robes of cloth of gold  
And plumes of Paradise—  
As long as in the ink of fate  
Our foolish pens are dip  
He'll sit apart in kingly state  
Rejecting manuscript.

**The Oldest Love Letter in the World.**

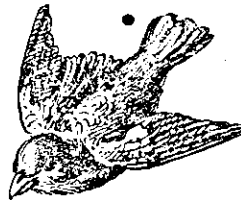
What is believed to be the oldest love letter in existence was recently discovered in Chaldea. It was written on clay, probably in the year 2200 B.C., and is described as follows:

"We possess many love songs of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love letter had not heretofore been found. Only recently, in Chaldea, was a love letter found, written on clay. Though the letter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies hidden between its lines. The document was produced, we should say, in the year 2200 B.C., and was found in Sippara, the biblical Sopherani. Apparently the lady lived there, while her lover was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads:

"To the lady, Kashuya (little ewe) says Gimil Marduk (the favourite of Merodach) this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write wishing that I may know how you

**BENSNDORP'S**  
is pure delicious  
and strengthening COCOA.  
1/2 teaspoonful sufficient for a  
breakfast cup

ROYAL DUTCH  
**COCOA**  
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND  
This Cocoa is for  
TABLE or CUP USE ONLY



The early bird catches the worm, but if the worm had not been early, he would not have been there to get caught: you need not rise early and work late if you use **SUNLIGHT SOAP**



**WOOD-MILNE**  
RUBBER  
HEELS  
WORN BY ROYALTY.

Prevent worn-down heels and unsightly boots. Make one pair of boots wear as long as two. Reduce fatigue, give grace to the walk and make every step a pleasure.

Obtainable retail from all Storekeepers and Boot Stores throughout the States.  
Wholesale only from D. & W. MURRAY, LTD.,  
Adelaide, Kaigoorlie, Launceston, Townsville, Perth, Melbourne, Brisbane, Broken Hill.  
Sole Manufacturers of the Wood-Milne Heels—REVOLVING HEEL CO., Preston, ENGLAND.

Horse Covers, 11/4 to 22/6.  
Cow Covers, from 7/6.  
Cart Covers & Oil-skins.



Send for Price Lists.

**E. LEROY,** 42 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.  
(Opposite Smeaton's).



# After Dinner Gossip

AND

## Echoes of the Week

### The Splendid Bequest to Colonial Artists.

It is to be earnestly hoped that in the highest interests of New Zealand art and colonial artists that the press will give full publicity to the important fact that there now exists for the benefit of all colonial artists a splendidly-proportioned, admirably-lighted, and excellently situated art gallery, where pictures may be hung and exhibited for sale. Though the late Mr. Mackenzie's bequest is nominally to the Auckland Society of Arts, that body merely occupies the position of trustee, and all colonial artists, whether from North, South, East, or West, have the right to participate in the benefits bestowed. That Auckland has once again more particularly benefited by the munificence of one of her citizens, and that the name of Mackenzie has to be added to those of Sir George Grey, Mackenzie, Costley, Dilworth, Leys, and Sir John Campbell, who have all made splendid presentations to the city, will not raise an envious thought in any well-constituted mind, and though the added pleasure of possession belongs to Auckland, it will be recognised that the whole colony, and Australia too, benefits, and that the debt of gratitude is due from all interested in art wherever they may reside. Also, it must be admitted that in having the gallery situated in Auckland the artists of the colony are fortunate, for besides being the starting or departing point for all tourists interested in our thermal wonderland and exquisite scenery; it is the "Frisen" mail port, and an enormous number of the class from whom art patrons do mostly come, pass through the city, and inspect its attractions every time the mail boats pass to and fro. In no other city in the colony would such a gallery have so great an opportunity of attracting the attention of visitors. The possession, therefore, by the colony of the Mackenzie gallery cannot but be for the advancement of art, and one may even hope the establishment of a "school" or band of New Zealand artists whose reputation and whose works shall travel far beyond our own shores and the confines of the Commonwealth. The absence of great dealers, such as there are in the large centres of the Old World, where pictures may be seen and bought when no exhibitions are being held, must have proved a hindrance to the progress of art here heretofore. It is all very well to press artists to paint ambitious pictures, involving months of labour, expense of travel or for models; but if he has only the chance of exhibiting it for a few days, and it is then returned to his studio to still further cumber his laden walls, one cannot wonder that even the most enthusiastic will jib.

Now, however, the artist can rely on having a beautiful home for his work and the best possible chance of selling it. More is, however, required. Surely the time has come when the Government should spend a trifle—to the country—in the establishment of a national school of artists in New Zealand. Suppose each year say four or five hundred pounds—to begin with—were set apart for the purpose of encouraging art. Three hundred could be expended on gouche pictures, and two for hand and sea scenes of New Zealand scenery, the works to be allocated to the chief art galleries of the colony in rotation, or as might seem advisable to the Governor of the colony for the time being. Municipalities should follow suit, and up to a certain limit offer yearly pound for pound for subscriptions raised for the purchase of works of art for the collections of their respective cities. When no work of sufficient merit offered, the money would not, of course, be spent, but would accumulate until something worthy of colonial or civic purchase came forward. At least it is certain those entrusted with

the spending of funds would have to button their pockets and cause disappointment, but by setting the standard high, and purchasing when something really good emerged from the rack, a very different class of exhibit to those we now see would soon be submitted. Artists would feel there was something worth striving for, and that when work was well done, it was well paid for. One trusts the matter may be more widely ventilated and discussed than is possible in the radius reached by any one publication.

### Sport by Proxy.

It is commonly reported of the Duke of Wellington that he said Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. In saying this, the Iron Duke may have been mainly prompted by spite against Harrow, from which school he was originally expelled; but the spirit of the epigram—that sport is the backbone of this nation is a belief cherished by every man who boasts that he is an Englishman.

Now, Waterloo was practically the foundation-stone of the Empire, and as the Empire has steadily been built up upon that foundation-stone, it may be presumed that the sports of the much vaunted playing fields were good and honest. Therefore it may be argued, inversely, that if the sports of this country are rotten, so will this Empire decay.

By this time it is a mere platitude to say that the Empire is doomed, but there appears to be some truth in this platitude because the sports of this country are absolutely rotten—unsound to the core. This nation is no longer a nation of sportsmen. It is a nation of odd-taking people who commit sport by proxy.

One can see this on every side. True, there is a certain class of men who wax healthy and red-necked by the playing of golf, the riding to hounds, or the participation in cricket or football, for the genuine sake of doing something which is out of doors and healthy and vigorous. But when one places this small body of men beside the people who are sportsmen by proxy, they are very few indeed.

For example, take cricket. Nowadays the lover of cricket is not a man who has the breath to pelt up and down the pitch. He is a man who sits in as comfortable a seat as he can afford, and indulges in the sedentary occupation of criticising the energies of a chosen few. There is practically no out-of-door healthiness in his soul at all. He demands what is called a "perfect wicket," and in return for his money he expects to see a perfect batsman, playing against a more or less perfect bowler.

The man on the shilling benches knows nothing of the joys and aches of hard labour in the open under the sun. His shilling goes towards the support of men who play a certain game with a certain amount of skill for a certain price. The man on the benches criticises the hired player, and thinks that he is a sportsman. He is nothing of the sort. He is an arm-chair critic of the worst type.

The same, only much more so, may be said of the man who follows racing. Probably 90 per cent. of the men who back horses have never been on a race-course in their life, and know as much about horses as they do about motorists.

Almost the same thing may be said of football. People who could not run a hundred yards to save their life assume unto themselves great knowledge of "forwards," "inside rights," and so on. The men who endure the hardships of the game deserve some commendation, though they do not indulge in the pursuit for love of it, but simply because they can make as much money by play-

ing football as a Foreign Office clerk could gain by translating letters of national importance.

Still, there is really more of the sporting spirit in football than there is in cricket. Look at it in what way you will, sport is of necessity gloriously brutal. At bottom it means the subjection of somebody or something weaker than yourself. That means a fight. But the principle which governs the kind of fighting which is called sport is that you must not hit a fellow when he is down. Englishmen think that this is a virtue peculiar to themselves, but it is not so.

In the essence, sport means the pitting of blood against blood. The man who takes his life in his hand against chances is a sportsman. The gladiator was a sportsman, the man who fought in the arena of Rome against wild beasts was a sportsman. The Spanish matador is a sportsman. The man who hunts big game of the dangerous kind is a sportsman; the man who fights in the prize ring is a sportsman. But the men who sit around and criticise perfect batting on a perfect pitch, or back horses at a distance, are not sportsmen.

### Phrenology Receives a Nasty Bump

This is a day of revivals, so it is, perhaps, not a matter for wonder that the pseudo-science phrenology has its turn. A society has been founded in London for the promotion of "ethology," that is, the scientific study of character. Among the vice-presidents are distinguished men of letters and of science, novelists, dramatists, lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, prison governors, and other practical experts in human nature. The president is Dr. Bernard Hollander, author of "The Mental Functions of the Brain" and "Scientific Phrenology." As Dr. Hollander contends that the new phrenology, of which he is an expounder, must hark back to Gall and Spurzheim, the founders of the old phrenology, a writer in the "Nineteenth Century" (Mr. John Fyvie) considers that it ought to be made clear that the Ethological Society has not a phrenological basis. If there is one thing certain, it is that the methods and conclusions of Gall, Spurzheim, and their successors were radically wrong. Since George Combe, no writer of any reputation in England, at all events, has professed to believe in the so-called science, while its pretensions have been exposed by such eminent thinkers as Sir William Hamilton, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Alexander Bain. For many years phrenology has been in utter disrepute; its exponents being quacks and charlatans, who may be classed with herbalists, mesmerists, palmists, and other pretenders to spurious knowledge. The fundamental doctrine of phrenology—that the brain is divided into a number of definite parts, each of which is the seat of some particular faculty, and that each of these portions of the brain corresponds with some conformation of the skull—has long since been disproved. Our knowledge of the brain is very imperfect; but some conclusions have been arrived at with a tolerable degree of certainty. One of these is that the cerebellum, whatever its function may be, is not the seat of the sexual instincts. How many men have rested under an undeserved stigma, because their supposed "lump of sensitiveness" was unduly developed? As to the localisation of the higher intellectual and moral faculties, nothing whatever is known. The list of faculties adopted by Gall and Spurzheim is too loose and incorrect to base any scientific deductions upon, and the supposition that the outer surface of the brain corresponds with the conformation of the skull is not in accordance with facts. Phrenologists take no account of any part of the brain that is not in contact with the skull, and Bastien declares that there are no such divisions in the brain as are marked upon a phrenological chart. Professor Karl Pearson has made experiments which go to show that neither the size nor the shape of the head has any relation to intellectual ability. In short, phrenology, it has been conclusively proved, is a sham science, misleading and valueless. Yet, in spite of this demonstration, it is probable that the dingy little shops, with their array of skulls and charts, will always be with us. Phrenology appeals to one of the small vanities of human nature, and it will be long before the average man loses the desire to have his "bumps" felt by a "professor" of the "science."

### Life and Property.

The great respect paid to property as compared with human life was frequently been exemplified by the assertion that, in the old slavery days of the Southern States, when a white man, a nigger, and a horse fell into the river, there was a rush to save first the horse, then the nigger. Nobody bothered about saving the white man, unless they had a lot of time to spare, for white men were worth nothing. Half a century of civilisation has not altogether eliminated this respect for property. A leading Melbourne motorist was recently walking through one of the suburbs, when a woman rushed out of a lane, worried by a frenzied man. As murder seemed imminent, the motorist interposed, with the usual result. In the wild dream-like occurrence which followed he has a faint recollection of the woman seizing his hands behind him, while the man, who was apparently all fists and boots, fell upon him with machine-like precision. Some minutes later, when he arose from the gutter, the street was deserted, and he staggered home and opened his front door, leaving a well-defined trail of blood behind him. Half-blinded, he made his way along the hall to the drawing-room, where his wife sat with a couple of friends. He opened the door, and they screamed in unison. Then his wife arose with an alarmed look, and cried anxiously, "Is the motor damaged?"

### A Curious Legal Decision Concerning Typhoid in Milk.

Notwithstanding all the care taken by reputable vendors of milk to preserve purity and prevent the presence of infectious germs, it sometimes happens that typhoid and kindred fell destroyers of humanity find their way into the system through porridge-bowl and teacups. In such an event what is the legal position of the vendor of the milk which has conveyed the germs? According to a late English decision, he is liable for the ill consequences under an implied warranty of quality. The facts were that the defendant vendor sold milk by description as the pure produce of cows. The plaintiff's wife drank the milk, contracted typhoid, and died, and the husband then sued the vendor for damages for the loss sustained by him. It transpired that the typhoid had in fact been caused by the presence of typhoid germs in the milk, and the legal position asserted by the plaintiff was that the vendor impliedly warranted or guaranteed that the article which he sold answered the description, and was reasonably fit for the purpose for which it was sold—that is, for drinking. This warranty, or guarantee, was, it was said, broken by the presence of the typhoid germs, and therefore the vendor must answer in damages for the mischief naturally flowing from the breach of contract. The vendor, a large London milk company sought to protect itself on the ground that the plaintiff must show either that the vendor knew of the presence of the germs, or that the vendor might, by the exercise of reasonable care, have discovered the germs. It was stated that it would have been impossible to have discovered the presence of the germs at the time of sale. The Court, however, held that, whether it was possible or not possible to find out the germs at the time of sale, the legal result would be the same, for if a vendor warrants or guarantees a particular matter as being the fact, it is idle to afterwards say that he merely spoke to the best of his knowledge. If a vendor wants to limit his liability by the extent of his knowledge he must make the limitation a condition of his bargain; then, and then only, can he insist upon it as binding. The vendor in the case in question had not done this, and therefore had to pay.

If he who grows two blades of grass  
Where only one had grown  
Deserves the thanks of every class  
And benefits the race.  
Then wretched still of honoured name,  
While coughs and colds endure,  
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame  
Is WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT  
CURE.



It was not a bit exaggerated either. The hero of my story has a telling passion too—it is botany. Many a time have I blessed him when, in going up to a dog's point, he would suddenly disappear to the bush to hunt for some scarce plant. Once he made an expedition to the highest point in the county on an August Sunday. We, from the shooting lodge, could keep him in view with the telescope and late in the afternoon, when he ought to have been returning, in order to make the shooting lodge before dark, the keeper was set to find him with the glass. At last he was successful. "Where is he, do you remember?" asked. "He is doing what he always does; scratching up weeds," was the reply. Once a neighbour took him to Epsom on Derby Day, but lost him just as the clocks that were to make history were paraded in the paddock. On looking about, my friend was discovered in his hindus and knees, and, being admonished, called to his friend to "come and see some grass that does not grow in our country." It is an all-round sportsman, too, and takes a catholic interest in everything pertaining thereto. Probably he is the only man in the world who has hunted in the paddock at Epsom when the Derby horses have been on show before the race, but even "Pope's" old woman offers a more wonderful example of the strength of the ruffing passion, and then, probably Pope imagined the one, and I have but written history of the other.

Racing in the State of New York (U.S.A.) is held under license from the State Legislature, which has a commission to supervise the sport generally. The last annual report presented by the commission in the State Legislature shows that, although the gross receipts during the year 1904 were about \$2,000,000 less than the aggregate of the preceding year, the amount of money distributed among winning owners was over 270,000,000 in excess of the total for 1903. Under the system in vogue in that State a tax for the endorsement of the agricultural societies of the State is levied on the gross amount of the money handled by the clubs under the jurisdiction of the commission, and from that source during the last ten years the sum of 1,311,475,000 (\$220,250) has been obtained. The commission is invested with the power to prevent the formation of racing corporations, if in its judgment any addition to the existing institutions would be detrimental to the best interests of the sport; and it also regulates the racing fixtures so that there can be no clashing of dates within the boundaries of the State. The report of the commission for the year 1904 winds up with the following significant paragraphs: "There are so many racing plants in existence at present that demand for as many as can be accommodated without competitive dates. To have more at the present time would necessarily mean the curbing of the season of those in existence, or racing at different tracks simultaneously, which would result in a depreciation of premiums by a division of patronage, and in the consequent lowering of the class of racing. This necessarily would have a depressing effect on the breeding industry by reason of the lessening of the standard, and the deprivation of the opportunity for great stakes, which is, perhaps, the largest factor in the price of yearlings offered for sale by the breeder." Thus it will be seen that the interest of the breeder is the first consideration with the members of the commission.

NOTES FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.

WELLINGTON, Friday. All is not quite right just now with the Hunt horse. A report was in circulation to-day that the champion, Achilles, was not himself. Klaree, it transpires, got kicked on the hock just before the start for the Wellington Steeplechase, but his success in the July Steeplechase on the second day. McGregor left Gisborne with his arm in a sling, as a result of his fall there, and it was supposed that his collarbone was broken, but hot water fomentations effected a surprising cure, and he was able to steer Klaree to victory on Wednesday.

At the Trotting Conference here, Mr Miller warned clubs that the constant prosecution of bookmakers was endangering the totalisator.

There was a close fight on Thursday over the question of clubs collecting fees due to jockeys at scale, but the proposal was defeated by a slight majority.

The Napier Park Racing Club came out with a profit of over £500 on their recent meeting.

Mr G. T. Cross, of Napier, has acted as totalisator clerk for the Metropolitan Hawke's Bay Club from the introduction of the machine there.

The Hastings correspondent of a Hawke's Bay paper announced the intended departure of a party of local natives for a hauri racing. Some time ago he was jumped over a couple of hurdles, and negotiated them sufficiently well to complete the course.

The Gisborne Racing Club were most fortunate in the matter of weather at their recent meeting. The heavy rains and bad weather which followed for two days, and some of the persons narrowly escaped being left there until the next steamer came along, but the Union Company delayed the Tairāwhiti, and this enabled them to get away. The weather was too rough to attempt to put horses on board.

After the Gisborne meeting, L. Murfit exercised old Will of the Wisp in a light breeze. He is a stylish horse in light harness.

The Wellington Racing Club's ball on Thursday night was voted the greatest success in that line ever known to the city of Wellington. Mr T. King, of Auckland, did the catering.

Though Ruakawa has been reported unwise, there are backers of that polling still holding it in for the New Zealand Grand National Hurdle Race notwithstanding.

(By Telegraph—Special to "Graphic.")

WANGANUI, Tuesday. Mr J. R. McDonald informs that Guelder Rose is not making any improvement since his accident at Wanganui. He has been running for two days.

Nothing jumped so well in the Wellington Steeplechase as Walfaree. Johnson had an unpleasant fall at the same as the reins which had been tied, kept slipping from his grasp.

Rougarawa, who was recently reported to have broken down, is now said to be all right again, and doing good work in view of the National meeting, in which he has the handy impost of 8.7.

When Cavalry fell on the first day of the Wellington meeting he injured his chest, a large swelling making his appearance, but he is getting right, and may go South.

The Fossil trained Handsome Rose, for whom \$1000 was offered at Napier, ran below the expectations of his connections at Wellington, and is unlikely to be taken to Riccarton next month.

Despite Walfaree's two moderate showings at Wellington, the fact that he is well to meet horses in the National Hurdle race on worse terms, his owner may pay up for him in the hope that the track may be firmer than that he raced on at Wanganui, Auckland, and Wellington.

Mr Duncan Ruthford, who has owned several Grand National winners, told us on Saturday that Emms, who he had hoped would make a serviceable horse at the country business, as continuing lame, and that the seat of his trouble had not been located. At the weight Emms would have had a great chance of following in the footsteps of Alma and Norton, if he had kept right.

The injury Klaree met with in his hock, when kicked by Rougar just before starting in the Wellington Steeplechase, is not considered likely to stop him in his work for more than a few days, though his hock was swollen considerably as a result of the mishap. As late as Saturday he was lame, but Hall was satisfied that he would soon be free from soreness.

When old Nor-West caught and settled

the pretensions of Defoe in the July Steeplechase on Saturday, there was much jubilation, and it was quite evident from the reception he got on returning to the scales that the animal son of Bad-Wester is as great a favourite at Wellington as in Auckland. The Wellington race-governor appreciate steeplechasing and merit in running, and they showed it by their demonstration when Nor-West won.

While the express train was passing through the Porirua district passengers had an opportunity of seeing some ten or a dozen boxes at exercise on the beach and in the seawater, the tide being full. In Drosser had a large trap just now, and several in strong work.

It is not supposed that there is anything really serious the matter with Mandopolo, though his owners were called upon to go and see him for some trouble during last week, a temporary one for us to hope.

The rule passed by the Racing Conference that no entries be taken of youngsters until after they are a year old, is one in the right direction, and the Conference will have gain's over further. It is quite early enough to close entries for classic events after the annual sales, and the sales at Easter time in Australia would be included. New Zealand buyers would thus be encouraged to make purchases in the Island Continent, and Australian buyers would come to New Zealand more often if the yearlings were not loaded with engagements. In Australia the entries are taken in the autumn, and buyers can engage them to suit themselves.

THE GREAT NORTHERN GUINEAS.

The following horses are still left in the Great Northern Guineas, which is run at the A.I.C.C. spring meeting in November:—

- Mr D. Brown's Mithrid
Mr C. Howey's Paradox
Mr A. Leonard's Carl Ross
Mr P. Penton's Hildebrand
Mr T. Penton's b.c. by Phaedrus Apollo—Muskat Arab
Mr H. W. Abbott's Eucrasmus
Mr J. Warner's Anorelle
Mr S. Bradley's Pundel
Mr W. Foss's Master Delavat
Mr J. E. Thorpe's Apologus
Mr Wm. Young's The Haven
Mr E. J. Watts's Homecoming
Mr E. J. Watts's King Billy
Mr A. Morgan's Hero
Mr T. H. Lowry's c.b. by Sexton Delavat—St. Ann
Mr Wm. Davis's b.c. by Stojniak Leda
Mr Wm. Davis's b.c. by Stojniak Wish
Mr T. H. Lowry's b.c. by Mercurius—Lady Helen

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB APPEAL.

DISMISSED ON A TECHNICAL FAULT.

WELLINGTON, Friday.

The appeal of the Avondale Jockey Club against the decision of the Auckland Metropolitan Committee, which refused to endorse the disqualification of a jockey named McTusky, who was disqualified for crossing in a race at the Avondale Autumn Meeting, was heard in Wellington to-day. A technical objection, however, must prevail. The decision of the Metropolitan Club was not a decision from which appeal could be made.

WHANGAREI RACING CLUB.

The Whangarei Racing Club held their annual meeting on Wednesday, when there was a good attendance of members. Mr Mander, M.H.C.C., was elected patron, Mr R. Thomson president, and Drs. Hall and Sweet vice-presidents. Mr R. Dent was re-elected secretary. It was resolved to hold a two days' meeting on January 12 and 13 next. The dispute between the Agricultural Society and the club as to the control of the race track was left to the committee to arrange.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

WELLINGTON, Thursday.

The Wellington Racing Club experienced fine weather for the opening of their winter meeting, and there was a thoroughly representative gathering of sportsmen from all parts of New Zealand, and of the Wellington population, including the Governor and suite. The fields all through were rather above the average seen at the time, and the races were all very well contested. The course was in good winter condition, and though some of the races were slower than last year, the majority were no faster. The catering was up to Mr King's best, and the management generally reflected credit on Mr White, the secretary, and his staff. Mr Piper's starting was satisfactorily performed, though some two or three horses left the tapes early. The public invested freely throughout the day, and the sum of £10,411 was put through the totalisator, as against £2659 last year; £2682 going through the double totalisator on the Parliamentary Handicap and Steeplechase. The Wellington Corporation of Klaree and Strapnel Shell returned a dividend of £78 15.

Wet Reef, the winner of the Stewards' Handicap, was made favourite, but Mataku and Dismore, who were implicated, were more fancied by the public, who ran second, and caused Wet Reef to put his best leg forward, Strapnel being a close third. Dividends £2 1/2 and £2 6/3.

Reveration, the favourite for the Miramar Hack Handicap, showed prominently for five furlongs, but then a dogging wind burst across him, and he got up in the last few strides and beating Sir Percival at the post by a head, Oryx finishing well, close up. Dividends £2 1/2 and £2 10/3.

Walfaree looked all over a winner of the Wellington Steeplechase two furlongs from finish, as up to that point he was plain for his head, but old Klaree kept pecking away, and answering every call made upon him, and jumping well throughout, with one fence an exception, won by less than a couple of lengths. Phaedrus, a similar distance away, was third. Nor-West, who was in trouble from the first obstacle, the water, was nearly two hundred yards behind, fourth, a position that Larcher, who had made most of the running, would have had had he not fallen at the last hurdle. Itogon, when going well, after travelling six furlongs, fell. Defoe was beaten before entering upon the last round. Creston went out and did a preliminary, but broke a hind vessel and was withdrawn in consequence. Walfaree and Nor-West were the actual favourites. Phaedrus's show improved, as he is backward. Dividends £3 9/ and 17/.

Asteroid and Exmoor were the favourites for the Parliamentary Handicap, for which there were fourteen runners. At the turn for home Exmoor was leading Rose Madder and the Leader, with Asteroid, Lyrist and Strapnel Shell handy. Strapnel Shell then forced ahead, and resisting a challenge from Asteroid, won by three parts of a length. Lyrist, who was fourth at the start, just beat Exmoor and St. Lya, with the Leader handy. Dividends £13 11 and £1 9/.

Outer was a strong favourite for the First Hack Hurdles, Taxpayer coming next, and both were beaten by the second obstacle, while Numa made the pace, and the last-named dropped back after going a mile and a quarter. Taxpayer and Jewel Gun went after Outer, Jewel Gun joining issue, and after a rattling finish, beat Mr Drummond's mare by half a length. Black Squall, who did not start well, finished fast, close up, with Taxpayer and Numa nearest attendants. Dividends £4 10/ and 18/.

Cavalry and Handsome Rose were favourites for the Winter Hurdles, but the best were level at the second obstacle, while leading, leading his rider (W. O'Connell) badly. Kolum led most of the way, only being caught in the straight by Pushful and Taproot, who finished well, and ought to have beaten Pushful but for getting a bad run next the rails. Valley was a close fourth. Trumpy was running in second place at the end of seven furlongs, when she suddenly fell back last, and was found to have wounded herself. Dividends: Pushful, £8 5; Taproot, £2 17/.

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG. Via FIJI, HONOLULU, and VICTORIA (B.C.) to VANCOUVER. IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY. CHEAPEST AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE. Grandest Scenery in the World. Rocky Mountains, Great Lakes, Niagara Falls, St. Lawrence and Hudson Rivers, &c. CANADA, MINING, BRITISH COLUMBIA, YUKON, CALIFORNIA, &c. UNITED STATES. FARMING. THE GREAT NORTH-WEST, MANITOBA, MINNESOTA, &c. MANUFACTURING—Winnipeg, Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, New York, &c. CANADIAN STEAMSHIP COY. OF NEW ZEALAND, Ltd.

SPEIGHT'S DUNEDIN ALES. DRINK ONLY PRIZE ALES. TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE. SOLE AGENTS AND BOTTLERS FOR THE AUCKLAND DISTRICT: HIPKINS & COURTS, CUSTOM-STREET EAST.

There were seventeen runners for the Te Aro Hacks Handicap, July 19th, Footstep, Aetna and Manganahai fared best.

SECOND DAY.

The Wellington Racing Club's winter meeting was concluded on Saturday in good weather. The Executive and members of Parliament and of the Racing Conference...

The Gold Reef gelding, Wet Reef, who held a good position throughout, accounted for the Ouslow Handicap, for which he was favourite.

Bythmaid was a hot favourite for the Trial Plate, a specialist weight race, but Mr Ormond's two-year-old Mobility (by The Other) had a comfortable win from the Southern 100, Mr Percival being third.

Jack O'Lantern, who only arrived from Oshawa on the previous day, was favourite for the Steeplechase, but first when the three thirds of the journey was completed, at which stage he was leading. Defoe then went to the front, but after a good go Nor-West, who looked far from himself, ran comfortably by three lengths, and paid a dividend of £2 3/2.

There were sixteen runners for the Winter Oats Handicap, which would have gone to Hanna instead of Shrapnell Shell in another stable, as Davis brought that horse with a brilliant run. Both paid good dividends.

Pushful won the Final Hurdle Handicap with his increased weight, easier than he won on the first day. Salvo ran a good race, but lost a lot of ground through being ridden the wrong way at the start.

Dafina, Swap and Wet Blanket were in front in the first in the Second Hack Handicap, but Outer, though running last, and only second, came fast at the finish, and only second, but by Jewel Gem, who was always handy near the front.

Jolly Friar, who was favourite for the Te Aro Hack Handicap on the first day, and finished seventh, came out and won the Thornton Hack Handicap in easy style, his win being anticipated. This gave Jenkins his eighth winning ride for the season. Te Kabut was second, and Gawanui, who did not start well, third.

Ouslow Handicap.—Wet Reef, 10.9, 1; Tondogchie, 9.8, 2; Matuku, 9.3, 3. All started. Won easily by half a length. Time 1.21. Dividends, £2 and 18s.

Trial Plate.—Mobility, 9.0, 1; Bythne Maid, 9.11, 2; Mr Percival, 9.11, 3. Scratched: Footstep, Fred Cross, Montague, Land o' Cakes, Clarence, Te Kabut, Grand Oats, and Alexion. Won easily by two and a half lengths. Time, 1.22. Dividends, £2 7/8 and £3 15/8.

July Steeplechase.—Nor-West, 10.2, 1; Defoe, 9.12, 2; Rougoa, 9.8, 3. All started. Defoe was in the lead till rounding the bend into the straight, when Nor-West got on terms, and drew away after they jumped the last hurdle, and won by three lengths. Time, 5.25. Dividend, £2 3/2.

Winter Oats Handicap.—Shrapnell Shell 1, Hanna 2, The Leader 3. Scratched: Royal Blue. Won by a head; a length between second and third. Time, 1.37. Dividends, £2 10/8 and 14s.

Final Hurdle.—Pushful, 1; Kolumba, 2; Tapera, 3. All started. Won easily by four lengths. Time, 3m 26 2/5. Dividends, £2 10 and £2 1/2.

Second Hack Handicap.—Jewel Gem, 1; Outer, 2; Tilton, 3. Scratched: Gipsy Jack. Won by two lengths. Time, 2m 39s. Dividends, £2 10 and 14s.

The double bets on the Steeplechase and Winter Oats paid a dividend of £29 10/8.

Thornton Handicap.—Jolly Friar, 1; Te Kabut, 2; Gawanui, 3. Scratched: Dufinlen, Banzal, and Robertson. Won by three lengths. Time, 1m 22 3/5. Dividends, £2 8 and £3 15/8.

The following handicaps have been declared by Mr J. E. Hendon for the Canterbury Jockey Club's Grand National Meeting:—

WINTER CUP OF 500sovs.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Odds, Name, Odds. Includes Exmore, Conroy, Pollas, etc.

NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLCHASE OF 750sovs.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Odds, Name, Odds. Includes Klater, Slow Tom, Haydn, etc.

NEW ZEALAND GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE RACE OF 750sovs.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Odds, Name, Odds. Includes Bohlke, Conroy, The Mohican, etc.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

After a week of wet weather, the rain cleared away on Thursday, and yesterday was bright and springlike. The temperature night through the week has been about 50 degrees.

We are now within a month of the Grand National Meeting, and some of the local candidates are in need of more than a month's rest.

Conroy continued to make a slow recovery, but it can hardly be expected that he can get ready to do himself justice at the Grand National Meeting.

The weights for the Grand National Steeplechase, the National Hurdle Race, and Winter Cup will be due on Monday.

Mr H. Priesthouse has sold two more of his blood horses, Alhambra, by Patron — Agate, and Tapawau, by Seaton Delprat.

Mr C. O'Connor has been appointed starter to the South Canterbury Jockey Club, and Mr Henry has been reappointed handicapper to the same club.

Mr H. Goodman has sold the Workman gelding Apprentice to Mr W. Pheasant, of Dunedin.

The Captain Bangle horse Regiment is for sale in Dunedin.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

The handicaps for the principal events to be decided at the Canterbury Jockey Club's Grand National Meeting made their appearance on Monday (to-day), on which date they were due. Those for the Winter Cup and Grand National Hurdle Race are as follows:—

who follows in company with Conroy, might surely have been let off with a few pounds less. Neither Regulation nor Klater appear to me to be badly treated.

It has long been apparent that the colony's hurdle racers are a poor lot, and nothing has tended more to expose their inferiority than the appearance of untried horses at the head of the handicap for the Grand National Steeplechase.

It is not surprising that the chairman of the racing conference should have taken the trouble to do himself justice by the middle of next month. I like The Mohican the best of the tried division, but Handsome Hero is bound to run well, and if Cavalry can be kept quiet, he will be the best.

Excuse me very well treated in contrast to the two or three horses who were learned to jump well, he will be worth watching. Klater has fully earned his position at the head of the handicap for the Grand National Steeplechase.

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dorfin, 1000 to 2 against Manawatu and Golden Comb, 1000 to 1 against Narewaha and Wae McGregor, 1000 to 3 against Lamb-kiln and Hanganawa, 800 to 3 against Klater and Outer, 800 to 2 against Hanna and Wainora, 700 to 2 against Wainora and Conroy, 700 to 2 against Defoe and Levant, 600 to 12 against Phantoms and Kaimoa, 600 to 8 against Haydn and Trumphy, 500 to 3 against Slow from Golden Vein, Savoury, Golden Knight, The role, and Pontney all stand out as likely to prove dangerous.

N. Z. RACING CONFERENCE WELLINGTON, Thursday.

The New Zealand Racing Conference opened its sittings today. The chairman (Sir Geo. Clifford) in the course of his address, acknowledged the services of the Hon. E. Mitchell and Messrs Allison, O. Sargent, and Herries, amongst others, as judges in various appeals submitted during the year.

In submitting the annual report the chairman said that most of the clubs had during the year shown a healthy rivalry in making provision for good sport. The clubs there was no deterioration in the class of horses attracted. There was a great lull on the part of some clubs in issuing Jockeys' Licences, and there were less than 500 issued during the season, and of these 50 did not ride at all, while 40 unlicensed jockeys rode unchallenged.

The weather has cleared again, and looks settled. Local farmers would welcome a spell of bright weather.

Owing to the wet state of the tracks, and the absence of a number of horses in the country, Alhambra is still very quiet, and Slow Tom did a useful gallop on Saturday morning. Taggart declares that the son of St. Ives is perfectly sound, but certain sharp judges assert that he is slightly lame behind.

The motion relating to the monthly publication of the official calendar, which was brought forward by the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, was withdrawn on the chairman stating that he would make inquiries with the view of having the calendar made available at a cost of £1000.

A motion moved by Mr Ormond, "To detach twenty Bays from the Hawke's Bay district, and to form it into a separate metropolitan district," was lost, as was also a similar motion in regard to dividing the Otago district into two districts.

The following business has been done during the week: Grand National Steeplechase and Grand National Hurdle Race - 700 to 2 against Slow Tom and Maguffin, 500 to 2 against Klater and Hanganawa, 500 to 2 against Nor-west and Bagpipes, 500 to 3 against Larcher and Taxymer, 400 to 3 against Klater and Tapera, 400 to 2 against Haydn and Outer, 200 to 3 against Wainora and Trumphy, 200 to 2 against Klater and Regulation, 200 to 1 against Wainora and Outer, 1500 to 32 against Phantoms and Trumphy, 1100 to 4 against Manawatu and Wainora.

WINCHESTER AUTOMATIC RIFLE .22 CALIBER MODEL 1903. LIKE HISTORY IT REPEATS ITSELF. As a means of pleasure and sport, the Winchester Automatic Rifle is as far ahead of any other .22 Caliber as an automobile is ahead of the historic one-horse shay.

and trainers, licensed by or applying for licenses from his club. He shall be paid by each club whose meeting he attends at the rate of 1j per cent. of the stakes with a minimum of £7 10j and a maximum of £15 per day's work. After a brief discussion this motion was lost.

It was resolved, on the motion of the Hawke's Bay Club, "That rule 3 be struck out and the following substituted, 'Two-year-olds shall not run prior to April 1 in any race exceeding four furlongs, nor prior to December 1 in any race exceeding five furlongs, nor prior to March 1 in any race exceeding six furlongs, nor either before or after that date in any handicap for which a horse over three years old is eligible.'"

It was resolved that the minimum penalty for non-compliance should not apply to two-year-old events, and that the penalty for employing an unlicensed trainer should be compulsory instead of optional. The following new rule relating to licensed jockeys was carried on the voices:— "No jockey's license shall be granted to any person under the age of 21 years unless he be in regular employment of a racehorse owner or licensed trainer, or who has not ridden in 20 races in the previous year, or is in employment of a licensed trainer."

WELLINGTON, Friday.

The Racing Conference continued its sittings to-day.

On the motion of Mr Samuel, rule 15, part 30, was amended to provide that commission from totalisator investments should go to the club instead of to the race fund.

Rule 17 was amended to provide that in the event of a race being ordered to be run again the totalisator be closed so far as the first attempt was concerned, and may be reopened on the second attempt.

It was decided that disqualifications have immediate effect, but if not approved by the Metropolitan Club within 14 days, shall cease to have effect until approved.

It was resolved that the date of receipt of notification by the secretary of the Racing Conference that moneys owing on unpaid forfeit list have been paid shall be the date of the removal of disqualification.

The rules of racing as amended come into operation on August 1.

WELLINGTON, Thursday.

RACING BOOKMAKER-OWNERS.

Sir George Clifford, president of the Racing Conference in his opening speech to-day, speaking on the question of the purity of sport, said: "In this connection I would again urge upon this Conference to consider whether the ownership of racehorses by bookmakers is consistent with the maintenance of public confidence in the sport. It is useless to quote the integrity of individual bookmakers. As a body they have complex interests opposed to those of other horseowners, and of the general public. Even apart from ownership they are, as a specialising medium, less desirable than the totalisator, which offers no inducement to excess, and which cannot fail to meet its engagements, and which has no power to mislead and no motive for deception, but if the proprietor of the totalisator owned racehorses (from which he is debarred by our rules) his position would be manifestly unfair and intolerable to his clients. Why, then, permit bookmakers who, in these days are practically layers of less liberal totalisator odds, to play two parts, the combination of which must give tempting opportunities for fraud, and must expose them in any case to ser-

ious suspicion, and also must tend to produce occasional scandals? Surely, this is a direction in which we should set our house in order."



DERRY DAY.

SCENES ON THE ENGLISH DOWNS.

LONDON, June 2.

How many colonial visitors were at the Derry this year there is no means of knowing, but you may be sure they attended in strong force. The famous race meeting on the Epsom Downs is a magnet which draws a multitude representing every portion of a world-wide empire. After all, there is but one Derry. As a race, as a spectacle, as an historic institution, it is unique. No other racecourse in the world offers such an astonishing study in contrasts as Epsom on Derry Day. Almost everything connected with the scene might be expressed in superlatives. You see there the greatest of all birds, the fastest of all races, and the most beautiful of all creatures, the highest in the land and the lowest, the richest and the poorest, the gayest frocks and the foulest rags, the prettiest faces and the worst collection of evil-looking blackguards that ever mustered out of gaol. You see one of the fairest landscapes that even fair Surrey can show in the spring of the year made hideous with flaring placards and gaudy booths, the most magnificent of spectacles and the most beautiful, in decorous and luxurious ease; but these are not the elements which give the keynote to the surroundings. The crowd on the central hill dominates the picture, and the features of the scene are the features of the seething mass that first arrests attention. The beauty of the rolling Downs, and the glorious summer sky overhead, blend strangely with the human element. "Where ever prospect pleases, and" "we need not go to Ceylon's isle for the rest of the quotation.

The colonial visitor finds much that is novel in the scene. Epsom, for one thing, is free course, open without payment to all and sundry. That is why the undesirable element, the riff-raff that lives on the fringe of the turf, can assemble in such numbers without hindrance. There is a curious haphazard, casual, generous, please air about the whole vast concourse that cannot fail to impress the newcomer. The stands, again, will strike him as singularly inadequate for a meeting of such magnitude. The accommodation is poor and the structures are insignificant and unsightly. But the features of all others which attract the stranger's eye is the famous hill on the inside of the track. Here is to be seen the extraordinary concourse that has made "Derry Day" a household phrase. It is Bayard's Vanity Fair brought up to date. The scene has altered greatly in external since Frith painted it in 1866, but the essential elements remain unaltered. Half the crowd is still relieved of its cash by the other half. The days of dabbled-picking, pick-in-the-gutter, and the three-card trick may be over, but the fool and his money are not the less easily parted. The sharper who is headed off in one direction soon finds another, and the game goes merrily on. And the scene is still rich in contrasts and in incident. Volleys of every possible epithet—coaches, haws, brakes, motor cars, traps, cabs, rickshaws—are drawn up in seemingly haphazard confusion. Booths, tents, shooting galleries, coconut-shells, side-shows, block the way at every turn. Timsters and bookmakers raise their hideous placards all over the hill, and read the air with their raucous cries. Clowns crack their sassy jokes, and acrobats go through their feats on luscious redoubtly leucards. Broadsheets, bills in hand, mingle with the garish crowd, and leering showmen, brazen-faced, brzen-tongued, invite a gaping audience to come inside and see "pictures from real life," or "a strange lady with a minimum of clothes." Evil-looking ragamuffins hang round the coaches and wolfishly devour the fragments thrown to them, as to so many dogs, by the plenteous inside. Beggars hold out their stumps of limbs, and wring before the visitor with whining voice and dirty upturned palm. Wrecks of humanity, lost in drunken stupor, lie scattered about

the grass like fallen leaves. Now and then the men in blue march off a struggling pockey or a quarelsome "drunk." And everywhere streams the perspiring, noisy, peering, laughing, sweating, struggling, toiling, toiling, toiling throng, and perhaps a little fighting, and a vast deal of clamour, heat, and general discomfort. They call it, satirically, "the Fun of the Fair." The melody, the noise, the confusion, and the smiles, are indescribable. Especially the smiles.

It is a relief to turn from the study of mankind in the mass and admire the symmetry and grace of the candidates for the Derby. Jardy, the French horse, leads the parade, and gains a round of applause as he paces down the course, the orange jacket of his rider showing vividly against the dense black background of the crowd. Jardy is supposed to be more or less invalid—he has a cough, they say. But the uninitiated would not know that anything was wrong with the graceful, sprightly creature as he gallops down the track. And now all eyes turn to the favourite, Cleopra, with D. Maher up, in the primrose and rose colours of Lord Rosbery. He is the hottest of hot favourites, this handsome, unmeasured-looking chestnut. The bookmakers are taking, not giving, odds about him. The crowd on the hill, the galleys round the crest of the hill on the far side of the course, The glasses can pick out the moving figures, but for the mass of the crowd there is little to see until the last corner is turned, and the field is a bunch of riders in the garb of straight. The orange colours of Lian are in the lead, the favourite running third, and Jardy, who had gone early to the front, now being fifth. Four hundred yards from home the feature race begins. Cleopra has shot ahead, but Jardy, the tougher, waits after him in hot pursuit, and amidst the roar of a hundred thousand voices these two fight it out.

The result is an odd story now. The unexpected didn't happen. Game fight though the French horse made of it, the Blue Riband of the Turf is still on this side of the Channel, and "Cleopra's Derby" has passed into history. Not is it by any means the least memorable in the annals of this classic contest. From start to winning post, a mile and a half away, the favourite's time was 2m 20 3-5s—and that for the fastest Derby ever run.

I have left my own space wherein to deal with the rest of the racing at Epsom; and indeed, with the exception of the Coronation Cup and the Oaks, which is being decided as we write, there are no other races of sufficient importance to demand attention. The Coronation Cup was undoubtedly a particularly brilliant performance by Major Eustace Lodge's great filly Pretty Polly. In the Cup race, which is run over the Derry course, she being daughter of Galibini and Admiration, who was making her first appearance this year, was opposed by her old antagonist, the five-year-old Zinfandel, and Jardy's stable companion, Catus, both of whom were called upon to present Pretty Polly with ribs. Her weight being 9st. The bookmakers were generous in accepting 5 to 4 that the mare did not win, for she looked fit as a fiddle. And on book form Zinfandel had no earthly chance of beating Polly at the weights if all was well with her. Catus was more or less an unknown quantity, but apparently his complexion were combined that he could go fast enough and stay long enough to beat the English pair. Jumping off at a pace that became a "real cracker," one a furlong had been covered, the Frenchman led the opposition along at a tremendous "bat" till a quarter of a mile from home. Thereabouts Zinfandel, momentarily took the lead, but the next moment Pretty Polly passed him like a flash, and going on won in a canter by three lengths from Lord Howard de Walden's horse, Catus being beaten into third place, a long six lengths away from Zinfandel. Pretty Polly's victory was won in as handsome a fashion as one could wish to see, but it was when the time-keepers came to look at their watches that the mare's performance caused them to open their eyes in amazement. She had covered the full Derby course in 2:32 4-5, thus beating Cleopra's time by no less than 5 3-5s.

This was Pretty Polly's seventeenth successive victory in the Old Country, and only once has she suffered defeat, viz. last year in France, when she succumbed to Presto II. In the Prix du Conseil.



DYEING AND DRY CLEANING CLOTHES.

A VISIT TO MR. POTTERS' ESTABLISHMENT.

ASTONISHING RESULTS OF THE NEW "DRY" PROCESS.

The average man has a strange and deep liking for his oldest coat and his oldest hat. They fit him like the proverbial glove (with a few more wrinkles), and when he has them on he feels at peace with himself and the world in general. In a woman this primitive instinct is not so strong, or if it be, it is more firmly repressed. As the French say, "il faut souffrir pour être belle." But even a woman has a snaking regard for something not too new, and not too much welcome about it. The trouble about these old friends, however, is their unfortunate habit of absorbing increasing quantities of that substance of which each of us has to eat a pack before he dies. And so it comes to pass that one day the companion of many a obscure hour is consigned to the backyard dust heap, or is possibly bestowed upon some mendicant "Weary Willie" to take a new lease of life in a humbler sphere, where people don't trouble about germs or microbes, and don't take much stock in "The Tailor and Cutter," "Modes of the Moment," or any other publication devoted to the mysteries of fashion. Cleanliness is only a matter of degree after all, and so it falls out that many people consign to oblivion clothes that have by no means reached the allotted span of life, sartorially speaking. What's to be done? Send it to the cleaners? False pride prevents some from doing this, and false notions prevent others from doing it. The process through which their belongings will pass. In the old days of straight-out scouring one might be forgiven for looking a-askance at the shrunken lumpy article that came home—marked, "cleaned and pressed." To be sure, but befalling only faint resemblance to its former self. All that is changed now. What is known as French dry-cleaning has revolutionised the trade, and there is not the slightest excuse for any one man, woman, or child to go round in soiled or shapeless garments. The finest fabric, the most delicate tints, emerge from the process unharmed, and restored to all their original freshness and sweetness. In American and English households it is now the recognised thing to send one's clothes to be dry cleaned. In this utilitarian age people are too sensible to throw away a suit of clothes, or a dress, which, save for an indelible air of dowdiness, is little or nothing the

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worse for wear. In New Zealand we are still somewhat old-fashioned in our ideas on this subject, and not one person in a hundred takes advantage of the opportunity of smartening himself up, and doubling the life of some favourite garment, which but for the efficacy of dry-cleaning would have been food for flames long ago. The first plant in the North Island for carrying out this work has just been put down by Mr. P. J. Porter in Market Road, Epsom, whose receiving depot and shop is in Karangahape-road, opposite the Tabernacle. He also has a branch in Devon-street, New Plymouth. Mr. Porter, who has been in Auckland twelve years, has been compelled to enlarge his premises several times, and lately the business, because so big, that he decided to make provision for some time to come. The result is the up-to-date establishment which we illustrate this week. The building is a substantial one, with a very solid concrete floor, and splendid ventilation. Throughout the building the machinery is of the most modern pattern, the power being supplied by a powerful little gas engine. To remove dirt from clothes you must exercise a certain amount of force—an action one can see applied in its most primitive form in the South Sea Islands, where the dusky laundry lady accomplishes the desired end by the simple process of pounding one's clothes between two flat-stones in the bed of a creek. After a couple of visits to the all fresco laundry one's linen always remains clean—there isn't enough left to get dirty. In the machinery of such an establishment as that owned by Mr. Porter it is astonishing how little force has been reduced to a minimum, till, as in the case of the dry-cleaning apparatus, laces, silks, and the most gossamer-like textiles emerge scathless from the ordeal, and look as fresh as the day they came from the tailor or the dressmaker. The pressing, which is all done at the Karangahape Road establishment, completes the process of renovation, and it would be difficult to tell the finished article from a brand new garment. It costs a trifle more to get one's clothes dry-cleaned, but the advantages over the old system are so obvious and so great that one would never grudge the difference.

Mr. Porter is just as up-to-date in the matter of dyeing. The old-fashioned method was long and tedious, and severe on the fabric. Instead of being two hours and a half in the pot it is now only necessary to leave the articles in about 20 minutes. The colours are more permanent, one can get a much wider range of shades, and altogether the process is much more hygienic.

The works are fitted throughout with the very latest labour-saving machinery, and to the sophisticated it is astonishing how smoothly and rapidly the work is carried out. The steam-presses and centrifugal-pressing machines do the work of dozens of hands in a quarter the time.

As mentioned above, Mr. Porter's receiving shop is in Karangahape-road, just opposite the Tabernacle. A flag at telephone number 1741 will always find Mr. Porter, and he has for the convenience of suburban customers established agencies at the following places: Onehunga, Mr. Lombay; Mount Eden, Mr. Cucksey; Ponsopoh, Mr. Wood. The firm's vans can be anywhere in the city to suit customers, and the goods, when finished are delivered at any address without increasing the cost in the slightest. Country orders receive special attention, and are always filled promptly and satisfactorily.

**FLEET OF GRIMSBY TRAWLERS.**

The picture given of a fleet of Grimsby trawlers, although representing enormous "catching power," is far short of the whole fleet belonging to the port (writes a "Graphic" correspondent). Statistics for 1900 give the number of steam trawlers registered at Grimsby to be 869 vessels, which had increased from 20 vessels in 1883, and we are safe in assuming that the number to-day shows a proportionate increase in "catching power" of one modern steam trawler is considered equal to ten sailing vessels.

From the earliest days there has been spasmodic agitation against the use of the trawl net, which agitation is continued to the present day. Still, the catching power increases by "leaps and bounds," and the fish seem to increase in proportion to the numbers caught.

We shall try to explain later in this article how catching fish really helps Nature towards the maximum of production in the sea world. Grimsby, in Torbay, has been long considered the "mother port" of the trawlers. Froude, in his "History of England," vol. xii, p. 397 (reprint edition 1870), speaks incidentally of trawlers at Grimsby so long ago as the Spanish Armada. From Grimsby, early in the eighteenth century, snappers and fishermen passed over to Irish waters to commence trawling. About the year 1830 Grimsby vessels went to Ramsgate to work the grounds at that end of the Channel. Others followed and settled there, which of course increased the agitation against trawlers. Hull and Grimsby were colonised from Grimsby and Ramsgate. Agitation against trawlers increased as the invasion extended North, and many restrictions were imposed. Areas were reserved for the purpose of scientific investigation and experiments.

In 1863 a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate, with the result that all restrictions were removed by the passing of the Sea Fisheries Act 1868, with the exception of keeping order among drift-net fishermen and trawlers, and all previous fisheries Acts were repealed.

Still the cry is continually being raised by people who know no better, having never studied the question from a sound standpoint.

It is clear to the writer that it was intended that fishes should perform an important part in providing an ever-increasing supply of food to human beings. To understand this clearly we must realise the fact that the numbers of fish are limited only by "food supply." From the lowest forms of life to the highest, or largest, the largest forms of fish may not be the most "intelligent," therefore, in my estimation, are not the highest. In the fish world one kind subsists on another kind. The lower, or smallest, forms of life in the sea, have the power to multiply in inconceivable numbers, when the weather conditions are favourable. From this starting point each and every kind is depending on the weather conditions. To illustrate, let us, for argument, place the small forms of life at 10,000. Our edible fish we place at 1000, and natural enemies of edible fish at 100. This, we will say, is the average which Nature maintains; but of course will vary in proportion at various seasons and years. The 10,000 is equal to the maintenance of 1000 edible fish, which in turn is equal to maintain a food supply for 100 sharks, sturgeons, etc. We now wish to increase the number of edible fish in the sea, and we find that we have no power to increase their food supply, and less power to kill off natural enemies. A little thought will convince intelligent people that our best plan would be to reduce, or try to reduce, the edible fish from 1000 to 500 by catching them. This would leave food supply at 10,000 as before, and if former numbers were only equal to maintenance of 100 enemies, the number should now be reduced to 50. We certainly have no influence whatever in regulating the numbers, because we could never put on enough vessels to catch half the fish in the sea; and if we could their power to multiply would at first spawning bring numbers to press on food supply again, and every one killed or caught would give another a better chance of life. The proportion in power to increase numbers of edible fish, in comparison with sharks and sturgeons, is 10,000 to 1 in favour of the edible fish. The snapper is classed with beam, and scientists tell us that 250,000 is the average number spawned. The number to mature would depend on their own food supply, and the number of natural enemies. It is very clear to the writer that every edible fish ought tends to help Nature to reach the maximum of production, and to stop catching would help Nature to reach the minimum. Excess numbers, when the maximum is reached in the production of the smaller forms, simply means that starvation breeds disease, and disease death. So powerful is Nature, and so much depends on weather conditions, that all the fish the Grimsby trawlers can catch will make no difference in the average numbers. When weather conditions are favourable in the Hawraki Gulf, or the North Sea, the water is teeming with life, visible and invisible to the human eye, and one frosty night, which would cause the temperature of the water to drop below that required for their development and growth, would kill everything, and the water

would be clear, and all edible fish gone to deeper, warmer water where conditions were more favourable to the growth of smaller forms of life.

**THE LATE FATHER BENEDET.**

The large congregations which attended the memorial services held at St. Patrick's Cathedral in connection with the death of the Rev. Fr. Benedict, O.P., were ample testimony to the popularity of the deceased. Although he had been in Auckland for some four years only he was familiar with almost every parish in the diocese, having been engaged on missionary work for a considerable portion of the time. General respect was expressed when the news of his death became known, and masses for the repose of his soul were celebrated in all the churches in the Auckland diocese. With the clergy he was also very popular, and his funeral was attended by priests from all parts of the diocese. At the Cathedral, where the remains were lying in state, a special service, at which His Lordship Bishop Lenihan presided, was held. The priests and Marist Brothers sang the "Miserere," and then a verse of the Matins and Lauds. A short address was given by the Bishop, who referred in feeling terms to the deceased. At the conclusion of the service the choir sang the "Miserere," and the organist played the "Dread March" in "Saul" as the people left the church. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Bishop Lenihan on July 13th. The Very Rev. Dean Hackett acted as deacon, and the Very Rev. Father Brodie as sub-deacon. The Rt. Rev. Mons. O'Reilly was assistant priest, and the Very Rev. Fr. Gillan was master of ceremonies. The choir assisted at the mass. At the conclusion of the service Fr. Gillan briefly addressed the congregation, which was very large, every seat in the church being occupied. Included in the congregation were the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and the Marist Brothers, with their pupils, and the children of St. Mary's Orphanage, Ponsopoh. The funeral was a large one. A large number of people joined in the procession, and followed the remains for some distance. The burial took place at the Panmure Catholic cemetery, and the services at the grave were conducted by the Bishop.

**DEATH OF MR. M. S. LEERS.**

The death took place last week in Auckland of a very old and highly respected resident, Mr. Morris S. Leers, who was 81 years of age. He was a native of Germany, but came to this colony in the early sixties. As far back as 1863 he was in the employ of Mr. Whitson, but later was in business at Thames. Subsequently he started business in Auckland as a legal manager of mining companies and public accountant. He was always recognised as a really first-class accountant and thoroughly honourable man. During his lengthy residence in Auckland he had ceased made many friends. He was a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, was a Past Master of Lodge Prince of Wales 1338, E.C., and was the first to hold office here of P.D. Grand President of the Board of General Purposes, a position which he ably filled for several years. Deceased leaves a widow and three children.

**AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS.**

**EXHIBITION IN THE NEW BUILDING.**

**PRESIDENT'S OPENING ADDRESS.**

The official opening of the new Art Gallery, constructed in Coburg-street under the terms of the McKechnie bequest, took place last week in conjunction with the Auckland Society of Arts' annual exhibition of pictures.

The President (Mr. Devore), in his opening address, said that this opened a new era in the history of the society. The efforts which the late Mr. McKechnie had made to benefit Art and artists in Auckland had at last seen fruition. It had been a long-standing desire of the deceased when alive to see the society properly housed, and some years before his death he had made an offer to the

then president (Mr. Clayton) to furnish the means of building a gallery provided a site was provided. No efforts made by the society could secure the site needed, and Mr. McKechnie's offer lapsed without its becoming known to the public that it had been made, this being one of Mr. McKechnie's conditions. But Mr. McKechnie did not abandon his idea, and although he died before he had perfected his plans, his wishes were known to his widow and trustees. Mrs. McKechnie therefore left sufficient money with which to build the gallery they now stand in. The will provided that £2500 should be spent on the building, which was to be used for the exhibition of the society's pictures and the housing of colonial artists' pictures intended for sale, and for such other purposes as the trustees should determine. The society had to provide the land, which cost £900, and it was through the assistance of the Government with a £ for £ subsidy of the money principally raised through the efforts of Messrs B. Kent, and E. Vail that the site had been paid for, and the institution was free of debt. (Applause.) Mr. Devore mentioned that it was through the unselfish conduct of one of the legates of the late Mrs. McKechnie, Mr. O. Nicholson, that the society had obtained a larger sum than intended by Mr. McKechnie, who thought £2000 would suffice. Mr. Nicholson saw that it would not, and he induced Mrs. McKechnie to increase the sum left to £2500. (Applause.)

After the speech had been concluded the guests were entertained at an excellent supper by the president and Mrs. Devore.

**A RETROSPECT AND PRELIMINARY GLANCE AT THE PICTURES.**

Looking round the large, lofty and beautifully lighted gallery, in which many fine reputations will, one trusts, be made, it is quite impossible not to look back on the many exhibitions held in the Floral Hall, to remember how many were the difficulties which had from time to time to be faced, to recall with a smile the humours and the situations which those difficulties sometimes resulted in, and to think with gratitude of the admirable good temper and camaraderie, and the splendid esprit de corps, which enabled the little band of faithful workers and sympathisers to year after year triumph over all obstacles, and to present to the public exhibitions which, yet always presented something beautiful, always showed that in one quarter or another there was striving and always making for the goal of upward and onward in the arts, and the pursuit of the beautiful in life.

**A GOOD BEGINNING.**

Looking round the walls of this new home of printing and the arts in Coburg-street, and realising what money and the abilities of the architects have given those who paint and those who admire, one naturally asks, is the first exhibition worthy of its new home? The answer may, without hesitation be given in the affirmative. That finer exhibitions may, may, will, be held, who would doubt? For however good the present may be, this will be the hope of all. But that the present exhibition is good, and more than good, that the majority of pictures are worth the places they occupy on the walls, and that, for a young community such as ours, the work displayed is of quite astonishing merit and promise, can hardly be denied by the most captious of critics, or the most perverse of those who find pleasure in life in a policy of "nit admirandi." How hard the battle is to the followers of art in New Zealand can be only properly appreciated by those who have either studied or seen art studied in the maze centres of the Old World. Our artists and students patiently and enthusiastically plodding forward and winning hard victories scarcely know how much they are conquering, or how excellent, considering the disabilities under which they labour, are the results which occasionally appear to them so disappointing. Things are getting better year by year, and one may hope that Government and municipal purchases of art works from France, Germany, Italy (and not merely England or Scotland) will exert their educative power and gradually give students here the priceless gifts enjoyed free by those of the Old World, who can study with every facility offered the masterpieces of the Louvre, the National Gallery, the Pitt

and Uffizi collections of Florence, and the marvels of the Vatican and great collections of Roman nobles, besides the German and other continental galleries. Well indeed may the critic-battered New Zealand student say, "Remember what I lack!" Yet New Zealand, too, let it not be forgotten, has its advantages. Those who can enjoy the glories of art on the walls of the Trafalgar Square gallery do not open their eyes daily on the glorious vista of the dancing waters of the Waitaitira, and cannot at a moderate expenditure, as we can, enjoy the beauties of our matchless forests and our incomparable gorges, or the sublimities of our mountain scenery. Wherefore we can go forward with confidence, and also, too, with a quickening of the pulses, at our possibilities, at the life which can, which may, which must (for we must make it so), lie before the Auckland Society of Arts and kindred societies of the South.

A FIRST GLIMPSE ROUND

With an apology for the foregoing prising, one may now take a first glimpse round at the pictures, and after the casual sweep of the eyes has given a foretaste of the feast of colour awaiting, and revealed the fact that the number of large, or, as they are sometimes quaintly termed, "important," canvases is greater than usual, attention will at once be gripped by the very much greater proportion than of yore which falls to genre, figure studies, and to portraits of merit. Land and sea scenes, as they always must in New Zealand, and as is natural and desirable they should still occupy the mass and majority of space on the walls in both water-colour and in oil, but the portraits are unquestionably a feature of the Year. The very great increase in the number of works submitted to the judging committee is, of course, a subject for congratulation. Many have, however, to be hung outside, and while it is no doubt a burden grievous to be borne to be rejected, yet that way improvement lies. No doubt, some leniency must naturally be exhibited, but that it is in the best interests of all that the standard should be high is unquestionable. Remember, O hot-headed and tumultuously indignant aspirant at the altars of Art, that you see your picture through wrong spectacles. If you have the courage, place it away for, say, five years, then look at it again, and if you have studied and profited by rejection, you will thank the gods who guard reception committees from the folly of kindly weakness, and say, "How on earth did I ever want to exhibit that!" To return, however, to our portraits. To those, as to other pictures in detail, we shall have to return later, but it may be said that Mr. Goldie's "Portrait of a Lady" (Mrs. Street, of Parnell) is, so far as technical ability is concerned, one of the finest exhibitions of skill this gifted artist has yet given us, and which, while lacking the same popular interest, may yet rank as high, if not even higher, than the Maori studies by the same painter, one or other of which will assuredly and deservedly be selected by the public as "the picture of the year." Mr. Goldie has put in a strenuous and tremendously energetic year, and shows many pictures, to which we shall refer

again, but Auckland and the Society may certainly be congratulated on an artist who places in amongst other such notable works as his "Puffin" and the "Study of a Laughing Maori." That his last approaches, if it does not absolutely attain, genius, who will deny? It is magnetic, captivating, irresistible; one positively must laugh too—and all the artist knows in technique here finds its fullest and most successful scope. More popular pictures of Maori life Mr. Goldie has probably painted—exhibits, indeed, in this exhibition—but nothing finer in its way. And here for a time we must leave Mr. Goldie, whose work will require much attention.

In artistic importance, and such merits as will appeal more strongly to the professional than the lay mind, is the comparatively small but exceedingly clever oil by a Southern contributor, Miss D. L. Richmond, "La Place de Geseuln" (probably in a Brittany town). It is an autumn scene in a square of that name, and the figures of some children play round the statue of the mighty Bertrand, most famous of French knights of chivalry. A helmeted Chasseur and his sweetheart are looking at the statue, while, under the warm-tinted autumn-leaved trees, works some mothers or nursemaids, the background being the houses of the square, in lighting, in composition, and in assurance, decision, and ease of style, the picture is quite admirable, and one on which the spectator may spend more than passing interest and remark.

Coming back to local artists, it is pleasant to note that unquestionably one of the most successful and most ambitious oils of the year is by Mr. Frank Wright, "A Dusty Day" is probably the best oil painting we have had from this faithful exhibitor and tried friend of the society, who usually prefers the water medium for his favourite subjects. The picture is an example of the educative and suggestive value of first-class works purchased from the galleries of the Old Country, for it is certain that Mr. Wright has felt the influence of Mr. Rusby Brown's fine painting in the Mackelvie collection, and has very successfully attempted something in the same style himself. Not that Mr. Wright has copied Mr. Brown's picture or his idea in the slightest degree; but just as one writer will influence and improve the style of another, so has Mr. Wright come under the spell of the Home artist. The composition of the picture is happy, and it displays the true artist's faculty for seizing on a beautiful "bit," and converting it into a picture, where the average individual would have seen nothing out of the common. It shows a country road, probably in the Waikato; there is a sunny sky, and the trees (poplars, one imagines) are in their freshest green. Some cattle, happily placed, are wandering down the sunlit road, kicking up the dust, an effect extremely difficult to achieve, and an overcoming which Mr. Wright may be congratulated. In the background are the distant ranges. The picture is a beautiful one, and will be admired. To Mr. Wright's several beautiful water colours we shall refer later.

Mr. E. M. Payton sends a number of his admirable water colour pictures of charming New Zealand scenery. To

these attention must be devoted in future articles, but it may be remarked now that a delightful bend on the Tokakau river, and catalogued under that name, and a brilliant little gem of some polynakawas in full bloom on the lake beach, one imagines, are not amongst the least attractive.

Mr. Steele's portrait of Mrs. Euden is a most striking likeness of that lady, but does not in some ways reach the standard at one time set by an artist who in the past gave us such pictures as "The Story of a Saddle" and "The Last Stand of Starlight," and many others.

There are notable exhibits by Mr. Walter Wright, Mr. T. L. Drummond, Mr. Trenwith, and several other well-known local and Southern exhibitors, and also by some newcomers, notably Mr. Wallace and Miss Hutton, which should in justice be referred to in this preliminary article, but the limits of space have already been over-stepped, and remarks on works of these must be left to future issues.

Mr. Walter Wright's most notable effort this year is his effective and characteristic canvas, "On the Waipa" (No. 27). The scene depicted is a common one on the beautiful river named, as also on the Waikato. Two Maori canoes in charge of the women folk of the community have been on a fern gathering expedition, and are leisurely retracing across the river, the occupants of the canoes chatting as they paddle across the stream. It is summer time, and the fact that it is a blazingly hot day is well indicated by the peculiar intense blue of the sky, relieved by two tiny fleecy clouds of extreme white—the kind peculiar to the warm days of high summer tide, and that oily placidity of water which is seldom observed, save under conditions of extreme heat. An artist who positively revels in brilliant colouring, Mr. Walter Wright, has on this occasion put what must have been for him a severe restraint on himself, for, though the subject lends itself to positive exuberance in this matter, Mr. Wright is seen in far less flamboyant mood than usual. The sky is brilliantly blue, but the reflected colouring of the river is far more subdued than is usual with Mr. Wright; and one just wonders if the picture would have been even happier painted in the artist's more natural or, to put it differently, best known style. However, this may be, and it is a question the artist himself could undoubtedly upon the result, as it is, quite excellent, and Mr. Wright has furnished another typically New Zealand picture, which is quite up to previous standards, though it does not, perhaps, surpass the happiest of his former efforts.

Mr. T. L. Drummond is again an exhibitor but has almost relinquished his favourite subject of sea, ships, and blue boulders for inland subjects. The more successful of these is, perhaps, the sunset scene on the Waingamui River, which is an attractive little subject pleasantly handled. It displays no great advance on previous work by the same artist, but it is free from "slackness," and while it will not, perhaps, notably enhance Mr. Drummond's reputation, it will at least not detract from it.

No. 78.—The Approaching Thunderstorm.—In this Mr. Drummond is rather less successful, and execution may, we think, be taken to the handling of the sky, with its vivid blue, overtopping a lower strata of what appears to be the thunderstorm clouds of extraordinary blue-green hue. Either colouring alone would have been more convincing, but in conjunction they are, even if as such (a point on which the artist can always deliberate) not altogether felicitous even if legitimate in a picture.

Miss Hodgkins, of Dunedin, is well represented by pictures which will certainly enhance her reputation as a water-colour artist. No. 185, "A Dutch Housewife," a somewhat impressionistic study of an old peasant poli-hing a metal jar, is probably the best as it is certainly the most ambitious of the works submitted by this talented artist. The painting is broadly done, and the effects are produced with boldness and certainty of touch and brush work, which shows that Miss Hodgkins is fairly, and legitimately, confident of her mastery of the medium. No. 189, "Her First Market," is a nice piece of composition, pleasantly and effectively handled, and suggestive of humour without, while 233 "The Oude Delft," is notable for its brilliant colouring, which would make it a delightful companion in any room.

The pastels of Miss Hutton are really notable achievements for a young artist, the one hung in the main gallery (No.

230) being by far the better, and showing an amount of delicacy in colouring and clever "dodge work" almost astonishing in so recent an exhibitor. The lighting on the face, from beneath, is obviously artificial, but is well treated, and the only improvement one can suggest is the modification of the extreme high light on the tip of the nose. It gives a com-



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each) question of having been polished up for the occasion. With this single and unimportant exception, Miss Hutton appears to us very completely successful in her own style, and future work in the medium of her choice will be looked for with interest and confidence of yet better things to come.

Mrs. E. M. Walrond, one of our most successful flower painters in previous exhibitions, has this year entirely neglected this branch of art, and taken up landscape work, in which she has also previously shown successful pictures. Her canvases this year certainly show a still further advance, and "On the Pelorous River" is one of the most charming oils in the exhibition. "Evening" is another delightful work, full of excellent colouring and pleasantly composed. Mrs. Walrond is certainly to be congratulated on her success in landscape, but it is to be hoped she will not altogether give up her flower studies another year. So delicate and capable a student of flowers would be sorely missed if she gave up painting them altogether.

Mr J. C. Williamson is indeed receiving excellent reports from the managers of all his companies now in active work. The New Zealand tour of Miss Tittel Brune has so far been a sort of triumphal progress from one success to another, and the box office receipts, which, after all, is the last test of popularity, have remained on a very satisfactory level. Preliminary booking for the Adelaide season of the Knight-Jeffries Company, which opened on Saturday, July 15, was very good, while the three weeks just spent by the Gilbert and Sullivan Company in Sydney were also highly appreciated.

Miss Ellen von Meyern may, with certainty, be congratulated as having made perhaps the most outward and visible progress of any of the younger contributors to the society. That she has gone far beyond the promise held out by last year's exhibits few who remember or understand such matters will deny. It is now quite obvious, moreover, that Miss Meyern's talents lie mainly in the direction of portraiture, and it is to this branch of art she should manifestly devote herself for the most part. The portrait of the late Mr William Leys, which, of course, was painted after the decease of that gentleman from a photograph, supplemented by certain instructions and descriptions, is a very extraordinary example of the success which may attend such an effort. Amongst a certain coterie of critics and artists the painting of such portraits as this from photographs is scarcely admitted to be art at all, and in nine cases out of ten where such "portraits" are dashed off by ill-paid hack workers at so much an hour this contemptuous and cavalier judgment is justified and correct. But it is not always so, and Miss von Meyern in her portraits is one of the decided exceptions proving the rule. As those who met most frequently and knew him best will readily testify the portrait of the late Mr William Leys is an excellent and, what is more, a characteristic likeness, and Miss von Meyern may justly be congratulated on having produced an excellent portrait under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. In another picture (which is also a portrait) Miss von Meyern has been equally happy, and has, moreover, produced not merely a really striking likeness of the subject of her painting, but has given a representation of a cheerful, bright, and full of fun young

New Zealander which cannot but prove an attractive picture for all who love children and delight in representations of them at their best and happiest. In her Maori studies Miss von Meyern is not so successful, and there is an air of hurry and slap-dash about them which is to be regretted.

(To be continued.)

**OBITUARY.**

**DEATH OF MR MAJOR JOHN GAY.**

At an early hour on Monday morning a very old and respected resident of Parnell passed away in the person of Mr Major John Gay. The late Mr Gay, who was 68 years of age, died suddenly at his residence, St. Stephen's avenue, from an attack of English cholera, from which he had suffered at a previous period of his life. The deceased gentleman, who was a builder, had been actively engaged in his calling right up to the time of his death, and as late as Saturday last had been making arrangements which he had intended to carry out this present week. It is said that he erected almost half the houses in Parnell. For over forty years he has been closely associated with the parish of Parnell, and for the last eighteen years of that time he has occupied the position of people's churchwarden at St. Mary's Cathedral. During the whole of that eighteen years he was only absent from church on two Sundays, which illustrates his remarkable devotion to duty. As a mark of the great esteem in which he was held by the parishioners, he was presented at the last annual meeting, held in April, with an illuminated address, and a service of plate.

No one in Auckland probably was so rich in reminiscences of the great pioneers of the Church of England in New Zealand and Melanesia, Bishops Selwyn and Patteson, as the late Mr Gay. He was engaged by Bishop Selwyn to build Bishopscourt, Parnell, and Bishop Patteson took him down to Norfolk Island, where he erected the first building there for the Melanesian Mission. He was also closely associated in the early days with Sir William Martin. In his younger days he served with the militia through the Maori war, for which he received the New Zealand war medal. For nine years he was a member of the Parnell Borough Council, and at the time of his death he was a member of the Parnell Orphan Home Board.

The deceased gentleman was a man of retiring and unassuming disposition, but he was held in the highest esteem by all who had ever been associated with him, and the extent of his charities, both to the church and to private individuals, although known to be wide, how wide can only be surmised, such was his reticence and distaste for anything approaching ostentation.

**MUSIC AND DRAMA.**

On Thursday evening, in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, the Auckland Shakespeare Society will give their second reading of the present season. The play chosen for this occasion is "The Merchant of Venice," and it is understood that the cast is one of exceptional merit. Miss Pearl Gorrie will be the "Portia" on this occasion, and Mr J. M. Clark "Shylock." An interesting feature of this reading will be the appearance of quite a number of new readers.

Next Tuesday the Auckland Choral Society give the third concert of their season. The occasion will be the annual concert given by the members of the Auckland Orchestral Society affiliated to the Auckland Choral Society, and the programme will include vocal items by Miss Madoline Knight and Messrs. Rogers, Asbury, Atkinson, and Moor (The Meister Quartette). There will also be instrumental items by the members of the Auckland Orchestral Society—Overture, "Der Freischutz" (Weber); symphony in G Minor (Mozart); Danse Macabre (Saint Saens); seffection, Casse Noisette Suite, Op. 71A (Tschaiakowsky); and Beethoven's famous Piano Concerto No. 5 by Miss Ada Yates.

The forte recital given at St. Andrew's Hall, Auckland, by Miss Madoline Webbe was attended by an overflowing audience, who listened with something very like amazement to the really masterly performance of this debutante amongst musical artists. Of the ability

of Miss Webbe there can be no possible doubt, young as she is, and she must be one of the youngest pianists who have ever given a public recital in New Zealand. She ran through a long and designedly difficult programme with a sureness, a thoroughness, a brilliance, and a deceptive appearance of ease which would have done honour to many an experienced virtuoso. To say truly, Miss Webbe gave a very much better interpretation of several numbers than we have heard from more than one considerably boomed visitor. In technique Miss Webbe is literally astonishing, and her understanding of the lights and shades of the compositions she interpreted was perfectly delightful. That she will make a name for herself as a piano soloist of the first order there is not, one imagines, much doubt. At all events, she holds forth the highest promise of so doing. Miss Webbe is a pupil of Miss Spooner at the Webbe School of Music, and that lady may be warmly congratulated at the unqualified success of the debut of her brilliant pupil.

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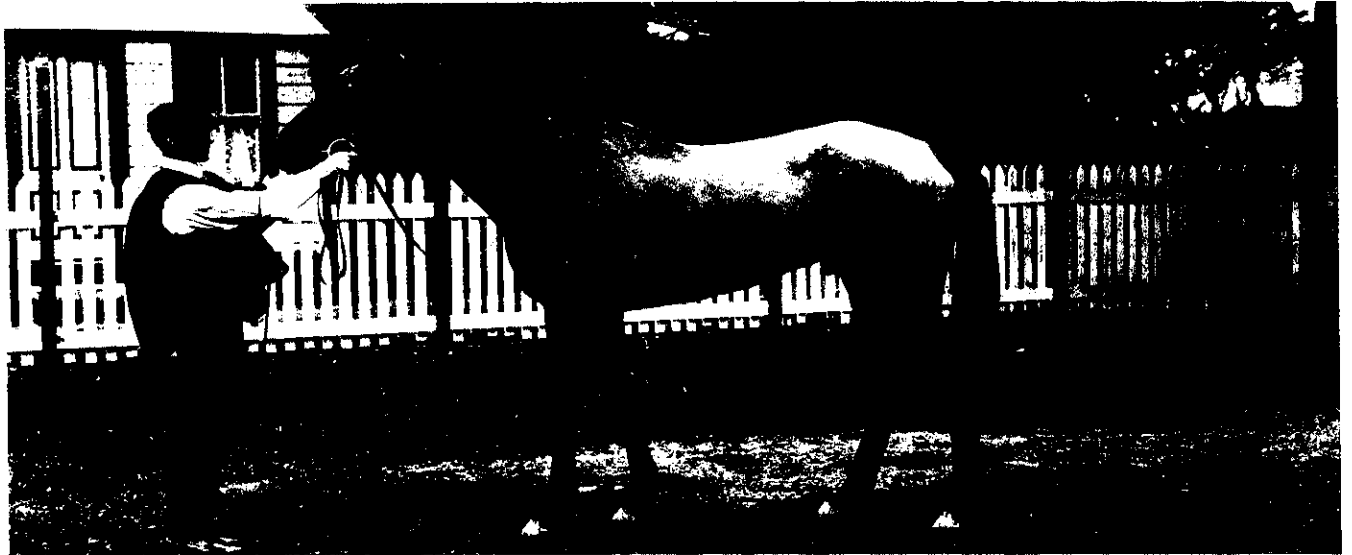


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Schaef, Sarony Studio, photo. DELEGATES TO THE ANNUAL RACING CONFERENCE HELD IN WELLINGTON LAST WEEK.

FRONT ROW: Messrs R. T. Abraham, R. E. McRae, E. Goodlebere, H. T. Gorrie, A. Hanna, O. Samuel, Sir Geo. Clifford (Chairman), Hon. G. McLean, E. H. Guinness, W. H. Heirles, J. McVay, G. Lathan. SECOND ROW: Messrs J. Petrie, W. Percival, E. W. Allison, D. Campbell. THIRD ROW: Messrs G. Reid, G. G. Stead, B. P. McMahon. FOURTH ROW: Messrs Friedlander, Bidwell, Hood Williams, and Cooper.



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BACK ROW: Messrs W. Hunter (General Secretary), Ivo Tunnicliffe (Nelson), Alfred Beaven (Southland), P. A. Clarke (New Zealand "Farmer"), W. F. Hilson (Prov. Secretary, N. Canterbury), Tom Mills ("Evening Post"), H. N. Saunders (Prov. President, Hawke's Bay), W. Lissant Clinton (Prov. Secretary, Poverty Bay). SECOND ROW: Messrs W. Stubbs (General Treasurer, Palmerston North), D. Beld (Otago), H. J. Richards (Te Horo), W. J. Birch (Marion), D. Jones (North Canterbury), H. J. Middleton (Southland), J. C. Cooper (Mauriceville), J. Burgess (Wairarapa), C. Cunliffe ("Farmers' Advocate"). FRONT ROW: Messrs H. E. R. V. Wily (Auckland), John McQueen (Southland), A. J. McNulty (Colonial Organizer), J. G. Wilson (Colonial President), J. A. Finnett (Prov. President, North Canterbury), John Clark (Otago), Jas. Biddle (Prov. President, Taranaki), John O'Halloran (Gisborne, North Canterbury), Alex. Lowrie (New Zealand "Farmer"). Schauf, Sarony Studio, photo.



AN UNWILLING GROUP OF A WANGANUI TRIBE.



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Every tourist naturally wishes snapshots of Maori life, and so the life of the children is often made burdensome by repeated posings. Usually, however, the juveniles extract a generous "quid pro quo" before consenting to pose.

ONE OF YOUTHS' TRIALS IN MAORIDOM: THE CAMERA FIEND.



"PLACE DU GUESCLIN," by D. K. Richmond (22x18).



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, wood-carving by Mrs. L. Turnbull.

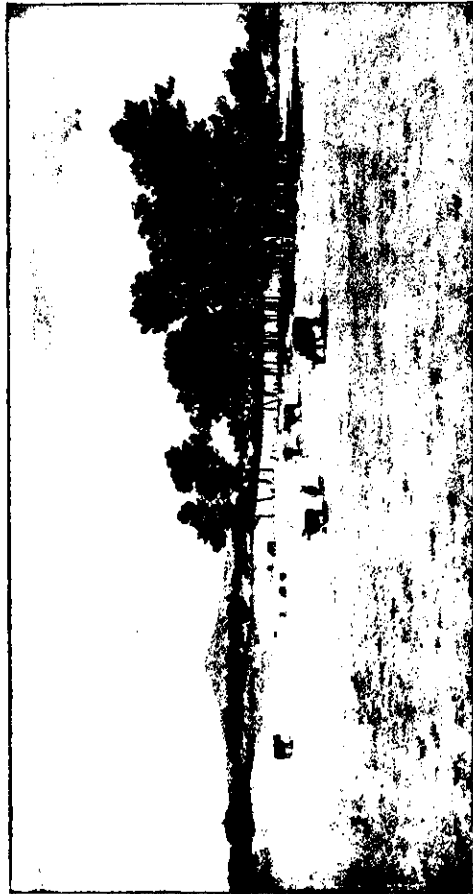


"HER FIRST MARKET," by F. Hodgkins (25x17).



"OTIRA GORGE," by Alice F. Falwell (38x30).

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' FIRST EXHIBITION IN THEIR NEW BUILDING.



"IN CORNWALL PARK," by E. W. Payton (28x14)



"THE FORD," by R. Dheney (30x22)

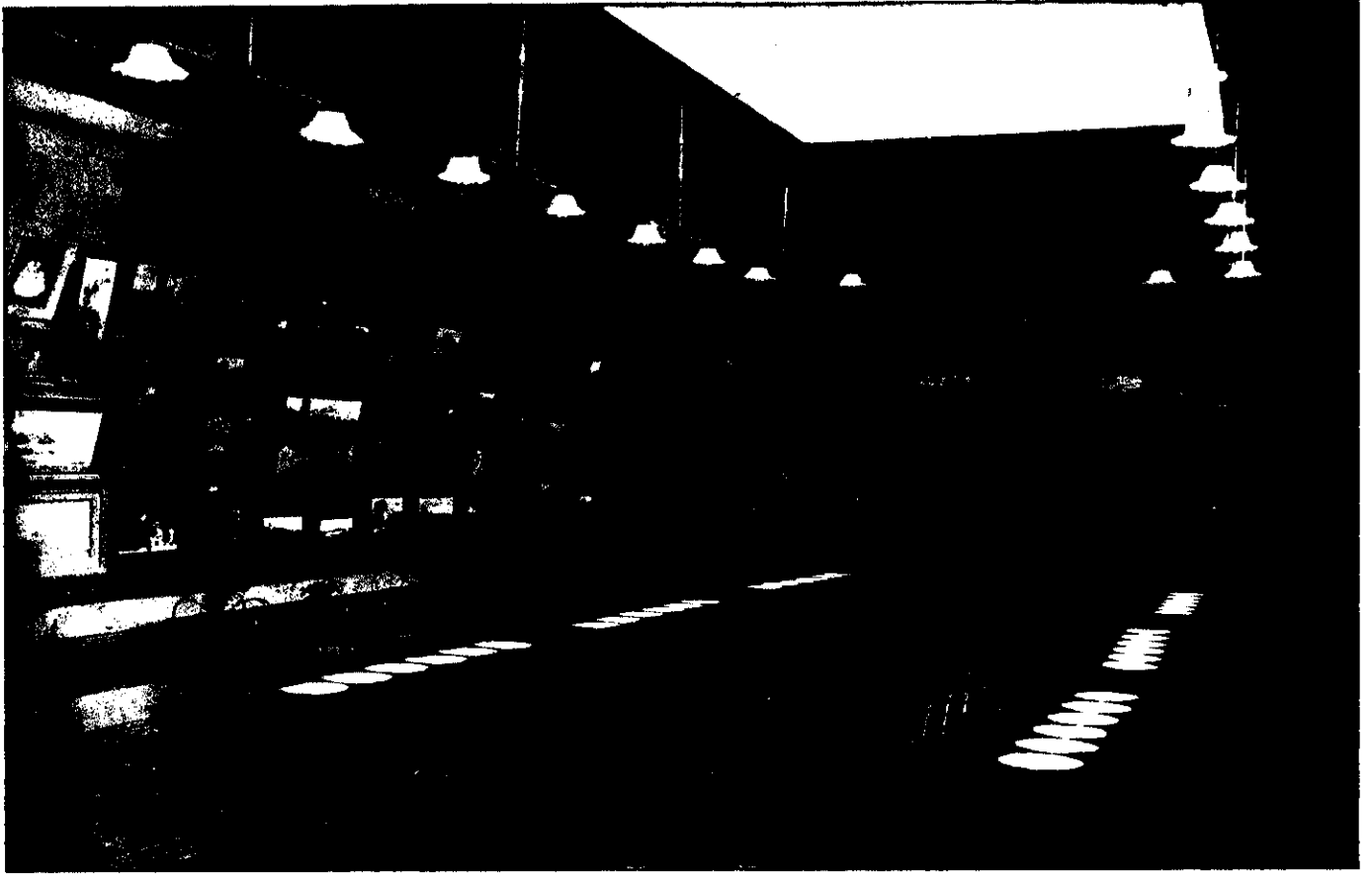


"ON THE APPIAN WAY," by F. W. Baird (21x15)

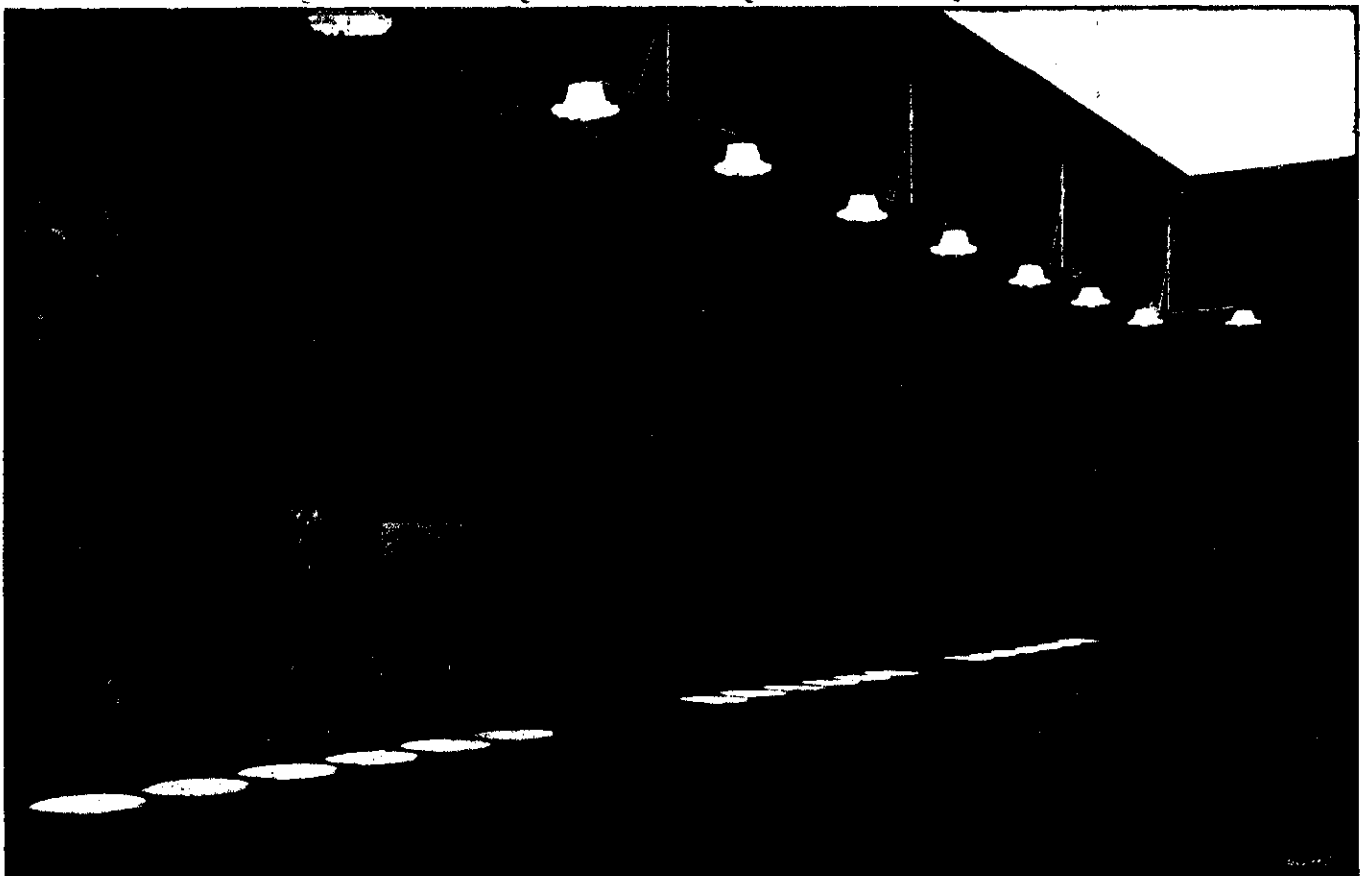


"TIMBER BOATS NEAR NAPLES," by H. Radford (21x15)

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' FIRST EXHIBITION IN THEIR NEW BUILDING.



THE GALLERY FROM THE WESTERN END.



THE GALLERY, FROM THE EAST OF COBURG-STREET END.

H. Winkelmann, photo.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS' FIRST EXHIBITION IN THEIR NEW BUILDING.



Love, photo, Auckland.

A STUDY (25x18).

Mr. C. F. Goldie's Notable Studies of Maori Life





TE AHO, A FAMOUS WAIKATO WARRIOR (30x25).

e in the Auckland Society of Arts' Exhibition



Morton, photo.

MR. MAJOR JOHN GAY,

a much-respected builder and contractor of Parnell, Auckland, and a pillar of the Anglican Church, who died suddenly on Sunday last in Auckland.

Schmidt, Heirus Studio, photo.

See "Our Illustrations."

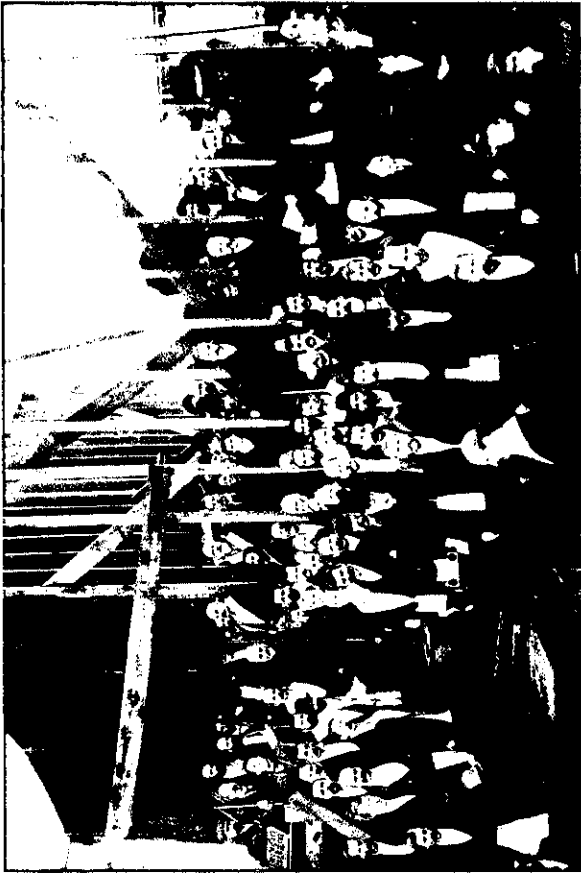
THE LATE MR. M. S. LEERS,

a prominent Freemason, who died in Auckland last week.

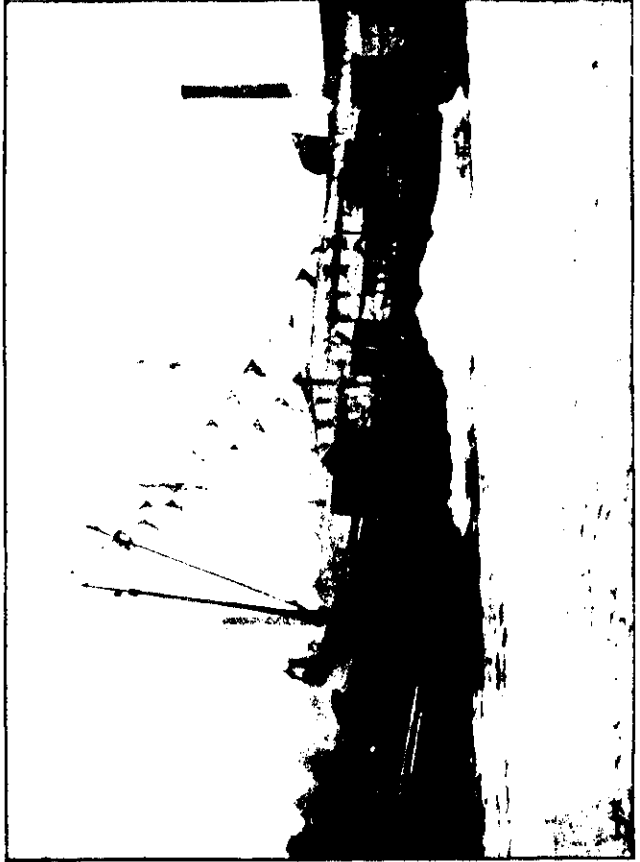


Tourist Department, photo.

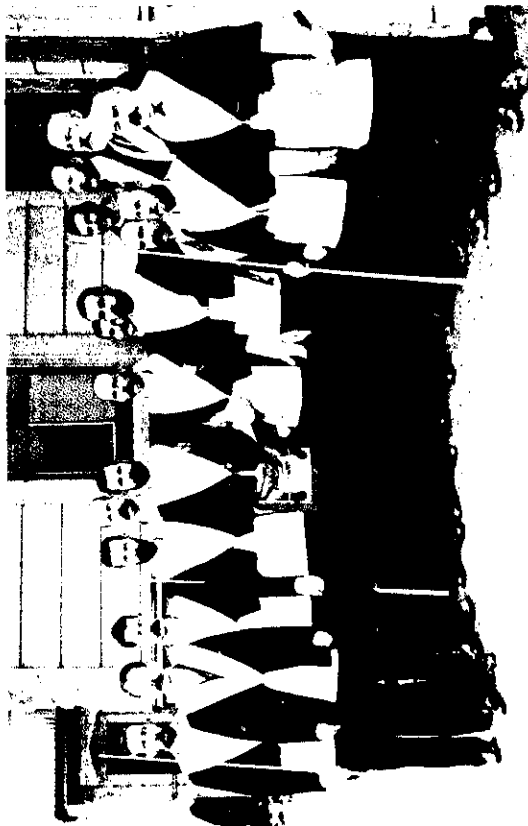
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, NELSON.



Laying the foundation stone of the new Masonic Hall, Brooklyn, a suburb of Wellington.



LAUNCH OF THE UNION COMPANY'S NEW TENDER, TUATEA, FROM THE YARD OF MR. C. BAILEY, JUNR., AUCKLAND.

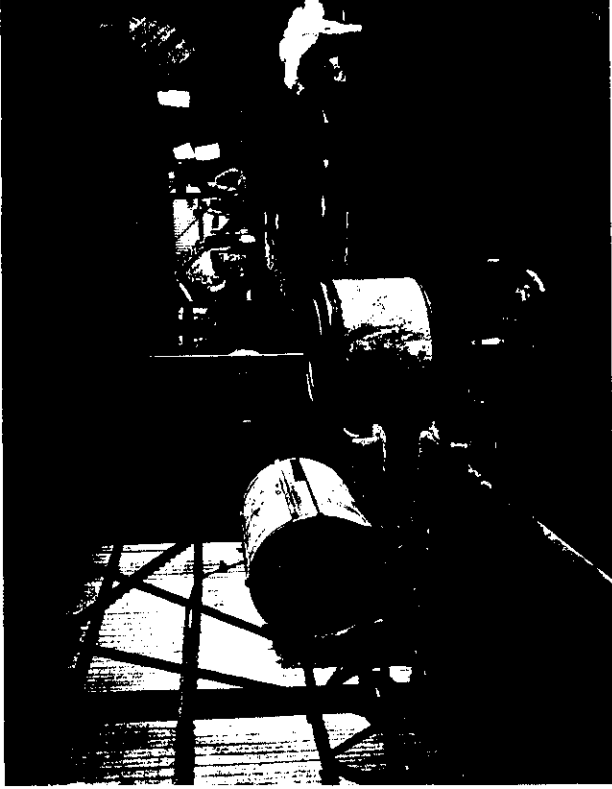


OFFICE BEARERS OF BROOKLYN MASONIC LODGE.

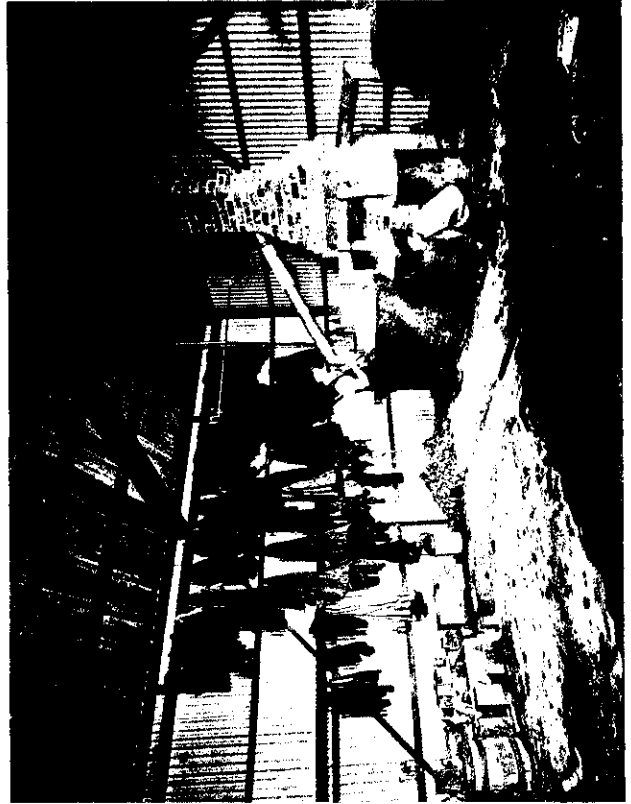
Schaefer, photo.



MR. FRANK PAINES SMART OIL LAUNCH, KOTIRO, which went to the rescue of the launch Mimalaka off the Wairau Bar, and saved four persons from drowning. Mr. Paine is a well-known Blenheim importer.



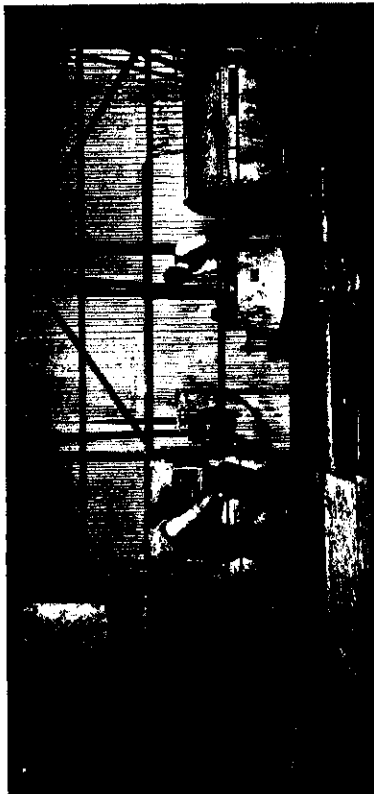
A GENERAL VIEW.



MR. PORTER AT WORK IN THE DYEING ROOM.



THE WORKS.



WHERE THE DRY CLEANING IS DONE.



ENGINE AND CLEANING ROOM.

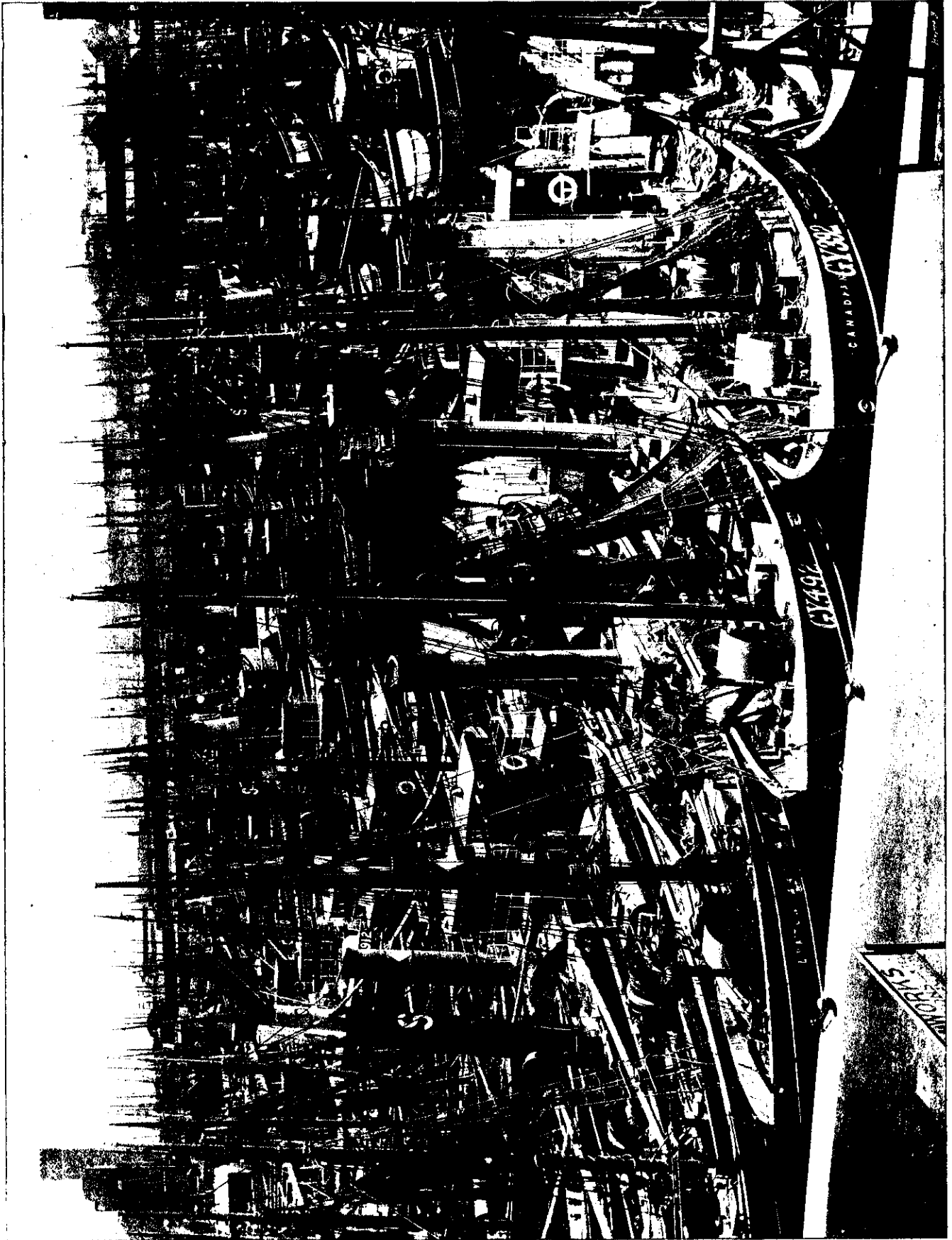


KISS AND BE FRIENDS: A DOMESTIC STUDY ON A CARTERTON FARM. N.Z.



Reid of Wihaw, photo.

CATTLE ON THE CREIGHTON STATION, DIAMOND LAKE, SOUTH ISLAND, N.Z.



See "Our Illustration."

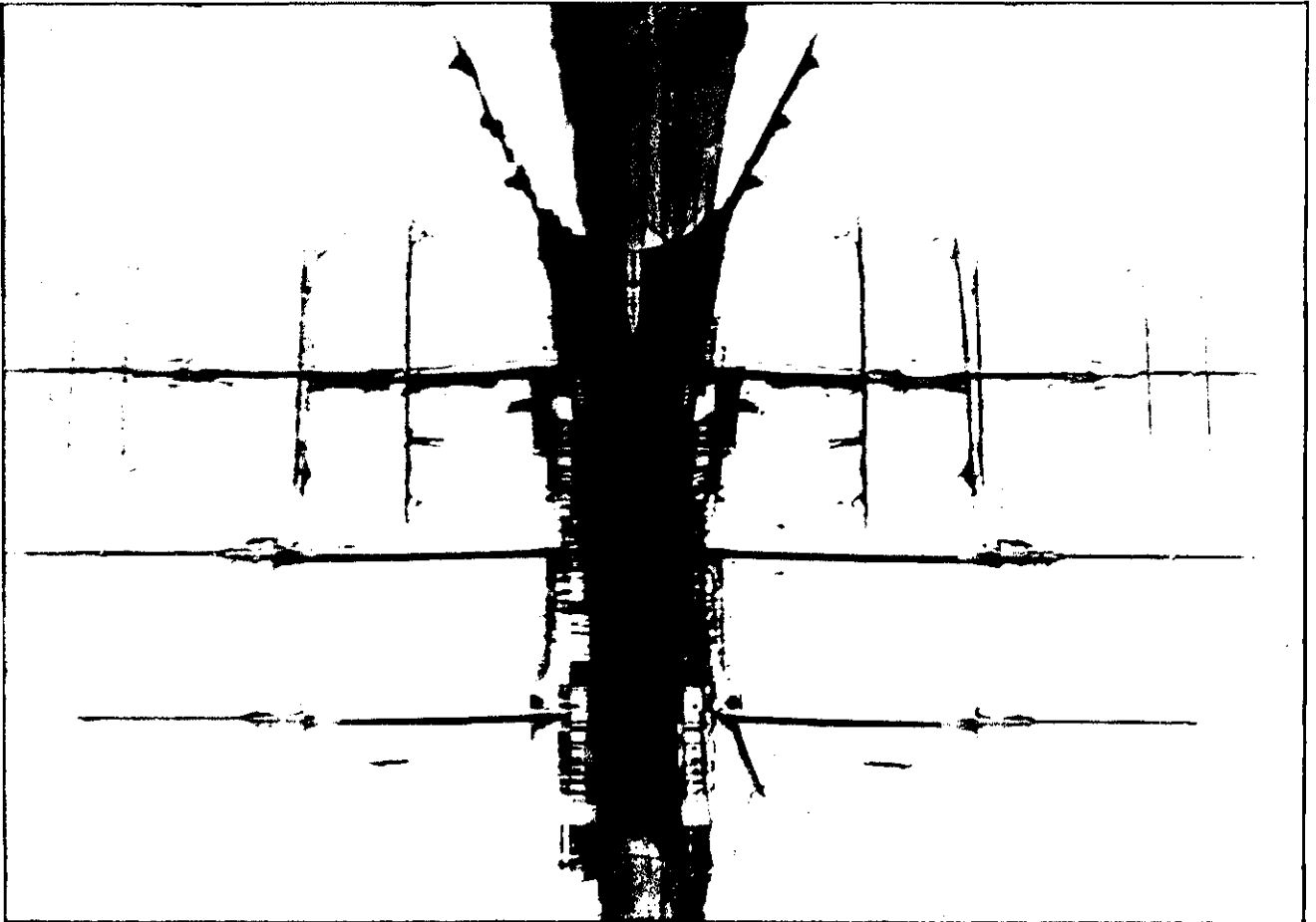
**FLEET OF TRAWLERS AT GRIMSBY, ENGLAND.**

THIS FOREST OF MASTS AND FUNNELS, REPRESENTING ONLY A SMALL PORTION OF THE FLEET, WHICH SAILS OUT OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE PORT, GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE EXTENT OF THE INDUSTRY.



A STRIKING POSTER AT THE VERY SUCCESSFUL "OLDE ENGLISCH FAYRE," HELD IN WELLINGTON IN AID OF THE HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Miss Miles, who represented Nelson, Moate & Co.'s teas.

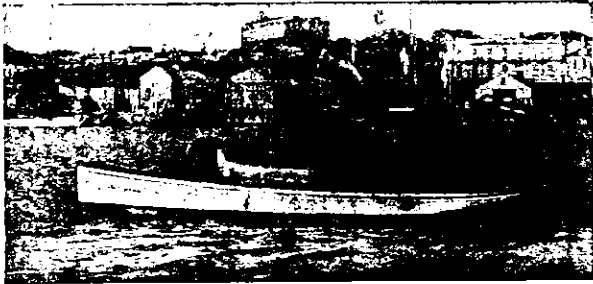


AS SEEN IN NATURE'S MIRROR—A. HATRIK AND COS. BARQUENTINE, ALEXA ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.

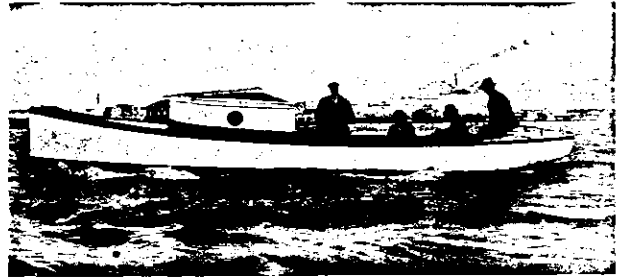
Though you would not think so, this photo is here inserted upside down. To see it correctly reverse the photo.

# Hercules Oil Engines

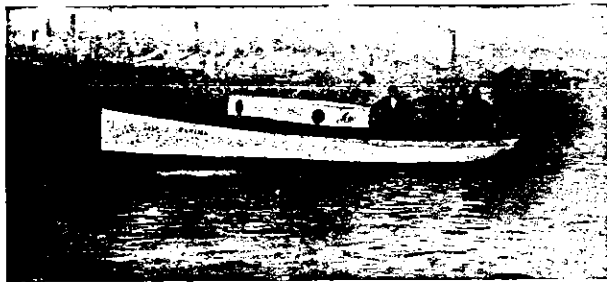
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BELOW REPRESENT A FEW OF THE LAUNCHES WHICH HAVE BEEN LATELY BUILT AND INSTALLED WITH HERCULES OIL ENGINES.



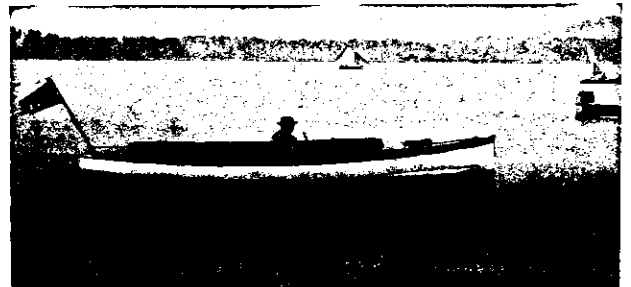
**NAMU.**  
Fitted with a 3 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 25ft; Beam 5ft 6in; Draught 1ft 8in.  
Built for Mr Webber, Elmslie's Bay, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



**MARORO.**  
Fitted with 3 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 30ft; Beam 7ft 6in.  
Built for F. W. Newton, Kawhia, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



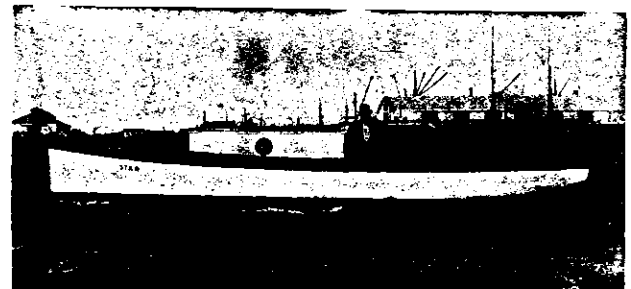
**FARINA.**  
Fitted with 5 H.P. Hercules Engine. Speed 8 miles. Length 30ft; Beam 7ft 6in.  
Built for Messrs. Rohrlach and Huxley, Thames, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



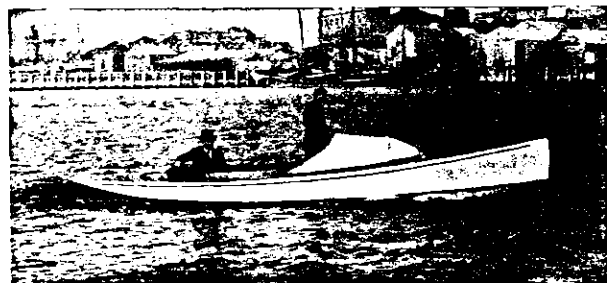
**BEWA.**  
Fitted with 1 1/2 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 28ft; Beam 4ft 6in.  
Built by Messrs Brown and Sons, T. Kopuru.



**WAITOA (TUNNEL LAUNCH).**  
Fitted with 3 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 22ft; Beam 5ft; Draught 8in.  
Built for Messrs. Otway Bros., Plako, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.  
This launch made the trip from Auckland to the Thames in six hours.



**STAR.**  
Fitted with 1 1/2 H.P. Hercules Engines. Length 26ft; Beam 7ft.  
Built for A. Cowe, Auckland, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



**TITI.**  
Fitted with 1 1/2 H.P. Hercules Engine. Length 23ft; Beam 5ft 6in; Draught 1ft 6in.  
Built for Mr. Hughes, Pipton, by Messrs. Bailey and Lowe.



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

# E. PORTER & CO.

SOLE AGENTS, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

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



## Fireplaces and Fireirons

Continued from page 4.

mens of the steel work of the period. The reader's attention is drawn to the various contrivances for holding fireirons, the shield-shaped one in the corner of Fig. 4 being particularly interesting and uncommon.

With the advent of coal, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, fire-dogs and fenders came into use, whilst the acts of fireirons manufactured some fifty years later were very similar to those of the present day.

About the year 1750 well-to-do people began to have the large iron plates which were fixed at the back of the fireplace (and which were known as "fire backs"), cast with their coats of arms and the date. Judging from the large number of "fire backs" adorning "olde curiosity shoppes," and more reputable mart, these accessories must have been in considerable request. They disappeared with the invention of the hob-grate over a hundred years ago, an institution which still survives in London and elsewhere; they were first known as "cat stones"—presumably that no foolish person might mistake them for fire-dogs.

After the hob-grate came the stove, an unpleasant acquisition, to be followed by the gas-stove—a horrid excrescence, which is as useful as it is hideous.

### THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/ has been sent to the writer of this verse—Miss G.L.C.S., P. O. 124.

Get a hat with craps on,  
Dig his narrow bed;  
All the girls use Sapon,  
Poor old Soap is dead!

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best adv. verse about "SAPON" in same metre as above, with each week SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAPON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

### AN EARLIER PRIZE.

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/ was on the 28th of June, sent to the writer of this verse—Mrs. F. H. Tane. P. O. 124. The poem should really have been published in the "N.Z. Graphic" of 8th July, but was inadvertently omitted.

Gaze on Father Gapon—  
Clean and white and sapon,  
Washed himself with Sapon,  
By the Czar's advice.

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best adv. verse about "SAPON" in same metre as above, with each week SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAPON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

When colds and influenza rage,  
They add to life a dismal page—  
They make us all look twice our age—  
And scatter death around.  
'Tis then we find a friend so sure,  
In WILLIAM WOODS' GREAT PEPPER-  
MINE CURE,  
Which, always certain, always pure,  
Will save us many a pound.—O.

**"ALL SIGNS FAIL IN A DRY TIME!"**  
**THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS**  
**IN A WET TIME.**

Remember this when you buy Wet Weather Clothing and look for the name **TOWER** on the buttons. This sign and this name have stood for the **BEST** during sixty-seven years of increasing sales.

If your dealer will not supply you write for free catalogue of black or yellow waterproof oiled coats, slickers, suits, hats, and horse goods for all kinds of wet work.

**A. J. TOWER & CO.,**  
MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE, PERTH & AUCKLAND.  
Factories, BOSTON, U. S. A.



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

## NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF CASTOR OIL.

Railway Department, Head Office, Wellington, 8th July, 1905.

WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 8th July, 1905, for the Supply and Delivery of Castor Oil.

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

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

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

By order, T. ROXAYNE, General Manager, N.Z. Railways.

## Personal Paragraphs

Mr and Mrs Sison, of Whakatane, are visiting Rotorua.

Mrs Wesley Spragg (Auckland) is staying in Rotorua.

Miss Gladys Sunderland (Hawke's Bay) is visiting Gisborne. She is staying with Mrs Reynolds.

Mr. J. McK. Goddes and his family (Auckland) are spending a holiday at the Old Lakes in the South Island.

Mr W. S. Wylie, of Thames, who has been on a trip to England, has returned to the Thames, having had a most enjoyable trip.

Mrs. A. Seymour has returned from her trip South, and her sister, Miss Cordner from Rakaia, has come with her, writes our Gisborne correspondent.

Mrs Lorie, of Glenwood, Mornington, Dunedin, is at present residing in Auckland, and has taken a house in the Ladies' Mile, Remuera.

Mr and Mrs Marris, of Westport, have been spending a short holiday with their son, Mr F. Marris, manager of the Bank of New South Wales, Thames.

Mrs. Cruickshank, widow of the late D. B. Cruickshank, has died at Lausanne in Switzerland. She had not been well for several months past, but her death was unexpected.

Mr. S. H. Gilbert Smith, of the Thames, has resigned his position on the Nelson College teaching staff to join that of the Prince Albert College, Auckland.

Dr. A. Challinor Purchas, who went to Australia some weeks ago to recuperate his health, which had broken down owing to an attack of blood-poisoning, has returned to Auckland.

Mr Edward Turner, who has retired from the service of the Bank of Australasia on pension, has been presented with a spirit-stand and an address by the staff of the Auckland branch.

Miss Noeline Lincoln, daughter of Mr R. S. Lincoln, of Auckland, recently passed the associatehip examination of the London College of Music at Manila and Muswellbrook, N.S.

Mr and Mrs Gutheridge and family (Auckland), accompanied by Dr. Gutheridge, of Melbourne, visited Rotorua last week and stayed at "Kia Ora House."

At Cambridge last week Mr Thos. Low was presented with a silver-mounted baton and a pair of gold links by the Cambridge Musical Society, of which he was conductor, on the occasion of his leaving Cambridge.

At a supper given after the final performance by the Tauranga Operatic Concert Company, Mr Phillips, the conductor, in a complimentary speech, presented Mrs W. McKinnon, the accompanist, with a silver-mounted ear-case and a gold necklace, on behalf of the members of the company.

We learn by the last San Francisco mail that Mr Ernest L. Wright, who was a pupil of Mr H. A. Chatfield, of this city, has gained his diploma of Doctor of Dental Surgery at Pennsylvania University, and now intends studying for the English diploma at the London Dental Hospital.

Miss Glendinning (Wairoa) is the guest of Mrs. Hamlin (Napier).

Miss Duiagan, of the Wairarapa, is staying in Wanganui.

Dr. and Mrs. Findlay (Wellington) have gone to Sydney for a holiday.

Mrs. West (London) is the guest of Mrs. H. B. Lusk (Napier).

Miss Hoadley (Napier) is spending a few weeks in the country.

Mrs John Watt, of Wanganui, is staying in Palmerston North with relations.

Mrs Sorley (Feilding), Mrs F. Lethbridge (Feilding) were recently in Wanganui for a short visit.

Mrs Thompson, of the Hutt, Wellington, is the guest of Mrs Fred Jones (Wanganui).

Mrs C. Bull, of Wanganui, is staying in Feilding with her daughter, Mrs A. Fitzherbert.

Mrs Bidwill (Wairarapa) has been in Wellington lately, where she was the guest of Mrs Collins.

Mrs J. Hewitt (Palmita) is visiting Captain and Mrs Hewitt, Fitzherbert, Palmerston North.

Miss Frances Moore has returned to Wanganui after a round of gaieties in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Hogg, of England, are the guests of Mr and Mrs Hogg, in Wanganui.

Miss Seale is spending a few weeks' holiday with Mrs. Barnard Chambers (writes our Napier correspondent).

Mr. and the Misses Johnston (Wai-pukurau) are staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Miss E. Gilbertson, who is spending a few weeks in Napier, is staying with Mrs. Hindmarsh, Cobden-road.

Miss D. Hindmarsh (Napier) is on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Bolton, Woodville.

Mrs Saxby (Napier) is in Wellington for a week or two. She has been staying with Lady Hector at Petone.

Mr. and Mrs. Bidwill (Featherston) have returned home after a visit to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Paterson (Wellington) are at present in Spiney, where they mean to spend some weeks.

Mr. L. H. McIlwain, of Blackhead, who met with an accident recently, is now on the road to recovery (writes our Napier correspondent).

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Levin (Marton) have returned home after a week or two in Wellington.

Mrs James Watt, of Wanganui, has returned from a two months' trip to Sydney, where she has been visiting relations.

Mrs. Mrs. and Miss Kirkcaldie have gone North to Rotorua and Auckland for a few weeks, writes our Wellington correspondent.

### BILIOUSNESS FOR MANY YEARS

Bile Beans: a Reliable Remedy.

When you are bilious, every thought of food is nauseous. When the room gets warm, you feel as if you were going to be sick. If you hurry to catch a car or a train, there is the feeling again. Headaches, turning off with sickness, a nasty coated tongue, are other symptoms of Biliousness, and a symptom most distressing to the female sex is the fearful green-yellow colour which the face comes to have if Biliousness is allowed to continue. All this arises from misdirected bile, which is due, primarily, to improper liver action. Mrs R. Wrigley, of Mira-street, off Lincoln-road, Ponsonby, Auckland says: "I have been a sufferer with biliousness, accompanied by sick headache, for many years, and tried many so-called remedies in the hope of getting rid of them, but without success. Twelve months ago I decided to give Bile Beans a trial. An improvement was noticeable after the first few doses, and, continuing the course, I was thoroughly cured. Bile Beans are without doubt a first-class remedy for Biliousness, and kindred ills. Their action is gentle, yet effective, and I can, with confidence, recommend them to fellow-sufferers." Bile Beans are a safe family medicine, and a proved cure for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Bad Breath, Anaemia, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Pimples, and all Skin Eruptions, Rheumatism, and, by giving tone to the system, will ward off Coughs, Colds and Influenza.

## MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS

If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. YOKO MATS (the new flower pot cover Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices. FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY. Telephone 522

Opposite D.S.O., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.



MRS WEBSTER, PROFESSIONAL FLORIST.

Opposite the Railway Station, AUCKLAND.

The Best Home in Town for Floral Work of Every Description. Guaranteed to Satisfy the Most Fastidious. Trial Solicited. Moderate Charges. FRESH CUT FLOWERS ALWAYS ON HAND. Kindly Note the Address.

### ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Mr Reginald Back to Miss Kathleen Fraser, of St. Clair, Dunedin. Mr Back, who was in the Union Shipping Company's office in Lyttelton, has recently been appointed local agent at the Bluff.

## Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, July 18.

### COMING EVENTS.

We are really getting quite gay in Auckland this year. There are euche and bridge parties nearly every week, and dances galore. This week there is something rather out of the common to go to, namely,

### A CONVERSAZIONE.

at St. Mary's Hall, Barnell. It is to be rather a smart affair, I'm told, and we are all to wear evening dress. Some of the attractions advertised are: Violin solo by Herr Wilhelm, recitation by Madame Bœufve, a musical play, and a musical programme, which is being arranged by Dr. Thomas. I may also mention that there is to be a most recherche supper. The conversazione is being held to raise funds for the new organ at St. Mary's Church.

The Auckland Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club hold their second euche party and dance at the Federal Hall on July 22nd.

### THE ART SOCIETY'S CONVERSAZIONE.

As you may imagine, we have looked forward with much interest to the first conversazione of the Art Society in their new building. This function is always enjoyable, and invitations thereto are much prized; but, of course, this year we were all anxious to see the new rooms, and I may say at once we had never imagined the building would be half as fine as it is. The exterior is very effective, and highly original, and the interior arrangements are just perfect. A broad staircase leads to the gallery, which is most admirably lighted, the artificial light at night being most cleverly managed. The scene was a very animated and effective one, and Mr. Devore's speech was most interesting. Supper—very kindly provided by the president, Mr. Devore—was served downstairs, and this innovation at the soirées of the society was much appreciated. There was a large gathering present. Of those I remember were:—Mrs. Devore, who was gracefully attired in a rich black shirred tulle, with lace yoke, and black ostrich feather bon; Miss K. Devore looked pretty in an eau de nil silk blouse, with Oriental white lace yoke, and a black skirt; Mrs. Goldborough was dainty in black crepe de chine and cream lace yoke; Mrs. Goldie wore a recherche black gauged tulle gown; Mrs H. Arty was charmingly frocked in black crepe de chine with lace yoke; Mrs Whitney, black cloth costume; Mrs. C. A. Whitney, black gown with touches of

emerald green velvet; Miss Oxley wore a rich black merveilleux evening gown with spray of autumn leaves on corsage; Mrs. Crawshaw, white silk blouse, black skirt and lovely white t-trimmed feather stole; Miss Crawshaw was daintily in a white silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Butterland, white silk blouse and dark skirt; Miss Beck, was pretty in a white silk frock; Miss Dorothy Knight wore an effective cherry red silk blouse with cream lace, and a black skirt; Mrs. Peacock, black brocade with black and cream lace on corsage; Mrs. M. McLean looked exceedingly well in a black point d'esprit evening robe, mounted on a silk foundation; Mrs. R. Frater, recherche black silk toilette with white and chiffon entredoux on bodice; Mrs. Suggate, black evening gown, and handsome black and white cloak; Mrs. Davis, white silk gown with touches of blue, and green coat; Mrs. Warren Blythe, black merveilleux with crimson silk centre; Miss Hickson looked pretty in black velvet with lovely point lace collar; Mrs. J. J. Craig, fawn and white flake crepe gown; Miss Langford had a very pretty white lace and pink silk blouse with ruffled ribbon tulle on yoke, and a black satin skirt; Miss Lelia Langsford was daintily frocked in white silk, white cloak; Mrs. Oxley, pink glaze silk evening gown; Miss Caldwell, smart evening frock; Mrs. Benjamin wore a graceful black crepe de chine toilette over glaze silk foundation, the bodice was prettily draped with crepe lace; Mrs. Paton, black silk voile, embroidered with pretty floral design, transparent lace yoke and sleeves; Mrs. McCosh Clark wore a handsome black silk toilette, trimmed with lace; Miss Pearl Clark looked charming in a dainty black heribonnet net toilette with soft black chiffon tucker on bodice; Mrs. Myers, rich black silk gown with beautiful capotee collar of Bohemian lace; Mrs. Arthur Myers was beautifully gowned in black chiffon, richly trimmed with bands of sequins, pale blue ribbon threaded through her hair, and a dainty Victorian scarf of pale blue and silver; Mrs. Tewsley wore an effective gown of black tulle with the bodice finished with rich white lace, chine silk sash; Mrs. Holmes was strikingly gowned in a pretty shade of orchid mauve glaze with encrustations of twin-coloured lace; Mrs. Houghton wore a very pretty frock of cream corded silk with berthe of lace and chiffon, deep flounce on skirt of white chiffon lined with satin ribbon; Mrs. Arthur Gillies, soft white silk, prettily tucked and shirred; Miss Rooke, pretty pale blue frock, trimmed with handsome cream applique; Mrs. Pollen, black crepe de chine, bodice trimmed with cream insertion, Victorian scarf of old lace; Miss Lusk, pretty black crepe de chine, pale blue opera coat trimmed with white fur; Mrs. Robertson, handsome black silk, finished with jetted lace, black velvet in collar; Mrs. Harold Heather, soft white silk, prettily trimmed with Paris lace; Mrs. Pierce, black silk with handsome grey broaded silk opera coat, dainty cream lace cap with pale pink ribbons; Miss Pierce wore a charming gown of dove grey silk, striped muslin, softened with chiffon; Mrs. Egeyton, roseda green challie with faggetted yoke and encrustations of cream applique; Mrs. Harold Bagnall wore a black skirt and very pretty soft silk blouse, trimmed with Paris lace and insertion; Miss Gorrice, black silk and net evening gown, relieved with cream lace applique on bodice; Miss Pearl Gorrice was prettily gowned in pink silk, the bodice made with a deep Victorian yoke of Paris lace; Miss Tisdall, black crepe de chine, trimmed with black applique, cluster cream and red banksia roses on corsage; Miss Tisdall, black mousseline de soie, the corsage outlined with ribbon of pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Pearl Tisdall, dainty sea green silk, the bodice trimmed with lace and pink roses, cluster of pink roses in collar; Mrs. Colegrove was gowned in a roseda green silk gown with cross-over bodice, cream lace V-shaped yoke; Mrs. Dawson, black silk, with a handsome black velvet opera cloak; Mrs. Ware, a very smart gown of black silk and jetted net; Mrs. Cliphant wore a handsome myrtle green tulle with cream lace entredoux; Miss Cliphant wore a white silk frock with centre of shaded ribbon; Mrs. E. Vail was daintily frocked in soft white silk, finished with lace and chiffon; Mrs. Richard Partridge wore white with lovely ivory broaded silk opera coat; Mrs. Biss, black silk relieved with white chiffon; Miss Biss, black skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Miss McDonald wore a pretty soft white silk frock finished with lace and chiffon; Mrs. Morton wore black, Louisiane

silk with white chiffon on bodice and turquoise blue velvet; Miss Henry wore cream with pretty opera jacket; Miss Browne was daintily gowned in white, deep vandyked berthe outlined with pale blue ruchings; Miss —, Browne was daintily frocked in cream voile inset with Paris lace; Mrs. Corbett, rich black broaded silk gown with jet and lace trimmings; Mrs. Cotter, black chiffon voile toilette, with rich coral lace vest, and very handsome black broaded evening coat; Miss Winnie Cotter looked charming in an azure blue accordion-pleated crepe de chine gown with deep berthe of lovely Maltese lace, black velvet centre; Miss Stewart, black skirt, with soft white silk blouse, and her sister wore a black skirt and black and green blouse; Miss Dora Moor looked well in a dark skirt and silk blouse with transparent lace yoke; Miss Button, black skirt and effective blue blouse encrusted with Paris lace; Miss Daisy Mowbray, white gown with pretty erision cloak; Mrs. Mackay wore a graceful black gown with transparent yoke and sleeves, her little daughter Miss Mona Mackay, wore white; Miss Milne, handsome black silk toilette richly trimmed, with jet; Mrs. Kekwick, black silk gown, with cream insertion outlining square cut decolletage, handsome evening cloak of black silk, with Paris lace collar; Miss Kathleen Shera was daintily frocked in white soft silk, with pale blue centre and chon; Miss Rene St. Paul, black skirt and pretty pale blue blouse; Miss Holland wore white silk with pale pink corsalet belt; Mrs. Lusher, black skirt and soft white silk blouse relieved with touches of blue; Mrs. Bargarville, pretty black silk with white chiffon and lace entredoux; Mrs. M. A. Carr, pale blue evening dress, beautiful cream lace scarf; Mrs. Evershed, dainty white silk dress shirred and trimmed with lace; Mrs. Abbott, handsome black glaze toilette relieved with white chiffon, lovely black silk coat with Paris lace encrustations; Mrs. Plummer wore black and white with very pretty shutey-blue opera coat; Misses Van Meyern were picturesquely gowned in white voile with deep accordion-pleated flounce and crimson velvet opera coat, and a very pretty pale grey mousseline de soie with spray of roses on corsage respectively; Mrs. Richmond, handsome black toilette relieved with white; Miss Richmond looked charming in a black silk skirt and pretty embroidered white silk blouse, becoming evening coat; Miss Firth wore black with cluster of roses on corsage; Mrs. Mahoney, was effectively gowned in blue accordion-pleated crepe de chine; Mrs. Jack Reed wore a graceful black toilette; Miss Girdler, black skirt and dainty white soft silk blouse inset with lace medallions; Miss Snelling (Maungaturoto), black skirt and rich black merveilleux silk blouse.

#### CONCERNUM AFTERNOON.

Following up the series of winter afternoon and evening "At Home" given by the members of the Takapuna Croquet Club, was a most most enjoyable Concernum Tea, given by the Misses Touchen at their residence, "Pohutakawa." Delightful arrangements had been made by the hostesses for the entertainment of their guests, who thoroughly enjoyed the fun spent in unravelling local concerns, many of them being extremely ingenious and amusing. The prizes for the greatest number of correct guesses fell to Mrs. H. Lloyd Brett and Mrs. Shakespeare. The Misses Touchen were fitted in white silk blouses and dark skirts. Among those present were Mesdames Curry, Esdaile, Masfen, Brett, Alison, Shakespeare, A. Brett, Mr. O'Neil, Kirk, A. L. Brett, Sharland, Buchanan, Hari, Momen, Bradstreet, Weston, Fieldis, Tomkyns, Williamson, Griffiths, Blomfield, Boak, Green, Beck, Miss Alison, Berry, Williamson, Flower, Misses Alison, Berry, Williamson, Flower, Jackson.

#### GRAFTON HOCKEY DANCE.

The Grafton Ladies' Hockey Club entertained their friends at a very enjoyable dance last Wednesday in King Edward's Hall. The hall, under the direction of Miss Murray, was tastefully decorated with greenery and flags, crossed hockey sticks leaning out the emblem of the club. A dainty supper was served on the verandah, the table being decorated very prettily with tea roses and bowls of violets arranged along a green centre. The table was in the hands of the Misses Connelly, Cooke, C. Murray, and Smith. Excellent music supplied by Mr. Marriage's orchestra, added greatly to the success of the evening. Messrs.

Connelly, H. Steele, Reid, Halliwell, Smith, and Sheppard, as M.C.'s, greatly assisted the committee in making the evening pass pleasantly. Among the chaperones I noticed Mrs. Steele who wore a handsome black silk, with rich Maltese lace; Mrs. Goodwin, black silk; Mrs. Capt. Clark, black satin; Mrs. Connelly, pretty blue voile, relieved with cream; Mrs. Speckley, rich black silk; Mrs. H. Daere, black, relieved with orange nasturtiums; Miss Murray, handsome white broaded, with red roses on corsage; her sisters were much admired in blue silk; Miss Cooke, black voile, relieved with pale blue; the Misses A. and C. Cooke wore pretty frocks of white silk; Miss Smith, black accordion-pleated silk, with Maltese laster, relieved with red roses; and her sister, blue accordion-pleated silk, relieved with white and pink spray; Miss Connelly, white, relieved with blue; and her sister wore white silk, with green bow in corsage and on corsage; Miss D. Stevenson looked very dainty in white toulain; and her sister wore red chiffon; Miss Huddle, white, with pink spray; Miss Goodwin looked pretty in white silk, with pink; Miss Frater was much admired in blue silk, with blue bow in hair; Miss Steele wore a lovely pink silk; her sisters wore white; Miss Walker, white silk; Miss Halliwell, white; Miss D. Metcalf, green silk; Miss G. Hill, pale blue; Miss Brodie, cream silk, red chon; Miss Mahon, white with pale blue; Miss Wallace, white silk, pink spray; Miss Garlick, white and yellow; Miss Garrett, pink silk with wreath of pink roses; Miss Grierson, white, with forget-me-nots; Misses de Montalk, white silks; Miss K. Wilson, white; Misses Sheppard wore white; Miss Anneson looked well in black, and her sister wore white; Miss Minnie Clark, dainty black muslin, edged with white; Miss V. Rose looked very nice in white silk, with large spray of pink flowers; Misses Whitson, white; Miss M. Brookfield, pretty pink silk; Miss Wyatt, white; Miss M. Walker (Ellerslie), white; Miss K. Williamson, heliotrope; Miss Wood, pink; Misses Atkinson, white; Miss Hanson, dainty white silk; Misses Walker, white; and many others too numerous to mention. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed the Messrs. Brabant, Connell, Lindsay, McCoy, Adams, Cooke, Good, Harper, Johansen, Whyte, McLean, de Montalk, Steele, Sloman, Winks, Hanan, Lee, Walker, Garrett (2), Cronan, Southam, Broadfoot, MacGregor, Murphy, Stewart, Gossett (2), Ward, Selgren, Arnold, McCormick, Best, Warren, C. Cooke, Drower (2), Armitage, Andrews, Witham, Holmden, Clark, Wyatt, Foote (2), Sheppard, and many others.

#### ST. GEORGE'S ROWING CLUB'S DINNER AND DANCE.

It seems that I unwittingly trod on some roars last week when I said that the St. George's Rowing Club's dinner was to take the place of the dance which has for years past been given about this time. The dinner, so I am officially asked to state, has nothing to do with the dropping of the dance, to which—as a club affair certain members of the committee were opposed on principle. The dinner has been arranged as a more suitable and imposing function, at which to present trophies and prizes won during the season, than the usual snake concert held in the past for the same purpose. The committee, I am asked to state, fully appreciate the support given to the club by the ladies of Parnell, and they endeavoured to show this during the past season by afternoon receptions on the beach. In this I may say at once they were quite successful.

#### SMALL AFTERNOON TEA.

A small but thoroughly enjoyable afternoon "AT HOME" was given by the Misses Kissling at their pretty home, "Taramui," Point Resolution, on Friday last. As you no doubt know, the view from there is exquisite, and we saw it at its best on Friday, which I say, gasp or conversation? was the order of the day. Miss Florence Walker and Miss May Kissling singing several solos during the afternoon. Tea was served in the dining-room, the table, which was prettily decorated with violets and vases of mimosa, being covered with all sorts of good things—fruit trolleys, sandwiches, and the most beautiful cakes and sweets of every description. I must not forget to mention the devilled almonds, which are a particular weakness of mine. Some very pretty costumes were worn. Amongst them I

noticed: Miss Kissling, our hostess, who was prettily gowned in pale blue checked soubrette over white, dainty corsalet belt of pastel shaded blue, and heliotrope ribbons; Miss May Kissling wore a charming frock of cornflower blue challie, shirred and effectively trimmed with cream lace applique; Mrs. Harold Kissling wore a graceful gown of pale grey spotted voile, and Empire belt of shaded ribbons; Mrs. Houghton looked charming in a picturesque violet cloth gown effectively trimmed with native glaze silk and fringe, sweet little toque en suite; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield was prettily frocked in pale grey, prettily finished with chiffon overlaid with cream applique, green hat wreathed with mignonette; Mrs. Steggall wore navy blue costume with cream vest, smart blue and green hat; Mrs. Russell wore a leather mixture tweed coat and costume with white vest, hat to match; Miss McAndrew wore a dark blue costume finished with Roman embroidery, white vest, duck blue hat; Miss Henderson, grey checked tweed tailor-made, and white vest and black hat; Miss Mulvany was wearing a chocolate brown hoppersack costume and brown hat; Miss Purchas wore all black, with black hat; Miss Ethel Grierson, pretty dark blue sea coat and skirt with white facings, white berry weathered felt hat; Miss Jleywood, dark navy costume with white vest, small toque Miss Mirams looked charming in a pretty bright blue cloth gown, black picture hat; Miss Pickering, black and white striped tweed tailor-made gown, white vest, hat en suite; her sister, Miss B. Pickering, wore dark blue, with a pretty violet wreathed white felt hat; Miss George looked particularly well in a cream serge Russian costume and dainty Cavalier black beaver hat; Miss Florence Walker, dark blue cloth and black hat; Miss Sylvia Thorpe was effectively gowned in cream serge, relieved with touches of brown, brown and white hat; Miss Lily Thorpe wore a pretty costume of pale grey tweed, smart grey felt hat to match; Miss Lusk wore a grey checked tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, black polo toque; Miss O. Lusk, pale grey, with black hat; Miss Gillilan looked pretty in a navy cloth coat and skirt, dainty cream vest, and a pretty navy hat of the new French sailor shape; Miss Dagna Gillilan, smart dark blue tailor-made costume, with white vest, black picture hat; Miss Evelyn Brooke-Smith wore a green Russian coat and costume, with pretty hat en suite; Miss McCray wore a navy coat and skirt, and Tuscan hat trimmed with blue; Miss Stevenson, navy serge coat and skirt, with cream vest, pretty bright red hat; Miss Buller wore a smart pale grey tweed coat and costume, piped with turquoise blue velvet, becoming torpeda toque to match; Miss Moss was wearing a black and white flecked tweed tailor-made costume, with small black hat.

#### EUCHRE AND BRIDGE PARTY.

The committee of ladies who worked so indefatigably to make the euche and bridge party given to raise funds for the Benevolent Society, on Thursday last, at the Federal Hall a success, were, I hear, very disappointed that the public of Auckland did not (on this occasion, at all events) put their best foot foremost to assist a good cause. The attendance, though larger than usual at such functions, did not come up to expectations, and many tables which had been provided for players were not used at all. Supper (a very tempting one) had also been provided for a great many more people than were present. All the arrangements were remarkably good, and there was no confusion over rules or finding the next table. Very handsome prizes were given, and these were won by Mrs. Kronfeldt, Mrs. Passmore, Mrs. Crawshaw, and Mr. H. Hesketh, and Miss Culpan, Miss Reid, Mrs. Moritzson, and Miss Atkinson for the euche, and the bridge prizes were won by Mrs. Elliot Davis and Mr. Donald McCormick. When one is playing euche enthusiastically, and with a due feeling of responsibility to one's partner, it is very difficult to remember the gown worn, especially when there are such a large number of players, but some I particularly noticed were:—Mrs. F. W. King, who looked remarkably well in an ivory coloured silk blouse striped with black velvet, and finished with Louis bows; Mrs. Devore was in a handsome black evening toilette with transparent yoke and sleeves of black lace; Mrs. Bedford wore white silk, the bodice deftly arranged with white lace and brown fur; Mrs. Kronfeldt, lovely dove-grey Ottoman silk gown with white chiffon berthe; Miss Day, black lace skirt and ivory and pink floral silk blouse; Miss Alison,

pretty cream evening frock threaded with black bebe ribbon, tangerine ribbon in coiffure; Miss Phillips, pale heliotrope silk blouse and darker skirt; Miss Dora Phillips, looked pretty in blush rose pink silk blouse, and black skirt; Miss Rothschild, stylish black toilette; Mrs. Louis Myers, black brocade, with handsome Bohemian lace collar; Mrs. Benjamin wore an effective black crepe de chine toilette with encrustations of Paris-tinted applique; Mrs. Ehrenfried was wearing a very handsome black taffetas evening toilette; Mrs. McDonald wore a handsome black gown with white lace; Miss McDonald, black skirt and effective black and green silk blouse; Mrs. J. A. Beale wore black satin with transparent sleeves and yoke; Mrs. Keating wore a lovely green Oriental satin with lace encrustations; Miss Lane wore a pretty white blouse and black skirt; Mrs. Morton was effectively gowned in black silk, the bodice softened with white chiffon and finished with bands of turquoise blue ribbon; Mrs. Parkes wore a handsome black silk voile over glace foundation, finished with lovely black lace on bodice, Louis erize bows; Mrs. Sloman wore black velvet with white lace draped round corsage, clusters of forget-me-nots in hair and on bodice; Miss C. Sloman looked pretty in a soft white gown; Mrs. Coney was strikingly gowned in pink accordion-pleated chiffon, toned with black, black corsalet belt; Mrs. Thomas, black skirt with smart semi-evening silk blouse, blue opera coat; Miss Thomas was daintily frocked in soft white silk, pale green corsage; Miss Ireland wore blue spotted chiffon over glace foundation, the bodice artistically draped with Paris lace and insertion; Miss J. Ireland looked charming in pale blue tucked silk, elaborately banded with cream lace applique; Miss Lusk, black crepe de chine with cream lace medallions; Miss O. Lusk wore black, effectively relieved with Paris lace; Mrs. Nelson, handsome black silk toilette with brocade opera coat; Mrs. F. Battley, black skirt and dainty white silk blouse, adorned with lace medallions; Mrs. J. St. Clair wore a lovely blue figured mousseline de soie over glace foundation; her daughters wore white; Miss Annie Berry looked remarkably well in black, the bodice prettily finished with transparent bands of black insertion; Miss Nelson, pretty pale shrimp pink silk gown, trimmed with lace; Miss K. Nelson, in dainty blue silk, softened with lace and chiffon; Miss Sanders wore a black silk skirt, heliotrope crepe de chine blouse, encrusted with Paris lace medallions; Miss Marks, soft white shirred silk; Miss Sator wore a very handsome Paris-tinted lace gown over glace silk; Miss A. Sator was prettily gowned in pale blue, softened with lace and chiffon; Miss Daisy Sator looked pretty in soft white silk and lace with lovely crush roses in front of bodice; Mrs. Bargeville, very handsome black toilette, relieved with touches of white; Miss M. Reid looked charming in black with transparent V-shaped yoke, pale blue sash; Miss L. Cox wore a fawn gown, with lace encrustations; Mrs. Lynch wore a handsome black brocade silk toilette finished with lace; Miss Bock was gowned in brown silk striped bengaline; Mrs. Corbett wore black, trimmed with lace, caught with red roses; Miss Culpan looked very pretty in white silk and lace, with clusters of red flowers in front of corsage; Miss E. Culpan was daintily frocked in pink shirred crepe de chine; Miss Ballin wore a striking gown of blue shaded mousseline de soie, prettily finished with guffered frills; Miss Sam. Hesketh wore black, relieved with touches of white; Miss May Hesketh wore a black skirt and pretty soft white silk blouse; Mrs. Samuels wore a handsome black toilette; Miss Carlaw looked well in black, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Beaumont was wearing a graceful black toilette, with white vest, adorned with black Louis erize bows; Mrs. Phillips wore a black skirt and very pretty blue silk blouse, with lace encrustations; Mrs. H. Baker, lemon-coloured silk, softened with white chiffon; Miss K. Doyere, dainty pale green silk blouse, and black skirt, green butterfly bow in her hair; Mrs. H. Senger wore a shimmering azure blue glace silk blouse, relieved with handsome black lace, black silk skirt; Miss Senger, evening black beribboned voile frock, the bodice deftly arranged with turquoise blue velvet; Mrs. H. Airey, charming black crepe de chine gown, with black chiffon fichu caught with a bunch of Parma violets; Miss St. Clair, white muslin frock, with pink ribbon;

Miss Coleman wore a pretty blue glace silk blouse and black trained skirt, blue flowers in coiffure; Miss South, dainty white silk frock, brightened with pink; Misses Atkinson were attired in black and white silk respectively; Miss Savage was in a white silk and lace blouse and champagne-coloured voile skirt; Miss Ehrenfried, effective black gown, with diamond star on decolletage; Mrs. Lither was daintily in a lemon-coloured satin, veiled in cream beribboned net; Miss Maude, white voile and lace frock, tangerine corsage and butterfly bow in her hair; Mrs. H. Gentles, black evening toilette, with cherry-coloured ribbons; Mrs. Mackay, becoming black gown with cream lace pelerine; Mrs. Mervyn Rejane looked pretty in a delicate pink silk gown, softened with white chiffon; Mrs. Warren Hlyth wore black net over silk, white net berthe and corsage bouquet of crimson geraniums; Miss F. Williamson; Miss Connolly, black evening gown, spangled with jet; Mrs. Passmore wore a pretty pale pink shirred crepe de chine, toned with chiffon; Miss Dyson, pretty silk gown, effectively trimmed with Paris lace and net; Miss — Dyson, pale pink skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Mrs. Ernest Ashton was graceful in cream voile, inserted with ceru lace; Mrs. Eliot Davis, dainty blue and white mousseline de soie gown with bands of ceru insertion; Mrs. Scott wore black and a handsome dove grey cloak; Mrs. H. Jones wore a pretty blue silk chiffon; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, effective black voile gown with jet decolletage, and green leaves in coiffure; Mrs. Cyril Bell was gowned in black with white transparent yoke and moss green velvet berthe and corsage; Miss Belle Moir, pretty porcelain blue silk and white lace blouse and black voile skirt; Miss L. Moir, blush rose pink silk blouse and black skirt, blue ribbon threaded in her hair; Misses Bock wore pretty pale green and white silk, respectively; Miss A. Culpan, white silk frock and wreathlet of red berries in her hair; Miss Goldie was in a dainty white silk; Miss Owen, white tucked silk blouse and black voile trained skirt; Miss Ada Owen, cameo pink silk blouse with white lace fichu.

HOCKEY DANCE.

The members of the Huia Hockey Club held their first euchre and dance of the season last week in the Masonic Hall, Princes-street, and it was a great success. There were about ninety couples present. Progressive euchre was played until 10 o'clock. Miss Mychart won the first prize, a very pretty silver-mounted bottle, presented by the secretary, Mrs. Best, and Mr. Martin carried off the gentlemen's prize, a handsome Indian worked tie-case, presented by the captain of the Club, Miss W. Smith. After cards the floor was cleared for dancing, which was kept up until the early hours of the morning. Marriage's band was in attendance. Mrs. Best looked well in a black silk evening dress; Mrs. Baginall wore white; Mrs. Gresham, handsome black silk, trained skirt; Miss F. Gresham, dainty cream frock; Miss Squirrel, pretty white silk; Miss Kathleen Whitaker, graceful black evening frock, corsage relieved with spray of pink roses; Miss Ruby Angove looked pretty in pale green silk, relieved with pink roses; Miss Elsie Cawkwell was dressed in white silk; Miss Evelyn Crawford, pretty silk frock, flowers on corsage; Miss Alice Angove was attired in a dainty pink silk; Miss Winifred Smith, charming white silk frock relieved with insertion, turquoise blue in hair; Miss Simpson, pretty pale yellow; Miss Gannon, cream frock, flowers in hair; Miss Young, white silk; Miss J. Smith, pretty blue silk relieved with insertion and lace; Miss N. Dorrer, blue silk blouse, pretty grey skirt; Miss — Dorrer looked well in black velvet; Miss Angus, white silk, flowers in hair; Miss Tills looked dainty in red silk; Miss Ruby Moore, white silk; Miss G. Wright, rose pink silk, flowers on corsage; Miss Fraser and Miss Wilkinson both wore dainty silk frocks; the Misses Grainger, stylish cream frocks, roses in hair; Miss Francis, becoming pink silk; Mrs. Williams wore black; Miss M. McLeod, pretty silk frock, Maltese lace trimming; the Misses Bartley, pretty white dresses. Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs Whitaker, Simpson, Slater, Bagnall, Mead, McMurray, Passmore, McDonald, Gresham, Dye, Sanders, Gannon, Culpan, Angus, Sloman, and Winks.

DANCE AT PAPAOKURA.

A most enjoyable "Underland" Dance was given in the Papanura Hall by Mrs. James Black, Findlay, Younghusband,

and Miss Shepherd. There were about 50 couples present. Dancing was kept up with great zest from 7.30 till a quarter to twelve, when a delightful evening was brought to a close and three hearty cheers were given for the hostesses. A number of town guests drove up in a brake, returning after the dance. Some very pretty dresses were worn. Amongst those I noticed were Mrs. Black, cream and black gown; Mrs. Findlay, black accordion-pleated gown, cream lace; Mrs. Younghusband, shirred white lousine; Miss Shepherd, pink silk; Miss Black, eau-de-nil over pink silk, pink roses on corsage; Miss N. Black, white, with blue cordflowers; Miss W. Shepherd, white voile, blue sash; Mrs. Wheeler, accordion-pleated gown with cream lace berthe; Mrs. Gawn, black satin; Mrs. Hay, black stain relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Weir, pale yellow accordion-pleated silk bodice; Mrs. Lewis, black; Mrs. Barkley, black; Miss Coche, black lace; Miss Moir, green silk; Miss Rice, white silk; Miss Williamson, mauve; Miss Stevenson, turquoise silk; Miss Hobbes (Sydney), black and crimson; Miss Steele, black; Miss McCormick, black velvet; Miss Wingate, black, yellow on corsage; Miss Torrance, black and crimson; Miss Sloman, white; Miss Daubeny, white silk; Miss Harrowell, white silk; Miss White, cream and yellow; Miss Chantfield, cream and black; Miss McEwen, black and cream; Miss Willis, black and crimson; Miss Cave, white silk; Miss — Cave, white satin; the Misses Wright, white silk; Misses Barkley white silk.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

HAMILTON.

Dear Bee, July 17. The annual ball given by the officers and men of the Auckland Mounted Rifles took place in the Hamilton Town Hall on Friday evening. About 75 couples were present. The hall and supper-room were prettily decorated with flags and evergreens. A programme of 22 dances was gone through, the extras being played by Mr. Panton. The duties of M.C. fell to Messrs. Panton and Livingstone, and were efficiently carried out. Mrs. Brewis acted as hostess. Some very pretty gowns were worn. Mrs. O'Neill had a handsome black silk gown, dove-coloured opera cape; Mrs. Stevens, black satin dress; Mrs. Sanders, black gown, pink opera cape; Mrs. Burd, black dress, red opera cape; Mrs. King, black; Mrs. Gaing, was graceful in cream net and satin trimmings; Mrs. Brewis, black lace, bodice relieved with pale pink; Mrs. Richardson (Cambridge), black gown, pretty theatre cloak; Mrs. Graham, black and white evening dress; Mrs. Cowley, cream; Mrs. Blackburn, black silk; Miss M. O'Neill looked stylish in pale yellow gown, bodice prettily trimmed with wallflower shade of velvet; Miss O'Neill, pretty pale green accordion-pleated evening frock; Miss Hill (Cambridge) looked pretty in white silk dress, red roses in hair; Mrs. Richardson, white silk; Miss Stevens, cream net gown; Miss Hanna looked pretty in white; Misses Cussen both wore white silk; Miss C. Wallnut, pale blue merveilleux evening gown; Miss — Sanders, pale pink dress finished with black velvet; Mrs. Preston, deep yellow silk gown; Miss Hooper, white; Miss Gibson, pink gown; Miss Swarbrick, pale pink silk covered with spotted net bodice, prettily finished with chiffon; Miss Chitty looked nice in pink brocade; Miss Hunt (Auckland), yellow; Miss Holloway, pale green gown; Misses Jephson, white frocks; Miss Hunt (Tamahere), cream; Miss G. Hunt, pale green silk; Miss Dowman, pink; Misses Ring,

white; Miss McGarrigle, white; Miss — McGarrigle, white silk relieved with yellow roses; Misses Bartley, white gown; Miss McAliken, black silk; Miss Barton, blue silk; Miss Edgercombe, pretty red silk evening gown; Miss H. Graham, pale blue silk; Miss R. Graham looked pretty in white silk, prettily trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss Olive Graham, white silk evening gown; Miss Pickering, pale blue silk; Miss Ewen, pretty white frock with pink trimming. Among the gentlemen were Captain Bell, Sergeant-Major Coleman, Major Hunt, Dr. Brewis, Messrs. Salmon, Maingay, Panton, Chitty, McGarrigle, Cassey 12, Livingstone, Birkmeyer, Bell, Clarke, Richardson, M. Diamond, Ferguson, Holloway, Cowley, Blackburn, Pease, Edgercombe (B), Anderson.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, July 8. The weather for the Gisborne Racing Club's STEEPCHASE MEETING was simply perfect. Both days were bright and sunny, and the races were interesting and exciting. A great many pretty dresses were worn. Among those I noticed were Mrs. Mann, who wore a pretty frock of rich brown cloth with an embroidered chiffon vest and brown beaver mushroom hat, trimmed with orange flowers; Mrs. Williams wore a navy blue cloth costume and navy blue hat; Mrs. Common wore brown cloth and dark green satin straw hat; Mrs. Jess-Blake was in navy blue cloth costume with facings and underbodice of white satin, white hat; Mrs. Cyril White wore fawn hopsack, trimmed with brown velvet, brown toque; Mrs. Macnorie-Morris, a long tight fitting coat and skirt of grey and green mixture tweed, and a small green toque; Miss Nellie Stewart, green plain costume and green hat; Mrs. F. Parker was in brown cloth with lace front, white felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet; Mrs. A. E. Kennedy, a green coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. A. W. Rees, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. J. Clark, dark green cloth costume, hat with green bird; Mrs. Willcock wore a costume of dark violet and violet toque; Mrs. Beanson, grey cloth coat and skirt, red hat; Mrs. E. A. Pavitt, dark green tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Pomare, cream serge with a red hat; Miss E. Clark, very pretty all green cloth costume, and hat to match; Miss Woodbine-Johnston, was in greyish blue cloth with a white hat; Miss H. Woodbine-Johnston, navy blue coat and skirt, faced with pale blue silk, brown hat; Miss E. Williamson, pretty dress of pale grey with embroidered chiffon vest, white chiffon hat with violet velvet; Miss Schumacher, black velvet long coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Wooman, blue coat and skirt; Miss Reynolds, cream cloth costume, cream beaver hat; Miss R. Reynolds, dark grey striped coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Rutledge, grey mixture hopsack, black hat; Miss K. Rutledge, brown costume, hat to match; Miss E. Wadsworth, green coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Evans, dark red costume, black hat; Miss T. Evans, navy blue coat and skirt, white facings, red mushroom hat; Miss S. Evans, brown costume and brown hat; Miss R. Boylan, navy blue cloth Norfolk coat and skirt, brown hat; Miss C. B. Ryan, navy blue serge costume, pale green silk vest, navy blue hat; Miss Hoskins, green cloth costume, white and green hat; Miss C. Reynolds, grey and white tweed costume, hat to match; Miss W. Reynolds, dark green cashmere with green silk applique, white beaver hat with

Mr. W. GARDNER, of Dunedin, Otago, HAS BEEN CURED OF A SCROTAL RUPTURE 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. Baisille, a teacher, 60 years of age, residing at Manu Road, N.E. Valley, Dunedin, and Mr. J. Cocker, Tapanui, Auckland, who is a farmer 62 years of age. He had suffered 20 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. The book has been translated into German, and has been tried at any time connected with the Rice method. Further particulars are absolutely free. Beware of imitations of my method. Write at once for particulars of my Rice method to W. B. RICE, Rupture Specialist, Disp. 2304, S & S, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

green ruching; Miss E. Williams, dull violet costume, white felt hat with heliotrope ribbon; Miss M. Wallis, rough brown cloth coat and skirt, brown felt hat; Miss N. Rutledge, navy blue Russian costume, green hat; Miss A. Rutledge, dark red costume, black hat; Miss C. Foster, grey cloth costume, white hat; Miss E. Bright, wore cream cloth and royal blue chignon hat; Miss D. Bright, white cloth and white hat; Miss E. Bradley, greyish green tweed dress, green felt hat; Mrs W. Gaudin, navy blue costume, hat to match; Miss M. Bradley, navy blue dress, hat to match; Mrs Sheath, grey tweed coat and skirt, red hat; Miss L. Gray, navy blue coat and skirt, white felt hat, trimmed with blue; Mrs H. Bailey, dark brown cloth costume, hat to match; Miss Booth, grey cloth, black hat; Miss E. Coleman, navy blue cloth costume and pretty pale grey heavier hat with large white feather; Miss W. Athin, blue cloth costume, black hat; Miss A. Bradley, blue Russian costume, hat to match; Mrs C. Buscke, navy blue serge coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs W. Sherratt, navy blue cloth, hat to match; Miss G. Sunderland, dark red costume, red silk applique, red hat; Miss H. Busby, rough blue cloth, white hat; Miss Tullock, navy blue costume, blue toque; Miss — Tullock, dark blue coat and skirt, brown toque.

A great attraction for race week was the theatre, where

**NELLIE STEWART**

played for four nights to large audiences. Amongst the ladies in the audience were Mrs W. Barker, who wore white silk with blue crepe de chine sash and bow; Mrs Branson, black satin, red flowers; Mrs A. F. Kennedy, black satin, blue opera coat; Mrs M. Foster, red silk blouse, black silk skirt, red opera coat; Miss Reynolds, pink silk with net overdress; Miss C. Reynolds, white satin; Miss G. Sunderland (Hawke's Bay), black silk; Mrs Morrison, white silk, white opera coat; Miss R. Reynolds, black silk; Miss W. Reynolds, black silk, white lace berthe; Miss M. Wallis, white silk; Mrs Nolan, black silk; Miss L. Gray, black silk, blue opera coat; Mrs A. W. Diers, Mrs Laidbrock, Mrs W. Gray, Mrs H. Bright, Mrs Mann, Mrs W. D. Lysnar, Mrs E. A. Pavitt, Mrs Jex-Blake, Mrs Cyril White, and many others.

On Tuesday evening Mrs J. Williams gave

**A MOST ENJOYABLE LITTLE EUCHRE PARTY**

at Whataupoko. Those present included Mrs Mann, Misses Williamson, McLean, Barker (2), Nolan, Wallis, E. Williams, L. Gould, H. Busby, Reynolds (2), Woodbine - Johnston (2), Messrs Barker (2), Stainsbury, Burke, Barron, Roberts, Nolan, Bennett, Williamson.

**A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE**

was given by Mr and Mrs Reynolds at "Sandown" on Friday night. Amongst those present were Mrs Mann, Mrs Williams, Mrs Carmichael, Misses Reynolds, Wachsmann, Williamson, Woodbine-Johnstone (2), Evans, Wallis, Seymour, Sheriff, McLean, Nolan, Busby (2), Williams (2), Bradley, Foster, Schumacher, Messrs Bradley, Murphy, Monckton, Burke, Williamson, Roberts, Barron, Nolan, Barker, Dr. Schumacher. EISA.

**NAPIER.**

Dear Bee. July 14.

On Tuesday and Wednesday nights "SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY"

was staged at the Theatre Royal by Mr George Musgrove's Dramatic Company, and on Thursday night "Old Heidelberg" was presented. For many weeks we

have been looking forward to seeing Nellie Stewart, and consequently large and fashionable audiences were present to greet that wonderful and fascinating actress. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs Kettle, in a black satin dress, long white stole; Mrs Warren, black net; Mrs Henley, yellow silk accordion-pleated white opera coat; Mrs Levien, white silk with long white cloth opera coat, big white bow in hair; Mrs Edgar, dainty white muslin; Mrs T. E. Crosse, black satin dress; Mrs Kennedy, black satin dress, black satin coat; Mrs King, black satin, relieved with red; Mrs C. D. Cornford, white dress, white opera coat; Mrs G. A. Broad, white dress, pale blue accordion-pleated opera coat; Mrs McLernon, black satin, relieved with white; Mrs Coleman, black satin, black coat; Mrs Mackay, white silk; Mrs Vigor Brown, black satin skirt, blue silk blouse; Mrs Spencer, black satin; Miss Myra Williams, blue silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Jessie McVay, red; Misses Johnstone (Mofuotaria), white silk dresses; Miss Rose Wilson, white silk with red coat; Miss Hovell, white silk with white velvet coat; Miss McLernon, black satin with white lace; Miss Cella McLernon, white with grey velvet coat, trimmed with pink silk; Miss Bryant, white silk; Miss Hindmarsh, pink silk blouse; Miss Kennedy, white silk; Miss D. Kennedy, blue silk, white coat; Miss Hoadley, white; Miss Louie Hoadley, pale green with violets round bodice; Mrs Hetley, pink silk blouse; Miss Jessie Brown, blue blouse, black skirt; Miss White, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Martin, white silk blouse; Miss Simcox, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Rawson, black satin, trimmed with Maltese lace; Miss Bella Neal, red silk dress with white opera coat; Miss W. Hill, white silk with red coat.

Last Friday evening Mrs Henley gave a most delightful

**EUCHRE PARTY**

at her residence on the Marine Parade. The rooms were very prettily decorated with jonquils, and the supper table looked most artistic with hanging vases of jonquils and red ribbons. The first prize was won by Miss Kennedy, and the second by Miss Dalziel. Mr Arthur Cornford won the first gentleman's prize and Mr Levien the second. Mrs Henley received her guests in a yellow silk accordion-pleated gown. Amongst those present were Mrs Levien, wearing a beautiful blue broaded gown, bodice trimmed with lace; Mrs Edgar, dainty white muslin and lace; Miss Dalziel, handsome black silk and lace; Miss Martin, white satin, bright blue bow in hair and bodice; Miss Williams, grey satin, bodice trimmed with lace; Miss Nash, bright blue silk; Miss K. Wood, pretty pink silk with frills on bodice; Miss Violet Twigz, black silk, pale pink belt and white fichu; Miss Kennedy, white silk and lace, large pink rose in bodice; Miss Rawson, black satin, white point lace; Miss Hovell, white accordion-pleated dress; Miss L. Hoadley, dainty pale green crepe de chine, bodice embroidered with violets; Miss Connor, black silk dress, bodice trimmed with pale blue; Miss Wilson, pale pink, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Goldsmith, pale blue satin, jonquils in hair and bodice; Miss Humphries, pretty green accordion-pleated frock with trimmings of green velvet; Miss N. Macfarlane, dainty white lace frock; Miss K. Dinwiddie, yellow silk dress, trimmed with lace. Amongst the gentlemen present were Messrs Levien, Wood, Humphries, Burnett, Hoadley, Bell, Russell, Andrews, St. Paul, Dinwiddie, Parker, Von Dadelzen, Cornford, Dr. Leahy, Dr. Wilson.

We had our first ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

last week, and it proved to be a great success. The house was crowded in every part. The orchestra played beautifully, and reflects Mr Spackmann very great credit. Mrs Levien's singing was much admired. She has a well-trained soprano voice, and was well received by the audience, who demanded encores to each of her songs. She wore a white satin gown, long hanging scarf and sleeves. Miss Cranby, who has a good contralto voice, also sang delightfully. She wore a white satin frock, with pale blue belt. Some of those present were Mrs Kettle, wearing black satin, large black bow in hair; Mrs Stead (Christchurch), white silk, black opera cloak; Mrs Steadman, black silk, long red coat trimmed with fur; Mrs Edgar, white muslin and insertion; Mrs Saxby, black silk, white point lace; Mrs W. Cato, pale blue silk; Mrs Balfour, black silk blouse with white lace-

tion; Miss Horton, white silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Hovell, white silk, white cloth coat; Mrs Morgan, black dress with terra-cotta coat; Miss Cella McLernon, pale pink blouse, with black velvet bows; Miss Macfarlane, black lace dress, with blue bow; Miss D. Kennedy, white silk, white opera coat; Miss Fannin, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Nash, blue silk frock; Miss Pettit, white dress, with pretty pale blue coat.

**SMART STREET DRESSES**

I have noticed lately are: Mrs Dr. Ronald, in a black military three-quarter coat braided with black, black and white toque; Mrs Broad, grey coat and skirt bound with white cloth; Miss Kennedy, navy blue striped Norfolk coat and skirt, navy blue toque; Mrs Levien, grey frieze military coat and skirt, smart white felt hat; Miss Burke, very smart black and white check costume, white felt hat trimmed with errie-velvet; Mrs S. Riddell, brown cloth costume trimmed with brown velvet, brown hat; Miss McLernon, stylish grey costume, cross-over bodice trimmed with grey silk, white felt hat trimmed with violet velvet; Mrs A. Kennedy, navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, blue toque; Miss Williams, grey Eton coat, skirt trimmed with dark grey pink silk, toque to match; Miss C. McLernon, brown dress, cross-over bodice trimmed with brown silk, wide Empire belt, brown hat to match.

A number of ladies on the Bluff Hill are taking steps to form a

**CROQUET CLUB.**

They have been successful in obtaining enough ground in the Reservoir road to form two lawns, and these are now being put in order, so as to allow the club to use them during the coming summer. **MARJORY.**

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Dear Bee. July 15.

**THE WHAKATIKA HOCKEY CLUB** gave a most enjoyable dance in the Freemasons' Hall last Tuesday evening, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. The hall was effectively decorated with flags, greenery and hockey sticks. The supper itself was delicious, and reflected great credit on the committee—Misses Bedford, Penn, M. Kerr, Kohn and Hanna. Miss Alice Brewster made a splendid secretary. McKinnon Bain's orchestra supplied the music, and the floor was perfect, so nothing else could be wished for. Among those present were: Mrs Penn, handsome black satin gown, veiled in black spotted net, decolletage finished with choux of pale pink and blue silk; Mrs Oswin, cream satin, relieved with scarlet; Miss Fies, scarlet silk, finished with frills of net; Miss Cameron, pretty rose pink satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss C. Cameron, cream shirred silk, inserted with Paris insertion; Miss A. Avery, black silk, relieved with vieux rose velvet; Miss A. Brewster, cream silk, pale blue sash;


Miss Hanna, black satin, finished with scarlet, Empire sash en suite; Miss Coates (Hamilton), cream tucked silk, lovely real lace berthe; Miss Bedford, turquoise blue silk crepe de chine blouse, trimmed with deep frills of cream lace, black voile skirt over glace; Miss D. Bedford, black voile skirt, insertion and banded with satin ribbon, pretty pale pink crepe de chine and cream lace blouse; Miss E. Bayley, vieux rose silk, inserted with cream lace; Miss Fantham looked well in plum-coloured brocade, trimmed with cream, shoulder straps of black velvet; Miss G. Colson, cream tucked silk, relieved with pale blue; Miss J. Fraser, pale pink silk, trimmed with a darker shade; Misses Webster (2), white silk; Miss N. Capel, black silk, trimmed with frills of white chiffon; Miss M. Capel looked well in rose pink frilled silk; Miss Murphy, yellow satin, violets on corsage; Miss M. Humphries, white tucked silk; Miss A. Cattley, white silk, insertion with Paris lace; Miss S. E. O'Brien, white tucked silk; Miss Brunton, pale blue frilled muslin; Miss Sinclair, cream satin, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Crawford, pretty black tucked voile skirt, net blouse, banded with satin ribbon; Misses R. and A. Crawford, white muslin; Mrs Stocker, white silk with black velvet Empire belt, scarlet berries on corsage; Miss Kerr looked pretty in white silk, trimmed with bows of pale blue; Miss Clarke, cream and pale blue; Miss Evans, black silk, trimmed with cream lace and violets; Miss Fooks, turquoise blue, trimmed with cream lace and black velvet; Miss A. Kemp, white tucked muslin, scarlet belt and flowers; Miss Liddell, black silk, corsage trimmed with cream lace; Miss Skimpton, white crepe de chine; Miss L. Skinner, white silk, relieved with pale blue; Miss E. Penn looked pretty in white silk, trimmed with pale blue; Miss Vera Kirkby was much admired in rose pink silk, trimmed with chiffon; etc. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Medley, Oswin, Stocker, Hansen, Abrahams, Boots, Fitzherbert, Robertson, Stokes, Humphries (3), L. Webster, Hallett, Morgan, Crawford, Cathro, N. Bewley, Cutfield, Fraser (2), Woodhouse, Johnson, Clarke, Hanna, George (2), Williams, Weir, Free, Munro, Kerr, Clarke, McIntosh, Harvey, J. Gray, Howell.

Last Thursday afternoon Miss Deacon gave a

**MOST ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA.**

During the afternoon musical items were rendered by Misses Deacon, G. Holdsworth, M. Gavett and K. Saxton. Miss Deacon received her guests in a black and cream costume, black silk Empire sash; Miss K. Saxton wore a cornflower blue costume, hat trimmed with a paler shade; Miss Holdsworth, black and cream, hat en suite; Miss G. Holdsworth, black, cream silk vest, brown velvet hat; Miss B. Evans, grey, cream silk blouse, brown feathered hat; Miss Bedford, navy blue, pale blue hat; Miss D. Gavett, grey coat and skirt, cream hat; Miss M. Gavett, pale grey, hat en suite; Miss M. Roy, deep daret-

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Afternoon Tea Finger Creams  
Made in Carlisle-England

coloured costume, trimmed with velvet, cream silk vest, hat to correspond; Miss A. Hoskin, dark navy blue and cream, scarlet hat; Miss V. Simpson, dark navy, black hat; Miss Skinner, pretty black voile with cream Victorian yoke, dainty hat of brown velvet and tangerine; Miss L. Skinner, olive green bengaline with cream lace trimmings, brown felt hat; Miss P. Tuke, dark navy, white furs, hat en suite.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, July 14.  
On Thursday evening, July 6th, Mrs Dodgshun gave a most enjoyable

EUCHRE PARTY

at her residence in Campbell-street. Amongst those present were Mrs R. Campbell, Mrs Ewen Campbell, Mrs C. Jones, Mrs D. Mason, Mrs and Miss Dodgshun, Mrs John Stevenson, Misses McBeth (Christchurch), Wells (Auckland), Rawson, Anderson, Harrison, Messrs. Dodgshun, Campbell, C. Wilson, Bruce (Auckland), Stevenson, C. Campbell, Hutton (Auckland).

On Friday Mrs John Stevenson gave a very jolly

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY.

Miss Duigan won the first prize, a quaint little cup and saucer. The men's prize, which fell to Mr C. Wilson, was a gold scarf pin. Miss Dodgshun won the booby prize. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Stevenson, Mr R. Stevenson, Miss Duigan, Misses Wells (Auckland), McBeth (Christchurch), Dodgshun, Anderson, Greig, Messrs. Campbell, C. Wilson, Burnett, E. Campbell, Anderson, Dodgshun, and others.

THE POULTRY SHOW,

which was held last week in the Drill Hall, was most successful. The ostriches imported by Mr Allison created an unusual amount of interest. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Higgie,

Mr and Mrs Anderson, Dr. and Mrs Porritt, Mr and Mrs Jones, Mr and Mrs Forlong, Mrs Wickham, Miss Worgan, the Misses Higgie, Anderson, Mr and Mrs Palmer, Mr and Mrs Willis, Mrs Williams, Mr and Mrs Snow, and many others.

On Saturday evening Miss Inlay gave a most

ENJOYABLE LITTLE DANCE

at Mount Desert as a farewell to Mr Ian Johnston, who is leaving Wanganui for Blenheim. Amongst those present were Miss Inlay, Mrs Saunders, Mr and Mrs C. Wray, Mr and Mrs Holdship, Mr and Mrs Gifford Marshall, Misses Cotterill (Napier), Dodgshun, Kyull, Earle, Rawson, Thompson (Castlemaine), Wilchell, H. Barnicoat, Christie, Jackson, P. Barnicoat, Baker, Messrs. G. Saunders, Ian Johnston, Watson, Harold, Armour, Lomas, C. Johnston, Dodgshun, C. Wilson, N. Fitzherbert, Hardwicke, R. Grace, C. Russell, Dr. Wall, and others.

On Friday, 7th inst., Mrs H. F. Christie gave a delightful

AFTERNOON TEA

for Mrs Logan Bush, of Invercargill. Mrs Christie received her guests in a beautifully embroidered heliotrope silk blouse, black crepe de chine skirt; Miss Christie wore a dainty pale blue crepe de chine blouse, with bands of fine champagne lace forming a yoke effect and edged with gauged chiffon to match, black silk skirt; Mrs Logan Bush had a black brocaded trained skirt, cream crepe de chine blouse with lace. Amongst those present were—Mrs Gifford Marshall, in a grey blue tweed coat and skirt, white silk blouse with bands of insertion and lace; Mrs Hole, navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, cream silk vest, navy blue mushroom straw hat and ruche to match; Mrs Fitzherbert, black voile gown with vest of champagne lace embroidered with green and pink silk flowers, black and white toque; Mrs John Anderson, green flecked tweed, the coat made with a deep basque, black picture hat; Mrs Dodgshun, black voile frock, with medallions of champagne insertion, black picture hat; Miss Aird (England) wore a smart cream costume, cream toque relieved with a spray of flowers; Mrs Sarjeant, floral silk skirt, long cream serge coat, cream hat with long ostrich feathers in it; Mrs A. Nixon, stylish gown of pastel hibe cloth, beaver hat to match, with cache of silk; Mrs S. Gordon, heather mixture tweed coat and skirt, smart crimson straw toque with soft rosettes of ribbon to match; Mrs Humphreys, brown cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, American sailor hat with ruche of brown ribbons and quills; Mrs Innes, black and white striped tweed coat and skirt, navy blue beaver with pompon at the side; Miss Scott (Gisborne), dark tweed coat and skirt, petunia shaded chenille hat; Mrs Greig wore a smart gown of tabac brown tweed trimmed with fur toque to match; Miss Cowper, navy blue cloth frock embroidered in Oriental shaded panels, cream vest, black and cream hat; Miss N. Cowper, navy blue gown with vest of pale blue cloth, navy blue straw hat with roses; Mrs John Stevenson, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, with collar revers and cuffs of white cloth, the skirt banded with black silk braid, cream cloth hat with green velvet leaves and flowers; Mrs Reaney, navy blue Melton cloth coat and skirt, brown beaver hat with pompon at the side; Mrs A. Lewis, black and crimson flecked tweed costume, crimson silk front, stylish black straw hat with chiffon and black feathers; Mrs Greenwood, navy blue serge Eton coat and skirt, cream silk vest, becoming toque of shaded heliotrope velvet and large white osprey at the side; Mrs Maclean, navy blue Melton coat and skirt, cream lace front, navy beaver hat with pompon; Mrs P. Forlong wore a brown cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, brown beaver hat with large tangerine rose, brown marabout stole; Mrs E. Atkinson, black cloth coat and skirt, black hat with white flower in it; Mrs John Mason, navy blue Melton Eton coat and skirt, white felt hat with black and white chenille. There were also present Messdames A. Cameron, Atkins, Stanford, Moore, Krull, Bond, Stewart, Christie, Pattle, Izett Colin, Campbell, Goodwin, Barbage, James Watt, Cowper, Dwyer, Griffiths, Brettnagh, R. Jackson, Alexander, J. R. Jackson, Empson, Cowper Smith (Christchurch), Barnicoat, Misses Greig, Richmond, Reichert, Alexander and others.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, July 14.

On Thursday evening

THE CARD CLUB

held the entire party postponed from June 15th. Mrs Millton won the ladies' prize, a china fruit dish, and Miss Mueller the second, a vase. Mr Gibbons, as the winning gentleman, received a book of poems, and Mr Haynes, who was second, got a fancy penholder. Mrs Campbell was wearing a black satin skirt and a pretty white silk blouse with lace insertion; Mrs Millton, black velvet, cream lace berthe and cluster of crimson roses; Mrs Waldegrave, black silk, lace yoke and frills of black chiffon; Mrs Gould, pale blue silk, berthe and sleeves of white accordion-pleated chiffon, silver embroidery on corsage, deep crimson rose in hair; Mrs Laing, black silk, black lace yoke; Mrs Nannestad, black net over silk, frills edged with black, satin ribbon on skirt, black and white chiffon on bodice; Mrs Bell, black brocade, white chiffon vest; Mrs Snellson, black silk, bodice handsomely trimmed with black jet; Mrs McKnight, black satin, deep yoke of Paris-tinted lace, cluster of scarlet berries on corsage; Mrs Coombs, black net over silk, frills of accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice and sleeves; Miss Armstrong, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse with white lace; Miss Bell, white tucked silk, bands of white lace insertion on blouse, pink silk belt; Miss Waldegrave, white silk, frills edged with Maltese lace, pale blue silk chout; Miss Watson, black skirt, pale pink and white silk blouse; Miss Mueller, black satin skirt, white silk and insertion blouse; Miss E. Wilson, white tucked silk, transparent yoke and sleeves of fine white lace, scarlet silk belt; Miss Coombs, black satin skirt, white silk blouse with frills of white lace; Miss Randolph, black silk much trimmed with ruched ribbon, lace berthe, and spray of pale pink flowers; Miss F. Randolph, black skirt, black silk blouse with transparent yoke of cream lace; Miss Jensen, black crepe de chine, skirt accordion-pleated, cream lace on bodice; Miss Glendinning, black silk and lace.

On Saturday, Mrs F. E. Watson, Ferguson-street, gave a

"KITCHEN TEA"

for Miss Chrissie Porter, who is to be married shortly. It was a cold, showery afternoon, and the bright fires in all the rooms looked most comforting. Tea was laid in the dining-room, the table being tastefully decorated with white chrysanthemums. After tea, Miss Porter unwrapped the pile of parcels given to her, and disclosed a large and varied assortment of useful kitchen articles; Mrs Watson was wearing a black voile skirt and pretty cream silk blouse; Miss Wat-

son, navy blue skirt, pale pink and cream blouse, with Paris-tinted insertion; Miss Whinn, Wat on, black skirt, pale yellow blouse; Mrs Porter, black cloth coat and skirt banded in black, black hat with tips; Miss Chrissie Porter, black skirt, three-quarter grey coat banded in white, large red hat with red silk ruching; Miss Stanford, grey and white speckled tweed costume, scarlet hat; Miss Doris Robinson, grey Eton costume, Maltese lace vest, burnt straw hat with cream silk ruching; Miss Belle Robinson, navy blue coat and skirt, cream lace vest, navy hat with navy and pale blue silk trimming; Miss E. Wilson, navy blue and white speckled frock, with touches of scarlet, scarlet hat with ribbon and fawn bird; Miss Randolph, black cloth coat and skirt, red cloth collar, black hat lined with white; Miss F. Randolph, black skirt, black caracal coat, scarlet hat with ruching; Miss Bell, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, navy velvet collar, red hat; Miss Dolly Wilson, black skirt, grey coat with capes on shoulder, brown fur hat with brown wings; Miss Waldegrave, grey Russian costume, cream and blue spotted vest, red felt hat with black pompon; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, bright blue frock, scarlet hat; Miss Riebert, navy blue strapped with navy gable, grey felt hat with navy velvet and pompon; Miss Reed, dark skirt, three-quarter grey coat, scarlet hat; Miss Alice Reed, green cloth Russian costume, cream hat with green velvet and lace drape; Miss Patterson, green coat and skirt, Paris-tinted lace vest, navy felt hat with fawn quill; Miss Sigs, black skirt, black caracal coat, black hat with glauc bows; Miss Armstrong, black skirt, three-quarter grey coat, navy felt hat with white lace trimming; Miss Keeling, navy blue coat and skirt, navy hat with silk ruching and fawn bird; Miss Phyllis Keeling, dark skirt, grey coat, cream hat with white silk trimming.

This week Palmerston can think and talk of nothing but the opening of

THE MUNICIPAL OPERA HOUSE,

and the entertainments following that event. Wednesday was a beautiful day for the official ceremony, and a very large crowd collected in front of the building

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PEEK-FREAN'S VENICE WAFERS ARE SIMPLY DELICIOUS

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

to hear the address of the Mayor, Mr. Cohen. Others on the platform with Mr. and Mrs. Cohen were Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Hankins, Mr. and Mrs. S. Luxford, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, Mr. and Mrs. J. Nash, Mr. and Mrs. H. Fabner, Mr. and Mrs. S. Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. Inler, Mrs. Sinclair, Major Dunk, and others whom I did not know. It would be useless for me to try to describe the hall to you. All I can say is that it is a splendid building, beautifully finished, and has seating accommodation for 1300 people. The municipal hall upstairs is a very fine room, measuring 70 feet by 40 feet, and is 20 feet high. It is designed for lectures, balls, and similar gatherings. At the conclusion of the Mayor's speech the Mayoress opened the door, and the building was thrown open for inspection. Both hands were in attendance, and played on the stage. Mrs. Cohen was most becomingly dressed in a bright navy blue costume, handsomely embroidered in shaded silks, navy straw hat with dark green silk ribbon, and two clusters of petunia-colored flowers and foliage. Among the spectators I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. Barrard, Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. Buick, Miss Buick, Mr. and Mrs. Whiteford, Mrs. and the Misses Wylds, Mrs. Staine, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Guy, Mr. and Mrs. D. Monrad, Mr. R. S. Abraham, Mrs. Bell, Misses Inler and Drew, Mrs. and the Misses Smith, Miss Mayo, Mr. Holben, chairman of Municipal Opera House Committee, presented Mrs. Cohen with a handsome gold key as a memento of the occasion. Miss Holben presented her with a beautiful bouquet.

Thursday was a fine, calm day for the large.

**"AT HOME" GIVEN BY THE MAYOR-ESS, MRS. M. COHEN.**

The Municipal Hall was used for the reception, which was on a scale never before attempted in Palmerston. About 800 invitations were issued. The hall was arranged as a large drawing-room, and was decorated with masses of beautiful palms, ferns, cabbage trees, and bamboo. The stairways and the large entrance hall were similarly decorated. Mrs. Cohen, always an ideal hostess, had made perfect arrangements, and everything passed off brilliantly. The Palmerston Military Band was stationed in the dress circle. Afternoon tea was served in the large supper-room down stairs, the tables being brightly decorated with sprays of lolly. Mrs. Cohen was exquisitely dressed in embroidered silk muslin, over green glace, and elaborately trimmed with ruchings of white silk, pale string-coloured straw hat, with lovely shaded roses. She carried a beautiful white bouquet. Mrs. C. J. Monro wore champagne voile with lace and black velvet bows on bodice, large black hat; Mrs. Perry Baldwin, cream cloth Etou costume, lace vest, sable toque and furs; Mrs. Pratt, navy blue Russian costume collar and revers of white cloth, with large navy blue spot, black hat with black ospreys; Mrs. H. Cooper, strawberry-colored costume, much trimmed with Paris-tinted insertion, Tuscany hat with wreath of pink roses; Mrs. Louison, navy blue frock with lace medallions and touches of green velvet, large green velvet hat, with silk of pale shade; Mrs. C. Waldgrave, black skirt, handsome coral coat, black hat; Mrs. Golding, ham, brown Norfolk costume, cream cloth facings, cream hat with pink and green shaded ribbons; Mrs. Stowe, blue tailor-made coat and skirt, black and white wole, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. W. H. Smith, black skirt, coral coat, Maltese lace scarf, large pale blue hat; Mrs. Elliot, grey blue costume, with touch of gilt braiding, blue hat with shaded ribbon; Mrs. Fitzherbert, brown coat and skirt, brown velvet collar and cuffs, brown hat; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, grey costume, grey luviness coat, grey chiffon hat, with grey feather; Miss Ethel Abraham, navy blue frock, navy felt hat with blue pompon; Miss Hewitt, cream serge Etou costume, large black chiffon hat; Mrs. Campbell, black tailor coat and skirt, collar and revers of white cloth braided in black, pale blue silk and white insertion vest, black hat with touch of white; Mrs. Gould, violet cloth costume with velvet of deeper shade, brown hat lined with white chiffon; Mrs. Gregg, blue grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Rogers, cream cloth Etou costume, large cream hat with cream ostrich feather; Mrs. Hankins, black voile mesh, trimmed with ruffled ribbon, Maltese lace vest, black hat with black tip; Miss Hankins, brown Etou costume, cream vest, hat of two

shades of green; Mrs. Clarkson, cream serge Etou costume, large black hat, sable furs; Mrs. Bunting, cream cloth Russian costume, cream hat with glacier ribbon; Mrs. Wallace, grey frock with capes, braided with lighter shade of braid, black hat; Mrs. Gardiner, blue cloth coat and skirt, cream lace vest, black hat with tips; Mrs. H. J. Munson, wine-colored costume, velvet hat of same shade with shaded pink ribbon; Mrs. Randolph, black skirt, coral coat, Maltese lace tie, black and white toque with black tips; Mrs. Randolph, black coat and skirt, scarlet collar and revers, cream cloth waist-coat, black hat lined with white; Mrs. Mueller, cream serge Etou costume, with gilt braiding, scarlet hat; Mrs. McPherson, navy blue skirt, seal-skin coat, black hat with black and white tips; Mrs. Park, navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, cream silk and insertion vest, black hat with black tips; Mrs. E. W. Hitchings, navy sea coat and skirt, large white cloth collar and revers, white hat with white glaze ruching; Mrs. J. Hewitt (Palmerston), navy blue Etou costume, white felt hat with white quill; Mrs. Hitchings (Levin), grey Norfolk coat and skirt, grey felt hat with white ospreys; Mrs. Bett, blue voile, with trimming of blue ruffled ribbon and cream lace medallions, blue hat with wings; Mrs. Archer, blue sea coat and skirt, large black hat with black tips; Mrs. Palmer, black skirt, seal skin coat, black hat; Mrs. Coombs, black tailor costume, lace vest, large black hat with ostrich feather; Mrs. McKnight, blue Norfolk costume, cream cloth vest braided in black, black hat; Mrs. R. Hewitt, brown Norfolk coat and skirt, faced with red cloth, brown hat with touch of red; Mrs. Thompson, brown frock, vest and cuffs of cream cloth braided in brown, brown hat with brown feather and touch of tangerine; Mrs. O'Brien, black voile frock, yoke of Paris-tinted lace, black hat with silk ruching; Mrs. Patterson, navy blue costume, cream galloon trimming on bodice, hat of two shades of green; Miss Bond, black tailor coat and skirt, cream vest, black hat with tips; Mrs. Armstrong, black skirt, long seal-skin coat, black bonnet with black and white tips, touch of pink silk; Mrs. Haynes, black skirt, long grey coat, black and white bonnet; Mrs. R. K. Reed, black skirt, coral coat, black toque with black tips; Mrs. W. Harden, grey blue tweed Russian coat and skirt, navy blue hat; Mrs. C. Harden, navy blue coat and skirt, cream hat with cream ospreys; Mrs. Macintyre, mourning costume; Mrs. Barnicoat, black frock, with capes on shoulder, strapped with silk, black and white hat; Mrs. Milton, navy blue coat and skirt, black velvet collar, black hat with black wing; Mrs. Leavy, navy blue Russian coat and skirt, blue straw hat with shaded ribbon; Miss Keeling, navy blue sea coat and skirt, blue hat with ruching and fawn bird; Mrs. Colbeck, dark green frock, large black hat; Mrs. D. Monrad, navy blue coat and skirt, cream lace vest, navy velvet hat with blue bird; Mrs. J. Nash, brown costume, strapped with cream cloth, cream hat with cream glaze trimming; Mrs. Pringle, brown frock with string-coloured medallions, brown hat; Mrs. Holmes, grey coat and skirt, black hat with black tip; Mrs. Porritt, cream voile skirt, cream silk and insertion blouse, black chiffon hat with black tip; Mrs. Connell, navy blue Russian coat and skirt, black sequin hat with black feather and touches of white; Mrs. Rutherford, bright blue frock, sable furs, blue hat with pale heliotrope roses; Mrs. Guy, black voile with cream lace yoke and lace medallions, hat with red silk trimming; Mrs. McHardy, black coat and skirt, black velvet collar, large black hat with black tips; Mrs. Coombs, black coat and skirt, black hat with ostrich feather; Mrs. Coombs, green silk frock, hat to match; Mrs. Dempsey, grey cloth costume, braided in white, black hat with white trimming. Others I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Buick, Mr. and Mrs. Rowlands, Mr. and Mrs. Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. D. Buick, Mr. and Mrs. S. Luxford, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Kelly, Miss Beswick, Miss Glendinning, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. Longman, Mr. and Mrs. Tingley, Mr. and Mrs. Aisher, Mrs. S. Abraham, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Dalby, Messrs. Louison, Harden, Cooper, McPherson, McHardy, Wallace, Bond, Nathan (G.), Haynes, Armstrong, Milton, Fitzherbert, Barnicoat, Park, Mueller, Drs. O'Brien, Stowe, Patterson, and Macintyre.

On Wednesday evening there was a poster and fancy dress

**SKATING CARNIVAL**  
at the Zealandia Hall. The attendance was very large, and many of the costumes were very striking. The spirited

music of a brass band added to the gaiety of the evening. Among the most striking fancy costumes were Mrs. Stevenson, "Night;" Mrs. Hare, blue musk and domino; Miss Sinclair, "Old English;" Mrs. McEggart, "All that glitters is not gold;" Miss Archer, musk and domino; Miss Sinclair, "Australia;" Miss M. Anderson, Italian Fisher Girl; Miss Lovett, "Rose of Persia;" Miss Hare, "Red Bird;" Miss Frankish, "Daughter of the Regiment;" Miss Quaid, "Irish Colleen;" Miss Jack, "Spring;" Miss Short, "Dutch Girl;" Miss McMillan, musk and domino; Miss Duff, musk and domino.

**WESTPORT.**

There was a very large attendance at the Literary and Debating Society last evening, when an interesting debate took place on the question "That the Victory of the Japanese over the Russians is in the interest of civilization and humanity." Messrs E. Powell, E. D. Mosley, Strachan, Lieut. Wheeler and Rev. Granville Hicks argued in the affirmative, and Messrs P. B. Atkinson, R. Whyte, and D. Driscoll in the negative. The voting went in favour of the affirmative, both on the main question and on the point as to presentation of arguments by the speakers.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father this afternoon, when Miss Evelyn Munson (daughter of Mr. F. L. Munson) and grand-daughter of the late Major Scully, was married to Mr. F. A. Pachatz, of the Post and Telegraph Department. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Molloy. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of ivory silk, beautifully rucked and filled, with transparent yoke of Honiton insertion and lace, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by two bridesmaids—Misses Munson (sister) Hine-nua Ross (niece)—who wore pretty cream dresses relieved with tangerine. Each carried a shower bouquet. Mr. Walter Munson acted as best man, and Master Harry Calder as groomsmen. During the afternoon Mr. Munson entertained a number of guests at afternoon tea. The presents were handsome and numerous.

**NANCE.**

**FOXTON.**

On Tuesday evening last a very successful masked dance was given in the Foxton Town Hall by Mrs Frederick Frankland and Mrs Herston Frankland. A fine moonlight night favoured the many guests, a number of whom came from Levin, Palmerston North, and Wellington. The hall was artistically decorated with wattle, bush ferns, palms, and flags. The stage, upon which a dainty supper was laid, was prettily arranged with easy chairs, Turkish rugs, and palms. The hostesses received their guests at the top of the stage. Mrs Frederick Frankland wore a handsome green beetle-wing gown over glace, berthe of scarlet roses in corsage, old Brussels lace scarf on shoulders, with tints of emeralds, rubies and diamonds; Mrs Herston Frankland, frock of pink tulle, with violets in corsage, pearl necklace, the skirt being gathered full from waist with wide belt of pink suede. The dominoes presented a very gay and bright appearance in the ballroom, some being very costly and pretty. Owing to the heat the dancers unmasked somewhat earlier than usual—at 11.30—supper being served immediately afterwards. Among the many dainty frocks I noticed:—Mrs Alsford, black merveilleux silk, with berthe of old Spanish lace; Miss Alsford, pretty

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white silk frock with real lace on bodice, blue silk domino; Miss Aitchison, maize-coloured Louisiana trimmed with point lace and chiffon, berthe of dark crimson roses; Mrs H. Austin, grey French frock of silk voile with full skirt; Mrs O. Austin, pale blue erpe de chine over glaze, berthe of real lace on bodice; Mrs C. L. Barnard, handsome black satin gown with a deep Victorian yoke of cream net; Mrs Berthold, black taffetas, bodice trimmed profusely with insertion; Miss Carkeek, pretty cream silk voile with tiny ruchings of cream net; Mrs J. M. Collins, black brocade gown trimmed with Spanish lace; Mrs A. D. Clemett, black spangled net over glaze, berthe of scarlet poppies, and diamond star in hair; Miss Tilda Collins, pale blue erpe de chine and forget-me-nots; Miss Edith Collins, black velvet with handsome sequin trimmings; Miss Adeline Collins, cream silk with point lace berthe; Miss Annie Collins, cream chiffon with satin ribbon trimmings; Mrs C. Collins, black moire silk with jet trimmings; Mrs Chalmers, cream glaze silk, berthe of scarlet poppies; Miss Easton, cream satin with pearl trimmings; Miss Edwards, pale blue silk, accordion-pleated voile; Misses Fraser, dainty cream muslin, many frills; Mrs A. Fraser, black silk and Maltese scarf; Mrs G. Grey, cream silk canvas over glaze; Miss Hamer, pale cream figured brocade, pearl trimmings and lace; Miss Haywood, turquoise blue satin, pearl trimmings; Mrs Haywood, black accordion-pleated silk gown, red silk domino; Miss Hickson, cream erpe de chine, berthe of scarlet berries and real hair; Mrs J. A. Nash, gown of black velvet, Maltese lace; Mrs G. W. Ravenhill, black glaze relieved with white lace berthe; Mrs John Robinson, red silk with cream lace berthe; Miss Robinson, white erpe de chine, wide pink taffetas belt; Miss Janet Robison (Melbourne), mauve erpe de chine daintily tucked, mauve silk domino; Mrs C. Robinson, handsome black satin gown, profusely trimmed with sequins; Mrs Robie, cream silk voile; Miss Frances Simpson, dainty accordion-pleated silk frock, pearl necklet; Mrs Stuart, black and white erpe de chine; Miss Symons, pink satin, silver and chiffon trimmings; Mrs Symons, black corded silk, Maltese scarf; Mrs C. Symons, black brocade and black spotted net over glaze; Mrs J. Symons, handsome old rose satin gown and point lace; Miss Thyne, black satin, profusely tucked; Mrs Thyne, black silk, Honiton lace fichu; Miss Tongdon, cream net over satin; Miss Wainkill, dainty white silk gown. The orchestra was under the direction of Heav Berthold, who played several of his own waltzes. This dance is among the most successful this season, and the hostesses are to be congratulated on their efforts to make it enjoyable to everyone.

ROUA.

HAWERA.

Dear Bee, July 12.  
THE SECOND OF MISS BRETT'S ASSEMBLIES.

was held in the Foresters' Hall last Wednesday night. Unfortunately, Father Hays' lecture was on the same night, which rather interfered with the attendance, but several of those that did attend it came on to the dance afterwards. The floor, which is always good, was in perfect order, and the music supplied by Miss B. Flynn could not have been better. Extras were played by Misses Flynn, Day and Brett. Amongst those present I noticed—Mrs Brett in a black silk gemmaidie over glaze; Mrs D. E. Fantham, black satin; Miss Baird, white silk, inserted with lace, her sister was wearing cream satin; Miss Stringer, pink satin, buckle; Miss Hamilton (Manutahi), black silk net over white glaze silk; Miss L. Hamilton, pink silk; Miss Greaves; Miss Jackson; Miss Brett; Miss Temple, yellow silk trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Camts, black brocade; Miss N. Conits, white muslin tucked and inserted with lace; Mrs R. Smith, black satin, relieved with turquoise blue velvet; Miss Alexander, white silk trimmed with lace; Miss Smith, black silk; Miss Bird, shabby frock of white muslin; Mrs E. Lysnigh; Mrs Brown; Miss Flynn; Miss Reilly, black frock prettily trimmed; Miss C. Reilly, frock of white silk; Miss Carey was wearing a gown of cream brocade, relieved with yellow velvet; Miss V. Hunter (Hamilton), white silk, prettily finished with pink ribbon; Miss Day, very pretty frock of pastel-blue silk, relieved

with cream net; Miss Glenn (Manutahi), white muslin frock; Miss White, black ribboned net over black silk, spray of foliage on corsage; Miss Leampert, was wearing a black silk frock, the corsage relieved with white accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss Saffron, white mousseline de soie over white silk; Miss Wilson, heliotrope flowered voile, daintily trimmed. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs Baird (2), Glenn, Aitken, Blenheimasset (Eltham), Turton, Frevelick, Haydon, Norton (Patea), Middle, Nalder, G. Glenn (Manutahi), Watt (Mangatoki), Swinburne, Caplen, Scott (2) (Whakamaru), Atkinson, Hamilton (Manutahi), Smith and Dr. Brown.

ENX.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 14.  
Tuesday night saw the end of the OLD ENGLISH PAYRE,

and the tired stall-holders and their assistants were unfeignedly glad. When it was ascertained that a clear profit of £2000 could be reckoned on, there were great rejoicings. This sum, when augmented by the Government subsidy, will more than suffice for the objects to which the money is to be applied. Interest culminated on Tuesday night, when the announcement of the winning poster was made. There was the keenest excitement as the closing time for voting approached, and quite a thrill of suspense was felt when, after a long pause, the signal was given for the girls to take their places on the stage. The Mayor made a short speech, announcing that Quaker Oats, represented by Miss Fitzgerald and Master Biss, had secured the first prize. There was a tumult of applause as Miss Fitzgerald stepped forward to receive congratulations. The second prize went to Godher's Wedding Cake (Miss M. Fell), and third place was occupied by Miss R. Holmwood, who represented God's Millinery. The scrutineers reported that the voting was extremely close. There was a good deal of conjecture as to the order in which the other posters came, but much to the public disappointment no further details were made known. It was confidently assumed, however, that Old Judge Tobacco (Miss Turton) and Tisdal's Fishing Tackle (Miss Butt) would come very close up to the winners. Any mention of the bazaar would be incomplete without a word of praise to the hon. secretary, Mrs Pollen. Her clever organisation and business capacity, together with her tactful courtesy, made her an ideal person for the post.

There seems to be a boom in charitable matters in Wellington. The next thing is to be a "variety ball" in aid of the

VETERANS' HOME,

which always seems in need of funds. That popular and energetic person, Captain Hughes, is instrumental in getting it up, so it is sure to be a success. The principal feature is to be the dancing of dancers, quadrilles, etc., by people in fancy dress. Already several well-known people are taking the matter up and inviting girls and men to form sets. Of course the girls are always pleased to dress up, and have some fun, as they express it, but whether it will be an easy task to get sufficient men to do so is another matter.

There is also talk of a juvenile fancy dress ball in September in aid of a Children's Hospital.

The ball given under the auspices of THE WELLINGTON RACING CLUB at the Town Hall was a brilliant success, and will no doubt be held annually, now that we have the Town Hall; as it supplies a want that has long been felt. The hall was brilliantly decorated. The supper, which was an exceptionally good one, was laid in the concert hall on small tables, which were adorned by silver racing trophies. A larger table was reserved for His Excellency the Governor and party at one end of the room, this being decorated with broad ribbons of the club's colours, and massive silver cups. A number of the smaller rooms were utilised for smoking, bridge, or sitting out, whilst the corridors afforded ample space for promenades. The one "caveau on the rose leaf," if it may be so termed, was that the floor was of the "heavy persuasion." No doubt, this was owing to its newness, and will be remedied in future; but fairy feet, which should

have been flying, showed a decided tendency to stick. Soon after nine o'clock, His Excellency the Governor and Lady Plunket, accompanied by the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, Captain Braithwaite, A.D.C., Mr. Waterfield, private secretary, and Mr and Mrs Arthur Rhodes (Christ-church) arrived. They were received by the president of the club and committee, and escorted to the dance. Immediately afterwards, the official set of dancers was formed, and dancing was commenced. Lord Plunket danced with Miss Harcourt; Mr. Harcourt, president of the club, with Lady Plunket; Major General Badington with Mrs. Rhodes; Dr. Collins with the Hon. Kathleen Plunket; Captain Braithwaite with Miss Coates; Mr. Arthur Cooper and Mrs. Hishop; Mr. Rhodes and Mrs. Badington; Mr. Ian Duncan and Miss Doris Johnston. Lady Plunket wore a black velvet dress, the bodice having frills of old lace, and white-chiffon sleeves. Her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried a white shawl bouquet, tied with the club colours, presented to her by the club. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket wore pale blue satin and chiffon. Mrs. Badington had an effective dress of red satin with handsome lace berthe; Mrs. Hishop, black brocade; Mrs. Rhodes, a beautiful gown of cream satin, with panel of gold sequinned lace, and touches of rose-creamed velvet; Miss Harcourt, graceful cream satin; Miss Coates, black velvet, finished at the neck and sleeves with crystals; Miss Doris Johnston, cream lace; Mrs. W. Biddell wore cream brocade and lace; Miss Blundell, ivory satin; Mrs. L. Blundell, black erpe de chine; Mrs. Brandon, cream brocade and berthe of lace; Miss Brandon, ivory taffetas; Miss Brandon, pink glaze; Miss Bess, cream satin, bonneted with lace; Miss Bannister, ivory erpe de chine; Miss Barron, yellow merveilleux; Miss Burnett, black pailotted lace; Mrs. Collins, ivory satin and orange belt; Mrs. Dykes, ivory satin, embroidered with silver roses, and bonneted with Brussels lace; Mrs. K. Duncan, old line tullea Romney dress, with folds of Honiton lace; Mrs. A. Duncan, pink and white chine silk; Miss Duncan, pastel tided satin, veiled in lace; Mrs. Ewen, black satin; Miss Ewen, white glaze; Mrs. Elliott, pink erpe de chine; Mrs. Findlay, ivory satin and lace; Miss Fell, cream Louisiane and lace; Miss M. Fell, white glaze; Miss G. Harcourt, ivory satin royale; Miss Hishop, pale green glaze; Miss Harwin, white mousseline de soie; Mrs. W. Johnston, cream brocade; Mrs. C. Johnston, pou-pourri brocade; Miss Johnston, black lace and jet over satin; Mrs. O. Kember, ivory glaze, bonneted with lace; Mrs. Levin, ivory satin and lace; Miss Longman, white taffetas; Miss McKellar, cream erpe de chine; Miss Miles, plumrose glaze; Miss Mee, white mousseline over satin; Mrs. Morrison, cream brocade; Miss Nelson, ivory taffetas and lace; Miss Otterson, pale green satin royale; Mrs. Pearce, sequined lace and satin; Mrs. Rhind, black brocade; Mrs. Rhind, cream satin and pearls; Miss Stuart, white mousseline de soie; Miss Seddon, cream satin and lace; Miss Skerrett, satin royale, bonneted with lace; Miss Somerville, cream satin; Miss Simpson, ivory taffetas and lace; Miss Stafford, white satin veiled in lace; Miss Seel, black satin and jet; Miss Williams, mauve satin and lace; Mrs. W. Turnbull, ivory satin, embroidered and bonneted with lace.

A FAREWELL TEA

was given on Monday by Mrs Tolhurst in honour of Mrs T. Young, who with her husband was just starting for a trip to England. Mrs Tolhurst wore black erpe de chine with motifs of gauze lace; Miss Tolhurst was in ivory canvas with lace jabot; Mrs Young had a smart tailor-made gown and a black cap. Others present were Mrs A. Young, Mrs Alice Young, Miss Day, Mrs and Miss Finch, Mrs Brown, Mrs and Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Ross, Mrs and Miss Waldgrave, Mrs and Miss Butt,

Mrs and Miss Fulton, Mrs O'Connor, Mrs Duncan, Mrs and Miss Blundell, Miss Brandon, Miss Smith, Mrs and Miss MacFayish, Mrs Rawson.

This year the Annual At Home given in honour of the

VISITING CLERGY

who are attending the Diocesan Synod was held in the concert room of the Town Hall. Mrs Wallis wore a graceful gown of black velvet with a deep collar of rich ivory lace. Her bouquet, which was the gift of the country clergy, was composed of yellow flowers and tinted foliage. There were a large number of clergy present, this annual At Home being one of their most enjoyable affairs, and one they look forward to every year with great pleasure. Among the guests were Lady Ward, wearing pale grey checked voile, smart black top; Mrs T. C. Williams, black dress, long seal coat, white tulle bonnet with tips; Miss Coates, navy tailor-made and black hat; Mrs A. Pearce, dark green coat and skirt, white furs; Mrs Aikwright (Marion), dull purple dress and black toque; Miss Aikwright, pale blue cloth encased with white, black chiffon net; Miss Julius (Christchurch), grey tweed dress and black hat; Mrs Rawson, navy blue taffetas; Miss Rawson, dark brown tweed; Mrs Coleridge, black dress and long fur coat; Mrs Fell, black cloth dress and handsome coat; Miss E. Fell, grey voile and white fur coat; Mrs Fulton, black tailor-made; Miss Warburton (Manawatu), pale blue cloth with vest of narrow Valenciennes lace.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, July 12.  
THE HUNT CLUB BALL,

held in the Asford Drill Hall, Caversham, on Wednesday last, was a great success. Dancing was kept up until five a.m., when the visitors from Christchurch breakfasted and caught the six a.m. train to town. You can imagine what a weary set of travellers we were, and how we envied those fortunate ones who had been invited to join one of the various house parties. Mrs. Leslie Rutherford (Montrose) wore a lovely gown of soft pink satin, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Polhill, a rich black surah, with jetted lace; Miss Polhill, a dainty white silk; Mrs Lawrence looked charming in her debutante's frock of white silk and chiffon; Miss Viola Barker, pink erpe de chine, pink roses in her hair; Miss Chaffey, a becoming gown of emerald silk; Miss E. Murray, white silk and lace, with flower-trimmed bodice; Miss Mather and Miss E. Williams were daintily gowned in white; Miss M. Allan wore pale blue erpe de chine; Mrs. Thompson (Bathurst), handsome black toilette; Miss Prins looked well in pale pink, relieved with black velvet and lace; Miss E. Milson wore fine white muslin, with lace insertion, and bill; Mrs. Chaffey, black satin, relieved with rich lace; Others present were: The Misses Davidson (3), Brown, Rutherford, Fulton, Jameson, Thompson, Major Chaffey, Messrs. Olliver, Neave, H. Barclay, Guthrie, Rutherford, Starkey, Jameson, Thompson, Davidson, Milson, White, Ensor (2).

On Thursday afternoon the Misses Mears gave a

RECEPTION

at their residence "Footwork." Mrs. Vale, Miss Mears wore a handsome gown of blue brocade, with cream lace yoke. Her sisters were characteristically gowned in cream silk, with lace and erpe de chine. Among the guests were: Mrs. Denniston, in a pretty grey silk, black and white toque; Mrs. Tabart wore black, brocade coat, fur trimmed, black bonnet; Mrs. E. V. P. Lauer, pretty costume of green cloth, cream trim, decorated with violets; Mrs. Chrysl, I wore

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black; Mrs. Keith Garrick, pretty cream silk, trimmed with lace, brown hat with pearl and turquoise ornaments; Mrs. Anderson, tawn cloth costume, toque of cream lace; Mrs. Ogle, blue serge dress, blue straw hat; Mrs. Wainport, smart dress of grey tweed, white felt hat; Mrs. Wilding, fawn coat and skirt, edged with fur and blue velvet; Mrs. Hugh Deves, pretty costume of brown cloth, with cream lace appliques, hat on suite; Mrs. J. Palmer, grey tweed coat and skirt, white fur toque and stole; Mrs. Rose wore black; Mrs. H. Mears, dainty fawn coloured costume, with fox furs, heliotrope floral toque; Mrs. P. Campbell, black dress, with vest of cream lace, black hat and feathers; Mrs. Fox, brown costume, cream lace vest, brown hat with cherries; Mrs. A. Scott, dark red cloth, white fur toque, with touches of black; Mrs. W. Beve, a handsome black dress, and black hat; Mrs. Frank Graham, blue serge, white toque; Mrs. F. Robinson, black, with white fox furs; Mrs. Beale, blue cloth, faced with pale blue silk black hat, and fur stole; Mrs. Acland, dark blue coat and skirt, toque to match; Mrs. Henry Wood, stylish costume of cream serge, relieved with black, black and white hat; Mrs. Mollineux, pretty grey costume, with white vest, black hat; Mrs. Blunt wore a grey voile, with bright red toque; Miss Hunter-Brown (Nelson), a pretty costume of brown cloth, with velvet and cream guipure, toque to match; Mrs. Isaac Gibbs, blue coat and skirt, white silk vest, white toque, and white fox furs; Mrs. Guy Pascoe, grey costume, toque with violets; Mrs. Crook wore brown, large brown fur cape, and brown hat. Mr. and the Misses Mears were indefatigable in attending to their guests. A string band, in which a harp was included, played at intervals during the afternoon. Miss Muriel Mears, who is a skilled pianist, charmed her guests with her playing. Tea and dainty refreshments held sway in the dining-room. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers and palms.

The reception given by Mr. J. C. Williamson at the Royal Cafe on Friday

**TO MEET MISS TITTEL BRUNE,**

was largely attended, over 300 persons being present. Miss Brune received her guests at the door. She was beautifully gowned in a rich black lace, embroidered with gold sequins, worn over white silk and accordion-pleated chiffon, long lava elbow sleeves, and ermine furs; large black hat, with feathers and tulle strings. She was accompanied by Mrs. John Deans, Mrs. Litchfield, and Mrs. Isaac Gibbs. The scene was a brilliant one, and the effect was enhanced by the shaded electric lights. The pale green of the tinted walls, curtained and paneled with brown; the rich crimson of the carpet, and spotless white table linen, the decorations of scarlet holly berries, and a profusion of lovely palms and pot plants; and lastly, the throng of richly-dressed guests, formed a picture not easily forgotten. A most excellent afternoon tea was served, and while we enjoyed it, a musical programme was gone through. The orchestra, under Mr. George Hall, played various selections. Mrs. Deans and Mrs. Litchfield both wore black with rich furs; Mrs. Isaac Gibbs, was in blue cloth, white toque, and set of white fox furs; Mrs. Kettle, stylish coat

and skirt of navy blue, black and white hat; Miss Kettle, blue costume and hat to match; Miss Denniston, brown tweed, and brown hat; Miss F. Denniston (Dunedin), gown of cream serge, cream hat, and brown marabout stole; Mrs. Quinn, a pale grey cloth costume, cream toque, with sable fur and violets; Mrs. Norton, a light French grey coat, and skirt with fox furs; Mrs. Wilding, brown tweed costume, faced with creek silk, black and white hat; Miss Fairhurst wore black and heliotrope, with floral toque; Miss Hargreaves, stylish costume of pale grey cloth, grey furs; Mrs. Chilton, blue grey tweed and red hat; Mrs. Patterson, blue cloth and sable furs; Mrs. Croxton, dark brown costume, black and white toque; Mrs. H. Cotterill, grey tweed, hat of heliotrope tulle; Miss Guthrie, navy blue cloth, red hat, and brown marabout stole; Miss Meredith-Kaye, navy blue cloth, faced with pale silk, large white hat, with ostrich feather; Mrs. Acland, brown tweed, fawn toque; Miss Fay Mathias wore black. Others present were: Dr. Jessie Maddison, Mrs. and Miss Staveley, Mrs. and Miss Secretan, Miss Bloxam, Mrs. and Miss Wilkin, Mrs. and Miss Woodhouse, Mrs. Morton Anderson, Professor and Mrs. Cook, Miss Cabat, Mrs. W. Stinger, Mrs. Fodor, the Misses Burn, Miss Merton, Mrs. and Miss Anderson, Mrs. Bonne, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. MacDougall, Mrs. Tipler, Mr. and the Misses Mears, Mr. and Mrs. Triggs, Mrs. Wanklyn, Dr. and Mrs. Coleridge Ferr, Dr. and Mrs. Irving, Dr. Alice Moorhouse, Mr. Ronald Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Ballin.

**THE GOLF LINKS AT SHIRLEY.**

were very gay on Tuesday, when, in response to Mrs. Beal's invitation both Hagley and Shirley Ladies' Clubs met and played handicap foursomes. Miss Kettle and Miss Anderson won the first prizes (beautiful water-colour pictures by Christy). Mrs. G. G. Stead and Mrs. Henry Wood came second; their prizes being small silver toilet boxes. The prizes were presented by the hostess, Mrs. Beal, who thus commemorated her national holiday, July 4. Between 40 and 50 guests were present. Tea was held in the pavilion. The tables looked very pretty, with bowls of chrysanthemums, and here and there a tiny flag of Star and Stripes. Among these present were Mrs. Archer, Mrs. and Miss Kettle, Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. and the Misses Denniston, Mrs. F. Robinson, Mrs. H. Wood, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Mrs. Hamner and Misses Reeves, Denniston, Humphreys, Kitson, Ainger, Steud, Crocroft, Wilson, Anderson, Overton and Moore.

**AT HAGLEY PARK**

on Friday there was a competition for golf balls presented by Mrs. G. G. Stead. The winners were Mrs. Boyle and Miss Newton. For the second prize a silver salts bottle Miss Nora Campbell and Miss Stead tied, and will have to play off. Afternoon tea was provided by Misses Russell and Westener.

**AN AFTERNOON TEA**

was given by Mrs. Eleanora on Friday to welcome home Miss Eleanora, who has been traveling for nearly two years in Egypt, India and Europe. Among the guests were Mrs. F. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Beswick, Mrs. R. Macdonald, the Misses Kettle, Macdonald, Hill, Cotterill, Reeves and Murray-Aynsley.

**Mrs. Ensor gave A PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE PARTY**

on Wednesday evening at her house in Park Terrace. The first prize was won by Miss Bassett, and the second by Mr. Nanarow. The evening wound up with a carpet dance, which was thoroughly enjoyed. The guests were the Misses Julius, Campbell, Merton, Humphreys, Inman, Denniston, Nanarow and Mears, and Messrs Poulton, Moorhouse, Blundin, Gould, Hazelden, Jameson and Dr. Moorhouse.

On the same evening the Misses Cholmondeley gave a small card party at their residence "Malpas," Carlton-street.

**MISS COX HELD HER ASSEMBLY**

in her rooms at "Te Whare." These dances are most popular. Two more are to be held this season. The chaperones were Mrs. Percy Cox, wearing rich black silk with lace collar and cap; Mrs. Struthers Williams, who was also in black, with white lace, and Mrs. Bowman Fox; Miss W. Cox wore a pretty grey gown with white lace; Miss Anderson, pretty pink crepe de chine with lace bertha and flowers; Miss Gladys Anderson, pink muslin, cream lace flounces, pink flowers in her hair; Miss Day, primrose coloured silk and lace, red geraniums in hair; Miss Staveley, black dress relieved with white; Miss Middleton, white silk and lace, pink sash; Miss Devenish-Mears, grey voile with cream lace insertion; Miss Guthrie, black voile, white lace bertha and sleeves; Miss Preston, white silk and lace; Miss Toalunter, white silk; the Misses Cook, Kitson, Moore, Fox, Williams and Ensor, Messrs Moore, Cox, Guthrie, Hazelden, Preston, Nalder, Anderson, Collyns, Tribe and Dr. Thomas.

The next Musical Union concert will be given on Tuesday. The programme will be chiefly orchestral. The vocal soloists are to be Miss Livingsten and Mr. Claude Allen.

**THE HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION**

held their social on Friday evening. A very good musical programme was gone through. After which there was a question competition, which caused much amusement. The first prize for the greatest number of correct answers was won by the president of the club, Miss Gibson. Miss Nellie Marshall came second. A delicious supper brought the evening to a close. Great preparations are being made by the members for a public entertainment, which they propose giving next month. Half the proceeds will be given to some local charity.

**TITE THEATRE ROYAL**

was crowded to the doors on Friday when Miss Tittel Brune opened the Williamson season with "L'Anglais." The audience was most enthusiastic, and undoubtedly Miss Tittel Brune deserves the great reputation which precede her. All are delighted with her clever acting and charming personality. In the circle among others were the Hon. C. Louisson, Mrs., and Miss Louisson, Mrs. and Miss Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Keeley, Dr. and Mrs. Diamond, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Selig, Mrs. Harris, the Misses Harley, Mathias, and Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Reeves, Mrs. and the Misses Kettle, Mr. Kettle,

Mr. and the Misses Mears, Mrs. Chas. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Clark, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Dr. and Mrs. Hertz, Mr. and Mrs. Cobham.

**ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST.**

Dr. Gibson's marriage to Miss Flower, who has just arrived from England, will take place in Melbourne from Bishopscourt, the Bishop of Melbourne being a relative of Miss Flower.

The solemn and imposing ceremony of the reception of nine nuns into the convent of the Sacred Heart took place in the Cathedral, Dean Gimly conducted the ceremony.

It is understood that Mr. F. Waymouth's beautiful property in Lower Riccarton has been purchased by Mrs. J. H. Townend.

The appointment of the Hon C. C. Bowen to the Speakership has given great pleasure to his Christchurch friends. He has been the recipient of numberless telegrams and congratulatory messages.

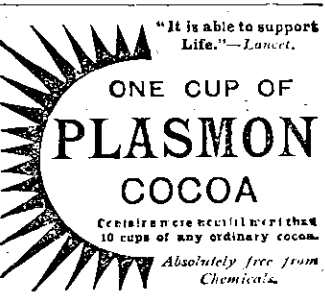
The Shakespeare Society met last Monday at Miss Moreland's, Christ's College, when "King John" was read.

Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, Timaru, who stayed last week with Mrs. Wardrop, on their way to Haunover, received the very sad news of the death of their only son, who was at school in England.

Miss Nanarow has gone to stay with her sister, Mrs. D. Maclean at Mount Hutt, where a large shooting party is being entertained.

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# The Lost Soul: A Tale of India

By WALTER E. GROGAN

[COMPLETE STORY.]

THE whole story would have been impossible in any other country than India. But in India all things are possible, although it is considered polite to ignore the more improbable in government documents.

Irwin of the police was riding north through a wild wet tract in Panjab. With him went four mounted native policemen and young Freeman of the Brass Backs, the regiment which is so inordinately proud of the strip of brass at the back of their helmets. Freeman complained fully and freely of the wet, which was his idea of companionship, and regretted his mess-room every half-mile of the way.

"Shut up!" said Irwin. "You are riding to see the country by your own choice, and, by Gad! you are seeing it with a vengeance. It is of no use cursing the clouds, for they stay."

Freeman came of a military stock. His father limped from a Sepoy bullet received in the Mutiny, and Olive had a Freeman on his staff at Plassy. There were also others. Hence, Freeman, being newly gazetted and not yet routine-fretted to indifference, looked upon the big country with an inherited interest.

The night was threatening. A rain-charged wind blew over the land, searching out the weak places in capes. The clouds were as heavy and as passionless as rolled bronze, and the roads were quaggy. There was a wayside house half a mile further on. Irwin had determined to sleep there. It was rough, but used by the police when moving through the district, and with wet weather a man thinks of his horses. The policemen clanked stolidly on. It was the will of Irwin Sahib that they rode forward, and so they plugged their way indifferently.

Not a thousand yards from the house—they could see its lights winking through the rain—Freeman's horse swerved, and Freeman swore long and fluently. Irwin glanced at the roadside. Two dark figures were crouched there impassively. One, tall, gaunt, with a drenched and tattered garment thrown loosely over him, glanced up; the other remained motionless.

"Dismount, Alga Khan, and see who they be," directed Irwin.

Alga Khan approached them with the lordly bearing of a Sikh who served the king toward beggar outcasts of Hindu origin. He spoke in the guttural vernacular. There was no answer. The one who had moved regarded him with a hopeless, unintelligent stare. Suddenly Alga Khan stooped forward curiously. Then he came back to Irwin's side.

"Sahib, it is a fakir and his servant. With the permission of the Presence, the fakir is dead."

Both Irwin and Freeman rode nearer. The fakir, with a shivelled, wasted arm lifted on high and the wind playing with his long, unkempt, heavily-matted beard, was certainly dead, had died there in the roadside ditch as quietly and as helplessly as he had ordered the whole of his life. He was apparently a man of much acquired piety, for his lifted arm had been fixed by the slow process of years. Before him was an empty metal dish, used for the offerings of passers-by. The cutting of a new road had diverted traffic, and apparently the old man had died of starvation.

"This is perfectly Indian," said Irwin; "pretty picturesque country, eh, Freeman? We had better send two of the men back from the house with a stretcher of sorts."

Freeman looked at the imperturbable figure of the man who had moved. He was as serene and unconscious as the grim figure beside him. Dust and mud had begrimed his face, but in the dull light he seemed to be less dusky than a Hindu, more of the colour of an Afghan.

"He's a lone-looking beggar, Jack," Freeman said. "We had better carry him on with us, hadn't we?"

A policeman beckoned to the squatting figure, and he rose, as docile as a dog, and followed passively. His straggling beard hung to his knees, heavy

with mud and filth. The loose garment flapped damply in the wind and showed big rents through which the rain beat.

Irwin and Freeman sat, pipe in mouth, cat-trotched in luxury after a dinner that might have been worse and was certainly plentiful.

"It is a ruin country, Freeman," said Irwin. "We sit heavily on it and do things which sound big in reports, but after all we only scratch a little on the surface. Underneath is the real thing, which is unknowable and which we never touch. That passive scare-crow we brought in to-night is a type. What do we know of him? How can we possibly understand him? He is a disreputable, uncleanly old man, but he baffles us—the whole of the administration and my lordly self."

"Poor beggar," Freeman mused. "He has a lighter skin than the run of native I've been used to."

"Afghan possibly; Pathan probably."

"And somehow—it sounds piffle—he seems a little different—he hasn't the usual cut."

"You are fanciful, old chap."

"I suppose I am," Freeman answered, gazing at the smoke clouds. "This country is in my bones. There always seem to have been a few of us here. I felt like coming home in the Bombay Cemetery; there were so many of us. That old beggar haunts me. There is something—oh, you are right, I'm getting fanciful and nervy!"

"The rains! You'd better clear out to the hills at once and put in your leave there," Irwin spoke heroically, for even a companion who growls all day at the weather is something to hug when life is mostly lone riding. "This is the beginning, Freeman. We shall have the fever on us soon."

"Have you ever felt a call, Jack? It sounds awful rot—but there is something about the old chap—I don't know how to explain it—as though he were calling to me across long years."

Irwin looked at the youngster curiously.

"You had better take a blue pill," he said, "because your liver has become mu-

tinous. Or," he added, slowly, "there is another alternative."

"What is that, Jack? On my word, my liver is as orderly as a— a May meeting."

"You will have to swallow India. Some of you fellows born to India, as a man at home is born to a business, have to do it quickly. You come home when you slip ashore at Bombay."

"That's so, Jack." Freeman looked lazily at the smoke. "I know the place directly up heel ground the quay. I know the smells. I know the people. I had seen them before in dreams. It isn't so wonderful, is it? The governor was out here, married out here. I was born out here, and now I have come home as it were. That's what you mean by swallowing India, eh?"

"That and more. You get there by intuition, while we scratch along on the surface. You know things because you know 'em, because they are part of you, while we only guess dawkly."

"The old beggar is a case in point, Jack." The young cub, with the clearest nose marred by a broadened tip, the Freeman nose, leant forward and spoke earnestly. He was vaguely troubled by the call of the strange old country to him, the call he could feel in every nerve and every fibre. "He calls to me—I feel somehow that I know him. Years ago I must have met him—before I was a Freeman, perhaps. Oh, Jack, this is the very tenth story of rot, but you know how the country gets hold of you, and how hard it is to explain things!"

Irwin scraped his pipe very carefully.

"When I first did service I tried to explain things, and it worried me vastly, and it worried the authorities far more. Since then I take things as they are, and explain those which are easy, and let the others go as the unexplainable. It is a neat word, and saves a great deal of trouble."

"He is a ruin old beggar. He never spoke, but pludded after us as though he were always used to being ordered about. And he was so starved-looking—so gaunt, miserable, abject."

"Alga Khan will have seen to him." "Let's have him in, Jack."

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Irwin laughed. The boy was shamefacedly earnest. He summoned Alga Khan, and presently the tall Sikh ushered in the bowed, submissive figure.

He was a peculiarly passive man. His beard was gray, and there were gray wisps of hair at the side of his head. He kept his head, starved hands wrapped in the folds of his filthy robe. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his face was absolutely empty of expression.

Irwin spoke to him in the vernacular, and the old man in a whining voice made cringing answer. For some moments the young sub leant forward with part d lips, looking from the alert, decisive policeman to the limp old man, trying to gather the scope of the conversation.

Irwin shook his head.

"He has no knowledge and no intelligence. He is merely an empty case of flesh there is no soul and no brain. Yet he puzzles me he is certainly unlike the ordinary native—and I know most types."

Irwin looked at the man again curiously.

Freeman spoke.

"If it were not utterly and egregiously impossible, I should say that an Englishman might look like that if the country swallowed him long enough."

The old man, who had been passive enough under Irwin's examination in the vernacular, began to stir uneasily. He glanced up at Freeman, and there was a gleam of interest in his dead eyes.

Moving thus, his head came between Irwin and the light in outline. The policeman sat up sharply.

"If there were miracles to-day—and who may say there are not in this queer land? I should assert that your old sorrowful friend had the Freeman nose," said Irwin emphatically.

It was there plainly, a long, clear-cut nose broadened at the tip. The old man raised a shaking hand to his nose.

"The Freeman nose," he said, speaking slowly, with an apparently laborious effort after long-forgotten words.

Freeman started forward and clutched at the old man. Irwin jumped to his feet. The old man looked from one to the other, as though his eyes were stumbling in a forgotten path. They were very much like the eyes of an owl suddenly awakened by a strong light.

"Who are you?" demanded Freeman. He was shaking with excitement. Irwin, standing a little back, noted how close was the resemblance of their features.

The old man made no answer, but stood looking from one to the other with eyes that seemed desperately striving to break through a fog.

"He is certainly English," said Irwin. "No native ever caught the real ring of our language. But—the attendant of a fakir, the slave of a beggar! And his voice; it must have been years since he spoke a word of his own language!"

The old man's eyes slowly steadiated themselves upon young Freeman. Freeman stood by the table craning forward toward him, trembling with the desire of knowledge. His nose, the curious straight cut of the left side of his mouth, the round dim between the eyes, were brought into strong relief. The old man stared at him almost unblinkingly, his eyes troubled and wondering. Irwin held his breath. Outside the rain pattered on the verandah roof.

Presently the old man's hand went tremblingly up to his face, and the thin, gaunt, dirty fingers caught nervously at the left corner of his chin and pulled it to the flesh.

"My God!" said Freeman; and Irwin laughed sharply, and suddenly remembering the tragedy that was being unconsciously uncovered before him, stopped abruptly. He had seen Freeman do that many times in moments of nervous abstraction. It was a trick of the Freemans.

"Who are you?" demanded Freeman, breathlessly. "You—you remember Tintern?"

"Tintern?" said the old man, wonderingly. His eyes grew a trifle less uncertain. "Yes, the Mall home," he continued with difficulty.

"This is the twentieth century," murmured Irwin softly to himself, "and we are not mad."

Young Freeman had forgotten Irwin. He was calling back an old wandering soul to the shrunken lean figure in front of him. There was a horrible tragedy locked up in the making of those vacant eyes.

"And Lahore, you remember Lahore?" he asked again.

The effect was almost instantaneous. The old man covered suddenly, with an awful fear, a fear that is not good to see in any human eyes, certainly not English ones, gleamed horribly in his. It was a fear that is boundless, and embraces the past, present, and future, and is so terrible that a man's whole body quivers with it.

"And Lahore—and Lahore—O God—O God!" He fell forward over the tablecloth—the thin hands clutched at his head. When they picked him up from the table, and sat him in a chair, he babbled vacantly to Irwin in the vernacular. The soul of the lost man had vanished again.

Freeman spoke to him vehemently, but the light had gone from the vacant eyes, and there was no rekindling it. Presently he fell into a heavy stupor.

Freeman looked at Irwin.

"You know the story?" he said. His voice was slinky. He looked over at the huddled, abject figure, and gulped down something in his throat.

"It's yours, old chap. Unless you care—I am not keen on raking up old tales. It has been my lot to see many pieces of stories with neither commencement nor ending. Let this be one of them if you will."

"Oh, no, Jack. It's straight and square. My father had an elder brother, Charles. He was brought up in the old place at Tintern—a queer rambling place, Jack, that bred us Freemans for India—and in due course came East. He was in the legal business—a judge, of sorts. He came to Lahore. He was a reckless fellow—some of us are a bit that way. Anyhow, he never understood the native, and he paid for his want of knowledge. There was a dispute about a god. Two temples claimed it and there was a whole heap of false swearing. Uncle Charles ordered the god to be brought into Court, and examined it with his own hands. There was nearly a riot, but luckily there happened to be two white regiments stationed there. Three days afterwards Uncle Charles disappeared. He was never seen again."

The limp starved figure moaned in its sleep.

"Until now," added Freeman.

"He has been in hell," said Irwin.

"Think of it!" muttered Freeman. "Thirty years! He paid very fully for his ignorance of the native. Think what he has been through to have lost what he has lost, and to have come to what he is!"

A week later the starved, gaunt old man who had been attendant to a fakir, died. Soon afterwards there was a new grave in Lahore—To the Memory of His Honor Charles Freeman, Judge of the Lahore Court. People wondered extremely, because there had been no judge of that name within their memory, and the death date was quite recent.

"From Temple Bar.

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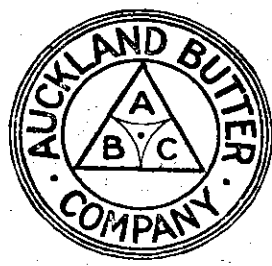
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# A Scurry County Wooing

By Morley Roberts

Author of "The Western Avernus," Etc

**S**CURRY County is in the south of the Panhandle of Texas and its southern border lies some forty miles or so north of Painted Rock. But as Painted Rock is the only town thereabouts everybody in Scurry County knows it. It is the trading centre of the district, and on the north-west plateau of Texas forty miles is not too far to ride for a drink, when a drink, or a jamboree, is indicated. It is not too far either to ride for the purposes of love-making, as Jack Higginson of Ennis Creek in Scurry knew well enough. The boys out there love space and distances and the far clear atmosphere of the prairie, and they know in their hearts there is nothing so good as the air on which they were bred, or the girls who grow up there with them. And that is why Jerome Shaylor, who was a very quiet 'boy' of twenty-five, though he had no objection to Jack's riding in to Painted Rock to see Mary Smith, had a very great objection to Mr George B. Remington's riding out to the Creek to see Mamie Griggs, who was the belle of about thirty square miles of prairie country.

"I shed shoot 'im straight," said Jack Higginson; "the man what puts as much as his little finger between me and my Mary will get shot up some, and I'm the man that'll do it, and the boys know it. Ride on with me to the Rock, Jerome, and we'll call on thisher Mr Remington and show him death a-stickin' out a foot, lying coiled in his path like a rattler. Say, will you do it?"

Jerome was unhappy and scratched his nose in doubt.

"You see, there's paw," he said, referring to his father. "Paw's dead agin shootin' ever since he shot Jake Meadows. Jake's bin a sore burden to paw ever since, bein' lame and ridin' out here to see paw and borrow money, moaning about his leg and his bust-up prospects in life. Paw says he'll shoot no more and he says if any of his sons shoot there'll be serious trouble in Scurry County, and I don't run up agin paw, him bein' the man he is."

For Colonel Shaylor, who really had been a Colonel in the Confederate Army, was a very hard man to deal with, and kept his family tightly on the rein, like the fierce old patriarch that he was. Jack Higginson recognised what an obstacle "paw" must be and shook his head.

"It's mighty hard lines havin' a father like your'n," he said, "and I think it's a forsaken pity he didn't shoot straight when meadows invited death. If Meadows had been dead, your old dad would ha' got over it by now. His borrowin' money perpetual on account of his wounded leg keeps the thing green in the Colonel's mind."

"That's so," said Jerome. "He said that to Meadows."

"Did he?"

Jerome nodded.

"And theimpin' ole scarerow lets on he wishes he bed. You can't do

nothin' with a thing like that. He rubs his derned old leg and sobs, and paw gets mad and bounds out the dollars, wishin' it was lead. And then he says, 'the boy o' mine that resorts to guns in a difficultly ain't goin' to secure no blessin' of mine and no share o' my property.'"

"Hum," said Jack, "that's very hard on a high spirited son o' Texas. I say, I'll think upon it as I ride into the Rock, Jerome. And maybe I'll ask Mary's opinion. She's no love for thisher derned Easterner Remington. She says he daren't walk out in the Rock when it's dark. But I dumno, women sez very spiteful things and Remington don't look so easy to scare as that. I'll think it over, Jerome."

"I wish you would," replied Jerome, "and now I must whack into this derned ole mesquite for firewood. I wish I had Remington's neck under the axe."

And Jack Higginson rode into town thinking.

"Blame me, if I know," said Jack. "After all, I reckon Remington would cow down without shootin'; if he was told that the boys of Scurry County had reckoned that Mamie Griggs wasn't for export, but for home consumption. Jerome ought to go to him and talk to him straight. I reckon he would, only he's scared his gun would go off of itself. But Jerome's a good boy, so he is, and it's mighty hard he's fitted with a father that don't believe in natur'."

My old dad ain't that sort. By Gosh, I think I'll see Remington myself; I ain't scared of him, nor of no father, nor of my gun. I'll take him on the way to Mary's, so I will. He's a bit of a lawyer. Well, I'll tell him law ain't no sech property out here."

He dropped down from the prairie and saw Painted Rock shining in the sun by its river and its sand-dunes. In another ten minutes he loped on his broncho into the town and pulled up on South Street outside a pretentious brick fronted building of which all the rest but the front was of wood. He hitched his pony to a post and strolled into Mr Remington's office. He found his man working in his shirt sleeves at a table covered with papers, and he stood gazing at the lawyer with a complicated feeling of contempt and respect. It took Jack about a minute and a half to sign his name and he felt that it was impossible to despise Remington quite so thoroughly as he wished when he saw the disturber of Scurry County write about twenty words in half the time. And then Remington looked up.

"He has a keen eye," said Jack. "I dumno, maybe he won't scare worth a cent."

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "and what can I do for you?"

"I can't say I do," replied Remington.

"I'm Jack Higginson, from Ennis Creek, Scurry County," said Jack, "and I mind seemin' you out to Mr Griggs a month back?"

Remington nodded.

"Ah, to be sure, I think I remember you now. What can I do for you, Mr Higginson, anything in the legal way?"

"Not much," said Jack, "I do despise havin' anything to do with law, and so does dad. And we mostly reckon out in Scurry County that we ain't takin' any. What I wanted ain't nothin' to do with law. Some of us out yonder hev been talkin' about you and we reckoned we'd tell you about it."

Remington pushed his chair back a little, and looked straight at Jack.

"You've been talking about me, eh? Well, there's no charge for talk, Mr Higginson."

"I ain't so dead sure of that," replied Jack. "I've known big bills for talk, sure's death. But I reckon you're a man that nets fair and haven't no desire to cause trouble."

"That's so," said Remington, "but come to the point."

"The point is," said Jack, "that you air cousin' trouble in Scurry County. It's talk around the creek that you air cousin' Mamie Griggs."

"Miss Griggs?" said Remington.

"It's talk around the creek that you air cousin' her, and the boys out that-a-way hev considered the matter and hev come to the conclusion that she ain't for export, but for home consumption and that the boy who's to hev her is Jerome Shaylor."

"And what does the lady say?" asked the lawyer.

"How?" said Jack blankly.

"What does the lady say?"

"Derned if I know," said Jack hastily. "But that ain't the point. The point is what we say, and what Jerome says, and Jerome is a terror and mighty equal to strangers and set agin 'em. And he reckons that she ain't to be ent out of the herd and branded by a stranger like as if she was a maverick, and he reckons more over that he ain't goin' to stand by and see the iron put on her."

"Indeed," said Remington.

And Jack's enthusiasm for his friend ran away with him.

"Yep and indeed," said Jack. "He sez he'll fill up any stranger with a fine quality of lead as comes around her ear. She's the flower of the flock and the flower of the prairie, and Jerome says he'll kill and shoot up any stran-

ger that looks at her. And all the boys along the creek reckon to back him up, and we says that you bein' a legal lawyer and probably stuck on peace will see that the only safe way of proceedin' is to keep out-side the borders of Scurry County and probly to return home by an early eastbound express."

"And if I don't I am to be shot up?" asked Remington.

"Considerably shot up," said Jack, with much emphasis, "so to speak, riddled like a sieve."

"That would be inconvenient," said Remington, "very inconvenient. And what would you think of me if, to adopt the language current in this romantic locality, I took backwater and an Express?"

"We'd thank you war wise," said Jack, "but our opinion of you would be poor. We'd reckon to lunge you quick, havin' better to remember."

"Your caution is refreshing," said the lawyer. "But I happen to be an American."

"From the East. Our opinion of the East is poor," said Jack Higginson. "Our opinion of them as was raised East is mean to a degree."

Remington nodded.

"So it seems," said the lawyer, "and if I decided to shift my stakes at the request of the innocents of Scurry County, I should agree with you. I suppose Mr Jerome Shaylor has made you his intermediary in this matter?"

"His what?" asked Jack.

"I mean he asked you to come and tell me this?"

"That's what it comes to," said Jack rather uneasily. "we can't allow no stranger to cavort about in Scurry County."

"Is that all?" asked Remington.

"That's all," said Jack.

"Then I wish you good afternoon," said Remington.

"And what am I to tell Jerome?"

"Tell him I shall be in the romantic neighbourhood of Ennis Creek some time the day after to-morrow," said the lawyer, and Jack Higginson opened his mouth, shut it, opened the door, went out and shut that, and stood by his pony, shaking his head, as if they were worrying him too.

"I hev my doubt about his havin' been raised in the East," said Jack. "But it's done now! Whatever old Colonel Shaylor says Jerome will hev to shoot him some."

And after thinking over the matter he rode on to see Mary, who gave him still more to think of when he told her what he had done.

"And what will Mamie say?" she asked.

"Blessed if I know," replied Jack.

"That's what the lawsharp says."

"If I know girls she'll make you wish you were dead," said Mary viciously.

"How do you know she doesn't like him best?"

Jack shook his head sadly.

"She can't possibly like a lawsharp and a stranger. And now it's fixed.

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Jerome will hev to shoot him some, because I feel he would. And then the old Colonel will be mad."

"You've done a very silly thing," said Mary. "What would you do if I liked someone better than you?"

"I'd shortly slay him in the tracks, Mary," said her lover, "and I would jump upon him and become rav'nin' tearin' blood and turn myself loose upon the town and do up all my enemies."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Mary, "I think men are dreadful. Would you really do all that?"

"I would," replied Jack. "shore pop I'd do it."

"And what should I feel like?"

"You'd shortly be sad and lonesome, both bein' dead," replied Jack. "But I reckon you don't love no one better, do you, Mary?"

"No," said Mary, "but I think you are foolish all the same, and I shall write to Mamie and tell her about it."

Jack looked awfully alarmed.

"You won't do that, Mary; she'll be on to me like, oh, like a coyote on a sick sheep, and I'll feel as mean as if I was raised East."

"You shouldn't interfere then in what isn't your business," said Mary. "I'll write now, an you shall take the letter to her."

"Shortly that's playin' it low down on me," urged her lover plaintively.

"I can't help that," said Mary. "I won't have Jerome killed."

"You mean that you won't have Mr Remington killed?" suggested Jack.

"I mean nuthin' of the sort," said Mary. "Mr Pillsbury, the gambler, told father only yest'ridy that Mr Remington was the best shot in Painted Rock."

Jack gasped.

"You don't say that, Mary?"

"I do," said Mary, "and he's not an Easterner either. He comes from Alabama."

"Alabama, well, I'm doggomed," said Jack. "And I talked to him just s' if he came from Philadelphia! I shore think Jerome has run agin a snag, talkin' of killin' him. For what with the ole Colonel's demed foolishness, Jerome can't shoot worth a cent."

But Mary wrote her letter to Mamie, and Jack took it very unwillingly and rode back to Ennis Creek at the slowest pace he could get out of his pony.

"Alabama! Oh, good men comes from Alabama," said Jack. "I'm some alarmed that Jerome will hev to back down. I'll persuade him to peace. But thisyer letter lies heavy on my mind. Mary's mighty cruel to send it by me. Women is some spiteful, so they are. I do dread seein' Mamie now!"

And he rode to the Griggs' house up Ennis Creek as if he was going to his own immediate execution. He met Jerome at the ford just below the ranch, and pulled up.

"Jerome, my son," said Jack. "I've shore a sad confession to make, and it's a deal tougher than cuttin' mesquite with a blunt axe. I'm a blamed

fool, so I am, and the proof of it is the way I feel. And there further corroboratin' written evidence of it in my pocket, very convinain'. I'm no better than a short-horn and I own I'm worse than a mule."

"What's wrong now?" asked Jerome in great alarm.

"When I rode in to Painted Rock," said Jack, "I gotten it all clear in my mind, and now it ain't no clearer than a riley creek. I reckoned I'd see Remington myself and set out the situation clear, so I went and I explained to him that we didn't want him near, and not in the county. I further said we was clearly of opinion we could even do without him in Texas, and I said the Easthorn Express was bankerin' to haul him back East. And he was cool as a January mornin'. So I played the rest of my hand and I said you was yellin' for his blood and would shoot him upon sight, and I allowed all the boys in Scurry County was okal set on his immediate decrease."

"And did he crawl down?" asked Jerome.

"Not a solitary crawl," groaned Jack. "On the contrary, he bucked up s' if he'd took a cock-tail, and he intimated that I could acquaint you with the interestin' fact that he would be in the rowmanitic neighbourhood of Ennis Creek the day arter ter-morrer. And it shore seemed to me that you'd hev to shoot him, in spite of your dad."

"It looks like it," said Jerome, "but I don't much want to."

Jack shook his head again.

"That ain't all. I went on to see Mary, and like a derned silly galoot I let on I'd seen Remington. And under pressure I revealed all I'd said, and she was tearin' mad with me, and she revealed the fact that Pillsbury told her dad that now Ben Williams is deceased Remington is the quickest on the trigger of any man to Painted Rock."

"Pillsbury allowed that?" asked Jerome in obvious alarm.

"Pillsbury took his oath to it," said Jack, "and moreover it seems that Remington is from Alabama, not from the East; it pears to me I've bin wildly foolish this day and I regret it on your account, all the more because Mary wrote a letter to Mamie, and I've got it burnin' like mustard in my left side pocket. And she swore me to give it her. And I feel in her than a trapped coyote, and I a most wish I'd died in my youth."

And Jerome swore viciously.

"So do I," he yelled. "Jack, you are the biggest interferin' fool in Scurry County."

"Speak up," said Jack, "say it again, rub it in, I allow you're right, I'm the biggest fool in Texas, I've more square miles of folly in my territory than any man I know."

And Jerome relented.

"You done your best," he said. "If he'd crawled down it would ha' bin all right."

Jack shook his head.

"That's where the flaw was," he said. "And now I'll face the music of Mamie's voice, like a man if I can."

And when he got to the Griggs' house and found Mamie outside he showed his courage by hastily dropping the letter into her hand and driving the spurs into his pony.

"I wonder why he did that?" asked the Belle of Scurry County as she saw him galloping as hard as a stampeding steer down the track to the Creek.

And when she had read Mary's letter she knew.

"I wish he had stayed," said Mamie, and the manner in which she said it was a promise of a hot day for Jack when next she saw him, unless indeed, something happened before then to moderate her justifiable wrath.

"I wonder Mr Remington didn't shoot him," said Mamie, sighing. "Oh, I wish I lived in a town or a city, I'm tired of Ennis Creek."

As while she was thinking that the prairie was monotonous, and that the cow-boys were not all they imagined, Jerome and Jack Higginson were sitting gloomily outside the house of Jerome's "paw," wondering what would happen or ought to happen, when Mr. Remington, of Alabama, who was the best shot in Painted Rock, came out to Ennis Creek the day after to-morrow.

"Things is alterin'," said Jack, bitterly. "Here's this fencing comin' along! Sheep takes the place of steers. You can't ride ten miles without crossin' wire ten times. The buffalo ez a thing of the past. There's not a head of 'em left even on the Staked Plain. Easterners comes here, Law

comes here. I shall get up and get. The girls ain't what they was. Mary's n't right, but mostly we ain't got a look in with an Eastern drummer. Chuck it up, Jerome, and go to Arizona."

"I ain't stuck on Arizona," said Jerome. "I'm stuck on Mamie."

"But is Mamie stuck on you?" asked Jack, "when did you ask her last?"

"Not sence we was both ten," said Jerome, uneasily.

"That's a long time lost, ain't it?" I asked Mary every time I run up agin her this last seven years."

"Well, I never reckoned on no Remington," said Jerome, bitterly. "I'm stuck, fair stuck. If I kill thisyer Remington, paw won't give me no start, and if Remington kills me, I'm shore out of it."

"That's so," said Jack Higginson, "I own you don't seem to hev no luck. Supposin' you conclude that Mamie ain't the girl you took her for, Jerome? From what Mary said it seems girls are dead set on hev'in' their own way. It seems like this that if she's set on Remington, she won't hev you if you kill him, and if she's set on you she won't hev Remington."

"It looks like it," said Jerome, "but what of that?"

"It stands to reason, the way I look at it," said Higginson, "that arter all Mamie hev the call of both of you, and shootin' seems vain. It goes agin a man to own it, but it looks a solid fact. For once I own I don't see what good killin' a man is. I'd go to Mamie and ask her straight what her mind is, and if she says 'you' you hev the laugh on Remington, and if she says Remington you kin look for another girl."

"I don't want to look for no other," said Jerome angrily.

"But you must," urged Jack, "of course you must. She'll be mad if you do. Mary said as much. It appears women isn't the same as men. They hate to lose any man, but if a man don't want a girl he don't care if she marries

any galoot, even from the East. You go up to the Griggs and speak your mind plain and fair and square to Mamie."

"I will," said Jerome.

"Right off!"

"Ter-morrer," said Jerome.

"It makes you mad, I reckon, to think she can as much as think of Remington," said Jack, "even if he is from Alabama."

"It does make me mad," said Jerome.

"There's prettier girls than Mamie, after all," said Jack. "Do you reklect that fair-haired girl to Fort Worth, the time we took steers to Saint Loney?"

"Oh, she was a daisy," said Jerome passively.

"She said you was a mighty fine lookin' oung feller," said Jack. "I never tale you that. When will you speak to Mamie?"

Jerome shrugged his shoulders.

"She ain't treated me fair, I'll ask her the day arter ter-morrer."

"Remington's comin' that day."

"Let him come," said Jerome. "I ain't one to go where I ain't wanted. There's just as pretty girls as Mamie. Your Mary's just as sweet."

"She is," said Jack. "And I know it. She says you're a good-lookin' chap, Jerome."

"Straight!"

"She says it."

"I seed a Mexican girl at El Paso that Memie ain't in it with," said Jerome. "Mamie's too much stuck on herself."

"She is," said Jack. "She has a bitter tongue and I'll hear it when we meet."

Jerome got up.

"Look here, Jack, I don't think I'll speak to her at all, for seein' that she said years ago that she loved me dear I reckon she ain't treated me fair."

"Times I've that she didn't," said Jack.

"She can marry thisyer Remington if she likes," said Jerome haughtily. "And she did marry him."

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# Children's Page

## COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I did not write last week as I had no news, and I don't think that I have much this week. Last Sunday I saw Cousins Mary and Amy; they came to church, and I had seen their photos in the "Graphic," so I know them. I suppose that you feel the cold in the mornings. My uncle was up here from Ashburton last week, and he thinks that we have lovely weather up here compared with the weather in Ashburton. So I am satisfied to stay here, as I think that we have cold enough weather. We are having our examination at school; so I will be able to tell you next week if I am successful in passing. I am reading such a nice book called "Mollie's Prince," by Rosa Carey. I must close now, as I am going to the gymnasium.—Cousin Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—There never is very much news in the middle of winter, I think, because one goes out only when one has to; so there is not much to talk about, except the weather, of course, and that is an inexhaustible topic of conversation, isn't it? though it is not a very interesting one. Fancy your knowing Cousins Mary and Amy from their photographs; you must have a very good memory for faces, because it is some months since their photographs were in the "Graphic." I don't like getting up at all these cold mornings; I would like to be able to stay in bed until about 10 o'clock, when the sun is well up. I am just longing for the summer time to come, aren't you? I don't wonder you do not care to go down to Ashburton just now; it must be freezing cold down there now. I was in Dunedin quite early in the year once—March, I think it was, and found it dreadfully cold then. I hope you will pass your examination all right; you are sure to, I think. I read "Mollie's Prince" some time ago, and liked it very much, indeed. All Rosa Carey's books are charming; have you read any others of hers?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I thank you very much for your kind reply to my letter. I enclose a stamped and addressed envelope, which I forgot to send before for my badge, and hope to receive it soon. As I was only nine years old when I went to England, I cannot remember much about the voyage there, but I remember a great deal about the life in England. First of all, I went to London; and the first thing I remember was an old crossing-sweeper. I had heard of and read about them in books, but had never seen one. So, thinking the correct thing to do was to throw him a shilling, I was about to do so, but mother and her friends, who know London, laughed very much at me, and told me pennies would do; so I gave him sixpence, which seemed to surprise him very much. The day after we landed we saw the C.I.V.'s procession on their return home from South Africa. Next day we went down to the

North of England, where we stayed three weeks. I was ill there, so did not see very much. Then we went to Derbyshire, and stayed twelve days. After that we went to Rugby in Warwickshire. Of course, everyone knows of the famous public schools there. We, by invitation of one of the masters, were allowed to attend Divine service in the chapel. We also saw a tablet in the wall in the playground which was erected to the memory of the boy who invented the game of Rugby, football. Another time we visited the boys' museum, and there saw a letter that the famous Dr. Arnold, master of Rugby, wrote to his mother from the University of Cambridge, I think, where he tells her he has passed his "Greates." Outside the museum is a statue of Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days." As this letter may be too long, I will now close it. If you care to know more about my stay I will tell you more another week. I should be very sorry for the cousins' page to be withdrawn from the "Graphic," because the letters and Buster Brown, etc., are the only things of interest to children. With love to yourself and all the cousins.—Hilda, Ponsoply.

[Dear Cousin Hilda.—I received your stamped and addressed envelope safely this morning, and will post your badge to you one day this week. I hope you will like it. Thank you very much, indeed, for the nice interesting letter you have written this week; I wanted very much to hear your impressions of English life. Will you tell us more about it next time? I wonder if those poor old crossing-sweepers make much in a day; I don't fancy they do, so I expect he was delighted as well as surprised when you threw him the sixpence. I would like to have been at home when the troops returned from South Africa. Wasn't there a tremendous amount of excitement? You seem to have travelled about a good deal while you were in England; but, of course, travelling is so much easier and quicker there that one doesn't mind how much one does. I think most people have heard of Rugby. Of course, you have read "Tom Brown's School-days." I like it much better than "Tom Brown at Oxford," don't you? I suppose you know that all the characters were real people. I have heard the real names of Tom Brown and Sand East, but have forgotten them.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate: I sent an addressed envelope for a badge, but I have not received it yet. I am getting a mate for my canary in a few days. I collect post-cards, and have about a hundred and forty-four. My brother sent me some very pretty ones from Sydney and Melbourne. I went to play with a friend of mine on Saturday, and had a grand time. I am collecting stamps for the Halcombe invalid. I think Cousin Ruby's idea about the Wunder Bag is very good. I have no more news to tell you, Cousin Kate.—With love, I remain, your loving cousin, Jeanie (Masterton).

[Dear Cousin Jeanie,—I am so sorry to hear that you have never received your badge yet. If you send me your full name and address next time you write I will post one to you at once. I think the addressed envelope you sent me must have gone astray, for I don't remember ever seeing it. We have such a dear little canary; we got it when it was quite small, so it knows us all now,

and is usually very friendly with us; but if we go near its cage after dark it gets furious with us and pecks our fingers viciously if it can reach them. What a nice collection of post-cards you are getting. Have you got any Japanese ones? I haven't heard about the Halcombe invalid. Will you tell me about it in your next letter?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I did not see my last letter in the "Graphic," so I cannot answer any questions you may have asked me. My brother Douglas has passed his final exam. Isn't it delightful! He is a doctor now. He gets "capped" on the 17th July. I wish I could go and see him. Mother and father will see him. The boat mother and father went home in arrived about a week ago. We were delighted to hear it. Yesterday we went out to a matinee in St. Mark's Hall, Remuera. It was acted by a number of little boys and girls. They acted it beautifully. The last part they did was a fairy scene. Has it not been very cold lately, Cousin Kate? I do not like the cold weather very much. We had our photographs taken last week. Last Saturday we went to a dance, and enjoyed ourselves very much indeed. I like dancing very much, don't you, Cousin Kate? I will write soon again. —

With much love from your loving cousin, Mary. P.S. Please excuse writing M.S.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—I am so sorry you did not see your last letter in the "Graphic." I fully meant to cut it out and post it to you, but I have been so busy that you must excuse my forgetfulness. I will try and remember it this week. I am so pleased to hear your good news about your brother. I don't wonder you are all so delighted at his success. Do you think he will come out to New Zealand to practise? How anxious you will be for the English mails now. It is lovely getting long letters from places one has never seen, I think. When my sister went home some time ago she used to write us such long letters they were really almost books, but we always wanted more. I did not see you at the matinee at St. Mark's. I went out, too, to see my little niece act. She was in both performances, "Princess Ida" and in the "Fairy Revels" scene too. I liked the last ever so much better than the first, did not you? It certainly has been very cold lately, but we have had a few such lovely clear days, and they more than make up for the cold, I think. Yes, I am very fond of dancing indeed, but I like plenty of room, and a very good partner, or else I don't enjoy it very much. Well, dear Mary, I must stop now. Will you give my love to Amy, and tell her I should like to hear from her some day when she is not very busy?—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate, I have heard how the editor threatened to take away the children's page if the cousins did not write more regularly. I am eight years old, and in Standard II. I take a great interest in reading the cousins' letters, so I thought I would like to join your band. Have you read a book called "Martin Batters," Cousin Kate? I have, and liked it very much. At school we have a cadet corp, of which I am a sergeant. Of course as I am only in Standard II, I am sorry to say our cadet corp is not a very good one. I spent the mid-winter holidays up at Kaupapa-kapa. I would be very glad to see my letter in print, and will be pleased if you will post me a badge. I remain, your loving cousin, Jack.

[Dear Cousin Jack, I am very glad indeed that I told the cousins the editor was going to take our page away from us, as it has induced you to join us. I



**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the WORLD. **Milk**

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

am delighted to welcome you as a cousin, and will send a badge to you one day this week. I know your father and mother very well indeed by sight, but I have never seen you. I have often walked down Hamilton road, and think it is such a pretty road. The view of the harbour is lovely, and all the houses have very pretty gardens, too. Are you fond of gardening? Yes, I have read "Martin Rattler," but it is such a long time ago that I have nearly forgotten it. I remember the kitten and Barney, and the diamond mines, though. It is a very exciting book, isn't it? I don't wonder you liked it so much. Your cadet corps may not be very good now, but in a year or two when you are all quite big boys it will be a grand one, that is if you stick to it. I have never been to Kaokapakapa, though I have often passed through in the train. Wasn't it very muddy when you were up there?—Cousin Kate.]

Westport—more exciting than pleasant, I should think. Were you anywhere near the floods? I have never seen a really big flood. I should like to very much indeed, from a safe distance, of course. We were staying at Te Anua once when the river flooded a little; it overflowed its banks, and came well up into the low-lying meadows, but never rose high enough to come near the town. I'm glad you like the "Graphic" post-cards; the coloured ones are very pretty, I think. Have you got many now? I haven't read any of the books you mention, but then I haven't read a great many boys' books. "Martin Rattler," "Treasure Island," "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Stalky and Co." are a few I have read, and I like all those very much indeed—so much that I read "Tom Brown" and "Stalky and Co." all through again just a few weeks ago.—Cousin Kate.]

It showed you a man with a snake round his neck, and an elephant with some children on his back, and an animal with its tongue longer than its body. Mr Fred Mills sang such a funny song. I will tell you about it. One day he was sitting in the parlour with his wife, and he asked her has anybody been asking for me. "Yes," she said, "the man's come for his rent." "What! come for his rent; he won't get a cent." Another evening he went to Major Brown's to tea, and there was supposed to be oyster soup, and he could not find any oysters, so he called the waiter, and asked him to find the oysters. The waiter took his spoon and stirred the soup up, when suddenly a little oyster popped up and exclaimed, "Has anybody been asking for me?" One night he had Major Brown to tea, and his wife said "What did you bring Major Brown home to tea for; we have not got anything to eat." "Yes, we have. I have brought a chicken home." At tea Major Brown asked if he was going to get anything to eat, and the chicken stood up and exclaimed, "Has anybody been asking for me?" I must close now, with lots of love to all the other cousins, and lots to yourself. From Cousin Doreen.

children sang and danced in the moonlight before the Fairy Queen's throne. I wish you could have seen them.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Once again I commence to write to you, and I hope I will keep up my correspondence with you. I think the other cousins' letters are very interesting. It has been a showery day, but I hope it will be fine tomorrow. I am in the Fifth Standard now, and I hope I will pass the next examination in two months. I am saving up post-cards, and I like the "Graphic" ones very much. Do you know any nice books for a boy of my age? I am 12 years of age, and I like reading very much. Have you read "Fritz" by Franz Hoffman, or "The Old Red Schoolhouse," by F. H. Wood, and a lot of other good books? We have got a parrot, a dog, and a pony. My father and mother are in Sydney having a holiday. There was a big flood here last week, and the river was very high. I think this is all I have to say to-night. With love to you and all the other "Graphic" cousins. —From Cousin Jack.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have been to West's Pictures twice, and I liked them very much. The first time I went I saw the trip to the sun. It was very funny. The people started in a flying machine, and they were going up a very steep mountain, and all of a sudden the flying machine came down with a smash, and all the people had to go to the hospital. As soon as they were all right again they started off in a funny train, and it fell down also, and they were not hurt this time; and down below them there was a volcano, and it had left off being active, and it was red-hot, and the people were nearly burnt, when an iceberg came along, and all the people got in and were frozen into a block, and when the man opened the door he found all frozen, and he lit some straw, and they all got thawed, and then started in a flying machine, and they landed next time at the bottom of the sea and an octopus was seen at the window. Next time we saw the flying machine going through the sun's mouth, and it was very funny. The other night we went we saw different pictures. We saw the Welsh State Quarry, and the Sleeping Beauty. We saw that in twenty scenes. I will tell you about the Zoological Gardens in London. It was very pretty.

[Dear Cousin Doreen.—I don't wonder you were amused at West's pictures. I should have liked to have been there with you. The trip to the sun must have been great fun to watch. The people were very brave to try so many times to get there, especially after they had all had to go to the hospital after their first trial. I don't think I should have cared about a visit to the sun after that, should you? Mr Mills' song, "Has anybody been asking for me?" must have been very funny. They must all have got rather a surprise when the oyster and the chicken both made the same remark. I went to a children's entertainment last Saturday afternoon. It was such a good one, and all the children did their parts so well, and they all looked so pretty, too. The first piece was "Princess Ida." I expect you know the story, don't you? Princess Ida was the Sleeping Beauty. The second part was called "Fairy Revels," and I liked that better than "Princess Ida." The

Dear Cousin Kate.—What a few cousins' letters there are in this week's "Graphic." When I had opened the "Graphic" I was astonished to see there were only four cousins, including myself, who had written. Do you not think that a shame, Cousin Kate? Is the answer to your puzzle "Mad-rid. The answers to my puzzles are: (1) Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? Answer: It is always on the spree. (2) Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Answer: They ought to be taken up. (3) Why is city grass like a pen-knife? Answer: The spring brings out the blade. (4) Why are dancers like mushrooms? Answer: They come out at night. How dull it has turned out this afternoon. It did not look very threatening this morning, did it? I wish ex-cousin Ruth would join our page again. I used to know her well, but I have not seen her for a long time now. I am looking forward to going to Whangarei with mother about the beginning of August (that is, in about a fortnight's time), as I have to wait for my examination to evenuate before leaving. Many thanks for your good wishes for my success, dear cousin Kate. I do hope I pass. Well, I must conclude now. Cousin Kate, with much love to you and all the cousins, I remain, your sincere cousin, Eileen.

[Dear Cousin Eileen.—There were very few cousins' letters in last week's "Graphic," were there not? and I really don't know what to say to the cousins to make them write more often. You must be very clever at guessing answers to riddles. Yes, Mad-rid is the answer. All your puzzles are very good, and I was quite annoyed with myself for not being able to answer them. One always is, I think, when one hears the answers and finds out how simple they are. I thought it was going to be a really nice day yesterday, and came into town in the morning without either umbrella or coat. I wish you could have seen



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me when I got home at six o'clock. I was so wet, and my shoes and the hem of my skirt were simply covered with that thin rainy mud that the footpaths are smothered with on drizzly days. I would rather have a real steady down-pour, I think, than a drizzle, wouldn't you? I would have been very pleased if Ruth would have commenced writing to the "Graphic" again, but she has so much to do now that she has not time. Do you know Cousin Muriel's, too? She and Ruth have always been friends. I expect you are looking forward to your visit to Whangarei, especially as your examination will be over then. Your holiday would be spoilt if you had to come back for your examination, because you would be thinking all the time that you ought to be studying for it.—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—Being greatly interested in your "Children's Page" I would very much like to be numbered with your numerous correspondents. A New Zealand friend of my brother's sends him a "Graphic" every week, and there is always a rush for it when the mail arrives. I have not noticed any letters from Victorians, so some of your readers might be interested in news from this part of the colony. What nice long answers you write to the letters; here when we write to any of the papers we have to be satisfied with two or three lines. I wonder how the cousins would like that. I think New Zealand papers are far before the Victorian ones; I know I find the illustrations and reading matter far superior. I live in a country town over two hundred miles from Melbourne; this place is very quiet, and I always think we are almost beyond civilisation. However, occasional visits to the metropolis help to break the monotony. Which do you prefer, Cousin Kate, living in town or country? My choice is town life, as there is always something to amuse you. This place is noted for its scenery, and is situated on the junction of two rivers. It is surrounded by hills, and some of these are snow capped during the winter months. There are numerous fern gullies, and these are ideal places for picnic parties. During the summer months, we often go out for the day, and, as a rule, have a most enjoyable time. We take lunch with us, and do not return till it is dark. The nearest railway station is 25 miles from here, and you reach this town by a coach-journey. The roads are very rough, and after a drive in this vehicle you do not feel equal to any exertion whatever. My favourite amusements are riding, driving, and lawn tennis. They are making a tennis court at the school, so I shall be able to have plenty of practice then. My sisters and I have ponies, and often go for long rides. We also have a donkey, but do not get on him very often, as he is a noted buck-jumper. The boys have great fun riding him, and some of them very often come to the ground. I have a No. 2 Brownie Kodak, and have some splendid snap-shots. The machine is quite easy to manipulate, the only fault is that the pictures are so small. If any of the cousins go in for photography, and would like to exchange photos with me I would be only too pleased to do so. I think kodaks are just splendid, for you can often get pictures that will help you to remember places you have visited. I also collect picture post-cards, and would be greatly pleased if the cousins would send me some. I should only be too willing to send them some in return; actresses or scenery, which ever they prefer. I have a beautiful one of Nellie Stewart, also a splendid one of Tittel Brune. Don't you think "Sweet Nell" is a lovely actress? I should also like some of the cousins to write to me, that is if they would not think it too much trouble. How fortunate Cousin Winnie is; 35 post cards is a lot to get in a week. I wish she would send me the names of some of her Tasmanian correspondents. I have friends in South Africa and West Australia, and they are sending me some post-cards from those places. One of my South African correspondents is a school teacher, and has all Dutch children in her classes. She likes the place very much, and takes great interest in her pupils. I think it was mean of the editor to want to do away with the children's page. However, I think it made some of the cousins write more regularly. I suppose you thought a lot of them had joined the deserters' list. I am making a tray cloth, and am painting 1000 on it in oils; it is my first attempt at painting on muslin, and I do not know whether it will be successful or not. The boys have been chaff-cutting to-day, and

I had to take lunch to them. They tried hard to persuade me to try driving the horses; but, as the dust was terrible, I declined with thanks. The chief industries carried on here are farming and mining. Some of the mines about this district are very good ones. One time this place was one of the busiest in the colony, but, as several of the mines were worked out, the place has become very dull indeed. I have been through several mines, and was greatly interested in the workings. The manager of one of the mines gave me a man's pair of boots to put over my shoes, so that I should not get my feet wet. Other members of the party were also equipped in the same way. I could hardly walk, the boots were so heavy. We were walking through water most of the time, so I was very glad to have them, though I must admit that my feet felt dreadfully awkward. This place is the depot for goods going to the towns in the ranges. The goods are conveyed to these places in waggons drawn by eight horses. In one of these places they have to get their goods in before the winter, as the waggons are unable to reach there during the period the snow is so deep. My brother is going there next week, and is taking my kodak, so that he can get me some snow keeps. Lately I have been reading a lot. I think Allen Raine's books are lovely. I had several of them given to me, and found them very interesting. Have you read any of his books, Cousin Kate? I really couldn't say who is my favourite author or authoress, as there are so many nice books. Our school concert, which came off quite recently, was very successful. The name of the cantata was "The Fairy Queen's Christmas Court." We also received our annual prizes on the same night. My sisters and I got five between us; one of mine was for home exercise; the name of it is "The Girl's Own." The continued stories in it are very nice ones. I am learning to play the piano, and have to practise two hours a day. I just love music, so do not mind practising in the least. My sister and I played a duet at a concert here a short time ago. The name of it was "Diabelli's Duet in D." Have you heard it, Cousin Kate? It is rather long, but very pretty. It has been raining here for the last fortnight, and we have been unable to go out very much. I think the day seems twice as long when you have to stay indoors most of the time. We have not had any snow yet, but we are just longing for some. I think it great fun snowballing. If there happens to be snow about, none of us will stay from school; we have such a good time. The girls neatly always get the worst of it. The boys are straighter shots than we are. There are only 65 going to school here; so you see this place is very small. My sister is one of the teachers, but she does not care very much about her position. She finds teaching very trying. There has only been one football match here this season. It was between Gaffney's Creek footballers and the Jamieson team. The visitors won the game, and they were very jubilant over their win, as it is the first time our boys have been beaten on their own ground for 20 years. I am disgusted with them for letting their record be broken. My youngest sister has been away for over six weeks; we miss her very much. I think home seems quite different when anyone is away from it. The coach has just arrived, so I have to bring my letter to a termination, as I have to go for the letters and papers, and as I have to practise when I come back I shall not have time to write any more. Hoping that my letter is not too long, and that you will accept me as a cousin, I am, etc. Cousin Ethyll.

Dear Cousin Ethyll.—What a pretty quaint way you have of spelling your name; I have never seen Ethel spell that way before, so I don't think it is likely that I shall ever have to ask you to change your name. I shall be more than delighted to welcome you as one of my cousins, and I am sure the rest of the band will be pleased. It is so nice to get letters from places one doesn't know of all, and you seem to have a gift for writing long, interesting letters. I think if the cousins don't learn to write more regularly I shall adopt the plan of just writing two or three lines to each of them. It would give me ever so much more time for my other work. I will just a lunge to you next week. I don't doubt that some of the cousins will be only too glad to change post-cards with you. Do you get the post-cards that are in the "Graphic" every week? I don't know whether any of the cousins go in for amateur photography, but I will ask

them. I have several post-cards of Nellie Stewart, but not any of Tittel Brune. Have you seen them both yet? I think "Sweet Nell" is a charming actress, and I went over so many times to see her when she was acting in Auckland. I haven't seen Tittel Brune yet, but many people say she is the best actress we have ever had in the colony; so I am very anxious to see her. I think the editor's threat did make a few of the cousins write more regularly, though we did not make it for that purpose. He says that he has no room in the paper for heaps of things he wants to put in, so he thought that if the cousins didn't appreciate the page he might just as well have it. I have never tried painting on muslin; it would be rather difficult to do well I should imagine. Let me know how you get on with it, will you? I am interested in mining, too. I have been all over the battery, and down the Waiti mine, which is the largest and best mine in New Zealand. Wouldn't it be dreadful to live in a place where one was shut in for the winter? I suppose the settlers can always ride out, though they cannot drive. I have read all or nearly all Allen Raine's books, and am very fond of them indeed. I don't wonder you were disgusted that your boys were beaten after having such a splendid record. I expect they were even more disgusted though, don't you? I think I agree with you that town life is preferable to country life, but, all the same, I would like to spend several months in the country every summer. I am very fond of riding and driving, and one does not get much of either of them in town. We have to be content with electric tram cars. Well, Ethyll, I really must stop now, though I have ever so much more to say. I hope I shall have another long letter from you very soon.—Cousin Kate.]

From Sun to Shade.

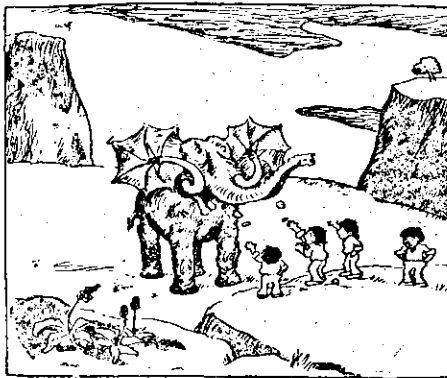
"Mary," said Mother to me one morning, "Aunt Veronica has asked you to stay with her. Won't that be nice?" I thought it would when Mother went on to tell about Aunt Veronica's garden and the country walk and the flowers. "And she says she has something for you to play with, Mary—I wonder what that can be—a kitten perhaps, or a doll." "Oh, I hope it's a kitten, I said, "I would much rather have a kitten than a doll." "Well, you will see; and, Mary, you must try and be a good little girl, because Aunt Veronica is older than Mother, you know, and cannot be worried." I am not going to tell you about my journey to Aunt Veronica's—the first railway journey I had ever been quite alone and all the nice exciting things that happened, because I want to get on to the interesting part about the dew little there, now, I nearly said it, and I meant to keep it for a surprise. It was quite dark when I arrived, and it seemed so nice to see a big fire in the hall, and Aunt Veronica coming forward to welcome me. She was not an old lady certainly, and hardly looked an old enough to be Mother's aunt—she was my great-aunt, you see—she walked about so briskly and her brown eyes always looked ready to twinkle into fun. "Have you had a good journey, Mary?" she said. "Come and warm yourself, and then we'll have tea." She led the way to a cosy-looking room, and there in a big basket in front of the fire I saw, well, wait a minute, I must tell you about the room first. There were long red curtains, and the cloth was laid for tea, and there was a lamp with a pink shade in the middle of the table, and jam and cake and all kinds of good things. But I hardly noticed these, what really attracted me was the basket in front of the fire, for there, curled up asleep, lay four of the darriestest puppies you ever saw. Now haven't I kept that secret well? "Oh, my little dears!" I cried in delight, as I knelt on the hearth and began stroking their soft little heads, Aunt Veronica laughed. "There," she said, "I told you I had some playthings for you, didn't I? And so you like the little doggies, do you? Well, don't disturb them now; come and have your tea, you shall play with them to-morrow." The puppies and I became great

friends. We played out of doors, indoors, upstairs, downstairs, everywhere we could think of. Aunt Veronica once had a little girl to tea with me, but she talked of nothing but dolls, and I don't care for dolls, and liked playing with the puppies much better, so she didn't come again. One day it was Aunt Veronica's birthday. She had some lovely presents. I made her a pin cushion, green velvet one side and pink satin the other. Charlotie, the housemaid, showed me how to do, and gave me the pieces, and I know Aunt Veronica liked it. But I think the best present of all was a beautiful blue silk sunshade. Aunt Veronica was very pleased with it herself, and said she valued it highly because somebody she liked very much had sent it; but I think she did really like it besides that, it was so pretty. I had never had a sunshade of my own, and never wanted one before I saw Aunt Veronica's. Of course, she was much too particular to let me play with it—I was not allowed even to touch it, though I wanted to badly. At dinner one day she said she had some shopping to do in the town, and she could not take me as she was going to see some old lady friends, and I should only be a bother. "So, Mary," she said, "you must be a good little girl and keep out of mischief; Charlotte is too busy to take you for a walk to-day, so you must play in the garden." "Yes, Aunt Veronica," said I, "I'll be good." And I really meant it at the time. I watched her get ready, and then I went to the garden gate to see her off. Just as she was kissing me goodbye I said, "Why, Aunt Veronica, you haven't taken your blue sunshade." "Oh, dear no," she said, "I've left it on the bed in my room. Well, never mind, I shall not trouble to go back for it now." "Shall I fetch it?" I said. "No, thank you, Mary; and remember," she held up her finger warningly, "on no account are you to meddle with it." I waited till the tall black figure turned the corner of the road, then I fetched out the puppy, and we had some games on the lawn. Soon I got tired of that, and the puppies went to sleep, so I thought I would do some gardening. The gardener had given me a little corner all to my-elf, and had some red and white daisies and forget-me-nots and pansies. They looked rather dry, so I brought my little can and watered them, and watered them till the earth was like mud pies, and my shoes were quite wet. Then I thought the daisies would look better in a ring instead of a straight row, so I dug them up and planted them again, that is, some of them. Ding all this mud, my very hot and tired, especially as the sun was shining full on my back; I looked nice and cool and shady under the trees; I thought I would fetch my book, my new fairy story book, and sit there. I ran back to the house; my book was upstairs in my bedroom. I had it in my hand and had got as far as the landing, when I saw Aunt Veronica's door was standing open. I peeped in. There was the beautiful sunshade lying on the bed, just as if it were waiting for someone to pick it up. I went right inside the room and closed the door, in case Charlotte should see me; then I took up the sunshade and looked at it. I had never had such a chance before. I turned it this way and that to make the blue silk glisten, and opened it a little and shut it again. I was laying it back on the bed, when something seemed suddenly to say to me, "Take it down with you into the garden; nobody's about, and you can return it before your Aunt comes home," and the

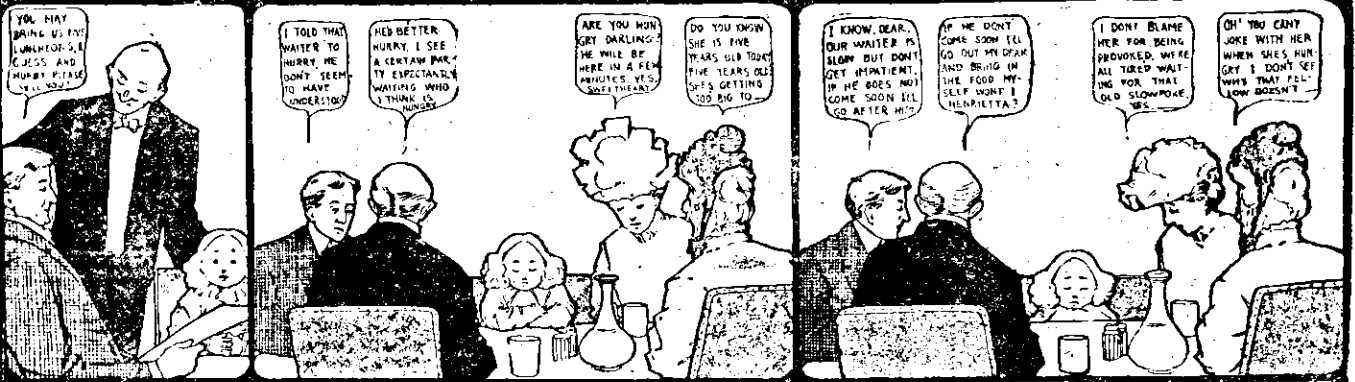
Continued on page 57.

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# THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS



# THE STORY OF HUNGRY HENRIETTA



YOU MAY BRING US THE LUNCHEON, I GUESS AND HURRY PLEASE WILL YOU?

I TOLD THAT WAITER TO HURRY, HE DONT SEEM TO HAVE UNDERSTOOD

HE'B BETTER HURRY, I SEE A CERTAIN PARTY EXPECTANTLY WAITING WHO I THINK IS

ARE YOU HUNGRY, DARLING? SHE WILL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES, YES, SWEETHEART

DO YOU KNOW SHE IS FIVE YEARS OLD TODAY, SHE'S GETTING TOO BIG TO

I KNOW, DEAR, OUR WAITER IS SLOW BUT DONT GET IMPATIENT, IF HE DOES NOT COME SOON I'LL GO AFTER HIM

IF HE DONT COME SOON I'LL GO OUT IN DEAR OLD BRIG IN THE FOOD MYSELF WONT I HENRIETTA?

I DONT BLAME HER FOR BEING PROVOKED, WERE ALL TORED WAITING FOR THAT OLD SLOWPOKE

OH! YOU CANT JOKE WITH HER WHEN SHE'S HUNGRY, I DONT SEE WHY THAT FELLOW DOESNT

OH! THERE MISTER, HEAR WAITER, CANT YOU HURRY UP FOR ME, I'VE BEEN HERE AN HOUR

NEVER MIND HENRIETTA, WE WILL SOON HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT, DONT GET ANGRY

NOW, DEAR, YOU MUST HAVE PATIENCE, YOU WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT LIKE THE REST OF US

SHE WONT WAIT MUCH LONGER, HER TEMPER IS BEING I CAN SEE

IF WE CANT BE WAITED ON HERE, JUST SAY SO AND WE'LL

HEY, CAPTAIN! GET A MOVE ON YOU WE CANT SIT HERE ALL DAY, YOU!

OH! HENRIETTA, DONT PLEASE, OH PLEASE DONT LAUGH ON LIKE THAT, DONT LET ALL THE PEOPLE SEE YOU!

WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE COME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, THEY'RE TOO SLOW, HERE, DEAR, YOU MUSTNT!





Continued from page 55.

next moment—although I never meant to do such a thing—I had it in my arms and was hurrying on tiptoe down the stairs. Just as I was passing the pantry I had a fright; Charlotte called out, "Is that you, Miss Mary? You are not getting into mischief, I hope?"

I summoned courage to answer boldly, "I've just been to fetch my book, Charlotte," and hurried out as fast as I could, hoping she would not come to the door; and, fortunately for me, she didn't.

Out of sight of the house, where a big tree hid me from view, I pranced up and down in the sunshine, flourishing the blue sunshade over my head. Up came the puppies, running and tumbling over one another and dragging at my frock. They thought I was playing some new kind of game, and wanted to join in. So I put the sunshade down on the ground, got behind it, and played Bo-peep with them. We all became very merry over this, and then it was the sad thing happened. I was scratching the silk from the inside, pretending to be a mouse, and the puppies were watching and pouncing on my fingers from the other side, when suddenly Brownie, who was always more excitable than the rest, pounced very hard and tore a slit in the beautiful silk with his nails.

Here was a pretty state of things!

Just imagine how I felt! What on earth was I to do? I smacked Brownie hard, not that that was any good, any real good I mean, though it was a little comfort to blame somebody else, even if it was all my fault.

All at once I heard the click of the garden gate, and, peeping between the boughs, I saw—oh, good gracious, Aunt Veronica! I had no time to think; there was only one thing to be done, I must hide; and, leaving everything just as it was, I crept as quickly and quietly as I could in among some bushes and waited till she should have passed by.

Slowly she came up the path, her head bent down as if she were thinking. Oh, if she might only think all the way to the house! I was nearly past the puppies, who were busily playing with the sunshade, when suddenly one of them barked and came running up to her. Then Aunt Veronica turned, and saw everything. She stood for a moment quite still, and made some exclamation. Don't you think I felt horrid? I saw the puppies looking up at her from under the blue shade, and I saw the sunshine coming through the tear in the silk. Then Aunt Veronica looked all round her in every direction, and called me. Of course, I didn't answer. I was much too frightened. She picked up the sunshade, examined it carefully, called me again once or twice, and went indoors.

What was I to do? I dared not come out, yet I knew it was no use hiding. Presently Charlotte came out to look for me. She passed so close her cap-strings caught on the bushes, and I felt like King Charles in the oak tree and the soldiers passing by. I saw her go off to the stables, then I slipped out and stole as quickly and quietly as I could round to the back and upstairs to my bedroom. It was no good, I had made up my mind to brave it out somehow, and when Charlotte came in a few minutes later, I had on my clean pinafore and was tidying my hair.

"Oh, thank goodness! Oh, Miss Mary, you naughty girl, wherever have you been? and your Aunt's best sunshade, too? She is in a way."

"Oh, Charlotte, is she very angry?" I said.

"Well, I wouldn't like to say, Miss," said Charlotte, as she tied my hair ribbon.

She took my hand and led me downstairs, pushed me into the dining-room, and shut the door. Aunt Veronica was sitting at the tea table looking very straight and stern. She motioned me to my place, and I sat down on the edge of my chair.

Why didn't she say anything, I wondered? I helped myself to bread and butter, but I could hardly eat any. The crumbs seemed to stick in my throat.

Aunt Veronica went quietly on with her tea, and said nothing. At last I thought I should have to scream if it went on any longer, so I said in a chuky kind of voice:

"Are you very vexed with me, Auntie?"

Aunt Veronica looked up.

"No, dear, I am not vexed with you."

"Are you angry with me, Auntie?"

"No, dear, I am not angry with you."

"Are you—are you disappointed in me, Auntie?"

And when she said:

"Yes, dear, I am disappointed in you," I burst out crying in her lap.

She gently raised my head, got up from her seat, and brought out from the cupboard a long stick-like thing done up in brown paper. Was she going to whip me? I almost wished she would. Instead, she took off the covering and there was a lovely blue silk sunshade, like hers, only smaller, and, if possible, prettier. Then she said:

"I bought this for you"—I gave a kind of gasp—"but of course you have forfeited all right to it. As soon as you have finished tea, I will dictate a letter you are to write to Peggy Johnson—you remember the little girl that came to tea? It is her birthday to-morrow, and we will send her this sunshade as a birthday gift."

And that was my punishment.  
BARBARA LUCY.

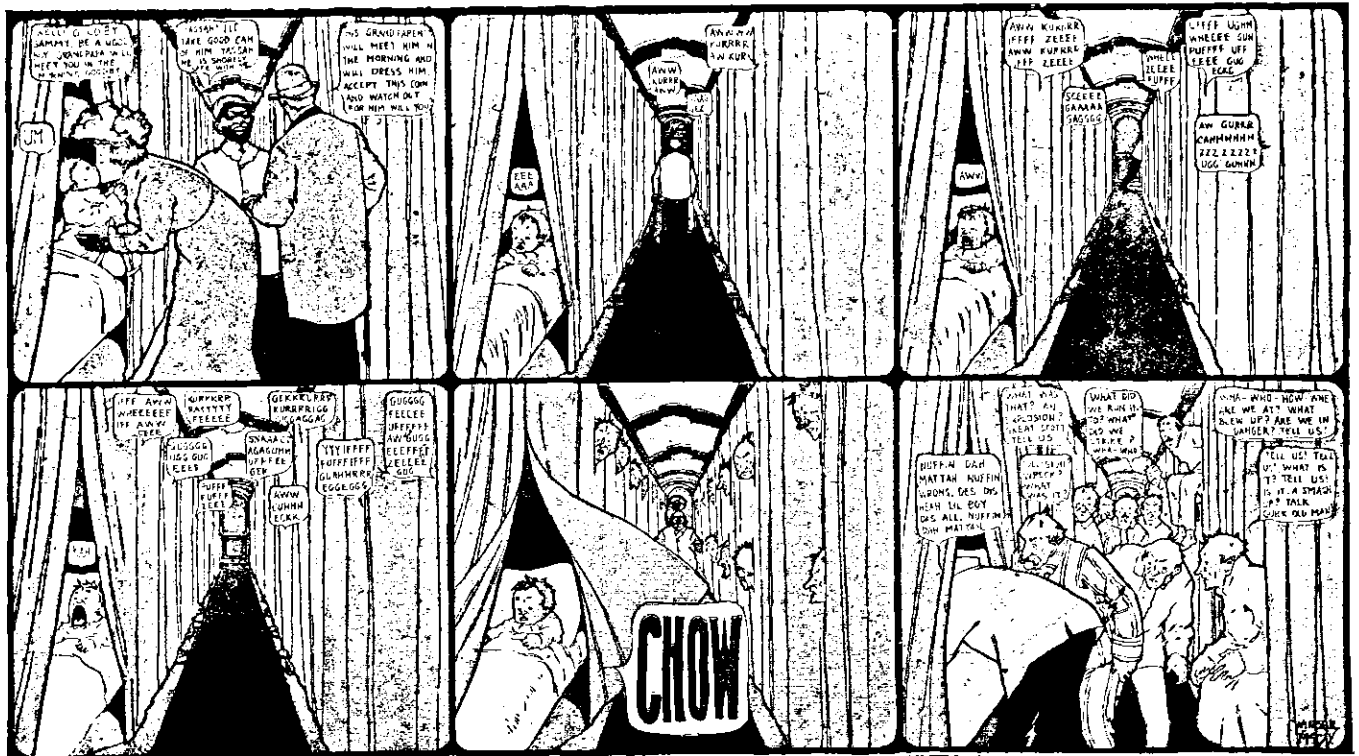


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COULDN'T  
HELP IT

# LITTLE SAMMY SNEEZE

HE NEVER  
KNEW IT  
WAS COMING

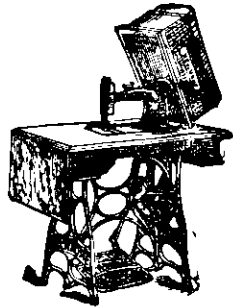
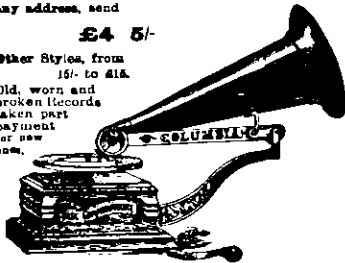


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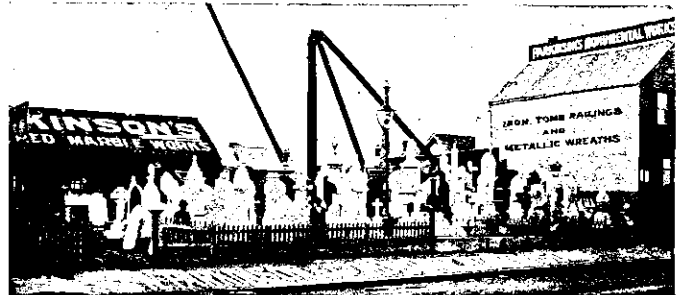


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MAX D. KING, Secretary Waikato Hospital.

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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Hasty Marriages Mean Woe for Wives.

(By Helen Oldfield.)

When women enter matrimony blind-fold, when they marry men of whose antecedents and character they know nothing save what the men themselves see fit to tell them, it is no more than might have been expected if the outcome of such marriages woe and disaster. It is often said that "Marriage is a lottery," and the saying is true in the sense of the maxim, which bade the ancient Greeks to "call no man happy until he be dead."

There is no foretelling what a day may bring forth, what any man or woman may do under stress of circumstance or terrible temptation; what deeds which may possibly work direst misfortune to all who put their trust in them. But those who buy lottery tickets usually inquire into the charter of the company which issues those tickets; the rashest speculator, not actually insane, does not risk his all without reason to believe that the chances are in his favour.

Even if, as we are told, "the proverb holds that to be wise in love is hardly given to the gods above," there is still something to be said upon the other side of the question. "Biddy, if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can be," and if one cannot be wise, one can at least endeavour to be practical, which sometimes serves the purpose quite as well.

It is of no use to look after the leap has been taken; it is therefore the part of sanity to peer over the precipice before making the plunge. Any woman who wants a husband naturally, desires a good one; nobody in her senses would willingly marry any man when she knew that by so doing she was sowing for a harvest of repentance and pain, of bitter tears and unavailing regret. Yet woman after woman is continually victimised by some clever scoundrel simply because she fancies herself in love with him, and acts upon the idiotic advice of the poet:

"Better trust all and be deceived,  
And rue thy folly past retrieving,  
Than doubt one heart which, if believed,  
Had hidst thy heart with true believing."

And the sad lesson of their fate does not even serve as a warning to save others from like sorrow.

The case of polygamist Hoch is exceptional only in the number of victims. Bigamy is by no means an uncommon crime, and wife desertion is as usual. Not a week, one might almost say scarcely a day, passes that the daily newspapers do not chronicle the story of some wife who finds herself no wife; some woman left friendless and alone in a strange city by the man whom she has taken as her husband, and who has dumped, taking with him all her money

and valuables, leaving also an unpaid hotel bill to add to her embarrassment and distress.

It is not necessary to ascribe such cases of misplaced confidence to hypnotic influence in order to account for them. It is merely the old story of a glib tongue and a foolish woman, who takes counsel only of her vanity, a variation of the fable of the fox and the crow. The man has "a tongue might wile the lavrock from the cloud," and manages to persuade the woman first that he has fallen desperately in love with her, and, second, that she returns his affection. After that his task of deception is easy. She takes him on trust, and believes only what he tells her. The more her friends distrust him the greater her faith—opposition generally fans the flame of love—and his eagerness for a speedy marriage is in her eyes convincing proof of his devotion to herself.

It is a singular fact that women who have, as the saying is, "come to years of discretion"—an arrival to which some women, however old, never attain—are the easiest prey for such sharpers. Younger women, giddy girls, are usually under the guardianship of friends who have more or less influence, not to say power, over them, and are thus partially protected. But the middle aged spinster or widow, with a little property in her own right, refuses indignantly to credit the suggestion that her worldly wealth has aught to do with her suitor's ardour. She is all too ready to suspect her own kith and kin of designs upon her property in their efforts to dissuade her from a hasty wedding, but she will never, no never, admit the possibility that mercenary motives may influence her lover. And yet, by a strange contradiction, these women are those who are most fical over the choice of a gown or hat; who inquire most closely into references of the serving maids whom they engage.

It is an open question whether the women who are deserted during the honeymoon are more to be pitied than those who must live for years with an unkind, even cruel and corrupt husband. The maxim that "marriage makes or mars a man" is by many times truer of a woman. For a man can usually get away from his wife for much of his time. He is always out of the house during business hours, and, providing that he finds money for household expenses, he cannot be charged with neglecting his family while he claims to be engaged in earning that money at any hour of the day or night. But the woman has no such liberty; she is a fixture; so long as she lives with her husband she is practically at his mercy. Neither for her is there any way of escape, saying that of divorce, which is at its best expensive and unpleasant. Most wives, especially those who are mothers, will endure almost anything, even unto death, rather than seek such exit from their woes, though the gateway be open. Nor is it those who suffer most who always make the loudest outcry.

The pity of it is that so much, if not all, of this misery might be avoided by the timely exercise of a little prudence and common sense; by even a cursory inquiry into the previous life and present reputation of the prospective husband. There is a story told of a young woman—from Chicago, of course—who met an agreeable suitor at a summer resort, and yielded to his importunity for a hasty marriage, after a brief acquaintance, following an informal introduction. The match proved to be an excellent one for her in every respect, and when the happy bridegroom took her home to surprise her with the display of his wealth and high social position he said with satisfaction: "You were a dear little goose to marry a stranger for love. I knew all about you, but I wanted my wife to choose me solely on my own merits, and that was why I rushed things. Tell me, the truth, weren't you afraid to take such risks?"

"Not a bit," was the cool reply. "When I asked you to wait over night for my answer I wired my brother in cipher to ask Dan for your rating and Pinkerton for your reputation."

The tale, whether true or not, as the French say, "well deserves to be so." Every one will agree, theoretically, that it is better not to marry at all than to marry badly. Yet in practice the number of both men and women who trust their future happiness to chance is so large as to seem incredible. If, as Byron says, "love is woman's whole existence," it is usually because that existence is narrow. Poets and novelists are prone to represent love as a plant of

such eccentric and entirely irresponsible growth as to be wholly independent of all rubs, and not to be judged by any. If its beautiful fruit be deadly poison, men and women must eat thereof and be "loosed"; if, on the contrary, kind fate ordains that if it is wholesome they may partake and rejoice.

Such a theory of love is consistent only with the uncontrolled impulses of undisciplined natures; it is absurd in the clear light of common sense, apart from any system of divine providence. Love is undoubtedly to the emotional world what sunshine is to the earth, but, like all good things, it must be wisely used, or it becomes a curse instead of a blessing.

## How to Get Rid of Old Maids.

(By Delia Austrian.)

A German scholar who was in this country recently to study social conditions, was asked if he was not delighted with our progress. He waited a moment and answered: "It's great, but I'm afraid it will all end in failure, and woman's rights are at the bottom of it. The old maids are driving men out of business, and the modern woman is driving the man out of the home. It is foolish nonsense. Why don't girls get married and settle down and care for their homes? It is the men's business to care for the women. Too independent and too particular, I guess, but they don't have to begin where their parents left off. The owning of automobiles and racing stables is not necessary to the raising of a happy family.

"I've seen few business places in your country that aren't half filled with girls. If you have plenty of children in this country, some of the men must be home caring for them. The unmarried women are out working for themselves, and the married women are out working for reforms. It seems to me that with your great number of politicians the men could tend to these matters without calling on the women. I suppose many of your girls make fun of the European dowery system, but I should like to know if it's not much better than having old maids all over creation. Our wedding portion gives young folks a chance to get along, that's all.

"This isn't a joke; it's sensible talk. When I visited in Boston I soon came to the conclusion they raise old maids there instead of hothouse flowers, for every other woman is a spinster. They don't want to get married; they've made so much fun of men and love they're driving both away. What a classical air they have—independence and woman's rights are written all over their faces. They are lawyers, doctors, writers, detective agents everything under the sun. I couldn't tell a miss from a Mrs in Boston, and the old maids got me in all kinds of trouble. I sat next to an elderly woman who looked old enough to be my mother, and every time I spoke to her I called her 'Mrs.' After I had done this several times, when she levelled

her glasses at me and said in a most defiant tone, 'I'm Miss, not Mrs, if you please.' I begged her pardon and smiled, though I longed to say, 'If you aren't married you're old enough to be.'

"Chicago women are not quite as unanticipated yet, but you can't tell what they will be in ten years. When I reached Chicago I hadn't been in my hotel an hour when a young woman's card was brought to me, asking for an interview. I said to myself, another old maid, with out doubt. When I reached the parlour I found a beautiful girl waiting for me, and she explained in a most business-like way she had come to get my opinion on woman's suffrage and its value for the weaker sex. Taken back by the question, I said that I hoped she was not a suffragist. She explained that she believed in women voting if they wished, although she wasn't a radical suffragist; she was a writer, and wanted to help the cause. I shook my head and said that I wouldn't give her an interview on suffrage, though I should be glad to speak on the remedies for old bachelors and old maids. Say that I believe this talk on the independence of women is nonsense. If a woman isn't meant to love, to have a home and a family, I'm pretty much mistaken."

The other evening I was invited to a friend's home to hear a talk on the bringing up of children. Later in the evening I was introduced to the young speaker, and said that I should love to see her children. She blushed and smiled, and then explained she was not married; she was only the president of a mother's club. Don't ask so many questions; just put down what I want to say. If I were the next Mayor of Chicago, I should make the question of old maids and bachelors part of my platform. I should give them a mask ball, and make the affair so delightful that every man and woman would fall in love with some one. I should have the best talent in town write sonnets and Alexandrian verses on love, and I should give them an exhaustive discourse showing how all wise nations dislike bachelors and old maids.

Here's a true story of a Russian girl

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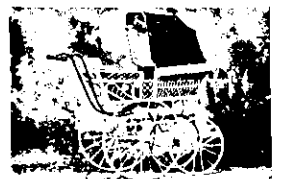
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who had not met a man she cared for especially. Her mother was so annoyed by this obstinacy, and in a fit of anger called her daughter "an old maid." The girl was so hurt by this remark that she ran away and entered a cloister.

This sensitiveness is not unusual in Russia, for every Russian woman marries or pretends to marry. If a girl feels

that she is never going to have a suitor she leaves home. The peasant girl goes to some district, and afterwards returns home a widow. The girl of means goes off on foreign travel, and in a year or two she comes back a broken-hearted widow. No questions are put to her, for in Russia it is considered in bad taste to mention a dead man to his living widow.

## Romance of Richest Clergyman.

Not satisfied with being the richest clergyman in the world, with interesting New York in his recent real estate transactions, involving millions, and his personal interest in his own pet scheme, a world's cathedral for worshippers of every creed, the Rev. Dr. Richard Lewis Howell gave the social and ecclesiastical world something more to talk about by the announcement of his marriage to Gwendolyn, the 17-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Delano Whistler, formerly of Baltimore, Maryland.

Past 50 himself, but still a magnificent type of the well-preserved man of the world, Dr. Howell looks old enough and is old enough to be the father of his young bride, but those who have witnessed his loving devotion and attentive care remark that this is the unusual case of an elderly man who is attracted not only by a pretty face, but the corresponding qualities of a woman-child who has never formally entered society.

Her people are connected with Whistler, the celebrated American artist, now deceased, and when they lived in Baltimore a few years ago they went in the exclusive Winans set, most of whom are now settled abroad. The Ross Whistlers and the Winanses are and have been close friends for years, and during the past few years Delano Whistler and his family have travelled extensively. It was on the European continent that Miss Whistler met the millionaire clergyman.

A head as keen for business transactions as for saving souls has been placed on the stalwart shoulders of this clergyman. His parents left him with a fairly comfortable income at their death, which he invested judiciously. He was ordained about 1880 and travelled extensively abroad as secretary to Bishop Spalding almost immediately afterward. Returning to this country he assumed various charges in New York, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh and the North and East. He was also assistant rector of the old Church of the Epiphany in Philadelphia.

It was while working with this exclusive old parish that the clergyman met Miss Mary T. L. Rush, daughter of one of the merchant princes of the

Quaker City. Their married life was considered almost a type to be guided by, and while she was possessed of great wealth it is a matter of common report that Dr. Howell never touched a penny of his wife's funds until she died in May, 1903. Then the bulk of her great fortune reverted to him. He found himself possessed of a great deal more money than he had ever imagined would come to him. He looked about for a safe means of investment, and finally went into real estate. His holdings were chiefly in Pittsburgh, where he soon had over 2,000,000 dollars invested. The detail and attention necessary to handling such an estate naturally occupied much of his time, but he accepted a place in Washington to organize the church which later became known as St. Margaret's Protestant Episcopal Church. It is believed he desired it to be named St. Margaret in commemoration of his wife.

About the unpretentious edifice he soon had gathered one of the most distinguished and important congregations of the capital. He was of handsome physique, and that, added to his clarity of voice and demeanour, had much to do with his gathering a large body of influential people about him. Among his parishioners were many handsome and wealthy women, but all of these Dr. Howell passed by, perhaps realising their charms, perhaps not, for his entire time was at that time taken up in making St. Margaret's a prominent place of worship.

He wanted, among other things, to have a chapel for worshippers of each of the prevailing religions, thus following out in spirit as well as letter the unique place in religion that it stood for. He wanted services there at all times, and it is understood his colour schemes, lighting effects and music accompaniments were to be on a scale unequalled either in this country or abroad in any church edifice.

It was Dr. Howell's belief that if every man, woman and child, black, white, coloured, foreigners and Indians, would give one penny each that this would furnish an immense amount which would give a splendid start to the scheme.

## Brains and Dress.

WHEREIN IT IS ARGUED THAT GOOD CLOTHES ARE ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

"The well-dressed woman is always a woman of keen intelligence and brain power," argued a well-known society leader at a popular woman's club recently. "No senseless doll," she continued, "knows how to dress. She may don gaudy raiment, spend a fortune on a gown so utterly inappropriate to the occasion that one can only feel an intense pity for her; but no one would ever dream of laying the burden of her sin against good form and good taste at the door of the whole of her sex.

"The woman who dresses well, in conformity with her age, her work, and her position in society, choosing neither extreme of the prevailing modes, but striking a happy medium, is the woman who has brains, and uses them to make a good selection from the fashions of the day."

And there is no doubt of the truth of this statement, for it is the well-groomed, suitably gowned woman who attains success, whether in business or social life.

The age of the blue stocking has passed, and nowadays the woman who dresses unbecomingly through choice and not for the sake of economy is regarded as either mentally weak or as seeking some eccentric form of self-advertisement which is but another phase of unpardonable vanity.

In the commercial world the dowdy, insignificant woman, even if she has mental ability, is at a discount when compared with the well-dressed woman, confident and smiling, with bright capacity written all over her comely person.

The latter has learnt an essential fact—that confidence is born of good clothes; and therefore, with genuine brain power, reasons the necessity of making the most of all her good points.

By doing this she engenders the feeling that her dress adds to her appearance, she knows that it is finished in every detail, and, thus assured, her business assumes first importance, and success is gained by the forgetfulness of self.

The woman orator, the actress, the

singer, the musician, all understand "the philosophy of clothes" as a powerful adjunct to their personality. And this personality is to them of paramount importance as their own individual gifts.

Then, again, take the majority of the well-known women of political, literary, social, and philanthropic importance. There is no doubt whatever of their mental powers, and none as to their exquisite taste in personal dress.

The same rule may be applied to a thousand other more or less prominent people we meet in everyday life.

A woman's influence, too, for good may be boundless by a happy combination of intellectual strength, sympathy, and tasteful dress.

A picture rich in golden tints and beauty of design offers more pleasure to the eye than one less brilliant and less perfect in technique, which reveals above all else its limitations.

The beautiful blending of colours, either in dress or in painting, exhibits the touch of a refined mind, and the softening of garish effects reveals a capable intelligence, which has grasped the important fact that "the essence of all science lies in the philosophy of clothes."

□ □ □ □ □

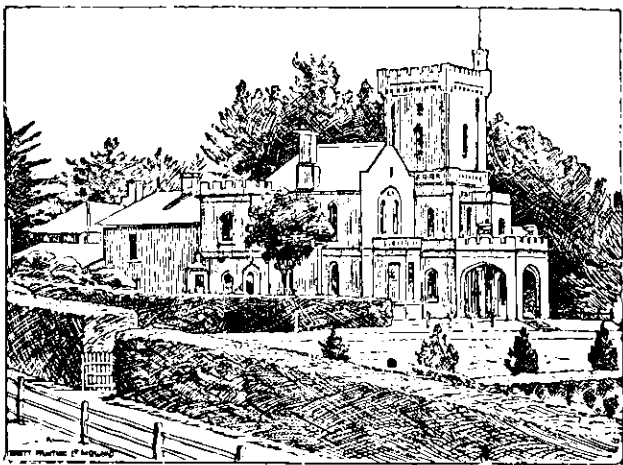
## Society's Strange Pets.

A predilection for strange pets seems to be on the increase among the feminine members of society. Though, of course, it is a phase through which many a generation has passed from time almost immemorial. Few would care to emulate the example of the lady who goes about with a living animal curled round her neck as a fur boa, nor would many follow Madame Sarah Bernhardt by cultivating the companionship of a tame leopard, likely to prove at any moment an uncertain quantity. At the theatre the other night a chameleon was seen to run up and down the curtains of a box, while the juxtaposition of a snake coiled round the arm of another occupant of the theatre would not be likely to add to any ordinary person's enjoyment. Marmosets, hares, monkeys, and beetles are the favourites of well-known people and the trial of their friends, who find a difficulty in showing enthusiasm for such strange animals as domestic pets.

## THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA.

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House. Term commences February 14th.



This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected compulsory. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign. Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal, MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.B.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., N.Z.

(Patronised by every vice-regal family in Australasia. Established 12 Years.)

## MISS M. McELWAIN,

Ladies' Hairdresser and Toilet Specialist.

Face and Scalp Massage, Manicure, Pedicure, Shampooing, &c. A large and varied assortment of hairwork of every description always in stock. Combing worked up into tails, fringes.

Each department is presided over by a qualified lady assistant. All theatrical requisites and fancy costumes and wigs in stock and for hire. Hair dressed on new "Iron Ton" frame not obtainable elsewhere. See our stock of jewelled combs before purchasing others.

Address—No. 206 VICTORIA ARCADE (second floor), Corner Queen and Shortland Streets, also at 254 QUEEN STREET, near Savings Bank. Motto—Highest Quality. Lowest Price.



THE NEW

P. D.

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LATEST MODELS.

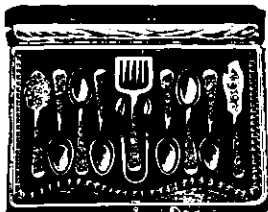


FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

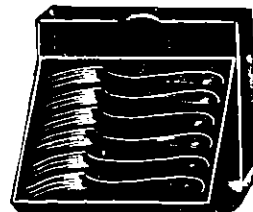
# PRESENTS FOR THE HOME.

In Buying Birthday or Wedding Presents, the questions of domestic utility and Home decoration deserve special consideration. A talk with us will evolve an idea of a gift that will not only be novel, but will also have the virtue of a supreme and practical value. For the benefit of those who live at a distance from town, we illustrate a few articles. They are all worthy goods, and priced as low as such goods can be bought for anywhere. Our General Catalogue will be sent Free on request. We cordially invite correspondence, and give the same our best and quickest attention. Write us about anything you may want. Our Immense and Varied Stock is almost certain to contain just what will suit you.

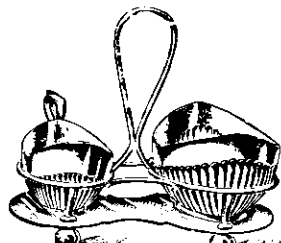
**Stewart Dawson & Co**  
146 & 148 QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.



G2156. A Useful Case of 6 Best Quality Silver-Plated Teaspoons, Jam Spoon, Butter Knife and Sardine Server. £2 7s. 6d.



G2158. Half-dozen Silver-Plated Cake Forks, in Box. 12s.



F2997. Silver-Plated Sugar and Cream Stand. £1 10s.



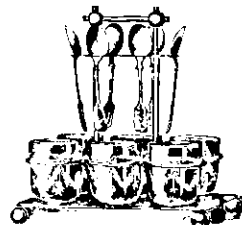
F2944. Silver-Plated Sugar Scuttler and Creamer. £1 5s. 6d. Same shape, but plain, £1 1s.



F1352. Silver-Plated Afternoon Tea Pot. £1 7s. 6d. Sugar Basin, 17/6; Cream Jug, 15/-, to match.



F2976. Silver-Plated Butter Dish and Knife. 14/6.



S242. Silver-Plated and Cut Glass Custard Creamer. £3 7s. 6d.



F2995. Silver-Plated Jam Dish, Fluted Glass. 14/6.



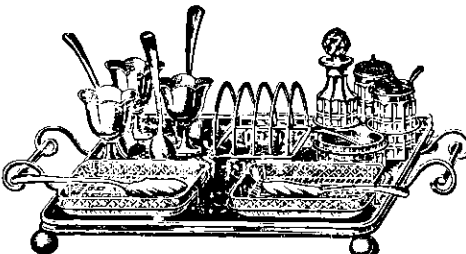
G1144. Silver-Plated Hot Water Kettle on Stand, holds 2 pints. £2 15s.



F2923. Child's Silver-Plated Mug. 14/6.



Silver-Plated Candlesticks. 6/6 each.



F653. Very Handsome Silver-Plated Combination Breakfast Tray. £6 10s.



G295. Silver-Plated Candlesticks, 9 in. High, £1 4s.; Pair, 12 1/2 in., £2 10s.



F2986. Silver-Plated Sugar Basin with Silver. 16/6.

JOHN GREY & SONS, Auckland.

MENZIES & CO., Waikato and Thames

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GOLD MEDAL FOR AERATED WATERS AND CORDIALS. Auckland Exhibition, 1898-99.



Each Jelly delightfully fruit flavoured of exceedingly high quality. The Manufacturers guarantee their Jellies to be ABSOLUTELY PURE. 17 Flavours.



MANUFACTURERS - W. F. TUCKER & CO.

One FULL Pint for a merely nominal cost, 6d. Every Grocer. Every Provision Merchant. Everywhere.

# CADBURY'S



## MILK CHOCOLATE

(The New Sweetmeat Food)

Is enjoyed by Old and Young, because it can be eaten with perfect safety. Manufactured from pure cocoa, pure sugar, and pure rich milk from the finest pastures of the Old Country. Doctors and Analysts are unanimous in their praise of its purity and food value. THERE IS NO MILK CHOCOLATE "JUST AS GOOD" AS CADBURY'S. Invaluable to athletes, because it is an agreeable and convenient form of food to take when engaged in long and arduous exercises.

DOES NOT PROVOKE THIRST.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)

The half wreaths worn so much in the hair now with evening dress are very dainty confections, and so firmly made that it is next to impossible to put the leaves or flowers composing them out of shape. A very charming little headdress was made of sweet briar foliage, each leaf fastened to the wire foundation separately, and with small clusters of little pink roses introduced at each side. Trails of rose stalks, with natural-looking but perfectly ineffective thorns, arched slightly up over the leaves, redeeming the wreath from a too flat effect. The generality of evening head-dresses have a sparkling element in them, either brilliant dewdrops, gold or silver cord, or translucent enamel ornaments.

Debutantes are still wearing shaded chiffons and shaded taffetas, which make charming evening frocks. A pretty model for a youthful bride was in brown shading into orange, the skirt arranged with a series of gathers alternating with tucks, and much befrilled and flounced round the feet. The quaint Josephine bodice was finished with a bolero of beautiful lace on which were applied golden-brown velvet leaves worked in gold thread. Gold trimmings are a feature of day as well as of evening frocks.

Despite all the new shades, some of the best firms are adhering to white—white for evening wear, white for day wear, and, above all, white for lingerie.

Viennois tailors are using kid strap-pings, plain or with Oriental embroi-



This shirt of straw-coloured flannel, finished by the new four-in-hand stock made of brown satin with a brick-red pattern on it.

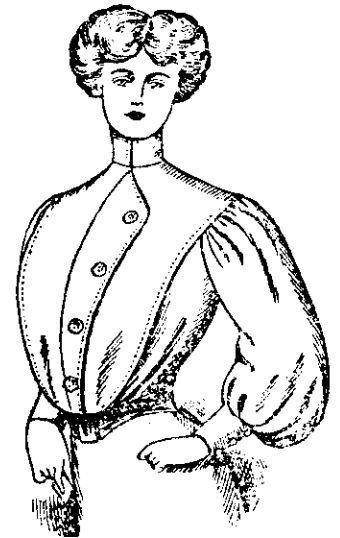
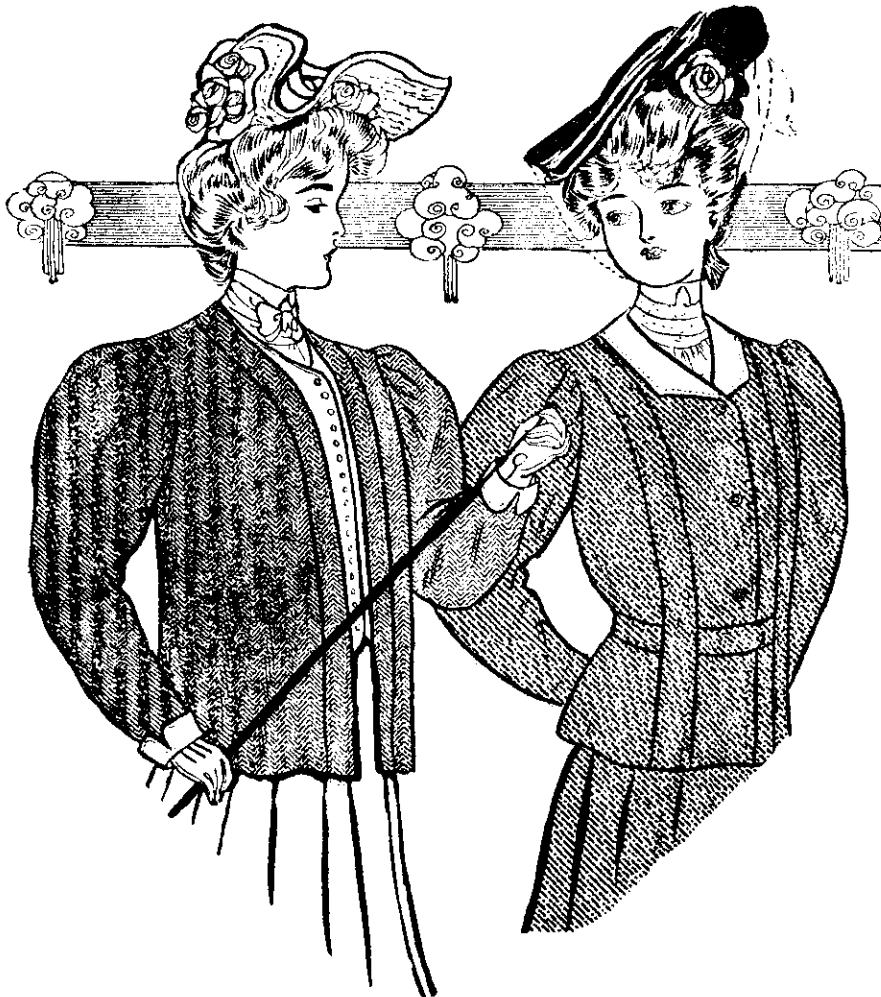
deries, and very fine hand done braiding. Silver and gold are observable on the finest cloths. Buttons are a great feature and some are very beautiful reproductions of the old Italian and French art. Eastern embroideries are also being used in the adornment of tea-gowns, coffee-coats and similar garments.

Many house frocks have been made of flannel with square sailor collars of tucked muslin or lawn and a high collar and vest to match. The fashion of wearing light French cambric near the face is always a pretty one. The blouses cut in sailor fashion are generally pouched over a prettily arranged band, and the sleeves are small, but have rather big cavalier cuffs, and very often muslin frills over the hand. These frills also appear on the cuffs of the Directoire coat.

A good many lace blouses will be worn later on under cloth coats. These are indispensable for luncheon.

Americans and Frenchwomen are wearing the unlined taffeta blouse and skirt in checks and stripes for the morning with the new sac coats of woolly fabrics, trimmed with ruckings and pleatings, and sometimes with fringes; they somewhat resemble tea-jackets, and I must say I infinitely prefer the new semi-fitting paletot in a pastel shade of cloth with a bright coloured lining and hood. Hoods are indeed a feature of the rougher out-door wraps and short capes.

All the new full skirts are pleated. Some are gathered, but these skirts require to be unusually well made, and, even then, they seem cumbersome, and the fulness has an irritating manner of falling too much to the front. The pleated skirt can be cleverly taped underneath, so that every part of the fulness can be arranged in a becoming manner to the wearer.



A BECOMING BLOUSE.

This blouse is so plain that I think it should command a great number of patrons. The style is really delightful, because it proves so universally becoming. It may be made in any sort of material. Flannel or flannellette now, soft silk or even a taffeta for best wear, and, later on, muslins or any of the summer materials.

To my mind, this blouse is quite ideal in a good flannel or flannellette. The style suits flannel somehow. I think it must be the plain look of the front, which must be machine-stitched as well as the buttoned flap which is so new and uncommon. Here you will see the necessity for four really handsome buttons, and you may have some in your possession which you may be able to use. If not, I advise you to buy some oxidised silver buttons, imitation and quite inexpensive, but so very effective that I feel sure you would like the style better than anything else.

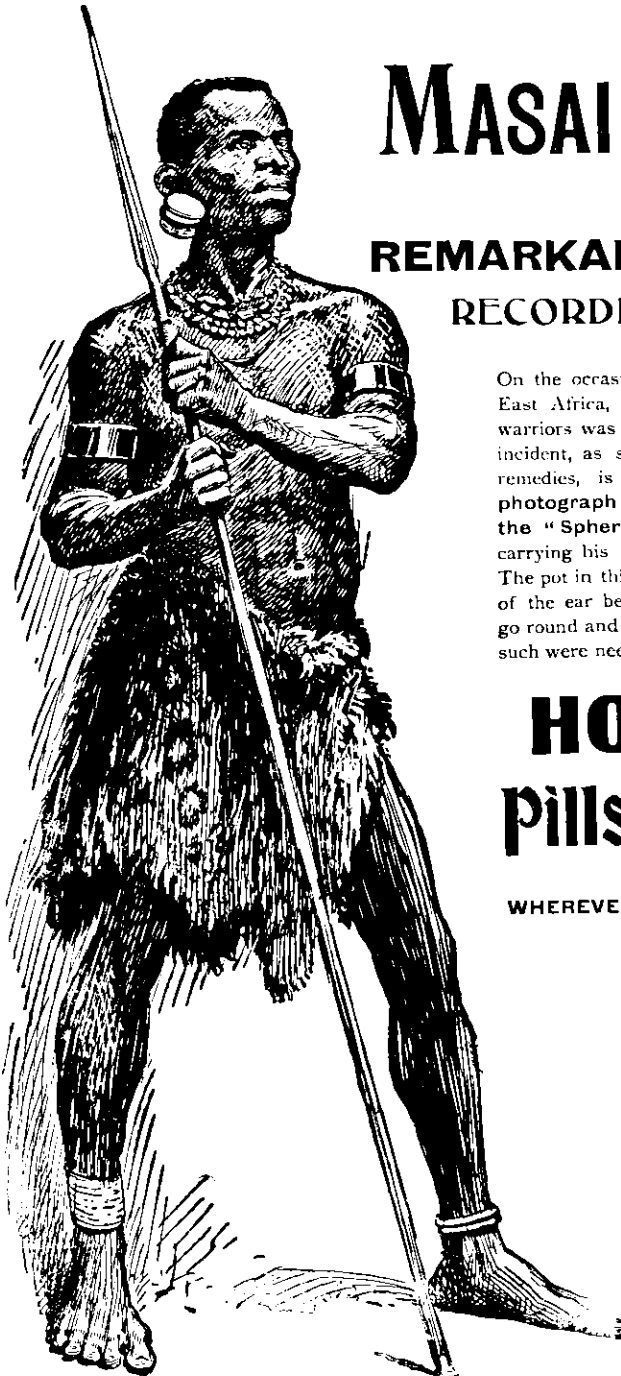
The sleeves are very, very full, you see.

The smart design shown on the left is for a very attractive light-weight jacket falling free from shoulders to a little below the waist line. The neck is cut V-shape, and the vest is of some contrasting colour. A double-stitched fold borders the outer edge. The full leg o'-mutton sleeve is confined at the wrist in a low turnover cuff. For a medium size the coat requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

On the right a very stylish Norfolk jacket designed for a young lady is shown. For general wear the Norfolk jacket is unrivalled. Trim, smart and becoming to every figure, it has remained a prime favourite for several seasons. Grey English tweed lightly checked in black is a suitable material for this model, as are broadcloths and chevots. The only trimming is rows of tailor stitching. For medium size, 2½ yards of material 44 inches wide are required.

**THE RIGHT HON.  
JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN  
AND THE  
MASAI WARRIORS.**

**REMARKABLE INCIDENT  
RECORDED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.**



On the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honour. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying sketch from a photograph taken on the spot by the correspondent of the "Sphere." It represents one of the Masai fighting-men carrying his "grease pot" slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a Holloway's Ointment Jar, the lobe of the ear being probed and stretched in an astonishing way to go round and securely support the pot. This is another proof (if such were needed) that

**HOLLOWAY'S  
Pills and Ointment**

**ARE USED  
WHEREVER THE WHITE MAN HAS SET HIS FOOT.**

**THE PILLS**

have gained their wonderful reputation by sheer force of merit, because every person who uses them recommends them to others. They have positively no equal for thoroughly cleansing the system and putting the liver and kidneys in functional order, without pain or griping. They are the best known remedy for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and the common condition of ill-health known as "run-down" or "out of sorts." Females of every age find Holloway's Pills an invaluable remedy and aid.

**THE OINTMENT**

is known throughout the world as positively the best and quickest remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds and Sores, and Skin Eruptions of every kind, and should be used in conjunction with the Pills. It is also the speediest remedy for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Stiffness in the Limbs and Joints, Backache, etc. For pains and Soreness at the Chest, and for Throat and Lung Complaints arising from Cold or Weakness, Holloway's Ointment affords most welcome relief in a very short time.

Masai Warrior with a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT Jar let into the lobe of the ear as a "grease pot" (see text).

**HOLLOWAY'S REMEDIES ARE THE STANDARD OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.**

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street (late 533, Oxford Street), London; sold by all Chemists and Medicine Dealers.



OVERSTAYED HIS DREAM.

"I had a great dream the other night. I dreamed I met a man who offered to cut me a pound slice of radium."  
 "Whew! It's worth more'n a million an ounce!"  
 "That's right. 'Want a slice?' he says to me. 'Yes,' I answered him. But I was too grasping."  
 "How was that?"  
 "I woke up ju-t at the very moment I asked him to cut it thick."



THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

Mr Sapiant: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you hurt?"



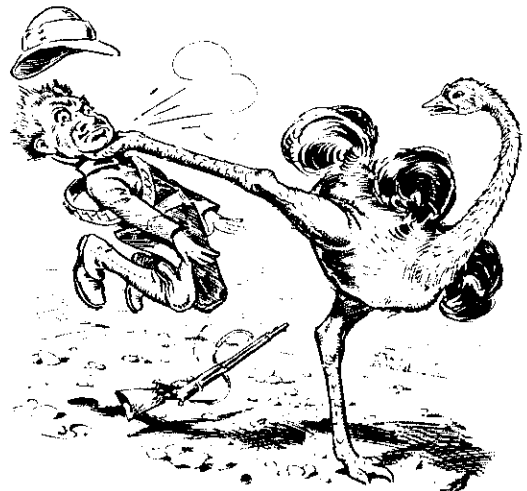
When blues and dumps and things awry  
 Encompas- me about,  
 One glance into your merry eye  
 Gives my despondency the lie  
 And puts my woes to rout.

Ah, laughing, chaffing little lass!  
 Pray tell me, what's your fee?  
 Since mirth is physic you might pass  
 As qualified m.d.



"And you think the good die young?"  
 "They do if they're wise!"

"Grandpa, do you have to be awful good to get into Heaven?"  
 "Yes, my boy."  
 "Well, I've about made up my mind to try for the bonny prize."



Khuki: "That's right, fool bird; bury your head like a worm and imagine yourself out of danger."  
 The Ostrich: "Get out, you idiot! Can't a bird dig under the sand after a few pebbles for his digestive apparatus? Just take a large trek for yourself."